

# The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 44.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1877.

NUMBER 35.

## The Oxford Democrat

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY,

BY  
GEO. H. WATKINS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS—\$2.00 per Year.  
If paid strictly in advance, a deduction of fifty cents will be made. If paid within six months, a deduction of twenty-five cents will be made. If not paid till the end of the year two dollars will be charged.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.  
LEGAL NOTICES.  
For one inch of space one week, \$1.00  
For one inch of space one month, \$3.00  
For one inch of space three months, \$7.00  
For one inch of space six months, \$12.00  
For one inch of space one year, \$20.00  
Special Notices—50 per cent. additional.

ADVERTISING.  
Orders of Notice on Real Estate, 75c  
Orders on Wills, 1.00  
Guardians' Notices, 1.50  
Administrators' and Executors' Notices, 1.50  
Commencement of Suits, 2.00  
Special Terms made with Local Advertisers, and for advertisements continued any considerable length of time; also, for those occupying extensive space.

ADVERTISING.  
In telling, by examining the colored slip attached to their papers, the amount due, and those wishing to avoid themselves of the advanced payments, can send us by mail, or hand to the nearest agent, "Sept. 11, 77" on the slip, means the paper is paid for to that date. A single 6, 7 or 8 on the slip indicates that the subscription is paid to January, 1878, 1879 or 1880, as the case may be. When money is sent, care should be taken to examine the slip, and if the money is not credited within four weeks we should be advised of it.

Professional Cards, &c.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

ALL KINDS OF

BOOK AND FANCY JOB PRINTING

Executed with Neatness and Despatch

AT THE

OXFORD DEMOCRAT OFFICE

CHARLES R. ELLER,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

30 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

Special rates to Attorneys having business or claims for collection in Boston and vicinity.

J. A. TWADDELL, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office over Kimball's store.

Discharges of the lungs and heart a specialty.

G. H. HARTLOW,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Jan. 1, 77. DIXFIELD, ME.

A. S. TWITCHELL, ALFRED R. EVANS,

Commissioners for Me. Notary Public

TWITCHELL & EVANS,

Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,

GEORGE A. N. H.

Notarially in practice in the Courts of N. H.,

and OXFORD COUNTY, ME.

Jan. 1, 77.

ENOCH FOSTER, JR.,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Jan. 1, 77. BETHEL, ME.

S. R. HUTCHINS,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Jan. 1, 77. RUMFORD, ME.

SETH W. FIFE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

FRYBURGH, ME.

Commissioner for New Hampshire. Jan. 1, 77.

G. D. BISHOP,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

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

F. W. RIDGON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

KEZAR FALLS, ME.

Will practice in Oxford and York Cos. Jan. 1, 77.

JAMES S. WRIGHT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

PARIS, ME.

Collections promptly made. Also, special attention given to business in Probate Court. 11-77

O. K. YATES, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

WEST PARIS, ME.

Office at residence, west side of river. 11-77

O. N. BRADBURY, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

NORWAY, ME.

Residence and Office at the house lately occupied by Dr. Peabody. Jan. 1, 76-77

I. ROUNDS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Office at residence, first house above Congregational Church. Jan. 1, 77

MAINE HYGIENIC INSTITUTE.

Devoted Exclusively to Female Invalids.

W. P. SHATTUCK, M. D., Superintendent Physician and Operating Surgeon. All interested will please send for Circular. Jan. 1, 77

WILLIAM DOUGLASS,

Deputy Sheriff for Oxford & Cumberland Cos.

WATERFORD, ME.

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

JAMES W. CHAPMAN,

DEPUTY SHERIFF & CORONER,

KEZAR FALLS, ME.

Business by mail promptly attended to. 11-77

D. G. P. JONES,

DENTIST,

NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver or Vulcanized Rubber. Jan. 1, 77

D. C. R. DAVIS,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Will be at DIXFIELD the fourth Monday in every month, and remain four days. Jan. 1, 77

F. GIBBS, M. D.,

Homeopathic Physician & Surgeon,

NORWAY, ME.

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

W. DOUGLASS,

DEPUTY SHERIFF,

PARIS HILL, MAINE.

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

F. H. H. HOWE,

INSURANCE AGENT,

SORWAY, ME.

Risks effected in all the leading Companies at favorable rates. (11-77) 11-77

## Poetry.

FOR THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

After a Storm in Summer.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Refreshment is the air from off the hills,  
And all the land is now as though new born,  
The afternoon is like the cooling morn,  
And with strong manhood all my bosom fills;  
O how my being with emotion thrills,  
To think that God by storm can so atone.  
And drive away the sickly, sad and lone,  
By that which He in seeking variance wills,  
Now all the fields and forests far rejoice,  
The parching grain is fed by rains from heaven,  
And Nature's thanks, with dear, melodious voice,  
To God, the blessed giver, now are given;  
And I that see these wonders in amazement,  
Would not withhold my humble deed of praise.

## Selected Story.

(From Appleton's Journal.)

A MIDNIGHT DRAMA.

BY EDWARD BELLMAN.

What a sigh was that! not noisy, but profound and eloquent at once of an old grief and a fresh perplexity. Bob Withers, the gentleman in his shirt sleeves before the mirror, had heaved that sigh every night for ten years, simultaneously with the act of removing from his head the fine chestnut wig which conceals the most complete destitution of the natural covering. The grief is therefore an old one, but an element of perplexity has mingled with this nightly sigh lately—namely, since having wowed and wooed Angle McLane in his wig he has been screwing up his courage to the point of revealing to her that it is a wig, as he feels in fairness he ought to do. He has put it off and put it off, never finding the right opportunity for the confession, until now the wedding is but a month off and the task seems harder, more impossible, than ever. He is at present spending a couple of days at the house of the McLanes in the country, with a view to getting acquainted with the family. For the sake of enjoying unalloyed the pleasure of Angle's society for this short time, he has compromised with his conscience by resolving at once on leaving to write to her and tell the truth, and by no means to procrastinate further.

