

The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 46.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1879.

NUMBER 41.

The Oxford Democrat

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

GEO. H. WATKINS,
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE OTHER SIDE.

BY "Z. Z."

"The words are good," I said, "I cannot doubt," I took my scissors to cut them out; But Mary seized my hand. "Take care," she cried, "There is a picture on the other side." I fell to musing. We are too intent On gaining that to which our minds are bent; We choose, then fling the fragments far and wide, But spoil the picture on the other side!

A prize is offered; others seek it, too, But on we press with only self in view. We gain our point, and pause well satisfied, But ah! the picture on the other side.

On this, a sound of revelry we hear; On that, a wail of mourning strikes the ear. On this, a carriage stands with groom and bride; A hearse is waiting on the other side.

We call it trash—we tread it roughly down, The thing which others might have deemed a crown.

An infant's eyes, anointed, see the gold, Where we, world-blinded, only brass behold.

We pluck a weed, and fling it to the breeze; A flower of fairest hue another sees. We strike a chord with careless smile and jest, And break a heart-string in another's breast. Treat soft and offer still as you go, With eyes washed clear in Love's anointing glow.

Life's page well finished, turn it, satisfied, And lo! Heaven's picture on the other side.

—New York Evening Post.

HER CONQUEST.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

Master thy wit, and talk of whatsoever Light, mirth provoking matter thou canst find;

I laugh, and own that thou, with slight endeavor, Hast won my mind.

Be silent if thou wilt—thine eyes expressing Thy thoughts and feelings, lift them up to mine.

Thy quickly thou shalt hear me, love, confessing My heart is thine.

And let that brilliant glance become but tender, Return me heart for heart—then take the whole.

Of all that yet is left me to surrender, Thou hast my soul.

Now, when the three are fast in thy possession, And thou hast paid me back their worth, and more, I'll tell thee all whereof I've made thee cession Was thine before.

—[Scritcher.]

TILLY.

"Asked Tilly?"
"Yes, actually, I heard him myself. Did you ever?"

Miss Rosie Green, for all answer, looked unutterable things. Miss Rosie Green took off her sundown and fanned herself vigorously with it. She looked warm; her face was flushed with feeling no less than with the weather. She and her sister were no longer as youthful as their names suggested. Moreover, irritation brings out the lines and wrinkles of a face, and it is unquestionably irritating to be passed over for a slip of a thing with a doll baby face, not one's own flesh and blood at that.

"It's all pa's fault," Miss Rosie pursued, presently. "He does spoil that girl so abominably. There will be no enduring her presently."

"I shouldn't be one bit surprised if Mr. Leonard makes so much of her just to please papa. Men are such time servers. Of course it's for his interest to keep in pa's good books."

"There they go now?" cried Miss Rosie in an excited whisper flying to the window, and peeping through a crack in the shutter.

"For goodness sake, don't give her the satisfaction of seeing you look at her."

"I don't care whether she sees me or not—not a rush. That old pink calico on! I do think she might have had the decency to make herself look respectable, riding out with pa's young man."

"Pa's young man! What a way to put it!"

"Well, isn't he, for the present? He's reading medicine in pa's office, I'm sure, and he takes messages that are left, and tells pa afterward. For my part I think he is bound to be civil to pa's daughters."

"Well, he is being civil to one of them."

"Yes. That's the worst of the way pa treats Tilly. It's real unjust to us. The hateful little piece!"

A case of cruel step sisters, you are thinking. However, there was no tie either of blood or marriage in this instance. Dr. Green had adopted Tilly; brought her with him when he moved to Woodbridge fifteen years ago. She was a mere baby then, and his wife was still living, and cared for the child like her own. She was a motherly soul, and loved babies. Her own girls had left infancy half a score of years behind them. Since her death life had not been so smooth for Tilly. Perhaps the Green girls would have been kind to another person in the same situation, but they certainly made life a burden to their little adopted sister. There is no accounting for likes and dislikes. It did not prove Tilly morally deficient because she aroused the worst feelings in Rosie's and Posie's natures. It is an unpleasant mystery why certain antagonistic natures should be subjected to certain exasperating frictions. There are those whom it sets wild to feel the down of a peach. Others bite through the skin with unalloyed enjoyment.

Mr. Leonard—he hoped to be Mr. Leonard at this time next year—drove a fast horse before a shining new buggy. It was a bright day, and he had a pretty girl beside him. His spirits rose to the level of the occasion. Tilly and he laughed and talked in a way that would have driven Miss Posie frantic. I specify Miss Posie, because her sister acquired two or three years' resignation in which to bear the ills of spinsterhood; wall-flowing had become almost a second nature. But Tilly laughed on regardless; she was happy. John Leonard was the handsomest, the best mannered, the best dressed young man she had ever known, and he had singled her out for his special favor.

She was willing to believe anything of an auspicious fate.

John Leonard compared her meanwhile to a wild rose, her bloom was so exquisite, her whole effect so dainty. Her large bright eyes were wonderfully bright and shining. I am afraid she was quite unaware how much they aroused, as she raised them to John's face sometimes. Prudence should have kept them averted.

"I burned my finger today," she said, displaying it. "taking the baked custard out of the oven."

"Why, the poor little finger! And such bad stuff as custard is, after all."

"Do you think so? Pa likes it."

"Yes. So did my mother. She always considered it an especial treat. I was a tender-hearted chap. It made me unhappy because I hated it; it seemed ungrateful."

Tilly thought this a delightful trait.

"We often have custard," she pursued. "It's so hard to think up new kinds of desserts."

"And a great waste of brains."

"Perhaps it is. I often wish I had more time for improving my mind."

"You should take the time," dogmatized John. He had had it on his mind to say this. It struck him that Tilly's education was shamefully neglected. She wrote a wretched, scratchy little hand; she stumbled in reading along an ordinary newspaper paragraph; she had once committed herself to the opinion that Vienna was in France. It was strange that beauty could be so illiterate—strange, and a shame. The poor child was kept drudging from morning till night, cooking, sweeping, dusting. Why didn't those two sisters of hers put their shoulders to the household wheel? It was all they were good for. Some one had said that Tilly was not old Green's own child. The more fool she; to wear herself out in his service; but women were apt to be fools; they would slave themselves to death for any man who gave them a kind word. At least, so his mother had said. And old Green was certainly affectionate enough to the girl. Poor little thing, who could help being good to her? All this, while he kept up at the same time an animated conversation with Tilly.

