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The Oxford Democrat

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Poetry.

FOR THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

I Love the Past.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

I love the past, the dear old past,
The days of chivalry and song,
My eyes thereon are sweetly cast,
As time in circles speeds along.

It is so fair to glorify there,
That all my heart is beating fast,
And these for me are friendships true,
I love, I love the dear old past.

I love the past, those quiet times,
So hallowed by the poets' lay,
The charm of song, the sweetest rhymes,
Wherein to dwell a summer day.

The men so bold we there behold,
Their fortunes free with beauty cast,
Ah, there to me pure friendships be,
I love, I love the dear old past.

I love the past, those warlike days,
When men possessed a purpose strong,
And filled with faith, a thousand ways,
Pursued the life of noble song.

Then hearts were true and bright as dew,
Then hope thro' loss and death could last,
Ah, there to me pure friendships be,
I love, I love the dear old past.

I love the past, and would that I
Could turn and live within its pale,
That I might see its golden sky,
And all its fair surroundings hail.

My heart is there, I breathe its air,
And cling to all its shrill amaze,
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he stayed watching the merry water dance over the stones, soothed by it, though he didn't know why, till hunger forced him to brave the whipping and all the rest.

He stayed his steps a little, as he drew near home, meditating how he might reach in at the pantry window and help himself to supper, if he only had a jack-knife to cut away one of the laths that were used to bar the open window in hot weather.

He was walking slowly when his bare toe received a prick from something lying on the ground. His start of pain kicked the cause directly into sight.—That breast pin with the golden beetle on it, surely never belonged to any one but the teacher, for had he not gazed at it wonderingly all the time she was explaining his geography lesson to him that very morning.

He had a vague sense of queerness that a beetle, a mere bug, should be cut of gold and allowed to fill so honorable a place, why, he was not so dirty as a beetle, yet she would not even smile at him, much less ask for his tinsy, as he had heard her ask for several of the boys' photographs.

Miss Wilton had read his wonder about the golden beetle, and had told him that the reason for its being on her pin was in imitation of ancient jewelry, when beetles were worshipped, what would he have said then.

Tom picked up the pin with an eager look around, to see if he were observed. What! Had he not heard "Thou shalt not steal"? Oh, yes; but things were rather mixed in Tom's mind.

The teacher had whipped him when Jim White sprinkled the snuff about, and again for telling the truth and not a lie, and here was her new pin in his hand. She would miss it, he knew, and be sorry to lose it, but he could buy a jack-knife and may be a hat, too, with the value of it.

"Marm wouldn't lick me then," he reflected, with a sense of relief, which showed that he appreciated corporal punishment as an argument when it was to be escaped. But when it occurred to him a minute after to buy off that severe mother of his by an immediate present of the pin, something made him hesitate.

She would keep it, he felt too sure, to be willing to risk it in her hands, unless his mind was quite made up to restore the pin to its owner. A little feeling of pity, perhaps, for the teacher, for it must have cost a great deal of money, a little ashamed at the thought of not doing as he would be done by, maybe, made him pause, but more than all else, a dread of what the consequences might be, should the teacher, after all, find out he had her pin.

"Folks had such ways of seeing through things," pondered Tom.

But he was in luck as to supper, for the baby Jimmy, the mother's pet, had dropped in the yard a huge piece of bread and molasses. Tom spied this in the midst of his meditations, and easily hid it with the pin under his coat, while he hurried away out of sight of the house.

If he said out pretty late, his mother, tired with a hard day's work, would be asleep, and he was safe for the night at his rate.

So he walked toward the village eating first the bread and then a green apple that he had picked up by the roadside.

At length he heard a sound of music. Tom dearly loved to listen to the singing in the chapel, when windows and doors were open, so that he ventured close by. He even sat down on the upper step, after the hymn was over. A rattling cart drove along the street, so for a minute Tom could not hear anything going on inside the chapel.

When it was quiet again, he heard some one saying very tenderly and softly, "He was despised and rejected of men."

"Why that's me they're talking about," exclaimed Tom, surprised into speaking aloud. But nobody had heard him, and he leaned forward, eagerly to see what else was going to be said about himself.

To his utter amazement he soon gathered that it was Christ Jesus the Lord, and not poor Tom Dolan, son of the washer-woman, and of the drunken brick-layer, that they were talking about.

Remember, I said that Tom was very stupid. He went out into the dark where nobody could see or hear him, and dropping on his knees said, "If you could stand it, I will."

It was a prayer, if it did sound all wrong. Poor Tom never did know how to put things, though he did know how to put himself on the divine side of life, if he didn't know the usual way. And was he not understood as so placing himself, and therefore worthy to receive the blessing. You would have believed it had you seen the boy's face—brighter, more uplooking, more manly than anybody had seen it before.

He had learned the Lord's prayer.—This he repeated, and then ran as it for life to Miss Wilton's boarding house.

As he came near he heard some one say, "It's that dirty little sneak of a Tom Dolan."

Then a lady's voice spoke sharply: "Go away, child. What do you mean hanging about here?"

He dared not open the gate under these circumstances, but he said with a boldness that astonished Miss Wilton, accustomed as she had been to his stuttering blundering ways: "I want to see the teacher."

A lady wrapped in a delicate white shawl, gave a sigh of mingled weariness and disgust, as she came down the gravelled walk. She had heard of the straw hat episode, and looked for nothing else than an irate message from Mrs. Dolan.

What was her surprise to see her own lost pin, the gift of a dear friend, glistening in the moonlight as Tom held it toward her.

"How good of you Tom, to bring it to me."

Her voice faltered a little as she spoke, for Delia Jay, one of the big, and big-hearted girls too, had been offered snuff since school, by Jim White, and she told him she did not believe poor Tom Dolan had any until he (Jim) put it in his desk. And Jim didn't deny it, only laughed, and said Tom was used to being licked and didn't mind it.

Delia waxed indignant as she went on, and made her teacher rather uncomfortable.

Tom was so pleased to have Miss Wilton praise him that he didn't run away directly, as he had planned to do, but stood pulling at a rag on his jacket until he had pulled it off, while Miss Wilton considered what to do next. She couldn't apologize for having whipped the wrong boy, that would never do. Money was the best balm for his wounded spirit, if indeed he was not, as Jim White had said, used to blows to cure.

