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## The Oxford Democrat

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BY  
GEO. H. WATKINS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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Jan 1, 77.

## Poetry.

### Of Flowers.

There were no roses till the first child died,  
No violets, nor bany-breathed heart's-ease,  
No hyacinths, nor lilies so true to love,  
The honey-bee's suckle, no gold-eyed  
And lowly dandelion, nor stretching wild,  
Clover and cowslip, like rival seas,  
Meeting and parting, as the young spring breeze  
Runs gaily round playing seek and hide,  
And all the world was flowerless while,  
Until a little life was laid in earth;  
Then from its grave grew violets for its eyes,  
And from its lips rose petals for its smile,  
And so all flowers from that child's death took birth.  
—Scribner.

### Luck and Ill-Luck.

By W. W. STACY.  
Luck's the gift of all creatures,  
Nor like in one place long to stay;  
She smoothes the hair back from your features,  
Kisses you quick—and runs away.  
Dane ill-luck's in no such hurry,  
Nor quick her close embrace she quits;  
She says she's in no kind of hurry,  
And sits upon your bed—and waits.  
—From the German of Heine.

### The Swallow.

Of all the birds that swim in air  
I'd rather be the swallow;  
And, summer days, when days were fair,  
I'd rather be the swallow.  
The hurrying clouds across the sky,  
And with the singing winds I'd fly,  
My eager wings would need no rest  
If I were but a swallow.  
I'd scale the highest mountain crest  
And sound the deepest hollow.  
No forest could my pathway hide;  
No ocean plain should be too wide.  
I'd find the source of the Nile,  
I'd see the Sandwich Islands,  
And Chimborazo's granite pile,  
And circle round the top of Nice,  
If I were but a swallow.  
I'd view the sunny delta of France,  
The vineyard merry with the dance,  
I'd see my shadow in the Rhine  
And swiftly like an arrow  
And catch the breath of eagle  
Along the banks of Yarrow;  
I'd roam the world and never tire,  
If I could have my heart's desire.  
—St. Nicholas.

## Selected Story.

### IN A STREET CAR.

Jim Mallory came swinging on a hair run round the corner to catch an up-town car. "A red car," his friend Saxon had told him; and there it went full speed out of sight just as he came in view of it. An eastward wind was blowing, as it generally is blowing in Boston, and Jim Mallory shivered, and sneezed, and drew up his coat collar, while he anatomized the Hub of the Universe and her east winds, as a Gothamite was bound to do. Presently, with the dust in his eyes and the well-known delightful regularity in that city, Jim got "turned round," as the country folk say, and for a few minutes couldn't tell for the life of him which was up-town and which was down-town. "Confounded place!" he began, when all at once it seemed as if all the cars in the city suddenly appeared. There they were, red cars and green cars and blue cars, bearing down upon him in swift confusion. He halted the first and shouted where he wanted to go. The driver shook his head and pointed backward in a most definite manner, and there were six cars behind him.

He halted the second, and went through the same humiliating experience. He halted the third, he halted the fourth, and all at once came his senses at the fifth, and discovered that they were every one going the wrong way, and himself all of the way on the wrong street. He breathed an exclamation more emphatic than polite, and dashed through to Tremont street just in time to catch the car he was after. Jim was a handsome fellow ordinarily, but you never would have suspected it now. To begin with he had a cold in his head; and for

A cold in the head  
What can be said  
Fatter, stouter, more ill-bred?

Being a blonde man, too, made it worse, as every blonde, be they man or woman, can testify; for flushed and swollen eyelids and excoriated nostrils show to most dismal disadvantage be a blonde's "hair of yellow or beard of gold." And then the thin tissues, the light skin, which evinces every disarrangement! Well, besides a cold in the head, Jim Mallory was covered with dust from his head to his feet. Then, because of the cold in his head, he had drawn his coat collar up around his ears, and because of a general uncomfortable condition, he had drawn his shoulders nearly up to his ears. And then something had happened to his hat. I don't know what it was. He didn't know what it was, or he wouldn't have sat there right in the face of those five girls, looking like such a guy, without trying to remedy it. It was something between a crush and a twist, which taken together with his general muffled appearance, gave him the aspect of a factor and seedy old fellow—old odds with himself and with the world.

This was a climax for a young man who led off the German in Avenue du Nord, and who was spoken of usually by all feminine Avenue du Nord as "so distingue."

And there sat those five girls without a suspicion of these facts in his history. Five girls, as pretty as girls need to be, laughing and chattering like—like—well like five girls. I don't think there is any comparison that will serve as well as that, after all. There they sat, laughing and chattering, perfectly needless of the forlorn and seedy old fellow doubled up in the opposite corner. Such things as he found out! For there was nobody else in the car but another forlorn and seedy old

tellow at the other end of the seat. And what he did these girls think would be given to their chatter by these forlorn old fellows?

"How do you get your hair into such a lovely fluff?" inquired a lovely brunette of a blonde.

"Why, I roll it up into curls, then just pass a coarse comb through it. But yours is lovely, too, I'm sure. How do you do yours?"

