

The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 45.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1878.

NUMBER 5.

The Oxford Democrat

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY,

GEO. H. WATKINS,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

The Palmer's Vision.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

Noon of June! All the air was beating
With the hot pulses of the day's great heat;
The birds were silent; and the rill, retreating
Shrank in its covert, and complained apart.

When a lone pilgrim, with his scrip and burden,
Dropped by the wayside weary and distressed,
His sinking heart grown fainter of its gurdien—
The city of his recompense and rest.

No vision yet of Galilee and Tabor!
No glimpse of distant Zion thronged and crowned!
Behind him stretched his long and weary labor,
Before him lay the parched and stony ground.

He leaned against a shrine of Mary, catching
His balm of shadow on his aching head;
And withered with toil, and faint with eager fasting
He sighed: "O God! O God, that I were dead!"

"The friends I love are lost or left behind me;
In poverty and loneliness I roam;
The endless paths of penance choke and blind me;
Oh come and take thy weary pilgrim home!"

Then with the form of Mary bending o'er him,
Her hands in changeless benediction stayed,
The pilgrim slept, while a swift dream upbore him
To the fair paradise for which he prayed.

He stood alone, wrapped in divested wonder;
He saw the pearly gates and Jasper walls
Informing with light, and heard the far-off thunder
Of chariot wheels and mighty waterfalls.

From far and near, in rhythmic pulsation,
Rose on his ear the noise of shouts and psalms;
And through the gates he saw the ransomed nations,
Marching and waving their triumphant palms.

And while within the thronging Empyrean,
A golden palm-branch in his kindly hand,
He saw his Lord the gracious Galilean,
And the worship of his myrtle stand!

"O Jesus! Lord of glory! Did we enter!
I worship thee! I worship thy holy road!"
The pilgrim cried, when from the burning center
A broad-winged angel sought him where he stood.

"Why art thou here?" in accents deep and tender
Outspoke the messenger. "Dost thou not know
That none may win the city's rest and splendor
Who do not quit their palms in Jordan's flow?"

"Go back to earth, thou pilgrim empty handed!
Go back to hunger and the toilsome way!
Complete the task that duty hath commanded,
And win the palm that thou hast not brought today!"

And then the sleeper woke and gazed around him;
Then springing to his feet with life renewed,
He spurned the faithless weakness that had
And, facing on, his pilgrimage pursued.

The way was hard, and he grew halt and weary,
But one long day, among the evening hours,
He saw beyond a landscape gray and dreary
The sunset flame on Salem's sacred towers!

O, fainting soul that reeled well this story,
Longing through pain for death's benignant balm,
Thou shalt reach a heaven of rest and glory,
If thou shalt reach its gates without the palm!

—*Scribner for February.*

When Mrs. Jenkins lived in the other part
Of Rev. Mr. Capers' house, and thought
Herself fortunate in the enjoyment of so
great a privilege. Most people like to be
near the minister as they can. Mrs.
Jenkins did. Her part was merely an L,
built on the main structure. Her little
attic, therefore, was near neighbor to the
minister's study. Just in the corner of
the minister's study door was a knot-hole,
a trifling sort of thing in itself, but
when once found to open into Mrs. Jen-
kins's attic, of the widest importance in
its consequences.

When Mrs. Jenkins finally became
aware of so close a connection with
the minister's family she sat down to fold her
hands and congratulate herself. Next
she formed her resolution not to let any
good opportunity slip unimproved to in-
form herself of matters that otherwise
might remain in the dark to her. Day
after day, therefore, her ear and that
knot-hole renewed their acquaintance
with one another. Sometimes she picked
up quite a little bunch of news; and
sometimes she went down stairs as hun-
gry as ever. There was as much varia-
tion from day to day as there is in the
price of stocks on Exchange.

Going up to her little attic one after-
noon, to hear if anything special was do-
ing in the adjoining apartment, she was
delighted beyond expression to catch the
sound of a voice. It was Mr. Capers in
conversation with his wife. Up she
climbed, walked tip-toe across the garret-
floor, got down on her knees, and put
her ear as close to the knot-hole as she
could get it. She even shut her eyes, lest
some of the good things should escape
by that way.

For awhile she did not understand
anything clearly. Now she heard Mrs.
Capers laugh; then Mr. Capers stopped
a minute and laughed too. This served
to excite her more, and she pressed her
head so hard against the partition that
when she came to go away she carried
off splinters in plenty in her hair.

Finally she heard something with dis-
tinctness. Mr. Capers was telling his
wife, who appeared in the greatest glee,
of a man who had been saying hard
things to his wife. Said he, in the course
of his remarks:

"Mr. Jones got to abusing his family
at last. He declared his wife should not
go out visiting, and threatened to shut
her up if she dared to disobey him. As
for going to those evening meetings he
declared he meant to put a stop to it; he
had had enough of it. It did not do her
any sort of good, and made a great deal
of trouble and expense to him. He should
be put to bed to it at any and every
breeze."

Mrs. Jenkins started up in blank sur-
prise. "Now, I want to know," she said
to herself, "if our minister says that of
Mr. Jones!"

Without waiting to hear any more,
Mrs. Jenkins told her arms tightly and
defiantly about her, and started down
the stairs. The next thing she did was
to throw on her "things," and start off
at high speed for her friend, Mrs. Tautog's.

"Now, I want to know!" said the lat-
ter, as Mrs. Jenkins came in through the
back entrance. "Do tell if that's you.
Sit down, do. What's the word this
afternoon? Heard anything very new
lately?"

"Oh, well, no—I do no either; p'raps
it may be new to you though."

"Why, what is it?" said she. "I dare
say 'tis. I'm not in the way of hearin'
anything till everybody else has picked
it clean. What is it now?"

"Oh, well, nothin' really worth men-
tioning. But, then, you may as well
know as me. It's nothin', though, that I
care to have go from me; you know I
don't wish to be mixed up in this scrape."

"No, your name shan't be mentioned.
But what is it, Mrs. Jenkins? What is
it? Do, pray, tell me sudden, for I'm
dyin' to know."

"It's a great affair, after all, though.
Still it's something. But this is all there
is of it; Mr. Jones has got to abusin' his
wife most dreadfully; and he declares
that if she thinks o' goin' out a visitin',
he'll surely shut her up where she can't
get out soon."

"Of all things in the world!"
"Yes, and more than that; he's even
gone and forbidden her going to evenin'
meetings. What do you think of such a
man as that?"

"I think he's a monster!"
"And so do I, but that ain't quite all.
He jabs her all the time, abuses her,
threatens her, and keeps her in mortal
fear of her life! Only to think of it!"

"How did you hear about it? I wonder
if folks generally know it. How did
you hear about it, I'd like to know?"

