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BY GEO. H. WATKINS.

Editor and Proprietor.

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THE OWL CRITIC.

A LESSON TO FAULT FINDERS.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

Who stuffed that owl? No one spoke in the shop. The barber was busy and he could not stop. The customers waiting "their turn," were all reading. The Daily, the Herald, and the Post, little heeding the young man who blurted out such a question. Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion.

And the barber kept on shaving. "Don't you see, Mr. Brown?" cried the youth with a frown. "How wrong the whole thing is. How preposterous each wing is. How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is. In short, the whole form, what an ignorant wreck it is. I make no apology. I've learned owlology. Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown. Do take that bird down. Or you'll soon be the laughing stock all over town!"

And the barber kept on shaving. "I've studied owls. And other night-birds. And I tell you what I know to be true. An owl cannot roost. With his limbs so unloosened. No owl in this world. Ever had his claws curled. Ever had his legs slanted. Ever had his head canted. Ever had his neck screwed into that attitude. He can't do it because 'Tis against all bird laws.'"

"Anatomy teaches. Ornithology preaches. That an owl has a toe That can't turn out so. I've made native owls my study for years. And to see such a job almost moves me to tears. Mr. Brown, I'm amazed. You should be so gone crazed. As to put up a bird. In that position, absurd. To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness. The man who stuffed him don't half know his business."

And the barber kept on shaving. "Do look at those eyes. I'm filled with surprise. Taxidermists should pass off on you such poor glass. So unnatural they seem. They'd make Andoulin scream. And John Burroughs laugh. To encounter such chaff. Do take that bird down. Have him stuffed again, Brown."

And the barber kept on shaving. "With some sawdust and bark. I could stuff in the dark. An owl better than that. I could make an old hat. Look more like an owl. Than that horrid fool. Stick up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather. In fact there's about him not one natural feather."

Just then with a wink and a sly normal laugh. The owl very grandly got down from his perch. Walked round and regarded his fault-finding critic. (Who thought he was stuffed, with a glance analytic. And then faintly smiled, as if he should say: Your hominism is just the time, anyway. Don't make it again on a live bird, I pray. I'm an owl—your's another, sir critic, good-day!)

And the barber kept on shaving. "Lucy Wheeler. Do you ever judge, reader, of the character of the inmates from the physiognomy of their houses? I do. And when the stage swept around the corner. I looked out eagerly, for as the driver had told me, about ten rods up the road stood the house of Philander White. His wife was my mother's own cousin, and I was just thirteen years old when I went there to make my first visit. There had been some quarrel between the two families two or three years anterior to my visit; and though my mother and Mrs. White never participated in this, the feud of their ancestors had doubtless involved some coldness between them."

But to cut a long story short, for the pen and paper gossip may be more dignified, but not a whit better than tea-table scandal. I had been an invalid all the previous winter. When soft April days, to which my mother looked forward so eagerly, came, they brought no bloom to my cheek, no vigor to my step. My constitution seemed to have lost all its recuperative power; and the doctor said: "Send her into the country, Mrs. May. If that don't help her, she's lost to you."

Just before this, Mrs. White had learned through a mutual friend of my illness, and the very day of the blunt physician's ultimatum brought a letter to my mother. "For the sake of my old love," it read, "let all that may have come between you and me be lost in the pleasure of better memories. The hills of Meadow Brook are clothed again with greenness, and now in this late May is the time for Jennie to come to us. There is a prophecy of health for her in the soft wind that lifts the edge of my paper as I write. We know she is your all, and we will be very tender of your darling. Will you not trust her for a single summer?"

And before another week was passed my trunk was packed and marked "Philander White, Meadow Brook." I looked out, as I have said, and there sat a pleasant white house, with its green window blinds, the shrubbery in front, and the cherry trees behind. My heart went out to it, and at once; and it did a moment later to the gentle voiced woman and the fair, dark-haired girl who rushed out on the front steps, and, kissing my cheek, said: "Cousin Jennie, you are very welcome."

But it is not all to tell you of that summer, though I looked across the gray year to its picture in the May-land of my memory, that I have taken up my pen this morning. Suffice it that the mountain breeze of Meadow Brook did its work well; and when in early autumn my mother came for her child she could hardly identify the rosy-cheeked girl who rushed in with her

curls dangling about her face, and held up her rosy lips for a kiss.

I think it must have been nearly two months after my domestication at Aunt Mary's, for so I called my mother's cousin, when Uncle Charles Brace, her husband's brother, visited her. He was a minister, and Cora and I had anticipated the gentleman's advent with anything but pleasant emotions.

Our conceived notions of the clergyman's elongated visage, and solemn, puritanical manner, which we regarded as necessary concomitants of the profession, soon vanished before the beautiful kindling of his smile and the winning gentleness of his manner. He was Uncle Phil's youngest brother, and not more than 28 at that time; and his religion had deepened and harmonized his fine poetic temperament without checking the outflow of that undercurrent of humor which sparkled through his character. Uncle Charles was soon our companion in our rides and rambles, and our confidant in our girlish plans.

"You don't really mean so, Uncle Charles," and Cora's bright face was lifted from the roses and geraniums we were weaving into the bouquet for the mantel. "You don't really think what you just said, that in every heart there is a fountain; some blossom in the human wilderness of every soul?"

He put down his paper and came toward us. "I have not a doubt of it my little girl. The story I was just reading, of the hardened old man who cried because a child gave him a bunch of marigolds, corroborates my remark. The light that is in us cannot quite become darkness; the hearts that might bring forth a hundred fold for harvests of heaven will never be cold for deserts but some good seed will take root therein."