"Roll it on a heated slate pencil."

"Oh, but that hurts the hair so. I put mine into crimping pins," said another.

And still another: "Common hair pins I think are the best of all. But then one looks so like a lady in any pins."

And still another: "I braid mine and then press it."

Then the brunette gave a little giggle.

"O girls, I put my hair into pins once—those great crimping pins Lou uses. It was one morning when it rained, and I thought I was safe from visitors. I was going to the opera in the evening with Will Hess, and I wanted to look very nice, you know. Well, there I sat in the parlor practicing my last singing lesson, and never heard a bell nor a footstep until some one crossed the threshold. And who do you suppose it was?" And the little dark head buried itself in a little Persian muff to smother another giggle.

"We can't guess. Who was it?" burst out the other four voices in the greatest excitement.

Up came the head from its temporary hiding, the pretty face was all a blush, the dark eyes all a dazle with laughter, the frizzed hair a little the worse for the Persian muff.

"O girls! it was Will Hess with Langford—Langford just home from Paris, you know!"

"What did you do?" from the chorus of four.

"Oh, I didn't die, and I couldn't run away; for there they were right before me; so I made the best of it and laughed, for it was funny, and then I snatched up our George's Scotch cap from the table where he had hung it that morning and covered up my steel horns and my ugliness in a twinkling."

"Will! I declare!" muttered Jim Mallory, inside of his coat collar.

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looked up then, and she was gone. He looked down—and there in his palm was

"Why bless my soul, a car-ticket!" as Jim himself exclaims whenever he tells the story. And to follow Jim's words at this point, which will tell the story better than anybody else's words: "There had that little angel, under the guise of crimped hair and a lot of other nonsense, taken notes of my misfortunes, made her little plan of relief, which she carried out like the strategist she was, at the very climax of my desperation, and when the stir and confusion about us would cover every movement. Wasn't it splendid, though? How many girls would have done that for such a muff as I looked to be that day? For I tell you, Tom"—this was to Tom Saxon—"that I did look something awful. What with those cotton sticking to me, and the dust, and the cold in my head, and the smash in my hat, I was about as seedy a specimen as you ever saw." And Tom thought he might have been.

But out of one dilemma Jim Mallory had stepped fairly into another. As that "little angel in crimped hair and a lot of other nonsense" stepped out of the car, after the performance of her impulsive action—something entered Jim's brain; which he had no will nor wish to banish; but, as I say, it was out of one dilemma into another—"out of the frying pan into the fire." Tom Saxon would laugh, for all the clew he had was a name that hundreds of girls in Boston owned. And the way he got this was at the moment of her vanishing, when the astonished four cried out in chorus:

"What's Molly getting off here, for?"

In vain Tom had brought him face to face with some half dozen Mollys of his acquaintance. From each Jim Mallory had turned with a sigh of disappointment. Not one of them belonged to his angel in the crimped hair.

It was curious how often after this Jim found it necessary to visit Boston. There was always some "business for the firm," which made it absolutely incumbent upon him to see Saxon & Co. And when he was there he fell in the habit of sauntering down Tremont street about shopping hours. And from there to Washington street, and into Williams & Everett's, or Childs & Jones'. And not only there, but into trimming stores, and into jeweler's shops, into fancy goods stalls, into cars and omnibuses, and everywhere he caught the glimpse of a little figure with dark, crimped hair tucked under a morsel of lace and ribbon which ladies call a bonnet. He passed the winter in this hunt. It was worse than the search for script that lucky and unlucky day when he first met her, or as Tom Saxon jeeringly said, it was like that ancient search for a needle in a hay mow. Such a reputation he got, too, for the most impatient starer Boston ever saw.

"I think that New York friend of yours is 'horrid, Tom,' said not less than six girls that winter to Tom Saxon.

"Horrid! how?" asked Tom.

"Why he follows you about and stares so!"

Tom looked at them. Every one had dark hair, and every one had it crimped.

"He came into a car where I was, one day," said one of these girls, "and just took an inventory of my features; and then, after fidgeting about two or three minutes, he dashed out."

Tom gave such a laugh at this that the fair speaker looked at him in wonderment, and privately told an intimate friend of hers afterward that she had reason to think that Mr. Mallory was having a very bad influence upon Tom Saxon, for she had seen him when—well—when he seemed very unlike himself, to say the least.

If Tom could have heard this I think he would have laughed still more. As it was, his laugh was all at Jim Mallory; and Jim himself, though quite in earnest in his Quixotic search, saw the joke as readily as Tom, and, with ineffable bonhomie, enjoyed his own absurdity.

As I say, he passed the winter in his hunt, and by spring the excitement seemed to have subsided, or at least to be externally overlaid by other things. Tom Saxon had died of old age, and he was until one day, as he was strolling across the Common listening to some business suggestions of Mallory, he saw Jim give a sudden start as a little dark lady passed, with her hair crepe and a gay voice, chatting volubly to her companion.

"Jim, I thought you had dropped that string."

