

# The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 45.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1878.

NUMBER 2.

## 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 per cent. will be made. If not paid till the end of the year, the full rate will be charged.

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

PROBATE NOTICES.  
Orders of Notice on Real Estate, 2.00.  
Orders on Wills, 1.50.  
Guardians' Notices, 1.50.  
Administrators' and Executors' Notices, 1.50.  
Commissioners' Notices, 1.50.

SUBSCRIBERS.  
Can tell, by examining the colored slip attached to their papers, the amount due, and those wishing to avail themselves of the advanced payment, can send by mail, or hand to the nearest agent, a check for the amount, and the paper is paid for at that date. A single copy of the paper is furnished to the subscriber on the day of payment, and 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.

## JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

ALL KINDS OF  
BOOK AND FANCY JOB PRINTING

Executed with Neatness and Despatch

AT THE  
OXFORD DEMOCRAT OFFICE

Professional Cards, &c.

BLACK & HOLT,  
Counselors & Attorneys at Law,

NO. 107 W. MAIN ST.,  
NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Office in rooms over the old Post-Office.

ALVAN BLACK, CHAS. E. HOLT,  
Attorneys at Law.

Mr. Black, will be at Newburyport on Thursdays and Fridays of each week; the remaining days at his office in Paris.

CHARLES R. ELDER,  
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

30 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

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

June 19, 1877.

J. A. TWADDLE, M. D.,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office over Kimball's store.

Diagnoses of the lungs and heart a specialty.

G. H. KILPATRICK,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Jan. 1, 77. DIXFIELD, ME.

A. S. TWITCHELL, ALFRED R. EVANS,  
Commissioners for Me. Notary Public

TWITCHELL & EVANS,  
Attorneys & Counselors at Law,

GORHAM, N. H.

Will attend to practice in the Courts of N. H. and Oxford County, Me. Jan. 1, 77.

ENOCH FOSTER, JR.,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,

Jan. 1, 77. BETHEL, ME.

R. H. HUTCHINS,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,

Jan. 1, 77. RUMFORD, ME.

SETH W. FIFE,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,

FEBRUARY, ME.

Commissioner for New Hampshire. Jan. 17, 77.

D. B. BISHOP,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,

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

F. W. LIDLOD,  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,

KEZAR FALLS, ME.

Will practice in Oxford and York Cos. Jan. 17, 77.

JAMES S. WRIGHT,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

PARIS HILL, ME.

Collections, promptly made. Also, special attention given to business in Probate Court. 1877.

I. BOUNDS, 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 Physician and Operating Surgeon. All interesting cases will be attended to. Circulars sent on request. 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,

KEZAR FALLS, ME.

Business by mail promptly attended to. Jan. 1, 77.

D. B. G. F. JONES,  
DENTIST,

NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

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

D. R. C. H. DAVIS,  
SURGEON DENTIST.

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

W. O. DOUGLASS,  
DEPUTY SHERIFF,

PARIS HILL, MAINE.

All business by mail or otherwise will be attended to promptly. March 13, 77.

W. R. KENDALL HOWE,  
INSURANCE AGENT,

NORWAY, ME.

Risks effected in all the leading Companies at favorable rates.

A. I. RANDALL & CO.,  
COAL,

Wholesale and Retail.

No. 170 Commercial Street

Portland, Maine.

ERYSIPELAS.

Many of our best citizens inform us that Dr. H. A. L. W. No. 227 Congress St., Portland, Me., never fails in the cure of the severest forms of Erysipelas, Rheumatism, and all forms of Scalds, and all Diseases of the Skin.

## Poetry.

### A Blacksmith's Song.

Bellows, you must roar, and anvil, you must ring.  
Hammer, you and I must work for ding, dong, ding!  
Must dress my Kate and baby, and bread for us must bring.  
So ding, ding, ding, ding!  
Anvil to my hammer make music while I sing—  
Clang, clang, clang, clang!

Ding, ding, ding, ding!  
Dear to Kate's ear, my old hammer, is your song;  
For, while my anvil rings and clangs, she knows there's nothing wrong.  
She knows we're busy busy earning what will be here long.  
So ding, ding, ding, ding!  
She loves me more and more as she hears my anvil's song—  
Clang, clang, clang, clang!

Clang, clang, clang, clang!  
Oh, well I love my smithy when the birds in springtime sing.  
And the pleasant sun comes streaming in, the sun that loves to bring  
Its gladness to me, working and to hear my anvil ring—  
Ding, ding, ding, ding!

Blow, blow, blow, blow!  
Bellows, you must work till the furnace is aglow.  
Saw is my old smithy when, without, comes down the snow.  
When soot's wall and rafter in the blaze are all aglow.  
Blow, blow, blow, blow!  
What care I if the storm, then, without, be high or low?  
Blow, blow, blow, blow!

Clang, clang, clang, clang!  
Merrily the hours fly that bear my anvil ring;  
And quick my evening chair and my pipe and glass they bring.  
Then while Kate waits beside me, I'm happy as a king.  
Clang, clang, clang, clang!  
God give me always health and strength to make anvil—  
Clang, clang, clang, clang!

Blow, blow, blow, blow!  
Bellows, you must work till the furnace is aglow.  
Saw is my old smithy when, without, comes down the snow.  
When soot's wall and rafter in the blaze are all aglow.  
Blow, blow, blow, blow!  
What care I if the storm, then, without, be high or low?  
Blow, blow, blow, blow!

Clang, clang, clang, clang!  
Merrily the hours fly that bear my anvil ring;  
And quick my evening chair and my pipe and glass they bring.  
Then while Kate waits beside me, I'm happy as a king.  
Clang, clang, clang, clang!  
God give me always health and strength to make anvil—  
Clang, clang, clang, clang!

