

# The Oxford Democrat.

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## The Oxford Democrat

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GEO. H. WATKINS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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## Poetry.

### MODJESKA.

BY CELIA THAYER.

Deft hands called Chopin's music from the keys.  
Silent she sat, her slender fingers poised  
Flower-like and daintily full of loveliness.  
She heard her Poland's most consummate voice  
From power to pathos falter, sink and change;  
The music of her land, the wondrous high,  
Urgent expression of its genius strange—  
Incarnate sadness breathed in melody.  
Silent and thrilled she sat, her lovely face  
Flushing and paling like a delicate rose  
Shaken by summer winds from its repose  
Sitting thus and that with tender grace,  
Now touched by sun, now into shadow turned—  
While bright with kindred fire her deep eyes burned!

—Scribner.

### WAIT.

When the icy snow is deep,  
Covering the frozen land,  
Do the little flowers peer  
To be crushed by Winter's hand?  
No, they wait for brighter days,  
Wait for roses and buttercups;  
Then their dainty heads they raise  
To the sunny, sunny skies.  
When the cruel north winds sigh,  
When "tis cold with wind and rain,  
Do the little flowers peer  
Only to go back again?  
No, they wait for spring to come,  
Wait for gladness sun and showers;  
Then they seek their southern home,  
Seek its leafy, fragrant bowers.  
Trustful as the birds and flowers,  
Thro' our spring of joy be late,  
Thro' we long for brighter hours,  
We must ever learn to wait.

—St. Nicholas.

## Selected Story.

### WAS IT UNWOMANLY?

BY CARL WATKINS.

After Doctor Reid died, Mrs. Reid very sensibly sold the big house with its lawns around it, conservatory on the terrace, and garden behind the clump of cedars, and moved into a smaller, though not less pleasant house on Academy Avenue. People were not surprised at this, but when they heard that Kate Reid was going to teach mathematics at the Female Seminary, then the public was amazed. It began to pity Mrs. Reid a little. The Doctor must have been terribly in debt, or the place unbearably for other wise it would not have been necessary for Kate to teach school. Too bad for her, poor thing, just twenty, and so bright and so good looking, to be obliged to toil from nine to twelve with a parcel of stupid girls at the seminary. In reality, however, Kate was not obliged to do it at all, but being a young woman of rather independent ideas, she fancied that to have six hundred dollars a year all her own, would not be a disagreeable sensation to experience. She was not needed particularly in the domestic department at home; in fact, like a good many other bright and agreeable unmarried women, she was not needed anywhere to any extent. So it came about that she taught the seminary girls arithmetic, algebra, and geometry, and though it was rather trying to the patience once in a while, on the whole, she very much liked training the young ideas.

One day in December, she walked home as usual at twelve o'clock, and proceeded directly into the parlor. Sitting by the window she saw Howard Winslow, a middle-aged gentleman of pleasant appearance, who rose and shook hands with Kate cordially, and stood and talked to her as she warmed her feet and hands. You never would have guessed from the greeting that these two people were laboring under the sentimental bonds of an engagement, but such was the fact. They had been engaged over a month. To be sure it had been a very prosaic affair, for they had known and liked each other always. Winslow finally came to the conclusion that he might as well get married. He had money enough, and was old enough surely, being nearly forty; and as he and Kate had always been very good friends, he sat down in his New York office, one day, and wrote her a proposal.

When she received it, she was a little amused and a great deal surprised, but as she liked Howard, she sat down straightway, also, and wrote an acceptance. Nothing romantic about this, you see; but I have an heretical idea that very happy marriages are often the result of such engagements.

"No, I didn't come up from New York merely to see you," said Winslow, in answer to Kate's question; "but on business about the new railroad. And, by the way, one of the civil engineers, Ed. Kasson, at work here, is an old friend of mine. He's very clever as to his profession, and is a gentleman through and through. He isn't much of a ladies' man, but I should like to give him a note of introduction to you, if you wouldn't mind."