Jim laughed, and sung, in a low baritone:

"Her bright smile haunts me still."

And that was the last that Tom heard of the subject until—well, we will not anticipate.

Winter passed and spring had come; and with the spring, as every body knows, premonitions of cholera. All the Mallory family, mother and sisters, were in a state of worry and fuss from the first about this expected scourge. They had twenty plans in twenty days as to where they would go and what they would do. Cape May and Long Branch and Newport went by the board, because somebody had told Mr. Mallory that the season would be unsafe. Then came all the mountain resorts. This was too far, and that was too near, another too full, etc., etc., until a queer little place perched up among the Catskill mountains was decided upon.

"And it will be so nice for you, James, dear, for you can get your mails twice a day," said Mrs. Mallory.

But "James dear" made no reply to this. He had other plans.

"I'm not going to sacrifice city comforts another summer for one of those mosquito haunts," he said to his partner.

"And as for cholera—bah!"

And so it came about that for the first time in six summers Jim took up his headquarters in the deserted house at home, and found it, as he declared, the coolest and most comfortable summer resort he had known for a long time. I don't mean to say that he took no excursions away from brick and mortar and marble. There was scarcely a week but found him for a day or so at one or the other of the pleasant spots about New York, which were easily accessible to him by night trains or steamers. In the meantime his mother and three sisters wrote him frantic letters from Kauterskill, kill. They offered him every inducement they could think of—plenty of room, pure air, a nice table, and "such pleasant society."

"The Caledons—most delightful people—are here," wrote Kate Mallory; "two charming daughters and a son. They live on our street at home, too; isn't it funny we came up here to find each other out?" And here followed an earnest entreaty to Brother James to come up by Saturday night without fail, and get acquainted with these delightful people. But Brother James had made a partial engagement to go home with Mr. Wing, his partner, on Saturday night, and didn't "see that he could get away from it," he wrote back to Kate.

Before Saturday night, however, Jim Mallory found it the easiest thing in the world to get away from his partial engagement with Mr. Wing. It was Tuesday when he wrote to Kate. On Wednesday morning as he was walking down the street, on the shady side, he suddenly heard a strange, shrill voice call out: "Molly! Molly! Molly!" He laughed a little at the remembrance this called up, and turned to look in the direction of the voice. There wasn't a soul to be seen within speaking distance. But still that voice went on: "Molly! Molly! Molly!" ending with a curious chuckle of laughter. He turned more quickly this time, and there, just above his head, discovered a gray parrot swinging in its gray gilded cage. He laughed again, and the parrot took it up with his mocking chuckle, and with it, seemed to Jim, actually a knowing wink at him, repeated once more: "Molly! Molly! Molly!"

Jim Mallory shrugged his shoulders, then thought of the little dark-eyed angel of his search, and was half a mind to lift his hat to her name, even when something shrilly cried, when all at once something appeared at that window by which the parrot swung, which rooted his feet to the pavement. This "something" was a little dark head, crimped and curled, and decorated with brilliant bows, that fluttered in the morning breeze like the penons of his hope. He had spent a whole winter hunting for her. He had haunted Boston streets and Boston cars and Boston shops day in and day out without result; and here at last he found her—here in New York, in the very heart of mid summer!

And there she stood, talking and chattering to her bird, looking more like a little angel than ever; and there below, looking up at her, stood Jim Mallory in a dazed and hopeless condition. It wasn't possible for any young woman to remain long unconscious of such a gaze as this—some attraction, magnetism, or whatever it may be makes them "awake" at length. And so, with a little start, the owner of the frizzed hair and the fluttering bows became conscious presently and ceased talking to the observation of Jim Mallory. And once observed by those bright eyes no young man could have had the hardihood to have remained at his post.

But I must say Jim Mallory left his position gallantly—some might have said audaciously—but there is no audacity but of impertinence, and of this there was not a particle in Jim. Instead only the most reverent chivalry; and chivalry makes itself felt under cloak. So now when James Mallory met those bright eyes, and turned away with his hat lifted to them, I say he did it gallantly, and the young lady who was the object of this gallantry was intuitive enough to think so too.

You may be sure that as he went he was not so dazed but that he sent a keen glance toward the door which shut in his little dark-eyed lady. But there was only the number 2767—no betraying door plate gave him further clew. This was enough, however, for the present. More than enough you would have said if you could have watched him that morning.

Wing, who was the sedate father of a family, catching the look in his eyes, asked him, with grim humor, if he had lately come in possession of his Spanish estates.

Mallory laughed his genial, jovial laugh, and confessed that he had direct news of them.

Fate, which had been so elusive with him for the last six months, now seemed to pace slowly, for that very night he paced slowly up the street, humming to himself "Her bright smile haunts me still," there from the doorway beamed the very smile he was singing of—but, but—who the duke was that—that black-bearded, Italian-faced individual who sat

so composedly on the second step? What if—Jim saw his Spanish estates disappearing in a blue mist at this?

The next moment the mist cleared.

