

# The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 45.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, MARCH 19, 1878.

NUMBER 10.

## The Oxford Democrat

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY,

BY  
GEO. H. WATKINS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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## Poetry.

### Mother's Way!

On within my little cottage,  
As the shadows gently fall,  
While the sunlight touches softly  
One sweet face upon the wall,  
Do we gather close together,  
And in hushed and tender tone,  
Ask each other's full forgiveness  
For the wrong that each has done.  
Should you wonder why this custom  
At the evening of the day,  
Eye and voice would quickly answer:  
"It was once our mother's way!"  
If our home be bright and cheery,  
If it holds a welcome true,  
Opening wide its door of greeting  
To the many—not the few;  
If we share our father's bounty  
With the needy, day by day,  
'Tis because our hearts remember  
This was ever mother's way.  
Sometimes when our hearts grow weary,  
Or our task seems very long,  
When our burdens look too heavy,  
And we deem the right all wrong,  
Then we gain a new, fresh courage,  
As we rise to proudly say,  
"Let us do our mother's way!"  
This was ever mother's way!  
Thus we keep her memory precious,  
While we never cease to pray,  
That at last, when lengthening shadows  
Mark the evening of life's day,  
They may find us waiting calmly  
To go home—OUR MOTHER'S WAY!

## Selected Story.

### DOHERTY.

The Story of a Woman Who Never Had a Chance.

If you would see the inside of a station, you'd ought to have been here last night. It isn't often, ma'am, there is a sight that would be suitable for you. I do not think there's been half a dozen this winter that I'd want you round if you was my daughter or my sister—begging your pardon, ma'am, as the best way I can put it to you to express my meaning and the feeling a man has about such things.

Ever see our books? No! Just you look here, if you please. Just count those pages. Will you? From there to there. We took in all those in December. In the month of December, 1876, we had in this one station two thousand and two hundred and fifty-two men and women. Of course there's the usual share of arrests. There's Mahoney and Jones and Sullivan, and Pete Cartwright and Julia Henderson right under my finger, all arrests. All drunk. But most of them are vagrancies in the winter time. You see it was pretty cold last December, especially nights. And then we are careful about our officers. Don't allow kicking, and no more swearing at 'em than circumstances require. These creatures get such things round among themselves. They have a fancy for this station, may be. I don't know how that is. We mean to be humane on this corps. That's our theory. Some of our officers have a very gentlemanly way. Not that we think it makes much difference, I tell you, madam (you may better understand it at the outset), I don't know what your intentions are, of course—but ladies come with so many charitable and curious designs which it seems a pity to disappoint; but I tell you the folks that get into these places are a hopeless lot. They're folks without a chance. Most of us have a chance, I reckon, in this world, some a chance or nuther; even them poor devils. But by the time they get here their chance is as dead as John Brown's body. Now, there's never an exception. I don't say there's a creature last night. Maybe if somebody'd taken her in hand several years ago—if a lady with the way you seem to have—I hope you'll excuse me, ma'am, but there is a difference in a lady's way, such as I think you'd have to be a man, and do a pretty tough man's work, like mine, for instance, to understand so clearly as you might. I wished last night, I will confess, that there'd been a lady here. It did occur to me to go home for my wife. But I never bring my wife into the station house.

Here's the entry—the last one, I mean. See! "D—Doherty, Ellen, February 23, 1877. Vagrancy." When I get time I'm going to count up how often that woman's name has been on these books. It would take a good deal of time. It's some years.

I remember very well the first time she came. Don't know how I happen to. There is such a lot of young girls, and pretty ones, too. This one was more than commonly good looking—an Irish girl. She had a dark style and was paler than most of 'em. I think it must have been five years ago. It was the first time she'd ever been arrested. She took on dreadfully about it. She had not begun to drink then, and what she was taken up for had never happened before. It was the first time, she said. Someways, I remember, I believed her. Seemed as if she'd break her heart—Haden's folks, she said. Het'n were dead. She cooped up in a little heap in the corner on the floor that night, and sat crying all the night. It wasn't till morning that the other women could get a word out of her. If I remember straight we had an uncommonly rough lot of womenfolk on that night. I wouldn't have put her in among 'em, but there was no other way. I never get quite used to that—shutting up a young thing with an old one.

Well, so she was sent to the house for thirty days; and by and by she was back again. She came of her own accord that time. Said she couldn't get anything to do. Seems to me she said she wanted honest work. They do say it once in a while. And it was a pretty cold night. She came for a place to sleep. So after that we got pretty well used to her; but mostly after she began to drink and alter like the rest. It don't take long. Their own mothers wouldn't know 'em mostly in three years or so; less, maybe, as it happens.

Well, yes. Our rule is: come a fortnight and you go. When one comes steady for two weeks every night then it is a case of vagrancy, and we can send 'em to the almshouse. But Doherty, she was pretty careful. She grew smart as she grew worse. If she got taken up, it wasn't for a long time. And when she came to lodge, she steered pretty clear of the law—coming for a few nights, you see, and then it again on her own ways. They're more afraid of the almshouse than they are of hell, these folks.

So she got to be a pretty old customer—always come to this station. I don't know but that was my fault. Once I gave her a pair of my wife's shoes. It was one January morning, twelve below zero. She had no stockings, only a pair of old rubbers, and her bare feet came through on to the pavement, and it was pretty icy. I suppose I might have lost my place for it. Eh! Cap'n? But I don't think Doherty ever told of me.

