

# The Oxford Democrat.

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## The Oxford Democrat

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GEO. H. WATKINS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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### AT HOME FROM CHURCH.

The lilacs lift in generous bloom  
Their plumes of dear old-fashioned flowers;  
Their fragrance fills the still old house  
Where left alone I count the hours.

High in the apple-trees the bees  
Are humming, busy in the sun—  
An idle robin cries for rain  
But once or twice and then is done.

The Sunday morning quiet holds  
In heavy slumber all the street,  
While from the church, just out of sight  
Behind the elms, comes low and sweet

The organ's drone, the voices faint  
That sing the quaint long-meter hymn—  
I somehow feel as if shut out  
From some mysterious temple, dim

And beautiful with blue and red  
And golden lights from windows high,  
Where angels in the shadows stand  
And earth seems very near the sky.

The day-dream fades—and so I try  
Again to catch the tune that brings  
No thought of temple nor of priest,  
But only of one voice that sings.

—Sarah O. Jewett, in *Sunday Afternoon*

### THAT HAPPY LAND.

We wish we were an Eskymo,  
A driving of the deer,  
With snow and tempest all around,  
And ice and icebergs near.

We'd chase the walrus and the seal  
And feed upon their pore—  
We'd never think of palm leaf fans  
And never sweat no more.

We'd gather in our ill of ice  
By ten or hundred weight,  
Instead of turning up a bill  
With any cent to pay it.

The baby's milk would never sour,  
The butter never spile,  
The gay muskies never come,  
Our temptations to life.

For there no torn mosquito bars  
Invoke our aching skin;  
No flies would buzz and buzz and buzz  
And wake us in the morning.

O where the human would not live  
Where live the Eskymo—  
Where quickly heat is never known,  
And everything is froze?

—Selected (on Wednesday, May 14, 1879).

### MR. BOWKER'S COURTSHIP.

CHAPTER I.

It was Saturday afternoon, and it was Summer time. There could be no more excellent reasons given than these why Mr. Bowker should have engaged himself in the blissful works of idleness. Gay in a belcher handkerchief, which displayed itself in a flower-like knot of red and yellow at his throat; in trousers of molasses, the more prominent parts whereof were patched with snow-white patches; in an unstarched shirt of something like canvas; a billy-cock hat, unobscured as to form, and a pair of huge boots, the tongues of which boiled with a thirsty and a gaping look over the dusty dryness of the lanes; Mr. Bowker lay upon his back on a green bank and listened to the twittering of the birds, and smoked his pipe, and was at peace with all mankind. His coat was rolled up and placed beneath his head for a pillow; the cool wind played about his face, and bore to him the scent of many green and flowering things; the brook murmured opposite, and beyond the brook the hay meadow dozed in the sunshine. Beyond the hay meadow, right away on the verge of the landscape, certain pit-frames were visible, and two or three tall chimneys. They smoked so lazily that afternoon, and looked so slim and delicate in the distance, that Mr. Bowker, though he knew them well, had visions of a cluster of giants lying in a rough semicircle, smoking enormously long and thin cigars. For the day was so peaceful and full of rest there, where Mr. Bowker lay in shadow, that it seemed impossible to fancy that anything was working. Mr. Bowker was by nature of a literary turn. He was by force of circumstances a coal-miner. He was a thorough, good, whole-hearted fellow too, as most of his tribe are, despite the roughness of their exterior. Mr. Bowker had no love for solitude as a rule, but that day he shunned his fellows. He had a fine palate for beer, yet that afternoon the Rosy Lass had opened her arms to him in vain. The Rosy Lass was a public house in those parts, and at that hour, as Mr. Bowker knew, many of his chums sat in solemn circle round the kitchen, holding high debate on "whummers" and "game uns," and other holiday matters. Mr. Bowker himself was a keen pigeon-flyer, and his word was of authority on the breeding of game ones, yet he willingly held aloof from his companions, and aired himself in solitude. The plain truth about the matter was that William was in love.

The place has changed sadly since I knew it, but a score of years ago there were few lovelier spots in England than that in which Mr. Bowker lay that summer Saturday. Its beauty was of a very gentle type, and had no dazzling surprises in it. To walk straight out of that circle of ashes and smoke and fire, which men call the Black Country, into the green lanes and tranquil fields which lay about it, was like walking out of the howling noises of Ludgate Hill on a week day, into the sacred quiet of St. Paul's; was like going from sea to one's silver-haired, tranquil-minded mother after a year's grind in the city; was like a quiet dream in the midst of fevered fancies. It was like none of these things to Mr. Bowker, for he had never seen Ludgate, and never knew his mother, and had never been troubled with any fevered fancies. Yet he felt the benediction and the rest of it quite as completely perhaps, as he would have done if he had been able to find a thousand smiles for his enjoyment.

He was a well-made young fellow at this time, with a look of sturdy manliness and rough good-nature. Not love itself could quench the native humor of his soul, and he grinned behind his pipe in a serio-comic derision of his own forlornness.

"It's a rum thing—Juv," said he to himself. "It's a sort o' complaint like,

summat arter the measles an' the hewpin cuff, a sort o' thing as a man's got to have some day or another. I'n got it bad, an' no mistake. I suppose I'n got it about as bad as a mon ever had it. But Lord bless thee, Willy-yum, it's a sickness as wo't kill nobody. But it wo't do for me to be a lyin' here all afternoon a doin' nothin'. I mot go whum empty-handed. I'll tak some flowers wi' me."