"What shall I pay you?" she asked, fumbling for her purse. For once she was stupid in her turn.

Tom answered steadily and with a ring in his voice that she had never heard before, "Nothing." I didn't bring it back for your sake, but because he was treated bad, was despised and all that. And if he could stand it, I'm a going to try."

He broke into a sob and tried to run away, but Miss Wilton caught him by the arm and said "forgive me, my child, for not understanding you."

She won him to tell her the whole story, and then she did two or three strange things for one in her position.—She went home with Tom, pacified and even delighted the poor, ignorant mother by her account of her son, and left money for a hat and more besides.

The next morning she changed Tom's seat—for meritorious conduct, she told the scholars.

Then, looking straight at Jim White, who cowered beneath her glance, she said: "I believe I made a mistake in whipping Thomas yesterday, but he wished me to forgive the last offender, because of him who said, 'Love your enemies.'"

The whole school felt that Tom Dolan was not the same boy in the teacher's opinion that he had been, and that it was no longer safe to treat him as heretofore.

He never was a brilliant scholar, but he did his best, and Miss Wilton found that her teaching him was a different matter from what it had been.

Later she got a position for him in a store as errand boy. And so he went on, step by step. Never into any lofty place in the world's esteem, but the world's judgment is not always just, and there are "last that shall be first," and perhaps such as Tom Dolan will be found to be of that blessed number.

TEMPERANCE.—The Charlestown Patriot says the temperance tidal wave has reached that city. D. Banks McKenzie, the gentleman who has literally carried everything before him in the principle towns of Nova Scotia—arrived in Charlestown on Tuesday of last week, and commenced his work Tuesday evening.

The Patriot says: "He told his audience on that occasion that he had come to conquer. Many of them laughed at him; but they are beginning to see that he knew whereof he spoke. His audience grew larger each night, until it was found necessary to remove from the Athenaeum to the Market Hall. Already over three hundred persons have taken the pledge, and the beauty of it is, that the majority of that number were drinkers—many of them hard drinkers. We have seen men rush up to sign their names with tears in their eyes, that we never expected to be teetotalers. The badge of this new Reform Club is a small piece of blue ribbon worn in a button hole of the coat. It does the best good to meet every third person in the street with his blue ribbon. There is no distinction of persons in this club. All classes vie with each other in flocking to the standard. There are hearty greetings of persons who never shook hands before, and an era of good will seems to have been inaugurated."

—A porter knocked violently at the door of a certain room at the Catskill Mountain house at half-past four in the morning. "Well, well," screamed the man inside, "what is it, fire, murder or sickness?" "Sunrise, sir," said the porter. "Thank heaven," exclaimed the man; "thank heaven it is nothing worse!" And he got back into bed.

—A gentleman who is a sculptor, in a feeble way, was calling on a lady the other evening. How do you manage to get the right facial expression?" she asked, referring to his statues.

"Very simple," he said; "I read a poem expressing the passion I desire to portray; then, as my face expresses rage or love, I plunge headforemost into a mass of putty I have at hand. This retains the expression, and there you are."

—It is proposed to send an amateur brass band to Montana and make the Indians go West.

The Flirt's Apology.

Ah! women are flirts, you tell me. Well—yes—if by flirts you mean a trifle less false than you men are. And greatly more true than they seem.

"But women are cruel—so cruel! They flatter and coax for awhile. Then tread on the hearts that you give them. And deal us a blow with a smile."

We are cruel—it may be, but cruel in a million of charming ways. So sorry at times to have hurt you—So kind on the gloomiest days.

But you men! you calculate nicely how near you may go, or how far; And never one moment you soften, Or pity the hopes that you mar.

And when you at last are successful, And the fever flouts down to your feet, Its colors are no more so perfect, Its perfume is no more so sweet.

You leave it to lie on the roadside First trampling it down in the dust, And fancy that such is your right here, To break and to outrage our trust.

You think us so weak, till we sting you, And give you at last your deserts; And then you turn round in your anger And vow that all women are flirts.

Believe me that if you would let us Be honest and true, as we were—Not striving to conquer us always—The world would be better by far.

MY AUNT PENelope.

We had been married about two years, Jerome and I; and I think we had contrived to be about as happy as married couples generally are.

Jerome wasn't rich, but had a good salary in his uncle's shipping office, and I had learned the lesson of economy, and contrived to get along nicely with only one girl. To be sure Aunt Penelope helped us; but, after all, though she was a good soul, and meant well, was more in the way than otherwise.

We had gone to housekeeping on a second floor in Camden. It was a very nice place, although Aunt Penelope, declared, from the first, that a second floor wasn't genteel.

"It is more genteel than running in debt for a tall house that you can't afford," said Jerome; and so I didn't care, though some of my school friends who had married rising young lawyers and doctors, left off visiting me. And you may be sure I didn't miss them much after baby came, like a little blue-eyed sunbeam, to fill my heart and hands with those delicious cares so sweet to a mother's soul.

Aunt Penelope was always thinking of plans. "My friend, Mrs. Outerbridge, owns the sweetest country place up the river," said Aunt Penelope to me one day in a confidential manner.

"My friend, Mrs. Outerbridge, is going to France, and has requested me most politely to reside at Outerbridge cottage during her absence, and look after things a little. And when I mentioned that I was devoted to my niece and her baby, and she was kind enough to say that it would make no difference if you came there, too—for five months, from the 1st of May to 1st of October. And what a splendid thing it would be for the baby to have five months in the country."

My eyes glittered at the prospect. The first tooth had already begun to gleam like a pearl in his rosy gum, and I dreamed the hot, sultry air of summer for little Bertie's sake.

"Yes, said I, doubtfully. "But Jerome?"

"It's only twenty-five minutes by train," said Aunt Penelope. "He can come out every evening."