Nor was this the only drive they took together. He asked her all the often when he saw it made the "wicked sisters," as he dubbed them, angry. As it proved, he asked Tilly far oftener than was good for her; with Tilly it was the most real experience of her life. John Leonard seldom talked of his plans, but she had mapped out his career for him. When he graduated in medicine he should become her father's partner, and finally relieve her father of the burden of his practice; and then—and then—Tilly always herself shared these air castles with John.

This was a long, long while ago—before the war, almost; accurately at the very breaking out of the war. Those drives occurred during the April and May when the first regiments were put in the field. At first, John Leonard, who was an Englishman, escaped the war fever. Let these brothers fight out their own family quarrels. But gradually the soul of the war clariors "passed into his blood." He must have a hand in this himself. A man must belong somewhere. So he coolly informed Dr. Green one day that he had enlisted; he was going to fight for his shoulder straps. "As for my diploma, I'll wait awhile for that."

The doctor told him he was mad, and urged him at least to wait a year. But much recked John; it is a waste of words to answer a young man except according to his folly. John was an ardent soldier by this time. He had come to America to seek his fortune; perhaps the way to it lay along the path of glory.

When he came to bid Tilly good-by, she burst out crying. That settled the question as to their manner of farewell. He took her in his arms and kissed her repeatedly. This was decidedly imprudent, although they were only affectionate, brotherly kisses. Miss Posie came in as he released her. "Well, Matilda Green!" she cried, with an intonation that meant anything but well. But Tilly was too heart-broken to extenuate her conduct. She left that to John, who said, good naturedly, "You'll give me a kiss, won't you, Miss Rosie? Remember, you may never see me again."

And he actually kissed Posie, too. He wanted to put it out of her power to tease poor Tilly. She had been guilty of the same impropriety herself.

Poor Tilly was wretched, indeed, after he was gone. But she was buoyed up by hopes and visions. She had a brave picture, too, of John which he sent her when he was made a lieutenant. Oh, how proud she was when that came! She felt that she was fighting the battles of her country.

She never forgot that speech of John's about improving her mind. She tried hard to find time to do so. Her favorite method was the composition of letters to John, which were never sent, in the course of which she would laboriously hunt out in the dictionary nearly all the words she wanted to use, to insure their correct spelling. She also endeavored to find time to read such light literature as was contained in the weekly paper of the household. She read the love stories, to be sure, with an especial zest apart from their purpose as educators. They struck a kindred chord.

One day John Leonard received in the camp a copy of this same paper—the Woodbridge News. It contained a paragraph. "Good gracious!" he said, reading it, "old Green's dead. How fearfully sudden!"

His particular chum, Lieutenant Phil Ross, was standing by. This gentleman was a comrade of facts—a trait which the thoughtless are apt to confound with curiosity; but I contend that there is a difference between inquisitiveness and acquisitiveness. Mr. Ross held out his hand for the paper.

"Old Green? Hum! ah, yes—Dr. Green. By Jove! Philbrick Green, formerly of Greenbrier, New York. I knew the man. I hail from Greenbrier myself. So he has turned up again, has he? Woodbridge, Rockland County, Pennsylvania. An excellent place to be buried alive in. Been in Woodbridge, eh? Whatever took you there?"

"I studied medicine in Dr. Green's office. There was an excellent opening for a country practice."

"Let me see; he had two daughters—Rosie and Posie."

"Three."

"The third was only an adopted daughter. She accounts for my interest in him. Her mother was a distant cousin of mine. Left a widow with three children; utterly destitute. Sewed for her living. The Greens took a fancy to her little Tilly, and offered to take her off her hands. She agreed rather than let the child starve. The Greens moved away shortly afterward. The last time I was in Greenbrier—

I ran up there every summer to see my mother—I found that my cousin had married a very well to do man. Her other cousin had died meanwhile, and she had set her heart on reclaiming Tilly. Her husband had made inquiries for Dr. Green, but to no purpose. He had made two or three moves since leaving Greenbrier, and no one knew where he had moved to last. My cousin was fretting herself sick. I can't say that I pitied her as though she had not given up her little child of her own free will to begin with. It always seemed an unmotherly thing to me. And here I have suddenly unearthed the girl!"

"Lucky enough for her," John opined. "Rosie and Posie will lead her a life of it, I dare say. They'll have it all their own way now, and a very unpleasant way it is, as I happen to know."

"Had old Green, as you call him, any money?"

"Should say he had. I hope he has left Tilly her share of it. She will get nothing by favor of those two close-fisted old maids that does not come to her by right."

"I'll write to her mother this very day."

"And I'll write to Tilly," John added. He wrote to the mother too; he seemed so anxious, as Phil said, to have his finger in every corner of the pie, that Phil waived his rights of previous acquaintanceship, and permitted his friend to make the disclosure to Mrs. Eaton, Phil contenting himself with inclosing a few lines to his cousin—indorsing John's moral character—in that young man's own words.

Speedily came the answer. A very incoherent, agitated, short little note from Tilly, so badly penned and expressed as to be almost unintelligible. But John made out from it that she was very unhappy, and would hail any change with joy. Mrs. Eaton's missive was blotted with tears. She had evidently talent for letter-writing, that is, for the writing of letters considered as essays. This one invoked blessings upon John's head. It referred to the writer's past sorrowful life. It was a dirge.

"She always had that whining way about her," Mr. Ross commented, after perusing it. "Coddles her miseries, you know."

Not long afterward came the news that Tilly had gone on to her mother in Greenbrier. John breathed a sigh of relief. He had learned that Dr. Green had died intestate. His property had gone to his legal heirs. It would have been hard lines for Tilly, slaving all the rest of her days for those hard task mistresses, the "wicked sisters." The life-long bondage seemed inevitable to John's excited imagination.

So several months passed. Then John applied for leave on his doctor's advice, who said he needed rest. It was a problem where to spend it. He had no mother or sisters to hasten to who would receive him with open arms, and make each day he was at home a holiday. He had distant relations in England, but none in this country. He would have gone to Woodbridge, as being the nearest approach to home, had Dr. Green and Tilly still been there. He would like to see Tilly. She had cried when he had bidden her good-by. He did not think that any one else had shed tears for his sake since. Poor little Tilly! Pretty little Tilly! He had a great notion to go to Greenbrier and look her up. He wanted to find out whether she would be glad to see him.

He went to Greenbrier. He found the decent, tidy little brick house where the Eatons lived. He was shown into a dark little parlor. The woman who admitted him went up-stairs to tell Miss Tilly so noiselessly that John thought she must be in her stocking feet. And when Tilly came down to him she appeared to have on list shoes. Everything about the house was muffled. "Mother had a dreadful headache," Tilly explained; "she suffers terribly with neuralgia."