No. 31. D—Doherty Ellen. Vagrancy. Sick." For we saw at once that she was pretty sick. She'd been beating about in the storm. The snow was all over her. I noticed that she had on a clean calico dress. She stood just where you're standing, ma'am, while I made the entry. It took the snow some time to melt, for it had sleeted some. She looked almost as if she was in a white dress, she was so covered. She had her hair done up neat, too.

I thought I'd go and see her in the cell myself. So I went down. She walked very slow, and seemed weak.

"Tired, Doherty?" said I.

"Lieutenant," she said, "folks used to call me Nell. Nobody called me Doherty till I began to come to the police station. I don't think anybody called me that till I'd been into the house," says she.

Then I said, for I thought I'd pacify her, if I could, "are you sick to-night, Nell?"

"Oh, my God!" says she—just like that. Then she threw up her arms over her head and began to sob and take on. But she didn't swear. She took too sick, I take it. So we put her in with the rest, and she got into the corner and sat crying.

It was not till toward midnight that she began. They didn't get well in and quieted before that. But every now and then the men would call: "Sing us to sleep, Doherty! Sing us to sleep!"

The storm set in hard toward midnight. I beats heavily here upon the office windows as you see, ma'am; and we get a pretty clean sweep of the wind on account of the street running to the wharves. I sent down once to ask how Doherty seemed; but the officer reported that she was quiet, and he wished the rest were. They're all in, men, women, he said, in concert, a crying out: "Sing us to sleep, Doherty!"

Pretty soon she began. I could hear her plain above the roaring of the storm. She began—Doherty began—that poor miserable creature—she that had once been a woman like other women folks—excuse me, ma'am; but she'd been on our books a good many years. And I've heard her sing such things! I never liked to be taken by surprise, as Doherty took me. You're not surprised very easy in such a place as this at anything your fellow sinners do.

But about midnight, when the storm was at its thick and the cells were growing still, Doherty, she sat up and began to sing a hymn. She sang:

"Shall we gather at the River?"

My boys sing that at Sunday School, and my wife, she strikes it up the first thing on the cabinet organ every Sunday night. Doherty sang it all through:

"At the margin of the river

Washing up my silver spray,

We shall walk and worship ever.

All the happy golden day."

Those are the words. I thought perhaps you wouldn't know them. Folks sing them a great deal in the Baptist church, or "Home, Sweet Home," and once that woman picked up a song called the "Three Fishers." Maybe you know it. You could hear her all over this great building:

"For men must work and women must weep.

And women must weep."

"Don't you ever sing any hymns, Doherty?" I says to her one night—more to see what she would say, you know. But she looked at me and made no answer, and passed on. Doherty never lost her ways, like other women, when she was her self. Sometimes she was quite manly and gentle in her ways. That night she didn't sing at all. The men kept it up, off and on, all night. "Is Doherty in to-night?" "Haden's Doherty come?" "Sing us to sleep, Doherty!" "Sing us to sleep!"

But she wouldn't open her lips; and when morning came—it was a snowy morning—and I let her out; she tugged a little, this way, on my sleeve, as she went out, and said: "Good by, lieutenant," like a lady. She didn't show herself again for a long while after that.

This winter she's come pretty often in December she come high her fortnight's term; but she cleared out just in time. Then again this month. It's been a pretty cold winter, and the woman seemed sickly. I tell you for her. She'd grown unpleasant looking, and she coughed. I don't think she had any place of her own this season, anywhere. We couldn't find out. The Cap'n and I felt a lot of interest, you see, she'd been on our books so long. It was only natural. But I do assure you, ma'am, there is nothing to be done for such a case. Nothing whatever. I wouldn't look like that, if I were you. You can't help it. Him that permits 'em He strikes 'em off our books, now and then, into His, madam; and best for Him and them and us, I take it, when it happens.

Now, last night, the 23d of February, that woman, she'd just made out her fourteenth night consecutive; and I had it planned to send her to Tewksbury today. She'd be warm in the poor-house, at least, and sure of her rations. Cap'n and I both felt glad of it when we saw her stagger in. He said: "We've got her this time." And I said: "Here again Doherty?"

I went up to speak to her, for I felt a little sorry, too, knowing it was the last time. For you couldn't understand how familiar their faces grow, nor the kind of feeling that an officer gets about them, now and then.

There is the entry just as I put it down after so many times.

"No. 31 (she came in rather early)—

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There is the entry just as I put it down after so many times.

"No. 31 (she came in rather early)—

Pretty soon I came away up stairs—for she unmanned me so, before the men; and I set down here and held it out alone. But while I was setting here I heard a hull, and one of the Irish boys called out: "Give us one more, Doherty! Then you can take your sleep yourself!"

And then, ma'am, she began, quite low and in a faint voice, and very sweet she sang:

"Jesus lover of my soul!"

She sang in this way; singing louder now and then—

"Let me to thy bosom fly.

While the tempest near me roll,

While the lowest still is high.

Hide me O, my Savior, hide!"

And in the midst of the verse she stopped. The men called to her, and the women; and the Cap'n said:

"Give us the rest, Nell!"

I was rather glad he called Nell just then; for when we got in, wondering what it all meant, and hushing up the women, ma'am, as best we could, we found her lying against the wall, quite dead.—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

### Anecdotes of Ben Wade.

In the current number of *The Spirit of the Times*, Gen. James G. Brislin tells some anecdotes concerning Senator Wade.