"I don't believe it would, though, in Farmer Keep. You don't know him as well as I do, Uncle Charles. He is one of the richest men in all Meadow Brook; he's worth thousands and thousands. He's a bachelor, you know, and lives in the great red house on the road to Woodbury, you remember. Well, he never goes to church, and he never loved a human being in his life. Now don't think Farmer Keep—why, Grandma Dean, how do you do?"

"The lady whose entrance put this sudden period to my cousin's peroration, came slowly toward the rocking chair. Cora drew it out for her. She was the oldest lady in the village. The hair under her cap, white as hillside snow, had imprisoned the sunshine of fourscore and ten summers, but she still retained much of the physical stamina which with her active temperament had made her so vigorous a woman for many years."

"What's that you're saying child, about Farmer Keep?" said the old lady, with a pleasant smile, as she pinned her knitting sheath to her waist. "Why, I was telling Uncle Charles what a cold hard man he is. You've always known him, Grandma Dean, and now did he ever do a good thing or love anybody in his life?"

"Yes, he loved a girl once, I think I remember. "Farmer Keep loved a girl once?" repeated Cora, with a half contemptuous and wholly skeptical curl of her red lips. "She's forgotten," she added, in an undertone, to Uncle Charles and me, for Grandma Dean was slightly deaf.

"No, I haven't forgotten, neither," she said, placing her hand on Cora's hair. "I have had Lucy Reid on my lap too often, and rocked her cradle—poor little motherless thing!—too many times to have forgotten."

Cora's look of incredulity was giving way to one of curiosity. "Grandma Dean, won't you tell us all about it? Jennie and I will sit down on the stool, and I know by that look in Uncle Charles's eye, he wants to hear it too. Come, let the flowers go, Jennie!" and my vivacious cousin established herself at the old lady's feet.

Grandma Dean slipped the yarn around her little finger and commenced: "Let me see—it cannot be more than forty-two years this summer since Justin Keep came up to Farmer Reid's to let himself out for the harvest boy through harvesting."

The Reid house stood a little this side of Stony creek. There is nothing left of it now except the chimney and it looks out gray and bold from the grass all about it; but forty years ago it was a fine place, with lilacs in front, and the hop vines running all around the back. Lucy was hardly three weeks old when she lost her mother. Her father never married again, and the child grew up there in the old home as fair and sweet as the flowers that clustered about it.

She was nearly fifteen years old when Justin came that summer. He was a shy, strange sort of a lad, and the neighbors said that Farmer Reid would never get the salt for his porridge out of him. He'd been bound out until he was 18 to some man down in Maine, and he hadn't a relation in the world he knew of, nor a decent suit of clothes when he came to Farmer Reid's house. But for all that Justin proved a smart, lively boy, and the farmer, who somehow was never very far from being a miser, was not long in the house before she tried to make friends with him.

At first he was gloomy and silent, doing his work and taking little notice of anybody. But he couldn't stand it long before Lucy. I wouldn't like to have the heart that that girl's smile wouldn't have thawed out.

She was just like a bird around the old place, singing from morn till night, and her blue eyes, that were so like her mother's, seemed to be sending out one laugh, and her lips another. I never wondered her father doted on her as he did, and of course Justin was not long in the old house before she tried to make friends with him.

Poor fellow! it must have seemed very strange to him at first, for I do not believe that anybody had ever given him a kind word until he came to Meadow Brook.

But he made ladders for her flower vines to run on, and got shells for the borders, and propped up the dahlias, and did a thousand other things which took them out in the garden after supper, and which made them the best of friends.

Lucy had a playful, childish way about her that made her seem much younger than she was; then she was small of her age, so that at fifteen she did not seem a bit older than you are, Cora.

Well, she rode on the top of Justin's hay cart, and helped him husk corn in the barn, and pretty soon the farmer noticed a change in Justin.

He got him a new suit of clothes, and his face lost its down look, and after harvesting Farmer Reid made him an offer to tarry all winter.

So Justin stayed with the farmer four years. Then he had a good offer somewhere in New York State, and concluded to stop for the winter only.

Lucy Reid had grown into a young woman by this time, and a handsomer one, children, these dim eyes never looked upon. I don't know how it happened, for Lucy might have had her pick among the boys for miles around but somehow she took to Justin; and when he left they were engaged to be married one year from that time.

"Why, Grandma Dean! you ain't going to stop now!" cried Cora, in alarm; for the old lady had laid down her knitting. "No, my child," she said, moving her spectacles and wiping her eyes; "but the rest is a sad story, and I must hurry over it. I don't exactly know how it happened, but that winter Lucy's father got into a terrible lawsuit with Squire Wheeler. There was some flaw in the title, and the people said it was plain that the old man should let the homestead go."

They said, too, he'd never survive it, and better, perhaps he never had, than kept it as he did; but one day Squire Wheeler, to all the neighborhood's astonishment rode over to the farm.

What he did there was never exactly known, but in a little while it was rumored that the suit was withdrawn, and next spring Lucy Reid was to be married to his son, Stillman Wheeler. And so it was. One bright March day, she went to the old church yonder and gave herself to him.

He was a good-looking man, but never over smart, the neighbors whispered, and I always thought that it was his father's money more than anything else that kept him up."

But Justin, Grandma Dean—what became of him?"

"There is a dark look about the whole matter. Lucy was made the victim of some terrible falsehood. I never blamed her father, for the losing of the homestead seemed completely to shatter him."

I only know that Squire Wheeler and his son were at the bottom of it, and that Lucy Reid went to the altar believing that Justin had been false to her."

"Dear me, how dreadful!—did he ever come back?"