"Mr. Langford, when do you return?" the lady asked of the black bearded.

Jim never heard the answer. What did he care when he returned? He was only "Mr. Langford" to her.

The next sentence brought the mist back a little.

"Will says he should like to spend every winter in Paris."

Will? who was this Will? what relation did he bear, confound him! to the dark-eyed little party? Then he recalled the Will Hess of her gay misadventure. So here he is again. Suppose now this Will Hess has long ago taken possession of his Spanish castle? Suppose—but hark, what name is that? Can he believe his ears when Langford says "Miss Caledon?" Miss Caledon? Kate's Miss Caledon? Yes, clearly Kate's Miss Caledon, for presently she remarks about the Kauterskill and something else which explains her presence in New York for that week. Kate's Miss Caledon! Was there ever anything like it?

"What an idiot I've been!" he soliloquized.

"Rushing all over Boston, when, if I had had my eyes open, I dare say I might have met her a dozen times on Broadway. Visiting at the Hub with those four girls, I suppose, when I saw her."

Which conclusion of Jim's was the most accurate one he had arrived at for some time, as he ascertained when he called upon Molly Caledon the next morning. Yes, he actually called upon her upon the strength of Kate's last letter.

To Molly Caledon this call seemed by no means hasty or singular, for after the manner of young women, she and Kate Mallory had become bosom friends in the last six weeks, and what so natural as "dear Kate's" brother called upon her when she was in town? I think Kate herself would have been no little astonished if she could have listened to Jim's reference to her letter; and I think she might have been doubtful whether she had ever written that letter. Certain it is that Miss Caledon received the impression by this sketchy reference of Jim's that it was at Kate's suggestion of her presence, and at her suggestion that he ventured to call. And, as I have said before, what could seem more natural than this call? And what more natural than Mr. Mallory's returning with her to the mountains! And



Newspaper Decisions.

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

2. If a person orders this 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 Office has decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of fraud.

STATE OF MAINE.

A PROCLAMATION.

BY THE GOVERNOR.

In accordance with long established custom and by the advice of the Executive Council, I do hereby appoint

Thursday, the Eleventh day of April, 1878, as a day of Public Humiliation, Fasting and Prayer, to be observed by the people of this State in solemn recognition of the obedience and worship due from us to Almighty God in humble acknowledgment of our transgressions of His laws, and in earnest supplication for divine help and guidance.

Given at the Council Chamber, at Augusta, this twenty-fifth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and second.

SELDEN CONNOR, By the Governor.  
S. J. CHADBOCK, Secretary of State.

When They Get In.

Senator Voorhees has been making one of his loudest speeches at Terre Haute, and we are told that "his remarks commanded attention,"—which we are quite prepared to believe. He entertained his audience with the story of what the Democratic party meant to do when it got full control of the Government. And to begin with, he assured them that "Eastern influences" would prevail no longer in the councils of the party. "The engine is now reversed, and the West and South will govern." There is to be no more of the silk-stocking Democracy, no more high-stepping affectation of virtue, and gentility, and culture, and statesmanship—especially no more Tilden. "We will take Western material next time," says Mr. Voorhees: "A Western man goes in when he knows that he has a right to go in." Wait a little while, and see how we will make things hum! We are prepared for the full responsibility. We mean to go to the full length of everything. The East must get out of the way; we are not to be held back any longer.

What the South wish for, the country already understands. "Let the Democratic party get into power," cries Mr. Voorhees, and you will see bills passed, without limitations, that will bring substantial relief to the country." The act for the redemption of the paper currency will be expunged from the statute books without a day's delay. "No greater crime can be committed on earth than for Government to abstract from its own people the currency that is in their hands." A law to compel the payment of debts and the redemption of promises is the source of all the crimes in the catalogue; "murder is light in comparison with it." The South and the West will put a stop to that. There shall be no banks. There shall be no restriction upon the legal-tender quality of greenbacks. There shall be no stop to the free coinage of silver. We can't have too much currency, cries the terrified Senator; there is no such thing as too much; let the flood be as broad as our boundless prairies, the Treasury printing-press as free as our untamed gales. And let there be no funding of the debt. Curse those foreigners! Shall they have the impudence to lend us money? Let us distribute our debt at home.

The particular function of the West in the approaching campaign seems to be to set the mills and stamps and presses running to manufacture a perfectly unlimited and immeasurable quantity of cheap money—for Mr. Voorhees, unlike other economists, values money in direct ratio to the smallness of its purchasing power, and would be best pleased, perhaps with a dollar that would not buy anything at all; while the business of the South will be to "distribute debt" all over the rest of the Union. The Tribune has given a little catalogue of the enterprises which the Solid South is nursing for the day of its return to power. No man knows the exact number of millions, hundreds of millions, contemplated by its "bills without limitations" by which it proposes to make everybody rich without trouble and comfortable without work; but it is quite certain that the total will tax even the unbounded liberality of Mr. Voorhees, and "distribute debt" so effectively that every man in America will have more than he can stagger under.

