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## The Oxford Democrat

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BY  
GEO. H. WATKINS,  
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## Selected Story.

From Harper's Bazar.  
A NEWSPAPER FILE.

It was two days after Aunt Priscilla's funeral, and Sue and I were sitting together by the kitchen fire, with that hush over our spirits which follows a death and a burial. All the afternoon we had been busy getting the house to rights, not minding yet with the things which had been hers, and were not ours, but by dint of open windows, sunshine, and furniture dusted and re-arranged, trying to restore to the rooms that familiar look which they had lost during those weeks of anxiety and trouble. A few days more, and we must face a future which was full of terrors. Meanwhile custom as well as inclination accorded a brief respite in which to think of her who was gone, and of each other, with the clinging fondness of those whose lives, never before parted, were about to separate.

She sat on a low stool, her head against the chimney jamb. It was the chimney of Aunt Priscilla's youth; she never would alter it—one of the wide old-fashioned kind, with pot hooks, and blazing logs, and a bake-oven at one side. The soot-blackened bricks and faint red glow made a background for my sister's head with its great twist of fair hair, and tiny slender throat. I was very pretty, prettier than anybody I ever saw. I recollected a picture of Cinderella sitting on such an attitude by the chimney side. She was equally picturesque at that moment; so far as looks go, equally worthy of a prince, but alas! no fairy godmother was likely to emerge from the apertures for her benefit. Aunt Pris, who in a small way had enacted that part toward us, was gone, and her big rocking-chair, which we had no heart to sit in, swung empty in its accustomed place, type of a like emptiness which we were conscious of in other things, and would feel for a long time to come.

Neither of us spoke for a while. We were tired and spiritless, and John Slade was coming presently to talk over things, so we saved our words.

Dr. Slade—John—was Sue's lover. Their poor little engagement had been formed two years ago. How many years it was likely to last, nobody could guess; but they held on to it bravely and were content to wait. Pretty soon, as we sat waiting, his step descended without on the stairs, and with a little tap—courteous, but unnecessary, for the door was never locked—he entered, gave Sue a gentle kiss, me another, and sat down between us in aunt's rocking-chair. It was a comfort to have him do that. The house seemed less forlorn at once.

"Well, children, how has the day gone?" he asked.

"Pretty well," replied Sue. "We have been busy, and are tired to-night, I think. I am glad you are come, John dear. We were getting lonesome and dismal, Cree and I."

Lucrèce is my name; but Sue and Aunt Priscilla always called me "Cree."

John adjusted a stick on the embers, and with one daring poke sent the sparks upward before he answered. Then he took Sue's hand in his broad palm and patted it gently said:

"Now let's talk over matters. We ought to decide what we are to do, we three."

That "three" was very comforting to me, but John always is a comfort. He was "made so" Aunt Pris said. And he certainly carries out the purpose of his creation.

"Did your aunt leave any will?" he went on.

"Only this," and I brought from between the leaves of the big Bible, where we found it, a half sheet of note paper, on which dear aunt had stated in her own simple form, that she left all she had to be equally divided between her nieces, Susan and Lucrèce Packard. Squire Packard's name and Sarah Brackett's, our old washer-woman's, were written below as witnesses.

"Very well," said John. "That's good in law, I fancy; or if not, you are the nearest relations and it's yours anyway. What property did your aunt own besides this house?"

"She had an annuity of two hundred a year, and fifty dollars more from some turpentine stock. That's all, except the house and furniture, but there's a mortgage of three hundred dollars on that—Squire Packard holds it. The annuity stops now, doesn't it?"

John looked as though he wanted to whistle, but refrained.

"Your aunt was a clever manager," he said—"a capital manager. She made a very little go a great way, didn't she? I don't know any one else who could live so nicely on three hundred a year, with mortgage interest taken out. You have always seemed cozy and comfortable."

"We always have been. But we had the garden, you know, and the cow; that gave us two-thirds of our living. Aunt was a wonderful housekeeper, though. Isn't it a great deal cheaper to feed women than men? She always said so."

"I suppose it is. Men are carnivorous. A diet of tea and vegetables doesn't suit them very well; they are apt to grumble for something more solid. Well, my dear girls, our summing up isn't very satisfactory. Even without the mortgage you couldn't live on fifty dollars a year."

"No. And I've been thinking what we

could do. So has Cree, though we haven't spoken to each other about it. I might teach a district school perhaps. And Cree—"

"I could take a place as plain cook. There isn't anything else I can do so well. Plain cooking with dripping and soap fat by way of perquisites," and I gave a little laugh meant to be merry.

"It is hard," said John, with a moody look on his face which was foreign to its usual bright frankness. "How much a little money would sometimes do for people who can't get it, and how little it is worth to other people who fling it away without a thought of its value. A thousand dollars, now! Any rich man would consider it a mere bagatelle in his expenses; but if I could command the sum, it would make us three comfortable for life."

"How do you mean? What would you do with a thousand dollars if you had it, John?"

"I'll tell you. Langworthy is going to sell his practice."

"Oh!"

"It is a large practice, for the country, you know. It brings him in six or eight hundred a year—sometimes more. He has a chance to go into partnership with his brother out West somewhere, and he will sell for a thousand."

"But John, some people like you better than they do Dr. Langworthy."

"Yes, some people do. But the question is, will they like me better than the other man who buys Dr. Langworthy out? If I were that man I should command both practices. It is a chance, don't you see? But a new man coming in has his chance to cut me out."

"I see. What can be done?"

"Nothing," with a rueful laugh.

"That's the worst of it. I can only keep on and hope for the best. But it is hard when with this miserable thousand dollars I could double my chances and make a nice home for you two. Sue darling, don't cry."

She had laid her cheek down on his arm, but she wasn't crying, only looking sadly into the fire.

"If we sold everything, all this which John left us—the home, everything—could not we get the thousand dollars?" I asked desperately.

John shook his head. "I could not let you do that, Cree, in any case. You'll want your share some day for yourself; it mustn't go into buying a practice for me. But apart from that, houses sell so badly now that this wouldn't realize much over the value of the mortgage at a forced sale. And the furniture, though worth a good deal to keep, would go for nothing at an auction. That plan wouldn't do at all for any of us."

