

# The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 46.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1879.

NUMBER 42.

## The Oxford Democrat

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

BY GEO. H. WATKINS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
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Homeopathist,  
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Residence: DEAR'S HOTEL.  
Office: AT THE FARMER'S HOUSE IN SUITABLE OFFICE.  
Office hours: 10 to 12, and 7 to 9 P. M.  
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DR. EVANS & TILTON,  
Physicians & Surgeons, - - - NORWAY, MAINE.  
Residence: DEAR'S HOTEL, 10 to 12, and 7 to 9 P. M.  
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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
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## HOW NANCY WAS BROUGHT OVER.

BY REV. ISAAC H.

I walked in for my temperance—  
That is, in a glacial way.  
Though I sometimes had my elder  
When a sister in my day.  
And sometimes when a neighbor  
On a wintry eve would call,  
I'd fill up the pewter pitcher,  
And we'd drink—yes, one and all.

But a year ago last Christmas,  
When the tempt'ing speakers came,  
And showed how the drink was sowing  
The seeds of sin and shame,  
And pictured it out afore us,  
As plain as the eyes in yer head,  
I said, "I'll give up my elder,  
And drink cold water instead."

Well, I got till they'd finished speakin',  
And then for my home I sped,  
I found the candle extinguished,  
And Nancy, my wife, in bed.  
I didn't disturb or wake her,  
I'd be sure to wake her,  
But when the mornin' came  
I resolved I'd tell her my purpose,  
And see if she'd ensure or blame.

By golly! you ought to 'a' seen her—  
The fire flashed out of her eye;  
And the look that she gave me, I think,  
"If I only had wings I would fly!"  
"Yes, then you have signed the paper?"  
"Yes, then you have signed the paper?"  
"Yes, then you have signed the paper?"  
"Yes, then you have signed the paper?"

"Well, act like an idiot, Zekiel,  
Like a fool, and you'll see I will;  
But I, sir, shall stick to my elder,  
In spite of yer talkin' still;  
Yes, the wine I shall have for the puddin',  
And the cider I'll have for the pie;  
And likely as not in an hour  
You'll be drinkin' a glass on the sly."

"The thing would be different, Zekiel,"  
She continued, "a softener" down,  
"If our son was a drinker an' iller,  
Like many young men in the town;  
But I'll never lose at the tavern,  
Or reel thro' the streets day by day,  
So give up your temperance, Zekiel,  
And go on in the good old way."

Well, I tried with that woman to reason,  
And I tried with that woman to plead;  
But of course I didn't succeed  
In changing her notions  
Concernin' the cider and wine;  
She called one the "fruit of the orchard,"  
And t'other the "fruit of the vine."

More we got thro', Zekielah,  
Our son, who'd just turned twenty-three,  
Came in and set down by the chimney,  
And listened to Nancy an' me;  
He also had signed the paper,  
As well as myself, yes;  
Says, "Now and hereafter and forever,  
From the curse of the drink we'll be free."

Well, after we'd finished our talkin',  
Zekiel and I started out to the barn;  
I felt pretty nettled and nervous,  
The I feared collected and calm;  
For I feared the position of Nancy,  
The temperance cause would harm,  
And t'other the "fruit of the vine,"  
As David says in the psalm.

Zekielah seed how I was feelin',  
And a shiver appeared in his eye;  
"Now father," says he, "we can fetch her  
Round right, if we work on the sly;  
I'll come home tonight from the village,  
'Tis not far off, you see,  
And I'll tell her the very old story,  
And she'll think I've been off on a spree."

"And then when she's sittin' and weepin'  
To think that her son is a sot,  
I'll tell her I've drunk on old cider,  
(Now don't let her know of the plot.)  
But that I've drunk on and on ever,  
And I'll tell her the very old story,  
And she'll think I've been off on a spree."