"I should be glad to meet him, of course," replied Kate; "and mother and I will try to cure him if he is boorish or bashful. Now I must go up to my room, Howard, and renovate myself a little for luncheon. There is the Tribune on the table, if you haven't seen it already."

About a week after, Edward Kasson called one evening. He impressed Kate with a sense of squareness. His forehead was square; his eyebrows arched very little; his chin and jaws were squared off rather heavily, and his mustache stood out quite straight at the ends, instead of drooping over the straight, firmly-closed lips. Moreover, he had a little, straight cleft in his chin. He was neither boorish nor bashful, however, though he was a

trifle clumsy and had very little idea of dancing-school grace. Kate took a fancy to him straightway, and after he and she had talked together about a little of everything, and he had gone home, she wrote a letter to Howard, containing the following paragraph:

"Your friend, Mr. Kasson, called this evening; and both mother and I liked him very much. He seems so pleasant, so agreeable, and is certainly a very agreeable talker. We are going together, next Sunday, to hear Dr. Storrs preach at the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Kasson has heard Dr. Storrs twice, and gave such a glowing eulogy on his preaching that I am quite anxious for Sunday to come."

And not only was Kate pleased, but so was Kasson, and though he did not write many letters to his married sister, when he did honor her with an epistle he devoted a few lines thereof to Miss Reid:

"She is very good-looking and sensible, and has introduced me to several pleasant people. It is she who with Winslow is engaged, and he has chosen with excellent taste. Hope I shall have the entire of their New York house."

So you see it was all a sort of mutual admiration society in the beginning. It did not last, however, for a very long time.

Kasson became disgusted with Winslow first. He was such an ass to be engaged to so charming a girl, and instead of living in her smiles, go off to Florida to get rid of the cold weather. What was cold weather, compared to the tender passion? Then Kate: she was so happy without her love that she sorely could not care very much for the absent one, although they did appear on such excellent terms with each other. Kasson leveled a great deal of unnecessary vituperation at the heads of the engaged people, but, nevertheless, he went to the Widow Reid's on every excuse he could devise, and a good many times when he had no excuse at all. Along in February, however, he put himself through a severe course of self-examination. What was he going to the Widow Reid's for? To see Kate. What business had he to devote himself to a girl who was engaged? And thereupon he shook his wicked inclinations fiercely, and did not go near Kate for ten days.

Finally she met him on the street. "Have you been away?" she asked, smiling up at him in a most friendly fashion.

"Oh, no," said Kasson.

"Been sick, then?" persisted Kate.

"I should think not," was the reply, given with a healthy man's contempt of illness.

"Are you mad at me?" asked Kate, cleverly mimicking a child's pout.

"Good Heavens! No!" exclaimed Kasson. "The fact is, I am a fool, and I have been busy. Miss Reid, and I'll be down to see you this evening, if I shall not bore you."

"You are never a bore to mother and me," said Kate; "and don't overwork yourself, Mr. Kasson, but take time for social relaxation."

In truth, Kate's philanthropy was only skin deep. She liked Kasson's company, and hardly deceived herself when she urged him to take time for social relaxation. Kasson obeyed her, and the result was that they were together more than ever. She stored up all the funny stories about her pupils to tell him. She made him read the articles in magazines of which she approved. She scolded him for shunning his political duties, and in short, treated him as an old and favored friend. As for Kasson, he sat at the feet of his charming Gamaliel and learned not only to discriminate as to magazine articles and to know his whole duty as a free citizen of the United States, but also received a variety of other decidedly interesting information. He threw out a vague remark once about being fond of music, and Kate resumed her neglected practicing again. When she woke up to the fact that she was practicing for Kasson's express benefit, she was ashamed of herself, and took her turn at mental discipline, and wrote Howard such an affectionate letter that the recipient was nearly struck dumb with surprise.

He was to return in the latter part of March, but long before that time Kate realized very keenly that she was in love with Edward Kasson. She felt much distressed thereat on Howard Winslow's account, for though she had told him frankly that she did not love him, nevertheless to love some other man was certainly dishonorable.