"Yes, the next May. Lucy had been a wife two months. Justin had not heard of her marriage. When she first saw him she fell down like one stricken with a fit. But he carried her into the house and there learned all. Both had been deceived."

It was a terrible scene the old front room witnessed. Justin swore vengeance, and it was not till, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, the young wife knelt to the only man she ever loved, and pleaded for the life of her husband that he promised, for her sake, to spare his life."

But from the day of Justin's visit Lucy was a changed woman. All the light and gladness of her being seemed dead in her. She moved about her house pale and quiet, with a look of patient suffering in her once sunny eyes, that made my heart ache to behold."

"And her husband—did she ever tell him what she had learned?"

"I think not. His father and Lucy's had died in less than two years after the marriage. The squire was much less wealthy than was supposed. The next spring Lucy and her husband moved West and somehow people lost sight of them."

"And Justin?"

"You know the rest, my child. He became a moody, unhappy man, asking no sympathy and giving none. But he was always smart at a bargain; in a few years he had laid up enough to buy Dea Platt's farm when his son went south."

Ever since he has added acres to his land and hundreds to the bank; but for all that he is a man soured toward all his race, a man who never knows to give a little child a smile or a beggar a crust of bread."

I have sometimes thought his heart was like a desert, without a tree to shade or a stream to gladden it. And yet it bore a bright blossom once; and, believe me children, for it is the word of an old woman who has seen and known much of the ways of man, it is always so. The heart may be a great wilderness, but in some of its by-ways there has grown a flower."

Cora and I looked at each other and at Uncle Charles. Just then Aunt Mary came in. She had been out, and had not heard of Grandma Dean's visit.

But Cora stole up to her uncle, and winding her arms about his neck, whispered: "I shall believe it always, Uncle Charles, now I have heard the story of Farmer Keep that there is a blossom in the wilderness of every heart."

It was a sultry August day, in the summer I passed at Meadow Brook. The wind, low and slumbrous as the hush of a mother's voice at nightfall, crept up among the corn, and down among the

rye and wheat fields, that lay like broad green folds about the dwelling of Farmer Keep.

There was no poem of flowers about the front yard; no graceful harmonizing touch of creeping vine or waving curtains about the old red homestead; and yet it had a quiet, substantial, matter-of-fact physiognomy, that somehow made a home feeling about your heart.

I think it must have been this unconscious feeling which decided the course of the girl who stood at the point where the road diverged and gazed wistfully about her that afternoon.

She seemed very tired, and her coarse straw bonnet and calico dress were covered with dust. If you had looked in her face you would have not forgotten it. It could not have been more than fifteen summers. It was very pale, and sweet, sad beauty, made you think of nothing but summer flowers drenched with summer rains.

Her eyes were of that deep moist blue that rolls out from under the edge of April clouds, and her lips, which were ripe and full, had that touch of sorrowfulness about them which tells you always that the heart beneath is full of fears.

The girl's hand clasped tightly the little boy's by her side. The resemblance between them would have told you at once that they were brother and sister; but his life could not have covered more than a third of hers.

The little fellow's eyes were full of tears, and the bright curls that crept out from under his hat were damp with moisture.

A few minutes later she opened the broad back gate and went to the kitchen door. Farmer Keep's housekeeper—an old woman, with yellow nightcap and check apron tied over her linsey wool skirt—answered her knock.

"Do you want any help, or do you know any one around here who does?" timidly asked the girl.

The old lady peered at her with dim eyes. "No," said she. "There ain't but two four on us—Farmer Keep and the two hired men, and me. It's harvest time just now, though, and I reckon you'd find a place in the village."

"Thank you, Bennie here, my little brother, is tired, for we walked from the depot. Can you let us come in and rest awhile?"

"Sartin you can." The sight of the child touched the heart of the woman, and they went into a large kitchen and sat down in the flag bottomed chairs, while with a glowing cheek the girl cast about in her mind for the best manner in which to present her petition for food.

Before she had decided, the master of the house suddenly entered the kitchen, for it was nearly dinner time. He was a large, muscular, broad-chested, sun-burned man, with a hard, gloomy expression on his face, where fifty years were now beginning to write their history.

He stood still with surprise, gazing on the new occupants of the kitchen; and the boy drew close to his sister, and the girl threw up a timid frightened glance into the gloomy face.

"You don't know of anybody round here that wants a little help, do ye farmer?" asked the woman. "Here's a little girl that wants a place and she's walked from the depot. I told her she might come in and rest a bit before she went up into the village to try her luck."

"No," shortly answered the farmer. "Dinner ready?" And the rich man turned away without one gentle word or kind look for the homeless children whom God had brought to his door.

"Lucy, Lucy, don't stay here; I'm afraid." And the little boy's lip curled and quivered as he turned his face from the farmer's.

"Lucy, Lucy," how those little trembling tones went down, down, down, into the man's heart! How the dead days of his youth burst out of their graves and rushed through his memory at that low broken, "Lucy, Lucy!" He turned and looked at the girl; not so surely, as before, but with a kind and eager questioning interest.

"What's your name?" "Lucy Wheeler, sir."

He staggered back and caught hold of the nearest chair. "And what was your mother's?" "Lucy Reid. She used to live at Meadow Brook. So I came here to get work. She told me to before she died."

At that moment the angels looked down and saw the seed that had lain for two score years in the hear of Joseph Keep spring up and the flower blossom in the wilderness.

