

The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 44.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1877.

NUMBER 37.

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.

For one inch of space one week, \$1.00.
Each subsequent week, 50 cents.
Special Notices—25 per cent. additional.

PROBATE NOTICES.

Orders of Notice on Real Estate, 50 cts.
Orders on Wills, 1.00
Guardians' Notices, 1.50
Administrators' and Executors' Notices, 1.50
Commissioners' Notices, 2.00

Special Terms made with Local Advertisers and for advertisements contained any considerable length of time, also, for those occupying extensive space.

SUBSCRIBERS.

can tell, by examining the colored slip attached to their papers, the amount due, and those wishing to avoid themselves of the advanced payments, can send by mail, or hand to the nearest agent, a single 5, 10 or 25 cent piece, as the case may be, to the date of the subscription is paid to January, 1878, or 1879, 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 apprised 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 E. ELDER,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

30 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

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

June 19, 77

J. A. TWADDLE, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office over Kimball's store,

opposite the Court House.

E. G. HAWLEY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Jan. 1, 77

A. S. TWITCHELL, ALFRED R. EVANS,

Commissioners for Me.

Notary Public

TWITCHELL & EVANS,

Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,

CORNER N. H.

Will attend to practice in the Courts of N. H. and Oxford County—Me.

Jan. 1, 77

ENOCH FOSTER, JR.,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Jan. 1, 77

S. R. HUTCHINS,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Jan. 1, 77

S. W. FIFE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

FRYBURG, ME.

Commissioner for New Hampshire.

Jan. 1, 77

D. BISHOP,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Jan. 1, 77

F. W. RIDLON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

MAINE FALLS, ME.

Will practice in Oxford and York Cos.

Jan. 1, 77

JAMES S. WRIGHT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

PARISH HILL, ME.

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

Jan. 1, 77

K. YATES, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

WEST PARIS, ME.

Office at residence, west side of river.

Jan. 1, 77

O. S. BRADBURY, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

NORWAY, ME.

Residence and Office at the house lately occupied by Dr. Peabody.

Jan. 1, 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.

WATERFORD, ME.

W. P. SHATTUCK, M. D., Superintendent of the Maine Hygienic Institute, Waterford, Me. All interested will please send for Circulars.

Jan. 1, 77

WILLIAM DOUGLASS,

Deputy Sheriff for Oxford & Cumberland Cos.

WATERFORD, ME.

All precepts by mail will receive prompt attention.

Jan. 1, 77

JAMES W. CHAPMAN,

DEPUTY SHERIFF & CORONER,

KENNEBEC FALLS, ME.

Business by mail promptly attended to.

Jan. 1, 77

D. R. G. JONES,

DENTIST,

NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver or Vulcanized Rubber.

Jan. 1, 77

D. C. R. DAVIS,

DENTIST,

PARISH HILL, MAINE.

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

Jan. 1, 77

B. F. GREEN, M. D.,

Homeopathic Physician & Surgeon

NORWAY, ME.

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

Jan. 1, 77

W. O. DOUGLASS,

DEPUTY SHERIFF,

PARISH HILL, MAINE.

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

Jan. 1, 77

F. E. LINDAN HOWE,

INSURANCE AGENT,

NORWAY, ME.

Risks effected in all the leading Companies at favorable rates.

Jan. 1, 77

Poetry.

FOR THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.
"The Pines," Andover Maine.
BY E. O. J.

A half a mile from the village street,
Where the nodding elms their branches meet,
To a covered bridge, and just without,
To a quiet wild road that winds about
Like "Tennyson's Brook," "and in and out"
Till you reach the "Pines," you know it well,
By the belting air, and the fragrant smell,
Closed in we are by the elms, and pines,
Yet having our share of the sun where it shines,
While just below, down at our feet,
The river lilies murmur most sweet,
But oh! for the eye of an artist true,
And pencil, and brush to paint the view,
Way beyond, lies the village street,
With houses, and stables tidy, and neat,
One beautiful street stretching along,
With a background of mountains sturdy and strong.

While over these mountains most of the day,
And what painters can't copy a dreamy blue haze,
And of all lovely places in earth, or in west,
I think our dear Andover fairest and best.
Now peace to the ashes of each pioneer,
Who out from "old Andover" settled down here,
And all we can wish them, is that they too,
From out "Heaven's holy holes" have the same view,
Andover, Maine, Sept. 12, 1877.

Selected Story.