"Still, there's no harm in thinking about it, and seeing what we have, and what it's worth," I urged, loath to give up any ghost of a chance. We may do that, mayn't we, John?"

"Of course. That is a thing that you must do sooner or later. Look over the house, and make a list carefully, and we'll consult and fix on approximate values. Don't hurry about it, though. Next week is time enough and I know you need rest."

"Best is the very thing I don't need and can't take," I cried impatiently.—"Something to fill up the long days and keep us from thinking and getting blue is what we want. We'll make the list to-morrow, John."

A little more talk and he rose to go.

"Did you stop at the post office, John?"

"Yes. There was nothing for you."

"Not even the Intelligence?" asked Sue, languidly.

"I forgot to tell you. There has been a great fire in New York and the Intelligence is burned out. Abner brought the news over; it was telegraphed to the Junction. They say the building is a total loss, so I suppose there won't be any publication for a while—some days at least."

"Poor aunt! how sorry she would be!" sighed Sue. "Aunt took the paper ever since it began, forty-five years ago. She never missed a number. There it is, up stairs—stacks and stacks of it. She was so proud of her file. It's no use at all now, I suppose, is it John?"

"The ragman will give a penny a pound for it," I suggested; "that's something."

"We'll weigh the lot one of these days and see what we can realize," said John. "Good-night children."

It was a ghostly task which we set out to do next day. The past itself, the faint, fragmentary past, seems to be wrapped up and enclosed in those bundles of time, worn articles with which elderly people encumber their store-rooms and closet shelves. Some air of antiquity exhales as you open them, and mingling with our modern air produces an impression half laughable, half sad. Aunt Priscilla had been a born collector. She loved old things because they were old, apart from use or value, and instinct and principle combined had kept her from ever throwing away anything in her life. Had she been richer her garret would indeed have proved a mine of treasure for the bric-a-brac hunters. No tin peddler would have laid eyes on her andirons; her claw-legged tables would have held their place, her Spode and Worcester were set undisturbed upon their upper shelf century in and out. But Aunt Priscilla had no claw-legged tables, no brasses or old china. Instead, we found vast stores of odds and ends—bits of by-gone dresses, bits of faded chintz, papers yellow with

age, pamphlets which no mortal had ever read or would read, old books, coverless or with pages torn away, scraps of rusty iron, screws without heads, and nails without points. The furniture, though neat and whole, was of the plainest. Even our unpracticed eye could see its lack of value. Who would want to buy the old-time dimity curtains, with ball fringes sewed along their edges, or the counterpane, made by Aunt Priscilla's own hands out of the calicoes of her youth? Our list was a very short one. A few chairs and tables, a dozen tin spoons and a small tea-pot, in silver, the huge newspaper heap which I had appraised at a penny a pound—these seemed the only salable things; and we looked comically and grimly into each other's faces as we set them down.

"I wish it were possible to eat Intelligences," said I.

"They say newspapers make excellent counterpanes," replied Sue—"warmer than blankets."

"Yes, and 'they say' that a teaspoonful of Liebig's Extract gives as much nourishment as ever so much roast beef," retorted I, but it seemed to me when I tried it, that except for a taste in my mouth as if I had swallowed an old shoe, I shouldn't have known that I had eaten anything at all.

John came as usual in the evening. "Here's enterprise!" he called out as he came in.

"What is enterprise?"

"The Intelligence—Behold it, large as life, and looking just as usual, only forty-eight hours after the fire! That's what I call pluck."

"Isn't it?" cried Sue, admiringly, as she drew the paper from its wrapper, and held it to the blaze that she might see the familiar page. Meanwhile I took from my pocket our melancholy little list.

"You were right, John. Sue and I have searched the house over to-day, and this is all there is of any value—the furniture, a little silver, and those wretched Intelligences."

I was interrupted by a startled cry. Sue was gazing at the newspaper in her hand with large dilated eyes. Her cheeks had flushed pink.

"What is it? What is the matter?" both of us cried in a breath.

"Just read this! Oh, John, I don't believe it! Read."

She thrust the paper into his hand, and he read:

**\$1000** having been destroyed by fire on the evening of the 13th inst., we offer the above price for a complete and perfect set of the Intelligence from its first number to its present date. Any persons able to supply a set as stated will please communicate with the publisher, P. O. Box 233, New York.

"A thousand dollars! Oh, Sue! oh John! what a piece of good fortune! Dear aunt—think of her file turning out such a treasure! It is too wonderful to be true. I feel as though it were a dream; and I danced up and down the kitchen floor."

John and Sue were equally excited.

"Only," premised the former, "we must not forget that some one else may have a file of the Intelligence and get ahead of us."

This wet blanket of suggestion kept me awake all night. My thoughts kept flying to New York, anticipating the letter which we had written, and John posted over night for the early stage. If it should be lost in the mails! When morning came, I was too fidgety to employ myself in any way. But about noon John walked in, comfort in his eyes.

"Why, John, how funny to see you here at this hour! Why do you look so?"

"You haven't heard yet; you can't for the letter is only half-way there."

"But I have heard! I got ahead of the letter—drove over to the Junction, telegraphed, paid for the answer, and here it is."

"Blessed John! This was the telegram—"

Send file at once. Check ready to your order. P. HALLIDAY.

How we cried and laughed and kissed each other. How much that message meant! To John and Sue, the satisfaction of their love, life spent together, the fruition of deferred hopes; to me the lifting of a heavy weight, home security, the shelter of my sister's wing, the added riches of a brother who was brotherly in every deed. And all this for a thousand dollars! Oh, how much money can do sometimes! and at other times, how little! We had grown somewhat calmer, though Sue kept her still sweet wet face hidden on John's shoulder, and quivered and sobbed now and then, when I turned emotion into a new channel by seizing a tumbler of water and proposing this toast—"To the memory of the late Samuel F. Morse."

John seized another, and added, "The Intelligence—may it rise like a phoenix from its ashes!"

I leave you to guess if we did not drink this heartily.

**THE GHOST ROBBER.**

On a fine evening in the spring of 1830, a stranger, mounted on a noble looking horse, passed slowly over the snow-white line-road leading through the Black Forest.