Kasson was miserable, also. He was a gentleman, and therefore would have chopped his right hand off rather than show a spark of his love for Kate. He kept his secret well, but it came out one evening, accidentally. Kate had been puzzling him with a mathematical problem to solve, on which he had used some old letter-books that he had in his pocket. After he had gone, the scraps of paper were strewn over the table. Kate tossed them in the fire, one by one, absently, but as she lifted the last scrap, she was caught by seeing her name written thereon. She read what was written, and any one might have done, for Kasson had said the papers were nothing. This was what she read:

"I am heartily sorry for you, Ed. It seems hard that the only woman you ever cared for should be engaged to another man. As you say, the only thing you can do is to run away from Miss Reid before any one can guess that you love her."

Kate held the scrap in her hand for a second; then tossed it in the fire.

"So he loves me," she thought, exultantly.

Like a dash of water on a hot coal came the memory of Howard Winslow. Kate dropped into the nearest chair, and cried a little. It seemed very hard, indeed, that she and Winslow must marry each other when neither cared a great deal for the other.

After considerable reflection, Kate came to the conclusion that she could not marry Howard; it was an impossibility now. But she could not tell him the reason why she had changed her mind; and again, Kasson was going to leave in a week or ten days, and he would not say a word to her, except friendly ones, while thinking her engaged to Winslow. Then the result would be, Kate would have no lover at all. A vision of old-maidhood rose up before her—a vision of lonely years at school-teaching, over which she would grow gray and crabbed. Kate did not share Dr. Quincey's notion that the higher the civilization the more old maids there will be. She had no wish for a life-long virginity. She could not solve her problem at all, but she finally did send Howard a most friendly note telling him she could not marry him because she loved some one else.

The evening after she sent that note, there came in for a call the minister's wife, Mrs. Van Vleck, and a little later, Edward Kasson. Kate had just written a letter to her bosom friend, Millicent Sheppard, and the clump of note paper, the pen and ink, still lay on the table. She fingered the letter impatiently as Mrs. Van Vleck mandered away about some fair that the church people were getting up. Finally, she turned to Kate, and said:

"And we want you to act as Secretary, my dear. We want you to write a note to Mrs. Morse, asking for flowers, but just take that piece of paper, and put down the list of your duties."

There was no escape. Kate drew the sheet of paper towards her, and made a list of the things she must do for the Fair.

"And now," added Mrs. Van Vleck, finally, with a patronizing smile towards Kasson, "you must write notes to Mr. Weeks and Mr. Kasson, asking their aid in some heavy work, such as putting up tables."

Kate laughed.

"I'll write Mr. Kasson's note right away," she said, beginning to do so in fact.

"While you are doing that," said Mrs. Reid, "I'll take Mrs. Van Vleck in the dining-room to look at my home-made lambrequins."

They went out of the parlor, leaving Kate writing an absurd note to Kasson. She had hardly finished it, when her mother called her.

"Come here just a minute, Kate."

Like a flash there entered a thought into Kate's brain. On the table lay two notes, one to Millicent Sheppard, one to Mr. Kasson. It took but a second to thrust the letter to Millicent into the envelope directed to Kasson. Then she handed it to him with a smile, saying as she did so—

"Here are your commands."

As she went out of the room, Kasson opened his note and read this:

"I have time but for a few lines, but they are enough to tell you a secret; a secret which I have just discovered myself, and which is making me very unhappy."

Kasson read this in amazement; then brushed a lock of hair off his forehead, and continued—

"You know very well that I didn't love Howard Winslow when I engaged myself to him, and I told him that frankly. We were simply excellent friends. But now I love somebody else, and I wrote a letter to Howard to day, breaking off the engagement. I could not marry him while I loved Edward Kasson, the gentleman of whom I have written you before."

Kasson read no more. He understood now that Kate had handed him the wrong note. He glanced on the table, and saw the other note. In a second he had put the letter to Millicent in the right envelope, and was reading his absurd "commands" when the ladies re-entered.

It was a hard minute for Kate, but she was a good actress. Not a dash of color reddened her cheek as she turned to Kasson, and said—

"Can you perform your multifarious duties for St. James' Church?"