"To lead a life honest and true,  
And promise to drink again never,  
I'll sign the pledge with me, too."  
Well, so come to the end of my story,  
"Tis not far off, you see,  
And I'll tell her the very old story,  
And she'll think I've been off on a spree."

"Old woman!" he shouted to Nancy,  
"To live and let live is some law,  
And I'll tell you the very old story,  
And she'll think I've been off on a spree."

"Well, I'll tell you the very old story,  
And she'll think I've been off on a spree."

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fore my time. When I saw the wretched  
boy at my place, a few moments since,  
creeping and staggering up stairs, and  
growing every second more damp and un-  
pleasant beneath the load of briefs he  
held in both arms, I feared I might lose  
my senses, so I fled to you for advice;  
only to find you, if possible, in worse  
case. My dear fellow, don't throw  
over a client or two; do anything except  
kill yourself with work."

"Oh! hang you," says Mr. Bohun, in-  
elegantly and very frivolously, looking  
wildly round for a ruler, or any other  
seasonable missile; and then they both  
laugh, and dignity is no more. Bob  
forgets grandiloquence and descends to  
commonplace.

"You know the Normans, don't you?"  
asks Wilding presently.

"The old people—yes; and George I  
used to know, long ago, but I have  
rather lost sight of him of late."

"Ah, yes. He's about the best of  
them. He's in a lunatic asylum now.  
Odd how things come round."

"No! You don't say so. I never  
heard a word of it. I met the old man,  
Sir John, at the Goring's the other night,  
and he said nothing of it."

"Well, he wouldn't, you know, 'tisn't  
likely," says Mr. Wilding, "it's a sort of  
'Oh! no; we never mention him' sort of  
affair altogether. You see they set their  
affections on George—swore by him—  
thought he had the entire brains of the  
family; and when he was spun for the I.  
C. S. they nearly went out of their  
minds."

"Did they?" says Bohun, with inter-  
est. "Evidently very excitable people;  
no doubt it is hereditary in the family."

"Oh!" says Mr. Wilding, somewhat  
puzzled. Then—"Well, it couldn't be  
helped, you know."

"No, of course not, poor fellow," in  
tones of the deepest commiseration.

"You're a lot at sympathy," says Mr.  
Wilding; "your face will certainly make  
your fortune in court some day. Imita-  
tion, they say, is the sincerest flattery, so  
don't be offended if you see me trying to  
copy your present expression. But I  
really can't see that George Norman is so  
much to be pitied after all. Things might  
have been worse."

"Well, I confess I don't see that,"  
says Bohun, "I know many fellows  
worse off. He says himself it is rather a  
sunny berth, and that he is quite com-  
fortable."

"I'm glad to hear that. He doesn't  
feel his position, then?"

"A convict would think you were talking of  
a convict," says Mr. Wilding, with some  
contempt.

"I can tell you, in the long run his  
people, in spite of their absurd pride,  
were glad enough to get him in."

"That's only natural, you know, though  
it sounds heartless. I dare say he was  
troublesome at home."

"He was always a restless sort of  
beggars—that must be allowed; but it  
was a come-down, of course, from an  
Indian Judge-ship."

"Well, it was—rather."

"At first the old people quite despised  
the notion of the asylum, but George  
was headstrong, as you may remember,  
and very determined, and do you know,  
in the long run they had the greatest  
difficulty in getting him in, at all."

"Ah! a violent case, then, I suppose.  
Poor George!"

"What!" says Mr. Wilding, stupidly,  
and then he glances keenly at his friend,  
and finally gives way to laughter, that by  
degrees degenerates into a roar.

"Violent!" says he when he can speak,  
and then laughs again so heartily that  
Mr. Bohun, perforce joins in the merriment,  
although ignorant of its cause.

"Did you think that George was  
a lunatic?" he says at length. "For a  
small part I declare you are better than  
Toole."

"You said he was in a lunatic asylum.  
What would any one think from that?"  
demanded Mr. Bohun, slightly aggrieved.