BRIGHT & CO.

Rufus Lynde had just got comfortably settled in his new store. The window (it had only one, being—well, not a large store) was, after much thought and experimenting, arranged to his satisfaction; the bright-colored scarfs and cravats and neck-ties forming a sort of rainbow against the somber background of black ones; the packages of kid gloves, showing the tips of their many-lined fingers at the ends of their gilt and white wrappings; the gaudiest silk handkerchiefs flying like jolly young flags about the dozen or two other articles pertaining to the masculine wardrobe which, in admirable taste and order, were grouped below them—when his one clerk, who was also errand boy and several other things—in fact, engaged in "general utility," as they say in the dramatic profession—rushed in, with a face every feature of which said as plainly as words, "Important news!"

Rufus looked at him a moment. "What is it, Fred?" he asked, at last.
"One hundred and thirty-six is taken," said Fred, pausing to give due effect to whatever further communication he had to make.
"Well," quipped his employer.
"Same business as our—gents' furnishing,"—continued Fred.
"Don't say 'our,' and don't say 'gents,'" said Rufus, in his surprise relapsing for a moment into his old role of teacher.
"Well, 'his,' said Fred sulkily.
"The deuce it is!" exclaimed Rufus, resuming the character of the man of business, as he threw down the collar he had been asserting, and walked moodily to the door.

Before the next store, which had been vacant for a long time, stood a heavily laden cart. Two men were unloading and carrying in boxes and cases the same shape and size as those which had contained his own goods. A tall, rather rough-looking young man was superintending, and a boy—evidently "general utility" like Fred—was darting hither and thither with a great pretense of rendering valuable assistance.

Rufus stepped out on the sidewalk, whistling carelessly, and becoming at once very much interested in an over-worked horse that had fallen across the cart track; but as the horse was helped to his feet by a sympathizing crowd, he slowly turned and came in again, giving as he passed a comprehensive glance at the neighboring establishment.

Every pane in the window—it also had only one window—shone like an overgrown diamond, and in each corner was already placed, on a pretty walnut stand, a pot of ivy, the dark green vines climbing the gray-painted wall, while the scarlet flowers of a flourishing geranium smiled gayly in the sunshine.

A sign above the door, beside which the modest one bearing his name looked like a dwarf beside a giant, bore in great glittering letters the inscription: "Bright & Co."

business, it's too much!" and Rufus shook his head at the frowning face that looked at him from the mirror that hung opposite.

A young face and not a disagreeable one (on the contrary, quite an agreeable one when minus the scowl), surmounted by wavy locks of bright auburn—some people call them red—and lighted by a pair of sparkling real blue eyes. Nose aquiline, mustache to match the hair, mouth large and not so very ugly, and the chin—well, perhaps if the chin had been a trifle more prominent, and the hair a shade less—auburn, Rufus might have possessed more hopefulness and a better temper.

That very evening—such is the inconsistency of man—in spite of his assertion that "that sort of thing didn't pay," Rufus bought at the nearest florist's two Madeira vines, a smilax, and a spicy carnation pink, and the next morning they were sweetly blooming in his window, when the tall, rather rough-looking young man who had been overseeing the cartmen the day before, came briskly in.

"Mr. Lynde?" said he.
Rufus bowed stiffly.
"Called to see if you'd let me take a look at the arrangement of your window from the inside—capital effect outside. How do you manage? I don't know much about such things myself."
"What cool impudence!" thought Rufus. And then he said in an icy manner and in icy tone, "I'm afraid you won't be taught here, sir. It costs me time, thought and patience to produce the 'capital effect' of which you speak. You must use your own brains. Mine are not at your service."

"Oho! is that the way you feel?" said the young man with a chuckle. "Well, I guess Bright & Co. can do without you!" and he disappeared as suddenly as he came.

And apparently "Bright & Co." could, for in two or three hours the shop windows of that enterprising firm burst upon the admiring gaze of the passer by like a whole garden of flowers.

Such a delicate mingling of shades and skillful combination of colors had never been seen in a shop window before—at least not in that avenue. Dark purple scarfs and ribbons prettily entwined with those of pale yellow; smoking gowns in crimsons and golus, and blues and beffs, and scarlets and greens; bows of every hue, looking like a flock of elegant butterflies clinging to a carpet of dark brown velvet; beautifully embroidered slippers; silken and satin watch fobs of many fantastic shapes; pipe-holders quaint and graceful in design, and fifty other things Rufus had never thought of, "but which women will be just tools enough to buy and give to men," he said to himself, bitterly—shone from his neighbor's window.