The more Aunt Penelope and I discussed this subject, the more feasible and delightful it appeared to us. We could revel in country milk, velvet-perman lawns, and fresh butter. Baby's perambulator could roll over gravelled walks; Jerome could hear the nightingales sing of a summer twilight, and watch the moon reflected in the streams; and Aunt Penelope and I could be for the once fine ladies, at the head of a great establishment, for all the Outerbridge servants were to remain on until the return of their mistress. Veritably it seemed a delightful idea.

When Jerome came home I could hardly wait to give him his first cup of tea before I unfolded the story of Outerbridge Cottage, on the Hudson. Aunt Penelope, sitting gracefully by, feeling like the fairy grandmother who had done it all with one whisk of her enchanted wand.

"Well!" quoth I restlessly, when I had finished the recital.

"Well!" said Jerome, who by this time had the baby on his lap, and was tickling its plump ribs.

"Of course we'll go!"

"Of course we won't!" said this impracticable husband of mine.

"Jerome!"

"But why not?"

"In the first place, because I've no idea of your turning housekeeper for any old woman who wants to enjoy herself in France and foist off her household cares on somebody else. In the second place, I like to make my own arrangements, instead of having them made for me!"

At this Aunt Penelope bridled a little and tossed her head.

I looked, with eyes full of tears, at my husband.

"Jerome," cried I, "now you are unreasonable. It would be such a fine thing for baby."

"You have tried to exist in it for two years," said Jerome, with what seemed to me the most heartless indifference.

I began to cry. Aunt Penelope rose up with a great rustling of black silk and blue satin cap ribbons.

"I shall certainly accept my friend, Mrs. Outerbridge's kind offer," said she with dignity. "Of course, Amy, you will do as you please. And I am going up stairs now to pack up. Mrs. Outerbridge is anxious for me to come as soon as possible. And, of course, Amy, you will remember that I shall always be glad to receive you and your family as my guests at Outerbridge Cottage."

"I looked imploringly at Jerome.

"May we go, dear? I am so heart-hungry for apple-blossoms, and green grass and buttercups!" pleaded I.

"Of course, if you wish it."

"And will you come, too?"

But Jerome shook his head.

"My evenings for the present must be in town," said he. "I have some extra work to do for Uncle Joseph, which won't bear postponing. If you go, Amy, you must go alone."

"Aunt Pen was loud in her denunciation of husbands in general and Jerome in particular, when I came up to her room."

"I could have told you how it would be before you were ever married to him," said Aunt Pen shaking her head; "but—"

"You shall not talk so, Aunt Pen!" flashed I. "I dare say Jerome is right; only—only—"

And then I vindicated my cause right royally by bursting into a new flood of tears.

"Aunt Penelope went away the next day, and lonesome enough it seemed. It was a blowy April morning, with a blue sky, dappled with clouds, and faint sweet scents of growing things in the air. Oh, how sick I was of the flat, of pavements and brick walls, and all the items which go to make up a city!" Baby was more fretful than usual, and I easily persuaded myself that he was pining.

"Oh, Jerome!" cried I, passionately, when at last my husband came home, with a tired look, and a roll of papers under his arm; "have we always got to live so?"

"Live how, my darling?"

"Cooped up like rats in a trap, away from all the beautiful sights and sounds of the world! Shut up in a mere lodging-house! Can't we live in a house that has at least a little flower-border and a grape-vine in its rear?"

"I hope we can afford to some time, my dear," said Jerome, gravely.

And then he drew out his inkstand, opened his roll of figures, and went to work.

The April days beamed on, all bright skies, soft winds, and kaleidoscopic glimpses of sunshower; and I became almost heart-sick for the country.

"If Jerome cared for me as he used to care," I told myself, with feverish impatience, "he would at least make some effort to find a home where I could be happier than in this human hive, where a few pot-plants in the window are all I have to remind me of the green world outside."

Stung by these reflections, and still further incited by a letter from Aunt Penelope, full of descriptions of lambs, daisies and little streamlets, I one day packed up my valise.

"Hullo," said Jerome, when he came home, "where are you going?"

"To Aunt Penelope, for a week's visit; I need it and so does Bertie."

"And leave me?"

I looked keenly at Jerome. He, too, was paler and thinner than his usual wont. Nights of work and days of counting-house toil were beginning to tell upon him.

"No, no!" I cried, throwing my arms round him; "I won't leave you, dearest. Not if I never see the country again."

"That's my own brave little girl!" said Jerome, stroking back my hair with a loving touch. "Wait a week, deary, and I'll take you myself for a little trip."

So I waited.

The day-week came, to my infinite delight. I dressed baby in a long white gown, with blue ribbon sash and shoulder-knots, and put on my own daisy little spring hat, trimmed with primroses, and away we rolled in a comfortable open carriage—Jerome, Bertie, and I—until we came to the prettiest bird's nest of a cottage in the world, just a little distance out of the town, where vines garlanded the porch, and a little lawn extended down to a crystal-clear brook. Tulips and daffodils made the border gay, and a lilac tree, by the gate, was just bursting into bloom.

"I should like a house like this," said I gazing abstractedly out at its exquisite spring beauty.

"Should you?" said Jerome, laughing, as he drew up the horses in front of the gate. "I'm glad to hear that, because it is your home."

"My—home!"

I stared at him as if he were half crazy.

"Yes, little patient, homesick wife. I haven't forgotten your likings and longings all this time. Your home!"

"But—is it paid for?"

"Yes; every shilling. Uncle Joseph has helped me, and that night work was well paid. A good garden, Amy, and a nice place to keep fowls! So you like it, eh?"

My face answered him.

We moved out the following week, and kept our May Day among the flowers

and birds. And little Bertie grows like a weed in the sweet scent and green grass; and Aunt Penelope has taken back all she said about Jerome, and has all sorts of trouble with the Outerbridge servants; and I am the happiest little wife in all the world!

Edison's Megaphone.