Meanwhile the process of getting acquainted with the family does not get on very prosperously. Bob is a poor match from the parental point of view, and a bitter disappointment to the McLanes. Nothing but Angle's resolute character could have extorted the grudging consent which their engagement had at length received. The family consisted, besides Angle, of her father and mother and two brothers, John and George. Mr. McLane kept his room, being a confirmed invalid. John, strong-willed and arrogant in temper, ruled the family with a rod of iron—George being kinder tempered, but of less strength of character. Angle was the only member of the family whom John could not rule, and she had carried the point of her engagement against his bitter opposition. Mrs. McLane was a mere shuttlecock between John and Angle, receiving an impulse from one which lasted till the other got hold of her. John had accepted of the engagement with an exceedingly bad grace, and made scarcely a decent pretense of concealing from Bob his contempt and hostility, and his desire to find any pretext for forcing a quarrel. This was particularly unpleasant and demoralizing to Bob, because the injury to his own self-respect by the sense of the tactful deceit he was guilty of as to his wig, left him unable to meet John's overbearing insolence with the quiet dignity he would have liked to assume.

After going to bed he lay awake a couple of hours thinking over these embarrassing circumstances, and the delightful but Angle's love, to which they were offsets. In the course of his tossings he became aware that his semi-ring was not on his finger, and instantly remembered that, after using it for a forfeit in a parlor game that evening, he had forgotten to replace it. Vexation at his carelessness instantly made him wide awake. The ring must be on the library table. It not, then he knew not where; and if there, it might be flung by a servant in the morning. Associations made it invaluable, and he found himself so uneasy about its safety that he could not sleep. Perhaps the best thing he could do was to quietly step down stairs in his stockings without disturbing anybody and make sure about it. He knew that he could even in the dark, steer his way straight to the library. In this sleepless, excited state of mind, the slight tinge of adventure in his plan had an attraction. Jumping out of bed he put on a part of his clothes, and softly opening the door of the room went across the hall and down the stairs to the ground floor. It was quite dark, but he found his way easily, having a good topographic instinct. From the lower hall he entered the dining room, and from that the library. The sex coal fire in the grate was still flickering brightly, illuminating the sumptuously furnished room with a faint, soft glow of peculiarly rich effect. There on the table his ring glittered in the full firelight, and as he slipped it on his finger he felt himself on his successful enterprise. The room was so charmingly cozy that he felt it would be a sin to linger awhile. So, throwing

himself on a sofa before the grate, he fell into a delightful reverie.

Just there, in that chair, Angle had sat during the evening, and there he pictured her again, finally going and leaning over it in a caressing attitude, fondly cheating himself. Over there had sat Mrs. McLane, and the chair back at once transfixed him with two critical eyes till he was fain to look away. The brothers were there and there.

Bob chuckled with a cozy sense of surreptitiousness as he thought how they would stare could they see him now. The subtle pleasure of clandestine things is doubtless partly the exaggeration of the personality which takes place as the pressure of other minds is withdrawn. To persons of Bob's sensitive mental atmosphere that pressure is painful when such minds are hostile, and often irksome, even when they are friendly, if not in perfect accord. In that now it was with a positive voluptuous sensation that his personality expanded till it filled and felt the whole room.

The fire burned and busily flew the shuttles of his fancy, weaving once again the often-varied patterns of the future. Those shuttles had little leisure nowadays for all the web must be unraveled and reweaved, that though it all might run the gamut of the end of Angle's love. How rarely it did, but up the fabric, before so dull and dead.

The bronze mantel clock sounded with a silvery tinkle the hour of two, but the sound fell apparently unheeded on the ear of the dreamer. It was a full minute before the impression reached his mind. There are times when the thoughts throng so that each new sensation has to take its place in the cue and wait its turn to get attention. Then he stirred and roused himself, emerging reluctantly from the warm, voluptuous atmosphere of imagination as one leaves an enervating bath. He had been lying thus a full hour and it was high time to return to bed. He left the library and started across the dining room with hasty step.

Perhaps long gazing at the fire had dazzled his eyes, or perhaps his haste, together with an undue confidence in his skill in navigation by dead reckoning, rendered him less careful than when he had come down. However that may be, a light stand which he had avoided then he now blundered fully upon. Everybody knows that when one stubs the toe in the dark, instead of delivering the blow when the foot is moving slowly, at the beginning or the end of the step, it always happens so that the toe strikes with the maximum momentum. So it was this time. If Bob had been kicking football he could not have made a nicer calculation of force, as the shock sent the stand completely over.

It would have made noise enough, say how, but it must happen that on this stand the family silver was laid out for breakfast, and the clangor was similar to that of Apollo's silver bowl at the time he let fly at the Grecian host before Troy. Bob stood paralyzed with horror. Even the anguish of the terribly-stubbed toe was forgotten in an overpowering sense of the awful mess he had made, and the unimaginable consequences that would ensue. As the loud clangor and clatter rang through the room, shattering its sacred silence, he shrank together and made himself small, as if he could impart sympathetic shrinkage to the noise. The racket to his own ears was splitting enough, but he felt, in addition, as if he heard it with the ears of all the family, and he wilted before the conception of the feelings that were at that moment starting up in their minds toward the unknown cause of it.

His first rational idea was to bolt for his room and gain it before any one was fairly aroused. But the shock had so scattered his wits that he could not at once recollect his bearings, and he realized, with indescribable sensations, that he was lost. He consumed the precious moments bumping himself all about the room before he found the right door.