"So he is, but not as a patient. He is  
doctor of the Southwest Asylum. I  
thought you knew that. What brought  
me here today was to bring you an in-  
vitation to a ball at his place. I met him  
yesterday, and it appears that he is giv-  
ing his mad friends a dance; I said I had  
never seen an affair of the kind, so he  
asked me to get rid of my ignorance  
without delay, and when I mentioned  
your name (I was afraid to go by myself)  
he said he'd be awfully glad to see you  
also. Will you come?"

"I will," says Bohun briskly. "I  
should rather fancy renewing acquaintance  
with George. He was always a very de-  
cent fellow."

"With uncommon pretty sisters—"

"That enhances his value threefold,"  
says Mr. Bohun approvingly.

The first feeling that fills the breasts of  
Mr. Wilding and his friend as they enter  
the ball-room at Southway is one of dis-  
tinct disappointment. It is very much  
like any other ball-room; there is no de-  
nying this sad fact; our friends acknowl-  
edged its truth, with a sigh and a secret  
sensation of surprise and dissatisfaction.

They had expected something widely  
different; something with a touch of bur-  
lesque about it here and there, that would  
have made it stand out conspicuously  
from among the common ranks of enter-  
tainments. They had fondly looked for  
a festival that might resemble in a mild  
fashion a meeting of the Pejee Islanders,  
or a war dance among the Redskins;  
and after all they find themselves gazing  
at a ball that is as nearly as possible sim-  
ilar to an ordinary West End affair.

Naturally, therefore, they are a little  
downhearted and inwardly aggrieved.  
Everything is strictly en regle. The  
flowers, the lights, the music that is  
swelling and throbbing through the  
rooms, are all irreproachable. The whole  
scene is familiar to them; they have been  
through it a thousand times before. Mr.  
Bohun, growing supercilious, puts his

eye-glass in his eye and looks vaguely  
round him.

"Really, it is very difficult to know  
who is mad and who isn't," he says  
aloud, and Mr. Wilding, who is at his  
elbow, assents wearily. Yes, it is all  
very disappointing.

Of course, there are a few eccentric  
blots in the perfect picture; but they are  
not numerous, and may be counted on  
the fingers of one hand. There is, for  
instance, at the upper end of the room a  
lady clad in the costume of the Bohemian  
girl, as she appears in Mr. Balfe's opera.  
She rejoices in three parti-colored petti-  
coats, worn one over another in successive  
degrees of shortness, which, if odd, is  
certainly picturesque. That is, the petti-  
coats are; their wearers, though undoubt-  
edly odd, fails dismally in the picturesque.

The fact that she is a gaudy spinster of  
fifty-five, with a gigantic nose and spec-  
tacles, rather spoils the effect. When in  
her sane mind I have no doubt she would  
have shrank at a Bohemian, and quivered  
with indignation at a short petticoat;  
yet now, poor soul, she goes about, harm-  
lessly enough, assuring everybody she is  
a prima donna, and telling them what a suc-  
cess she had at Drury Lane the last night  
she sang, and how her Majesty was there,  
and how the Shah of Persia flung her a  
bouquet studded with gems. "Yes, my  
admiring friend, studded with gems."

At the other end of the room stands  
another blot, evidently trying to sink out  
of sight. He is a young man of unmis-  
takably gentle breeding, but clothed in the  
roughest of rough garments. Dr.  
Norman, coming up behind our two  
friends, points him out.

"Look at that man," he says; "it is  
very sad about him, poor fellow! He is  
heir to a baronetcy and eight thousand a  
year, and a lovely place in Yorkshire, yet  
he insists upon it that he is an artisan,  
and will speak nothing but the broadest  
Yorkshire dialect."

"That accounts for his coat," says  
Wilding.

"Yes, tonight, nothing would induce  
him to get into his dress clothes. He  
said a person in his position would be un-  
comfortable in them. He is very uneven  
in his temper; and we hope we may make  
a cure of him yet. Now go and dance  
with whom you please. There are several  
pretty women in the room. Don't  
dirt too much, but humor them—humor  
them!"