Therewith Mr. Bowker arose, and tying the sleeves of his coat loosely about his neck, strayed along the lanes, and got together in the course of the next hour, a presentable nosogay of late May early dog-roses, and white fox-gloves. These, backed by a dozen or so prodigious ferns, he bound about with rushes from the brook, and then set out for home. Love's purposed offering was some three feet in height, and wide and dense enough to screen the bearer from recognition from the side on which he carried it. It is the Black Country fashion to do everything on a large scale, and Mr. Bowker might have passed, behind his bouquet, as one of the supernumeraries in the army which marched against *Macbeth* from Birnam Wood. Straying up to Dead Man's Lane, he climbed Jacob's Ladder, and passed merrily Stevenson's Hills, encountering here and there a friend and a friendly salute. The nosogay made it evident to the meanest observer that the bearer was "gooin' a courtin'," and William endured a good deal of more or less pointed chaff as he took his homeward way. This was inevitable, and he was, of course, prepared for it, and generally gave a good deal better than he got.

"Hello, Willy-yum," said one, per example, "a cove ud think as yo' took the second o' June for May Day."

"Why, so I did," responded William cheerfully, "an' I'n been a getherin' some green stuff for yo' to play the fu in."

This was quite a home-thrust of wit after the manner of the district. They who looked on the brief tournament guffawed right joyfully.

"Yo' had him ther, Willy-yum," quoth one youth, approvingly.

"Not me," returned Willy-yum complacently. "I wouldn't have him no wher, not at a gift."

Leaving the discomfited foe behind, Mr. Bowker pursued his way, and was encountered in the region of Scott's Hole by a certain retail bone-dealer and merchant in scrap-iron. The retail dealer had a humorous eye and a moist, full mouth, and bore other evidence in his quaintly carved countenance of the power of comic perception.

"Afternoon, Willy-yum," said the retail dealer.

"Afternoon, Samyowell," returned Mr. Bowker, with droil-eyed and expectant gravity.

"Go in to plant them pretty things in the back garden, Willy-yum," asked the retail dealer, with a show of friendly interest.

"No," said Mr. Bowker placidly; "I gathered 'em to see how many fules ud ax me what I got 'em for."

"Afternoon, Willy-yum," said the retail dealer.

"Afternoon, Samyowell," returned Mr. Bowker, and lit a fresh pipe with feelings of strong self-approval.

Mr. Bowker lived in Paradise street, and had manifold opportunities for conference with the object of his desires, who lived next door, and was, indeed, no other than the daughter of the retail merchant of bone and iron. The genial war of wits and words in which these two indulged made no sort of difference in their friendship, unless, indeed, it tended to cement it. Paradise street, in William's day, was something of a slum, and the fields which lay in front of his house, where the railway station now stands, were frowzy and neglected, and produced no other crop than one of brick-bats and hulking ends of timber. Here and there a broken and deserted shed, built for some forgotten purpose, went its way to ruin slowly, and added to the general desolation. Beyond those frowzy fields rose the gaunt frames and tall chimneys of many coal-mines, and down the hill, on the Oldbury road the everlasting furnaces gave the summer evening sky an angry glare. You could hear their roar and the dead thud of the steam-hammer on any quiet night, and sometimes the clank of iron bars and pigs, as the boats beside the wharf were loaded, as though some great devilish Prometheus were bound there, breathing smoke and fire against imprisoning Jove, and shaking the chains that held him.

Etiquette reigns everywhere—even in the Black Country. Mr. Bowker dressed for the presentation of his nosogay. First of all he rolled his shirt-sleeves to his shoulders and blacked his boots. Then he took a copious bath under the pump in the yard, in view of his inamorata, who bade him a gracious good-evening from her bed-room window, and was there plainly visible in her bodice, in the act of removing her curl-papers. His bath completed, William lay by the scrubbing-brush and the yellow soap, and hung the jack towel upon the rack behind the kitchen door—for he was a lonely man at home as yet, and had in all things to shift completely for himself. Then putting on a false front with a pair of wonderful collars which fastened with a string behind and obscured his ears, and donning a suit of black and a very tall and shiny hat, he set forth for an evening with his love. Armed with his nosogay he tapped lightly at the door and was admitted. In a second all was changed within him, and his hopes were chilled.

"Good-night, Willy-yum, an' thank you," said Selina, as she took the flowers. "I think thee know'st Aberlham."

Here she pointed to a young gentleman, who sat uneasily on the extreme edge of a sofa clothed in very crackly chintz. The young man sat, balancing his hat in his hands and blushing to the eyes. His false collars were even higher than Mr. Bowker's and his black clothes were even shinier and had more overlap-

ping folds in them. Surrounding his neck was a woolen comforter of many colors, the ends of which trailed on the floor as he sat. His eyes wandered with uncertain glare about the room, and encountered Mr. Bowker's for a second, glided off and fixed themselves upon the ceiling. Mr. Abraham Gough worked in the same mine with Mr. Bowker. William had always rather looked down upon him as a chopping-block to try wit's edge upon—and now it was evident that the despised one was here as a rival.

"Be you gooin' to tek a walk tonight, Seliner?" Mr. Bowker asked, with such aspect of easy unconcern as he could wear.

"Why, yis, I be, Willy-yum," Selina responded. "Mr. Guff here's been good enough t' ax me to go out wi' him."

William looked at Mr. Gough, and Mr. Gough, conscious of the gaze, looked harder at the ceiling than ever, taking the minutest interest in certain cracks which marked the plaster. The gaze continuing, Mr. Gough's glance wandered to the brass ornaments on the chimney-piece, and, finding no resting-place there, descended to the fire-irons, and with a growing air of discomfiture wandered about the walls. Mr. Bowker's expression grew more and more scornful as he gazed, and at last he turned upon his sweetheart and asked:

"Will you have a mon wi' you to tek care o' your new catch, Seliner?"

"If I could mak' sure of his bein' a gentleman," Selina replied, "p'raps I might."

"Oh!" said William with some bitterness. "If thee bestest after gentlefolks I'n got nothin' more to say."

"I don't see," responded Selina, flushing a little, "as yo need say anythin' at all. I'll say good-night, Willy-yum."