He strode across the kitchen to the bewildered girl. He brushed back her bonnet and turned her face to the light. He could not be mistaken. It was the one framed and hung in the darkened room in his soul. The blue eyes of Lucy looked again in his own. At that moment the little boy pushed in between them and gazed wistfully in the man's face. Farmer Keep sat down and took the child in his arms. He tried to speak but instead great sobs came and heaved his strong chest. The trio in the kitchen gazed at him in mute astonishment.

"Lucy's children, Lucy's children!" he murmured at last, in a voice whose tenderness was like that of a mother. "God sent you to me. For her sake this shall be your home. For her sake I will be a father to you."

Five years after Cora wrote to me: "We are having fine times now, dear cousin Jennie, and mamma wants to know if you do not need to renew your rosy cheeks among the dews of Meadow Brook. Uncle Charles is with us, and if you were also, our happiness would be complete."

Lucy Wheeler—you remember her—has the place in my heart next to yours. Her disposition is as lovely as her face, and that is saying a great deal, for its sweet beauty does one good to behold it."

Farmer Keep seems to idolize her and Bennie. He is a charming man now; he goes to church every Sunday. He spares no pains or expense in Lucy's education, and she will be an accomplished woman. She is here very often, and I have suspicions that Uncle Charles—but no matter, I will not trust this to pen and paper.

But now, Jennie, what a lesson has all this taught me! How has it deepened my faith in God and humanity. Now my heart yearns over the wretched sinning outcast, I remember always that there is a flower in the wilderness."

"SARSAPARILLA."

Yesterday afternoon a red-faced young man belonging to an excursion party, called into a Woodward avenue drug store and softly asked the soda-fountain boy if he was out of any particular kind of syrup. The boy made an investigation and replied:

"We are out of sarsaparilla, but—" "That's all right—all right—you wait a minute," interrupted the young man, and away he went.

The boy took the empty reservoir from the fountain and replaced it, and in about two minutes the young man returned in company with his girl and four other people, evidently all friends. Walking up to the fountain he said:

"I'm going to take sarsaparilla in mine, for the doctors all recommend it, and if he hasn't any sarsaparilla I won't take nothing. What do you say?" "Oh, we'll take the same," they replied.

The young man began to smile, and his left eye began to draw down, but what was his horror to see the boy draw off six glasses in succession and push them to the front, where they were eagerly drained of their contents! He tried to give the boy a look of mingled hate and murderous intent, but the lad was too busy to see it. He felt in all his pockets, brought up watch-keys, pennies and peanuts, and finally laid down twenty-seven cents and whispered to the boy:

THE STATE.

—The body of Mr. Lewis Libby of Temple who had been missing for a week, was found in a mud hole Monday. He had evidently been murdered.

—Dr. Bigelow, the State Liquor Agent at Portland, has been sued by Edward P. Chase, former agent, for \$50,000 because Bigelow refused to take liquor of his hands according to law. Bigelow claims that the liquors were not pure, which absolves him.

—Hon. Monroe Young, a prominent Democratic politician of Hancock County, committed suicide by drowning, at his farm in Trenton, Saturday, July 5th. He had been mayor of Ellsworth several years, had been in the Legislature, and more than once prominently mentioned as the Democratic candidate for Congress, from the Fifth District.

—It is said that North Perry has produced an infant giantess, which, although but a year old, is over three feet in height and weighs as much as a healthy boy of twelve years. At birth she weighed but nine pounds, but began to grow rapidly at once and is still growing without any perceptible check. The child is said to have acquired the child prodigy to be in perfect health. The grandfather of the child states that his grandfather was a man of extraordinary size.

IN GENERAL.

—There are indications in London of progress on the temperance question. There is less public drunkenness, the gin palace is no longer a nuisance, as formerly, and the people have at last begun to debate the question of total abstinence, which is no longer dismissed with a smile and a jest.

—A bridegroom at Grinnell, Iowa, recently received a cigar by mail, accompanied by a written assurance that it would be found to be of an unusually good flavor. The bride recognized the handwriting as that of a rejected suitor, and unrolled the cigar, to find several grains of strychnine in the end that a smoker would bite off.

—A merchant sitting in his office in South street, New York, recently received an answer to his dispatch sent to Shanghai only six hours previously. Shanghai is thirty-six thousand miles distant from New York, and the message, not making any allowance for delivery at the two cities, must have traveled at the rate of one hundred miles a minute, or a mile and two-thirds per second. The charge to Shanghai is \$2.50 per word, to Yokohama, \$3.00, but the cipher is not the same as the one used here, so that a single word serves for a dozen when translated.

—The Russian Government shows no favor to the women who engage in coquetry. A number of members of noble families were tried lately at Kieff with infidelities, and were condemned, one to be shot, another to be put to death, but her sentence has been commuted to house arrest for life to Siberia. Four other well-born women, one of them the daughter of a Privy Councillor, were convicted of taking part in a revolutionary society, and were sentenced to hard labor in the mines, one of them for four years, and the others for thirteen years and ten months.

—A man in Centreville, Tenn., claims to have an infallible antidote for venomous snake bites, which he manufactures from the mosses which grow on white oak, and Hill and has moved on to it. Mr. Timothy Hastings of North Carolina, who writes to the Boston Herald, says he has used it on a rattlesnake to bite him upon the wrist till it bled. He at once applied the remedy to the wound and took it internally, and although at the end of 12 minutes his pulse and the temperature of his body rose somewhat, they soon fell again to their normal condition, and the man recovered without any inconvenience than a nauseated stomach. The same snake was again used to bite a dog, and the animal died in an hour and a half from the bite.