"Well, I'd as lief tell you as not, Mrs.
Tautog; but then you must promise not
tell anybody else about it."

"Oh, to be sure not. Why should I
want to be gaddin' about the neighbor-
hood, tellin' hard stories about respecta-
ble folks? Who did tell you, though?"

"Nobody told me, exactly; but I hap-
pen to know it come in the first place
from the minister's."

"You don't say so?"
Mrs. Jenkins nodded in silence.

"Well, I do declare now! Who'd ever
thought of such a thing of Mr. Jones!
But I've seemed to take notice back
along, that his wife was a good deal
down hearted and sort o' melancholy
like. And that must be the reason; that
explains it all."

"Yes," said Mrs. Jenkins, "that's it."
The latter lady did not stay very long
after unbosoming herself of her heavy
secret, when off posted Mrs. Tautog,
armed and equipped for the brave busi-
ness she had in hand. The first house
she dropped into was Mrs. Mallory's.

"Mrs. Mallory," she said, almost as
soon as she was seated, "have you heard
the news?"

"Why, no," answered the astonished
lady. "What is it, pray?"

And forthwith Mrs. Tautog narrated
all that Mrs. Jenkins had been kind
enough to tell her and more—saying
nothing about the embellishments she
laid on in the course of her story.

Mrs. Mallory was astonished, of course,
and as soon as her visitor had withdrawn,
she donned her bonnet and whips across
to Mrs. Dink's.

There the story was repeated with va-
riations and considerable additions—
Then Mrs. Dink took it up. And then
Mrs. Murry got interested in it, and Mrs.
Filpot, and so on, till everybody had got
hold of it, and had talked it up, and had
passed judgment on the man who was
guilty of such gross malpractice toward
his family. It had stopped right there,
perhaps it would have answered; but it
didn't. It spread like a circle in the
water, till in the end Mrs. Jones herself
heard of it; and heard, of course, that
the author of the story was the minister's
own self.

The next thing to be done was for Mr.
Jones and his family to leave Mr. Cap-
ers' church, and go somewhere else—
The clergyman was greatly troubled
about it, and sent his wife over to see
if she could discover the cause. Mrs. Jones
received her with great deal of coldness,
and seemed hardly civil. Unable to en-
dure it any longer, Mrs. Capers asked
the aggrieved lady frankly what the
trouble was. Mrs. Jones frankly told
her; that was well, for now the latter
knew exactly what the matter was, and
what it was necessary to do.

Going home and imparting the intelli-
gence to her husband, he manifested
quite as much astonishment as she. He
sat and thought it over awhile, in order
the better to collect himself before taking
a single step, and then started off direct
for Mr. Jones himself. He told Mr.
Jones what he had just heard, and de-
clared the whole an untruth from begin-
ning to end. Mr. Jones went on with
the minutest particulars connected with
the affair, and making the most of the
case in his power against the minister.
Still the latter positively denied his guilt,
and declared his determination to ferret
out the author of so base a slander, if it
was within human possibility. And he
hurried back and set about it.

For some weeks it was a mystery still;
he could get no clew to anything. It
perplexed him beyond conception. Finally
his wife came running down stairs
one day, her face flushed and excited,
and said to him under her unsteady
breath:

"Mr. Capers, have you ever noticed
that knot-hole in your study door?"

"Why, no," said he. "Where is it—
and what of it?"

"Come up stairs and see."

And up they went together. She
pointed to the tell-tale spot, and remarked
in a whisper:

"I caught Mrs. Jenkins with her ear
to that very hole!"

That was the first step toward the un-
ravelment of the mystery. In a few
days more the whole of it began to come
out. He had sent his wife out to make
further inquiries, and she brought back
just such intelligence as he expected and
required. And putting this and that to-
gether, and recalling certain ideas that
up to that time had passed out of his
mind altogether, he thought the matter
was all explained at last. So he went
over to Mr. Jones once more.

"Come," said he, "if you will consent
to come home with me for a short time,
I think I can explain some things that
have hitherto stood in the way of our
friendship."

Mr. Jones did not happen to love mal-
ice well enough to refuse, and accord-
ingly took a walk with the minister over
to his residence. The latter at once took
him up into his study, and shut the door.

"In the first place," said he, "I sup-
pose you know that Mrs. Jenkins lives in
the L?"

"Yes."

"Well, and you observe that knot-
hole?"

"Oh, certainly."

"And this is my study?"

"Yes."

"Where I pass the most of my time?"

"Yes."

"And where my wife often takes the
liberty to come and sit with me?"

Mr. Jones said he understood that.

"Now, then," continued the clergy-
man, "I am in the habit of frequently
reading aloud to her. And once upon a
time I happened to be reading from this
very book" (picking up a volume of fic-
tion from the table), "and here is some-
thing from that same book that I am go-
ing to read to you." And he went on to
read to Mr. Jones several paragraphs,
in which occurred the following:

"Mr. Jones got to abusin' his family
at last. He declared his wife should not
go out visiting, and threatened to shut
her up if she dared to disobey him. As
for going to those evening meetings, he
declared he meant to put a stop to it; he
had had enough of it. It did not do her
any sort of good, and made a great deal
of trouble and expense for him. He should
put an end to it, at any and every
breeze!"

Mr. Jones burst out laughing. Is that
all?" said he, his face as red as the
setting sun.

"That and the knot-hole," said Mr.
Capers, smiling good naturedly.

Mr. Jones offered him his hand.
From that moment they were friends
again. He went back to the church the
next Sabbath, as he should have done.
But Mrs. Jenkins has never heard the
last of it.—*Examiner & Chronicle.*

Webster's Encounter with Pink- ney.

"The nearest I ever came to a down-
right row," said Mr. Webster, "was with
Mr. William Pinkney. Mr. Pinkney
was the acknowledged head and leader
of the American bar. He was the great
practitioner at Washington when I was
admitted to practice in the courts there.
I found Mr. Pinkney, by universal con-
cession, the very head of the bar—a law-
yer, of extraordinary accomplishments,
and withal a very wonderful man. But
with all that, there was something about
him that was very small. He did things
that one would hardly think it possible
that a gentleman of his breeding and cul-
ture and great weight as a lawyer could
do. He was a very vain man. When
he came into court he was dressed in the
very extreme of fashion—almost like a
dandy. He would wear into the court
room his white gloves, that had been put
on fresh that morning, and that he never
put on again. He usually rode from his
house to the capitol on horseback; and
his overalls were taken off and given to
his servant, who attended him. Pinkney
showed in his whole appearance that he
considered himself the great man of that
arena, and that he expected deference to
be paid to him as the acknowledged lead-
er of the bar. He had a great many
satellites—men, of course, much less
eminent than himself at the bar, and of
less practice—who flattered him and em-
ployed him to take their briefs, and argue
their cases, they doing the work, and he
receiving the greatest share of the pay.
This was the position that Mr. Pinkney
occupied when I entered the bar at Wash-
ington."