Soon after taking his seat Wade witnessed one of those scenes so common in the Senate in those days. A Southern fire-eater made an attack on a Northern Senator, and Wade was amazed and disgusted at the cringing, cowardly way in which the Northern man bore the taunts and insults of the hot-headed Southerner.

No allusion was made to himself or State, Mr. Wade sat still, but when the Senate adjourned, he said openly, if ever a Southern Senator made such an attack as that on him or his State, while he sat on that floor, he would brand him as a liar.

This coming to the ears of the Southern men, a Senator took occasion to pointedly speak, a few days afterward, of Ohio and her people as negro-thieves. Instantly Mr. Wade sprang to his feet and pronounced the Senator a liar. The Southern Senators were thunder-struck, and gathered around their champion, while the Northern men grouped about Wade. A feeler was put out by the Southern side, looking to a retraction, but Mr. Wade retorted in his peculiar style, and demanded an apology for the insult offered himself and the people he represented. The matter thus closed, a fight was looked upon as certain.

The next day a gentleman called upon the Senator from Ohio, and asked the usual question touching his knowledge of the code.

"I am here," he responded, "in a double capacity. I represent the State of Ohio, and I represent Ben Wade. As a Senator, I am opposed to dueling; as Ben Wade, I recognize the code."

"My friend feels aggrieved," said the gentleman, "at what you said in the Senate yesterday, and will ask for an apology or satisfaction."

"I was somewhat embarrassed," continued Senator Wade, "by my position yesterday, as I have some respect for the Chamber. I now take this opportunity of saying what I then thought, and you, if you please, may repeat it. Your friend is a foul-mouthed old blackguard!"

"Certainly, Senator Wade, you do not wish me to convey such a message as that?"

"Most undoubtedly I do, and will tell you, for your own benefit, this friend of yours will never notice it. I will not be asked either for retraction, explanation, or a fight."

Next morning Mr. Wade came into the Senate, and, proceeding to his seat, deliberately drew from his coat two large pistols, and, unlocking his desk, laid them inside. The Southern men looked on in silence, while the Northern members enjoyed, to the fullest extent, the fire-eaters' surprise at the proceeding of the plucky Ohio Senator. No further notice was taken of the affair of the day before.

Wade was not challenged, but ever after was treated with the utmost politeness and consideration by the Senator who had so insultingly attacked him.



News Paper Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the office—whether directed to his name or otherwise, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.  
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.  
3. The Courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of fraud.

Public Credit.

In the last issue of *Harper's Weekly*, Thomas Nast has a double page cartoon of more than usual excellence. The scene represents Bro. Jonathan tipped back in a chair while above him is a picture of George the Third and George Washington. King George is a fat and jolly knight, and he nudges Washington familiarly with his left elbow, evidently being highly elated at something. Washington, tall and graceful in figure, looks toward Jonathan with an expression so mournful and pathetic, that one's emotional nature is moved by a single glance at the cartoon. About the frame of this picture are the following extracts from Washington's farewell address:

"But by vigorous exertions in time of peace to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burden which we ourselves ought to bear."

"As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit."

"We ought to place the public credit on grounds which cannot be disturbed and to prevent that progressive accumulation of debt which must ultimately endanger all governments."

"The public credit is a matter of high importance to the national honor and prosperity."

The lesson which Mr. Nast wishes to impart is obvious. All who have taken an interest in the welfare of this nation, mourn any action calculated to bring its financial credit into disrepute, and all who have predicted the early dissolution of our institutions rejoice with those who grieve.

Nations are simply huge men. Republics claim peculiar and intimate connection between each individual and the united whole. What would injure the individual as he stands alone, will injure him and all with whom he is connected if pursued by the Republic. We are apt to forget this unity, in discussing governmental affairs, and particularly when upon the subject of finance.

Let us impersonate the government in Mr. Shylock, and see how it may act and conduct its affairs. Shylock has gone into a general commission business. He buys grain and clothing, horses and wagons; he hires men to transport his goods, and employs steamboats and rail cars for the same purpose; his dealings extend, through many and intricate channels, over the whole country and into foreign territory. In order to conduct this large business he gives notes, issues I. O. U's, and in cases of great necessity, sells bonds, secured only by his credit, but bearing a rate of interest commensurate with the risk. After some years, his thrift has placed him above these expedients, his notes fall due, and he wishes to curtail his interest account. This interest bill frets and harrasses him, though he can easily meet it, from his present income. If he is an honest man, he goes about to pay his notes; he asks the holders of his bonds to accept new obligations bearing a lesser rate of interest, or accept their value in cash. This course secures for him the confidence of all, and when he is again in trouble he will find lenders in abundance. If, on the other hand, he begins to whine and cry about his interest bills, plead poverty, and offer his creditors eighty or fifty cents upon a dollar, he has lost all claim to respect or confidence. He has failed to meet his obligations, and must not expect help when he is again about to sink. He has exhibited a dishonest nature which can never be trusted.

The nation must govern itself exactly as this man must, if it will be respected and prosperous. It may afford a temporary relief for us to pay our obligations in base metal or base paper, but the day of reckoning will surely come when we shall be branded as thieves and dishonest men; and should we be so unfortunate as to need assistance again, no aid will be extended to us. We shall not respect ourselves, and hence can by no means make other nations stand in awe of us. We shall be outcasts and the offspring of the earth if we fail to meet to the letter the demands of those who aided us in our extremity.