"Good-night, Seliner," responded William, "and good-bye."

"Good-bye, Mr. Bowker," said Selina.

"Good-bye, Miss Jukes," said Mr. Bowker.

Mr. Gough smiled at Mr. Bowker's dismissal. But I think it probable that, if Mr. Gough had known the tingling longing for his ears which just then possessed Selina's fingers, he would have smiled less broadly.

### CHAPTER II.

Before civilization stepped in and spoiled things, there were few scenes in the world richer in picturesque and humorous elements than that presented by an out-of-doors Saturday night in the Black Country. There were always shows and stalls on the waste ground at the upper end of the High-street on Saturday nights in my time. The market, an unroofed square space surrounded by a wall, and entered by great gates which were only opened on Saturdays, might have found a student of Midland life a thousand themes for observation and discourse.

Cheap Jack was outside the lower gate, hoarse, voluble, assured. There was the crook merchant, with his stock in trade spread out on straw, shaking and jingling his little goods noisily together, and skillfully dropping a plate or a basin now and again to show how strong and unbreakable they were. There were the fried fish stalls, and the oyster stalls, with genuine natives at five a penny, with as much vinegar and pepper as you choose to take thrown in for the money. Here were mountains of rock and other sweet stuff, side by side with alps of new-baked rolls and seas of treacle. Here you might buy apples whereon had rained the ghastly dew of the naphtha lamps until they tasted and smelled like veritable fruit of Tothet. I tasted those apples once. How well I remember their Dead Sea flavor. Here was a gentleman in a cart, with awful diagrams of the human body suspended from a great framework in the rear—a gentleman who would sell you pills for a penny, and tell you for nothing, in five minutes, a variety of things about anatomy and medicine, which the whole staff of Bartholomew's or St. Thomas's would never dream of telling you at all, if you spent a lifetime with them. And among all these things the big Black Country men, and the strapping Black Country women, went slow, solid, stolid, heavy—the men in creased and wrinkled suits of new and shining black which fitted nowhere, and huge, many-colored comforters dangling a yard and a half in front of them, and very glistening hats; and the women in green and red and blue and yellow garments, with artificial roses in their bonnets in size and hue resembling pickling-cabbages—cheaperening here and there with the long deliberate drawl and stolid faces of the land. These things have faded and vanished. Civilization is killing picturesque in cut and color, and the accent of Cockney Brummagem is spoiling the only Saxon left us in the whole country.

Through and among all these delights and wonders roamed Selina and her cavalier. How she despised that sheepish and shame-faced youth as she walked about with him! How she almost grew to hate him for the minute, and quite grew to hate herself when she contrasted him with the absent William. Not that Abraham was guilty of any remissness in the performance of his duty. When he went into the Red Cow to get his pint, he brought Selina her half-pint into the street, and saw her drink it, and carried the jug back for her in the most gentlemanly manner. For in the Black Country it is not—or it was not—etiquette for a single young lady to enter a public house. Married ladies could exercise their own discretion, but a decent young fellow abroad with his sweetheart would always bring a share of his beer to the door of the public house, and there the good clumsy Phyllis and Damon drank together. Nor was Abraham in other matters unequal to his duties. He and Selina went into all the shows together, and if she had demanded all the rock and all the "humbugs" in the market, she might have had them. But she was sick-

ening for a cry all along, and she was right glad to get away from her escort, and to escape all question from her father, and to unloose the floodgate of her tears in her own bedroom. I daresay that when the young Princess has too deeply wounded the young Prince, her lover, she feels something of the same remorse. I dare say the pains of despised love were pretty much the same thing to the princely melancholic Dane as they were to Mr. Bowker. The Dane had a faculty of eloquence and a gift of scholarship which Mr. Bowker had not; but that young gentleman, glaring disconsolate into his own fireless grate, by the light of one candle, with his ears still obscured by the big collar, saw there pretty much what his more learned and polished fellow-sufferer looked at under similar circumstances—a miserable, foolish jumble of a world, namely, in which it was surely worth no sane man's while to bear fardels any longer. We are pretty much of the same flesh and blood all the world over, and share toothache and heartache and other ills in a fairly equal manner.

There had been a little misunderstanding between the sweethearts the night before, but William knew that he had meant no quarrel, and had supposed Selina's ill-humor to be as transient as his own. Selina had put on a few small airs and graces, with a half unconscious intent to display and test her power. The moment chosen had been inopportune—the most charming creatures are not always wise. Therefore these two young people were now engaged in breaking their own hearts, sitting within half a dozen yards of each other—out of sight and hearing.

"They'm a queer sort, be womenfolks," mused the young man sadly. "But if Seliner wants to marry a creature as is more like a cross betwixt a she'p an' a bullock nor like a mon, it eent no affair o' mine. Tak your own road, wench, tak your own road!"

Therewith he took his way to bed, and lay down beside his love. The heads of their two beds touched the same wall, and the heads of the occupants of the beds were within a foot of each other. So near, and yet so far away. You will observe that William had that bitterest of all jealous' draughts at his lips, which is brewed by a lover's contempt for his rival. Says the Laureate:

"Having known me, to decline On a range of lower feelings, and a narrower heart than mine?"

There's the rub! She had left me, me, me, for that fellow! Had he been handsomer, or richer, or cleverer, have we not all fancied that we could have borne it better? But a man every way my inferior, Sir: a person with whom I would scorn to compare myself, physically, mentally, or spiritually—to prefer him to me—is unendurable! So also, I have known Miss Smith speculate as to what her Wilkins could see to admire in that insignificant Miss Brown. William despised his rival, and in spite of that rival triumphed. The young fellow tossed his stalwart limbs hither and thither in the bed through the long sleepless night, and his sweetheart cried miserably and quietly all night through, on the other side of the wall, within a foot of him.