## Selected Story.

### AN EMBROIDERED STOCKING.

She was very pretty—but there came a time when I don't think I cared in the least for her beauty—her soul was so much more attractive than her body. She was no humble wild-flower maiden, but a woman who had received a magnificent dower of blue blood, including talent and the highest attributes of character, and all that culture could develop in a beautiful intellectual woman was hers; all that wealth could bestow on her she possessed. She had the good fortune to have no singularity of nature, but all was as symmetrical and harmonious whole.

I loved her, and I possessed the humbleness of true love. The more intimately I knew her, she made me conscious of things that were mean in myself. Out of this feeling grew jealousy of other men.

A bitter jealousy. She was of too sunny and generous a temper to pick for flaws, nor could she know a man as other men knew him.

She could not understand that Doctor Cosgrove was as irritable in private as he was suave and agreeable in public, and I would not tell her that Captain Langdale seldom pays his debts. They were but two of her many admirers, and they were both handsomer and showier than myself. In time, I was miserable on their account.

I cannot now, in cool blood, accuse her of coquetry; but Stephenie St. Jean was of French blood on her father's side. Besides speaking that language perfectly, she had the French woman's secret of fascination. A trifle more in vivacity, when surrounded by gentlemen, made her utterly irresistible.

I saw and felt the charm, and could not content myself with the thought that in the quiet hours we passed together I knew myself dear to her. Many a winter evening had we set together on the little velvet sofa before the drawing-room fire, secure from intrusion, her beautiful head resting on my breast, content in her eyes, happiness in her smile, and yet, swearing her to be the proudest, and most delicate of women. I was madly jealous of other men.

For months, I would not see her alone. She was one of a large family, and she had a favorite cousin, Lily Lawton, who was her constant companion.

She was very young, and a bright, sweet little thing; but, of late, she had seemed drooping, as it out of health, and Stephenie had been unusually protective and kind.

For Stephenie's sake, I often took Lily out to drive, though her exceeding simplicity often bored me.

I could not but wonder that Stephenie associated with her so constantly; but Lily worshipped her magnificent cousin, and the latter delighted in being kind to those weaker than herself. "Kitten," she called Lily, and there had been something especially kittenish in the girl's round, bright gray eyes, and playful, graceful ways.

Her especial charm was gone now. She was a pale faded, spiritless little thing. Stephenie kept her, constantly under her wing.

"Kitten must have green fields and pastures new," she said. "The May suns are getting strong, and I, too, long for a country trip. We are going to Branchville, and shall be absent a week. Mind you are a good boy till we come back."

I smiled, but on the wrong side of my face.

"A week?" I murmured.

"A week and one day," she laughed.

"I shall be gray-headed when you come back," I said, smiling at my own vexation.

She laughed more gaily than ever; then a shadow fell over her face.

"It is for Lily's sake," she whispered. "Look at her."

Lily lay in a hammock on the piazza, her hands lying listlessly in her lap, not a shade of color in her cheek.

The thought came to me that the child was bound for the land of shadows.

"She must have help soon," said Stephenie.

"Yes," I answered.

I saw them off in the morning train—Kitten with her cheek on Stephenie's shoulder. I carried the picture they made before my eyes all the week—my magnificent, generous brunette supporting the little strength of that pale, fair-faced child. And I had never loved her better in all my life than in this new phase.

A week and a day Stephenie had said; therefore I had no expectation of seeing her when, at the end of five days, I entered the drawing-room of her father's house to find an opera-glass I had left there.

I had told the servant at the hall door what my errand was, and that I knew just where to look for the glass. But on the threshold of the apartment my steps were arrested by the sound of Stephenie's voice.

A rush of delight went over me. I was about to spring forward, when I discovered that Stephenie was seated in the alcove of an inner-room, beside a gentleman.

I stood irresolute. A curtain of blue silk fell across the upper part of the figures, but upon it their shadows lay, as they sat against the sunny window beyond, and plainly outlined Stephenie's beautiful head and Captain Langdale's profile.

I did not mean to be a listener to their conversation, but as I murmured about going forward I distinctly heard Stephenie say:

"I love you utterly, with all my heart. I am not ashamed to say this, because you will never see me again."

She continued talking, but her voice fell to a low monotone, and I realized my position, and stumbled backward out of the room, and found myself in the street, going dizzily home. Like some haunted thing I rushed to my room and hid myself from all eyes.

I remember throwing myself upon a couch, and then starting up and walking the room, looking at my pale face in the glass, taking up books and opening as if to read them, doing all sorts of intentional things, in a mechanical way, trying not to think of the revelation that had come to me, because it seemed that I should go mad if I did. But a haunting voice was crying in my ear, "Stephenie—lost Stephenie!"

"No, no, she is mine!" I cried, in despair. "I have loved her so long and so well, and she is my only darling! What could I do without her? Oh, God! what can I do?"

For the truth would not be gained, and must be faced. With mine own ears I had heard her say to another man, "I love you," and what I may have murmured in moments of impatience, I knew in my soul that Stephenie St. Jean was no coquette.

Captain Langdale had been ordered to his regiment, and she had probably returned home to bid him farewell. A soldier's life is always in peril, and in the moment of parting Stephenie had confessed to him what I never suspected.

Heaven knows that I had no reason; and I had no cause to think differently. She had never plighted her troth to me, but by word, and look, and sweet privileges she had accepted my love, and I had such utter faith in her truth that the possibility of her deceiving had never occurred to my mind. The warmest and tenderest intimacy existed between us, and yet she had never given her promise to marry me.

Sick at heart, I realized it now, reviewing the past in the hateful light of my sudden discovery. I was a lawyer, and in the long hours of that utterly sleepless night I studied the case untiringly, as if it had not been my own.

It was not a matter of mistaken identity. Leaving out the consideration that my heart would never in this world mistake Stephenie's voice, I distinctly saw the outline of her bust; and her dress, revealed below the curtain, was very familiar to me.

It was of cream-colored silk, trimmed with black lace. On her foot she wore a pretty black satin shoe, with a silver buckle; and the instep showed a cream-colored stocking, embroidered with silk-en buds and vines.