It was impossible not to see that Tilly was extremely agitated. The hand she gave to John was like ice, and trembled at his touch. He almost seated her, still holding her hand, and she looking up at him with the old wistful look in her eyes. John was touched. He always had liked Tilly. And, poor little soul, how thin she was! Was it possible that she had only exchanged one kind of bondage for another?

She went out to the front door with him when he left, and he saw then in the daylight how pale she had grown. The little wild rose had lost her bloom. He asked her to take a drive with him for the sake of old times. "You look as if you needed the fresh air."

"Yes, I do not get out often; mother is so ailing."

On the evening of his last day in Greenbrier, he made up his mind that he would ask her to marry him. He had very little doubt of her answer, poor foolish child; for his own part, he fancied he was in love with her. At all events,

he ought to be in love with some one by this time. Tilly was almost the only girl he had ever known well.

But fate interfered with his intention. Mrs. Eaton was so ill that Tilly could not be spared from her side for more than five minutes. She ran down just to say good-by. John resolved that he would write instead. He told Tilly he would write. "And take care of yourself," he added. "She did not cry this time. Persons who make an extreme view of human maladies would perhaps have said that she looked simply broken hearted."

When John did write, it was a different sort of letter from the one he had planned. On his return to camp he was confronted by a crisis in his life. A gay party from Washington came down to dance and flirt in the tented field in lieu of the conventional ball-room.

Of its number was Maud Gale, who, if experience goes for anything, should have been an adept in both dancing and flirting. A society girl par excellence, but the first of the type who had crossed John Leonard's path. She had cultivated fascination to the full extent of her powers, and John fell an easy victim to her practiced wiles. He was bewitched. What if her hair were blonded, and her skin were whitened and redened, and her eyebrows darkened? John was as innocent as a babe about these matters. To him Maud was radiant in all the fresh beauty of young womanhood. Tilly? She faded in his thought by contrast into such a mere dull little country girl.

Still bewitched, he became engaged to Maud. She reasoned that she might do worse. She had weathered a good many Washington campaigns now, young as she looked. Still bewildered, he would have married her had not fate intervened. Had he done so, he would infallibly have rudely awakened from his golden dream, but he would doubtless have survived his disillusion, just as other men and women have done before him. He might have found comfort in the reflection that he was no more wretched than other men who like him had married—for love.

He was still madly infatuated, however, when his regiment was ordered into battle—a battle which ended in a victory for his side, but which left him in a condition hovering between life and death. He was desperately wounded; and—poor fellow!—when they first told him that an amputation of his right arm was unavoidable, it seemed to him that he would rather die outright. A cripple! maimed! He thought of Maud and her strong, bright beauty with a sickening sense of unfitness.

He lay at death's door for weeks. Part of the time he was too ill to recognize any one. Only the tenderest nursing, the most assiduous care, saved him. And when he first opened his eyes to consciousness, upon what did you suppose they rested?

It was incredible. Upon whom but gentle, care-worn, gazelle-eyed little Tilly. "How on earth—" began John, then dropped off to sleep again.

It had almost been a year now since he had seen this dewy woodland rose. He had only written her one letter meanwhile, but that letter had been her heart's sustenance ever since. She laid it away among certain other memories of her—memories which retained their sweetness like withered sprigs of lavender. As the months sped by she made up her mind that she would never see John again—that he had forgotten her. This was her presentiment. But she did not blame John because he had not proved all that she had once hoped he would; that had been her mistake; but a mistake which had been her joy and romance. She called him her good angel. In the dear Hebrew phrase, he had come to her—as in truth every good angel comes to us—as an angel of God.

During this weary while her mother died, and Tilly found herself without a tie in life. She might come and go as she pleased. There was a distinct desire in her loving heart to do the one work for unemployed woman just then. But it was some little time before she gathered courage to carry out her wish to become a hospital nurse. The alarming first step once taken, she went on easily enough. And she found an immense pleasure in thus being of use—as she proved—and of comfort to many suffering souls.

The Providence which directs small matters as well as great, appointed her duties in a certain ward in a certain hospital, where she came upon John Leonard's white face one day, as he lay stretched on his cot of pain, and she realized, with a sudden tumultuous rush of feeling, that it was for her, humanly speaking, to tend him back to life. She felt as though this satisfaction more than compensated for all that she had suffered—loneliness, neglect, disappointment—in the past.

There was little romance about Maud Gale. She made some excuse for breaking her engagement as soon as she learned of John's misfortune. She had little faith in a one-armed man being able to fight the battles of life successfully. And success meant to her more than affection; one might fail in love many times over. John fortunately found that the cure for his disappointment lay in the nature of the disappointment itself. "So weak a thing! so weak a thing!"

So we come to the end. Tilly, continuing her round of blessed duties, was greatly surprised when John told her, not many months after that, that she was the one need of his life. She had buckled down to work. When love came to her suddenly, its voice was a voice in a dream. But she believed it—Oh, how gladly! It is so easy for youth to be happy, to forget!

Miss Gale might have married a distinguished man, after all. Dr. Leonard graduated in his profession immediately before his marriage to Tilly, and his name by this time is one that is well known among physicians.

My impression is that no notification of the wedding was sent to Miss Posie and Miss Rosie. Mr. Philip Ross was notified, however. He signified his cordial interest and approval. He felt, moreover, as though he had had a share himself in making the match. But then I have noticed that that is always the way the unimportant character feels in all the novels and plays.

GOLDEN RULE.
GUSH, MORALITY AND RIGHT-
EOUSNESS.

BY REV. SMITH BAKER.

We believe in a religion which has emotion, deep, warm, and strong—an emotion which melts the wilfulness, the hardness, and the crochety places out of a man's life—an emotion which makes one laugh for joy and weep for pity. No danger in this speculative age of too much spiritual feeling. Let the first burn hotter and hotter, bringing our hearts into overflowing tenderness and love. But an emotive religion and religious emotion are very distinct. The first is the religion of gush, the cheapest kind of sentiment, the lowest form of the aesthetic.

It seems to be one of the necessary attendants of revivalistic labors, when the passions of men are wrought upon and the hopes and fears excited, rather than the conscience awakened. It dwells in particular upon the tenderness, the pleasing sentiments, the motherly side of our moral natures. It appeals to the emotions by music of the flattering, coaxing kind, and by analogies from domestic life. All the way from the inebriated day-school talker who simply tells the dear children how he loves them, to the platform speaker who rakes the universe for illustrations of the love of God, it is mainly gush; until people have been led to think if they feel tender toward God and love sweet songs, and are charmed with whatever is beautiful and emotive in religious thought, why, that is piety. If they feel good they are Christians.