**Southern Claims.**—The New York Tribune publishes an extract from Hon. Eugene Hale's late speech concerning Southern claims, and amounts asked for to "improve" the Southern States. Before the holiday recess, bills were introduced into the Senate appropriating \$4,247,108; and in the House, various sums in detail, amounting to \$22,993,632, with other bills estimated to amount to \$120,000,000, making in all about \$150,000,000, asked for before the recess. No opportunity has been passed since that time to introduce bills of a similar character, and there is no estimating where it will end. Auditing Southern claims is one of the most dangerous acts which we may expect from a Democratic Congress.

—The Portland Press evidently wants to fight. It is publishing such items as these:

What an idea to name a volcano for a ship, the imperishable for the perishable, a work of nature for a work of art! Think too of the confusion in geographical nomenclature! Four men of our age are permitted to cruise about and give their names to every new spot they find. The world will become like Oxford County.

They arrested a man in Norway the other day because he inquired the way to Bethel. They thought he must be the Dexter bank robber. The man in the moon would have a hard time if he should drop down in Oxford County and inquire the way to Norway. Instead of taking the man to Norway, he should be taken to the penitentiary and locked up for a burglar.

Well, our sleeves are up. One more and we'll pitch in.

The "Contraction" Question.

We have repeatedly said that it was immaterial from the stand-point of those who want the greenback as good as gold, whether or not there was "a contraction of the whole volume of currency" between 1865 and 1873; for the reason that it is not the volume of money, but the value of each dollar that affects prices. We have to day fifty per cent., more currency than we had before the war, and yet prices now are on the average about the same as then. But as our greenback friends have insisted that "hard times" were caused by a forced contraction of the currency between 1865 and 1873 to the extent of twelve hundred million dollars, we have been endeavoring to show them from the official reports that they are mistaken. Some of them, who pay no attention to facts, it is of course useless to attempt to set right. But the Belfast Age, although thoroughly devoted to greenback ideas, is too respectable a paper to shut its eyes to official facts; and notwithstanding it still claims there was "contraction," yet it has the fairness to publish the following from Secretary McCulloch's Report to Congress in December, 1865:

"Without including seven and three-tenths notes, many of the small denominations of which were in circulation as money, and all of which tend in some measure to swell the inflation, the paper money of the country amounted, on the 31st of October, 1865, to the sum of \$734,218,038.20."

The Age accepts Secretary McCulloch as final authority on the question of the currency, so far he goes, although it says that his estimate of the amount of compound interest notes in use as currency is only a guess. In alluding to a further issue of national bank notes after October 1st, 1865, as increasing the currency, the Age forgets that for the most part these were simply substituted for state bank notes.

The Age goes on to say that Secretary McCulloch's statement that there was \$734,218,038 of paper money October 31, 1865, excludes the seven-thirty notes; and that there were \$200,000,000 of these issued under the act of June 30th, 1864, and \$820,000,000 under the act of March 3d, 1865—"both (according to the Age) legal tenders, and in circulation as money in October, 1865."

This narrows the question of the amount of paper money in Oct., 1865, to the seven-thirties. The most serious mistake of the Age, (as it will see on turning to the U. S. laws) is that it assumes the act of March 3d, 1865, under which \$820,000,000 seven-thirties were issued, made them legal tenders, as the act of June 30th, 1864, did the two hundred million issue. This was not so. The last issue were never possible currency, any more than 5-20's were.

That sets aside all the 7.30's except the first issue of two hundred millions which were a legal tender by law. A portion of these were paid out and circulated as currency for a time; but the most of them were sold as investments. Bearing interest, it was inevitable and was intended, as soon as the first six months' interest accumulated, all excepting some of the smaller denominations would be laid aside as investments. The Comptroller of the Currency in his report to Congress, in December, 1865, estimated that five per cent. of them (\$10,000,000) still remained in circulation as money. Add these to the amount of all other paper money as given by Sec. McCulloch, and we have nearly \$745,000,000 as the amount of paper money Oct. 31st, 1865.

The Age correctly gives the amount of paper money in 1873, when "hard times" struck the country, as \$739,151,239; and Jan. 1st, 1874, as \$777,874,367. These official figures show that the "contraction" charges of our greenback friends have no foundation except in imagination; and that when the Secretaries of the Treasury speak of the contraction of the currency, they refer to U. S. notes, and not to the whole volume of paper money, which includes national bank notes as well as greenbacks.—*Lewiston Journal*.

Secretary Sherman on Resumption.

With reference to Judge Kelley's recent speech on resumption, in which that gentleman said we had \$700,000,000 to redeem with only \$65,000,000 of gold to redeem it with, Secretary Sherman has written, Wilson J. Vance, Esq., editor of the Canton (Ohio) Daily Repository, the following letter:

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 8, 1878.

DEAR SIR: The extract which you quote from Judge Kelley's speech is but a part of the diatribes which such men as Kelley have used to excite the popular mind and create a war between capital and labor. The amount of United States notes to be redeemed is less than \$350,000,000, of which \$50,000,000 are constantly in the Treasury in some form. The \$300,000,000 available are now nearly \$300,000,000 with some months further to accumulate. The silver bill in one respect makes resumption easier by broadening the basis of coin redemption. What is driving the people to pauperism, etc., is the insane warfare upon capital, which destroys confidence and prevents the prudent men from embarking in new enterprises. Could any one expect sensible people having property or money to embark in the hazards of trade in the face of such appeals as are now quite common, and of which this is a specimen? At this moment our country is more prosperous than any in the world, though many are idle and out of employment. What is needed is confidence in the stability of values, and this can only be secured by a resumption of payment in coin. Very truly yours,

JOHN SHERMAN.