"We can't be accused of turning their  
heads, that's one comfort," says Wilding,  
"misfortune having done that already."

So they separate, and Bohun, moving  
slowly, somewhat listlessly, from wall to  
wall, watches curiously all that is going  
on around him.

Half an hour later, standing with his  
back to a door, his eyes fell upon a young  
and very pretty girl sitting alone upon a  
couch at some distance from him. Her  
hands are folded on her knees, her eyes  
are wandering slowly down the crowd be-  
yond her. She is dressed in some filmy  
robe of black, a little open at the neck,  
through which her skin shines with daz-  
zling fairness. Her sleeves are cut short  
to the elbow, so that her arms, soft and  
rounded as a child's, can be half seen.

Bohun is attracted, and gazes at her  
intently; there is something about her  
mouth, which is firm yet very tender, that  
reminds him of some one—whom, he  
cannot call to mind. Yes, she is very  
pretty, more than pretty—downright  
lovely; when Mr. Bohun comes to this  
point he raises himself from his lounging  
position and crosses over to the couch on  
which this fair divinity is seated. It is  
with some faint feeling of apprehension  
he takes this step, lunatics, however  
beautiful, not being altogether to his taste.

"Seeing you alone," he begins respect-  
fully, "I thought perhaps you would let  
me come and talk to you for a little."

The distraught beauty turns her head,  
and regards him speculatively—perhaps  
a trifle nervously—before replying in it.

"Oh! certainly," she says, then, in a  
very sweet voice that has a plaintive ring  
in it.

"Thank you," says Bohun gratefully,  
seating himself behind her. Glancing at  
the room generally, he says presently  
with a view to making conversation:

"This is rather a gay scene, is it not?"  
"Very," said Beauty.

"You are fond of dancing?"  
"Yes," says Beauty, always with an  
air of reservation.

"(Evidently of the monosyllabic order,"  
thinks Mr. Bohun; "not demonstrative  
at all events, I thank my stars.")

"Then why are you not dancing?" he  
asks gently—very gently, lest he should  
rouse a sleeping demon.

The pretty mania pauses a moment,  
as though to consider her answer, and  
then says naively:

"Because nobody has asked me."  
"What a shame!" says Bohun. "One  
can hardly believe it. Perhaps," with  
some hesitation, "you will give me the  
pleasure of—"

He half rises from his seat as he speaks, but at his words his  
companion shrinks visibly, and puts up  
one hand in a manner almost beseech-  
ingly.

"Oh! thank you, no!" she says, re-  
garding him with something like horror  
in her eyes. "I should much prefer not.  
Do not," entreatingly, and just a little  
sotto voce, "think me rude, but I assure  
you I should much rather sit still."

"As you wish, of course," says Bohun,  
rescuing himself. ("Doesn't know her  
own mind for two seconds together,  
poor soul," he tells himself, pityingly,  
and knows he is devoutly thankful to her  
because of her refusal. To talk to an  
insane young woman is one thing, to  
dance with her is quite another.)

"Besides," says the pretty girl with  
rather a forced smile, and plainly with a  
desire to conciliate, "you see I haven't  
been introduced to you. I don't even  
know your name."

Here Mr. Bohun remembers George  
Norman's advice to humor them. So by

way of humoring this particular patient,  
he says blandly,

"I am the king of the Cannibal  
Islands!"

"Ah!" says Beauty gravely. She re-  
gards him attentively for a moment or  
two in her slow pretty fashion, and then  
goes on: "Your Majesty has done me a  
great honor; I had no idea I was convers-  
ing with royalty."

"Well, one mightn't think it certainly,  
to look at me," said Mr. Bohun modest-  
ly, "but the fact remains."

"I should rather fancy your people  
must be troublesome. I shouldn't think  
you would have much of a time with  
them," says his companion timidly.