Altogether it was a pretty bad speech: It was a discouraging speech, if we take it as fairly representing the common sense of Western politicians and Western audiences, and the political morality of that wing of the Democracy which now rules the party. But it is well that Mr. Voorhees made it. Since the West and the South have "reversed the engine," the country ought to know just where they are going.

—To those who are always crying aloud about there not being coin enough to do the business of the world, and who have been especially worried regarding the small amount in the United States Treasury, we recommend a perusal of the following facts: The Secretary of the Treasury assured the Senate committee on Finance that of \$131,318,156 coin reported in the last debt statement, the Treasury held \$125,008,755, either in gold coin or gold bullion, in solid yellow rollers and ingots, while for the remaining \$6,310,401, it actually possessed \$9,103,613 in silver coin and bullion. The Government really owns the second of the noblest treasures of the world. The Bank of France, of course, comes far the first, and, indeed, distances competition; but the Treasury of the United States leads both the Bank of England and the Bank of Germany. We give below a table of the present condition of the great State banks and the Treasury:

Specie in Bank of France, \$20,436,762  
Specie in Bank of England, 134,100,000  
Specie in Bank of Germany, 125,263,217  
Specie in Bank of Italy, 115,000,000

It will be seen that the Treasury was not only on the high road to redemption in gold, but actually stood inside the gate when silver agitators commenced their work.

—Fast day, Thursday.

Doorkeeper Debate.

Wednesday in the House the reports of the committee on Doorkeeper Polk case were considered. Messrs. Cravens and Henry, members of the civil service reform committee, who had signed the minority report, spoke in favor of retaining Doorkeeper Polk.

Mr. Frye spoke in support of the majority resolution. He created much amusement by criticizing the appointments made to the soldiers' roll of the House. The New England democratic delegation had brought out as its disabled soldiers a man who served three years in an independent company at Boston. Another man had been put in who had served four years in the navy as an apothecary, but having no apothecary's license during the war, and another had a fever. One man had testified that he had been mustered in the army 90 days in Pennsylvania, and in answer to a question as to whether he had been wounded said "no," but he had a disease for a number of years. [Laughter.] He had no doubt there were hundreds of thousands of democrats who had been diseased a number of years [Laughter] then on the roll. There was a veteran of the war of 1812 and one of the Mexican war, very good soldiers, probably, and good democrats. There was no right whatever on that roll. Then there was another who had suffered from asthma, and several others who had never been in the army. Then there was Fitzhugh who could not have been born at the time of the war and therefore could not be disabled in the army. [Laughter.] Probably he had been put on the roll for the same reason that pensioners were granted to the children of dead soldiers, because his father was a dead democrat. [Laughter.]

Mr. Frye disabled democrats so scarce that enough could not be found to fill the soldiers' roll?

In conclusion he said: Oh spirit of the immortal Falstaff, give us one hour of thy time and let the tap of the drum and let the sweep of the life drill his glorious battalion of democratic crippled and disabled soldiers.

—The Democratic House has voted out of its seat another legally elected Republican and put in his place a Democrat who was not elected at all. This is the third time they have committed this outrage in one session. They have done it each time in the face of protests from members of their own party, and have done it without seeking even a decent excuse for the step. They seated a man from Colorado who did not run for election on the day provided by law, but on a day picked out to suit himself, when he had no opposition. He had no more right to the seat than Dr. Mary Walker had. They seated a man from California who had been declared not elected by the Supreme Court of his own State and by the Democratic officials of that State's Government. The Massachusetts case is a fit companion for this. The country will have a chance to say next Fall how much more "reform" of this kind it can stand.

—One of the frothy greenbackers, with which Waldo County is infested, slings at the Belfast Journal a whole handful of interrogation points, culminating in this compound: Will you please state in what article and clause of the constitution of the United States authority can be found by which Congress can confer upon a few individuals the exclusive right to carry on the banking business; or to give them the bank notes all printed, to do it with, and to be responsible for their liabilities? To which Simpson has this ready reply, and is now waiting for another question: That is by no means difficult to answer. The authority may be found in the same article and clause which gives authority to Congress to make greenbacks legal tender.

—The report of the majority of the House Committee on civil service reform on the case of doorkeeper Polk, says that he was appointed sixty more persons than he is authorized by law; that he has made out fictitious pay-rolls; and drew money illegally; that he placed on the soldiers' roll men who had never been in the army; that he used some of the men thus paid out of the public money for other than public purposes; that he created an office at a high salary for a friend; and that his position was suspiciously used to further private measures. The majority therefore recommended his dismissal. This is the third doorkeeper that the democratic House has had—every one of whom has proved himself unfit or dishonest. The Tribune thinks that of 1875; a large and steady cutting down of expenditures, under republican rule. The current State expenditures are about 134 millions on the State valuation, less than before the war, and less than under democratic rule in 1856. The Savings bank, railroad and insurance taxes, &c., pay two-thirds the current expenditures. In addition to this, one mill is required to pay the State tax for the benefit of schools, which formerly was paid entirely by towns; and two mills for the war debt and interest. In the democratic city of New York, with only double the population of Maine, the officials alone receive four times as much as the whole State tax of Maine.