She saw that he had his own note in his hands, and she understood and loved him for what he had done. This square-faced, clumsy fellow had done something of a woman's delicacy and quick-witted tact.

"I rarely have received orders so pleasant to perform," he said, with a double meaning to his words—a double meaning which he had no idea Miss Reid understood.

The rest of the evening passed quietly, and not until the two days later did Kasson perform his "pleasant duty." In spite of the knowledge he had that Kate Reid loved him, he hardly knew how to ask her to be his wife. He was not going to tell her that she had handed him the wrong note, and that he had thus discovered she loved him. No, indeed. He would never lose a syllable of her fortunate mistake. These thoughts ran through his brain as he sat near Kate and talked with her about the Fair. The first ball that came in the conversation, he took advantage of saying—

"Miss Reid, is it rude to ask you now last heard from Winslow?"

"I have not heard from him for over a week," she answered, the color coming in her cheeks now.

A short silence followed. Then Kasson said bravely—

"You are going to marry him next spring, are you not?"

"I shall never marry him," answered Kate.

They were not a sentimental boy and girl, but the rest of the *tele-alele* I do not propose to chronicle, on account of its incoherence. However, it resulted in satisfaction for them, and bewilderment for Mrs. Reid, and (subsequently) for the gossips of Shattuck City. As for Winslow, he took it philosophically and married another young lady last fall. It is something of a problem in my mind whether or no Kate Kasson will ever confess her stratagem to her husband, or whether he will confess to her that by a mistake (?) he saw the letter she wrote to her friend, Miss Sheppard. So far, neither has hinted a word of their respective secrets. It is my belief they never will.

### Savings Banks.

The following, which is from Appleton's Journal, may be read at this time with interest and profit:

It is not to be denied that the funds held by our Savings Banks should be watched over and guarded with religious care; but when the zeal that concerns itself with this most important interest impaches the whole system of savings, because of certain delinquencies in the administration of the trust, it commits a great wrong.

Next to the necessity of fortifying the savings of work-people, entrusted to Banks against all fraud, misuse or mismanagement, is the urgency of maintaining intact the confidence of the public in all sound institutions. The Savings Banks, without being charitable institutions, are more beneficent than any charitable institution ever devised. They are, in truth, the only charitable method ever devised by man by which the condition of the working class can be permanently ameliorated. By affording a means of rendering savings secure and profitable, they encourage thrift, and every one who has studied the question knows that poverty is to be averted only by the industry and economy that accumulate savings. Alms-giving may at times be a temporary necessity; but the so-called charities of the world have made more poverty than they have relieved. The Savings Banks, by paying a profit on the savings entrusted to them, and by utilizing these savings as capital, by which industry is sustained, have accomplished a double beneficence that can scarcely be overstated. When Lord Jeffery declared that the spread of Savings Banks is more likely to increase the happiness and even greatness of a nation more than the most brilliant success of its arms, or the most stupendous movement of its trade, he stated no more than the truth.

With these facts in mind, it is peculiarly painful to hear on every side denunciations of, and sneers against the Savings Banks. It is true that within a few years several banks have failed, and no little distress has been thereby inflicted; it is shamefully true that some of these failures resulted from flagrant breaches of trust, and it is urgently true that every practical means should be taken to insure depositors against a repetition of such disasters. But the current indiscriminate censure is doing more real injury than the failures did.

When we see an influential contemporary declaring that the Savings Banks "are no longer to be trusted; that they do nothing but save, that they insure nothing but total loss to those who put their money in them," and find this extravagant intemperance freely copied and generally sanctioned, it is necessary to protest against them. They are supremely unjust and wholly mischievous. If the reader will give his attention to a few statistics, which so far from being "dry," will both surprise and entertain him, he will see the gross injustice of the accusations we have quoted. Our statistics are necessarily confined to the State of New York, none others being at hand.