A San reporter had a talk last week with Mr. Edison about the instrument at which he was working, by means of which he expects to enable deaf people to hear ordinary conversation, the words of actors in a theatre, etc. "I wanted," said he, "some simple, convenient thing that deaf people could use in a theatre, church or anywhere. I had an idea that I could, if I could get just the right means for catching the vibrations of air that produce sound, I could carry them into a little box or chest, that might rest in a man's lap as he sat. From that chest tubes might run concealed in his clothing to his ears. The point was to find out just how to catch the sound vibrations. Well, what do you do when you want to get light from a distant object, or if your eyesight is bad, to see clearly something near? Why, you make such aids to the eye as will catch and carry to the eye the vibrations of light. When you have done this you see clearly. Well, now it struck me that you had got to treat the ear in the same way, when anybody's deaf or wants to hear something away off. But the telescope isn't good for much unless the object-glass which catches and focuses the light is just at the proper angle. What we want for the ear, then, on the same principle, is an instrument the line of whose angle is exactly right. Then you are going to get your sound vibrations, because they will be caught and focused. The fact is I'd got to get an ear telescope. Then we made that one, pointing to the big funnel, 'but it wasn't right. It wouldn't work. Then we made the other one."

"You see that barn over there?" pointing to a barn a mile distant. "Well, I held this tube to my ear, and I heard a man talking over there perfectly. Just as the telescope catches the rays of light from a star and brings them to focus, so by pointing this tube directly at the spot the sound comes from you catch the vibrations of sound."

"Then this does not magnify sound?"

"No; only concentrates it. Now, this angle is all there is to it. I take and cut off a section a finger's length from the end and so I get a short tube with the proper angle, suitable for a comparatively short distance. If I have enough of them they will answer as well as one big tube. Now, perhaps I can carry out my idea and make a little chest, from which these tubes will issue. They will catch the vibrations that are made when a man speaks or preaches, and carry them into the chest, and then they'll pass through the tubes to the ears. I don't want to say that they will do it because I haven't made the thing yet and tried."

Edison proposes to rife the speaking tube of the megaphone, so that the vibrations may be kept as compact as possible. Already some extraordinary experiments have been made with the rough cardboard ear telescope, and its utility for the purposes of ordinary conversation for a distance of two miles was shown at Menlo Park a few days ago. It requires no shouting. Even a whisper can be heard two hundred yards away.

For field and long distance purposes the megaphone will be mounted on a three-legged table like a surveyor's instrument. For audience rooms it may rest upon the lap, and, of course, has no speaking tube.

Already letters pour in upon Edison from deaf persons who have heard that he is at work at something that will give them ears as spectacles give eyes to others. Sometimes he receives as many as one hundred a day, and he has had a batch of circulars printed, for it would take his secretary all day to answer the inquiries. These are mailed to every one who writes.

Sleep the Best Stimulant.

The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry his work through, is to go to bed and sleep a week if he can. This is the only true recuperation of power, the only actual reparation of the brain force. Because, during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, and in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed in previous labor, since the very act of thinking consumes, turns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the splendid steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food previously eaten, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles

Newspaper Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the office—whether directed to his name or not—is responsible for the payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the paper will continue to run until payment is made, and the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
3. The Courts have decided that taking papers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them unsealed for, is prima facie evidence of fraud.

"Good, Easy Reading."

The Greenback party, which declared itself so pure and so free from the schemes of other political organizations, has, as all such loud-mouthed, pretentious institutions invariably do, fallen into the hands of the very class it so freely denounced. No party has ever yet been formed for the express purpose of aiding the poor laborer, which has not, in a short time been run by demagogues and played-off politicians of other schools.

The reason for this is obvious; the lesson taught, simple; the remedy, as plain. A majority of the working class is composed of men who are not familiar with the arrangement of primary meetings, the various modes of moulding public opinion, prior to the assembling of conventions, and the other means used to control party machinery. Hence they naturally, inevitably, become tools in the hands of more experienced, and designing men, who, by their ability or shrewdness assume control, and gain their own base ends at the expense of those whom they professed to aid. This has been the experience of so many labor organizations that it is time the working men of America had learned that it is impossible for them to form a distinct party, for the purpose of industrial legislation. We are not sure but it is better that this state of affairs should exist as it does, for when power is given to a certain class of men, all moved by the same impulses, they are very apt to advocate and enforce measures, which, after a time, rebound and injure materially the originators. Where, then, are laborers to seek redress for their grievances, if they may not band themselves together, to secure justice?

The answer is plain, as we have before said. There is always a party in power, which wishes to retain its ascendancy; there is always a party out of power, ready to catch at every popular cry, and anxious, at any cost, to occupy the positions filled by its successful rival. If any class of men is oppressed, let it appeal to the party in power. Let the people say "we hold the balance of power; give us justice, or your opponents shall fill your emptied seats." This is a more certain means of securing respectful attention than any other which can be devised. It is well known that a new party must struggle for years before it can obtain a plurality or a majority. In the meantime the party may be disbanded by a removal of the cause of discontent, or it may be dissolved by the ill usage of irreputable and east-off politicians.

A large number of voters in Maine have been led to believe that they have been ill used by the parties which have held power. They have endeavored to form a new and purer organization, and to-day, the moment its numbers assume some significance, a crowd of old politicians have boarded the train, and propose to ride to their destination—office. The York County convention, held last week, was controlled solely by disgraced or neglected aspirants for office—men who have been seen at every Republican or Democratic convention, as the case may be, for so many years that history is lost in the mazes of legend. In our own district, the Congressional contest is being guided by the same methods of chicanery—by methods so disreputable and disgusting that they have been discarded by all politicians who are above visiting pot-houses. And yet here is this new and pure party resorting to such tricks—not the party, in fact, but the leaders of that party which we are asked to support.

Below are four letters, recently published in the "New Era," a greenback paper printed in Portland. As you read them, note the similarity of expression, the effort to make them appear genuine, by introducing minor topics, and the unanimity and apparent spontaneity with which they endorse "the gentleman from the Falls" as a Congressional nominee. What a wonderful revelation of strength and popularity do these letters indicate, all written within a week. What ability must the marked man possess, in a few days after stepping from the dark chamber of the unknown, to be thus heralded from three counties as a champion of the oppressed, so mighty that he should go to Congress!

Mr. Editor.—What commission do you pay agents to get subscribers for you? I could get a number here. The Greenback cause is growing in Oxford County, and if the proper man is nominated for Congress, Wm. F. Frye will be defeated. T. B. Swan, Esq., of Mechanic Falls would get more votes than any other person, if he would take the nomination and canvass the district.