As he reached the foot of the staircase, voices were audible above, and lights were gleaming down. His retreat was cut off; he could not get back to his room without being discovered. He now distinguished the voice of Mrs. McLane in an agitated tone entreating somebody to be careful and not get shot, and the gruff voices of the brothers responding, and then their steps rapidly descending the stairs. Should he go up and take the risk of a volley while announcing himself? It would make a pretty tableau. Presenting himself in such a guise and under such circumstances what sort of a reception would he expect from John, who treated him with undisguised contempt in the drawing-room, and whose study it was to place him at a disadvantage? He might have hesitated longer, but at this moment the voice of Angle crying down to her brothers to be careful, decided him. He could not face her under such terrible false circumstances, and without his wig.

All this took place far quicker than I can write it. The glimmer of the descending lamp, already shone dimly in the hall, and Bob frantically looked about him for a hiding place. But all the furniture stood up too high from the floor, and the corners were distressingly bare. He sprang into the dining room, but in the dark he could not see how the lady lay, and hurried on into the library. The dying fire still shed a dim light around, and he eagerly canvassed the various possibilities of concealment which the

room offered. Youthful experience in the game of hide-and seek now stood him in good stead, and showed him at a glance the inutilities as refuges of half a dozen places that would have deuded one less practised by the species but too easily guessed shelter they afforded.

Vainly seeking a safe refuge, he ran around the apartment like a rat in a trap. He had already heard the brothers in the dining room picking up the silver and wondering to find it all there, when, obeying a sudden inspiration, he clamored upon a lofty book-case that ran across one end of the room, arching above the dining-room door, and reaching within a few feet of the ceiling. In cold blood he never could have scaled it. Lying at full length upon the top of the bookcase, with his back to the wall, the bulge of him was still visible from the farther part of the room, in case it should occur to his pursuers to look so high.

The latter now entered the library; and, peering over the edge of the bookcase, Bob recognized with singular sensations the two gentlemen with whom he had been quietly conversing a little earlier in the evening. Then they were arrayed in faultless evening dress, and their manner, although supercilious enough, was calm and polished. Now he saw them half dressed, with dishevelled hair—John carrying a student's lamp in his left hand, and in his right an ugly-looking cane sword with a blade painfully naked, while George held a revolver at full cock.

Talking in a low tone, as they called one another's attention to various spots where possibly the burglar might be concealed, they went slowly from corner to corner, probing every recess with the sword, and in an attitude of strained attention to every sound. Their faces, grotesquely lit by the mingled fire and lamplight, showed a fierce hunter's look that made Bob fairly sick.

He did not dare to look at them long lest the magnetism of his gaze should attract their involuntary attention. Nay, he even made a frantic effort not to think of them from the fear that some physical current might have the same effect—he believed strongly, though vaguely, in the mysteries of animal magnetism, and had a notion that a person sensitive to such influences might detect the presence of his victim by the very terror the latter had of him.

He could scarcely believe his fortune, when a moment later, the two brothers passed again beneath him back into the dining-room.

From there they went on through the rooms beyond, and the sound of their footsteps died away entirely.

Perhaps five minutes after, they reappeared—that is, as far as the dining-room—and Bob gathered from their conversation that they had found one of the "cabinets" in the basement in a condition indicating that the burglar might have escaped there.

Mrs. McLane and Angle, having satisfied themselves that the coast was clear, do not go to the dining-room, and a lively discussion of all the aspects of the problem ensued, which was highly edifying to Bob.

Then the conversation became still more interesting, as it turned on himself. He heard Mrs. McLane saying:

"He must be a hard sleeper, for I knocked several times on his door."

Then one of the brothers grunted something contemptuously, and he heard Angle's voice exclaiming him on the ground that he must be tired after his long journey.

"Are you sure that you looked everywhere in the library?" was Mrs. McLane's next question, at which a cold sweat started out on Bob's face. He had just begun to feel quite comfortable.

John and George, however, declared that they looked everywhere.

"Did you look under the sofa?"

"Behind the window curtains?"

"In that dark corner by the bookcase?"

asked the ladies in succession.

Ingenious cruelty of fate! Even Angle was racking her brain to guess his hiding-place. What if it should be she who hit upon it!

Bob drew a breath of relief as John replied, with some asperity, to all these questions, that he had told them once that they had looked everywhere.

This silenced them, but Angle said, a moment after:

"Just let me ask one more question—Did you look on the top of the bookcase?"

It seemed to Bob that he died then, and came to life again to hear John reply, contemptuously:

"Over the bookcase? There's no room there, and if there were, nobody but a monkey could get up."

"There's room enough," persisted Angle, "and I've often noticed, when sitting in the library, what a nice hiding-place it would be. What if he should be up there now and hear what I'm saying?"

she added, in an agitated whisper.

"Nonsense!" said John.

"Well, there's no harm in looking, anyway," said Mrs. McLane.

"Come along, then," growled John.

"You shall see for yourselves."

At this Bob shot his eyes, and turned his face to the wall. The betwixt instinct is the human instinct of despair. He tried to fly away from himself, and leave his body there as a derelict. The effort was desperate, and seemed almost successful. But he could not quite sever connection, though his soul appeared to

be hovering over his body, only attached by a single thread—but thread which, alas! would not break.

A moment after they all passed through the door directly beneath him, and going clear to the other end of the library, stood on tiptoe, and peered at his hiding-place. There seemed to be eyes in his back, which felt their scrutiny. But the lamp they carried did not suffice to bring out his figure clearly.

"I'm sure I see something," said Angle, getting up on a chair.

"It's only the shadow of the firelight," replied John.

"Light the gas and let us make sure," said Mrs. McLane.

George stood up on a chair under the chandelier, and lighted one of the burners.