Just as the sun was going to rest for the day, when the gloomy shadows were beginning to stalk, he drew rein as he said:

"This must be near the spot surely; I'll stop here for awhile, anyhow, and see what I can learn."

He therefore dismounted and entered

the parlor of the inn, where he sat down beside a small table.

"How can I serve you, meinher?" said the landlord.

"See to my horse outside," replied the guest carelessly, but at the same time eyeing the landlord from head to foot; "and let me have some wine—Rhine will do."

The landlord was turning to withdraw from the stranger's presence, when he stopped and said:

"Which way, meinher, do you travel?"

"To Naustadt," replied the guest.

"You will stop here to-night, I suppose," continued the landlord.

"I will stay here for two or three hours but I must then be off so as to reach my destination there in the morning." I am going to purchase lumber for the market."

"And you have considerable money with you; no doubt; asked the landlord, innocently.

"Yes, considerable," replied the guest, sipping his wine disinterestedly.

"Then, if you'll take my advice," said the landlord, "you'll stay here till morning."

"Why?" replied the stranger looking up curiously.

"Because," whispered the landlord, looking around as if he were disclosing a great secret, and was afraid of being heard by somebody else, "every man that has passed over the road between this and Naustadt at midnight for the last ten years, has been robbed or murdered under very singular circumstances."

"What were the circumstances?" asked the stranger, putting down his empty glass and preparing to fill it again.

"Why, you see," the landlord went on, while he approached his guest's table and took a seat, "I have spoken with several who have been robbed; all I could learn from them is that they remember meeting in the lonesome part of the wood, something white and ghostly, and that frightened their horses so that they either ran away or threw their riders; they felt a choking sensation and a sort of smothering, and finally died, as they thought, but awoke in an hour or so to find themselves lying by the roadside, robbed of everything."

"Indeed," ejaculated the stranger, looking abstractedly at the rafters in the ceiling, as though he was more intent upon counting them than he was interested in the landlord's story.

The inn-keeper looked at him with astonishment. Such perfect composure he had not witnessed for a long time.

"You will remain, then?" suggested the landlord, after waiting some time for his guest to speak.

"I?" said the stranger, starting from his fit of abstraction as though he was not sure he was the person addressed. "Oh, most certainly not; I'm going straight ahead, ghost or no ghost; to-night."

Half an hour later the stranger and a guide called Wilhelm, were out on the road going as a pretty round pace towards Naustadt.

During a flash of lightning the stranger observed that his guide looked very uneasy about something, and was slackening his horse's pace as though he intended to drop behind.

"Lead on," cried the stranger, "don't be afraid."

"I'm afraid I cannot," replied the person addressed, continuing to hold his horse in until he was now at least a length behind his companion. "My horse is cowardly and unmanageable in a thunder storm. If you will go on though, I think I can make him follow close enough to point out the road."

The stranger pulled up instantly. A strange light gleamed in his eyes, while his hands sought his breast pocket, from which he drew something. The guide saw the movement and stopped also.

"Guides should lead, not follow," said the stranger quietly, but with a firmness which seemed to be exceedingly unpleasant to the person addressed.

"But," faltered the guide, "my horse won't go."

"Won't he?" queried the stranger, with mock simplicity.

The guide heard a sharp click and saw something gleam in his companion's right hand. He understood perfectly, for he immediately drove spurs into his horse's flanks, and shot away ahead of his companion, without another word.

He no sooner reached his old position however, than the stranger saw him give a sharp turn to the right and disappear, as though he had vanished through the foliage of the trees that skirted the road. He heard the clatter of his horse as he galloped off. Without waiting another instant he touched his horse lightly with the reins, gave him a prick with the rowels, and off the noble animal started like the wind in the wake of the flying guide.

The stranger's horse being much superior to the other's, the race was a short one, and terminated by the guide being thrown nearly from his saddle by a heavy hand which was laid upon his bridle stopping him.

He turned in his seat, beheld the stranger's face, dark and frowning, and trembled violently as he felt the smooth cold barrel of a pistol pressed against his cheek.

"This cursed beast almost ran away with me," cried the guide, composing himself as well as he could under the circumstances.

"Yes, I know," replied his companion drily, "but mark my word, young man, if your horse plays such tricks again, he'll be the means of seriously injuring his master's health."

They both turned and cantered back to the road. When they reached it again, and turned the heads of their animals in the right direction, the stranger said to his guide in a tone which must have convinced his hearer as to his earnestness:

"Now, friend Wilhelm, I hope we understand each other for the rest of the journey. You are to continue on ahead of me in the right road, without swerving either to the right or the left. If I see you do anything suspicious, I will drive a brace of bullets through you without a word of notice. Now push on."

The guide had started as directed, but it was evident from his mutterings that he was alarmed at something besides the actions of his follower.

In the mean time the thunder had increased in violence, and the flashes of lightning had become more frequent and more blinding. For awhile the two horsemen rode on in silence, the guide keeping up his directions to the letter, while his follower watched his every movement as a cat would watch a mouse.

Suddenly the guide stopped and looked behind him. Again he heard the click of the stranger's pistol and saw his uplifted arm.

"Have mercy, meinher," he groaned, "I dare not go on."

"I give you three seconds to go on," replied the stranger sternly. "One!"

"In heaven's name spare," implored the guide, almost overpowered with fear; "look before me in the road, and you'll not blame me."

The stranger looked. At first he saw something white standing motionless in the centre of the road, but presently a flash of lightning lit up the scene, and he saw that the white figure was indeed ghastly and frightful enough to chill the blood in the veins of even the bravest man. If his blood chilled for a moment, therefore, it was not through any fear that he felt for his ghostly interrupter, for the next instant he set his teeth hard, while he whispered between them, just loud enough to be heard by his terror-stricken guide—"Be it man or devil—ride it down—I'll follow. Two!"

With a cry of despair upon his lips the guide urged his horse forward at the top of his speed, quickly followed by the stranger, who held his pistol ready in his hand.

In another instant the guide would have swept past the dreadful vision, but at that instant the report of a pistol rang through the dark forest, and the stranger heard a horse gallop off thro' the wood, riderless.