"Her eent got as much 'eart as ud mak a pin's yed," mourned William to himself, unconscious of her tears.

"Oh, dear me, dear me," Selina lamented, "I've throwed him away. I'm a wicked, bad girl. He'll go out to-morrow wi' Sally Rogers. I know he will."

So the gray dawn rose on these two sleepless and unhappy people. William descended to the pump in the back yard, and had a wash in the half-light of four o'clock, and Selina got out of bed and took slippers at him through her tears. William, his ablutions over, went out for a dreary stroll, past the Hilley Piece, and over Stevenson's Hills, and down Jacob's Ladder, and Dead Man's Lane, and so on to the brookside again. There, on June Bridge, he stood and watched the eddies circle around the great stones, and found that negative and bewildered comfort which trouble always finds in running water. Meantime Selina had gone back to bed, and had there renewed her tears, and was finding some comfort in running water also. And, at the moment when William stood upon June Bridge, Mr. Abraham Gough, in a suit of flannels, was making his way to the day-shift in the Strip-and-at-it. Let you should find yourself too much disturbed by the phrase, let me explain that the Strip-and-at-it was a coal-mine, so called, by its inmates, from the cant phrase of some "doggy" or ganger; "Now, lads, strip and at it!"

Poor William regretted his holiday, and longed for the hour when work should begin again. He beguiled the heavy hours of the day by the composition of woe-begone verses, whereof fortune has preserved a fragment, which I here embalm:

"The sun that shines so bright above,  
Knows naught about my wretched love;  
The birds that sing to Wignore Lane,  
Bring nothing to my heart but pain.  
It is a very dismal thing,  
That in my ear the birds do sing,  
While my Selina has gone off  
To walk with Mr. Abraham Gough."

William's muse was in the right. It is a very dismal thing to the wounded heart, grown egotistic through its pain, that nature should seem out of sympathy with it—that the sun should shine and the birds should sing, just as brightly and as merrily as though Selina were still true and gentle.

William took his humble meal of bread and cheese and his pint or so of beer at a little public-house in the aforesaid lane, and then strolled home again, still very miserable, but a trifle soothed by the verse-making process.

He was due at the mine at six o'clock, and two hours before that time he was up stairs exchanging his Sunday costume for the work-day coal-fannels, when he became conscious of a bustle in the street. Looking through the window, he beheld men running hatless and coatless, and

unbonneted, unshowered women scurrying along as fast as their feet could take them. Everybody ran in one direction, and in the crowd he caught a moment's glimpse of Selina and her father. The girl's face white with some strong excitement, and there was a look of the wildest imaginable fear in her eyes. Both hands were pressed to her heart as she ran. A Black Country collier's instinct in a case like this is pretty likely to be true. William threw his window open, and cried to the hurrying crowd:

"Where is it?"

"At the Strip-and-at-it," some familiar voice called out as the straggling crowd swept by.

"What is it?" he cried again.

"Shaft on fire," cried another voice in answer; and in a second the street was clear, William Bowker dashed down stairs and hurled himself along the street.

"Anybody down?" he gasped, as he turned the corner and passed the hindmost figure in the hurrying mass. The woman knew him.

"For God's sake, lend me thy hand, Willy-yum," she gasped in answer. "My Juv's in."

He caught the shivered little figure in his great arms as though the old woman had been a baby, and dashed on again. Ay, the tale was true! There belched and volleyed the rolling smoke! There were hundreds upon hundreds of people already crowded on the pit mound and about the shaft, and from every quarter men and women came streaming in breathless. William set his withered burden down, and pushed through to the edge of the shaft. There was water in the up-cast, and the engines were at work full power. Up came the enormous bucket and splashed its two or three hundred gallons down the burning shaft, and dropped like a stone down the up-cast, and after a long, long pause came trembling and laboring up again, and vomited its freight again, and dropped like a stone for more.

"Yo' might just as well stand in a ring an' spit at it," said Bowker, with his face all pale and his eyes on fire. "Get the stinktors up and let a man or tew go down."

"Will yo' mak one, Bill Bowker?" said a brawny, coal-smear'd man beside him.

"Yis, I will," was the answer, given like a



# Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, MAINE, MAY 27, 1879.

## Newspaper Decisions.

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

MAY.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

## 25 CENTS.

For twenty-five cents we will send the Oxford Democrat from now till after September election. Town committees and hard money clubs, take notice.

## A Republican State Convention

WILL BE HELD IN

NORWEGIA HALL, BANGOR, THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1879,

at 11 o'clock, a. m.

for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Governor, and for the purpose of nominating a candidate for each city, town and plantation, and an additional delegate for every seventy-five votes cast for the Republican candidate for Governor in 1876. A majority fraction will be entitled to a delegate. The state committee will be in session the morning of the convention, and at 9 o'clock the morning of the convention, to receive the credentials of delegates.

In selecting the delegates the Republicans are urged to assemble in full numbers and to invoke the aid and co-operation of all voters who are entitled to vote in the election following. It is the duty of every citizen to support the Republican cause, and to maintain the power and prestige of the Union against all attempts to subvert or oppose its just authority, and to insist that the Government of the United States shall be controlled by loyal men.

2. To discountenance and reprobate the treasonable and revolutionary course of the Democrats in Congress, who threaten to cripple and destroy the functions of the Government, and to constitutionally prevent from enacting their particular measures into law.

3. To uphold the right of the United States to enforce its own laws wherever they are in operation, and to force the United States to enforce the laws of the States Rights secessionists who have already plunged the country into one bloody war, and who are now attempting to conduct the Government of the Union with the same measures that preceded the rebellion of 1861.

4. To insist upon free elections—not only free from National military interference, which no one desires, but also free from the interference of violence of so-called State militia and the assassins who with deadly weapons have seized the polls in many of the States, driving honest and law-abiding voters from the ballot-box and making a mockery of elections, which was upon two occasions has been made a distinct political issue by every Democrat in the Senate and House voting against a measure designed to prevent and suppress it.