There has been entrusted to the Savings Banks of this State, since their beginning, (from 1819 to Jan. 1, 1877) the sum of two billions, one hundred and sixteen millions, eight hundred and fifty-eight thousand, nine hundred and eighty-six dollars. There has been paid or credited to depositors during this period, as profit or interest, one hundred and sixty-nine millions, four hundred and twenty-nine thousand dollars, while the banks hold, as a contingent fund against exigencies, a surplus of thirty-four millions. The amount held by them on Jan. 1, 1876, (at this writing the statistics for the whole State are not in) was three hundred and nineteen millions of dollars. These huge figures show the vastness of the interest. Now, a careful estimate of the losses that have occurred by failures, places them at about three millions of dollars.

"I have," writes a Bank officer to us, "made a careful estimate, based upon the opinions of the receivers, the reports of the Bank superintendent, and my own judgment, and I place the amount at about three millions, which is half a million more than the estimate of the superintendent." This loss is large and it has nearly all occurred since 1870; but big as it is, is only one-eleventh of the

surplus held by the Banks—the surplus and above interest paid; it is about one fifty-sixth of the interest or profit that has been paid to depositors; it is on the whole amount of funds that have been entrusted to the banks, less than one-seventh of one per cent.; if the entire aggregate of loss had been crowded into last year, it would be less than one per cent. on the balance held by the banks.

In the Superintendent's Report, made to the Legislature in 1870, the losses on the aggregate of deposits up to that time were asserted to be less than one hundredth of one per cent.—less than the tenth of a mill on a dollar, and not a dollar of this loss occurred through fraud! And yet we are told these banks "do anything but save; that they ensure a total loss to those who put their money into them;" and we are further told by the same authority that "confidence is gone." As the deposits in the banks in New York city increased last year fourteen millions of dollars, this assertion is also a little at fault.

Under any management there must have been heavy losses in consequence of the great shrinkage in values. All old banks, with a large proportion of their funds invested in securities at ante-war prices, can readily withstand the shrinkage; new banks necessarily stagger under it; and, unfortunately, new banks have, within the last twelve years been organized with dangerous frequency. Up to 1865, banks were chartered on an average of one and a half a year; from that date to 1872 they were chartered at the rate of eleven a year. In this fact alone we see a potent source of danger.

The bank deposits had become so enormous that they attracted the attention of irresponsible and reckless men, and despite the warnings of the old banks, charters were loosely and indiscriminately given. This is now so well understood that there is little danger of a repetition of the evil.

But, notwithstanding the dark spots on the recent record, our statistics show that, as a whole, the Savings Banks fund has been well administered, and to 1870, its history is fairly unparalleled by that of any trust in the world. We know of nothing in which the percentage of loss has been so little; we know of no human device that has rendered money so secure. Even if we include the recent history it would be difficult to point out any interest in the country which has suffered less. At a time when the most cautious enterprises of merchants are attended with loss, when nearly all investments in real estate prove unfortunate, when shrinkage occurs in all forms of securities, when every kind of property has depreciated, the Savings Banks must share in the general distress; but we affirm that the losses they have inflicted upon the community are much less than those from any other source. And as there are one hundred and fifty-four Savings Banks in the State, it is not at all surprising that a small percentage of them have not been managed with the scrupulous honesty and judicious caution that have marked the rest. It may be that some others of the new banks must close their doors; but our well-established Banks are among the safest moneyed institutions in the world, and neither private persons or public bodies have administered funds in their possession with results so generally fortunate.

Ex-Governor Coburn of Maine owns half a million acres.

Somebody thinks how easily, if I had only half his money, I could satisfy and silence the importunities of the various neighborhood bullies and bakers and candlestick makers—

Makes me cry.

But he will have to leave his order for wooden overcoat, just the same as the rest of us do.

By and by.

But there isn't much consolation in that, because I don't suppose I could get to be one of the heirs, assigns, executors or administrators.

If I should try.

—Burlington Hawkeye.

### Feet and Wings.

I have been told that flies have seekers on their feet, and climb up window-panes by using them, much as boys lift smooth stones with a piece of soaked leather and a string.