"I was a lawyer who had my living to
get; and I felt that, although I should
not argue my cases as well as he could,
still, if my clients employed me, they
should have the best ability I had to give
them, and I should do the work myself.
I did not propose to practice law in the
Supreme Court by proxy. I think that,
in some pretty important cases I had,
Mr. Pinkney rather expected that I should
fall into the current of his admirers, and
divide my fees with him. This I utterly
refused to do. In some important case
(I have forgotten now what the case was)
Mr. Pinkney was employed to argue it
against me. I was going to argue it for
my client myself."

"I had felt that, on several occasions,
his manner was, to say the least, very
annoying and aggravating. My inter-
course with him, so far as I had any, was
always marked with great courtesy and
deference. I regarded him as the lead-
er of the American bar; he had the repu-
tation, and justly. He was a very great
lawyer. On the occasion to which I
refer, in some colloquial discussion upon
various minor points of the case, he
treated me with contempt. He pook-

poohed, as much as to say it was not
worth while to argue a point that I did
not know anything about; that I was not
a lawyer. I think he spoke of the 'gentle-
man from New Hampshire.' At any
rate, it was a thing that everybody in the
court house, including the judges, could
not fail to observe. Chief Justice Mar-
shall himself was pained by it."

"It was very hard," added Mr. Web-
ster, "for me to restrain my temper, and
keep cool; but I did so, knowing in what
presence I stood. I think he construed
my apparent humility into a want of
what he would call spirit in resenting,
and as a sort of acquiescence in his rule.
However, the case was not finished when
the hour for adjournment came and the
court adjourned until the next morning.
Mr. Pinkney took his whip and gloves,
threw his cloak over his arm, and began
to saunter away. I went up to him and
said very calmly, 'Can I see you alone
in one of the lobbies?' He replied 'Cer-
tainly.' I suppose that he thought I was
going to beg his pardon and ask his as-
sistance. We passed into one of the
ante-rooms of the capitol. I looked into
one of the grand jury rooms, rather
remote from the main court room.—
There was no one in it, and we entered.
As we did so I looked at the door and
found that there was a key in the lock;
and, unobserved by him, I turned the
key and put it in my pocket. Mr. Pink-
ney seemed to be waiting with some
astonishment. I advanced towards him
and said, 'Mr. Pinkney, you insulted me
this morning in the court room, and not
for the first time either. In deference to
your position, and to the respect in which
I hold the court, I did not answer you
as I was tempted to do, on the spot. He
began to parley. I continued, 'You know
you did; don't add another sin to that;
don't deny it; you know you did it, and
you know it was premeditated. It was
deliberate; it was purposely done; and
if you deny it you state an untruth.'"

"Now, I went on, 'I am here to say
to you, once for all, that you must ask
my pardon, and go into court to-morrow
morning and repeat the apology, or else
either you or I will go out of this room
in a different condition from that in which
we entered it.' I was never more in
earnest. He looked at me, and saw that
my eyes were pretty dark and firm. He
began to say something. I interrupted
him. 'No explanation,' said I, 'admit
the fact, and take it back. I do not want
another word from you except that. I
will hear no explanation; nothing but
that you admit it, and recall it.' He
trembled like an aspen leaf. He again
attempted to explain. Said I, 'There is
no other course. I have the key in my
pocket, and you must apologize, or take
what I give you.' At that he hobbled
down, and said to me, 'You are right; I
am sorry; I did intend to bluff you; I
regret it, and ask your pardon.' 'Enough'
I promptly replied. 'Now, one promise
before I open the door; and that is, that
you will to-morrow morning state in the
court that you have said things which
wounded my feelings, and that you re-
gret it.' Pinkney replied, 'I will do so.'
Then I unlocked the door and passed
out. The next morning when the court
met, Mr. Pinkney at once rose, and stated
to the court that a very unpleasant affair
had occurred the morning before, as
might have been observed by their hon-
ors; that his friend, Mr. Webster, had
felt grieved at some things which had
dropped from his lips; that his zeal for
his client might have led him to say some
things which he should not have said;
and that he was sorry for having thus
spoken."

"From that day, while at the bar, there
was no man," said Mr. Webster, "who
treated me with so much respect and
deference as William Pinkney."

The Mule of Sumter.

When Dahlgren's iron-clads began op-
erations in Charleston Harbor the Tenth
Army Corps made a sudden dash and
drove in the thin line of pickets which
the rebels had posted on the eastern end
of Morris Island. When daylight came
every gun which Beauregard could bring
to bear upon the new work began to rain
shot and shell, and from daylight until
noon there were lively times in and about
Charleston Bay. Shortly after noon
Fort Sumter opened furiously, and it was
feared that an attempt was about to be
made by the enemy to advance. There
were enough men there, it was thought,
to hold it, but there was a deficiency of
ammunition, and so a mule-driver volun-
teered to deliver the ammunition. The
only road was the smooth and sandy
beach along the bay, and the distance
between the two points about a mile and
a half. Half that distance was within
easy range of Fort Sumter, and Battery
Wagner's guns covered all the way to
the sand hills, behind which was the
Federal camp.

I am describing this incident as it ap-
peared from the shipping in the bay, and
what called attention to it was the sud-
den waking up of every gun on the
southeast angle of Sumter. Looking to
see the cause of the furious cannonading,
everybody was surprised to see a mule
team tearing up the beach in the direc-
tion of the new work. The driver was
laying the lash on, and that mule had
his ears laid straight back and was mak-
ing his legs go. Occasionally a shell would
touch the beach, bound up and explode,
and the mule would then hesitate and
try to turn back. But the driver would
lay the cowhide on with renewed vigor;

then the mule put on another spurt, until
at last it became entirely demoralized by
the explosion of a ten-inch shell, almost
under its belly. Every glass in the
squadron was leveled at the spectacle.
The driver got off his seat, took the animal
by the head, whirled it around once
or twice and started up the beach once
more. Fort Sumter flashed and flamed,
Battery Wagner belched and thundered,
and still that daring driver urged his
mule along, though the way was swept
by at least thirty guns.

At last he reached his destination, but
he could not stay there, and in a moment
he was turned around and exhorting that
animal to do his level best. The mule
did not need to be told to step out, for in
its rear there was roar and racket, and
about its ears were flying sand

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1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the office—whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has authorized or authorized by the publisher—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders a paper from the publisher, he must pay all arrears of the publisher's paper, and he must pay all arrears of the publisher's paper, and he must pay all arrears of the publisher's paper.