Finding himself alone, the stranger raised his pistol, took deliberate aim at the ghostly murderer, and pressed his finger upon the trigger.

The apparition approached quickly, but in no hostile attitude. The traveller stayed his hand. At length the ghost addressed him in a voice that was anything but sepulchral:

"Here, Wilhelm, ye move out of your perch this minute and give me a helping hand. I've hit the game while on the wing, haven't I?"

The stranger was nonplussed for a moment, but recovering himself, he grumbled something unintelligible, and leaped to the ground. One word to his horse and the brave animal stood perfectly still. By the snow-white trappings on the would-be ghost he was next enabled to grope his way in the dark toward that individual, whom he found bending over a black mass about the size of a man on the road.

As the tiger pounces upon his prey, the stranger leaped upon the stooping figure before him, and bore it to the ground.

"I arrest you in the king's name," cried the stranger, grasping his prisoner by the throat and holding him tight. "Sit hard or foot until I have you properly secured, and I will send your soul to eternity."

This was such an unexpected turn of affairs the would-be ghost could hardly believe his own senses, and was handcuffed and stripped of his dagger and pistol before he had time to speak.

"Are you not my Wilhelm?" he gasped.

"No, landlord," replied the individual addressed, "I am not. But I am an officer of the king, at your service, on special duty to do what I have to-night accomplished. Your precious son Wilhelm, whom you thought was leading an innocent lamb to the slaughter, lies in the road, killed by his father's hand."

Two weeks later, at Bruchdale prison in Baden, the landlord of the sign of the deer and the ghost of the robber of the Black forest, who was the same identical person, having been proven guilty of numerous fiendish murders and artfully contrived robberies, committed at different times in the Black forest, paid the penalty of his crime by letting fall his head from the executioner's ax, since when traveling through Schwarzwald has not been so perilous to life and purse, nor has there been seen any ghostly knight of the road in that section of the world.

"One hour to day is worth two tomorrow"—because there may be a base-ball game that will occupy all your time.

**One of Life's Shadows.**

At eight o'clock the other morning a North street wife followed her husband down to the gate as he was starting down town, and kindly said to him: "William, you know how sadly I need a blue bunting dress."

"Yes, dear," he remarked, "but you know how hard up I am. As soon as I can see my way clear you shall have the dress and a new hat to boot. Be patient, be good and your reward will be great."

Forty minutes after that he emerged from a restaurant with a big basket and a fish-pole, bound up the river. In the basket was a chicken, pickles, pie and a bottle of liquid of a rich color, and he was just lighting a twenty-cent cigar when his wife came along.

"What! you here?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I was going to the market. Where are you going? what's in that basket?"

"I was going to carry this fish-pole around to a friend on Coburn avenue," he modestly answered.

"And that basket?"

"This basket—well, I was going to send it to the Poor House as a present to the children. It is a donation from six leading citizens."

"William, I don't believe it!"

"Sh! Don't talk so loud!"

"William, I shall talk louder yet!" she exclaimed. "I'll bet you are going a fishing!"

"Marry, have I ever deceived you?" he plaintively asked. "I never have. As a proof of my sincerity you can take this basket to the—yourself!"

"And I'll do it!" she promptly replied as she relieved him of it.

"Marry hadn't you?"

"No, sir, I hadn't. You'd better hurry up with that fish-pole, as the man may want it, and be careful how you stand around in the hot sun!"

She left him there. He watched her take the car for home, and then he returned the fish-pole, and crossed the street and said to an acquaintance:

"Tom, I am suffering with neuralgia, and the excursion is off till next week. Too bad, but we can never tell what a day may bring forth."

There was a chicken and pickles and other good things on the table at dinner, but he never smiled. Even when his wife wished she was a pauper, if that was the way they were fed, he never betrayed the gloom in his heart. It was only when she handed him the bottle he had so carefully tucked into the basket, and he saw it labelled, "good for little children," that he said:

"Marry, it's an awful thing for a wife to get the impression that her husband is a cold-blooded liar!" "It must be," she replied, as she took the other chicken leg.

**New Signals.**

The systems of fan and handkerchief, and even of hat direction, have been fully explained to the public at large; but it is strange that the code most generally in use and better calculated than any other to express with precision and accuracy a large variety of sentiments, has never been completely formulated for the benefit of those who wish to become proficient in this beautiful art. It is with pleasure that *Puck* comes forward to present to his readers the following carefully edited and satirically trustworthy

**CODE.**

1. Pulling up the shirt sleeves and slightly moistening the palms of the hands—step over here a minute; I wish to speak to you.
2. Stepping up behind a man, grasping him by the scruff of the neck, and advancing rapidly—please follow me.
3. Putting forefinger to right eye and drawing down lower lid—don't you (or do you) wish you had it?
4. Nonchalantly chucking a brick or other light object on top of a man's tile—Who's your hatter?
5. Taking a man's nose between your fore and second fingers, and slightly changing the position of same—I address myself to you.
6. Abruptly altering the angle of a man's coat-tails by insinuating your boot-toe under them—Do not linger.
7. Putting the point of your elbow between any two of a man's ribs, and jarring his internal economy—We are observed.
8. Doubling up your fist and placing it firmly upon the bridge of a man's nose—I love you, but not devotedly or passionately.
9. Grasping a man's ear between your upper and lower jaws, and gently working the jaws—My heart is another's.
10. Lifting another person up in your arms, and walking in any specified direction—Come with me.
11. Rapidly removing the chair on which a man is about to sit down—We are not entirely sympathetic in our objects.
12. Taking a brief observation across a kind of impromptu sextant constructed of all the fingers of one hand outspread, the thumb on the nose—Farewell; this parting is forever.

"Excuse me, miss," said a polite old gentleman to an otherwise well-dressed young lady on Washington street, "but are you aware that somebody has jammed your hat quite badly?" "It's all right, sir; it's a New York, and the fashion," replied she, with a toss of the head, as she swept away, leaving the old gentleman looking after her with a stare of astonishment.



TAXIDERM.