"You are right," says Mr. Bohun,  
"but that arises principally from the reason  
that I am seldom among them; their at-  
tentions are a little too pronounced for  
my tastes, so are their meals. Even  
when I do visit them it don't seem to  
signify; they don't trouble overmuch;  
and of late years I have noticed that the  
leaves grow smaller and smaller. You  
see, they have a rather playful way of  
making themselves scarce, especially in  
famine times, and it is pretty nearly al-  
ways famine times."

"Poor people!—how their poverty  
must distress you!" says Beauty.

"Not so much as you might imagine,"  
says Bohun; "as I told you before, ex-  
cept on very rare occasions, I don't inflict  
my society upon them."

"Why?" with interest.

"Lest they should make me scarce  
too."

"Ah!" says the lovely lunatic so com-  
prehensively, that Bohun for a little while  
stares at her reflectively. Then he says  
gently:

"Now I have told you all my private  
affairs, don't you think you might con-  
fide a little in me? May I ask your  
name?"

She lowers her eyes and hesitates per-  
ceptibly, after which she says with gentle  
dignity:

"I am the Queen of Hearts!"

"Indeed!" says Bohun, with a quick  
smile, "you amaze me! I did not know  
that there was a queen in the room, and  
such a Queen! After all, it was no com-  
mon instinct drew me to your side. Like  
inclines to like," you know, and "birds  
of a feather—"

"Gather no moss," says the Queen  
of Hearts unsmilingly.

"Quite so," replies Mr. Bohun, though  
perhaps at this moment he is a little—  
just a little—at fault. Again he stares  
at her meditatively. Certainly she is a  
very able lunatic.

Your kingdom is a larger one than  
mine," he says presently.

"It is universal," returns her Majesty  
mildly. "It grows every hour."

"It has certainly grown within the  
last hour," replies he; "you have made  
a fresh conquest. Will your Majesty  
deign to enroll me as a new subject?"

"You!" with a laugh full of amuse-  
ment, and a vivid blush, "so soon! Oh!  
it is impossible."

"It is quite possible. I would be, not  
your subject, but your slave," says Bohun,  
warming to his work, and insensibly  
moving a degree nearer to her.

At this unexpected movement on his  
part, the fair Queen shows signs of fear.  
She pales visibly, and casts an anxious  
look around her. Then, shrinking from  
him, she makes a quick gesture, sugges-  
tive of instant flight.

"Have I offended you? Surely you  
are not afraid of me?" asks Bohun re-  
proachfully.

"Oh! no—no. It is not that," mur-  
murs she faintly; "only you are so—so  
impetuous. The fact is, I cannot speak  
to you—your eyes—"

Her fingers clasp each other nervously.  
There is a good deal of unmistakable  
fear in her large blue eyes.

"(Hysterical!" thinks Mr. Bohun,  
"very flighty; and unsettled, poor little  
thing!")

"Very well," he says, "then I shan't  
stir; but at least relieve my anxiety.  
Tell me you do not reject me, that you  
will accept me as a subject."

"Of course I accept you. Why should  
I not? Only a moment since I confess I  
felt a little frightened; and remembering  
where you came from, I half thought you  
were going to bite me."

"It was a most natural thought," amia-  
bly; "but reassure yourself; it is so long  
since I tasted human flesh, that I have  
almost lost my zest for it. I promise  
faithfully I shan't take a bit out of you,  
at all events."

"Remember, a royal promise can never  
be broken," says the Queen earnestly.

"I shall remember it," replies he.

Then ensues a slight pause, broken at  
length by her.

"Have you been here long?"

"Not very long."

"I imagined that. Your face is strange  
to me."

"Yes. I shan't stay long, either. I  
am leaving very soon, so perhaps we shall  
never meet again."



session?" asks he, even more earnestly than he himself is aware.

"Quite sure," replies Miss Norman, examining her fan with interest.