3. The Courts have decided that no person can be held responsible for the payment of a paper, unless he has authorized or authorized by the publisher.

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President and Party Leader.

This "high-toned" Administration claims credit because it will use no influence to stop the triumph of Republicans in Congress. Its duty is done, we are told, when a veto has been cast. Guiding legislation is out of its sphere. This reminds us of the police officer who could not think of pulling a drowning man out of the water until he had been duly introduced. Style is very well in its way, but sense is better.

The Administration has thrown away great chances already. In June and July, when the Treasury was made sure to receive seventy-five millions for four per cent, bonds, we earnestly urged the obvious practical fact that great trouble and danger would come in the winter, unless the Treasury seized the opportunity to wipe out the premium on gold before that time. That this was easy does not now see? The Treasury still, and yet gold fell to 101 1/4. If fifty millions in four per cent, had been used for extinguishing the premium on gold by withdrawing legal-tenders, who doubts that gold would have reached par, and the banks would have been enabled to put their accounts on a gold basis without loss, and to unlock all hoards of gold for their relief? But the "practical" business men could not comprehend the political danger, and the impracticable statesmen and reformers could not bring down their minds to the contemplation of business dangers. Even Secretary Sherman, the most practical of them all, executing the law like a good clerk, failed to provide against political peril, like a statesman. The ship drifted, the chance was thrown away; and exactly as we predicted six months ago, the utter defeat of the Administration now depends upon one vote for or against a veto.

Still the Administration cultivates its dignity. The President and his Cabinet think it well to sit

"On the hills like Goliath, careless of mankind."

Dangers threaten the country, but what of that? A reforming Administration must not seek to influence legislation, and takes pains to divest itself of any relations with a party. To hold men together, and lead them wisely for the public safety and the Nation's honor—that is not "reform." We take leave to say that this is not a common-sense view of Executive duties. This country cannot be governed without parties, and it is not well that it should be. The duty of the Executive is two-fold: to enforce law, but not to lead a party. "The Senators who growl because the President seems to have no care for their wishes are to this extent in the right. He is a stupid engineer who, when the time comes to start his train, puts on steam at once, jerks the engine from the train, and runs over the route without cars, baggage or passengers. It was the duty of the President to better the civil service, but it was not possible to do that or anything else without a party behind him, and it was, and is, a higher and more imperative duty to save business from ruin and the country from disgrace. To that end, to every practical end, it was necessary to hold together and lead a party. The notion that all Senators advise as to public affairs solely for private and selfish ends, is an error. They have been trained to care first for the strength of a party, because a party embodies ideas, and without it these ideas must fail. If they go too far in that direction, there is room for a wise President to check excess without destroying a party or making himself powerless for good.

The President has not led the Republican party, nor has he tried to create another in its stead. The dream of a head clerkship caring for no party, sustained by none, and helping none, has hedged him about with trouble. Long ago he ought to have been a thorough organization of friends of the public faith, with the Administration to lead and help it. The foes of public faith, without an Administration, have formed a league that is strong and full of work. But it is not quite too late. If the Administration will get down out of cloud-land, and use its power to encourage, arouse and help those who mean justice and good faith, it may gain back much lost ground. First of all, the President ought to put aside the notion that he can afford to hear and help such men as Matthews, Butler and Gordon as readily as men who serve the country well. Next, he should quit the notion that he has been chosen as mere chief clerk, to do routine work in the Government. In this country, as in any other, government without any head is bad government. If the President cannot or will not be the head he may be sure that a people who long for a guide will pray for some other man to use the power he throws away.—Tribune.

—There is but little being done just now in the way of Governor-making, for the reason that there is evident determination on the part of the friends of Gov. Connor to use him another year. He has made so excellent a Governor—so few mistakes—and is so universally popular, that no one will interpose an objection if he can be induced to take a fourth nomination. There are several excellent names suggested for the succession—when the time comes. Among these are Col. Fred Robie of Gorham, Gen. H. M. Plaisted of Bangor, Gen. T. W. Hyde of Bath, Hon. S. C. Hatch of Bangor, Hon. Fred Pike of Calais, etc. Among these it is generally understood that the real fight will be between Col. Robie and Gen. Plaisted—both strong men and deservedly popular throughout the State.—Brigdon News.

—The Russians have entered Constantinople. The excitement in Europe on hearing the news was intense. Parliament unanimously voted unanimously, and the great crowds in the streets showed that the feeling against Russia is most bitter. War is imminent.

A Silver Reaction at the Corners.

One thing I am certain of, Bascom ain't no financier, nor never will be, and I told him so. "What is a financier?" he asked. "A financier," said I, "is a man who can pay his debts with nothing—a man who can get out of a tight place with nothing." "The Corners then, is full of financiers?" he remarked bitterly, castin a casual glance at his state which was full enough to turn over and begin on tither side. Bascom pined to an immense tank which he had erected within a few days, with a pipe running in from the roof. "I shan't raise the price of liquor in consequence of my being paid for it in depreciated currency," I told on Bascom's neck in an extasy of delight, while the others shouted "Rah for Bascom!" "But I'll tell you what I sh'd do. Do you see that tank?" said he. "May I ask what that is for?" I said. "That tank will fill with rain water," he said. "The moment you get to pay in silver, I sh'd take out my gun and begin on the barrels just as they come in, and fill 'em with water. 'Mercurial' he said. "You'll increase the size of your glasses?" I said. "Not any. But you may drink twice as many times to get the same amount of water as before by payin for each drink."

Of course we can't stand liquor dilled in that manner. We are willing enough to dilute our currency with what we pay for liquor full strength. We couldn't help it but that while we sined and sent to our representative a remonstrance again the Silver bill. The Corners is now for a honest currency. Wood, O'wood, that we had some at it.—From Nash's Letter to the Toledo Blade.

—Mr. Frye, of Maine, in presenting the resolutions of the Senate to the House of Representatives accepting the gift of the State of Maine to the nation of the statue of William King, made a most graceful address, which lack of space prevents our publishing in full. Mr. Frye is one of the ablest orators on the floor of the House. His voice is clear, ringing, and melodious, and can be distinctly heard in every part of that vast cavern, from floor to galleries. He is always heard with respect and attention, not only on account of the universal respect in which he is held, but because when he speaks he has something to say. His person is pleasing, his face is frank, open, and ingenuous, and he has the charm of personal magnetism arising from a sound heart and earnest convictions. A genuine Republican, a patriot and gentleman, he is an honor to his State and a credit to the House of Representatives. Mr. Frye was recommended by Mr. Blaine for a seat in the Cabinet of President Hayes. The recommendation was a wise one, and had it been accepted, the President would have secured a wise counselor, a safe and excellent lawyer, and gained a multitude of friends who just now would be valuable both in quality and quantity.—Cleveland (Ohio) Daily Herald.