The result is, this emotive religion breaks down. It will not stand the strain of life. When out of religious convocations and the influence of pathetic hymns, then the passions of the body and fellow!—when they first told him that an amputation of his right arm was unavoidable, it seemed to him that he would rather die outright. A cripple! maimed! He thought of Maud and her strong, bright beauty with a sickening sense of unfitness.

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The Providence which directs small matters as well as great, appointed her duties in a certain ward in a certain hospital, where she came upon John Leonard's white face one day, as he lay stretched on his cot of pain, and she realized, with a sudden tumultuous rush of feeling, that it was for her, humanly speaking, to tend him back to life. She felt as though this satisfaction more than compensated for all that she had suffered—loneliness, neglect, disappointment—in the past.

There was little romance about Maud Gale. She made some excuse for breaking her engagement as soon as she learned of John's misfortune. She had little faith in a one-armed man being able to fight the battles of life successfully. And success meant to her more than affection; one might fail in love many times over. John fortunately found that the cure for his disappointment lay in the nature of the disappointment itself. "So weak a thing! so weak a thing!"

So we come to the end. Tilly, continuing her round of blessed duties, was greatly surprised when John told her, not many months after that, that she was the one need of his life. She had buckled down to work. When love came to her suddenly, its voice was a voice in a dream. But she believed it—Oh, how gladly! It is so easy for youth to be happy, to forget!

Miss Gale might have married a distinguished man, after all. Dr. Leonard graduated in his profession immediately before his marriage to Tilly, and his name by this time is one that is well known among physicians.

HOW HIGH IS OUR ATMOSPHERE?

If the air gets less and less dense as it is farther from the earth, where does it stop altogether? We cannot go up to find out, because we should die long before we reached the limit. For a long time we had to guess how high the atmosphere probably was, and it was generally supposed not to be more than fifty miles. But lately some curious bodies, which we should never have suspected would be useful to us in this way, have let us into the secret of the height of the atmosphere. The bodies are not really stars; they are simply stones or lumps of metal flying through

PARIS, MAINE, OCTOBER 21, 1879.

Newspaper Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the office—whether directed to his name or not—must pay for it in advance, or the publisher is responsible for the payment.
2. If a person orders his 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 taken from the office or not.
3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is prima facie evidence of fraud.

OCTOBER.

SMTWTFS

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

—We are very anxious to secure a copy of the History of Norway, by Mr. Noyes. Any person having a copy for sale, can find a purchaser by addressing this office.

—Governor Garcelon has talked again. He says the Maine Law is a failure, and that men can purchase all the liquor they wish. Perhaps we will have another Democratic Governor some day.

—We have received from Messrs. Hoyt, Fogg & Donham of Portland, a copy of Thomas Moulton's History of Porter, just issued. We shall make a more extended note of the work, hereafter.

—Two tons of European gold arrived in New York daily, last week on an average. According to a veracious eye-witness, Solomon Chase was last seen standing on the wharf gazing disconsolately from under his white hat at the ominous pile.—*Levee Gazette.*

—Remember, we are not fighting the Greenbackers, this year. Perhaps the *Gazette* only referred to the political year in its instructions to reporters, last June.

—The *New Religion* articles a correspondent to misquote its article concerning the amount of liquor consumed in Maine, and to argue therefrom that prohibition is a failure. The increase in consumption of liquor should be credited to the United States, and not to Maine. With 30,000 reformers in Maine, it is not likely we consume as much liquor as we did when these men were drinking, many of them to excess.

—Mr. D. H. Thing of Mt. Vernon, writes a long sorrowful letter to the *New England Farmer*, concerning the hard outlook for farmers. He has traveled over Oxford County, and finds that dairying, hay raising, beef raising, pork raising, and in fact every branch of husbandry which our farmers pursue, prove unremunerative. He recommends that they try sheep raising. The sheep raising recommendation is well enough, but his Jeremiah was written while under the influence of Greenback theories, or is a part of one of his political speeches.

—Col. Blanton Duncan, of the late Southern Confederacy, who came to Maine to help elect Corporal Davis, has become one of the leading contributors to the *New Religion*. We do not know that he is the Editor in chief, but as Col. Duncan is nothing unless speaking in laudation of himself, the editorials of the *Press* have every appearance of being his composition.—*New Religion.*

Solon Chase, who went to Ohio to help elect Foster, has become one of the leading contributors to the *New Religion*. When we remember what Solon said he was going west to do, we are certain that his yoke-fellow is Editor in chief of the *New Religion*, as its editorials have every appearance of being written by a hind leg.

There is much reason to believe that there is a growing laxity in various portions of the State in the matter of the enforcement of the prohibitory law, and the friends of Temperance are anxiously inquiring as to their duty in the premises. From both comes the report that drunkenness is on the increase, and a meeting is called to "take counsel" upon the subject. In Penobscot there is practically an era of "free rum" liquors being openly paraded and sold. In Portland the liquor dealers are making occasional seizures, but there is being violated daily in too many of the "dens" where the traffic chiefly thrives now-a-days. In Bridgton, if reports are not greatly at fault, we have some reason to complain. Practically the law is a dead letter with us, the benefits of "sheriff enforcement act" never having been extended to the rural precincts. The situation is a grave one, and our Temperance friends must bestir themselves if we are to hold the advanced position we have taken upon this question. Just what is to be done we will not undertake to suggest; that the situation calls for some decisive action we are convinced. The price of "enforced prohibition" in Maine is eternal vigilance!—*Bridgton News.*

We hear the same complaint from towns in this section where temperance work has in a measure ceased. We attribute the violation of law largely to the fact that we have for Governor a man who has no sympathy with prohibition. He and such men being at the front, leads lawless men to believe that public sentiment on the temperance question is lowering its standard. A vigorous enforcement of the law by temperance people would soon teach offenders to respect the law till they are strong enough to repeal it.

DAVIS'S JOB.

It is reported that Senator Davis, of West Virginia, will introduce into the next Congress "a bill cancelling the loan made by the United States to the several States in 1857, which amounted to the sum of \$28,101,634.91. Of this amount, nearly one-half was distributed to the Southern States, and perhaps the fact that they have only about one-quarter of the population of the country and one-eighth of the wealth accounts for their willingness to "cancel the debt." The reason which Senator Davis is represented as urging for this extraordinary cancellation act is that keeping account of the debt is a "useless embarrassment to the Treasury Department." The trifling circumstance that Illinois, which has property amounting to \$2,121,680,579, got only \$477,910 of the money, while Virginia, which has only \$400,588,123 worth of property, got \$2,121,680,579 of the money—that is, that Virginia got about twenty-five times as much as Illinois in proportion to wealth—may possibly interfere with this philanthropic scheme of Senator Davis.—*Waig.*

OHIO AND IOWA

SEND GREETINGS TO MAINE IN

A GRAND REPUBLICAN VICTORY.