5. To uphold the financial credit of the Government and to assure to the people of all sections a sound currency, equivalent to coin at all times and in all places, and redeemable in coin. And to this end to oppose all measures, repudiating and mischievous efforts against the peace, welfare and industrial prosperity of the People.

6. In these aims the citizens of all States are invited to unite, that the hands of the President and of the Republican minority in both Houses of Congress may be strengthened in their efforts to uphold the honor of the Government and the just rights of the National law.

By order of the Republican State Committee, GEORGE C. WING, Secy. A. B. BATTISTE, Treas. FRED N. DOW, J. O. SMITH, Secretary.

MAY 27, 1879.

## Oxford County Quarterly Convention

### REFORM CLUBS.

The committee appointed to make arrangements for the regular quarterly convention of Reform Clubs, have decided to appoint

Thursday, June 5th, 1879,

as the day for all true lovers of the cause, that has done and is doing so much for good and humanity. It is held at Dixfield Village, a. m. The first meeting will be held at 10:30 a. m. Public meetings at 2 and 3:30 p. m.

The weather is suitable the meetings will be held in "Walt's Grove," otherwise in the Universalist church.

Paul R. Seavey of Bangor, Frank Kenrick of Fairfield, and many other prominent and able speakers will be in attendance. A cordial invitation is extended to all to join us on this occasion. Let such a voice go out from "Old Oxford" that its home may be blessed by the influence of temperance reform.

PER ORDER OF COUNTY COMMITTEE, Paris, May 27, 1879.

## TEMPERANCE IN CONGRESS.

The importance of liquor traffic and its influence upon the welfare of our people, has at last attracted the attention of Congress, and received the notice to which it is entitled. Last week the House of Representatives accepted a committee's report which provided for a standing committee of nine to receive all papers and petitions relating to temperance. This is a small matter, but as the first step toward any reform is the most important, this action is entitled to more than passing notice. Mr. Frye, our Representative, who has seen the workings of prohibitory law, and who knows as well as any man its influence on community, has taken a deep and active interest, and to his influence, largely, are we indebted for this recognition in Congress. Maine is known throughout the Union, and in foreign countries, as a State where intoxicating liquors are outlawed; and her influence in the cause of temperance is very powerful. Mr. Frye's presentation of the case—as experience in Maine would allow him to make positive statements—has shown this indifferent body of Congressmen, that there is a vast difference between those States where liquor is freely used, and those in which the sale is outlawed. The difference is so great that the general government should look at the question as one which affects the national life. If Congress is to give attention to eight hour laws, to agriculture, to ship building, and to other mechanical and industrial interests, it certainly should not neglect this important industry, and note its effect upon the people. Those who have never seen the figures, have little idea of its magnitude. The Internal Revenue Department shows that for the year ending last June, there were consumed of fermented liquors 317,463,600 gallons, or about seven gallons to each man, woman and child in the country. This, with the other intoxicating beverages, cost the people of the United States, according to the estimate of the Commissioner, \$596,000,000 a year, or \$13.25 per capita. The figures show that the American people are drinking less whiskey and more beer than in the previous year—the falling off of whiskey consumed the past year being 6,520,000 gallons compared with the fiscal year of 1877, and an increase of \$1,500,000 of beer. This immense sum in money would pay the National debt in about three years, and would provide two barrels of good flour for each inhabitant.

This is practically enough to support life for a year. If the practice of drinking were not so universal, we would hear a deeper and more prolonged wail concerning this extravagance—and with better foundation than we now have concerning the oppression of capitalists—Congress would be appealed to, and asked to suppress an evil which took bread from the mouths of laboring men, and starved their children. The laborer who receives one dollar per day, and supports a family of six on his income, if given his share of the run money, would find himself able to live on better fare than bread and water. An evil which enters every family, and which involves such fabulous sums, is fully entitled to all the attention it is likely to receive from Congress.

### "THE QUESTION BEHIND."

The following, from that staid old independent journal, the New York Evening Post, puts the controversy over the appropriation bills in a fair and true light. It is "the question behind" which Republicans are fighting against, rather than for the purpose of securing a present triumph.

The debate in the Senate last week was interesting and significant not so much for its pertinence to the pending question, the bill in relation to military interference with elections, as for its reference to a remote subject. Behind this whole matter of federal election laws and their enforcement, rises a controversy as old as the government itself. The dispute respecting state rights and national sovereignty is revived on the slightest pretext, or it may be correct to say that this dispute is never in abeyance. Throughout the debate in the House of Representatives during the present session, the Republicans have maintained the unqualified right of the United States to assert their authority, while the Democrats have resisted the exercise of this right as a usurpation of power and an invasion of the privileges and jurisdiction of the several States. In the Senate the drift of discussion is in the same direction. Last Thursday Mr. Morgan of Alabama is reported to have denied the authority of the federal government to "enter a state."

On Friday Mr. Edmunds of Vermont controverted this view, and contended that there was no question of the territory of the United States which that government could not lawfully occupy. The line of difference seems to be distinctly drawn.

If it had been predicted during the late war or just upon its close that this question would survive, it is probable that the Government of the United States shall be controlled by loyal men.

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Jesus keep me near the cross,  
There a precious fountain  
Free to all—a healing stream,  
Flows from Calvary's mountain.  
In the cross, in the cross,  
Be my glory ever.