Masonic.

Gorham Lodge, No. 73, of F. & A. M. of New Hampshire, gave a special communication on Tuesday evening, Jan. 22, on which occasion they invited Bethel Lodge No. 97, Jefferson Lodge No. 100, and the Lodge at Littleton, N. H., to join them and view their work, and enjoy a few hours of sweet communion together as only Masons can. The response to the invitation was general, and some forty or fifty brothers gathered there and were met on arrival of the train by a delegation of their lodge, and escorted to the Gorham House, where lunch was provided, after which the special communication was held at their hall, work in the third degree exemplified, and mutual congratulations exchanged. Many features of the New Hampshire masonic work were extremely interesting to the Maine brethren, and were performed in a praiseworthy manner by Gorham Lodge. At about low twelve we were again escorted to the Gorham House, where an elegant oyster and pastry supper was awaiting us, and of which one and all partook. With many toasts, stories, and expressions of good will expressed in a diversity of ways, an hour or two soon passed, and the cars were waiting to take us back to our homes. The result of this visit will long cheer our hearts. It enlarges our charity, softens the bitter cares and trials of life, better fits us to endure adversity, and strengthens the bond of friendship, Love and Truth in us all. May the shadows of our Gorham brothers never be less.

—A young lady in Biddeford, Me., wrote a beautiful graduating essay last summer; took great pains in copying it so as to give every "g" and every "y" a long loop; linked the pages with delicate blue ribbon, and then read it with such charming grace that an editor published it in his paper. In this remarkable essay the young author declared that she fully intended to earn her own living without aid from any man. Now, it happened that an iron merchant in Cincinnati saw the paper, read the essay, and honored the girl for giving utterance to this sentiment; and a correspondence ensued which gradually led up to a wedding.

Think of that, girls! Now is your time; the editor is out of town, and the new man is very young. Send in your old essays at once. Only five per cent. commission charged on rich iron merchants. Got hundreds of them among our subscribers.

—Governor Bishop, of Ohio, is illustrating Democratic methods of civil service reform. He had not warned the Governor's chair before orders were issued to clear the department of every incumbent not of the Simon-pure order, from cellar to garret. Even the office boy, the errand boy, the messenger, had to be "cleaned out." The Democracy, however, are loud in the praise of a Republican who advocates such civil service as to appoint Democrats to positions of honor and trust, and, particularly profit.—Tribune.

—Spelling schools are all the rage.

The Disastrous Voyage.

The story as told by officers and passengers.—The vessel ran on shore to prevent striking.—Excellent discipline preserved on board.

NORFOLK, VA., Feb. 3.—Sufficient time has elapsed since the wreck of the Metropolis to bring to light the facts relating to the disaster, and the survivors having recovered their composure and collected their thoughts, are able to make accurate and consistent statements of the voyage and the catastrophe which brought it to such an awful termination.

During Wednesday morning the wind was fair, and at about 10 o'clock in the afternoon it began to freshen, but no apprehensions were expressed that a tempest was approaching. During the afternoon, however, it blew constantly harder, toward evening rapidly increased in violence, and at 6 o'clock had become a gale.

The chief-engineer, Joseph J. Lovell, inspected the engines shortly after 6 o'clock, and found that they were running at half speed with thirty pounds of steam on. The wind was blowing fiercely, but he had no reason to suppose that the vessel was in any way unworthy until soon afterward, when he discovered four feet of water in the shaft alley. Even this did not create any special alarm, for without announcing the fact to the captain, he sent for his first assistant and merely directed him to keep the pumps working. The water, however, continuing to gain, after consultation among the engineers, the captain was informed that the vessel was leaking badly, and that the water was rapidly gaining on the pumps. A carpenter was summoned, and he, with the engineers and the chief mate, made their way through the shaft alley with the water almost up to their arm-pits. The leak was discovered in the stern, as the captain now believes, in the propeller shaft, and to the dismay of those who made the discovery, it was found that the water was not merely coming through an open seam, but was forcing its way through the dead wood in all parts.

At this time, according to the statement of the chief mate, the vessel was about seventy miles from Cape Henry, and it became evident that she could not proceed on her present course. The captain, therefore, ordered the engines to be stopped, and the vessel was headed for land. The men, more than 200 in number, worked well, and the alarm, which had spread among them when their perilous situation was made known, subsided in great part, when the ship was headed for land. It is not certain that there was a good chance of escape, and the coolness and efficiency of the officers inspired them with added confidence. The night wore on without further disaster until 2 o'clock Thursday morning, when the circulating pump gave out. The engines were running at high pressure and at 3 o'clock, the chief mate reports, Cape Henry light was sighted. It was then decided to head the vessel up to the wind, and wait for the daylight. The passengers continued at their work lighting the ship, and the carpenter and his men did not abandon their efforts to repair the leak about the stern-post. The sea was running violently, and wave after wave broke over the vessel, carrying away the upper works and all the boats except one and putting out the lights. At 4:30 o'clock a huge sea swept over the ship, washed away the smoke-stack and engine-room doors, through which it poured below in part extinguishing the fires. The men strided to go below, for the engine-room was flooded; but the chief-engineer called their courage with the hope of saving the ship if the fires could only be kept going, and all the moveable work kept and a barrel of tallow were thrown into the furnace.

It was now evident that the only remaining hope was in driving the vessel upon the beach, and at 4:30 o'clock the vessel was headed for shore. The engines still continued to work for a time and it was hoped that there would be steam enough to keep her head up and force her well on to the beach; but soon after five o'clock the steam gave out, and the engines went dead. All sail was kept on to keep the ship headed toward shore, and at 6:45 o'clock she struck head on, but swung about, her broad side to the beach, and was exposed to all the fury of the sea. The vessel grounded about 150 yards from shore, and soon after that struck, some of the passengers, most of whom had succeeded in providing themselves with life-preservers, jumped into the water and swam for shore. Nearly all, however, remained on board, in the expectation of help from Life-saving Stations Nos. 4 and 5, about half way between which the vessel lay. Charles Conolly, one of the passengers, testifies to the discipline and coolness of the officers, and attributes to this the quiet fortitude with which all waited through the dreary hours of the morning for the relief which it seemed would never come. About the middle of the forenoon a man on horseback was discovered on the shore. He made signs to indicate that he would bring assistance, and then rode away. About 12:30 o'clock in the afternoon, the men from the station arrived, with scant ammunition, with only one line, and without a boat. At the second shot from the mortar the men from shore passed over the foreyard, but in endeavoring to clear a way from the jibstay it was severed. After two more ineffectual attempts the ammunition was exhausted, and only part of the men from the station remained to assist the passengers ashore, according to a statement of D. N. Cozzens, the second mate. During all this time the sea was running more and more violently, and many of the passengers were washed overboard. Sometimes a dozen were carried away by a single wave. Others were constantly jumping into the sea, and the water was filled with men struggling to reach the shore.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3.—The General Superintendent of the Life Saving Service has received telegrams from the Life Saving Stations Nos. 4 and 5, coast of North Carolina, in reply to a demand for information made by him.