—The State of Mississippi is in the full enjoyment of "home rule" and of undisputed democratic supremacy, and still the management of public affairs there is open to criticism. The governor pleads his inability to enforce laws for the protection of citizens against murder and outrage. The members of the recent legislature voted themselves \$10.50 a day, drew their pay for the whole session, and so many left for their homes before the final adjournment that there was no quorum for the legal transaction of business. Nevertheless the rump went on calmly and passed appropriation and other important bills without a quorum.

—The material used for money, says the New Era, "has nothing to do with its value, and therefore the cheaper the material used the better." What folly then to talk of using silver for money in a "new era" like this. Inasmuch as on this theory whatever is stamped by the government thereby becomes money just as good as gold to the extent of the stamp, without any thought of redemption, we demand in the interest of the people that the government shall stamp chips \$1000 and distribute a basketful to each citizen every morning before breakfast.

—The latest explanation of the mysterious disappearance of ex-Representative John B. Vance of Ohio is that he has fled to avoid investigation of some irregularities connected with his chairmanship of the House printing committee in the last Congress. Vance undertook to investigate the government printing office, and is the man who hired a relative from Ohio, a miller by occupation, who had never seen the inside of a printing office, as an "expert," to conduct the investigation.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—The State department reports that recently at Mer, on the Rio Grande, the Mexican authorities returned a herd of cattle to their Texas owners, and took steps to punish the thieves. As this is the first instance of the kind that has been reported, it is thought to show an improved condition of affairs on the Mexican border.

Hon. Wm. F. Frye.

"Congressman Frye of Maine is one of the few men in the House whom General Butler does not care to bully." He is a sharper and readier man than the General, and having a cool head in the field case, he showed up the duplicity and hypocrisy of Butler as it has never been done on the floor of the House. The owners of vessels destroyed by the rebel cruisers during the war owe much to Mr. Frye for the persistence and ability with which he has pressed their cause during the past four years.

The above merited compliment to the sagacity and ability of Hon. Wm. F. Frye we cut from the Boston Journal and send to the interests of his constituents and especially all matters of a commercial character, has ever received the most careful consideration and attention of Mr. Frye.

The Commercial men of this district are under great obligations to their Representative for the faithful and persistent manner in which he has struggled for the payment from the unexpended balance of the General award, for losses sustained by the depredations of exultant cruisers and the payment of war premiums.

Mr. Frye as a lawyer stands second to none in the House of Representatives, and his high character as such, justly entitles him to the honorable position which he occupies as a member of the House Judiciary Committee, and in that Committee he has made a most vigorous fight in behalf of his constituents. In opposition to the gigantic corporations, which enriched themselves during the late civil war, by taxing exorbitant rates of insurance. Mr. Frye, knowing that his position in this matter is fortified by law and equity, will leave nothing undone in the committee or on the floor of the House to protect the rights of his constituents.—Bath Times.

Tilden's Tax.

A Decision in Favor of the United States.—The Case to be Taken to the Supreme Court.

New York, March 26.—Judge Blatchford of the U. S. District Court, gave decision today in the suit of the United States against Ex-Gov. Samuel J. Tilden, to recover some \$150,000 income tax alleged to be due the government by defendant. The suit will be remanded to the court where Tilden was the Democratic candidate for President, and it was alleged was only brought for political purposes. The counsel for Tilden set up a demurrer and the case was argued at great length. Judge Blatchford's decision is quite lengthy and cites innumerable authorities, the principal of which are the United States Supreme Court decision in the Dollar Savings Bank case and the Rhode Island case lately decided by the Supreme Court. He sustains defendant's claim on the ground that in the complaint on this count, Tilden had made reference to his income. On the other eleven counts in the complaint he sustains plaintiff's demurrer to the answer of the defense holding virtually that the government was not bound by the action of the United States Assessor as its agent, and that Tilden was required to make himself a return of his income, which he had not done. The case is now to proceed to trial by jury, on a question of the amount of income during the years in which he made no return in the complaint. In these years Tilden allowed the United States Assessor to make a return and paid the tax on each return, together with the penalty of 5 per cent., but this the court holds was not sufficient, as will be seen by the decisions above. It is more than probable that Tilden's counsel will appeal the case to the U. S. Supreme Court.

—The Augusta Standard having charged that "the State tax has been increased under republican misrule," the Kennebec Journal replies that it is true that the tax this year is four mills against three last year. But the tax this year is just the same as it was in 1875, and a mill less than it was in 1874, and less than one-third what it was the last year of the war. The tax last year was reduced from four to three mill (less than the amount required for debt and schools) simply to use up the surplus accumulated in the treasury under republican management. That surplus having been used up, the State returns to the tax of 1875. As a matter of fact the appropriations this year are \$65,847 less than the appropriations of 1877, \$111,988 less than those of 1876, and \$205,997 less than those of 1875; a large and steady cutting down of expenditures, under republican rule.