An inarticulate ejaculation fell from every mouth. A human figure was distinctly visible, reclining along the top of the bookcase, with his face toward the wall. The ladies would have forthwith run away but for the fact that one door of the room was directly beneath the bookcase, and the other close to it. Upon Bob's paralyzed senses fell the sharp words of John.

"We've got you. Get down!"

He did not move, but at the summons his soul, with inexpressible reluctance and disgust, began to return from the end of its floating thread, and re-inhabit the quarters for which it could not quite shake off responsibility.

"Get up, or I'll shoot!" said George.

"Oh, don't shoot him!" cried Mrs. McLane, while Bob, still motionless, dimly hoped he would.

"Get up!" reiterated John; and he did get up. His own will was inactive and John's was the force that moved his muscles. He turned around and sat up, his legs dangling over the edge of the bookcase, and his wet, white face blankly directed toward the group—a most pitiable figure.

"Jump down," said John; "and if you try to escape you will get shot!"

Bob let himself drop without regard to how he was to alight, and in consequence was severely bruised against a chair and the edges of the bookcase.

He stood facing the group. His eyes mechanically sought Angle's. What was his surprise not to see in her expression of mingled curiosity and fright not the slightest sign of recognition. A glance showed that it was the same with the others. John and George evidently supposed that they were dealing with an ordinary burglar, and the others were apparently quite as devoid of suspicion as to his identity. His wig! He had forgotten all about it. That explained their singular demeanor.

The bald man in stockings, trousers and shirt, caught hiding in the library after an attempt on the silver, quite naturally failed to recall to their minds the youth of rather foppish attire and luxurious locks who bade them good night a few hours previous. As this fact and his explanation broke upon Bob's mind he felt an immense sense of relief, instantly followed by a more poignant perception of the inextinguishable falsity and cruel absurdity of his position. He had little time to think it over and determine his best course.

John stepped forward and with the point of his cane sword motioned him into a corner thus leaving the way clear to the ladies, who at once hurried into the dining room, throwing glances of fear and aversion upon Bob as they passed. Angle paused at the doorway and asked,

"What are you going to do with the dreadful man?"

Bob even now was able to notice that he had never seen her so ravishingly beautiful as now, with her golden hair falling over her charming disfigurement, while her eyes scintillated with excitement. She would have blushed to have been seen by him in such an undress toilet, but with an odd feeling of being double, he perceived that she now regarded him as she would have an animal.

"George and I will attend to him. You had better go to bed," replied John to her question; and then he sent George after some cord, meanwhile standing in front of Bob with cocked revolver. He scanned his prisoner closely, he might have detected something familiar in his lineaments, but in careless contempt he took him in with a sweeping glance as an average burglar, whose identity was a question for the police.

Bob had not uttered a word. In the complex falsity of his position he could not muster presence of mind to resolve on any course, but regarded with a kind of fatuity the extraordinary direction events were taking. But when George returned with the rope, and ordered him to put his hands behind him, he said in a tone so quiet that it surprised himself:

"Hold on, Mr. McLane; this joke has gone far enough. I am Robert Withers at your service, and respectfully decline to be considered in the light of a burglar any further."

George's jaw dropped with astonishment, and John was scarcely less taken aback.

"D—! if it isn't!" ejaculated the former, after a moment, in a tone of incredulous conviction, as he recognized at once the voice and now the features of Bob; "but where's your hair?"

Bob blushed painfully.

"I wear a wig," he replied, "and to-night, coming down stairs after my ring which I had left on the table here, I did

not fully dress. Going back, it was my luck to stumble over that cursed stand in the other room!"

"But what did you hide for?" asked John sharply.

Bob touched his bald head and replied: "I heard the ladies up."

John pitched the revolver on the sofa and stood pensive. Finally he said with a sardonic smile:

"Mr. Withers, how do you propose to get out of this? Shall I call in the ladies and let you explain? They will presently be wanting to know what we have done with the burglar."

Bob made no reply. Already bitterly humiliated he saw no way of avoiding indefinite and yet bitter humiliations.

John thought a few minutes longer, and then he said:

"Take a seat, Mr. Withers; I have a proposition to make."

They sat down.

"You are aware," continued John, in the calmest, most imperturbable tone, "that I don't like your match with my sister, and have done my best to break it off. But she is an obstinate girl, and I had pretty much given up hope. These peculiar circumstances have most unexpectedly put you in my power, and I propose to make the most of my advantage. If I were to call in Angle now and introduce you, I feel tolerably well assured that it would be the end of your matrimonial expectations in that quarter. Still, you shall have a chance for your life. I will call her if you say so?" and John rose.

"For God's sake, don't let her come in here," groaned Bob in abject panic.

John grinned, stepped toward the door, and then turned back irresolutely, muttering:

"Wonder if it would be the shortest way out of it to call her down?" Then with a saving reflection upon the uncertainty of a woman's course under any given set of circumstances, he came back and reseated himself opposite Bob, said



Newspaper Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the office—whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The Courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is *prima facie* evidence of fraud.

Local Agents.

The following persons are authorized agents for the Oxford Democrat. They will accept for cash, advance to others for job work and advertising, and to any other matters which patrons may desire.

**Every Postmaster in Oxford County:**  
 Albany, J. H. Loomis; Andover, F. A. Bostwick; Bethel, E. Foster; E. W. Woodbury; Brownfield, J. L. Frink; Buckfield, Geo. D. Bissie; Canton, A. S. Hall; Dixfield, Hon. E. G. Hawley; Fryburg, S. W. Fife; Grafton, A. J. Blake; Gray, John Beattie; Greenwood, J. A. Coffin; Hallowell, A. K. Knapp; Hiram, A. A. Wadsworth; Lovell, E. H. Eastman; Mason, G. H. Brown; Mexico, H. W. Park; Norway, O. G. Bradley; Paris, D. Upton; Farmington, Rev. G. A. Lockwood; E. H. Hawley; Paris, (So.), F. A. Thayer; West, O. K. Yates; M. D. Perry; A. L. Haines; Porter, F. W. Redden; Isaac L. French; Rumford, S. R. Hutcheson; Sweden, H. Saunders; Waterville, J. M. Shaw; Woodstock, O. C. Houghton; Franklin & Milton Plantations, T. H. Thornton.