Then repeating the chorus for fifteen minutes or more, beginning slowly, and increasing in rapidity and vehemence until a state of nervous excitement has been reached, amounting, in many cases to temporary insanity. See these insane barbarians leap from the floor, their bodies limp, and flabby, till their feet rise

above the heads of their co-revivalists, and then hear them fall to the ground in a fit, to be dragged out by the heels by the less insane friends. A prayer is now offered by some enthusiastic brother, while the "po' sinners" shout "Lord Jesus, save my soul!" and groan and moan till the speaker's voice is drowned to his "amen," and then with a shout they jump to their feet, start another tune, beating time with every part of their bodies, and making all the racket possible. This begun at six or seven in the evening, and kept up till after midnight, is a Negro meeting. It is as annoying and disgusting as a war dance of wild Indians could be in a village or city, and would surely be suppressed in Northern communities. It is not just to make capital out of acts in the South which would certainly be done in the North, under similar circumstances.

THREE CANDIDATES.—It is evident there must be three candidates for Governor in Maine, next fall. Gov. Garcelon has been in Georgia, and there, opening his mouth in front of a newspaper reporter, swallowed, and put forever out of sight all hopes of a Democratic-National-Greenback union in Maine. An exchange has the following comments upon his interview:

Gov. Garcelon is the product of a Greenback and Democratic coalition. The two parties ran separate tickets for Governor, but they united on some of the Congressional and Legislative nominations. The Greenback diversion made his election by the Legislature possible. Therefore, it was with delicious assurance that he told the Georgia reporter that the Democrats of Maine were for hard money; and when he added that the Greenback party was "an intermediate station" for the temporary entertainment of men who want to pass from the Republican party to the Democratic party, he must have left the hapless interviewers in a state of mental confusion quite equal to his own. Here was a Democratic Governor, a consort with Greenbackers, and friendly to Greenbackism as a bridge over which to pass into the Democratic party, yet claiming to be a firm supporter of hard money and unalterably opposed to an irredeemable currency.

The Governor fully commits himself and his party to "hard money." This action will certainly prevent his nomination by a Greenback convention, for many members of that party are honestly combating what they believe to be a national evil. Mr. Garcelon's success in obtaining the gubernatorial chair entitles him to a re-nomination by the Democrats.

The only way to prevent a triangular fight, is for Garcelon to decline to serve longer, and for the Democratic party to make no nominations. Dead as the Democratic party is in Maine, we are satisfied it will not thus give up its organization, when national supremacy is so close at hand, and merged in an insignificant third party.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE. WASHINGTON, D. C., May 20, 1879.

Mr. Blaine yesterday made another assault upon the Democratic works, and many Confederate Senators who felt his steel have suffered from its keenness. The opportunity was a good one. Ancient Bourbons, like Eaton of Connecticut, Bayard and Sausbury of Delaware, and rebel chiefs like Hill of Georgia, Butler and Hampton of South Carolina, and Morgan of Alabama, had made speeches in which they had magnified their patriotism, while, as Mr. Blaine remarked, it seemed as if the poor unfortunates had all been forced into false positions by their companions, and were in mourning for what they had done unwillingly. Then he read passages from the records of the patriots. He proved that Ben Hill, instead of having held back and mourned over secession and refused to fight his house and rejoice, as he claimed, had in reality voted for the Georgia secession ordinance. He showed that the Bayard and Sausbury families, ruling the little State of Delaware, had voted and spoken against the war for the Union, and had in every possible way short of open rebellion, encouraged the rebel states in their course.

He showed that Butler and Hampton and Morgan had uttered sentiments that did not comport with loyalty. All these men sprang forward to explain the record, but they did not help themselves. They floundered and fell into worse sloughs than they climbed out of. Mr. Blaine came at them with new facts every time they denied, until they hadn't a place left to stand upon—a place as loyal men which they claim to be.

He reviewed the literature of the South, proving that it was filled with disloyal sentiment, placed there with unparliamentary purpose. He showed that even the school books were inspired by a seditious spirit in order deliberately to mislead the young mind. In fact, no speech, so far in this controversy, has contained such a mass of facts to convict the ruling Southern Congress and out of a studied purpose to subvert the nation into a Confederacy and to destroy all respect for the Republic.

Of course the general appropriation bill with all its political legislation will pass in spite of the Republican protest, and the President will promptly veto it. What next? It remains for the Democrats to say whether they will continue this contest which has cost them so dearly. It is impossible to think that some will do it. But are the Bourbon leaders sane? that is a fair question. Mr. Lincoln has a good many disciples who hold his motto sacred, that it is always safe to rely upon the stupidity of the Democratic party for blundering at a crisis. It has blundered so fearfully already as to ensure the next President and the next Congress to loyal men. But it seems to me there is a chance that they even may see the hand-writing on the wall and hesitate to go further towards revolution. There is some hope that they will pass the appropriation bills clear of politics and soon go home.

The Democrats mean business in delaying action upon promotions in the Army; in fact they mean to prevent promotions so that, in the remote event of electing a President, he may provide for some rebel military heroes in the national Army. Thus they mean to get possession of all the Government machinery if the people will stand tamely by and see them snatch it. Fortunately, the prospect is not so discouraging; there is no danger of that consummation, and their present action can only work harm temporarily to gallant Union soldiers who deserve promotion, but can afford to await it at the hands of the Republican Senate of the future.

Commissioner Kaum has made two reports lately which plague the ex-Confederates fearfully. The first was a report of the

results of suppressing illicit distilling, from which it appears that 19 revenue officers have been killed and 34 wounded in the Southern States while trying to enforce the law, and that the cost has been a quarter of a million of dollars against a few hundred in the whole North. The other report relates to revenue taxes due from the Southern States, the amount from all being very large. This is rather a sorry picture for "honorable" communities that deem it a reflection to refer to losses in financial affairs. LOGAN.

## OXFORD COUNTY LOCALS.

ANDOVER, May 22.—We have had some very warm weather during the past week, the thermometer ranging ninety and a hundred in many places. The rapid growth of the foliage, this spring has astonished everybody, and betokens a warm summer. Farmers are hurrying their work along as fast as possible. Many intervals are very wet yet.