—The greenback vote was less in Lewiston at the election Monday the 4th than it was last September, while the republican and democratic votes were both largely increased. In Auburn the democrats abandoned their candidate for Mayor and voted for the greenback candidate. In Skowhegan the greenbacks showed weakness. The greenback fever has taken in some new places, but is dying out where it first appeared.—*Kennebec Journal*.

Gen. Howard's Vindication.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Advertiser telegraphed the following on Monday: One of the cases in which General O. O. Howard is defendant came to a sudden termination to-day, by the acquittal of the general. It was a suit of the United States to recover a sum of \$130,000 of money belonging to the national bounty fund, which was given to the freedmen's bureau to distribute to colored soldiers. Counsel claimed that the United States having no interest, was not properly a party to this suit. The money belongs to the soldiers, who should institute the suit if they were aggrieved. Judge Wiley sustained the point, and went on to say that there was no evidence that General Howard had the money, or was legally responsible for it. He, as the chief of the freedmen's bureau, had appointed General Balloch to receive and disburse it; but General Balloch although a subordinate officer, did not have the relation to General Howard of an agent to a principal and the counsel quoted the law making the distinction. General Howard was then put on the stand, and testified that he never had the money, but appointed Balloch to receive and disburse it, directing him to invest it in United States bonds. Balloch testified to the same effect and said he did invest it in bonds, of which he afterwards sold a large amount, using the money in a land speculation of which Howard had no knowledge. The jury, under instruction of the court, returned a verdict of not guilty, without leaving their seats. Other similar cases were ready for trial, but the judge suggested to counsel to postpone them until to-morrow, as it was probable that under the circumstances the government would direct a nol. pros. to be entered. General Howard is in a happy frame of mind, and called at the White House this evening.

—One prediction of the opponents of the ninety-cent dollar has already come to pass. The conversion of the six per cent. bonds into four per cents has been stopped, entailing a loss per annum on the country of about \$17,000,000. In other words, we have lost our position in the money markets as a first-class power. We have descended from the ranks of a four per cent. borrower to that of a six or seven per cent. borrower. That is to say, we have descended from the first-class financial powers of Great Britain, Germany, France, and Holland to that of composed of Spain, Italy, Greece, Austria, Turkey and the South American states. We believe that the other predictions will follow in due course, because it can be and has been demonstrated that no legislation, or popular agitation, or newspaper acquiescence, will ever make any commodity pass very long for more than its worth or secure low interest on bad security, or maintain the credit of a poor pay. Congress might as well try to control the weather as to control the operation of these things.

The debate in the House, Friday, on the bill to pay certain mail contractors in the Southern States for services rendered before the war, developed some interesting facts. Conger had previously opposed the bill, declaring that these contractors turned over all the money and property of the government in their possession to the Confederate States. Representative Reagan of Texas, formerly Postmaster General of the Confederacy, denied the statements with warmth, asserting that these men were instructed by the Confederate government to account to the United States for all money and property in their possession up to a certain date. On Friday, Conger again took the floor and called upon Mr. Willis who produced from the Confederate archives in the possession of the government, the reports of Postmaster General Reagan, from which he read passage after passage showing that Reagan, as Postmaster General of the Confederacy, had instructed and caused to be done just what Conger asserted was done and what Reagan asserted was not done. The evidence was overwhelming. Reagan himself was utterly confounded, while the whole democratic side of the House was struck with amazement, confusion and indignation. Reagan attempted to speak, but there was nothing he could say except to protest that he had not deliberately attempted to deceive the House, but that his memory had betrayed him. A very bad or a very accommodating memory Mr. Reagan evidently possesses.

—Fifty-two thousand dollars were voted from the Treasury the other day, by the democratic House, to pay clerks attached to the swarms of investigating committees that have been let loose from that branch. The Philadelphia Times, which is one of the good independent papers, remarks in reference to this plunge into the Treasury: "Investigation is very well in its way, but there is such a thing as paying too dearly for it." "In a few days, no doubt, there will be another haul of the same kind on some new pretense of important investigations that may never be heard of again. Some time a long-suffering people will arise and call for an investigation of the investigators."

—Mayor Butler of Portland was inaugurated and delivered his address Monday. He states the gross city debt to be \$5,511,400; deducting sinking fund and other assets equal to cash \$1,553,296, and net debt is \$4,958,103. Over half a million of the gross debt has been paid and retired during the past year. Seventy thousand dollars have been saved from current expenses and applied to the reduction of the debt. The coming year \$110,800 falls due, which will probably be paid without issuing new bonds. He reports the death rate eighteen and one-half in a thousand, being a gain from previous average. Losses by fire have been only \$16,832; insured \$10,112.

—Congressman Frye evidently thinks President Hayes's civil service ideas are rather too visionary for practical politicians. Monday, Hewitt of New York was severely criticizing President Hayes's civil service policy, when Mr. Frye arose with a serious air, and convulsed the House with laughter, by asking that he and other "friends" of that policy be allowed time to reply to these assaults. The House saw the point, and evidently generally enjoyed the joke at President Hayes's expense.—*Lewiston Journal*.

—Gen. B.B. Murray has been confirmed as Marshal of Maine.