The dress and the stocking, with its embroidery, were all the same tint, and the whole costume revealed but two colors—cream and black. As she sat within the blue curtain, the artistic effect was very beautiful.

Ah, no! it was Stephenie, peerless among women; and, in heart'sick misery, I at length gave up the lost cause.

The gray dawn was stealing in at my windows, its sweet breezes bathing my aching temples, when I sat down at my desk and penned my farewell letter.

"STEPHENIE: I cannot trust myself to see you again. I am weak as a child, and worn out with such suffering as I pray you may never know. Indirectly, yesterday, I heard you confess your heart to Captain Langdale. I heard you say that you loved him. Then you do not love me! God only knows how utterly I believed you did, and what fervent gratitude and happiness there was to me in that belief. Oh, my darling! how could you let me wreck my heart on

the shoals of your mere careless liking? I was only a congenial friend, a pleasant companion. Your heart was his; and yet—farewell!"

This passionate, incoherent letter I directed to her, then called my valet.

"Pierre, pack some trunks. We will go down to Black Rocks for the summer."

The man started.

"Pardon, monsieur, it is very dull down there. No gunning, no fishing, and no young ladies!"

"And consequently, no waiting maids for you to oggle!" I answered, with a dreary attempt at ease and lightness of spirits.

But the fellow still looked at me.

"Monsieur looks very ill. I will bid the doctor call on you, and if he consents, we will go to that horrid place to-morrow."

"Nonsense! I shall be well enough after a bath and some breakfast. Don't be impertinent, Pierre. We start on the 10 o'clock train."

Black Rocks was not frequented by fashionable society; this was my only reason for choosing it. The Neptune House, where I took up my abode, was a large, rambling, old-fashioned inn, not in the least in the world like a modern seaside hotel.

My valet, of course, arranged all the conveniences of my life, consequently I did not know the dark-skinned old woman who, one day, presented herself at the door of my apartment, with a long, covered basket upon her arm. My man was dusting a coat upon the back piazza.

"There is some one at the door, Pierre," I said to him, as I sat at the window, with a book which I was not reading.

"It is the washerwoman. She is a very nice laundress, monsieur."

"Yes," I said indifferently. "Pay her."

He received the curiously covered basket, settled the bill, and the woman departed.

Pierre prepared to arrange my linen by opening a bureau drawer. I turned a page of my book as he withdrew the white cloth from the basket, when my attention was again arrested by his exclamation:—

"Mon Dieu! Laces, ruffles."

"What is the matter, Pierre?"

"These are ladies' things. Here is a wrapper with fluted ruffles, white skirts, and—ha, ha!—embroidered stockings. Mees Betsey, Mees Betsey, come back!"

He dropped the basket on the floor, and rushed after the old woman. I glanced within, and saw a mass of snowy lace and embroideries, beautiful as a bed of lilies. The clothing was so dainty and expensive to belong to any but a lady, and I wondered idly who the owner might be.

In one corner was a pile of hosiery. The stockings were not all white—one pair was of cream color, with a silk embroidery of buds and vines; and while I was carelessly considering how and where such exquisite needlework was done, the thought flashed across me that I had seen that very pattern of silk roses on Stephenie St. Jean's foot.

My hand trembled. I dropped the book, as Pierre came rushing back with the painting old woman.

"Yes, I have left the wrong basket. The other, outside, is yours, sir. Hope you'll excuse me. I'm getting old and forgetful."

"Stay!" I said breathlessly. "Whom are the lady's things for?"

"For the young lady down stairs, who came last week, sir—Miss St. Jean. I'll take them away directly."

Unheeding the wondering eyes of the two, I snatched up a handkerchief on which I saw a name. Yes, it was "Stephenie!"

I grew faint, and turned away to hide my emotion. My hand shook, as I snatched up my hat and rushed out of doors.

The sun was setting across the water. The waves danced blood-red in its light. The air had grown cool, and a pair of singing shore birds flew before me as I sought a favorite seat of mine, retired among the rocks.

I had not composed my mind, when there was a soft rustle of silk, and a soft arm was laid on my arm.

"Stephenie!"

"You know I am here, now, and so I have come to speak to you."

She sat down close beside me, facing me, her arm across my knee, her clear eyes steadily meeting mine; and, before she spoke a word, I took that fair hand tenderly, feeling that she was to be restored to me.

"Forrest, I have been here a week, wishing to see you, yet repelled by your determined seclusion. If the old woman called aunt Betsey, who frequents this place, had not told me to-night that accident had revealed my presence to you, I should have lost courage, and returned home without speaking to you."

"What have you to say to me now, Stephenie?"

"You overheard me talking, as you supposed, to Captain Langdale, Forrest. I was reading a letter."

"A letter?"

"I have a startling story to tell. Listen. All the spring my cousin Lily's malady had seemed strange to me. I could not understand her loss of strength and color, until I learned, by occupying the next apartment to her at Branchville, that she spent her nights in weeping. While I wondered that she should have

a secret trouble from me, and perplexed myself how to gain her confidence, I entered her room one morning, and found it to be full of a strange, sickening scent, while Lily lay senseless upon the bed. She had taken an opiate powerful enough to produce death, and upon the table lay two letters. One was addressed to me, the other to Captain Langdale.

"As soon as I had procured assistance, and a physician's help had saved her life, I read the letter the poor child addressed to me. Poor Kitten! Her heart was breaking, for she had set it upon one friend, and she believed that he loved me. I am speaking of Captain Langdale. He is handsome, gay and debonaire, and the poor girl believed him necessary to her existence. So she confessed to me, yet her heart seemed to hold no bitterness for her supposed rival.