—An interesting archaeological discovery has lately been made near Carpiopolis, Watkinson county, Ireland, where a large cave filled with bones has been discovered. The cave seems to have been occupied at a very remote period by bears, portions of whose skeletons were found in great quantities on the floor; but the chief interest in the discovery lies in the fact that remains of the great Irish elk were found in it. Numerous small stone rubbers were found in the cave, and as some of the bones of the elk had been split, evidently for the marrow, and several of the bones had been fashioned into awls and gages, it is thought that man's occupation in Ireland was comparatively early, that of this extinct elk, and that he may have helped to exterminate it.

—Much interest is felt by archaeologists over the fact that the Chinese Ambassador at Berlin, Li Fangpo, removed in his own country as a great scholar, has read a Chinese inscription on a vase found by the Siam, in the lowest stratum of his excavations at Hsienkai and figured on page 30 of the "Illustrated London News" of the 15th inst. Six years ago the eminent French Orientalist, Emile Burnouf, made the same discovery and was greatly puzzled for his pains. The inscription is in the purport that at a given time corresponding to about 1200 B. C. three pieces of linen gauze were packed in the case for inspection. The Chinese were to give fresh proof of the active commercial intercourse which the Chinese carried on with Greece and Asia Minor.

—The "Glorious Fourth" is not the only memorable anniversary which July contains. The 3d witnessed the great battle of Salvo in 1866, which gave the final blow to Austria as a German power. The 10th inst. in 1863, had the double glory of Gen. Meade's victory at Gettysburg and Gen. Grant's capture of Vicksburg, while a few days later in the same month came the reduction of Port Hudson by Gen. Banks. The fall of the Bastille occurred on the 14th. The 27th saw the last effort of James H. Hays' Scottish archers, during the "Seven Years' War," the "battles of the Pyrenees" in 1875, by which Wellington forced back South into France, and last but not least, the most decisive of the Russian defeats, before Plevna, in 1877.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE TAX LAW.—The law passed by the last Legislature of New Hampshire requiring persons to make oath to their possessions, and to particularize as to property which too frequently escapes taxation, was severely denounced in some quarters soon after its enactment, but now it has been enforced there appears to be quite a different feeling. The assessors have discovered that the State is much richer than previous inventories of taxable property have indicated. Reports from various towns show a decided increase of property in spite of the shrinkage of real estate.

A BOY WORTH LOOKING AFTER.—The Pekin (Ill.) Republican chronicles a bit of heroism by a Peoria County boy which deserves recognition. A coal shaft is being sunk just north of Hollis, and the other day a workman by the name of Charles Taylor was slow making to draw up, and then signalled to be drawn up. The depth of the shaft was 70 feet. When he had been raised 14 feet he struck the bottom of a hard partition and was thrown back to the bottom. The crane was a stepson of a hoard, was a witness to the accident, and promptly slid down the rope, 70 feet, and tore the match from the fuse in time to prevent an explosion. The act was a brave one, scarcely to be paralleled. The boy's hands were terribly lacerated by the friction of the rope. The step-father was rescued with a broken rib and other severe bruises.

OXFORD COUNTY LOCALS.

ALBANY.—The glorious fourth of July, which in many places seems to be falling into the background, was not forgotten at Albany. Their Sabbath school picnic grove was thronged and made cheerful by the good people of Albany and adjoining towns. There were three hundred or more present embracing young and old. The "clear old flag," the emblem of liberty and equal rights, floated from the trees and with its stars and stripes beautifully contrasted with the green foliage of the grove reminded us of the early struggles of our forefathers in this then wilderness land. From the platform many embryo speakers favored us with remarks upon temperance and other themes, and even Doctors and Professors held forth on our education. Music from the choir was interspersed, much to our delight. The tables were well filled, and the contents freely discussed. We had a social and general good time, and went home with the sentiment more deeply fixed in our hearts. "Let not our acquaintance be forgotten" nor the fourth of July be lightly esteemed.

ANDOVER, July 8.—The fourth passed very quietly here. The boys made their usual amount of racket during the preceding night, and the bells were rung in the morning. The young folks in District No. 4 had a picnic in the grove, and a very pleasant time generally. Several parties went to Roxbury Pond and had a basket picnic temperance meeting and boat ride on the pond.

Several of our farmers have commenced laying and report that the yield is rather above the average. Should the weather be favorable, probably as good a crop of hay will be secured as has been raised for years. The potato bugs are getting to be decidedly numerous, and many farmers are wasting a good deal of choice language upon the bugs that might just as well be saved, for they don't seem to understand English at all. Paris Green is being used with good effect on many fields.

The wheat crop is looking finely and promises a large yield. We hope that enough wheat will be raised in town to supply the inhabitants with bread for the next year, for no farmer can afford to buy flour and corn, and no trader wants to trust him for them. One of the hopeful signs of returning prosperity, is the fact that but few are running long accounts at the stores, but they actually need and can pay for.

The Rev. Mr. Pearson has been absent on a vacation during the past two weeks. I am informed that the desk was supplied last Sabbath by M. T. Newton, a student of Bates College.

Dea. Elbridge Poor is building an addition to his house.

Peter Duran has bought the farm formerly owned by Sam'l Farrington on Farmers Hill and has moved on to it. Mr. Timothy Hastings of North Carolina, who writes to the Boston Herald, says he has used it on a rattlesnake to bite him upon the wrist till it bled. He at once applied the remedy to the wound and took it internally, and although at the end of 12 minutes his pulse and the temperature of his body rose somewhat, they soon fell again to their normal condition, and the man recovered without any inconvenience than a nauseated stomach. The same snake was again used to bite a dog, and the animal died in an hour and a half from the bite.

THE WAY I FEEL ABOUT IT.