Poor fellow! That gorgeous window completely eclipsed his own, and he saw, with a heartache, the people pass his door day after day and enter the more attractive store of Bright & Co.

A week went by, during which Mr. Lynde refused the loan of a hammer—they had mislaid theirs—in his neighbors, kicked their cat (it was a very gentle kick, and intended more for a hint than anything else) when she chased a flying rat into his store and under his counter, and Fred had a rough and tumble fight with the boy, "because he swept all the dirt off his own sidewalk on to ours."

Then one uncommonly bright and pleasant Monday morning, as Rufus, refreshed by the Sabbath rest, was coming down the street, humming an old hymn tune which his mother—good old Methodist—was fond of singing, and happily forgetting for the moment of all life's cares and vexations, his eye was caught by an unusual glare at the very top of "Bright & Co.'s" building. A mammoth sign had been placed there, calling attention in enormously fat letters to the gilt-leaf gilt—large enough to be seen at least half a mile away—to the business of that wonderful and aggravatingly go-ahead firm; and that sign trespassed at least two inches on his own premises.

Rufus ceased humming, and looked at himself at his desk, through his hat on the floor, ran his fingers through his sanguinary locks until they stood up like an aureole around his head, seized pen, paper and ink, and dashed off the following note:

"Mr. Lynde's compliments to Bright & Co., and begs to call their attention to the fact that their last and biggest sign exceeds the limits allowed by law."
This, with a snort of delight, as a war-horse that scented the battle afar, did Fred receive and hasten to deliver next door, to return with answer, equally concise, written in a large, bold, but rather scrawly hand:

"Bright & Co. are sorry that the sign-maker should have made such a mistake; but unless Mr. Lynde wishes to put up a similar sign, they are at a loss to see how so slight an infringement can interfere with him."

"Mr. Lynde's lawyer may wait on Bright & Co. as soon as Mr. Lynde chooses."

But it happened that Rufus couldn't get away from the store that day. Some great festivity to take place that evening in the vicinity, sent all the boys and young men in search of masculine necessities and adornments, and the overflow from Bright & Co.'s alone was sufficient to keep Rufus and his only assistant extremely busy. But as soon as night had fairly set in and the rush was over, he sent Fred, a delighted messenger—with a communication to a young lawyer friend, and with resolution and defiance written on his brow, and hands firmly clasped behind him, he began slowly pacing backward and forward, his determination to fight it out with his neighbor growing stronger and stronger every moment; for, "in the first place, it was downright shabby to set up in the very same line right next door," he repeated for the twentieth time. "I couldn't and wouldn't have done it; but no doubt this Bright is some selfish, grasping, cold-hearted, unpleasant fellow, not caring who he shoulders out of the way as long as he—"

"When suddenly the door flew open, and the roughest, plumpiest, prettiest lot of a woman flew in.

She wore a dainty white apron, with a bewitching bib and two charming pockets, and the bib had a bit of scarlet geranium pinned at the left corner, and a saucy smile that turned up on one side and trimmed with scarlet berries and green leaves, was perched insecurely on the top of her satin-smooth black head.

"Mr. Lynde!" said she in a voice that implied "I'm not to be contradicted under any circumstances whatever," as she confronted Rufus.

Rufus replied, "At your service," with a smile. He'd have been more than mortal if he could have looked at that bright face, with its frank, fearless gray eyes, cunning pug nose, dear little mouth, and general air of cheerful independence, without smiling.

"I am Bright & Co." "And rightly named," flashed through Mr. Lynde's mind; and then his face betrayed the great astonishment he felt, but he bowed and said nothing.

"You look surprised," said the little woman.

"I am," said Rufus. "I thought—I mean I was sure—that is, I supposed—"

"No matter what you supposed," interrupted "Bright & Co." in a manner that in any one else would have been rude, but in her was decidedly charming.

"I'm Bright—and Company, and I want to know why, in the name of pins and needles, you're so awfully hateful about this sign? It can't hurt your house—it is yours—or you, extending only that far" (holding out two tiny forefingers, with nails like wee pink shells, about half an inch from each other) "beyond my house—it is my house—and you know, if you have one grain of common sense, it can't."

She paused, but Rufus said never a word.