"She has always loved me, she said, and I was more worthy of her love. But she was so pitifully miserable, poor little thing! Well, I considered the matter carefully. I was only an hour's ride from Captain Langdale, and I resolved to see him. Lily was sleeping a restorative slumber, and I could go to the city and return in about three hours. I did so. When I reached the depot, I sent a carriage for him to come to my house. He came, and read the letter. Our soldier has a tender heart; he was affected to tears. He gave me the letter to read, bidding me read it aloud. As I did so, you entered and heard the words which so misled you."

Her eyes were swimming as they met mine; but after an instant she went on: "Captain Langdale showed deeper and more delicate feeling than I had supposed him capable of."

"If little Lily thinks such a harum-scarum thing as I am worth dying for, I ought to make myself worthy the blessing of such love," he said; and added: 'I will give myself to Kitten to-morrow, if she waits me, and I will be a better man than I ever have been, for her sake.'"

"So," said Stephenie, brightening, "there is to be a marriage in early autumn. My Lily is quite happy in the prospect of sharing a soldier's life; and—and—blushing radiantly, and flashing one beautiful look into my eyes—"there may be a double wedding, if you please, dear!"

I tell my wife my happiness was saved by such a fragile thing as an embroidered stocking—certainly for this world, and I believe for the next.

## Aunt Kelly and the Fiddle, and Other Reminiscences.

BY HON. HORATIO KING.

I have been requested to give my recollections of some trifling musical and other incidents connected with my boyhood when I was at work in a printing-office on Paris Hill. Everybody knows where that is. The little one-story, single-room office, painted white, with green blinds, still stands there, in which Albin K. Paine and Enoch Lincoln, each practiced law before being elected Governor of Maine; and Hannibal Hamlin studied law in the same office under Joseph G. Cole, afterwards one of the supreme judges of the state. Did not my modesty forbid, I might add that, Lawyer Cole being the village postmaster as well as editor of the *Jeffersonian*, of which paper I was at the time the publisher, I had the honor of filling, also in the same famous buildings, the important office of assistant postmaster. This was in 1831.

On the 4th of May, 1830, that paper was issued, for the first time, under the name and firm of Hamlin & King, we having purchased the establishment, and we continued together just six months when I bought out Mr. Hamlin, leaving him free to study law and politics, with what success I need not relate. During that six months I fancy there were no happier boys than we were in town. All we had to do was to get off our little weekly, a complete file of which is now before me, and we had the assistance, too, of an apprentice, Henry Carter, a bright lad, who after working three months, had run away from the office of the *Portland Advertiser*. I should remark here that he subsequently studied law in the same little office of lawyer Cole; later, became editor of that paper (the *Advertiser*), and has since held honorable official positions in Massachusetts, where he now resides. Mr. Cole was the editor of our paper at the exorbitant salary of \$1.50 a week, which sum, however, paid his board, including washing, at one of the best boarding-houses in the village. We printed our paper on a Ramage press—the same kind as seen in the Patent office, on which Benjamin Franklin worked. Puff balls were used to ink the type. I wonder if Senator Hamlin remembers that one day when we were working off the paper, he induced an innocent greenhorn to eat or taste of some printer's ink? The latter had never seen a printing-office before, and was anxious to learn the trade. Hannibal told him one of the prerequisites was to eat half a pint of ink, and the young man started to fill this requirement on the instant!

Somebody came into the office one day and related the anecdote of the two darkies and wild boars, or bears, which, I remember, so much amused Hannibal that he went to the case and set it up in type for our paper. As related to us it runs that two darkies, being out on a hunting excursion, came to a hole under the roots of a tree, where bruin had concealed her cubs; and wishing to secure

them alive, one of the darkies had entered the hole, when the old bear, not far off, hearing the outcry of her young ones, hastened to their relief. No sooner had she entered a part of the way into the hole "Sambo," who was on the watch outside, seized and held her by the tail. Thus suddenly enveloped in darkness, his companion bawled out, "What de debil stop de dark dere, Sambo?" The latter, struggling to retain his hold, screamed, "If de tail pull out I guess you find out mighty quick what stop de dark!"

Well, we had an embryo band in the village, consisting, I remember, of one printer, the principal landlord of the place, the Judge of Probate, and one or two other musical geniuses. Their instruments were a bass viol, clarinet, and two or three violins; and they used, sometimes of a pleasant evening, to perform on the bell deck of the old church belfry, which was very high and contained timber enough to build a whole cathedral. To reach that point was no slight undertaking and not a little dangerous; nevertheless, these were enjoyable concerts, as well for the musicians as for most of the villagers. There was, however, one maiden lady, well along in years—a very good, pious body, at least in her own estimation—"Aunt Kelly," who regarded the violin as the devil's instrument, and she missed no occasion of giving expression to her disapprobation of all that sort of music. She at length carried her opposition so far that, returning one evening from a religious meeting and finding on the card table in the sitting-room of her boarding-house a fiddle, she deliberately took it, and, with a tall candle, greased both bow and strings, and kicked it across the room! This coming to the knowledge of the boys in the printing office, a song to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne" was hastily written and printed; and, with a violin accompaniment by the village landlord, it was sung evening after evening, not only to a crowded bar-room of jolly fellows, but to scores of other citizens, embracing doctors, lawyers and judges, within hearing, out of doors. I wish I had a copy of this popular ballad, that I might re-produce it here. I can remember only the first and last four stanzas. It commenced:

Awake, ye muses, and attend,  
While I a tale narrate;  
Poetic gods, assistance lend,  
To make the whole sad tale.

Then, if my memory serves me, after a brief mention of local events and biographical sketch of "Aunt Kelly," the song ended as follows:

At church, one night, some hours she spent,  
So much revived was she,  
She thought when to her house she went,  
A fiddle she must be.

So to her neighbor's room she flew,  
As if on unknown wings,  
A fiddle from the table drew,  
And greased the bow and strings.

But, finding 't would not go at that,  
And being hard to learn,  
She piled her foot to cross-ways,  
And made its bowels yearn.