Yours truly, C. I. R.

WILTON, June 3, 1878.

Mr. Editor.—I received paper all right last week. Who would be the best man to nominate for Congress in this district? I believe that Thomas B. Swan would not only be the best, but the strongest candidate.

Truly yours, J. D.

SOUTH PARIS, June 6, 1878.

Editor Era.—I notice that you say in your paper, that you can furnish speakers to address Greenback meetings. Who is your best speaker, and what does he charge above expenses? We have nominated a good man for Governor; now everything depends upon nominating the right man for Congress. In this, I think we had better nominate Thomas B. Swan. He would get a larger vote than either Chase or Fogg.

Respectfully yours, J. N.

MECHANIC FALLS, June 8, 1878.

Editor Era.—I doubt if there is a village in this State, that has so many

greenbackers, according to its size as Mechanic Falls. The question much discussed here is, who shall we nominate for Congress to succeed Wm. F. Frye. The best man must be nominated or we cannot succeed. Solon Chase and Mr. Fogg are both spoken of, but neither of them could poll the strength of their own party. Thomas B. Swan, Esq., of this place, would obtain a thousand more votes than either of them. Mr. Swan acted with the democratic party until last fall, when he voted the Greenback ticket. He is popular, honest, a good speaker and a sound lawyer. If he will allow his name to be used as a candidate, this village will go solid for him every time in the convention.

Very respectfully, P. T. M.

It is scarcely necessary to say to any intelligent man that these letters "are not what they seem;" that they were either written in the Era office, by one and the same man, or they were solicited by some traveling missionary of the new faith. The internal evidence is so marked, that one is inclined to misquote Scripture and say, "he who runs may write." It is a repetition of Mr. Tilden's effort to manage conventions through a literary bureau.

The National Banking System.

The Democracy of New England so far as it has spoken in State conventions, declares against the National Banking System on the ground that it is a monopoly, and is sustained to the detriment and at the expense of the General Government. It is demanded that the circulation of the national banks be withdrawn and replaced by an issue of Treasury notes. Those who advocate this policy, hold that the Government would save the interest on the bonds which banking corporations have deposited with the Treasury to secure their circulation. Inasmuch as the amount of such bonds is \$346,000,000, it may be assumed that the Government is not in a position to pay so large a part of its bonded debt at once.

Doubtless the majority of the stockholders of national banks and especially that portion who are called bankers would offer no objection to the redemption of their bonds by the Treasury. The simple fact that the circulation of the national banks has fallen from \$360,394,000 December 1, 1874, to \$300,000,000 at the present time proves that the profits of circulation are not so great as to make it an inducement for bankers to keep their money employed in the business. Men do not withdraw their capital from a business which affords large profits.

But the question of monopoly and the profits of national banking can be more definitely solved. The par value of the United States bonds held by the Treasury for circulation of national banks is \$346,000,000, of which about \$30,000,000 bears 6 per cent., \$200,000,000 5 per cent., and the balance 4 and 1/2 per cent. The annual interest on these bonds is \$17,300,000. The amount of bank currency issued upon the bonds above mentioned is \$311,619,195, on which there is a tax of one per cent., called the tax on circulation, amounting to \$3,116,192. From the gross amount of circulation must be deducted 5 per cent., the amount retained by the Treasury as a redemption fund, leaving \$296,038,235 as the available amount of money to be used in banking purposes. The average rate of interest throughout the country is 8 per cent., and estimating the income of the circulation at that rate, we have \$23,683,059. The above may be more concisely stated as follows:

Interest on \$346,000,000 circulation at 5 per cent. per annum.	\$17,300,000
Interest on bonds.	\$17,300,000
Total income.	\$34,600,000
Less tax on circulation.	\$3,116,192
Net income on capital.	\$31,483,808
The same capital (the bonds) at 8 per cent. per annum would earn.	\$27,680,000
Difference, representing profit on circulation.	\$3,803,808

From the above it will appear that the value of circulation of National banks retained by the Treasury is kept loaned out all the time, would be about \$2,000,000 on a capital of over \$363,000,000 (the currency value of the bonds) or a little over 2 1/2 per cent.

It must be admitted that this is not a very ruinous monopoly, even if there were no mitigating circumstances; but when we take into consideration the fact that the stock upon which this circulation is based, valued in 1876 at \$301,788,000, was made to pay State and municipal taxes aggregating \$9,701,732, or 3 1/2 per cent., may calculate that the National banking system is excessively burdensome to the people and the business and industry of the country fairly come in. When one looks at this subject in its true light he will find that the only United States bonds which are taxed indirectly are those which are held by the Government as security for bank circulation—that the tax on circulation (\$3,116,000) and on bank stock by local authority (\$9,701,000) is to all intents and purposes a tax on the Government bonds, which are in fact the only property upon which the business is based.

We have not alluded to the many advantages which all classes of people in this country derive from the National banking system, such as the general currency of the bills of National banks, the sum of money saved by business men when years ago they were compelled to pay as discounts on State bank bills, and the money lost by all classes, and the Government, through the failure of State banks. These considerations of themselves would convince candid men that even if the National banking system afforded no revenue and cost the people several millions annually, it could not be wisely done away with.

We look at this question from the popular side, and from that aspect we believe that the national banking system is the wisest, safest and in every way the best ever devised. To-day the class which would be least injured by the withdrawal of the circulation of national banks would be those men whom demagogues denounce as bankers. The chief revenue of all banks is derived from loaning their deposits. Should their own circulation be taken from them they will continue business just the same and ask as high rates of interest as now. They will, moreover, have their own bonds at their disposal, and the country will lose over \$100,000,000 of property now heavily taxed as National Bank stock.

When sensible people come to consider this subject in all its bearings they will be forced to conclude that this cry against the national banking system has been raised by ignorant or unprincipled demagogues for political effect.

In the last moments of the session, ex-Doorkeeper Polk got a vindication with two months' extra pay. The rag-tag and bobtail of the House declared that nothing had been shown against his character, and the country was under a great impression, and clapped on a plaster of back pay besides. This is a reward of demerit, and will encourage Doorkeepers of the past, to do their level worst.—Tribune.