By the way, while you are thinking of flies, I once heard some school-boys' (I'm sure our little one was not among them) disputing about the number of wings that a house-fly ought to have. And they said, though it's hard to believe, that over the door of the Masonic Temple at Boston there are bees cut in the stone, each with only wings enough for a fly!

Perhaps the sculptor had been reading Virgil before carving those bees, for, as I've heard, that ancient in one of his writings made a mistake as to the number of a bee's wings. —Jack-in-the-Pulpit St. Nicholas for May.

—In the United States there are 4,534 licensed distilleries, or one distillery for every 9,308 of the population. Of breweries there are 3,259, or one for every 13,200 of the population. In the former, probably one hundred million gallons of







## Editorial and Selected Items.

—Grass looks finely.  
—May day walks and picnics will be the order for to-morrow.  
—There is an unusual number of birds in the woods and fields, this spring.  
—Farmers have begun their planting more than ten days earlier than usual.

—Maine State Sunday School Association will hold its tenth annual session at Winter Street Church, Bath, May 14 and 15.

—A new temperance paper, called "Talk of the Day," has been started in Lewiston, by S. W. Woodbury. It is to be issued monthly.

—A Biddford lady has found a nest for dogs. She has taught her large Newfoundland to carry her train.—Argus.

In other words she has trained him.

—A singular murder trial is going on in Newark, Ohio. The accused is an old man who murdered his own daughter for the crime of adultery. He pleads as his justification the injunctions of the Old Testament.

—On account of ill health, Mr. C. H. Kilby has sold his interest in the *Somerset Reporter* to his partner, C. A. Woodbury. Mr. Woodbury's introductory is, "The Reporter's general policy will be unchanged."

—The *Bellast Journal* says: "The frog is the original Greenbacker, having worn that color ever since the first polychrome was first. He sits on a log and croaks just like the present Greenbacker, and with about as much effect."

—It may be proper to repeat here, what we have said before, that when our party comes to power the President of its choice will be expected to turn out all the Republican office-holders and appoint competent Democrats in their place.—*Utica Observer*, (Dem.)

REDUCED FARE.—The Grand Trunk will sell single fare tickets for the round trip, to Portland and return, for those attending the Grand Lodge of Masons, next week. Tickets will be sold the 6th and 7th of May; good till the 11th.

—Edison is a beardless young man, of a pale, studious face, clear blue eyes, dreamy aspect, and chestnut locks. He is very demure, and it is said, has never heard clearly the voice of his invention. The photograph is his 15th patent, and from his inventions he is said to draw a large income.

—Every man engaged in the culture of the earth can find time to adorn and embellish his premises with plants and trees, shrubs and vines, while his family will be educated to a love of the beautiful in nature, and cling with fond attachment to the paternal roof.

—A fearful cyclone swept over a large part of Iowa Monday. The force of the storm was terrific, destroying fences, uprooting trees and overturning buildings. Many lives were lost at different places, and a much larger number of persons more or less hurt. The damage to property was very great.

—We have received from Dr. R. V. Pierce, whose notices appear in this paper every week, an invitation to the opening of his grand invalids' hotel at Buffalo, N. Y. We recently published a description of the magnificent building, and gave an account of its management.

"THE HEAVENLY CHIMNEY."—A party of twenty Chinese workmen were arrested in Boston last Sunday night for gambling, and one of them in view of his bad luck was heard to utter the following soliloquy: "What use is play poker? Me hold four king and a ace. Meican man hold four ace and a king; whole week washee gone all same like woodbine."

—What is the use of expecting from savings banks what the sharpest business men, the most cautious capitalists, cannot do for themselves? Yet that is what everybody seems to be looking for. Let us not expect impossibilities, but be satisfied with the proofs of honesty and good management which excel those displayed by any other branch of business.—*Boston Herald*.

—Only seven of the present Congressional members of New England have been pastors of the same churches for fifty years, or from March, 1828, to March, 1878. They are: Dr. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven; Rev. John A. Douglass, of Waterville, Me.; Rev. Dr. Jacob Ide, of West Medway, Mass.; Rev. Dr. Leonard Whittington, of Newbury, Mass.; Rev. Erasmus Matlack, of Taunton, Mass.; Rev. Joseph Merriam, of Randolph, Ohio, and Rev. Jacob S. Clark, of Morgan, Vt.