Thus she her pety did show  
To all within the place,  
By trying, with the fiddle-bow,  
To aid the cause of grace.

Of course, "Aunt Kelly" was not a little annoyed; and "brother Walton," a sober, sedate and kind old gentleman, who wore deep green spectacles, finally came to her aid in a long poem, in which he resolutely took up the cudgels for her. We got the job of printing this poem, he then not suspecting even that the verses to which his was an answer originated in our office. This was rich fun for us boys, and we at once went in for a response, consisting, I recollect, of an endless number of stanzas, all of which, as well as a portion of the ballad and the whole of brother Walton's effusion, are unfortunately lost to the literature of the age. Some of the "old folks" in some way got wind of the contemplated rejoinder, and, on their earnest appeal and protest that the thing had gone far enough, the rejoinder was suppressed and never adorned type.—*The Orphans*.

—Senator Blaine's illness is reported to have left him materially unchanged in voice, manner and







## TOWN ITEMS.

**BRYANT'S POND, Jan. 15.**—Rev. A. Rossmore of Bethel, will deliver a lecture at the Universalist church, Monday evening, Jan. 21. Subject, "The World Moves." All are invited to attend.

It is thought that there will be a new depot erected here the coming spring. It will be a much needed improvement.

Samuel Cummings, an employee of Tuttle & Woodman's stage line, has been arrested for keeping back an express package of money. BAILEY.

**DIXFIELD.**—Dixfield Centre Reform Club will celebrate the second anniversary of their organization on Saturday evening, Jan. 26. The meeting will be held in the Town Hall, and commence at 6 o'clock p. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

**JOHN J. HOLMAN, Jr., Sec.**  
R. W. D. D. Whitmarsh, installed the officers of Tuscan Lodge No. 22, I. O. of O. F., at Dixfield Saturday evening, the 5th inst., assisted by three Bros. from the Lodge at Norway. The officers for the ensuing term are A. S. Austin, N. G.; John N. Thompson, V. G.; Hiram M. Cox, Treas.; L. C. Willoughby, Rec. Sec.; Ralph A. Kidder, Permanent Sec.; A. J. Barrett, Warden; James P. Johnson, Conductor. This Lodge was instituted March 22, 1877, having seven charter members.—Frank Stanley, Henry W. Park, Hiram M. Cox, L. C. Willoughby, George G. Gates, Ralph A. Kidder, and John N. Thompson. It now has thirty-two members, and is in a flourishing condition, not having up to this time to pay one dollar for benefits. The Lodge rents the large hall owned by King Hiram Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, has a large jurisdiction from which to draw for members, and cannot fail to accomplish a great amount of good in faithfully working on the principles of "Friendship, Love and Truth." This Lodge holds its meetings Saturday evenings. The brethren are invited to give us frequent visits. FLAKES.

**MEXICO.**—Messrs. Andrews & Waldron have rented the steam mill at this place, and are going to manufacture shoe handles. They purchase from two to four hundred cords of ash yearly—affording this year six dollars a cord for it. They also buy shod handle blocks, paying 50 cents per doz. for them. Parties having timber they do not want to sell by the cord, can have it sawed into blocks and get a given price per dozen for the number of blocks the timber makes. This firm employs from ten to fourteen men.

We are highly gratified with this turn of events, as it will be the means of allowing our farmers to turn otherwise comparatively valueless timber to what we very much need—money. We look for an awakening of business to quite an extent by means of this move, and hail it with much pleasure. It is hoped that people in this vicinity will at once commence work with a view of giving Messrs. Andrews & Waldron ample ash for a year's work. FLAKES.

**NORWAT, Jan. 18, 1878.**  
Mr. Editor:—We have had so many kinds of weather here during the past week that it is useless to try to describe them. They are as hard to keep track of as a greenback stamp speaker, and just about as reasonable.

It is rumored that a prominent citizen recently had a call from a black cat broadly striped with white down the back. He says his barn smells like a quarantine station.

**JOHN FIZ** has some first class oysters and serves them in all styles. Give him a call and you will be well pleased with your treatment.

The Young People's Literary Association will meet with Mrs. Withers (at Mr. Denison's) next Monday evening. A fine programme is expected. These gatherings are the source of a great deal of enjoyment to the members and visitors. They are open to all as a pleasant means of spending an evening, meeting every fortnight at the house of some member to listen to exercises generally consisting of music, recitations and readings, and an occasional paper or discussion, with short intervals for conversation and friendly intercourse. The attendance varies from twenty-five to a hundred and twenty-five, averaging forty or fifty.

The recent strike of the Crispins at Lynn caused some apprehension lest the strikers should attempt to influence the hands here to join them, as B. F. Spinney & Co. have a large establishment among the Lynn strikers. No signs of dissatisfaction are manifested, however, and the employees generally seem too well satisfied with the management of the factory to quit work; especially as it would be very easy to hire a new set in this county, where so many have no paying work during the winter and spring.

Snowballs are thick in the air, and Oscar is anxious about those large show windows.

This is a week of prayer for the Universalists; and well attended meetings are held every evening, at which eminent divines from a distance are present and aid in the exercises.

The schools are in session and are making good progress under the care of skilled teachers.

About thirty-five Norwegians went over to St. Paris last Monday evening to the dramatic entertainment, and returned well pleased with their excursion. The white horse did win on the horse track, after all,—and the moonlight was superb. The young man who lost his whip has the sympathy of the community.

The epidemic of weddings appears to

be nearly at an end, no new patients being reported by the spiritual doctors.

**FACTS.**  
PARIS.—J. K. Hammond, Esq., recently killed a Durham heifer 2 years old, which, when dressed weighed 628 lbs.

The Quarterly meeting held with the Baptist church last Tuesday and Wednesday was one of much interest. The attendance was not very large owing to the severe weather of Wednesday.

The Academy owners met Saturday evening, and adjourned for one week. All interested in the building should be present next week, as important action may be taken.