—Rev. R. Dunham baptized two converts at South Auburn, Sunday June 23d.

Losses by Resumption.

The Greenback orators and newspapers never cease to harp upon the losses to the country caused by the efforts made to resume specie payments. Solon Chase tells his hearers that the loss by depreciation of property within the last five years far exceeds the amount of the national debt. He attributes to contraction of the currency, although the amount of currency in circulation now is larger than the amount circulating during the years after the war, when prices were highest and business the most brisk.

It is important to bear in mind that the greenbackers represent this depreciation as an actual loss of property—property sunk, made away with, absolutely lost to the country, as though vessels had been swallowed up in the ocean, or buildings consumed by fire, or crops ruined by tornadoes or hail-storms. Now this is a fallacy. "Everything," says the New York Times, in a sound, well reasoned article upon the subject—"from the Capitol at Washington to the two-year-old heifer in Mr. Solon Chase's pasture, has suffered depreciation and shrinkage; but what is that process? There is as much land as ever, possessing as great utility as ever for all uses to which land can be put; the order of nature remains, and crops grow as ever; food and clothing are the same as ever; buildings, machinery, transportation, instruments, every form of material property, and the hourly lamented money, exist as abundantly and as usefully as before 1873; even Mr. Chase's heifer, at the tail-end of the list, is undoubtedly as likely and as useful in every respect as the heifer of similar age and attainments he owned in 1870. How is a thing lost, when we know where it is, can get it, and have got it; how has it shrunk, when it is as large as ever? Speaking in general, there is not an article produced which is inferior now in quality to what it was in 1870. There has not been one trustworthy fact, or figure added going to show that the total quantity of material wealth of all kinds now in the country is less than then; on the contrary, the indications and probabilities are that it is greater. Thousands of persons have experienced losses, in various ways, but these are transfers which do not add up into a total loss; and when there is as much property as ever, there can be no loss to the country, as asserted.

As to the second proposition, that this loss is unreal, we mean that the shrinkage is in money-price; the exchangeable value of property may be as great as ever, although the dollar measure has increased in length. A particular building may be worth now only half as many dollars as in 1870; but it may have the same utility, and may be exchangeable for another building as good, or for other property as valuable, as in 1870. Change to any extent the status of man, everything else taking the same change, and there would be no perceptible alteration. Even Mr. Solon Chase may be able to realize that if what is now called a league should be called a mile no "shrinkage" would follow in the distance from New York to Portland; and although his "contracted" heifer may be worth no more dollars than when it was a yearling, it may be worth more bushels of corn than then. Property has remained; the dollar has grown. If we haven't given some glimmering of this distinction in one paragraph, even to inflationists—whose notions about money are as crude and vague as those of children—we cannot do so in a column.

Yet we are far from denying that there have been large losses, both in individual and public. Of this sort are those on useless railroads; factories badly located, not needed or badly planned; buildings which nobody needs; tools which will spoil while awaiting use. The labor which went into these represents an absolute loss, although the money which nominally and seemingly was given for the labor exists yet; all the unwise ventures of a speculative period may be lumped together as genuine loss. The greater losses by resumption, however, are of another sort; they are of the losses of time, of hope, of skill and spirit in work, of good character and tone in life, and of results which could have been attained had certain things already been pushed to completion. When we speak, as frequently, of the losses, the cost, the pains, and the price of resumption we mean these; but they are chargeable, not to resumption, but to the previous inflation. They are the painful reaction that follows a financial as well as any other debauch; they are unavoidable, but they may be intensified and prolonged. The inflationists insist on going on with the debauch, refusing to see that what they try to bring back is temporary and unnatural, and what they resist is return to the normal condition. The worst losses by resumption should rather be called losses by deferring and resisting resumption, for such they are. The inflationists are those who make these losses now, by trying—vainly, although with disastrous effect—to protract the present suspense and prevent the return of these conditions under which general prosperity is possible.

—The Camden Herald says that with the success of the greenback policy, "the bank stock of Lewiston would not be worth \$100 while the mill stock of the same city is worth but fifty cents on the dollar, and wages are scaled down."

And the editor of the Herald continues to pen such stuff as this when he can but know that there is and has been no bank stock in Lewiston worth \$100, and that the only bank stock worth more than par is that of two old State banks which were changed into National banks, and which, instead of dividing the earnings of cash days as the mills did, were obliged by law to lay aside part of the profits, which constitute a surplus to the extent that their stock is quoted above par. In six hundred years one of our mills divided one hundred forty-nine per cent. while these banks divided but sixty per cent. Furthermore the surplus and dividends of the two old State banks were paid out to the stockholders of the cotton mills which were run during the war. In other words the dividends and present market value of the shares of our cotton mills built before the war, exceed the dividends and present market value of either of our banks. And again, our mills to-day are paying on an average 20 per cent. higher wages than before the war, while the average cost of articles of food and clothing is no more now than in 1860. More than the wages of our creatives and workmen in Lewiston to-day average forty per cent. higher than they do in France, which country is the Herald's bean field.

The Man in the Moon.

Mr. Editor.—In a speech at West Paris Thursday evening last, Mr. P. M. Fogg described the atmosphere in Washington as being so foul that the man in the moon was said over that celebrated city, is obliged to place his hands over his nostrils to keep out the offensive stench.

Now is it not a little strange that this same "Fogg," this "pure young orator," is possessed of a terrible hankering for that very atmosphere? Yes, he is willing to take the risk of becoming "contaminated" and "corrupted" and "grow suddenly rich," as have "Jim Blaine," "Bill Frye," and a host of others who have been "bought" with "Shylocks' money!" But then this "pure young orator" of course could not be induced to enter so foul a place as the Capitol of the Nation, were it not for the good of the "poor laboring man;" but for their good he is willing to undertake the job of purifying that corrupt and foul body known as the Congress of the United States! The people of the Second Congressional District will be exceedingly negligent of their highest interests should they neglect to avail themselves of the services of this "pure young orator" in the next Congress. Why, what reforms he would immediately bring about! He would abolish "Shylocks," abolish "bloated bondholders," abolish "National banks" abolish "gold and silver" as "relics of the dark ages" and give us, (not the "dollar of our daddies") but "absolute, lawful paper dollars!"