—Mr. K. Hall, the debt-litigant, says that but "one cent" of all the number for which he had labored, had failed to meet its obligations. This was one in San Francisco, where dissensions as to the pastor, the policy of the church, and other matters had so split up and divided it that it was impossible to succeed. Mr. Kimball has helped, in a few months to raise \$1,500,000 for the payment of church debts.

—McLin, of the Florida returning board, is the Mrs. Tilton of the Fraud Scandal. He has a fresh confession every day or two. At first he confessed that when Marble tried to bribe him, and when Marble said it was a lie, everybody believed it was a lie. Marble said it was a lie, everybody believed it was a lie. Marble said it was a lie, everybody believed it was a lie.

—Mr. Stanley is hard at work upon the story of his latest African journey, and expects to accomplish the task of writing 800 octavo pages in 70 days. Already a large part of the manuscript is in the printer's hands and the book is expected to be out during next month. It is to be published simultaneously in English in London and New York, in French, German and Danish, while negotiations are also pending for translations into Swedish, Spanish, Italian and Russian.

—Mr. Talmage on the Scandal. During his remarks last evening in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, Mr. Talmage said that the repulsive event of the week was the revival of an old scandal. It was amazing that so many people had diseased nostrils, that could not be satisfied without this effort to raise the dead and bring a complete failure, and the strong breeze from heaven sweeping across the fields had left nothing but the acres of opening Spring blossoms.

—Jewels of the Crown of Scotland. At Edinburgh, Scotland, some time since, the Jewels of the Crown were locked in a box, and that box in another, and so on, until they were supposed to be burglar-proof. They were then locked up in the vault of the castle, there to remain for a hundred years, and by the way, they were supposed to be burglar-proof. They were then locked up in the vault of the castle, there to remain for a hundred years, and by the way, they were supposed to be burglar-proof.

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**GOLD RESUMPTION.**—We publish elsewhere a list of Western and Southern banks and corporations which have resumed payments in gold; but we must not forget to note that right in our midst there is a firm which has begun to pass the yellow metal over its counter. In the advertising columns, Messrs. Tebbetts & Buck offer to pay from one to five dollars in gold change to all purchasing a certain quantity of goods from them. This is enterprise, and will steal some greenback thunder. It also proves that Horace Greeley was about right when he said, "the way to resume is to resume."

—The New York *Tribune* declares that Polk was as bad as Pinchback, and Field turned out to be worse than Polk. The first act of the new Democratic administration is to lift up to the place of first assistant one of the able-bodied cripples whom Polk hid away in the roll of "disabled soldiers." This was the hero who wasn't wounded "exactly," but in fact sprained his ankle. It is an instructive exhibition. We see what a mess the Democratic party makes of it in keeping a door which has nothing more valuable behind it than a Democratic House of Representatives. It was asked to keep the door of the National Treasury, we should see men appointed who were able-bodied!

—It will be recollected that the bill before the Legislature last winter, providing for the appointment of persons in each county for the examination of teachers of common schools, the questions to be furnished by the State superintendent, was refused a passage. The superintendent, however, has submitted a set of questions to the town supervisors, advising that anyone should answer correctly seventy-five per cent. of them before being held qualified to teach in the public schools. The questions are judicious and practical, embracing grammar and analysis, history, physiology, geography, bookkeeping, arithmetic, reading, theory and practice of school law.

—The Maine Senate at the last session proposed the following question to the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court: "Does the Treaty of Washington, concluded Aug. 9, 1842, for the purpose of determining the boundaries between the territories of the United States and the possessions of Her Britannic Majesty in North America, confer the elective franchise on foreign born persons residing on the disputed territory in the northeastern portion of this State at the time of this treaty, and not naturalized?" The judges reply in the affirmative, and that such persons have the right to vote.