The Universalist entertainment Tuesday evening, was a success. Mother Goose exhibited her children, much to the amusement of the audience. The supper was as good as could be made from poultry and pastry, while the dance was enjoyed by all who indulged in that amusement. About fifty dollars were placed in the treasury, as proceeds from this entertainment.

The Unity Club gave its second private entertainment on Friday evening.—Among the exercises were singing by the Misses Bowker and Hammond; recitation by Miss Hattie Hubbard; recitation by Mr. C. J. Meilen; an extract from "Old Town Folks," rendered in costume by Misses Marble, Andrews and Meilen; and a few scenes from the School for Scandal, ably presented by Mrs. E. M. S. Marble, Messrs. P. J. Harris, W. B. Edwards, Cass. Hoyt, and J. L. Chase. Miss S. Eliza Ripley fills the position of accompanist upon the piano-forte much to the satisfaction of all. A large number of persons apply for admission to the society at each meeting. It is proposed to give a public entertainment at an early date.

The Universalist Society has put a new furnace into its house of worship.—Messrs. Richardson & Co. of St. Paris, did the work.

Our schools are progressing finely under the management of Mr. Hoyt and Miss Hubbard.

Temperance meetings at the brick school house every Saturday night. A literary paper and discussions add to the interest.

The Select Reading at Centennial Hall by Charles D. Robinson of Portland, was well worth the price charged for admission. Mr. Robinson has reached a state of perfection in the art of reading seldom excelled by any.

Mr. A. C. Curtis has gone to Cambridge, Mass., and opened a grocery store.

**PORTER, Jan. 14.**—Last Monday and Tuesday gave us a small foretaste of winter weather. The thermometer at this place was 22 below Tuesday morning and 32 below Tuesday morning. We had a foot of snow on the ground at that time, but the rain and warm weather of the past week has reduced the snow so much that wheels are again called into use.

Mrs. Lucy Bickford, wife of Jesse Bickford, of this town, died on Sunday, the 6th inst., after a long and painful illness. Mrs. B. has been a great sufferer, having been confined to the house for almost twenty years, and for the past eight years she has been in almost a helpless condition. Mrs. B. was a member of the M. E. church, and bore her sufferings with Christian patience and resignation. Mrs. Salome Fox, widow of the late Jonathan Fox of this town, died on Dec. 31, at the advanced age of 84 years. Mrs. F. was the oldest woman in town but one, widow Jimma Weeks, who is about 90.

The friends of L. D. Stanley of this village, our veteran stage-driver and mail-carrier from Freedom, Porter, Parsonsfield and Cornish, met at his residence to the number of 150 a short time since, and presented him with a valuable gold watch and chain. The presentation address was made by Geo. F. Clifford, Esq., of Cornish. In his pleasant and able manner. After partaking of refreshments and enjoying the hospitalities of the occasion, the guests took their leave of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, conscious of having passed a pleasant evening.

**Roxbury.**—There have been a series of meetings held in Roxbury by Rev. Mr. Crockett of Canton, assisted by others, which has resulted in the conversion of quite a number of persons who now continue to hold meetings every Sabbath.

**RUMFORD CORNER.**—Dr. J. W. Stuart has won an excellent reputation for himself in the short time he has been among us.

Mr. E. H. Hutchins has one of the best and largest stocks of dry goods, groceries, crockery, hardware, drugs, toilet articles, fancy goods, and paints, oils, glass, and iron to be found in Oxford County. He is also agent for the celebrated Centaur Liniment and Dr. Pitcher's Castoria.

On the 8th it was 38 deg. below zero; the coldest for many years.

**T. H. T.**

**EAST RUMFORD.**—Mr. F. P. Putnam has a splendid colt 18 months old of the Knox stock, that stands 14 hands high, 40 below zero on the 5th inst.

Mr. F. P. Putnam has a fine two year old steer that gets six feet 1 inch. He has also 40 head of excellent cattle, 250 sheep, and several good horses.

Mr. Wallace Clark is teaching the school in the Putnam District. He is an excellent teacher, having taught twenty terms of school.

Hay is selling at \$10 to \$15 per ton.—Cows \$25 and \$30, horses \$50 to \$75; for good, \$100 to \$150.

**T. H. T.**

## New Advertisements.

### FIVE THOUSAND CLOTHS

#### Ready Made Clothing

to be sold between this and the 1st day of March.

Having come to the conclusion that we can do better in different localities we now offer our entire stock of clothing and ready-made goods at COST and many goods less than cost.

**Our coats marked down from \$18.00 to \$15.00**  
15.00 to 12.00  
12.00 to 9.00  
9.00 to 6.00  
6.00 to 3.50

**Suits marked down from 27.00 to 24.00**  
24.00 to 21.00  
21.00 to 18.00  
18.00 to 15.00  
15.00 to 12.00  
12.00 to 9.00

**Pants marked down from 7.50 to 6.00**  
6.00 to 4.75  
4.75 to 3.50  
3.50 to 2.75  
2.75 to 1.75

**Under Flannels 38 to 90**  
A. J. and Shirts 68 to 68

This stock is all new, they have only been in the store a few months and find the trade will not be able to get a stock of goods of this kind so well assorted to sell them at a large discount.

These goods will all be sold at some prices. Call early and secure a good bargain. Nothing but money here, the goods. All indebted to us must make immediate payment.

### F. O. Elliott & Co.,

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

#### Executors Sale.

THE undersigned Executors of the Estate of Charles Bickford late of Franklin Plantation, in the County of Oxford, deceased, hereby give notice that they have for sale at public auction, on Thursday, February 14th, 1878, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the residence of Hiram M. Cox, in said County of Oxford, the Personal Property of the late Charles Bickford, in pursuance of a decree from the Probate Court in said County of Oxford.