I remember the way it began. It was April, and some of the house cleaning was done. The parlor stove had been taken down and sewed up in its usual way bag for the occasion. Aunt said she wouldn't have the dirt and muck of a year upon her freshly turned carpet. We were so sorry, Daisy and Tom and I, because it was the one cheery spot in the whole room. Outside of the dear old ragged and thinner-toned piano there wasn't a more comfortable feature in the whole grim circumference of it. And when it was April, and some of the house cleaning done, aunt would have it that the parlor was comfortable. Her dear nose was red, and thin hands were blue, and we felt so sorry to see her there with prayer book in her hand, she hadn't eaten much meat during Lent, and looked sadly worn, and so very blue in the cold. As for Daisy and me, we and out by the kitchen range pretending to be still doing the dishes, and it was a mercy we did, for Cousin Tom came right in instead of blurring into the parlor with his pale face and melancholy news. Somehow the minute he took his hat off, knew by the look of his hair that something had happened. It usually lay kind and curly and soft about his forehead, but now it lay lank and stiff and petrified looking. He came right up to us and as if, in a blood-curling way, "Girls, the trunk has busted!"

"Not a word of it," said Daisy, for I shouldn't speak.

"The one where she kept her tin," said Tom. "It's all gone up the spout!"

"What?" he added, snatching his hat, and "fast filling up. One of our boarders (Mrs. Dale) from South Carolina, died quite suddenly last Sabbath. The funeral Tuesday, attended by Rev. Mr. Bowler, was very impressive. She leaves three little children."

BROWNFIELD.—The following officers of Pequot Lodge I. O. O. F., No. 46, were installed July 14th, by C. W. Waterhouse, D. G. M. G. C. H. Fogg, N. G. J. H. Swan, V. G. J. L. Frink, R. S. A. Martin, Treas.

The L. O. of G. T. celebrated the 4th by a picnic in the grove near the village. A very large number were in attendance. Hiram Brass Band and the choir furnished the music. Speeches were made by Rev. Mr. Smith, Judge Kingsbury of Portland and others, interspersed with singing and recitations by the children. The day was pleasant, and all seemed to enjoy themselves. There was a total absence of rowdism—everyone was quiet and orderly—a striking contrast to celebrations in the same grove within the memory of the oldest person present.

BYRON, July 8.—Religious services were held by Stephen Taylor, esq., of this town, at the school-house in District No. 5, last Sunday. Mr. T. will preach at the same place, July 20; services will begin at 11 a. m.

GLENN, July 11.—The farmers, as a general thing, are through with their hoeing and have commenced laying on their upland ground. The grass on the lowland is still growing and will be an average crop. The corn and potato crops look well, though a little backward. The Colorado beetles are very plenty, and the slugs have commenced to appear. A liberal sprinkling of Paris Green will have to be applied this year or the potato crop will be a failure.

Our people are enjoying the privilege of attending church. After being without a preacher for a year or more they have en-

gaged the services of Rev. Mr. Williams, a recent graduate of Bangor Theological Seminary, who will preach here at 10 o'clock a. m. and at 3 o'clock p. m. They have have an organized choir and have purchased a nice organ of Wm. J. Wheeler of South Paris, and everything is moving along nicely.

MEXICO, July 10.—The Mexico and East Rumford cheese factory is now receiving 3400 lbs. of milk per day, from which they make 8 large cheeses, averaging in weight about 40 lbs. per cheese. This season thus far, has proved to be the most successful of any season since the factory was built, seven years ago. The factory is under the charge of Fred A. Porter, of East Rumford. This is the fourth season that Mr. Porter has made cheese in our factory.

The weather is fine for haying, but very few have done much at it as yet. Grass is thin and light in this section, especially on old fields.

Potato beetles are plenty, and threaten to destroy our potatoes unless we use Paris Green or some other poison, as hand-picking is out of the question.

NORWAY.—The village Congregational Church received an accession of seventeen new members at their Communion on July 6th. Three of these were by letter and fourteen on confession of faith. Four were immersed by the pastor before the morning service. The day was one of rare loveliness without, and within, and all the services were profoundly impressive. Twenty-nine have now been added to the membership of this church within the twenty-one months past, since the last pastor was installed.

July 12.—Almost every day, Sundays excepted, witnesses the laying the foundation of a new house in our village. Our Methodist friends, of whom we have a large number, have the funds nearly all ready for a new church edifice, and will lay the foundation in a few days. We wish them abundant success in the good work.

Our street sprinkler is a great comfort and convenience to our citizens. It is on the street constantly on all dry days and keeps the dust well laid.

Mr. O. W. Collins, Principal of our High School, received the honorary degree of Master of Arts at the late commencement of Bates College.

PARIS.—The Unity Club gave a literary entertainment at the Academy last Wednesday evening. There were readings and recitations by members of the club and music by a quartet from South Paris and by Miss Briggs, who is gaining a fine reputation as a soloist. The assistance rendered by our friends from South Paris was heartily appreciated by the people of the Hill, who will be glad of an opportunity to return the courtesy.

J. H. Rawson has surmounted his barn copula with a weather horse.

Rev. Mr. Herrick of Livermore, exchanged pulpits with Dr. H. C. Estes, last Sabbath.

The summer company has begun to arrive, and our hotels and private boarding places will be filled.

Hiram R. Hubbard has been appointed postmaster at this office by E. A. Hamlin, resigned. Mr. Hubbard assumed his duties on Monday morning.

WEST PARIS.—Mrs. A. K. Dimmock's cows are trying to immortalize themselves by laying monstrous eggs—one from a Swiss Brahma measuring 7.5 by 6.1-16, and one from a Brown Leghorn—both to be 7.5 by 6.3-8 and one 7.5 by 6.1-16.