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

The Election in Oxford.

Monday evening as returns came to this office from Oxford County, they looked blue enough, for they winged their way from the east where King Solomon reigns. Buckfield with 175 greenback votes, Hebron with 51, Oxford with 63, Norway with 54, Sumner with 61, votes for Munson, indicated a loss of the County ticket. Later returns however, indicate that the principal greenback strength came from the Democratic party, and that our ticket is safe. In fact, the plurality now estimated is much larger than our usual majority. No candidate can have been defeated.

In addition to the representative districts given elsewhere, the indications are that we have carried the Bethel and Sumner districts. Nothing has been heard from the others. If there are no more combinations between greenbacks and democrats, they are all safe.

The Vote in Paris.

As was natural, the vote of Paris is considerably smaller than in 1875, with which we compare, that being the last of year. In 1875, a special effort was made, and a large majority resulted. The greenback vote of 47, was much larger than many estimated it would be. However, it was not composed of the intelligent citizens of Paris, so largely as it was of new arrivals, from a bordering town. One interesting feature of the election was a Talbot man, who carefully distributed votes to those Bourbons who were not willing to "condone the fraud." Twenty-one votes for revolution and free rum were introduced.

The Republican vote this year is 356; democratic, 185; Munson, 47; Republican plurality 171; majority, 124, on the Governor vote. In 1873 our plurality was 110; majority, 103. In 1874 our plurality was 148, majority, 144. In 1875, the plurality was 165; majority, the same. In 1876 the plurality was 210; majority, 208. Thus we have made a gradual ascent to the Presidential year, and then fallen off, as is always the case. No effort was made by either of the old parties to get out their voters. What was done was voluntary, and shows that Paris is still the stronghold of Republicanism.

Representatives Elected.

In the district composed of Buckfield, Oxford and Hebron, A. J. Hall of Weichville, the Greenback candidate, was elected by 10 majority, as follows:

Hall, Buckfield, 242  
 " Hebron, 69  
 " Oxford, 77  
 Total, 388

Hawkes, Buckfield, 68  
 " Hebron, 67  
 " Oxford, 140  
 Total, 275

Hall's plurality, 113  
 Hazen, Buckfield, 11  
 " Hebron, 0  
 " Oxford, 92  
 Total, 103

Hall's majority, 10  
 In the district composed of Paris, Greenwood and Milton, D. N. True of Paris was elected by over one hundred majority.

True, Paris, 380  
 Mason, Paris, 163  
 McOrison, Paris, 36

In the district composed of Norway, Waterville, Albany and Stoneham, A. S. Kimball of Waterville was elected by about 100 majority.

The Old Pensioner.

He was old, and poor, and disabled, or he would not have been a pensioner. He could not afford to hire a team for the journey to an examining physician. After walking ten miles, he found that the new civil service rules his old examiner had been disqualified. The next agent of the government was eight miles further on. Would he stop and rest before taking the additional miles? No, he must reach home before night. 36 miles in one day. It must have seemed like campaign times; but as he left the newspaper office, he roundly cursed an ungrateful government.

Massachusetts Greenback Convention.

Boston, Sept. 5.—The Independent Greenback party of Massachusetts held a State convention here to-day, about 100 being present. Jason Waters of Sutton was President. An effort to nominate B. F. Butler for Governor was made, but Wendell Phillips received the nomination by a vote of 45 to 13. The following State officers were nominated: Lieut. Governor, Dyer D. Lum of Northampton; Secretary of State, Nathan Clarke, Jr., of Lynn; Auditor, H. M. Barre of Boston; Treasurer, W. F. Whitney of Lowell.

THE ELECTION.

Republican Success.

Connor Elected by over 7,000.

Munson gets over 3,000.

Oxford County gives him over six Hundred.

Legislature largely Republicans.

Telegraphic reports give the above estimate. We clip in detail the following figures from the Portland Daily, as estimated by Stephen Berry.

144 towns give  
 Connor, 29,409  
 Munson, 22,341  
 Talbot, 2,847  
 Scattering, 11

Last year same towns gave,  
 Connor, 42,960  
 Talbot, 22,941  
 Scattering, 11

Connor's majority in these towns 4,085, against 9,783 last year.

The towns to bear from gave last year: Connor 32,904; Talbot, 27,522; Scattering, 254. If these towns come in like the others, allowing for the fact that the Greenback ticket is limited to localities, the aggregate vote will be about 95,000, of which Connor should have 53,000, Williams 42,000, Munson 3500, and Connor's majority will run up to 7500, against 14,911 last year. In 1875 the last of year, it was 3259.

AUGUST, Sept. 10.—Midnight.—The following dispatch has just been sent by Senator Blaine to a friend in Washington:

AUGUST, Sept. 10, 1877.  
 To Hon. R. C. McCormick, Washington:  
 The indications from the returns received up to this hour, 11 o'clock, point to a majority of 8000 to 10,000 for governor Connor over Mr. Williams, the regular Democratic candidate. Some 3000 votes at least have been thrown for Mr. Munson, the Greenback candidate, drawn from both parties. The Republicans have probably elected 29 of the 31 state senators, and fully two-thirds and possibly three-fourths of the House of Representatives. It looks as though we had carried every county in the state except two. Will telegraph you if further returns materially change these figures.