"I suppose," the little woman went on shaking her pretty head so emphatically that the saucy hat nearly slipped off, just hanging on her back hair that suggested to Rufus the days of his boyhood and the "Sister's Hornpipe," "you think I have injured your business. If I have, I didn't mean to. The building next door was left to me by an old aunt, and the store was stocked from the wholesale establishment of an old uncle. Now, I couldn't set up a millinery shop or a flower store, or a confectionery with shirts and socks, and collars, and cravats and suspenders—and such things, could I?"

"Of course not," replied Rufus. "I see no way in which they could be converted into bonnets, bouquets, or candy."

"Just so," said Bright & Co., putting her right hand into her pocket and drumming softly on the counter with the fingers of her left. "I took the house and thanked my lucky stars and my auntie; and I took the goods and thanked my lucky stars again, and my uncle. I placed 'Bright' over the door without any 'Miss' (Rufus couldn't explain for the life of him why he was so relieved to find it wasn't "Mrs."), or Christian name, because it looks more business-like, and I added the 'Co.' because it sounds well, and my small brother—the one your Fred tried to thrash the other day—is my general assistant, and my big cousin—to whom you refused a look at your window—helps me in every way he can, though that isn't much, because he has his own business to attend to—"

"Glad of it," thought Rufus.

"And I have a pair of lovely twin sisters only six years old, and a dear mother and grandmother to take care of—and oh! how can you be so hateful about that sign?"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Rufus, running his fingers wildly through his red—that is, his auburn—curls, and causing the aureole to rise again. "Don't say another word about it. Cover the whole of your house and mine also—though it isn't mine; there, too, you have the advantage of me, as you have in everything else—with signs if you will. I can make a living for my mother and myself somewhere else, it not here. I have no large family depending upon me, like 'Bright & Co.'"

"Oh, dear no, Mr. Lynde, that wouldn't please me at all," said the little woman;

"the 'somewhere else' you know. Stay right here. There'll be room for us both after a while, I'm sure of it."

Rufus looked into the rosy, earnest face with an almost lover-like smile, as Fred burst into the store shouting, "The lawyer says come to his office at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, and he'll see that the old sign comes down in a jiffy."

"Oh, you wicked boy!" said Bright & Co.

"Never mind that," said Rufus, "I give you my word that the sign shall remain just where it is; and seizing his hat he escorted her to her door, leaving Fred in the act of executing a break-down, illustrative of extreme astonishment, but too much astonished to whistle an accompaniment."

And the sign didn't come down—that is, it did eventually, but not until the next May, and then another, still larger, and stretching twice the distance, took its place.

"Lynde, Bright & Co." the new sign reads, and the two small stores are turned into one large one, and "Rufus Lynde" and "Bright & Co." are partners for life.

Hebron Academy.

This venerable institution, as is well known, has been designated by the trustees of Colby University as one of the schools to receive the benefit of the endowment fund which the Baptist denomination in this State has so generously provided. As this academy in the future is to be more closely allied with our denominational and educational interests than ever before, a brief historical sketch may not be out of place at the present time.

The act of incorporation authorizing the establishment of an academy at Hebron was granted by the Legislature of Massachusetts, to which State the district of Maine then belonged, and bears date February 10, 1804. The act was approved by Caleb Strong, one of the most illustrious Governors of that favored Commonwealth. By that act Rev. John Tripp, Rev. James Hooper, Samuel Parris, Ezekiel Whitman, Cyrus Hamlin, John Greenwood, Luther Carey, Jesse Rice and William Barrows, were created a "body politic and corporate forever." Rev. John Tripp and William Barrows were pastor and deacon respectively of the Hebron Baptist church, which had been established a few years prior to the founding of the academy. "Elder Tripp," as he was then called, was pastor of this church for almost half a century, and his memory is still sacred in the region about. Deacon Barrows, a soldier of the Revolution, was a man of extraordinary perseverance and vigor, as his efforts towards the establishment of this academy indicate. Rev. James Hooper was pastor of the Baptist church at Paris. Samuel Parris was a citizen of Hebron, the father of Hon. Albion K. Parris, afterward Governor of this State, and United States Senator, who was himself an early student at the academy. Ezekiel Whitman was then a young attorney at New Gloucester, who had begun his professional life at Turner, was afterward Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Maine, and who outlived his associates, dying at Bridgewater, Mass., a few years since, full of years and honors. Cyrus Hamlin, if we mistake not, was the father of Senator Hamlin, who received his education at the academy, and who still retains a regard for his early educational home, as evidenced by his generous subscription of a thousand dollars for the benefit of the academy. John Greenwood was a respected citizen of Hebron, residing east of the academy, on a hill bearing his name at the present day. Luther Carey was a physician practicing in the town of Turner. Of Jesse Rice we can obtain no information, but have no doubt he was of the same character as his associates. These men have all passed to their reward. Some of them arrived at distinction, and all accomplished much in their several communities; but we venture to say that no work of their lives caused greater satisfaction to themselves, or more benefit to the State, than the self-sacrificing labors they so freely expended in the early history of this academy.