—Eustace Johnson, the finest figure painter in America, is a native of Frye burg, Maine. In early life his parents removed to Augusta, where he first adopted artistic pursuits, beginning with charcoal. He received much attention in the practical part of commissions, several of which were crayons for Washington people. From Portland he went to Boston, thence abroad, pursuing the study of figure painting in oil, under the best masters, and under the inspiration of the best works in the Dusseldorf galleries and at the Hague. Mr. Johnson is now about fifty years of age.—Farmer.

—Mr. Edison, the inventor of the phonograph, recently described, has now invented what he calls an archophone, a wonderful instrument it promises to be. It is constructed somewhat after the manner of the phonograph, and attached to a locomotive promises to make itself heard four miles off, and to announce in articulate speech, the name and number of its train, where it will stop, when it will stop, when it will be due and any other information that may be necessary. This from my one but Edison would be at once pronounced a visionary scheme, but he has a way of making his inventions work.

—A Washington special says it is now quite certain that the President will send a message to Congress at no distant day. It is reasonably certain that this message will be to the Congress to the proposed expanded balances of the Geneva Award, and the Fishery Award of \$5,500,000 will be paid out of the \$8,500,000 of the Geneva Award now held in trust. And why not? To be sure John Bull has got the best of Brother Jonathan once, and notwithstanding the seeming injustice of the award, it ought to be paid for the sake of the country's credit.

—The Belfast Journal says: "Our neighbor of the Progressive Age should have an eye to the Camden Herald and its editor in stealing the Age's greenback thunder as well as invading his territory. Perry has been at Searsport and vicinity this week addressing meetings, taking subscribers, orders for job work, etc., in short catching the bird while our neighbor is still beating the greenback bush." The Journal gets at a good deal of the true inwardness of this "national" movement in these few remarks.

—The following from the Boston Herald in answer to a paragraph in Chase's Chronicle, makes clear one of the most common fallacies of the Greenbackers: We have claimed all money (and all) as things are going, we shall have to strengthen the reproach, and charge them with being equally ignorant of arithmetic. Here is the illustration: Chase, the pride and hope of the Maine Greenbackers, vice-president for his State of the National Greenback party, member of the committee on platform and organization at the great Toledo Convention, a shining paper lantern, it there is one, who does not know how to reckon the value of a greenback dollar in gold at the current premium. Decimal fractions, too, evidently lie beyond his grasp, and we have our doubts about him in division and subtraction. This is how he treats what he is pleased to consider his mind: He falls foul of the Herald stating that, with gold at 110 1/3 the paper dollar is "worth 98.88 cents, or 1.12 cents less than a gold dollar," and proceeds to declare that, by the "system of logic employed by the Herald and other hard-money papers of like stamp, when the gold dollar was quoted at \$2 in greenbacks for one in gold during the war the gold dollar was worth 100 cents less than nothing; and when gold was quoted at 2 85 in greenbacks for \$1 in gold, the greenback was worth \$1.85 less than nothing." Nonsense. We find the gold value of the greenback dollar by dividing the dollar by the quotation of gold. Thus, in the case to which the Maine critic has excepted, we divide 100 by 101.125, and obtain 98.88, or 98.88-100 cents, as the result. The decimal is stopped at the fourth figure, as the public convenience would not be served by carrying it further. Of course 98.88 cents in gold are 1.12 cents less than a gold dollar. Even a greenbacker cannot deny that conclusion. The examples cited to discredit our practice confirm its correctness, when they are treated by our rule. With the gold dollar rated at \$2 in paper, 100 divided by 200 gives a quotient of 5. Thus the paper dollar would be worth half a dollar in gold, or 50 cents less than a gold dollar. Again, when 285 is the quotation to be valued, 100 divided by 285 produces .35 as the result, and the paper dollar stands at 35.08 cents in gold, or 64.92 cents less than a gold dollar. Really, we beg our readers' pardon for such platitudes; but we must descend to the greenback level, if we can get there.

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Masonic.

The universality of the Masonic tie, has ever been and ever will be the honest boast of the fraternity. We are proud to acknowledge no distinctions of nations or language, of religion or politics, of poverty or riches or of color. But from east to west and from north to south, our beneficent institution warms the heart of the stranger in a strange land, and relieves the distressed in every position,—the prisoner has found sympathy and protection when he claimed from his guards the privileges of a brother, the sword uplifted for the death-stroke has stopped in its descent when the prostrate enemy, by the masonic token, had converted his enemy into a friend. All have heard of the signal instances in which the spell of our brotherhood has prevailed over national hostility, and in the madness of battle has charmed the fierce passions of foemen into kindness and peace. Even avarice has relaxed its grasp, and the captor has been known to release his prize when recognizing the mystic tie.

We have many things in common and without controversy—we acknowledge the existence of one God,—the sovereign Architect of the universe; and the immortality and responsibility of the human soul, and the obligation to each other of Brotherly-love, Relief and Truth. The roots of Masonry strike deep into the better feelings of our nature, and warm up our hearts toward our fellowman, and help us to exemplify one of the chief commandments of our Saviour, to "love one another."