CHARLES BICKFORD, JR., Executors.  
FRANKLIN PLANTATION, Jan. 15, 1878. 22-3w

#### Auction Sale.

BY virtue of a license from the Judge of Probate in and for the County of Oxford and State of Maine, I shall sell at public auction (unlawfully and against the law) the highest bidder, on Saturday the 10th day of March A. D. 1878, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the residence of Hiram M. Cox, in said County of Oxford, so much of the real estate of Robert W. Lord, late of said Hiram M. Cox, including the several of the widow's dower, as may be necessary, as will produce the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars.

FREEMAN MCKENNEY, Freeman of the estate of ROBERT W. LORD.  
Hiram, Dec. 13, 1877.

#### Commissioner's Notice.

THE undersigned having been appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford on the 20th day of November A. D. 1877, Commissioner to receive and examine the claims against the estate of William L. Crocker, late of Andover in said County, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby give public notice that months are allowed from the date of said appointment for said creditors, in which to present and prove their claims, and that the Commissioner will be in session at the house of Elijah E. Bell in Andover in said County on the first Tuesday in March and the first Tuesday in April at 9 o'clock in the afternoon on each of said days for the purpose of examining the same.

ASA A. WEST, ELLIOTT & BELL, Commissioners.

#### Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS Henry A. Bickford of Stenham in the County of Oxford and State of Maine on the seventh day of January A. D. 1878, executed a deed of mortgage to the Oxford Western District Registry of Deeds, Book 62, page 122, conveyed to us, the undersigned, both of Walker, in said County, certain real estate situated in said Stenham, being the westerly half of lot number one in said first division and fourth range of lots in said Stenham to secure the payment of a certain promissory note therein described, and the mortgagee of said mortgage have been broken by non-payment of said note at its maturity, we claim a foreclosure thereon according to the provisions in such case made and provided and give this notice for that purpose.

NOS. HEALD, BARNES WALKER, Executors.  
Lovell, January 12, 1878. 22-3w

#### Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS Alonzo Lowell of Hiram in the County of Oxford and State of Maine on the 10th day of January A. D. 1878, executed a deed of mortgage to the Oxford County Registry of Deeds, Book 62, page 215, conveyed to us, the undersigned, both of Walker, in the County of York and State of Maine, the following described real estate to wit:—the westerly half of lot number one in said first division and fourth range of lots in said Stenham, being the westerly half of lot number one in said first division and fourth range of lots in said Stenham to secure the payment of a certain promissory note therein described, and the mortgagee of said mortgage have been broken by non-payment of said note at its maturity, we claim a foreclosure thereon according to the provisions in such case made and provided and give this notice for that purpose.

NOS. HEALD, BARNES WALKER, Executors.  
Lovell, January 12, 1878. 22-3w

#### Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS Alonzo Lowell of Hiram in the County of Oxford and State of Maine on the 10th day of January A. D. 1878, executed a deed of mortgage to the Oxford County Registry of Deeds, Book 62, page 215, conveyed to us, the undersigned, both of Walker, in the County of York and State of Maine, the following described real estate to wit:—the westerly half of lot number one in said first division and fourth range of lots in said Stenham, being the westerly half of lot number one in said first division and fourth range of lots in said Stenham to secure the payment of a certain promissory note therein described, and the mortgagee of said mortgage have been broken by non-payment of said note at its maturity, we claim a foreclosure thereon according to the provisions in such case made and provided and give this notice for that purpose.

NOS. HEALD, BARNES WALKER, Executors.  
Lovell, January 12, 1878. 22-3w

#### Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS Alonzo Lowell of Hiram in the County of Oxford and State of Maine on the 10th day of January A. D. 1878, executed a deed of mortgage to the Oxford County Registry of Deeds, Book 62, page 215, conveyed to us, the undersigned, both of Walker, in the County of York and State of Maine, the following described real estate to wit:—the westerly half of lot number one in said first division and fourth range of lots in said Stenham, being the westerly half of lot number one in said first division and fourth range of lots in said Stenham to secure the payment of a certain promissory note therein described, and the mortgagee of said mortgage have been broken by non-payment of said note at its maturity, we claim a foreclosure thereon according to the provisions in such case made and provided and give this notice for that purpose.

NOS. HEALD, BARNES WALKER, Executors.  
Lovell, January 12, 1878. 22-3w

#### Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS Alonzo Lowell of Hiram in the County of Oxford and State of Maine on the 10th day of January A. D. 1878, executed a deed of mortgage to the Oxford County Registry of Deeds, Book 62, page 215, conveyed to us, the undersigned, both of Walker, in the County of York and State of Maine, the following described real estate to wit:—the westerly half of lot number one in said first division and fourth range of lots in said Stenham, being the westerly half of lot number one in said first division and fourth range of lots in said Stenham to secure the payment of a certain promissory note therein described, and the mortgagee of said mortgage have been broken by non-payment of said note at its maturity, we claim a foreclosure thereon according to the provisions in such case made and provided and give this notice for that purpose.

NOS. HEALD, BARNES WALKER, Executors.  
Lovell, January 12, 1878. 22-3w

#### Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS Alonzo Lowell of Hiram in the County of Oxford and State of Maine on the 10th day of January A. D. 1878, executed a deed of mortgage to the Oxford County Registry of Deeds, Book 62, page 215, conveyed to us, the undersigned, both of Walker, in the County of York and State of Maine, the following described real estate to wit:—the westerly half of lot number one in said first division and fourth range of lots in said Stenham, being the westerly half of lot number one in said first division and fourth range of lots in said Stenham to secure the payment of a certain promissory note therein described, and the mortgagee of said mortgage have been broken by non-payment of said note at its maturity, we claim a foreclosure thereon according to the provisions in such case made and provided and give this notice for that purpose.