The keeper of Station No. 4, John G. Chappell, stated that his night patrol came in at 7 o'clock in the morning, and the weather being light, started out again, breakfasting in the mean time. About 8 o'clock, when about a mile from the station, they met C. S. Brock, who told them of the wreck which had come ashore about four and a half miles back, filled up the hand-arms with the whip-line, mortar, powder-flasks, rubber suits, and other articles, and made for the wreck, the keeper carrying the medicine chest on his back and going ahead, owing to the representations of Mr. Brock that the wreck was rapidly going to pieces, and that no good could be done with apparatus. There were no horses to be obtained near, and there was no time to look for them. When the keeper approached within about a mile of the ship he began to come upon drowned men. He arrived with the medicine chest about 12 o'clock, and the men with the hand-arms came up in the first hour afterward. Preparations were then made to fire the mortar. The first shot passed over the mast, but the line fell to the leeward

of the vessel. At the second shot the line caught on the topsail yard, and the men on the ship got it as soon as they could. The whip-line and block were then attached and the men on the ship began to pull them on board. When about half way, the strong current setting to the north, broke the line. Such a circumstantial happening seldom occurs. The line, previously occurred. No horse being available, the keeper sent two of his men back to the station for more line and bails, the latter having been all shot away. He then put on the Merriman rubber suit (the Paul Boynton dress) and made attempts to go out to the wreck, but found it impossible to pass through the surf. He could do nothing then except save the men as they jumped off the vessel and came ashore. The pieces of the wreck in this wreck was helped by his men and by persons gathered on the beach, who all did what they could. The keeper was the first to take hold of those that came out of the water, when the others would assist in dragging them up. He was twice thrown down by pieces of wreck which came ashore with men on them, and was injured in both legs. How many times besides he was knocked down he could not tell. All of his crew were wounded by pieces of wreck. B. C. Brock was also wounded, and had to give up for a while.

About ten minutes after the foremost of the Metropolis fell, which was at 4:30 p. m., the men arrived with the additional shot line and bails. The keeper states that he was never before so exhausted as when the last men from the wreck were taken ashore. He administered all the wine and brandy in the medicine chest to those of the wreck who were the worst off. He dragged out the captain of the ship and the doctor. He was so crippled by his exertions and injuries that he could scarcely return back to the station. He left two men there all night, leaving the medicine chest with directions for its use. Keeper Malachi Corbett of station No. 5, was present with a part of the crew, and they all assisted in attending to the sick and keeping the fires for those who could not walk to the shore. All the houses in the vicinity were crowded with the shipwrecked sufferers. The keeper states that the patrol were not at fault. The steamer came ashore in thick weather, and a half mile from the station, about the time that the patrol returned from their night's watch upon the beach, and the wreck occurred before they could breakfast and set out again. In reply to the inquiry instituted by the General Superintendent, Keeper Chappell states that he and his crew rendered all the assistance they could under the circumstances, and that they could do no more.

Editorial and Selected Items.

—The heaviest fall of snow for this season occurred on Sunday.

—Pope Pius IX died at Rome on Thursday afternoon.

—"Silver threads among the gold" is what they are singing in Congress now.

—The court errier must hereafter make less noise. His office is to be abolished.

—On Thursday the jury found Anderson guilty, recommending him to the mercy of the court. He was remanded to jail to await sentence.

—Measures will be taken to repair the telegraph line at Norway so that our contemporary, the Advertiser, can get news from Augusta.

—In the Senate: 39 Republicans, 36 Democrats, and 1 Independent (Davis, of Illinois). In the House: 140 Republicans, and 153 Democrats.

—Pascoe Barrett and wife, of Hartford, over 90 years of age, were both stricken with paralysis on the same day, last week. Mr. Barrett remains unconscious, but Mrs. Barrett is rallying.

—Charles Richardson of Sweden, a man 19 years of age, took poison Saturday afternoon and died in ten minutes after. He had been sick but appeared well at the time of taking the poison.

—J. M. Cummings of Norway, has purchased the elegant stable connected with Bethel hotel, and will be pleased to furnish all who wish with teams of every style. Prices, according to team, and cheap as the cheapest.

—L. C. Moore & Co., of Lewiston announce a large and select sale of Dry Goods to open Monday, Feb. 11. Many of our people visit Lewiston to purchase such goods. We advise them to call and see their goods, and compare prices.

—A Boston firm forwarded a draft for half a million francs in an envelope directed to a correspondent in "Paris," and another heavy draft to "London." The postoffice clerks sent the first to Paris, Me., and the other to London, Ontario.

—When the heavily loaded barge filled with So. Paris people struck the bare planks of the covered bridge on their way to Paris Hill on Monday night, the horses pulled themselves clear of the harness, and Mr. Mason was compelled to return for repairs.

—At Tenant's Harbor, Me., Jan. 29, Sarah Meserve, wife of Luther Meserve, was found dead in her house with her hands tied over her head. The house was in confusion and her clothing badly disarranged. It is thought she may have been dead five weeks, as the house had the appearance of having been closed that length of time.

—Senator Eaton's speech Tuesday against the silver bill was characterized by sound common sense. He showed that gold and silver only is the financial standard of the world, and showed himself to be more than a match for Beck and other soft money democrats who attempted to answer his sledge-hammer statements.

—C. R. Elder, Esq., of Boston, whose card appears in the first column of this paper, has removed his office from No. 30 to 28, Court Street. His new office is in the Adams building, just completed, and is fitted with all the modern improvements. Mr. Elder is taking a high position in his profession and attorneys and others who have legal business in Boston, will do well to consult him.

—When A. T. Stewart of New York died, he was held up by the religious press as an example of meanness and of a useless life. (He never gave to charitable societies; preferring to be his own almoner.) Now Mr. Bates has passed away. His accounts with Bates mill are some \$200,000 short. This fact is put by, he is "honored in the tomb" and is held up as a shining example of industry and thrift. (He liberally endowed a denominational college.)

TOWN ITEMS.