Rev. Adam Wilson, D. D., who was a student in 1815, describes the first academy building as follows: "It was of wood, one story, yet towering in its height somewhat above the one story buildings in the vicinity. Near the centre of the house was one chimney, with a fireplace on each side. Front of the chimney was an entry, and back of it were folding doors; when these doors were closed, we had two good rooms for study and recitation; when the doors were open, all was one hall for declamation, and on the Sabbath one sanctuary for worship." This building was burned in 1819, when an effort was made to remove the institution to the town of Paris; but the movement was defeated by the vigorous opposition of Dea. Barrows. The present brick edifice was erected some thirty-five years since, and in addition to this the trustees now have another building of wood, built ten years ago, used for academic purposes, a large boarding house, and twelve acres of land, on which is an unusually fine grove of maple trees, affording delightful walks. The buildings are in very good condition, and will not require extensive repairs for several years.

The first principal of the academy was

William Barrows, Jr., a son of the deacon, and at that time a student in Dartmouth College, where he afterwards graduated, when he assumed charge of the academy, retaining his position for several years. The records show that he received a salary of four hundred and twenty-five dollars per annum. John Evelev, Esq., for many years an attorney at Windham Hill, in this State, was principal for several years. Among their successors in the principal's chair may be named Ozias Millett, Rev. Geo. G. Fairbanks, Rev. A. K. P. Small, Hon. Mark H. Dannel, now a member of Congress from Minnesota, Charles J. Prescott, Selden F. Nash, Rev. J. F. Elder, Rev. A. C. Herrick, who was principal for ten years. Mr. J. F. Moody is preceptor at present, having occupied that position for six years past.

The University bestows its benefits at a most auspicious time, the academy now being in a more prosperous condition than at any other period of its history. During last spring term the register bore the names of 132 students, and over 120 are now in attendance. The college class now numbers 13. When the endowment fund is fully paid in, and all arrangements between academy and college are fully completed, there is no reason why the University should not receive large accessions to its classes from this feeder.

When the academy went into operation, there already existed a society at Hebron called the Social Compact, organized for social, moral and literary purposes, by Wm. Barrows, Jr., Albion K. Parris, and Bezael Cushman, well known in Portland as "Master Cushman." This society became attached to the academy, and was afterwards called the Tyrocinic Adelphi, which name it still bears. Discussions, debates, declamations and the publication of the "Hebron Journal" were carried on by that society. The weekly lyceum has been maintained in connection with the academy now for more than seventy years, and has lost none of its original interest. Many men of influence in State and nation have doubtless received their first impulse at the meetings of this society.

During all these years the institution has been under the control of a board of trustees composed mainly of citizens of the town of Hebron, and as a consequence the people have cherished it as the apple of their eye. Nature was not lavish of her gifts either in soil or water power, but the moral and Christian character of the community will compare with any on the globe. Under the new relations just assumed by the academy, the local control has not been interfered with, except that the management must be satisfactory to the University, or the income of the endowment fund will be withheld.

Education at this institution is reduced to the lowest possible cost. It is located in a strictly agricultural community, with none of the allurements to dissipation and extravagance which surround schools located in villages and cities. The students are almost entirely from the farm, and assemble brown with the sun and hardy with toil. But while they are poor in pocket, they are rich in energy and pluck. The religious element has always been prominent in the history of the academy. It was founded by pious men, and such have always been its staunchest friends. It is to be hoped that under the stimulus of the endowment the old academy is about to enter upon even a more vigorous and useful career than it has yet attained.

An excellent old deacon, who, having won a turker at a charity raffle, and didn't like to sell several articles which he had won by it, quite remarked, as he handed her the turker, that the "Shakers gave it to him."

"Landlady! to boarder who has passed his cup six times—You are very fond of coffee, Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith—yes, I am, it looks as if I was, when I