(Signed) JAMES G. BLAINE.

Town Votes.

ANDOVER.  
 Connor 51 Williams 50 Munson 1  
 Irish 22 Frothingham 40 God 1  
 Moulton 22 Towle 42 Haskell 102  
 Tuell 28 Holbrook 72 Mendall 162  
 Stanley 29 Greene 103 Mendall 172  
 Watkins 27 Smith 49 Royal 129  
 Lary 196 French 35 Clough 102

BETHEL.  
 Connor 174 Williams 64 Munson 102  
 Irish 174 Frothingham 47 God 102  
 Moulton 174 Towle 42 Haskell 102  
 Tuell 228 Holbrook 72 Mendall 162  
 Stanley 29 Greene 103 Mendall 172  
 Watkins 27 Smith 49 Royal 129  
 Lary 196 French 35 Clough 102

HEBRON.

21 for Connor; 21 for Williams; 2 for Munson; Greene, 19; Stanley, 25; Hayford, 9; Smith, rep., 22; balance straight ticket.

BUCKFIELD.  
 Connor 74 Williams 76 Munson 175  
 Irish 27 Frothingham 40 God 102  
 Moulton 27 Towle 42 Haskell 102  
 Tuell 28 Holbrook 72 Mendall 162  
 Stanley 29 Greene 103 Mendall 172  
 Watkins 27 Smith 49 Royal 129  
 Lary 196 French 35 Clough 102

NORWAY.

Connor 216 Williams 128 Munson 54  
 Irish 216 Frothingham 40 God 102  
 Moulton 216 Towle 42 Haskell 102  
 Tuell 228 Holbrook 72 Mendall 162  
 Stanley 29 Greene 103 Mendall 172  
 Watkins 27 Smith 49 Royal 129  
 Lary 196 French 35 Clough 102

OXFORD.

Connor 132 Williams 97 Munson 62  
 Irish 132 Frothingham 40 God 102  
 Moulton 132 Towle 42 Haskell 102  
 Tuell 132 Holbrook 72 Mendall 162  
 Stanley 29 Greene 103 Mendall 172  
 Watkins 27 Smith 49 Royal 129  
 Lary 196 French 35 Clough 102

PARIS.

Connor 356 Williams 194 Munson 47  
 Irish 356 Frothingham 40 God 102  
 Moulton 356 Towle 42 Haskell 102  
 Tuell 356 Holbrook 72 Mendall 162  
 Stanley 29 Greene 103 Mendall 172  
 Watkins 27 Smith 49 Royal 129  
 Lary 196 French 35 Clough 102

SUMNER.

Connor 50 Williams 42 Munson 61  
 Irish 50 Frothingham 40 God 102  
 Moulton 50 Towle 42 Haskell 102  
 Tuell 50 Holbrook 72 Mendall 162  
 Stanley 29 Greene 103 Mendall 172  
 Watkins 27 Smith 49 Royal 129  
 Lary 196 French 35 Clough 102

WOODSTOCK.

Connor 103 Williams 15 Munson 30  
 Irish 103 Frothingham 40 God 102  
 Moulton 103 Towle 42 Haskell 102  
 Tuell 103 Holbrook 72 Mendall 162  
 Stanley 29 Greene 103 Mendall 172  
 Watkins 27 Smith 49 Royal 129  
 Lary 196 French 35 Clough 102

Scattering no representative.

—Senator Morrill of Vermont is satisfied that not a republican in Vermont lives who does not believe that President Hayes, and also Govs. Peckard of Louisiana and Chamberlain of So. Carolina were elected by the lawful votes cast. Recently he said: "If absolute justice and fair play could have been had, I think it is also believed we should have had more than even we claimed. There is a strong doubt left by our whole party as to whether the republicans, as a party, will derive any benefit at the polls from the policy now adopted by the administration, but if peace prevails and the colored people, in regard to educating them in all their rights, so as to give some evidence that they will in time become valuable citizens, the country at least will derive some benefit from the policy. What our people are the most reluctant to surrender are the republican administrations in Louisiana and South Carolina. They believe the republican Governors of those States were elected, and believe so now, although they have some doubt whether their authority could have been maintained without the aid of the strong arm of the general government."

—Ex-President Thiers, of France, died at 81, upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

|            | 1875.  | 1877.  |
|------------|--------|--------|
| Connor     | 42,960 | 53,000 |
| Munson     | 3,500  | 3,500  |
| Talbot     | 2,847  | 2,847  |
| Scattering | 11     | 11     |
| Total      | 49,368 | 63,358 |

A Farmer and Laborer's Opinion.

The Lewiston Journal publishes a letter addressed to Hon. Wm. P. Frye, by William Lowell of Minot, a farmer and laborer all his life, a man now more than three score years of age, from which we copy the following:

"In my view, the greatest danger that threatens the country at the present time, and one which needs the watch of the statesman, is the greenback movement. Its tendency is bad. It appeals to the prejudices of the laboring man, sets him against the capitalist, arrays the employed man and laborer to believe he is the poor man, and laborer to believe he is the poor man. Place all the industries of the country under the greatest tide of success, with the present influx of the population and our own waiting population, there would be a greater supply of laborers than demand. The ordinary course of trade and business cannot give employment to the great surplus of laborers. Then again, think of those who come idleness, ready to embark in any and all causes of complaint whether real or imaginary, for what they can gain by plunder—such as would be glad to have all property confiscated and divided up among them—any political policy that fosters this spirit of distrust and excites enmity to the rich is pernicious and destructive in its influence, and detrimental to the whole country.

I need not go on and speak of the late riots and destruction to property—all these occurrences ought to put the guardians of the country on the watch and compel a preparation to meet any future emergency."