Our citizens are making many improvements on their homes, painting their houses and building new fences.

Fishermen are daily arriving in town, preparatory for a trip to the lakes. The first party went in Tuesday morning. The steamer made her first trip the same day.

I am informed that certain parties at Bethel have been misrepresenting matters slightly by saying that the road from Andover Corner to the Richardson Lake was impassable, and endeavoring to prevent parties from coming to Andover. I took a trip to the lake on Tuesday and found the road in a good condition, there being only a few ruts on the road where a team could not trot with perfect safety. The road is built through an unbroken wilderness, and much of the way through a dense swamp, yet it will compare favorably with many of our county roads. A well known gentleman from Boston told me the other day, that he had always been to the Lakes by way of Bethel and Upton and had always been obliged to ride 26 miles in the night over a worse road than the one from Andover to the lake, and should never go that way again. We hope that our Bethel friends will do by others as they would like to have others do by them, and always make statements that are not too high colored and flimsy.

Rev. Mr. Jenkins of New York, preached an excellent sermon in the M. E. Church last Sunday morning.

Webster Akers, youngest son of the late Geo. G. Akers, died on the 15th inst., after a brief illness. This is the third death which has occurred in this family during the past six weeks. The afflicted family have the deepest sympathies of all in this dark hour of sorrow.

Our summer schools have nearly all commenced. They are mostly taught by teachers out of town.

Messrs. A. W. and F. P. Thomas have nearly completed their new stable. It is said to be the best in the county.

Mr. Charles E. Cushman, the popular landlord of the Gregg House, has built a new ell to his house, which greatly improves its appearance. I understand that he is expecting a large number of boarders the coming summer. LOSE STAG.

BETHEL.—On Decoration Day the usual services will be held at Evergreen Cemetery at 2 p. m. Procession forms in front of the Elms at 1 p. m. Bethel Band will be in attendance. A. S. Austin, esp. of Dixfield, is to deliver the oration. The usual details will visit the other cemeteries in the m. m. Donations of flowers earnestly solicited.

BRYANT'S POND.—The Oxford won their first game of the season last Saturday at Rumford Corner against a picked nine from Rumford and Hanover. The Oxford took it kind of easy for the first eight innings but wound up on last half of the ninth by doing some heavy batting, and won the game by a score of 21 to 19.

Miss Cora G. Knight has been engaged to teach the summer school.

There is a lively market for potatoes here, selling at \$1.00 and \$1.05 per bushel. J. E. S.

EAST BUCKFIELD, May 21.—The Corner at this place was long known as Federal Corner, a name given by the early settlers of the district in a political excitement. It contains two dwelling houses and stables, schoolhouse and church. First house built by James Skillings fifty-eight years ago; second house soon after by Isaac Parsons. A part of this building was used for a store where hogsheds of alcoholic drinks were sold, to add strength to the body and vigor to the brain. It was converted ten years ago into a lodge room for the Crystal Wave Good Templars. The schoolhouse was built in 1863, near the spot where the old one was destroyed by fire. The house of worship was built forty-five years ago as a Union church, and occupied the most of the time by a large and powerful society of Free Baptists. By removal, death, and other causes, the society grew feeble, and the doors of the church were closed on the Sabbath. Within two years the house has been repaired and opened on the Sabbath, at 3 o'clock, for the meeting of different religious sects, to the joy of many. The following noted Free Baptist preachers have resided at or near the Corner: Rev. Messrs. Plimney, Jordan, Hersey, Dow, Hall, Eaton, Andrews. The dwelling houses are vacant for the first time for more than half a century.

The following members of the Freshman class at Bates College are teaching summer terms: Miss Corina O. Davis of Bryant's Pond, at Rockland; Miss Avolin R. Forbes of East Buckfield, at Hebron; Miss Eleanor B. Forbes of East Buckfield, at East Buckfield; Miss Iza B. Foster of East Hebron, will soon commence at East Hebron. The above were pupils at the same time at Hebron Academy under J. F. Moody, Principal. The last three graduated at that school in 1878.

BYRON, May 21.—Feed in pastures is starting well; owners of short hay mows feed better.

Notwithstanding "J. N. J." removed Mr. John Pressey to Roxbury, I believe he has been almost a lifelong resident of Byron.

Large quantities of driftwood were left on our intervals by last fall's freshets. Our roads were very badly hampered by the same agency; they vary from worst to—

Mr. Freeman Richards' health is improving.

FREYBURG.—On the evening of Friday, May 24th, a "Dickens Party" was given at

the Court Hall by the Ladies' Society of the New Church. Mrs. Jarley's Wax-work was first presented, followed by tableaux: "Little Nell and Her Grandfather" and "Miss Mowcher and Steerforth." The conference between Betsey Trotwood and Mr. Dick as to what should be done with young David Copperfield, was well rendered. The tableaux, which excited most applause, were "Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness," "The Micawbers, in two scenes," "I never will desert Mr. Micawber," and "Ready to Emigrate," "Barkis and Pegotty," in which Barkis looked hearty "willin'-ness and Pegotty bashful acquiescence. Perhaps the most effective tableau of the evening was one which every reader of "Martin Chuzzlewit" can imagine, Sarah Gamp and Betsey Prig—"Drink fair, Betsey, whatever you do," in which much histrionic talent was displayed. The "Fat Boy" figured in an amusing pantomime, which was repeatedly applauded, and concluded an entertainment which all present united in pronouncing successful and satisfactory in every respect. E. M. M.

Probate Court adjourned before it reached here and those who had business here came and returned without accomplishing their work.

Mr. Chas. Peary is making extensive repairs on the Sewall stand, recently bought by him.

Mrs. E. G. Fife & Co. have a very full line of millinery, fancy and dress goods just in from Boston.