The elections in Iowa and Ohio, last week, were more satisfactory to Republicans than they had even dared to hope. In Ohio, the Republicans have about 20,000 majority, and have gained control of the Legislature. The Republicans seem to have elected 22 out of 37 Senators, and 70 Representatives out of 114, thus having a joint ballot majority of 33. This gives the Republicans the election of a United States Senator, in place of Mr. Tappan.

In Iowa the Republicans have between 25,000 and 30,000 majority on the Governor vote, and have almost the entire Legislature. There is hardly a working minority.

Following are press comments on the campaign and its result:

"Ohio is a pivotal State," it will be remembered. The Democrats themselves have said it.—*Portland Press.*

Democratic folly in making a "solid South" has had its natural effect, and a solid North. That is what the result in Ohio means.

The fate of Thurman is a warning to politicians not to surrender principle to expediency. In a moment of weakness he turned his back upon his life-long principles and wrecked his political hopes. Thurman was the ablest man of his party. The lesson is one not to be forgotten by young men entering the political arena.—*Press.*

In summing up the work done in the Ohio canvass, which has given so complete and signal a victory to the Republican party, the *New York Tribune's* special correspondent says: "From Maine we have had Blaine, Davis, Hale, Frye, Reed, and Hall. Mr. Blaine's tour ended in the Scioto Valley, as it began on the eastern border, in a blaze of enthusiasm. His meetings were everywhere phenomenal, and the crowds that greeted him made it plainly manifest that their demonstrations grew out of their affectionate liking for the chief representative of stalwart Republicanism, as well as their devotion to the cause he defended. The excellent campaign work of Mr. Frye and Mr. Hale is too well known throughout the East to need a word of praise. Mr. Hale was unfortunately prevented from filling his last two appointments by an attack of illness. Mr. Reed, who is new to the Ohio field, made a good impression, and General Hall, who was here once before, won new laurels. Mr. Davis, the next Governor of Maine, had the warm reception due to the leader in the closely contested fight in that State. No other New England man took part in the campaign, except General Hawley, of Connecticut, whose magnetic speeches made a strong impression."

PERSONAL.—The *New York Tribune* publishes the following editorial item concerning Mr. C. A. Boutelle, of the Bangor *Whig*. Mr. Boutelle has always made a strong fight against yielding to the demands of Southern intolerance, and has been soundly abused therefor. He now has the satisfaction of seeing the majority of the Republican party giving voice to just the ideas which he and a few other thoughtful men have held and advocated during the whole season of gush and sentiment. We believe the way, and the only way to meet the rebel Brigadiers in Congress, is to confront them with Union soldiers—not those soldiers who are now uncertain as to "which side was right"—but such men as Capt. Boutelle, who has never a shadow of doubt concerning the justice of the cause for which he fought. If his District honors him as the *Tribune* suggests, we shall heartily congratulate our manly and courageous soldier editor on the complete vindication of the position which he has taken and maintained.

The Concord (H. H.) *Monitor* gives large credit for the Republican victory in Maine to the efforts of C. A. Boutelle, editor of the Bangor *Whig*. Mr. Boutelle has, in addition to his editorial labors, been a member of the Republican State Committee, and to his unwearied efforts is largely due the remarkable result in Penobscot County. There are many indications that Mr. Boutelle may be called into Congressional service from the district in which his paper is so influential an exponent of Republican principles.

THAT DIS-ORDER.—The new Post Office order, relating to the forwarding of misdirected mail matter, has created a storm such as is seldom witnessed in civil life. The whole country is in an uproar about it. The workings of the order have been most mischievous, and have confused the business of the country greatly. The Boston office, which previously sent but a few dozen letters per week to the dead letter office, now sends over three thousand weekly. Some three thousand people are consequently deprived of their mail by this senseless contrivance. The New York Postmaster has rebelled against the order, as he has not sufficient room in which to store the misdirected letters. The whole result has been to change the mail service from a device for the accommodation of the people, into a machine of torture to the poor clerks at Washington.

MUSICAL.—Do not forget the County Musical Convention to be held at Buckfield, beginning next Tuesday, Oct. 28. A detailed account of plans will be found in our Oxford items. We trust all our readers who take any interest in music, will attend.

SOUND DOCTRINE.—Hon. John D. Long, the republican candidate for governor of Massachusetts, makes the following admirable statement of the aim and purpose of the republican party: "The republican party is committed to the doctrine of the rights of citizens; of a reformed civil service, which shall be the service of the State, and not of a party; of equal citizenship; of the purity of the national ballot, enforced, as the national government is bound to enforce, throughout the entire jurisdiction, every franchise it has constitutionally guaranteed to its citizens; of the preservation at once of every national and of every local right, not according to that heresy which has disgraced the name of State rights, but exactly as both are parcelled out in the Constitution, so that neither the national authority shall be impaired nor any genuine right of local self-government compromised; and of that policy of specie resumption and honest finance, by its fidelity to which the republican party has preserved the national faith, has restored and strengthened public and private credit, has revived our industries, and has pointed the way to a better time, better work, better homes."

ADJUTANT GENERAL.—The *Gospel Banner* has the following good words for Gen. G. L. Reid, Oxford County's candidate for Adjutant General of Maine: "Our exchanges say that the caucus nominee of this year, for State officers, seem to be entitled to a renomination and election this year. . . . Gen. Reid was a worthy officer, is an honorable man, and in all respects well fitted for the position of Adjutant General, to which there is little doubt he will be elected."

POLITICAL NOTES.

—In Macon, Ga., no child will be allowed at the public school unless its father has paid a poll tax.

—Cleveland *Herald*: It is not "tropes" it is "Republicans at the polls" that the brigadiers are exercised over.

—"The old Democratic party is about dead in Ohio, Maine and Massachusetts," it touches on dissolution in many other states," says Wendell Phillips. He might have added that in Maine it cut its throat with the edge of a greenback shipplaster.—*Belfast Journal.*

—Mr. Nelson Baker, a prominent Iowa Greenbacker, and one of their most effective speakers, has come back to the Republican party because the Greenbackers have sacrificed principle to policy, and he is unwilling to become a tool of the rebel-Democratic party.

—Postmaster General Key reports that he found several old hard-shell Democrats in Tennessee during his recent visit who belabored the premature arrival of good times, on the ground that if they had waited a little the Democratic party would have lost the benefit which they always bring to the party in power.