It is a glorious day toward the close of the London season. Outside, beneath the hot rays of the brilliant sun, the heat is almost insupportable; but within, where Miss Norman is sitting in her pretty drawing-room with all the blinds pulled down, and a soft little breeze sighing in and out through the half-opened window, it is almost cool.

Miss Norman is dressed in a charming morning gown—all pure white—that clings closely to her perfect figure, and suits her a merveille, with a good deal of lace, and just a suspicion of black velvet, at the throat and wrist. She has some fanciful bit of crewel-work between her fingers, but it can hardly be said to grow beneath her hands. She is alone (Lady Norman, her mother, having gone to sit for an hour with her eldest daughter and the new baby,) but from the expectant manner in which her eyes seek the door every now and then, and the little impatient sigh that sometimes escapes her, it is evident she does not anticipate being long so.

It is rather more than two months since that memorable evening when she and Bohun first met. Two months, in which endless balls, dinner and garden parties, operas, and small and early, have done their appointed work. Perhaps, indeed, the small and early have been the most to answer for. At all events, Bohun in this short time has lost his heart irrevocably to her, which hardly makes her the richer, she having given away her own—

There is a knock at the door—a short silence—then a quick step upon the stairs. Miss Norman, taking up the neglected work, evidently throws her whole soul into its completion, and stitches away diligently. Then the door opens and Bohun is announced.

"You!" says Carry, rising with a smile and a glance of well-feigned surprise, although in reality she has been waiting for this moment for fully half an hour.

"Yes, I was anxious to know how you were after last night's fatigue. I needn't ask, however; you don't look in the least done up."

"No. Dancing does me good. But how very thoughtful of you to call!"

"There is nothing very remarkable about that," says Mr. Bohun. "You know I am always thinking of you."

"Well," says this hypocrite blandly, taking no notice of his sentimental remark, "it was a pity you didn't put off your visit for another hour. Mamma has gone to see Lizzie, and now you will miss her."

"Has she really?" says Bohun; but the news doesn't seem to afflict him very severely. On the contrary, it is with a decidedly more cheerful air that he puts his hat away and draws his chair a little nearer to Miss Norman's.

Then ensues an animated conversation, in the course of which Mr. Bohun imparts a good deal of information. His cousin has died quite suddenly in Florence. He is the next heir. He has come in for the title, and the money, and that Miss Norman is charmed—delighted—she congratulates him with all her heart. "It must be so nice to be a Baronet, you know, and—"

Then the voices grow lower and lower, until at last they cease altogether. When the conversation was begun they were seated; now, as they get to this point, they find they are both standing. Miss Norman is very close to a *jardiniere*, and Bohun is very close to Miss Norman.

"And I think you love me a little, too, Carry—don't you?" asks the young man anxiously, taking her hand with very becoming diffidence. Miss Norman's other hand is trifling nervously with the leaves near her; she makes no immediate reply. Her eyes are lowered.

"On the night when first we met," says Bohun, "you told me you would accept me as your subject. I have not forgotten that. You were a Queen—then you are always a Queen to me—and you told me a royal promise could not be broken. So yours ought to be sacred. You will accept me, Carry? You will marry me?"

"I don't want you as a subject," says Carry. "I made a mistake."

"Oh! Carry!" says the young man, with keen reproach in his tone; so keen that Miss Norman involuntarily raises her face to his, and lets him see the tears that are dimming her pretty eyes. At this he is so far encouraged that he encircles her with his arm, whereupon she lays her head very contentedly upon his shoulder.

"Would you have a Queen wed her subject?" she asks, with a little flickering smile, although the violet eyes are quite drowned by this time.

"I would," said Bohun with decision.

"It would never do," says Carry. "No," in a little soft whisper, "if you insist on marrying me, you shall not be my subject—you shall be my king!"

"I shall be both," says the young man very earnestly.