I am prepared to take all kinds of Birds and Animals in the day or night. Picked taken in payment of work. For example: out of every six blue jays sent me I will return one. I am also stuffed and mounted on a stand to the sender. Cash paid (from 25 to \$100 each) for good specimens of birds and owls.</



Newspaper Decisions.

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

State Election!

No Choice of Governor.

FRYE, REED AND LINDSEY ELECTED.

POWERS DEFEATED AND HALE DOUBTFUL.

Senate Republican.

"No Hope Beyond!"

The election in Maine conveys but little consolation to Republicans. The Democrats and Greenbackers combined, have been too many for us, and we are nearly, if not quite, defeated.

As will be seen by Mr. Berry's figures, given below, there has been no election of Governor by the people, and the House is in doubt. The Senate will be Republican, beyond peradventure, which will secure Connor's election, but beyond that, we can claim nothing.

Mr. Powers in the fourth district, is defeated by Ladd, the combined Democratic and Greenback candidate. Frye is elected in the third district; Reed in the first; Lindsey in the second by reduced votes; Hale's district is still in doubt. We are certain to be represented in Congress by one Greenbacker, and perhaps also by the labor agitator Murch.

The Republicans have made a strong fight, and though defeated through the ignorance of many voters, they may well be proud that they have fought for the honor and faith of the nation. The party is in good working order, while the Democrats are completely wrecked and disorganized. If the Democratic party had made as able a fight for honest money, they would have saved the State the disgrace which it has heaped upon itself by this vote for ignorance and dishonesty.

Two hundred and nineteen give Connor, 41,841  
Greenback, 29,888  
Smith, 27,463  
Scotting, 16

Same towns last year gave  
Republican, 38,830  
Democratic, 29,888  
Greenback, 3,908  
Scattering, 485

The towns to hear from gave  
Republican, 14,746  
Democratic, 12,623  
Greenback, 1,383  
Scattering, 386

If they come in like the others there will be an aggregate vote of 124,000 against 102,058 last year. Of this Connor rep., will have 58,000; Greenback, dem., 29,000; Smith g., 37,000. The vote last year was divided, Republican, 53,585; Democratic, 42,311; Greenback, 5,291; scattering 871. Three members of Congress are elected by the Republicans, Reed in the First District by 4,000 plurality; Frye in the second and Lindsey in the third. Ladd, Democratic Greenback is elected over Powers in the fourth and Murch, Greenback labor agitator probably over Hale in the fifth. The Republicans have probably carried eight counties giving them control of the Senate. The Greenbackers have carried four counties, while four are doubtful.

It is impossible to tell how the House stands. Connor lacking a majority of all the ballots the election of Governor will be thrown into the Legislature.

Have You Heard from Paris?

The Banner Town Again.

The vote in Paris was larger than any ever polled here, save that of 1876. In 76, the Republican vote for Governor was 447; Democratic, 287; Greenback 2; Republican majority 260. Last year, the vote was, Republican, 356; Democratic, 185; Greenback, 47; Republican majority 124. This year we give Connor 438; Greenback 134; Smith 125; Republican majority, 179. Total vote, 697.

This large vote shows that the people were fully awake to the issues at stake, and grandly rose to meet it. Their declaration for honest money is one of the truest indications of their intelligence and thoughtfulness.

The Democratic party in this town is thoroughly disheartened and nearly disorganized. Nearly the whole Greenback strength was drawn from its ranks, and the party was split right in two, as one prominent Democrat remarked.

It is seldom that so many split tickets are cast, as there were thrown last Monday. The Democrats and Greenbackers fraternized and voted for each other's nominees, in a manner that drove honest money men to distraction—and they gained nothing by their trading that could compensate for the sacrifice of leaving the old party.

—Senator Blaine has had a splendid reception everywhere in the Northwest where he has been traveling and speaking. He deserves it. He has dropped all old and dead and personal issues and gone into the work of the campaign on its present issues, with an energy and zeal, and vigor, worthy of his best days and of his immense personal popularity. —New York Mail.

THE BANNER COUNTY!  
WHOLE TICKET ELECTED.  
7 OF 8 REPRESENTATIVES.  
900 Plurality for CONNOR.

Oxford County is the banner County this year for the Republicans. Twenty-eight towns out of thirty-six in this county, give Connor 3,048; Greenback, 1,496; Smith, 2,072. Connor's plurality, 976.

We have also elected the full county ticket, and gave Mr. Frye, our member of Congress a large plurality. Our ticket is elected by about 900 plurality.

Sixteen towns give Hammond, candidate for Commissioner, 1581; Hastings, 1041; Swan, 1026. Hammond's plurality 540. The remaining towns will not overcome this plurality. We have elected seven out of eight Representatives, being a gain of two over last year. The Buckfield district—Greenback—being the only one lost to us.

This is a large gain over last year, and the Republican vote will be nearly as large as it was in 1876 at the Presidential election. Our people may well feel proud of their record.

Representatives Elected.

In the District composed of Paris, Greenwood and Milton, there were but two candidates, David N. True and Franklin Porter, both of Paris. The Democratic caucus was captured by Greenbackers, and Mr. Porter was nominated, much to the disgust of hard money Democrats, many of whom voted for True, and many more declined to vote at all. Mr. True is elected by 170 majority, the vote being as follows:

	True	Porter
Paris,	450	225
Greenwood,	54	94
Milton,	6	30
	510	349

True's majority 170

In the District composed of Norway, Waterford, Albany, Stoneham and Mason there were three candidates, J. H. Lovejoy of Albany, George Merrill of Norway and Wallace Cummings, Mr. Lovejoy is elected by a small plurality, the vote being

	L.	C.	M.
Norway,	276	104	149
Albany,	62	30	43
Mason,	15	3	4
	353	137	196

In the three towns heard from Mr. Lovejoy has 20 majority and 157 plurality. Waterford will set him back about one hundred, and Stoneham will probably give a small plurality.

In the Buckfield District, Irish, Greenback, is elected by about one hundred plurality, judging by the governor vote of Oxford and Hebron.

In the Summer District Henry B. Hersey Republican is elected, but we have not received sufficient returns to give the figures.

In the Hiram District, judging from the governor vote, Llewellyn A. Wadsworth is elected by 150 plurality.