—The bill granting pensions to the survivors of the war of 1812 and their widows, including those who participated in the rebellion, is having the effect which the opponents of the measure claimed it would. It was stated in the Senate at the time the bill passed that it would embrace no more than three hundred pensions. On the contrary, the Commissioner of Pensions says he has already received sworn applications from six thousand persons entitled to relief under the provisions of that act, and new applications are constantly being received. The applications already received will take \$559,000 annually from the Treasury.

—The inflation newspapers, says the *Tribune*, are as completely dumfounded by Secretary Sherman's unexpected success in placing a new loan as are the Congressmen who represent similar views. They can do nothing but abuse the Secretary and call for his removal with fresh vigor. So long as he indicated any purpose to secure redemption by contracting the currency they had something to grumble about, but now that he is likely to do it by funding alone, they have no excuse whatever for attacking him. The worst of it for them is that they realize that the great mass of the people is in sympathy with Mr. Sherman, and ready to sustain him to the end. It is rather an unfavorable season for demagogues.

—Rev. Dr. B. F. Tefft, late of Brewer and recent editor of the *Northern Border* newspaper, has got into trouble. In February an indictment was found against him in Bangor for alleged defrauding of persons whom he induced to invest in his newspaper scheme. A Mr. Rigby of Upper Stillwater was persuaded to part with his farm for "Northern Border" stock, and hence the indictment. The matter was settled by Tefft, through his attorney, and Rigby's farm restored to him. In addition to this, the Bangor Commercial says that a sister of Dr. Tefft died in Oswego, N. Y., about four years since, leaving property amounting to \$11,000, and a will making Dr. Tefft executor and residuary legatee. Charges of irregularities and fraud, in the administration of this trust, were made against Dr. Tefft, and criminal processes were begun and an officer from New York arrived last week with a requisition upon Gov. Connor for his arrest. The Rev. Dr. was arrested last Thursday, upon this process, at the Poland Spring House, as we learn from the *Lewiston Journal*, and the respondent subsequently settled the matter with his bondsmen.

—A Change in Office. Washington, 23. Simon Wolf, a long time reader of the *Journal* of the District of Columbia, was requested to resign, his place being taken by Gen. Geo. A. S. and an. Louisiana. The President offered Wolf a Consul Generalship in Germany, which he declined.

—Wat good ez it to me to make silver leg-tender unless you pervide me with silver to tender? I ain't got no silver, and can't see how I am to get any, and want either a car-load of silver distributed ministerially. One or the other is necessary to meet the wants of men like myself, for which all financial projects are made. Men who hev the faculty of workin', and to whom likker at stated and regular intervals ain't a necessity, manage to git along without financialer! If they are goin' to finasser for me, I want 'em to do suthin practical.—*Petroleum V. Nasby*.

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## Real Estate Transfers.

**EASTERN DISTRICT.**  
J. J. Chase to J. R. Bailey, land in Oxford; J. S. Sprague to J. G. Hardy, farm in Andover; Betsey G. Parham to E. F. Elliott, farm in Randolph; D. G. Moore to L. H. Holt, lot of land in Norway village; C. K. Woodman to L. B. Bryant, land in Bethel; L. M. Merrill to F. M. Cooper, land in Buckfield; L. B. Parham to J. F. Fitch, land in Buckfield; J. G. Chase to J. R. Bailey, land in Oxford; J. S. Sprague to J. G. Hardy, farm in Andover; Betsey G. Parham to E. F. Elliott, farm in Randolph; D. G. Moore to L. H. Holt, lot of land in Norway village; C. K. Woodman to L. B. Bryant, land in Bethel; L. M. Merrill to F. M. Cooper, land in Buckfield; L. B. Parham to J. F. Fitch, land in Buckfield; J. G. Chase to J. R. Bailey, land in Oxford; J. S. Sprague to J. G. Hardy, farm in Andover; Betsey G. Parham to E. F. Elliott, farm in Randolph; D. G. Moore to L. H. Holt, lot of land in Norway village; C. K. Woodman to L. B. Bryant, land in Bethel; L. M. Merrill to F. M. Cooper, land in Buckfield; L. 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