—Mr. Hale held up the mirror to the Democratic majority in the House, yesterday, and then left them to ask themselves how much their claims of economy amounted to. He showed, on one side, the cheerless retrenchment which saves a few millions out of the expenses of the Government one year, to be largely made up by deficiencies the next, and, on the other, the prodigal liberality which proposes to empty the National Treasury into the infinite maw of the South. Mr. Hale told the whole story of Democratic economy in a single sentence. It consists in "reducing clerks," "cramping consuls," "turning out ministers," but when Southern claims come up before these members, "it is as inevitable as that water runs down hill, that they will vote for them, and will advocate them, and if they do not, they will not dare to go home and face their constituents." Mr. Hale's suggestion seems to have absorbed the Democratic mind of the House. For, unless Mr. Whitthorne is a representative Democrat, and unless Mr. Cox's antics are supposed to be manifestations of a human intellect, no reply was made to Mr. Hale, and the Democratic majority seemed to have walked away from the glass.

—A correspondent writes, to complain that we are "in favor of paying the U. S. bonds in coin, when all bonds issued during the war were made payable only in greenbacks." We suppose it is almost impossible to dispel the dense prejudice, not to say ignorance which prevails on this subject. We have repeatedly showed that the United States had no issues of bonds even in 1869 payable in greenbacks; and even if there were doubts on the subject that the tender of greenbacks for one of its bonds, would not be payment, but the substitution of a non-interest bearing promise for one bearing interest. There are five kinds of bonds issued during the war, now outstanding. The first issue was in 1861, before there were any greenbacks, and no one would for a moment claim that it is payable in paper. The 6 per cent., issue of March, 1863; the 5 per cent., of March, 1864; and the 6 per cent., of the same year were all expressly payable principal and interest in coin. The last issue of the war—that of March, 1865—was payable in coin. So there is no to-day a single outstanding United States bond that is not expressly payable, principal and interest, in coin—except those issued before the government issued any greenbacks.—*Lewiston Journal*.

Masonic.

A Masonic Temple is the home of the Mason craft wherever dispersed—where masonic bodies steadily meet. Before the erection of Temples the celestial bodies were worshipped on high hills and the terrestrial ones in deep valleys.

Improvement, ever advancing down the stream of time, find the craft in upper chambers, secluded from the profane eye, and then halls were used and step by step has the craft risen from the rough to the perfect ashler, and now behold the stately temple decorated with the never to be forgotten emblems pertaining to the order. The grandest temple in the world is the one in the city of Philadelphia. It was finished Sept. 26, 1873. Situated corner of Broad and Filbert Streets, and is 150 ft. front and 250 ft. deep, having a tower 250 ft. high—or 20 feet higher than the Bunker Hill monument. This temple occupies a whole block, and is surrounded by streets, and although it is five years old yet it continues to be the Mecca of the mason and one of the sights in the cradle of masonry. New York has its temple also, and which cost near fifteen hundred thousand dollars—a monument of wisdom, strength and beauty.

The charities of the craft are supposed to exhibit the same advancing proportions—where brother meets brother and hands clasp each other, and hearts intermingle, so we profess to exemplify the brotherhood of men and the fatherhood of God.

In my next I will try to tell you something of masonic Relief Associations and their workings.

J. G. R.

—The twentieth annual session of the Grand Lodge of the Good Templars of Maine will be held at Saco, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 16 and 17. The Order is in a flourishing condition, 60 Lodges having been organized during the past five months and over 2,000 members added. There are now some 235 Lodges in the State with a membership of over 17,000. Ex-Gov. Penhag, of Paris, is the head of the Order, and Geo. E. Brackett, of Belfast, Secretary. Reduced rates to members of the Order attending the session, over railroads and steamers east of Portland.

—The Contributors' Club in the Atlantic Monthly grows constantly in popularity. This month some interesting Shakespearean facts, discovered by the labors of the Historical Manuscript Commission in England, are given in detail; something is said as to the vexed question of the authorship of Saxo Holm's stories; "Helen's Babies" is severely criticised; Moody's use of Saxon English is defended; the "Poster of the Future" is foreshadowed, and the dramatic capabilities of the phonograph are amusingly argued.

—The publishers of the *Lewiston Gazette* have been indicted by our Grand Jury for libel. They published a communication from Newry, reflecting upon the honesty of a young man named Bradbury. It will be difficult to prove malice on the part of the publishers who, like most of us, give currency to such reports to expose frauds. It was charged in the article that Bradbury received money as subscriptions to the Chronicle, and made no account thereof to Chase & Co. Bradbury denies the allegation.

—Mr. Blaine and Mr. Hewitt are mentioned as among the most persistent and successful dinner-givers in Washington. Mr. Hewitt is said to have a wondrous cook, and his invitations are never declined willingly. Gen. Butler, too, is an accomplished host, and Senator Bayard has delightful and harmonious dinner parties. The list of Congressional dinner-givers is a long one.

Supreme Judicial Court, March Term, 1878.

LIBBY, J. presiding.  
J. S. WRIGHT, Clerk.  
MISS ANBY PULSFER, Stenographer.

OFFICIALS IN ATTENDANCE.  
J. W. WHITTEN, Sheriff.  
W. O. DOUGLASS, Deputy.  
JONATHAN BLAKE, "  
J. H. REDLON, "  
L. D. STACY, with Grand Jury.  
W. A. BARROWS, Messenger.

Court convened on Tuesday, at 10 a. m. Rev. Dr. Estes of Paris, offered prayer. The office of Court Crier having been abolished, Sheriff Whitten and J. S. Wright, Esq., Clerk, performed the duties which appertain to that office.