In the Rumford district Windolf S. Howe Republican is elected by about 100 majority, nearly full, returns being received from this district.

In the Bethel District Charles L. Douglass, Republican, is elected by about 50 plurality.

In the Fryeburg District Enoch C. Farrington is elected by 100 plurality, judging by the governor vote.

Vermont Election.

The election in Vermont, last week, gave everybody a surprise. The Greenbackers in that State had been making great claims, and promised to defeat the Republicans. However, our majority was nearly twenty thousand—being as large as usual, on off years.

"Old Abe"

The correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, describing the assembling of the Union veterans at Newark, Ohio, says: "The first object of the day were those evoked by the presence of 'Old Abe,' the veteran war eagle. He made his appearance before the President arrayed, borne on a shield by a veteran, and escorted by a drum band and a little company of soldiers following a tattered flag. The flag and the little company of men only suggested the strong regiments that are gone, while the eagle alone seems to have renewed his strength. The bird who has such an eventful history, who followed the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment through the war, and who now devotes his time to attending soldiers' reunions all over the country, is as fresh looking as he ever was. And when the soldiers cheered him he lifted his wings as if remembering old times, and giving in his way a return to their warm-hearted salute."

—The New York Tribune says despite the uncertainty which exists regarding the Paris awards, it is at least certain that our modest display has already been honored with six grand prizes and sixteen gold medals. Three of the former have been won by telephones and silver-work. The grand medals have been carried off in part by our ploughs, harvesters, oils, scales, coal, hard-ware, shoes and organs. Some of these products came into direct competition with those of the first manufacturers in Europe, and won only by sheer merit. It is noteworthy that within a certain period the United States imported many of the articles which have received awards.

JURORS DRAWN.—In the town of Paris, Ira Bartlett was drawn as Grand Juror and Josiah Biebee and Jas. H. Dunham as Traverse Jurors.

Norway Doesn't Respond.

It has been the purpose of the Greenback party, during this campaign, to excite feelings of jealousy and animosity, between sections, classes and individuals, hoping that by tearing others down, they might build themselves up with the ruins. As an illustration of this fact, we copy the following from the Norway Advertiser, of last week:

The Oxford Democrat is a newsy paper, especially in picking up local improvements—which redound in the remotest degree to the honor and glory of the County hub. Thereon within a stone's throw of the Democrat office, the mention of which has not found a place in its columns. The ring are mum concerning the extensive repairs being made on the Court House at the County's expense.

After the testimony under oath of ex-governors and other prominent interest-ed parties, that the County buildings were in good repair, and convenient, and no change should be made because it might entail a large expense on the County, why should they wish to mention it? To be sure they laid down on the County commissioners to expend some \$2000 more than they are laying out, in the interest of the little Boss Tweeds and their little plasterers and plumbers, and failed. But having put in nomination for county commissioner, one of themselves this year, they expect, (if he is elected) next year to be able to let themselves satisfactory jobs.

Why has not the "County Organ" informed the tax payers of the county what is going on, unless for the reason that it does not want them to know what was being done with the money.

The vote in Norway indicates that no such feeling as this writer expressed exists outside of the Greenback party, which had a candidate in the field whom they wished to elect by casting reproach upon the chairman of our board of County Commissioners, who was a candidate for re-election, and upon the Republican candidate for the same place of trust. The good people of Norway do not respond to any such call. They do not believe in calling some of the best citizens of Oxford County thieves and rascals, neither do they purpose to censure an economical board of Commissioners for exercising their best judgment in putting the County property in a proper state of repair. Paris gives Norway three hearty cheers for her support of the Republican nominees.

	Greenback	Smith	Porter
Connor	63	34	69
Frye	63	34	64
Reed	63	34	64
Walt	63	34	64
Hammond	63	34	64
Douglass	63	34	64
Wright	63	34	64
Watkins	63	34	64
Lovejoy	63	34	64

ANDOVER.

	Greenback	Smith	Porter
Connor	74	34	86
Frye	74	34	86
Reed	74	34	86
Walt	74	34	86
Hammond	74	34	86
Douglass	74	34	86
Wright	74	34	86
Watkins	74	34	86
Lovejoy	74	34	86

BUCKFIELD.

	Greenback	Smith	Porter
Connor	96	62	186
Frye	96	62	186
Reed	96	62	186
Walt	96	62	186
Hammond	96	62	186
Douglass	96	62	186
Wright	96	62	186
Watkins	96	62	186
Lovejoy	96	62	186

PARIS.

	Greenback	Smith	Porter
Connor	438	134	125
Frye	438	134	125
Reed	438	134	125
Walt	438	134	125
Hammond	438	134	125
Douglass	438	134	125
Wright	438	134	125
Watkins	438	134	125
Lovejoy	438	134	125

SUMNER.

	Greenback	Smith	Porter
Connor	127	34	97
Frye	127	34	97
Reed	127	34	97
Walt	127	34	97
Hammond	127	34	97
Douglass	127	34	97
Wright	127	34	97
Watkins	127	34	97
Lovejoy	127	34	97

REPORT CLUB CELEBRATION.

The Canton Reform Club will celebrate its third anniversary by a grand temperance rally at Evergreen Grove on the shore of Lake Anasagigook, Canton, on Wednesday, Sept. 11. Tickets at reduced rates will be sold at stations on the Rumford Falls & Buckfield Railroad for that day. Speeches and a band concert will be the order of exercises.

The State Fair.

Among the new features of interest and importance which the managers of the State Fair are providing to make it a success, are two which must meet the hearty approval of all. One is to be an exhibition of the work of the students at the State college in the mechanical work lately introduced there through the liberality of Ex-Gov. Coburn, which will be exhibited by Prof. Pike; and the other will be an exhibition of the processes of beet sugar manufacture by Mr. Ernest Th. Genert, the Superintendent of the Maine Beet Sugar Company, Portland. This will be so arranged as to show the whole process of beet manipulation, from the seed to the growing beets, the manner of drying the beets and the method of making them into sugar, together with an exhibit of sugar in all stages from the juice to the loaf sugar, and the refuse which is so valuable as a cattle feed. This alone will form a most interesting and instructive picture of the fair, and will be worthy of careful study.