—Burlington *Free Press*: "What brought Grant to Ohio, Maine and Massachusetts? He didn't follow the green close, but he might have got in on a hard hit to center field, or a hot liner to third, badly muffed, or a daisy cutter out to left field; it's easy enough to get home when you are on the third and have a lively litter at the bat."

—Some of the political banners of Ohio are significant. One reads: "Republicans! Thirty-five tons of gold imported in 1879 for American products. Resumption!" Another: "XLIVth Congress, 60 Democratic majority! XLVth Congress, 19 Democratic majority! XLVth Congress, 8 Democratic majority! And XLVII Congress, exodus of Rebel Brigadiers."

—The reduction in the tobacco tax by the last Congress has thus far resulted in a steady loss to the revenues of about one-third reduction in prices to the consumers, showing that the manufacturers and dealers alone profited by the reduction.—And now the Kentucky distillers are moving for a reduction of the whiskey tax. They had better keep still.

—"What about greenbacks?" said a voice in Music Hall, while General Butler was speaking in Boston the other night. "Well," said the General, "I have read in the newspapers that the greenback party is dead. Let it be. Let the dead bury their dead." The audience applauded this suggestion, which looks very much as though Butler and his followers have used their minds that greenbackism is a thing of the past.

—Nothing could show more forcibly the thoroughly stalwart condition of the Republican party than the enthusiastic arrest of Senator Chandler in Massachusetts. His rough, intensely earnest Western way of expressing himself is heartily commended even in classic Boston. The whole party in the North is solid and aroused, and nothing but a vigorous vocabulary can adequately express its feelings.—*Tribune.*

—Senator Chandler believe that the mission of the republican party will not be finished until a Northern rebel is made a republican, and vote a republican ticket in any part of the South with the same security with which the Southern man can express his opinions respecting the rightfulness of the rebellion and vote the democratic ticket in the North. The party would be better even after that condition had been attained to maintain so desirable state of affairs.

THE STATE.

—Hon. J. C. Madigan of Houlton, a leading lawyer and politician of Aroostook county, died Thursday.

—The city of Auburn is erecting an iron bridge across the Little Androscoggin river on the New Danville Junction road.

BOSTON, Oct. 16.—Benjamin Sewall of this city, recently deceased, bequeathed \$5000 to the Bangor Theological Seminary, and about \$30,000 to other institutions.

—Mrs. Rebecca H. Gibson, a sister of the late Judge Howard, died in Norway, Sept. 20th, of gangrene of the foot, aged over 80 years. She was a native of Brownfield.

CASTINE, Me., Oct. 14.—A four year old daughter of Captain Alvin Hatch was burned so that she died in a few hours. Her night clothes caught from matches ignited by her.

FARMINGTON, Oct. 16.—William Clark of Strong, seventy years old, was found dead in his stable yesterday afternoon. He had fallen from a scaffold, striking the back of his head on a nail.

A gentleman employed on one of the Portland and New York boats makes quite a sum of money by his speculation in cats. He takes five or six cats to New York with him every time he goes there and sells them to people who want pets—or "mousers."

KENNEBUNK, Me., Oct. 14.—About 10 o'clock this morning, Capt. John F. Mason, a well-known shipmaster of Kennebunk, port, who has been deranged some time, stabbed his wife's sister, Mrs. E. G. Moody, with a dirk knife, and then took his own life in the same way. It is thought the woman will recover.

MR. FRYE.—Hon. Wm. P. Frye returned home from New York, his successful campaign in Ohio. On his way home, he stopped in Massachusetts one day, and spoke Saturday evening at Whitinsville. Mr. Frye spoke fourteen times in Ohio—but twice out of doors—to audiences varying from 3,000 to 8,000, and always with great acceptance. The republican State committee regard Mr. Frye as one of the best speakers on the stump, and his able and eloquent addresses did the republican cause great good. Mr. Frye has earnest requests to speak further in Massachusetts and New York, but he is obliged to go to Washington, Nov. 10th, to attend the meeting of the House committee on Rules, he will probably not be able to respond.—*Levee Journal.*

SUBJECTS FOR "TRUST."—In the Southern States, since July 1, 1875, twenty-two officers and employees of the government have been killed and thirty-seven wounded while in the discharge of their duty. During the same period one hundred and nine federal officers have been prosecuted in the State Courts for acts performed by them in the discharge of their duties to the government of the United States. And yet the New York *World* is astonished that the people of the North do not "trust" the loyalty of the South to the constitution and the laws as fully as they "trust" that of Massachusetts. "By their works," is a fair criterion, we have been taught to believe, to judge men and communities.—*Levee Journal.*

STALWART.—The French communists seem as forgetful of their obligations towards the government that has spared their lives, as do the recent rebels of the South. They even seem to think that they have to be pardoned for being pardoned. At the funeral of two communists who died since their release, the crimes of the Commune were openly extolled. The candidacy of non-annetsted communists for vacancies in the Chamber of Deputies is beginning to be organized to think that the republican party, to save the least, furnish the symptoms of a plausible pretext for diffusing distrust in the republic. In our country we have those lately in rebellion talking boastfully of their achievements; that it was they who saved the Union, and rising generation will question the wisdom of universal amnesty for traitors and rebels.—*Levee Journal.*

WEST OXFORD FAIR.

[Press Report.]

The West Oxford Agricultural Society holds its annual exhibitions at Fryeburg, where for twenty years it has been permanently established. Its grounds adjoin the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad, and thus are very accessible to the towns on that road, while within their limits are contained ample halls, a dining saloon, sheds, stalls, wells and all needed conveniences for man and beast. This year their capacity is somewhat enlarged by the addition of the adjoining lot, on which stand the three new and large buildings of the Portland Packing Company. These buildings flanking the original lot on the north-west, serve as an enclosure and also offer accommodations to the society, which the future may require, and which can be available in the exercise of a wholesome reciprocity. This society, although the smallest in the State in numbers and in territory, can boast of the best, and best arranged location in the State, and its public spirit has been well established by the gift to the railroad of the lot on which the passenger depot stands, and by granting the public and a variety of organizations and associations full and free admittance to the grounds when not in their own actual occupancy.

The annual meeting for the choice of officers and the transaction of business, was held on Tuesday at 10 a. m. The report of the treasurer showed that the society still owed between six and seven hundred dollars, the exact amount depending upon the sum received from persons occupying the grounds during the year. The trustees and treasurer were instructed to collect these dues, and also to ascertain and report at the adjourned meeting as to the feasibility of refunding the present indebtedness at a lower rate of interest. The following gentlemen were chosen officers for the ensuing year: President, George R. Bean, Denmark; Vice-President, Carlton H. Walker, Fryeburg; Secretary, D. Lowell Lamson, Fryeburg; Treasurer, John Locke, Fryeburg; Trustees, Joseph Chandler and Eckley Ballard, Fryeburg; Stephen Chandler, Stow; O. P. Saunders, Sweden; G. W. Moulton, Denmark; Charles D. Fessenden, Fryeburg; James Garland, Porter; John E. Emery, Lovell.