Greenbacks payable in bonds, and bonds payable in greenbacks! How convenient to pay our debts! What a beautiful system of exchange! Why fellow citizens, let us arise in our might and place this "pure young orator" "where he can do the most good." And right here let me suggest that after he has purified the atmosphere of Washington and the Nation so that the "man in the moon" will no longer have to hold his breath as he passes over the capital, he will delight to linger long over the city to take a few extra sniffs of the clarified air, that Mr. Fogg be given a permanent position as spend engine upon the dome of the Capitol.

—The fact that a large proportion of those of us who are entitled to vote are relatively "poor in this world's goods," long ago suggested to politicians who wanted our votes the feasibility of appealing to our natural jealousy against men who have amassed more property than we have, and using that feeling of envy to boost themselves into office.

Hence in almost every election—particularly when the grasshoppers have destroyed our crops, or war or other unavoidable calamity has prostrated business.—We find selfish men who want official position trying to strengthen this natural, but unwise feeling of jealousy, and at the same time to put themselves forward as the champions of the poor against the rich. The hard times through which we are now passing furnish a grand opportunity for this class of demagogues, who generally find a ready-made place where the people could take care of her children while she went to meetin', or her children while she went to Auburn, or bring her children with her next week. The committee replied that all such places were pre-occupied!

—Our neighbor, Dr. I. G. Kimball, the dentist, meets with gratifying success during his monthly visits to Fryeburg. He is now quartered at the Oxford House, three days of the first week in each month. His skill in his profession is well acknowledged, and we are glad to know that by strict attention to business, and square dealing, he is building up an excellent business in this region.—Bridgton News.

—Of the 145 members of the House of Representatives who voted for Mr. Conger's Constitutional Amendment prohibiting the payment of Rebel claims, only four were Southern men, and three of these were from border States; of the sixty-one members who voted against that amendment, fifty-five were from the South. This looks as if the Solid South knew what it wanted—and as if the North knew it too.—Tribune.

—Solon Chase continues to bump his head heavily against facts. He recently told the people of an eastern village that through the kindness of the Resumption Act the thousands of children were prevented from attending the schools in Lewiston because they had no clothes to wear. The Chairman of the Lewiston School Board says that a larger percentage of the children of that city have attended school the past year than ever before.

—The Norway National Bank has recently placed upon its safe an improved time lock. It is a most efficient piece of workmanship, and affords absolute security against the assaults of the most modern burglars. A burglar alarm has also been placed in the banking rooms, attached to all modes of entrance, and with key boards in various parts of the room convenient for the cashier to touch, in case of need.

—Gen. Garfield thinks the Democratic House has done wonders for the Republicans. He said in a Western report: "The Democrats have been bunglers in many ways; in fact, in almost everything that they have undertaken. Their appropriations, which were designed, as was claimed, to be so very low, finally surpassed the appropriations of the Republican Congress by many millions of dollars, and twelve or fifteen millions were appropriated to make up the deficiencies created through their own previous neglect or lack of clear-sightedness. The Potter investigation and the General demagogues and the General thought the Republicans ought to be encouraged in view of the condition of political affairs."

—Hon. William H. Armstrong, who a few months since was the strongest proponent of the greenbackers of Pennsylvania, and a prominent candidate of the better element of the party for Governor, has recently written a letter repudiating the movement and declaring his purpose of returning to the republican party. He ascribes some very solid reasons for his course. In the first place the control of the greenback movement in Pennsylvania has fallen into the hands of the communistic element, and it gains any considerable power will be a source of danger to the country. In the next place, he expresses the opinion that the greenback question has lost its importance. It is an issue of the past. Resumption will take place January 1, 1879. Opposition is useless and can produce nothing but mischief. The movement in Pennsylvania is on the decline.

CHANGE OF TIME.—On and after Monday, July 1, trains will leave the Grand Trunk Station, St. Paris, at the following hours: For Portland at 6:10 and 10:40 a. m. and 4:47, p. m. Trains from Portland arrive at 9:40 a. m., 9:37, p. m., and 7:37 p. m. Rawson & Tufts coaches leave Paris Hill at 9 a. m., 10 a. m. and 3 p. m. Passengers carried to either of the other trains.

—Next Thursday will be the fourth of July—sure this time.

—Fishes to be taken laws, some nice trout are now being taken from the Fryeburg streams.

—The Illinois Republicans have nominated General J. C. Smith for State Treasurer. Their platform is brief and to the point, consisting of these words: Resolved, That those who preserved the country shall govern it, instead of those who attempted to destroy it!

—The Oxford Democrat says O. T. Dadd has just opened a barber shop at Fryeburg. This is too bad, Charlie. The right name is C. T. Dadd.—Argus. Dadd? Dadd? Dadd? Dadd? Yes, it's all right after all. The boy is father of the man.

—There have been a good many queer Smiths in the world, but the queerest is the Oldtown specimen, who with his pockets full of bonds, heads a party that cries out against the oppression by bondholders.

—The Bohemian Bell Ringers gave three of their entertainments in this town last week, at the three largest villages. They were greeted by full houses, and every person who attended felt that the price of admission was well invested.

—There is to be a fourth of July celebration in Plummer's Grove, in District No. 2, Sweden, under the auspices of Grange and Good Templars Lodges. At 10 a. m. a procession of fanatics, followed by exiles in the grove, such as recalcitrants, singing, address, etc., and dinner. A good time is expected, and all are invited.—News.

—Considering that a Democratic House has examined and ordered paid the disputed bills contracted by ex-Secretary Robinson, and that the Naval Committee did not make the charges against him which it was represented in nearly every Democratic committee in the land as making, isn't it about time to drop these accusations which are made against him?

—There has just been completed at the Patten Car Works two very fine passenger cars, one for use on the Fryeburg and Bangor, mail, express and smoking, and one freight train saloon car. They are designed for use on the Rumford Falls and Buckfield Railroad, and are constructed in the most substantial manner.—Bath Commercial.