ANDOVER, Feb. 6.—The following are the products of a few of the principal farms in this town during the year 1877, giving the amount of stock upon each farm, and the amount received for cattle, sheep, etc., sold during the year:

L. P. Newton,—120 bushels oats, 60 bu. wheat, 925 bu. potatoes, 15 bu. corn, 200 bu. Ind. wheat, 200 bu. garden veg., 8 bu. beans, 1100 lbs. butter, 500 lbs. cheese, 1575 lbs. pork, 150 lbs. wool, 28 sheep, 24 cattle, 4 horses, value of stock sold \$300, 45 tons hay. H. D. and L. D. Hanson,—130 bu. oats, 22 bu. wheat, 100 bu. corn, 11 bu. beans, 1000 lbs. pork, 230 lbs. butter, 100 lbs. wool, 15 cattle, 23 sheep, 3 horses, value of stock sold \$90, 35 tons hay. Josiah Bailey,—60 bu. beans, 100 bu. potatoes, 43 bu. corn, 50 bu. Ind. wheat, 10 bu. rye, 4 bu. beans, 40 bu. garden veg., 500 lbs. pork, 300 lbs. butter, 185 lbs. wool, 10 cattle, 20 sheep, 2 horses, value of stock sold \$122. H. W. Poor,—192 bu. oats, 8 bu. wheat, 225 bu. potatoes, 56 bu. corn, 2 bu. rye, 54 bu. Ind. wheat, 13 bu. beans, 130 bu. garden veg., 100 lbs. pork, 350 lbs. butter, 70 lbs. wool, 19 cattle, 22 sheep, 2 horses, value of stock sold \$132, 25 tons of hay. John Akers,—85 bu. oats, 80 bu. wheat, 630 bu. potatoes, 85 bu. Ind. wheat, 100 bu. corn, 10 bu. rye, 5 bu. beans, 40 bu. garden veg., 1000 lbs. pork, 200 lbs. butter, 75 lbs. wool, 14 cattle, 4 horses, 23 sheep, value of stock sold \$426, 40 tons hay. Geo. G. Akers,—65 bu. oats, 40 bu. wheat, 550 bu. potatoes, 45 bu. Ind. wheat, 50 bu. corn, 4 bu. beans, 50 bu. garden veg., 600 lbs. pork, 400 lbs. butter, 1 cattle, 3 horses, value of stock sold \$40, 20 tons hay. Samuel Akers,—106 bu. oats, 34 bu. wheat, 600 bu. potatoes, 125 bu. corn, 22 bu. beans, 12 bu. rye, 50 bu. garden veg., 800 lbs. butter, 100 lbs. wool, 13 cattle, 2 horses, 30 sheep, value of stock sold \$15, 25 tons hay. L. F. Jones,—222 bu. oats, 403 bu. potatoes, 60 bu. beans, 100 lbs. pork, 8 cattle, 11 horses, value of stock sold \$249, 35 tons hay. S. N. Richards, 125 bu. oats, 875 bu. potatoes, 108 bu. Ind. wheat, 40 bu. corn, 20 bu. beans, 600 lbs. pork, 300 lbs. butter, 20 cattle, 3 horses, value of stock sold, \$330, 50 tons hay. J. E. Akers,—100 bu. oats, 25 bu. wheat, 50 bu. potatoes, 65 bu. corn, 88 bu. Ind. wheat, 32 bu. rye, 4 bu. beans, 30 bu. garden veg., 600 lbs. pork, 325 lbs. butter, 60 lbs. wool, 15 cattle, 15 sheep, 1 horse, value of stock sold \$245, 20 tons hay, 135 bu. apples.

Feb. 1.—The lumbering crews in the employ of the Lewiston Co. broke camp to-day and started for home, there not being snow enough to continue operations longer.

The Congregational Circle met with Miss Emma Sewell last Wednesday evening. A good company was present and passed a very pleasant social hour. The supper was excellent.

Mr. T. R. Allen sold quite a number of sleighs at auction here yesterday, at prices ranging from \$20 to \$30. Mr. Allen's sleighs are thoroughly made and are of the latest style, and if it were not for the hard times would sell readily at as good prices as any in the market.

LONG STAR.

BETHEL.—Mr. Alden B. Stevens exhibited to us a cattle tie upon which he has a patent that is worthy the attention of our farmers. It combines safety, cheapness and ease in use. Those having the care of cattle cannot afford to do without it. The expense is not more than ten or fifteen cents a creature.

J. S. Wadleigh bought of the Chase Bros. of Upton twenty-three sheep; average weight 135 lbs., price 4 1/4 cts. per lb. They go to the farm of Jarvis Mains, West Bethel.

Feb. 7.—We learn by one of our oldest townsmen the fact that the winter of 1826-7 was very similar to the present one. That winter there was no snow till the middle of January. About fifteen inches of snow fell at that time. Plowing was done in every month. The middle of February it all disappeared, and farmers were again plowing. There was no frost in the ground and the grass was green in the fields. One old farmer tells me to look out for grasshoppers another season.

Mr. S. A. Brock on Main Street has for sale the Lightning Hay Knife, which is the most perfect implement yet invented for cutting hay from the mow or bale, or for cutting peat, muck, or turf. We have had one in use for the past year, and we find by actual trial it is the very best hay knife in use. No farmer should be without one. Price \$250.

The temperance meeting which was held in the M. E. church last Sabbath afternoon was the largest and most enthusiastic that has been held for a long time. Rev. Mr. Bisbee addressed the large audience in a most pleasing and interesting manner for about one half hour. Among the speakers from out of town were Bro. Young, President of E. Livermore Reform Club, Moses C. Foster, Esq., of Waterville, Rev. Mr. Mills, and Dr. N. T. True.

The old folks' sing at Mrs. A. O. Straw's last Monday evening was well attended. Uncle Tim was present, and seemingly never enjoyed himself better.

The next one will be at the Elm House. The Ladies' Aid Society had a very pleasing entertainment at Pattee's Hall last Wednesday evening, which proved a decided success. The evening was pleasant, the snow glistened, bells jingled, and from within the lighted hall some over three hundred merry voices sounded. We enter, what, fairy-land? No, it was said an Afghan was to be voted to the handsomest man in the hall. Mr. E. C. Rowe was the wonderful man, receiving 91 votes. Here, too, a Saw-horse was voted to the laziest man. Mr. O. C. Littlehale received the largest vote.

Some thirty sheet and pillow-case ladies were bid off, from ten to seventy-five cents each. Are you hungry, here are pies and cakes to tempt an epicure, and plates heaped high. With these and many other devices they drew some fifty dollars from the willing crowd, and then said good-night.

EAST BETHEL.—We are now having some very fine weather and good sleighing, and our farmers are improving it to the best of their ability.

Quite a number of our farmers are cutting off their birch and hauling it to Newry Corner, where they get from \$4.50 to \$5.00 per cord.

Galen Black recently sent his hops to the Boston market and received 5 cts. a pound. It was the first lot sold of those raised in this vicinity, and will be the last unless they take a rise.