At 1 p. m. the drawing match came off under the direction of Messrs. Wymann Hamden, J. W. Colby and M. M. Smart. The premiums offered were: For the best exhibition of strength and discipline on a drag, by oxen seven feet and upward, \$3, 2d do, \$2. The same also for cattle under seven feet. For strength of two and three years old steers, \$2, 2d do, \$1. For strength of horses on drag, \$2, 2d do, \$1. The entries were made by James Walker of Fryeburg, T. A. Quint of Fryeburg, J. E. Emerson of Fryeburg, W. Souther of Fryeburg, Seth Weeks of Fryeburg, oxen over seven feet. E. I. Fessenden of Fryeburg, J. Meserve of Fryeburg, E. Pingree of Denmark, R. Chandler of Chatham, C. D. Fessenden of Brownfield, A. F. Bradbury of Denmark, S. L. Jewett of Denmark, J. G. Swan of Denmark, A. Bemis of Fryeburg, oxen under seven feet. E. Pingree of Denmark, S. Chandler of Stow, J. A. Head of Denmark, entered two and three years old steers.

The trotting of stallions and colts followed the drawing match, under the charge of Messrs. J. E. Hutchins of Lovell, J. S. Kimball of Hiram and J. Thoms of Fryeburg, who report as follows: M. Wentworth of Denmark, best trotting colt, four years old; time, 4:43 1-2. L. A. Ingalls of Denmark, best trotting three years old colt; time, 3:41.

The latter colt was driven by Mr. Ingalls' daughter, 15 years old, who has had the care and training of the colt.

Fryeburg, Oct. 15. A beautiful day, calm and mild as midsummer, with a hazy sky tempering the heat of the sun, the thermometer, however, reaching 75° at noon—brought together probably the largest gathering ever assembled on the fair ground. The holiday aspect of affairs deserves large consideration, both from an ethical and esthetical point of view—and as they are to be regarded as established American institutions, every good citizen should see to it, that they positively aid in refining the manners and morals of the men and the multitude. Especially does this become important, if by neglect, there is any danger of masses of men degenerating into mobs. While the general deportment of the people at this fair was such as to deserve the highest commendation, it is also true that the woods which skirt the ground gave shelter to a few of the baser sort. Some liquor sellers were dragged out from their depths, and very summarily disposed of by Justice Lewis. To all such, as well as to a class of "farmdowners," who deal in horseflesh, the society propose hereafter to give close quarters.

From nine till ten was given to the examination of town teams by the committee. Denmark and Fryeburg here made fine exhibitions, and as the long drawn out lines of splendid oxen, and likely steers, swung round the circle, the people all said that no finer display of cattle had ever before appeared on the track.

At 10 a. m. Hon. Sidney Perham took the stand under the shade of the pines, and delivered the annual address. Referring to some of the conditions of success in agriculture, he affirmed that a man must work on the farm himself.

"He who by the plough would thrive, Himself must either hold or drive."

It will not do to cultivate too much land. Several instances were mentioned where men had raised large crops, and not always from many acres. Keep good stock, and keep it well. While recommending the judicious use of fertilizers, he would never give up the always substantial and reliable deposits of the barn and stable. Fruit raising should be a specialty, but mainly on new soil and good land.

At the present time there is no reason why farmers should be discouraged. There is progress and improvement all along the line. Farms are better, and farm-houses are better than formerly. Nor is there danger to be apprehended from mountains of debt, and increased taxation, municipal or national. Let whiskey and tobacco be the debts, and if you let them alone, you will not fear the tax-gatherer.

Some of the reasons why agricultural pursuits are still desirable, are: that there, if anywhere, good health can be secured; that good habits are naturally formed, and the temptations are less; and in the long run they are more profitable than other branches of business, so there the money is made that is kept.

The ex-Governor closed a very practical and profitable address of an hour, by a bit of personal experience, stating that when he was twenty-one he bought a farm, a yoke of oxen and forty sheep, running in debt some two thousand dollars; but that by industry and prudence he was able every year to lay up on an average from two to three hundred dollars after meeting all of his obligations.

Hon. Geo. Walker, the Mayor of Portland, having arrived on the last train was seen in the crowd and called upon to speak. He very happily alluded to his former residence in Oxford county, and to the recollections of his boyhood. He claimed to have been a farmer, and for all that he had and was, he was indebted to the discipline of his early years. He well remembered how when a boy, he drove the logs on Kezer River for twenty-five cents a day.

Hon. Joel Eastman of Conway, N. H., in a spirited and forcible speech, almost belied the statement that he was more than fourscore. He was a farmer until of age, and he had missed his vocation in not keeping on in that line. Now withdrawing from his life-long profession, he found his highest enjoyment on his farm. Stick to your farms, there you can secure a competency—and that means happiness. Be honest, pay your individual debts, and demand always and everywhere that your state and national obligations shall be discharged.

The cattle show is certainly equal if not superior to former exhibitions. The vegetable display in the lower story of the hall is not an inferior one, although some departments are somewhat lean, on account of an unfavorable season. The exhibition of fruit in the second story is excellent in quality—nothing better was seen at the State Fair. The same may be said of the honey, maple sugar, preserves, &c., &c.

In the latter class somewhere between seventy-five and one hundred jars and glasses stood in tempting array while from fifteen to twenty pots of butter and portly cheeses on the other end of the table kept up the balance of power. The department of household manufactures and of millinery was well filled.

THE TROTTING.

The trotting for the Society's premium came off at 1 p. m., and was witnessed by an immense crowd of spectators. The judges were John Thoms of Fryeburg, James Hutchins of Lovell, J. L. Kimball. There were three entries, all of which started. The following summary shows the result of the race:

G. Walker vs. M. Little Butternut	1 1 1
S. Chandler vs. L. M. Dinah	2 2 2
F. A. Wiley vs. J. M. Lady Pike	3 3 3
Time: 3:04, 3:09, 3:15.	

Fryeburg, Oct. 16.

The fair is considered as equal to any previous one, and perhaps the most successful. The favorable weather, the large attendance, the excellent addresses, and the quantity and quality of the articles and animals exhibited, all combined to give complete satisfaction.

Although the rates of admission are extremely low, the receipts will be not far from \$800. A very complimentary vote of thanks was given the retiring President, Col. James Walker, who for many years has given faithful service to the society.

THE TROTTING.