Tuesday forenoon was occupied in reading the docket and organizing the court.

The traverse juries were empaneled as follows:

1st PANEL.

Sumner, Hiram S. Coburn, Foreman.  
Perrin, H. W. Baber.  
Belcher, Hiram H. Bean.  
Paris, John Bicknell, Jr.  
Woodstock, Albion P. Bowker.  
Gilead, B. S. Burbank.  
Greenwood, A. K. P. Cole.  
Norway, F. A. Danforth.  
Mexico, Benjamin Edmunds.  
Hiram, Joseph M. Edgcomb.  
Bethel, Nathan W. Edgcomb.  
Canton, A. G. Staples.

2d PANEL.

Dixfield, John J. Holman, Jr., Foreman.  
Fryeburg, Caleb Frye.  
Waterford, James K. Hall.  
Buckfield, Enoch D. Heald.  
Hebron, Henry C. Howard.  
Hartford, Horace A. Irish.  
Byron, Samuel Knapp.  
Norway, S. I. Millet.  
Paris, S. K. Parsons.  
Buckfield, Moses B. Thomas.  
Porter, Geo. W. Towle.  
Albany, Lewis E. Wheeler.

Ramford, J. K. Martin, Supernumerary.  
Andover, Horace D. Purinton, excused.  
Oxford, Thomas Baker, excused.

Case No. 148, Daniel Stone vs. Inhabitants of Oxford, was put on trial Tuesday afternoon, and a verdict was received at midnight, Thursday.

This was a case to recover for damages sustained upon a highway within the limits of defendant town. Plaintiff says that on the 16th of March, 1876, he was upon the Greeley bridge, so called, with a horse of about 1200 weight, drawing a pair of traverse sleds, containing one-quarter cord oak bolts.

As he passed off the Oxford end of said bridge, his sled struck an elevation in the road, and the shock of striking threw his horse down into a large washout. Stone cut his harness to help the horse up. In his struggles to rise, the horse struck Stone, throwing him against a railing, and man and horse went over an embankment, some five feet in height. On account of injuries then received, plaintiff has been unable to labor for two years and claims to be permanently disabled. Defendants deny that they are liable for damages, and introduce testimony to disprove Stone's statement. One party testified to witnessing the struggle between Stone and his horse, and declares the horse did not disappear out of sight, and could not have gone over the embankment. Much testimony was introduced concerning condition of the road, and in regard to the appearance of the surroundings immediately after the accident. The case was well conducted, upon both sides. Mr. Huelshuisen opened and closed the case for plaintiff. Geo. Hazen, Esq., of Oxford, opened for defense, and Hon. E. Foster Jr. of Bethel, closed. Each occupied an hour in closing. Judge Libby then delivered his first charge to an Oxford jury. His charge was exceedingly clear and unbiased, and set before the jury the simple rules of law by which they were to be governed in deciding this somewhat complicated case. The jury received the case at 4:30 p. m. At 9, they came in for further instructions, and about midnight sealed a verdict for the town.

Hutchinson, Savage & Hale.

Hazen, Foster.

Friday there was nothing ready for trial. Several assignments had been made for the day, but the cases were settled before they had been taken from the docket.

The Grand Jury came in Friday afternoon, and reported three indictments, as follows:

State vs. Benjamin Lord, Adultery.

State vs. Inhabitants of Byron, defective highway.

State vs. Wm. H. Waldron, Thomas E. Calvert and Charles W. Waldron, Libel.

This is an unusually small number of indictments. The falling off of liquor indictments is worthy of notice. Since the inauguration of the Reform movement, they have been growing less and less, until this term, when none are found.

Saturday, No. 153, Simon G. Billings vs. George B. Yeaton et al. was tried. The jury went out on the case at night, sealed up their verdict and had not reported at our last adjournment.

Upton. Bearce & Burnham.

Black & Holt. Foster.

Monday morning, No. 183, Eugene Fletcher vs. John Heald was taken up, and is now on trial.

Wright. Davis.

THE NEW DOLLAR.

The new silver dollar of 412 1-2 grains which has been accepted by Secretary Sherman, is thus described:

The obverse of the coin bears a full out head of Liberty, crowned with a Phrygian cap decorated with wheat and cotton, the staples of the country; the legend "E Pluribus Unum," thirteen stars, and date of coinage. On the reverse surrounded by a wreath of olive, is an eagle, with outspread wings, bearing in its talons, a branch of olive and a bundle of arrows. The inscriptions on this side are, "United States of America" and "One Dollar;" also the motto "In God We Trust." It will be very hard to believe, however, that the Almighty will trust any one who tries to make people believe that 90 cents equal 100.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 13, 1878.

Mr. Editor:—In the stillness of this lovely spring evening, I will try and gather up a few fragments of passing events for the benefit of the readers of the Democrat.

The weather has been remarkably pleasant for the past few months. Crocuses were in blossom in the yards and gardens before February had passed. March came in warm and pleasant, and has continued so up to the present time. The thermometer, on several occasions, has been 75 degrees above, in the shade.

The President's veto of the Silver Bill was much commented on for several days, and was the occasion of displaying an unexpected feeling that astonished most people. Andy Johnson never received so unkind a thrust during the stormy days of his Presidency. The tenacity of Sunset Cox in insisting that the words uttered by him on the reading of the message in the House of Representatives, viz.: "That is a charge of fraud by a fraud," shall remain a part of the record, and the very general approval of the remark and of his course, by the democratic press and party demonstrates very clearly the effect that conciliation has upon them, and that they only lack the power or they would make the attempt to rid the country of the presence of President Hayes in the White House.