SUNDAY, July 5.—A goodly number of people gathered at Roxbury Pond to observe our nation's birthday. The forenoon was passed pleasantly in riding, sailing and "king." After dinner, Maj. Wm. Thomas, who had called for the temperance speaker to come forward and begin the meeting, Wm. Park, esq., of Mexico, presided, and speeches were made by J. M. Merrill, Steffen Taylor and Wm. Thomas of Byron, chief of Mexico, and others, interspersed with the singing of temperance songs. The thing beginning to blow violently, the speakers could not perfectly understand after three p. m., so the meeting broke up. The last of the pleasure seekers left their boats except two young men, Wm. Porter of Rumford and Leroy Abbot of Mexico, who were paddling about in a small canoe a short distance from shore. They were experienced watermen and seemed to enjoy the building of the waves. "Mean means the canoe was upset about 10 p. m. in the water a short distance from shore, and Porter, who clung to the boat. Those on shore saw Abbot pick up his hat, shake out the water and place it on his head as he swam on, gaining on the boat till he was some four rods ahead. Some started for boats though no one thought of danger except from cramp. Suddenly those watching saw Abbot swimming lower in the water—saw Porter urging the boat forward—a few moments more, and Abbot went down within thirty rods of shore and two rods from his friend. Porter reached shore—rigidified the canoe and it put back; other boats came but too late to render assistance. Divers went down near the fatal spot and reported over twenty feet of water. It seems that Abbot voluntarily gave up his chance to cling to the boat that his friend might be safe, Porter not being as good a swimmer as himself; he also had a paddle which he threw aside thinking he could reach shore. He was an only son, and a most exemplary young man.

3 p. m.—The body was recovered by dragging about 9:30 this forenoon. It was found nearer the shore than the place where he sunk, but a few rods to the left of the course of the canoe which drifted with the wind. Funeral services tomorrow at 2 p. m.

SUMMER.—The Chronicle can, if it chooses, inform its readers that since special resumption has improved the condition of the people in Summer and "steers have riz," that those "four destitute churches" are no longer closed, but that there are regular preaching services in at least two of them every Sabbath, and occasionally preaching in the others. It would be difficult to find a back country town of the size and population of Summer that affords greater religious privileges and observances. Mr. Gilman Rice of Auburn is regularly supplying the Congregational church with most blessed results of his labors, and the First Baptist church at East Summer is supplied by a young student from Boston, who is fast becoming popular and useful.

Mr. Spaulding, although quite young, is rendering the church very efficient service. Four weekly prayer and praise meetings are largely attended at East Summer alone. The Methodists are also inaugurating class meetings here, under the efforts of Rev. Mr. Record of Trenton. What next?

SLOCUM.

NORTH WATERFORD, July 11.—The 4th passed very quietly here. Some of our people went away to other places, but more stayed at home.

Our farmers are very busy with their hoeing and laying. Mr. Varnum Jewett has quite a number of summer visitors stopping at his house, and expects more soon. He says he will have all he can accommodate. They are from New York.

SOUTH WATERFORD.—Mrs. Merrick Monroe has returned from Mechanic Falls and is stopping for the summer at the old homestead. Frank M. Ward of Waltham, Mass., is spending his summer vacation in this village. Albert Stanwood, Jr., is at home from Boston for a few weeks. John C. Gerry is at home from Portland getting his hay. Mr. Charles Humphrey, wife and child, of Chicago, are stopping at Bear Mt. House.

Messrs. L. F. and F. E. Dudley went to Washington last week. They are at work for Hon. John Lynch at Glendale, Prince George Co. Maryland, getting out oak.

The South Waterford Band gave a concert on the band-stand Wednesday evening. Mr. Josiah Monroe has removed his goods from Harrison, and has rented the store formerly occupied by Mixer & Godwin at East Waterford, where you can find him at all times with a full line of goods. Call and see him.

J. S. Grant has recently put new blinds on to his house in this village, has also given the house a new coat of paint.

People have not generally commenced haying, though there has been considerable doing at it the past week. Next Monday will probably be the grand commencement.

A. A. Knight, of the "Flat," went to Melrose, Mass., the first of the week and returned Friday with his newly made wife.

Saml F. Millett buried his son this week. He died of scarlet fever.

The arrivals at Pine Grove this week were Mr. Frank Todd and wife, Miss C. Todd of Boston, Miss L. J. Dyke of Stoneham, Mass., and Miss Mary F. Lothrop of Charlestown, Mass.

Mr. W. W. Watson has shut down his box factory and has taken his whole crew out haying.

Mr. G. A. Hall is traveling through Maine, selling the patent carriage draft for Hall & Noble.

There was a picnic from Bridgton Friday at Meeting Brook. They drove through our village with a four horse team. Among the number we noticed Rev. Henry Carpenter, of Hollis street church, Boston.

Lovely weather—nice for haying. Has not been a very hot week—not quite up to 90.

Mr. William Purington, formerly of Waterford, died at Lowell, Mass., and was brought to this town and buried Saturday morning, July 12.

MARRIED.

In Bethel, June 19, by Rev. D. Garland, Mr. John S. Brown and Miss Fostera C. Stone, both of Norway.

DIED.

In Brownfield, 6th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth C. Wentworth, widow of the late Jacob B. Wentworth, aged 79, 5 mo., and 23 days.

In Gorham, 10th inst. Mrs. Mary Ann, on the 7th inst. Clara Belle, only daughter of Geo. F. and Susan M. Farrell, aged 1 year 6 months 11 days.