NOS. HEALD, BARNES WALKER, Executors.  
Lovell, January 12, 1878. 22-3w

#### Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS Alonzo Lowell of Hiram in the County of Oxford and State of Maine on the 10th day of January A. D. 1878, executed a deed of mortgage to the Oxford County Registry of Deeds, Book 62, page 215, conveyed to us, the undersigned, both of Walker, in the County of York and State of Maine, the following described real estate to wit:—the westerly half of lot number one in said first division and fourth range of lots in said Stenham, being the westerly half of lot number one in said first division and fourth range of lots in said Stenham to secure the payment of a certain promissory note therein described, and the mortgagee of said mortgage have been broken by non-payment of said note at its maturity, we claim a foreclosure thereon according to the provisions in such case made and provided and give this notice for that purpose.

NOS. HEALD, BARNES WALKER, Executors.  
Lovell, January 12, 1878. 22-3w

#### Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS Alonzo Lowell of Hiram in the County of Oxford and State of Maine on the 10th day of January A. D. 1878, executed a deed of mortgage to the Oxford County Registry of Deeds, Book 62, page 215, conveyed to us, the undersigned, both of Walker, in the County of York and State of Maine, the following described real estate to wit:—the westerly half of lot number one in said first division and fourth range of lots in said Stenham, being the westerly half of lot number one in said first division and fourth range of lots in said Stenham to secure the payment of a certain promissory note therein described, and the mortgagee of said mortgage have been broken by non-payment of said note at its maturity, we claim a foreclosure thereon according to the provisions in such case made and provided and give this notice for that purpose.

NOS. HEALD, BARNES WALKER, Executors.  
Lovell, January 12, 1878. 22-3w

#### Notice of Foreclosure.

WHEREAS Alonzo Lowell of Hiram in the County of Oxford and State of Maine on the 10th day of January A. D. 1878, executed a deed of mortgage to the Oxford County Registry of Deeds, Book 62, page 215, conveyed to us, the undersigned, both of Walker, in the County of York and State of Maine, the following described real estate to wit:—the westerly half of lot number one in said first division and fourth range of lots in said Stenham, being the westerly half of lot number one in said first division and fourth range of lots in said Stenham to secure the payment of a certain promissory note therein described, and the mortgagee of said mortgage have been broken by non-payment of said note at its maturity, we claim a foreclosure thereon according to the provisions in such case made and provided and give this notice for that purpose.

## FURS!

LADIES', GENT'S & CHILDREN'S FURS, SELLING AT LOW PRICES.

Fur Trimmings, Ladies' & Gent's Gloves & Mitts.

Persons in need of these goods would do well to examine our stock before buying.

**ROBES!** **SIGN OF THE GOLDEN HAT!** **\$3.50**

Whole Skin Unlined Buffalo, \$5.00  
Lined Buffalo, 6.50

**Horse Blankets, - \$1.00**

Robes and Blankets equally low.

**Goods sent C. O. D., with privilege of examining.**

**MERRY THE HATTER,**

237 Middle Street, PORTLAND, MAINE.

SIGN OF THE GOLDEN HAT!

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 FAIRBANK late of Sumner in said County deceased by giving bond as the law directs, he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him.

JULIA A. FARNUM.  
Jan. 15, 1878.

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 ELLIOTT C. NEWMAN late of Stenham in said County deceased by giving bond as the law directs, he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him.

NEHEMIAH D. FAUNCE.  
Jan. 15, 1878.

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 SAMUEL B. BACON late of Paris in said County deceased by giving bond as the law directs, he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him.

SAMUEL B. BACON, Jr.  
Paris, Jan. 15, 1878.

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 HARVEY FULLER late of Paris in said County deceased by giving bond as the law directs, he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him.

WILLIAM L. FULLER, Jr.  
Paris, Jan. 15, 1878.

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 HENRY FULLER late of Paris in said County deceased by giving bond as the law directs, he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him.

HENRY FULLER, Jr.  
Paris, Jan. 15, 1878.

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 HENRY FULLER late of Paris in said County deceased by giving bond as the law directs, he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him.

HENRY FULLER, Jr.  
Paris, Jan. 15, 1878.

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 HENRY FULLER late of Paris in said County deceased by giving bond as the law directs, he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him.

HENRY FULLER, Jr.  
Paris, Jan. 15, 1878.

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 HENRY FULLER late of Paris in said County deceased by giving bond as the law directs, he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him.

HENRY FULLER, Jr.  
Paris, Jan. 15, 1878.

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 HENRY FULLER late of Paris in said County deceased by giving bond as the law directs, he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him.

HENRY FULLER, Jr.  
Paris, Jan. 15, 1878.

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 HENRY FULLER late of Paris in said County deceased by giving bond as the law directs, he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him.

HENRY FULLER, Jr.  
Paris, Jan. 15, 1878.

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 HENRY FULLER late of Paris in said County deceased by giving bond as the law directs, he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him.

HENRY FULLER, Jr.  
Paris, Jan. 15, 1878.

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 HENRY FULLER late of Paris in said County deceased by giving bond as the law directs, he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him.

HENRY FULLER, Jr.  
Paris, Jan. 15, 1878.

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 HENRY FULLER late of Paris in said County deceased by giving bond as the law directs, he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him.

HENRY FULLER, Jr.  
Paris, Jan. 15, 1878.

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 HENRY FULLER late of Paris in said County deceased by giving bond as the law directs, he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him.

HENRY FULLER, Jr.  
Paris, Jan. 15, 1878.

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 HENRY FULLER late of Paris in said County deceased by giving bond as the law directs, he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him.

HENRY FULLER, Jr.  
Paris, Jan. 15, 1878.

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 HENRY FULLER late of Paris in said County deceased by giving bond as the law directs, he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him.

HENRY FULLER, Jr.  
Paris, Jan. 15, 1878.

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 HENRY FULLER late of Paris in said County deceased by giving bond as the law directs, he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him.

HENRY FULLER, Jr.  
Paris, Jan. 15, 1878.

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 HENRY FULLER late of Paris in said County deceased by giving bond as the law directs, he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to him.

HENRY FULLER, Jr.  
Paris, Jan.