No more human institution has ever existed, which has so firmly bound together men of all nations and tongues and complexions and diversities of opinion and intellect, as ours. It is also a progressive institution—it invokes freedom of thought and action,—its very name,—Free-masonry—is a talisman of freedom, and united with the many virtues it inculcates, leads on to a higher and nobler life. In fact, we believe that the institution has had and always will have, much to do in shaping the destinies of our beloved country.

Many of the best minds of our present day, as well as in the early time of our Republic, have cheerfully worked in its mysteries. From Henry Clay, the great orator of modern times, (who was Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky fifty-seven years ago) down to the present day, a long line of leading intellects has enjoyed the social and intellectual benefits of the Mystic Tie.

J. G. R.

TOWN ITEMS.

ANDOVER, April 4.—The roads are entirely free from snow, and the mud is very plenty. The grass is starting up and looks quite green in some places.

The saw mills are busy, and judging from the large piles of logs on the landings, will find plenty to do for months to come.

The annual school meeting in district No. 1, was held last Saturday evening. The following officers were elected: Moderator, F. A. Bodwell; Clerk E. E. Bedell; Agent, C. T. Poor.

A very interesting entertainment was given last Tuesday evening in Union Hall, by the young folks of North Andover. The exercises of the evening were as follows: Singing "Are your windows open towards Jerusalem?" Recitation by Katie Abbott; Dialogue, "Train to Monte-Rio;" Singing, "What would papa say?" Recitation by Minnie Abbott; Farce, "Wanted a young lady;" Singing, "Out of the Ark;" Recitation, Eva Abbott; Farce, "An Ugly Customer;" Singing, "Good night." A nice supper consisting of pastry and ice cream was served in the lower hall. The proceeds of the supper were devoted toward the purchase of a carriage for Eddie Welch, a helpless cripple. The entertainment was one of the most pleasant and enjoyable we have ever had the pleasure of attending.

LOVE STAR.

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Mr. John Abbott and his daughter Sarah are confined to their rooms sick with lung fever.

Mr. Charles Russell, who has been confined to his sick bed since last fall with pulmonary consumption, is sinking rapidly.

Mr. Tapley Kimball and wife, who have been keeping a boarding house at Dover, N. H., the past three years, have moved back on to their farm at Middle Intervale.

The inhabitants of this town are a thorough church-going people. There are six churches well attended. The M. E. society are replenishing their Sabbath School library with new books. Rev. C. E. Bisbee, the pastor, one of the most spirited and efficient preachers in the District, is laboring with this branch of Zion. The society is very anxious that Mr. B. shall remain with them another year.

The house, shed and stable owned and occupied by Dr. Davis of Locke's Mills, was burned about two weeks ago. Loss about \$2500. Insured for \$1500. The fire caught in the stable, supposed to be matches accidentally dropped into the hay. Most of the furniture was saved, though in a damaged condition.

Mr. John E. Farwell sold his farm and stock last week to Mr. Vagrant Trampier, of Gardiner, for \$4500. Mr. F. thinks of moving to Norway. Bethel will lose one of its honored men.

Miss Alice Twitchell, who has had a position as Matron for the past two years in the Insane Hospital at Augusta, is now spending a few weeks with her friends at Bethel. Miss Twitchell will resume her office as Matron in a few weeks.

Capt. J. Buxton, who has been confined to his sick room for the past two weeks, is now improving slowly.

Fryeburg.—Eben Weeks is having his buildings newly painted and brushed up. C. F. Mansfield is doing the work.

J. B. Eaton is slowly recovering, having been confined to his bed for some weeks with rheumatic troubles.

They have several rooms already engaged at the Oxford House, and the prospect is that they will have a very full house.

E. G. Osgood has just got in a full stock of marble, has a first-class workman, and is ready to supply gravestones, monuments, tablets, &c., with neatness and despatch, and at reasonable rates, to those in need.

GILKAD, April 4.—A very pleasant March has just past with little or no snow, and now the fields and pastures are as bare as in June, and in some instances the grass has got quite a start. The streams are very low, with but a small body of water to swell them.

Bennett & Jewett are doing quite an extensive business in their mill and their yards to full, which will take them some time to work up.

Thomas Wight is doing considerable in his mill. He will commence soon to run nights in order to fill his contract, which is assigned to Brown & Co. of Lewiston. J. G. Lary, Esq., has purchased the Blair mill in Randolph, N. H., which has a million of timber on hand. He will commence operation soon.

The little son of William R. Peabody cut his foot very severely a few days since while trying to chop wood. Two of his toes were nearly cut off,—only hanging by the cord. The little fellow is doing well.

PARIS.—There will be a public sale of the personal effects of the late Capt. Bemis, at the store of A. M. Hammond, on Tuesday, April 9th, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The list contains a nice bed and bedding, tables, clocks, a large lot of tools, trunks, &c.

Mr. C. H. Presbrey is about to remove from this place