Pennsylvania Republican State Convention.

HARRISBURG, Sept. 5th.—Republican State Convention met to-day at noon. A. M. Brown of Allegheny, was chosen temporary chairman. Committees were appointed and the convention took a recess till afternoon.

Upon reassembling W. H. Armstrong was chosen permanent chairman. The following resolutions were offered and referred to the committee on resolutions:

Resolved, That we heartily endorse the honest and earnest efforts of President Hayes, in face of the numerous and serious obstacles, to reform our civil service and to restore our whole nation to a condition of harmony, fraternity and prosperity. While we may as individuals in some instances differ in opinion with him as to the feasibility of the methods employed or the main details of execution yet we have implicit and abiding confidence in his sincerity, capacity and patriotism and pledge him a constant and active sympathy and support in all measures conducing to the rapid fulfillment and speedy accomplishment of these highly important and much desired objects.

The nominations were then ordered. J. P. Stennett was nominated by acclamation for Judge; for auditor Gen. Howard J. Reeder and J. A. M. Cassmore were placed in nomination.

The committee on resolutions then reported the following which was adopted: While we recognize and respect the difference of opinion existing between us as to the course pursued by President Hayes towards the South, we are heartily in accord in honoring the patriotic motives which have guided him, and in hoping that the results of this policy will be peace, good will and the complete recognition of equal rights for all men in every section of the country, and to the efforts of his administration to carry into effect the principles of the platform upon which he was elected, we pledge our hearty and cordial support.

—Gail Hamilton has at last finished her series of articles on civil service reform. In connection with her final letter to the editor of the Tribune prints the "essential part of the private letter in which she made the only business arrangement that has ever existed about them." It runs as follows: "I have written a series of papers on civil service reform, going straight and plain against the grain, you and everybody else who is in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity like you. I both condemn and praise the Administration as it is, and, in short, deal out exact and equal justice to everybody. As they would bear my own name you would not be answerable for the opinion. And if, after they are published, children cry for them, and you should want to pay me a fee of \$10,000 or so, you might, or, if you didn't, you might not, should at least have the satisfaction of having done missionary work on good heathen ground."

STATE FAIR.—The combined State and New England Fair, held at Portland last week, was a great success. The days were perfect for all the exercises; and every arrangement was made with such accuracy as to ensure success. We have not space to record the exhibits nor the events of the exhibition. Oxford County was well represented among exhibitors and visitors. Owing to a liberal arrangement made with the Grand Trunk, the towns along the line were able to pour a living host into Portland every day. The opportunity was fully appreciated by the shoppers and curiosity seekers.

NEW MUSIC.—From W. W. Whitney, Toledo, O., "The Queen Old Bachelor," comic song and chorus; "Fire-Bell March," 30 cents each. From Kane & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., "Neath the Roses, Long Ago," song, words by A. French, music by Harry Percy. From F. W. Helmick, Cincinnati, O., "Dear Old Homestead," song, by Miss Anna C. Hills, price 40 cents.

Local Sketch.

Mr. Editor: In a recent visit to your town, I was impressed with its charms. I wonder that more has not been written about its beautiful scenery, and its many other attractions. There is such a variety in its pictures, that you are never wearied with sameness; and every day you may find a new drive with unexpected delights. I wish you would give us occasional chapters on the beauties and wonders of Paris. Some pleasant day, start out for a drive from the "Cape" up the beautiful stream that has long been known as the Stony Brook. It was rightly named, and is well deserving a more than passing notice. It is not often that one can find so much to enjoy and admire, on a ride of four miles. Will it be becoming in me to name the places along the way that I wish you to write up? I make the venture, and then shall be content to have you follow your own inclinations.

About a half mile from the village, Bret's Falls invite attention. Here the waters seem so happy chasing down over the rocks that you want to find a seat in the shade and enjoy them for an hour.

The eyes that used to watch them from the little brown house near by do not longer look upon them, but still the waters laugh and play just as in the long ago, when on our way to "mill" they were our wonder and admiration. Next let us tarry at Forbes' Bend. Here the waters flow around as if the plan was to the figure of a heart, but left the task half completed. In the middle of this bend in the brook is the Baptistery, where so many have found it a joy to put on Christ before the world. Passing on you next notice on your right, Bird's Nest Rock. Do you know whence its name? Let me tell you all I know about it. Once upon a time "George" was passing that way with a bag of corn through across old Grey's back. The bag of corn served him very well for a saddle, and he was really felt as he rode along that he was getting up in the world. He was a curious boy and found an especial delight in looking into things. Just then he espied in the branches of a tree, that stood hard by the rock, a bird's nest. Of course he must examine it. He stopped his horse and tried to reach it, but found that only by standing on tip-toe and giving a spring at that, could he reach the limb on which was fastened the precious treasure. But just as he caught the limb old Grey seemed to think that she ought to be on her way, for she had a griet to grind; and before the boy knew it he was left hanging by his fingers. The nest was not examined, but strange sounds were made to echo through the grove, and here the boy had one of the most remarkable tumbles of his life.

Not far from here the road makes a turn, and at your right, you have a charming picture of Sleeping Waters. The sight rests you and the shade helps you to forget that you are in the midst of the summer's heat. But by this time you are thirsty, and so you drive on through a most inviting shade to Silver Spring. What delicious water! You wonder that every one does not know of this fountain by the wayside. A little way on at your right you wish to stop to enjoy the Laughing Water Falls, and after a rainy day this is one of the choicest places on the brook.

But you have come to the bridge and here have a good view of the Lover's Dell, and whether you can fully enjoy the place depends—

For a mile or more you lose sight of the brook, but the road is so pleasant that you do not notice the distance. When through the woods, you see King's mill on the left. Stop here by all means. It is a royal place to get one picture, and good fishing, provided you have permission. From the mill just above the bridge over which you pass on the way to the "Hill," you catch a sight of Mother's Falls. The history of these falls is very interesting, but not half so much so as the story of the faithful mother for whom they were named.