—Hon. Jonathan G. Dickerson, LL. D., Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, died at his residence in Belfast, Saturday afternoon, aged 65 years. Judge Dickerson was a native of Oxford County. He graduated at Colby University, and received the honorary degree of LL. D., from that institution. He was admitted to the bar in Waldo, and practiced in Belfast until 1862, when he was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. He was re-appointed in 1869. Judge Dickerson's career on the bench has been honorable to himself and the State. He was a sound jurist and a patient and careful investigator. He was known as a genial and courteous gentleman of strict integrity and uprightness in all his ways.

ACCIDENT.—On Monday of this week Mr. John F. Gould of Andover Me., was driving a pair of horses into town, arriving at the railroad crossing near Mr. J. R. Hitchcock's residence, his horses took fright at the approach of a train and ran away, throwing Mr. and Mrs. Gould both out. Mrs. Gould was (though badly shaken up) not injured, but Mr. Gould received some bad cuts on the face and head. They were brought to the Gorham House, and on Wednesday continued on their journey. The carriage was badly broken up, but the horses were uninjured. Mr. Gould is a brother to T. E. Gould, the retired G. T. R. Conductor.—Mountaineer.

Bold Bank Robbery at Concordia, Mo.

Concordia has about 1500 inhabitants in Lafayette county. The principal banking business of all that part of Lafayette county is done by the Concordia Savings Bank. Thursday at half past three, the money entered the bank. One asked the cashier, who was alone, to change a ten dollar bill. While he was changing it another jumped over the counter, caught the cashier by the arm and placed his hand over his mouth. They then took what money was in sight and putting a pistol to the cashier's head told him to open the safe. He did so. The robbers took all the money in the safe, between three and four thousand dollars, refusing to take silver, of which there were between \$2000 and \$3000. During the robbery a gentleman was near the bank, and a robber guarding the door, called him to advance, instead of which he ran. The robber fired but missed him. They then mounted horses and galloped off. The robbery occupied about ten minutes. They were all mounted on good horses newly shod. Citizens are in hot pursuit.

—There is to be an excursion from all points of the Grand Trunk to Montreal and Quebec, on the 13th inst. The following are the scale of prices: During and Lewiston, inclusive \$5.00 Empire Road and Oxford, " 4.50 South Paris and Lock's Mills, " 4.25 Bethel and Shelburne, " 4.00

Tickets good to go on September 13th, and return by ordinary trains within ten days from date of issue.

These desirous of returning from Montreal, via Quebec (\$1.00 extra) or from Quebec, via Montreal (\$1.00 extra) can exchange their tickets at the Ticket Office of the Company in Montreal and Quebec, thus enabling them to make the round trip via these cities.

STATE FAIR.—Maine State Fair is to be held in Portland, next week. This affords an excellent opportunity for citizens of Oxford County to visit the city, and at the same time to learn of our agricultural resources, and the progress made in the year past.

COUNTY FAIR.—Oxford County Agricultural Society will hold its thirty-sixth exhibition on the Society Grounds, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Sept. 14, 15 and 16. A large list of premiums has been presented, and many features of interest will be added to make the fair more than usually interesting.

CHANGE OF TIME.—The time of opening Oxford Normal Institute, at South Paris, has been changed from Sept. 3, as advertised, to Sept. 17. Scholars and parents please take notice. We can recommend the institution as one of the best graded and most systematically conducted, to be found in this section.

ABNORMAL GROWTH.—On the platform of Washburn's store, Paris Hill, last week might have been seen a curiosity in the line of vegetable growth. It consisted of a pumpkin vine which, on leaving the root, had every appearance of being a healthy vine. About three feet from the root, it began to broaden, and at about twelve feet, it was some sixteen inches in width. From the stalk, for a distance of two or three feet from its termination, a multitude of blossoms had put out, from every part of its broad surface, while the terminal edge was a complete mass of disorganized buds.

RATHER STIRRING.—The lightning, this session, as has been before remarked, is very familiar with the people in this section. Last Monday, it gave another manifestation of its agility, and of its curiosity concerning the affairs of men. Mr. C. J. Mellen, a Paris Hill boy, opened a school in Turner, Monday morning. In the afternoon, as school was in progress, with thirty-eight scholars, a shower passed over the place, and during its progress, a flash of lightning struck the school-house, destroying the chimney, tearing up the floor, and burning some of the scholars severely though not dangerously.

AID FOR SUFFERERS.—A. J. Chase, Grand Worthy Chief Templar for Maine, has issued the following circular to the Lodges of this State, asking aid for the yellow fever sufferers of the plague stricken south. It should meet with a hearty response.

To Lodge Deputies: OFFICER G. W. C. T., PORTLAND, Sept. 5th, 1878.

DEAR SIR: The fearful ravages caused by the yellow fever in many of the cities of the South, covering several of our Grand Lodge Jurisdictions, has aroused the deepest sympathy for the stricken ones all over the country. These suffering communities are asking for material aid, and there is an urgency in their appeals expressive of great distress, and calling for immediate response.

Please present to your Lodge this object, and ask for immediate action, either by collection, subscription or otherwise, and forward the proceeds, however small, at once to Geo. E. Brackett, G. W. S. Belfast, who will make proper disposition of the same.

The names of the Lodges and amount subscribed will be recorded by the G. W. S., and published in the next Journal. We trust the Order throughout the State will honor its membership by a prompt and generous response to this call.

Fraternally, ANDREW J. CHASE, G. W. C. T.

—The New York Tribune publishes a telegram to Hon. S. J. Tilden, dated New Orleans, Nov. 14, 1876, signed by S. J. Randall, L. Q. C. Lamar, Henry Watterson and Oswald Ottendorfer, stating that after a full survey of the situation at New Orleans, they urgently recommend Mr. Tilden to make at once to Gov. Hayes the proposition heretofore communicated to Mr. Tilden. This proposition, says the Tribune, was that both candidates should withdraw and should join in re-electing Congress to provide for a new election. The proposition was never made to Gov. Hayes by Gov. Tilden.

TOWN ITEMS.