Weather Report.

Temperature last week at 7 A. M.
Sunday, 62° cloudy; Monday, 62° cloudy; Tuesday, 62° cloudy; Wednesday, 62° clear; Thursday, 62° clear; Friday, 62° clear; Saturday, 62° clear.

Expensive wives make poorer husbands, and often pave the way to family ruin. Millions are expended in "artificial" beautifications by those who seek to substitute "art" for "nature," while with the use of a few bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women are overcome, emaciation arrested, the cheeks "painted" with the bloom of health, and the ingenious appliances of "art" dispensed with. The Favorite Prescription is a drugless remedy under a positive guarantee to cure.

Competition Lively.

We notice that Stevens of Bethel, is attracting the larger share of attention among the farmers, placing in the market a new mowing machine, with numerous points of superiority over others. Its ready sale and prompt commendation by purchasers, speaks of its merits, and all who expect to reap the benefit of its manifold advantages. It is called the New Warrior, and all interested will find in another column an account of a test of draft which shows its lightness at heavy work.

Shaffer's Swiss Bell Ringers will give one of their pleasing entertainments in New Hall, South Paris, Thursday, July 17, Academy Hall, Paris, Friday, 18, and West Paris, Saturday, 19. This is the same troupe that was through this section last season, and which gave such universal satisfaction. It was the general verdict of all who attended last season that they gave the best entertainment ever given in town. They have made some additions to the troupe, and will present an entire new program. If our citizens wish to attend a really fine entertainment—one of an elevated character—let them bestow their patronage on this company.

Literary Notes.

THE PRESENT EMPEROR OF GERMANY was passionately fond of his daughter, and when she died, he caused her favorite blossoms—corn-flowers—to be named "Kaiserblumen," in her honor. One day, two small peasant children, mindful of this, brought a bouquet of the flowers to the Emperor's home all the long, hot way to the imperial palace in the city. The Emperor happened to meet them at his door, and was deeply touched by their affectionate devotion. This incident, and the Kaiser's subsequent kind treatment of the tender hearted little ones, have been described in a new poem, by CELIA THAXTER, which is to occupy the opening pages of the forthcoming August No. of the "Confidante." "A Trip into Antwerp and Holland," "Lincoln's Imagines," "Lawn Tennis," "Anecdotes of Whistler," "The Coming of the School," "A Summer Idyll," "The Cook of the Confederation Army," "The Holland's new Ballad," "Jacob Hard's Child," the latest installment of "Haworth's," etc. Recent events have also given a timely interest to the paper on Whistler (with Mr. Eaton's portrait as a frontispiece), to Mr. Browne's "Whistler in Painting and Etching," beautifully illustrated in the two poems by Bayard Taylor now first published.

IMPORTANT.—When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Express and Carriage Hire, stop at Grand Union Hotel, nearly opposite Grand Central Depot. 350 elegant rooms reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurants supplied with the best. Horse Cars, Stages and Elevated Rail Road to all Depots. Give the Grand Union a trial. my27-ly

I Wish Every Body to Know.—Rev. George H. Thayer, an old citizen of this vicinity known to every one as a most influential citizen, and Christian Minister of the M. Church just this moment stopped into our store to say, "I wish every body to know that I consider that both myself and wife owe our lives to Shilloh's Consumption Cure." It is having a tremendous sale over our counters and is giving perfect satisfaction in all cases of Lung Diseases, such as nothing else has done. Dr. Matchett & France, Boston, Ind., May 15, 78.

No Deception Used.—It is strange so many people will continue to suffer day after day with Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Constipation, Sour Stomach, General Debility when they can procure at our store SHILOH'S VITALIZER, free of cost if it does not cure or relieve them. Price, 75cts. Sold by A. M. GERRY, So. Paris, and all other Druggists.

For Lung Bk, Side or Chest see SHILOH'S PLEURALASTIC. Price 25cts. Sold by A. M. GERRY, So. Paris, and all other druggists.

New Advertisements.

NEW HALL, SO. PARIS, Thursday Evening, July 17. ACADEMY HALL, PARIS, Friday Evening, JULY 18. CENTENNIAL HALL, W. PARIS, Saturday Eve'g, July 19.

SHAFER'S SWISS BELL RINGERS, AND

LADIES' CORNET BAND. New People—New Art—New Bell Pieces—New Selections by the LADIES CORNET BAND, in fact,

An Entire New Programme will be presented by this, THE BEST TROUPE TRAVELLING.

CHEAP PRICES. Tickets only 25 cents; Children 15 cents; Reserved seats 10 cents extra.

SAM'L SAMPSON, Manager.

GRAND TRUNK R. R.

Summer Arrangement.—On and after June 30, and until further notice, trains will run as follows:

GOING WEST. Express trains for Lewiston will leave Portland at 7 a. m., 12:45 and 5:10 p. m. For Montreal and St. Louis, leave Portland at 8:45 a. m. and 2 p. m. For Lewiston at 2 p. m. South Paris 10:28 a. m. and 1 p. m. Gorham at 12:30 and 6:10 p. m.

GOING EAST. Express trains for Portland leave Lewiston at 7:20 and 11:30 a. m. and 4:45 p. m. For Portland, Lewiston and Boston leave Portland at 6:45 a. m. and 12:45 p. m. Gorham at 12:30 and 6:10 p. m. South Paris 10:28 a. m. and 1 p. m. Local for Portland and Lewiston leave Gorham at 7:45 a. m. and 12:45 p. m. South Paris at 1:15 a. m. Mixed for Gorham leaves Portland at 12:11 p. m.

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