But let us drive on toward "Old Streaked" that looks at us so kindly from this point. When you have reached the woods where the finger board directs you to Buckfield, I advise you to keep to the left for a short distance, and pay a visit to the Goddess' Bath, that you find near by, where an old mill stands. I cannot tell what goddess used it, but it is a good sized place for a bath, and worn deep into the solid rock. The thought of the busy little rocks that have been round and round to wear out this bathing place will give you a lesson of patience and perseverance. Returning to the Buckfield road, you go on to the bridge, and enjoy Fern Cove. Here the ferns seem to revel, and all through the season they are the admiration of all the passers by, who have eyes to enjoy the beautiful. It is a charming spot and here you may gather ferns and vines that will make home attractive in the winter time.

But I must not suggest more. In your notes about town, we shall expect to see justice done to all these places we have named, and many others perhaps more worthy of mention.

Yours truly DELOS.

August 30th, 1877.

FOR TEACHERS.—The standing Committee of the State Teachers' Association will hold a meeting at Biddeford, in the High School room, Friday evening at 7 o'clock, and Saturday morning at 9 o'clock, Sept. 14 and 15. The Committee will visit the schools of Biddeford on Friday. The order of exercises for the meetings will be as follows: Arithmetic in Primary schools, Mrs. C. C. Rounds of Farmington; Geometry in Primary schools, Miss Jennie Hayden of Farmington; Arithmetic in Grammar grades, G. A. Robertson of Augusta; Algebra, Geo. B. Fikes of Augusta; Geometry, Prof. C. A. Smith, Brunswick. All teachers and friends of education, and all interested are invited to attend. The purpose is to make the discussions practical. All are invited to take part in the discussions.

G. T. FLETCHER, Secy.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

—Clergymen and Justices can save a trifling sum by sending notices of marriages, etc., upon postal cards.

Brigham Young.

The death of Brigham Young closes the story of a strange career, and opens the last chapter in the history of a peculiar people. The priest and politician, despot and pope, is dead, and all his Latter-Day Saints, all his revelations and ordinances, all his wealth and power, could not save him. He was born, poor and obscure, in a New England village; he died, at nearly four score, a rich and unadorned pagan. But even this teacher of false prophecies was grasping and tyrannical where other teachers of new faiths have often been so sincere enough to be unselfish, was of practical service to the country in which he lived, but with which he refused to have anything to do. He built up a large and prosperous community in a region that was before a desert, and developed the resources of a broad territory. He was the greatest of American pioneers. While he believed that he had got beyond the reach of civilization, he had only quickened its westward march.

But it is with the people, and not with their leader, that we are chiefly concerned now. What will become of the Mormon Church, now that there is no longer any great Mormon? For it is with any one of us, and ready to take Brigham Young's place, has not shown himself. The mantle seems to fall to the ground—Young had absorbed, as a Mormon Church, it was a part of him, and it cannot long survive him in its present proportions. It was his courage and skill that saved the Church in its infancy from dangers that threatened its life. It was his indomitable will and endless resources that buoyed it up through the horrors of the migration to Utah. It was his practical sagacity that chose the place for the new settlement, organized and developed its industries and made his people prosperous. It was his craft that stimulated their fanaticism, and taught them to look upon him as next to God. He always knew just when to shed blood. But even Brigham Young could not keep his church intact. A little civilization would leak in through the cracks which he built about it. His peculiar institution has already come into an irrepressible conflict with the locomotive and the newspaper, and there could have been but one issue to the contest. But now the end will be hastened. The master spirit is gone, and there is no master left. The dissensions which he subdued, the growing unbelief which he still stood in awe of him, the march of progress, which he always found him firmly planted in the way—all these will take a new stride.—Tribune.

Editorial and Selected Items.

—Wednesday was a perfect day. Every body was on the streets, riding or walking.

—E. A. Lynde, son of the late John H. Lynde of the Bangor Whig has bought the Aroostook Sunrises, and will conduct it in future.

—There was a snow storm on Mount Washington Monday, and the thermometer at the foot of the mountain went down to 31.

—About fifty of Brigham Young's children were present at his funeral, with a large portion of the back towns not heard from.—Lewiston Journal.

—Alvin Adams, the founder of the great express company which bears his name, died at his residence in Waterville, Mass., Saturday night, after a long illness.

—Rev. Charles D. Crane of So. Paris, has been chosen to deliver the poem at the triennial meeting of the Alumni Association of the Collegiate Institute at Newton, N. J., Sept. 7th.

—The Biddeford Star has been sold to W. Lester Watson, and its daily publication ceased. Mr. Watson has commenced the issue of a weekly paper, Republican in politics, to be called the Eastern Star.

COURT.—The September term of S. J. Court will be held at Paris, commencing Tuesday next. Judge Walton will preside. The civil docket contains 401 cases, being some fifty or seventy-five cases small or than usual.

—We publish a brief poem of beauty and exquisite taste, written for this paper by Wm. Brunton, a graduate of Harvard Divinity school. Mr. B. has appeared in these columns before, and his poems are heartily welcomed by the literary portion of our readers, among whom he has acquired an enviable reputation.

—The Maine Agricultural Society Wednesday evening, elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, B. F. Hamilton of Biddeford; Secretary, A. L. Dennison of Portland; Treasurer, W. P. Hubbard of Bangor; Trustees, W. F. Garcelon of Lewiston, B. M. Hight of Skowhegan, D. M. Dunham of Bangor, Peter W. Ayer of Freedom.

—A Teachers' Institute will be held