E. G. Osmond is doing a good business in his marble works.

The members of the State Rifle Club residing here are doing some good practicing. The Oxford House has already applications for summer boarders enough to fill it, and will be filled for the three months of summer. It is a first-class house.

Frost here Friday and Saturday morning. Tarbox & Walker are building a new mill on the Richardson mill site.

NORTH FRYEBURG, May 23.—Mr. A. W. Anderson in building him a house. When completed, it will be a handsome residence. He is also erecting a barn in connection with the house.

The farmers have got their planting nearly done. G. O. L.

LOCKE'S MILLS.—Mrs. Phebe Crooker and a little boy were thrown from a carriage at this village on Saturday afternoon, May 17. Mrs. Crooker was badly cut about the head and sustained other injuries; the boy, Della Bryant, was not injured in the least. The team belonged to N. LeBaron and was standing at the hotel, when the horse became frightened, upset the wagon and ran on to the platform of E. E. Rand & Co.'s store. Mrs. Crooker is doing well. D. A. C.

MASON, May 19.—We never had better spring weather than we are having now. Grass has wintered in splendid condition—by very careful examination, I find but very few spots winter-killed, notwithstanding there was so much ice on our fields during the late fall and early winter; and it is growing very fast now, especially upon warm sandy land. Cattle are getting a good living.

Our farmers are late about the spring work, but were never more busy; a large amount of seed will be put into the ground; a much greater breadth of wheat will be sown than last year; there is a wonderful bloom of all kinds of fruit trees, but it is too early in the season to make a good guess at the amount of fruit that will be raised; and the same may be said in regard to the hay crop; June usually determines that in Maine.

The snow drifts are all gone in open land—a few of those reminders of winter may be found in some sheltered nooks—I saw one today sheltered by trees in full leaf.

Bears have commenced their annual slaughter of sheep, and I learned from one of the assessors of Gilead, that two or three young cattle had been killed by these black coated rangers, that our legislators and Board of Agriculture think so harmless. It is a shame that the State cannot afford a few hundred dollars annually to protect and foster so important a branch of industry as sheep husbandry. The men, who would hunt and kill bears, were they encouraged by a small bounty on each one taken, are not those who are really affected by their destruction, therefore when there is no bounty on them, they say let the bears run, we will not molest them if they do not bite us.

The earth never looked more beautiful than now; the late warm weather and fine rains have made all nature smile.

The question whether President Hayes had a back-bone or not, has ceased to be a conundrum—the Democrats are growling over that bone—they find it a hard one to pick.

Moving has been the order of the day of late. E. Lewis Wheeler, of North Albany, has moved on to the Hiram Robbins farm; Cyrus Mill of West Bethel, has moved on to Elijah Wheeler's farm in Albany; Lewis Tyler moves on to the farm just left by Cyrus Mills; Samuel O. Grover of Bethel, has moved on to the Doa. James Wheeler farm in Albany; Isaac S. Morrill has moved on to his farm on the hill, known as the Samuel Brown, Jr., place.

Miss Emily J. Bean, daughter of Daniel F. Bean, of West Bethel, is now at home sick; her recovery is very doubtful. She was taken sick in Boston, and her physician pronounced her case hopeless; when she started to come home, it was thought she could not bear the fatigue of the journey, yet she was willing to risk all, to see father and mother once more. All that medicine, skill, and care of parents and brother and sister can do, will be done; but she is in the hands of One wiser than man. G. H. B.

MEXICO, May 23.—Farmers are quite busy in this vicinity doing their planting. Many are plowing up their hops, and are sowing grain instead. There are many who have two and three year's growth on hand which they cannot sell at any price.

A part of our schools are to commence soon. School in District No. 1 is to be taught by Miss Emma Edmunds of this town. Miss E. is one of our best teachers. School in District No. 2 is to be taught by Miss H. Pearl Richards of this town. Miss R. possesses every qualification necessary to make her a first-class teacher. School in District No. 3 is to be taught by Miss Annie M. Virgin of this town. Miss V. has an old and established reputation in the school-room. School in District No. 5 is now in session, and is taught by Miss

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Nellie Chandler of Turner. We know nothing of Miss C.'s ability as a teacher. She passed a good examination. The first three named teachers have taught in town before. A. W. S.

NEWBY CORNER, May 22.—A. T. Hillman, who was appointed to preach to this people, has made other arrangements, thus leaving this charge without a pastor for the present.

Business is quite good at the steam mill of Messrs. Wyman & Trask, and also at the store of C. Bisbee.

Messrs. Brown have brought their drive to a successful termination. The last log passed from Bear River into the Androscoggin over a week ago. The spring has been unusually favorable for driving timber out of small streams, as the large amount of snow that remained back in the woods, has until recently kept the streams nearly bank full.

Farmers are making extra exertions to get their crops into the ground. Grass is looking finely.

Already have sportsmen commenced their war upon the trout in the streams of this and adjoining towns, and the speckled beauties are looking in vain for a place that offers any degree of safety.

Rear of Wood's drive passed this place last Tuesday. B.

OXFORD.—Last week, Rev. Geo. A. Locke moved to Kennebec, where he has accepted a call from the Second Congregational Society. After a ministry of nine years in this village and town, Mr. Locke leaves his first field of labor among a people who have become attached to him, with much sorrow. Among the citizens, his removal is a cause of much regret. At all times and under all circumstances he has commanded the confidence and respect of all with whom he came in contact. His gentlemanly bearing and scholarly qualities equally at him for the position he has chosen for his lifework, and wherever his field of labor may be we feel sure a host of friends will surround him.

Mr. C. S. Sargent, a recent graduate of Yale Theological School, occupied the pulpit of the Congregational Church last Sabbath.

The mail route from Oxford village to Oxford station, which has been run by A. J. Faunce for the past eight years, has been sold to B. B. Flood.