ALBANY.—As Mr. Isaac Crooker and wife were making an afternoon call, their attention was attracted by the running of a flock of sheep which they soon discovered was closely pursued by a large bear. As old Bruin discovered that Crooker and his father were in for protecting the sheep he took to the woods, and about two young bears came in sight and were apparently anticipating joining their mother at a feast of fresh mutton. Mr. Crooker turned upon them and with a pocket rifle shot one of them and the other made good his escape. The bear that was shot weighed 80 pounds.

ANDOVER, Sept. 5.—Large parties of fishermen are flocking to the lakes every day. Those wishing to enjoy themselves amid the most beautiful scenery in all New England, ought to visit the lakes of Maine during the month of September. Daily stages run from Bethel and Bryant's Pond.

Many acres of hops will not be picked this year, the wet weather having caused them to rot in the fields.

The dry-house of Mr. John Caldwell, on Farmer's Hill, was consumed by fire last night.

Mr. John Porter was severely injured a day or two since by a runaway horse. A term of private school is to be taught here this fall, under the instruction of Miss Martha Talbot of this town. The school will commence next Monday.

The bears are becoming very plenty, one or more being seen nearly every day. Hon. William P. Frye spoke to a large audience in Union Hall last Saturday evening. Mr. F. made one of the clearest, ablest and most convincing arguments in favor of good government, honest money, equal rights and national integrity, ever heard in Andover. He took up the doctrines preached by the Greenback party, and showed how utterly absurd, false and rascally they were.—Mr. Frye's speech was heartily cheered by the audience. Many men who had become followers of Solon in consequence of heeding the unfounded statements made by such papers as the Advocate and Chronicle, went into the hall armed with Greenbackers, but came out clothed in their right minds, and resolved to fight against the iniquitous schemes of those men who are seeking to destroy the good name and honor of that nation which is the noblest the sun ever shone upon, and which has been bought and redeemed by the blood of her noblest and most gallant sons.

BYRON, Sept. 5.—Hop picking has been with us about a week; 35 cts. per day was the pay talked before picking but some will get more. The crop is fair, though damaged in greater or less degree by the "dog days" weather. J. S. Mitchell has a fine looking piece, probably the best in this vicinity.

Some weeks since, Mr. M. Merrill got some foreign substance (probably sharp grit) into one of his eyes. It became much inflamed, and, at one time, it was feared he would lose the sight of the injured eye, if not of the other. His wife has been very low in health, but is now gaining.

Ex-Gov. Washburn and others interested in the Buckfield and Rumford Falls R. R. have been up to see about a new route to the lakes via Swift River Valley. A road has been spotted from Mr. J. Houghton's to the shore of Lake Moose-lunatic. The distance is about seven miles; the grade and building are said to be easy. It is proposed to cut the road and grade a track twelve feet in width this season. It will be of no inconsiderable value to the owners of timber land near the lake as they would be obliged to make a road to get their supplies in. Some persons seem to think they will attempt to squeeze the people of this people of this vicinity who are interested in the road to hard that the project will suffer.

G. D. Bisbee, Esq., seems to have made a very favorable impression in this part of the County. It is to be hoped that none of the G. B.'s will vote for him instead of Solon who "enthused" the masses to the tune of "two Greenbackers when he came; one when he left."

I am glad to learn there is more than one person in East Oxford who is qualified to throw stones, and that one down the river has given such unexceptionable proofs of gullibility. There is honor even among—G. B. statesmen.

Sept. 5.—Late grain has suffered from rust; potatoes ditto, and from rot and worms; the potato beetles are still "pecking away."

Mrs. Nathaniel Taylor is very ill of typhoid fever.

Mrs. N. M. Blossom met with a singular accident several days since; she went out a few rods from the house to a gate leading to the pasture, and was found, a little later, lying senseless near the gate. She remained insensible about two hours after being carried into the house; and even after recovering entirely from the cause caused by the shock, cannot remember how the accident happened. It is supposed, from the bruises about her head, that she was standing by the gate, the top of which was unfastened and leaned from her, that a cold came up, and wheeled sharply, throwing the gate against her.

DENMARK, Sept. 2.—Politics have been very lively in this section, of late. Col. Daniels of Virginia spoke here last week, and Moses Hall speaks Tuesday eve. These with our local speakers, have given us an unusual variety. The Denmark Band turns out, without regard to party, and furnishes excellent music.

C. B. Smith has completed his job of straightening the County road near John T. Cotton's west of the village. This is an improvement which we all appreciate.

Moses Bradbury found a five year old heifer dead, last week—cause unknown. J. C. Hodge, and Pendexter & Sanborn are doing a brisk business in clothing. Grain and potatoes are light in this section; apples are plenty, and corn is

very heavy; hay was an average crop. It is quite sickly here—many children being down with whooping cough.

GILEAD, Sept. 5.—The hay crop which has just been harvested is full on average yield, and is far better than was anticipated before cutting it. All other crops are looking finely, especially corn.

George Burnham has three acres of corn, which we think is as good a piece as can be found in this vicinity. We understand that M. P. Burbank has a nice piece also.

The work on the new church is progressing finely. The outside is all done and the inside nearly completed. When the church is done it will add greatly to the looks of our village.

We understand that Bennett & Jewett are making preparations to put a circular board saw into their steam mill. Such a machine would be a great benefit to our people.

We had the pleasure of witnessing the opening of a blossom of the night blooming cactus on the 27th inst., at Mrs. Geo. Burnham's. Such blossoms with such perfume are very rare, and worth going a great distance to see.

KEZAR FALLS.—One week ago last Sabbath evening we had a fearful thunder shower pass over this place. For nearly an hour the thunder was almost one continuous roar and crash. The barn of Col. A. M. Clemons of East Hiram was hit, set on fire and burned with all its contents, consisting of 40 tons of hay, 5 tons of oats in the straw, and all of his farming tools. This barn was a good one, with no insurance. Loss estimated at \$1500. We learn that two barns in Sebago and two in Baldwin were struck, set on fire and burned in the same storm.

The corn crop in this locality, is very good indeed. The potatoes are light, grain light. Apples plenty and potato bugs by the bushel.

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