Congress still drags its slow and weary way along, accomplishing next to nothing. Very little has been done thus far, although it has been in session for five months. The silver bill and that giving to the soldiers in the war of 1812 who served fourteen days and their widows, full pensions is about all that has been accomplished. During the past week some very lively skirmishing took place in the House over a resolution allowing the employment of nine experts, to as many committees who are at present engaged in investigation. This is simply making nine fat places for that number of friends of the chairmen of those committees without any regard to their fitness or qualifications for the duties to which they are to be assigned, and it is extremely doubtful if more than one or two of these investigations will ever be heard from by any report of their doings.

The appearance here of Francis Murphy awakened quite an interest in the temperance cause. The excitement increased during his stay until nothing like it has ever before been known here. He continued his labors four weeks and there was no abatement of interest up to the hour of his leaving. The meetings were held in the largest churches, and the people gathered in such numbers that it became necessary to organize other meetings; not unfrequently there were two or three overflow meetings being held at the same time. For four weeks past Capt. Cyrus Sturdivant, so well known in Maine by his labors in behalf of the wretched and fallen, has been in this city and has added very much towards keeping up an interest in the cause of temperance. The people of Maine residing here tendered him a complimentary entertainment, which was held in the Metropolitan M. E. Church. Hon. W. B. Snell, Judge of the Police Court of this District, presided. Speeches were made by several gentlemen who were natives of the State but citizens of other States, and by Hon. S. C. Lindsey, M. C. from the 3d Maine District, and a letter was read from Hon. W. P. Frye which did credit to his head and heart. It is a source of gratification to witness the position that Mr. Frye occupies in Congress on this great question. The temperance people of this District turn to him as a friend to the cause. If any petition is to be presented in the House, he is sure to be called upon and never disappoints them. One fact might be mentioned just here, i. e., the people here expect to find every man from Maine a staunch temperance man, and with very few exceptions their anticipations are realized.

Gen'l O. O. Howard has finally been released from all charges and suits brought against him, having been acquitted on the former, and in all suits but one verdicts have been rendered in his favor, and a nol. pros. was entered in that one yesterday. This causes rejoicing in the heart of every Christian who is so fortunate as to have his acquaintance. He has been the victim of misplaced confidence and the object of the unholly hatred of a set of wicked men who attempted to "steal the livery of Heaven to serve the Devil in."

PROTECTION OF GAME.

The Governor has appointed A. R. Jenness of Fryeburg, Game Warden for the County of Oxford. It will be seen by reference to No. 50 of the printed laws, that under the act of last winter the position is one of considerable importance. It will be incumbent upon the County Warden to appoint deputy wardens in towns, and look after the general execution of the law. No better appointment could have been made than that of Mr. Jenness. He is not only a great lover of the sport of taking game, but knows the habits of animals and fowls to be protected, fully appreciating the necessity of a rigid execution of the law. Those interested in the execution of our game laws in the different towns, will do well to secure the appointment of Deputy Wardens who will do their duty.

MEXICO.

Moderator, Albert S. Austin; Clerk, David O. Gleason; Selectmen, O. F. Trask, Geo. H. Gleason, Benj. W. Elliott; Treasurer, Oliver Howe; Deputies, J. D. Russell, Esq.; Constables, Clark B. Frost, Rep. Gilbert Howe, Esq., J. G. Roberts, Esq., C. P. Bartlett, Esq., J. C. Jones, Esq., Roberts, Esq.

ROXBURY.

Moderator, S. A. Reed; Clerk, J. L. Weeks; Selectmen, S. A. Reed, A. A. Jenne, H. F. McNamee, H. F. McNamee, Esq., J. L. Taylor, Collector and Constable, R. L. Taylor.

HANOVER.

Moderator, Galen H. Wood; Rep., Clerk, Clark B. Frost, Rep.; Selectmen, J. D. Russell, Rep., W. S. Howe, Rep., J. M. Brown, Esq.; Agent, J. D. Russell, Esq.; Treasurer, Oliver Howe; Deputies, J. D. Russell, Esq.; Constables, Clark B. Frost, Rep. Gilbert Howe, Esq., J. G. Roberts, Esq., C. P. Bartlett, Esq., J. C. Jones, Esq., Roberts, Esq.

THE GREATEST BLESSING.

A SIMPLE, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease, by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its promoters are being blessed by those who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it, see other columns.

—Splendid sap day, Sunday.

Editorial and Selected Items.

—The next convention of Maine Reform Clubs is to be held at Norway, June 1st.

—Sugar makers report an unusual run of sap during the last few days—also road makers.

—A heavy northeast storm of wind and snow, set in Sunday night, and greatly impeded travel.

—Somebody in Gilead wrote to the County Treasurer recently for a receipt, but forgot to sign his name.

—Paris Hill should begin to grow now. It looks like a "little shaver," all stuck over with barber poles, as it is.







All kinds of Job Printing done at this Office  
 grey stallion 16½ hands high, foaled in 18-  
 known to fail in a single instance even in  
 severe cases."  
 Wm. J. WHEELER, Agent.  
 South Paris, Me., Dec. 9, 1897.  
 January 29, 1897.  
 Paris, Feb. 14th 1896.  
 Daniel F. Bosty, Washington, D. C.