—The Bridgton News says that Mr. Samuel A. Kilbourne, formerly of Bridgton, who is becoming famous as a painter of fish, has received an order from the publishing house of Scribner, Armstrong & Co., to paint twenty water-color pictures of the game fishes of the United States, which are to be lithographed in color and published in monthly parts.

—In France, to which our inflationists point as an example for us, agricultural laborers consumed from 47 cents to 57 cents per day; carpenters and smiths from 88 to 98 cents per day; compositors, shoemakers and masons from 85 cents to \$1 per day, and plumbers, upholsterers, and journeyman tailors, from \$1.20 to \$1.50 per day. The cost of living is low, made much lower by the frugal habits of the French, who, as has often been said, will live well on what Americans waste.

—Did you ever? The Lewiston Journal says that a lady wrote the committee on entertainment of one of the Auburn conventions held for next week, saying that if she could have a place where the people could take care of her children while she went to meetin', or her children while she went to Auburn, or bring her children with her next week. The committee replied that all such places were pre-occupied!

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Summer Burnham.

In the death of Summer Burnham, Esq., Norway has lost one of its best and most substantial. He had not resided there a great many years, but his energy, perseverance and ripe experience in business matters, as well as his integrity and moral rectitude, gave him a position which few, if any, of the native born citizens could fill, at the time of his death. He was one of the founders and the first and only President of the Norway National Bank, and to him more than to any other person, is due the sound and prosperous condition of that institution, during the long business depression and hard times. Without going into particulars, he was one of the foremost business men of the thriving village and town in which he lived, a valuable member of society and a strong pillar of the church.

Mr. Burnham was the fifth son and child of Nathaniel Burnham born in Bolton, Mass., Dec. 22, 1769, and of Nabby Scribner of Waterboro his wife, and was born in Harrison Nov. 16, 1809. He was therefore in his sixty-ninth year at the time of his death. His grandfather Reuben Burnham came from Bolton, Mass., and settled in Bridgton in 1774, and in the year following was killed by a tree falling upon him. Summer Burnham lived for many years on the old homestead of his father in Harrison and was a valuable and respected citizen. In addition to his farming operations which were on an extended scale, Mr. Burnham was a deputy sheriff and one of the most

adroit and successful rogue catchers that ever filled the position of sheriff in this State. He was a natural born detective, and hard indeed was it, for the fugitive from justice to elude his pursuit. His qualities in this direction were recognized by the State authorities, and during the war of the rebellion, as a State Detective he performed valuable services. After the war was over, he was employed by the Collector of the port of Portland as a detective in the revenue service and was stationed on the Canadian border. He was very successful in helping to put a stop to the smuggling which, during the war and for a few years after, was carried on there to a great extent. Mr. Burnham has been much in town office and has served in the Legislature, and efficiency and integrity have ever been his leading characteristics.

Mr. Burnham married Christiana the daughter of Ephraim Wadsworth of Hallowell and had the following children: Greenleaf who married Christiana Steadman and died several years ago, leaving three children; Frances who married William Evans of Portland; Otto W., a lawyer who practiced at Mechanic Falls and Portland and married Mabel Bates of Waterville a noted singer, and who died in Portland; Caroline who married Henry C. Robie of Harrison; Sumner Jr. who died young, and Sumner W., Silas, Horace and Alice.

Mr. Burnham was a man of commanding presence. He was six feet and several inches tall and weighed nearly or quite three hundred pounds. He was pleasant, social and kind hearted. Though a man of wealth, his riches did not, as is too often the case, bring pride and arrogance. He was kind and liberal to the poor, and gave freely and liberally for the support of every good cause. He was a republican in the truest and highest sense of the word, though not a hawling politician. He was a fine type of manhood, physically, mentally and morally, combining qualities which are rarely found so perfected in the same person. His death is a public loss.

Augusta, June 28.

RESOLUTIONS.
Whereas, The Supreme Ruler of all events, has seen fit, in his mysterious Providence, to take from our dear and much-loved brother, Summer Burnham, in the early day of his manhood, with the glorious prospect of a most successful and happy life just before him, and as if the North knew it too.—Tribune.

—Solon Chase continues to bump his head heavily against facts. He recently told the people of an eastern village that through the kindness of the Resumption Act the thousands of children were prevented from attending the schools in Lewiston because they had no clothes to wear. The Chairman of the Lewiston School Board says that a larger percentage of the children of that city have attended school the past year than ever before.

—The Norway National Bank has recently placed upon its safe an improved time lock. It is a most efficient piece of workmanship, and affords absolute security against the assaults of the most modern burglars. A burglar alarm has also been placed in the banking rooms, attached to all modes of entrance, and with key boards in various parts of the room convenient for the cashier to touch, in case of need.

—Gen. Garfield thinks the Democratic House has done wonders for the Republicans. He said in a Western report: "The Democrats have been bunglers in many ways; in fact, in almost everything that they have undertaken. Their appropriations, which were designed, as was claimed, to be so very low, finally surpassed the appropriations of the Republican Congress by many millions of dollars, and twelve or fifteen millions were appropriated to make up the deficiencies created through their own previous neglect or lack of clear-sightedness. The Potter investigation and the General demagogues and the General thought the Republicans ought to be encouraged in view of the condition of political affairs."

—Hon. William H. Armstrong, who a few months since was the strongest proponent of the greenbackers of Pennsylvania, and a prominent candidate of the better element of the party for Governor, has recently written a letter repudiating the movement and declaring his purpose of returning to the republican party. He ascribes some very solid reasons for his course. In the first place the control of the greenback movement in Pennsylvania has fallen into the hands of the communistic element, and it gains any considerable power will be a source of danger to the country. In the next place, he expresses the opinion that the greenback question has lost its importance. It is an issue of the past. Resumption will take place January 1, 1879. Opposition is useless and can produce nothing but mischief. The movement in Pennsylvania is on the decline.

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—The Lewiston Journal says that a lady wrote the committee on entertainment of one of the Auburn conventions held for next week, saying that if she could have a place where the people could take care of her children while she went to meetin', or her children while she went to Auburn, or bring her children with her next week. The committee replied that all such places were pre-occupied!