The trotting for the sweepstakes came off at 2 p. m., at which time a fair-sized crowd of spectators were in attendance. The judges were the same as those in the race of Wednesday. The following summary tells the whole story:

Wilson Went vs. Little May	1 1 1
C. M. Rickford vs. Young Piquawacket	2 2 2
Samuel Charles vs. Dinah	3 3 3
Joe Wiley vs. J. M. Lady Pike	4 4 4
Time: 2:54, 2:59, 3:04.	

We have no room for the premiums, this week.

Reported for the Oxford Democrat.

HARTFORD AND SUMMER FAIR.

The fair opened on Thursday morning Oct. 16 under favorable auspices, near the Railroad Depot in East Summer village, where there was ample room for the exhibition. The fair is a free one and was largely attended by the people from Hartford, Summer and surrounding towns.

The display of fruit and vegetables was good but the dairy representation was small. The entries of fruit, vegetables and fancy articles were as follows:

FRUIT, VEGETABLES ETC.

O. H. Bumpus, corn, pumpkins; J. Thompson, corn; J. S. Hodgson, corn; William R. Fletcher, pop corn; C. Ricker, corn; T. S. Doten, pears, corn and vegetables; J. F. Benson, corn and apples; J. A. Fletcher, corn, onions and beans; W. H. Briggs, turnips and corn; G. E. Barrows, cranberries and apples; John T. Grover, potatoes, Asa Keene, a fine display of the Ben Davis apples raised in 1878; G. H. Packard apples; Mrs. J. Russell, maple syrup; Mrs. M. Bryant, apples; B. W. Briggs, apples and pears; Z. R. Doten, apples; S. J. Crockett, a fine display of large apples, grapes and pears; Arthur B. Briggs, apples; John T. Glover, twelve varieties of apples; J. T. Stetson, twelve varieties of apples and plate of Concord grapes; N. M. Varney, apples; Wm. Foster, 10 varieties of fine apples; G. B. Sowell, Cracker onions; Henry H. Berry, potatoes and apples; Alonzo Pomroy, apples; Lot E. Keene, display of vegetables, premium; Henry Parsons, big cabbage one weighing 3-1/2 lbs.; John Thompson, late vegetables; Wm. H. Downs, corn and vegetables; H. A. Bicknell, onions; D. B. Palmer, big turnips.

DOMESTIC AND FANCY ARTICLES.

Mrs. Hiram Buck, quilt containing about 2000 pieces; Mrs. Alden Keene, quilt; Miss Hattie Tomson, quilt; L. L. Stetson, quilt; Mrs. Wm. Cushman, log cabin quilt; Mrs. S. M. Stetson, woven quilt; Mrs. Sullivan Cox, rugs; Mary T. Glover 2 rugs; Miss Lumera Thompson, dress over 100 years old (just in style); Mrs. T. C. Russell, rug; Mrs. R. Briggs, framed motto; wreath of wax flowers, very fine; Mrs. W. R. Sewell, battenram frame, motto: "Old Oaken Bucket"; Mrs. Gilbert Tilton, 4 nice rugs; Mrs. S. Palmer, aged 68 years, 2 very heavy rugs well made; Mrs. J. Russell, rag carpet; Linnie Tuell, toilet set and slipper case; Mrs. Lucy Oldham, bead cushion; Mrs. L. C. Russell, silk cushion; Mrs. Nellie Carey, tidy; Miss Linnie Young, tidy; Mrs. A. B. Briggs, toilet set and tidy; Miss Ada Robinson, tidy; Mrs. M. Thompson, dishes over 100 years old; Mrs. N. S. Parsons, 4 tidies; Miss Lullie Bosworth, aged 11 years, a very neat and nice lace necktie made by herself; Miss Winnie E. Palmer, feather braid; Lumira Thompson, garment 75 years old; Mary F. Glover, decorated hosiery.

Miss L. Flora Carey, scrap-bag; P. S. Palmer, brackets and wall pockets, &c.

CHEESE.

B. F. Robinson, Mrs. Alden Keene, 2, Mrs. Solomon M. Stetson, 2, Miss Adeline E. Perlun, aged 10 years, a fine little cheese made without assistance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

G. W. Moore, Canton, Harness, Davis Sewing Machine from J. A. Bucknam & Co., Me. Falls. J. A. Gerry, the operator, was continually turning out all kinds of work to the great delight of the ladies.

W. J. Wheeler, Portland, Geo. Wood's Cabli-nets, Organ, upright case, music rack, 2 sets reeds, 7 stops. A fine tuned instrument which Mr. W. sold before leaving the hall.

The show of cattle, horses, &c., was as good as those of preceding years. As the farmers neglected to give their names to Secretary no list could be obtained by your reporter.

The drawing match attracted a great crowd of farmers. On town teams, Hartford had 43 yoke, Summer, 35 yoke. While there were many fine horses present, there was no tracing for money, a feature which seemed to give universal satisfaction.

There were the usual variety of side shows, candy stands, photographers, swings, auctioneers, peanut and whip vendors to interest the crowd and collect the spare dimes.

Every body left the fair satisfied with the exhibition, and we can safely consider this one of the successful fairs of Oxford County. The following are those as we could ascertain were the officers: J. T. Glover, Marshal of the day; Ira Palmer Jr., Secretary, to whom your reporter is indebted for many favors; S. S. Monk had charge of hall for fruit, fancy work, &c.

D.

OXFORD COUNTY LOCALS.

Fryeburg.—Oct. 17, A. A. Fessenden picked a fine large bunch of ripe raspberries on the farm of E. I. Fessenden at "Monotony," about four miles from the village.

The fair is over and quiet reigns once more, not that any disturbance was created more than the large number of people in our village.

GRAFTON.—Our little neighborhood has been very much saddened by the death of Mr. Washington Brooks, who died of consumption, Sept. 25d, aged 33 years. He was a man who will be much missed. A good neighbor, an affectionate husband and father has been taken. He leaves a family of four little ones. His wife and widowed mother have the sympathy of all.

Mrs. Anna Bean, aged 86 years, is the oldest person living in our town, and I think about the smartest, as she can see nicely without glasses, and knits and sews better now than most young women. With in a year she has pieced four patchwork quilts, which for nice sewing and beauty, it would be hard to beat.

Mr. David Abbott raised one hundred and sixty-two bushels of oats from seven bushels of seed.

We have one pretty smart girl. Eva McAllister, a miss about 13 years old, succeeded in killing an eagle on the 8th. He flew down on her mother's goose, and she hit him with a rock and just killed him. He measured six feet and two inches across the wings. If any other girl has done better let us hear from her.

DOLLIE DART.