Our schools are all progressing finely under experienced teachers.

Last Thursday evening a large party from this place (by invitation) joined a party of about fifty from Ramford on a sleigh-ride to the Mt. Abraham House at Locke's Mills, where we found the proprietor, D. A. Coffin, waiting to entertain us in such a way as proved satisfactory to all. After choosing C. M. Kimball of East Bethel, and E. Martin of Ramford as managers for the evening, a grand ball commenced with a march led by Maj. J. Richardson of Ramford, who is 74 years old, but who danced like one in the prime of life. A grand good time was had, as always is the case when we go to one of Coffin's balls.

WEST BETHEL, Feb. 7.—Bethel's Hall, with buildings connected, were destroyed by fire at two o'clock this morning. The main buildings were unoccupied except to use the hall once a week for a social dance and oyster suppers, the last of which came off last evening. The party retired and doors were locked at one o'clock this morning, and a few minutes before two fire was discovered breaking through the roof. It is supposed to have caught in the attic about the chimney. Buildings insured.

We are having the same remarkable winter weather here that we read so much about. Wood haulers are improving the nice roads and are running birch and poplar into Bethel's Mill yard very fast; probably he will not get so large an amount as in previous winters.

Diphtheria and mumps are raging to some extent, but no fatal cases in this vicinity.

A free high school is contemplated here the coming spring.

BUCKFIELD, Feb. 5.—The storm of wind and rain Nov. 24th and the snow storm Feb. 1st in Weymouth, Mass., surpassed in severity any storm I ever witnessed in Oxford County, having lived there sixty years. If the roads were not as strongly blocked it must be owing to their location. The great gale of October 1816, was more severe in Massachusetts than in Maine.

The Crystal Wave Good Templars of East Bethel noticed their tenth anniversary at their lodge hall on the evening of the 30th of Jan. The members and invited guests partook of the annual supper prepared by sisters who know the blessings of temperance, and listened to the well arranged programme. Chairman A. M. Allen. Invocation by chaplain A. A. Ricker; music by the choir; declamation by Frank Irish; recitation by Miss Lizzie Haskell; select music by V. P. DeCoster and sisters; recitation by Miss Rosie Irish; declamation by Frank DeCoster; recitation by Miss Eleanor B. Forbes; music; History of the Wave by V. P. DeCoster; recitation by Misses Lizzie Warren and Lillie Irish; remarks by the chairman; "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," personated by Miss E. B. Forbes; music; Anniversary poem from Hartford, by V. Parris DeCoster; remarks by H. M. Waldron, District deputy, and the Chaplain. After singing by the audience the "Sweet By and By" in memory of absent ones, the parting hour closed the "Happy Greeting" of the friends of Prohibition not only for Maine but for the world. The Crystal Wave not only still lives, but rejoices to see her mother Nezincot, and her daughters Forest Lake and Sure Haven alive to the glorious cause of temperance.

HARTFORD.

BRYANT'S POND.—About one hundred friends of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cole gathered at their house on Jan. 16th, to celebrate a variety wedding. There was a beautiful lot of presents carried, and among them some very costly ones. Some proposed that they should be married again, but they soon ascertained that the knot was tied so firmly at first that it had never lost its original hold.

The temperance meeting last Sunday evening equalled those of two years ago. Among the speakers were Clough, True, Farrum, Poole, and Besse. At the close nine signatures were placed on the pledge.

FRYEBURG, Feb. 8.—The past week has witnessed the packing of a large quantity of superior ice, taken from Lovewell's pond.

Wood and bark is coming into the village continually, every horse and ox that can be obtained is put in use for the work. S. E. Tolman broke his leg just below the knee last week; and Nathl Walker, Jr., broke his just above the knee this week by a log rolling on it; both of So. Chatham, N. H. Both cases tended by Dr. Mitchell of North Fryeburg.

A bird's nest with eggs, and the old bird sitting on them, can be seen at Green Hill, four miles from the village. So the birds are forced to believe that Spring has come.

GILEAD.—A very heavy wind visited us on the 23d which did considerable damage in the way of blocking roads with trees and smashing up a few barn doors. In one instance some logs which had been left near Wright's landing, were moved over a hundred feet by the gale. J. W. Kimball is fitting up his store in city style. He has already put in a glass front and will fit up the post office in one of the bay-windows. He intends to have it ready to occupy by early Spring.

Any farmer in want of one of the best articles ever invented to cut down hay mows with, will do well to call at J. W. Kimball's store and examine sample.

NORWAY, Feb. 8, 1878.
Mr. Editor.—Owing to the continued thaw, our streets muster about as many wheels as runners—a strange sight for this season of the year. A gentleman and lady were riding between So. Paris and Norway this morning, the runners struck a spot of gravel and stopped, while the horse moved on with all of the crossbar. No great harm was done, however, and the damages were soon repaired. The sleighing on the ice of the pond is superb, and many have profited by the sunny days (and moon nights) to sleigh a little time.

The high school took a ride to Oxford Monday afternoon and visited the woolen mills.

It is rumored that the Norway Advertiser is to be sold and will be put under the care of a new editor, presumably Dr. Lapham, who is well known among editors in the State.

Dancing appears to be the fashion lately. There was a hop at Bethel Tuesday evening, at which five pieces of Chandler's band furnished the music. That is a sufficient guarantee of the quality of the music, and all the details were of a similar character.

The Universalist circle met as usual Wednesday evening at Concert Hall, and Thursday there was an assembly there. Horseback riding is a popular amusement among our young men. The soft condition of the streets renders a fall devoid of danger, as some who have tried it can testify.

The last lecture of the Literary course will be given by Mr. Denton next Wednesday evening, Feb. 13. He has the reputation of being a very fine speaker, and this will be the most interesting entertainment of the course. There are but few unsold tickets, and these are fast disappearing.

All is quiet among the shoe men.

Mighili Mason is established in his new store, and offers a large and carefully chosen assortment of hardware which he sells at very reasonable prices.

Dr. Sawtelle has pleasant rooms in the same building, where he is to be found at all hours. He is rapidly gaining the confidence of our citizens and has a constantly increasing practice of the best kind.

FACILE.

OXFORD, Feb. 8.—Rev. A. A. Cleveland, D. D., of Boston, lectured in the Lyceum Course on Wednesday evening, the 30th ult. The lecture was a fresh and vigorous handling of an old subject, "The Tongue," and was listened to by a large audience.

The "Oxford Amateur Dramatic Association" gave an entertainment in the Methodist church last evening. They presented the drama "Out in the Streets," followed by the serio-comic drama "Down by the Sea." The parts in general were well rendered and elicited warm praise from those in attendance.