WATERBURY IN NEW ENGLAND.—Henry Waterson, the editor-in-chief of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, has spent the summer at Block Island, off the Rhode Island coast, and there mingled with northern society. The consequence is that he writes in this wise to his paper: "While the South was toying with the ruffles on its shirt, and twirling its gold-headed cane, New England was fixing itself. It is now 'fixed.' It is 'fixed.' It can afford to be complacent and hospitable. It is so. It is a growing patriarcal. It is the South which is poor and yet refuses to learn its lesson, which dreamily looks toward the West, when it ought to give its days and nights to study of the methods of patience, self-denial and thrift which have made these rocks to blossom like the rose, and in less than a century completely reversed the relative positions of the sections. In the meantime, I ought to say that it is impossible to exaggerate the hearty manliness of the genuine New England man, or the fine, noble characteristics of the real New England woman, or to overstate the open-handed, genial hospitality which prevails everywhere in this New England country. What is it and why is it? It is, to begin on, robust health, and to end on, plenty of money. The man who is straitened cannot be hospitable. You will observe that I don't dislike the Yankees, nor envy them their prosperity. But, even if I did, I should not quarrel with them. When I see a rattlesnake stick its head out of a hole," says Josh Billings, "I sheer off, and says I to myself, that hole belongs to that snake."

LEWIS.—The *Biddeford Times* says that J. M. Merrifield of Kezar Falls, is preparing for a large business in the stove line. In addition to the timber at home to be manufactured into stoves, he has purchased largely in New Hampshire for winter sawing.

## Oxford Democrat.

PARIS, MAINE, OCTOBER 28, 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 may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

2. The Courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of fraud.

### OCTOBER.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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### EDITORIAL NOTES.

—We call the attention of farmers and fruit growers to our original articles on the fourth page of this paper. Members of Agricultural Societies will do well to carefully consider the article concerning horses at our agricultural fairs.

—A correspondent writing from Bryant's Pond, gives a lengthy account of the cider struggle at the Summer Town Fair, and adds words to the brief and pointed vote of thanks from the Ladies Aid Society, which we published last week.

—The Norway correspondent of the *Argus* asks: "Is a change taking place in public sentiment on the Temperance question?" Well, friend, we do not, at present, see any signs of a "let up." When we do, you shall have due notice, so that you may change over again and be on the popular side.

—The temperance poem on our first page was written by Rev. I. H. Libby, and was recited by him at the County Convention of Reform Clubs recently held at Bethel Hill. It is a very excellent article for select readings at temperance meetings, and will, doubtless, be extensively used for that purpose.

A RELIC.—Mr. W. H. Hillier of Norway, brought to our office, last week, a book "Printed by and for John Watts, at the printing office in Wild-Court, near Lincoln's-Inn Fields," in 1740. The title of the work is "The Art of Angling, Rock and Sea Fishing, with the Natural History of River, Pond and Sea Fish, Illustrated with 133 Cuts." The title page is printed in red and black, and is adorned with a grotesque cut of a sturgeon's head. Another remarkable one of the "133 cuts" represents a "Sea Devil." The final pages of the volume are occupied, like those of a modern magazine, with advertisements of books—chiefly of "Dramatic Plays," "Operas" and "Sermons."

SHABBY.—This is the shabby manner in which the great free-lovers who run the *Chronicle* at Auburn, "blow" on Ron Chase, who founded, owned and run that journal before Fogg, Blood & Co. were heard of.

Uncle Solon went down to the great Metropolis. He is unsophisticated. That is, he is not up to the ways of the world as they go in cities. It is not to be wondered therefore that like "poor Tracy" he got into bad company. He addressed a greenback meeting before last, in Cooper Institute, New York City. Notwithstanding his abhorrence of women suffragists, and free lovers, every one of his hundred persons on the stage with him, and a score of these liberal and advanced ladies. Among these were notable Mrs. Dr. Still, Mrs. Dr. Somerby, Mrs. Mary Dana Schendler, Mrs. S. Myra Hall, a long time free lover and suffragist and workingman's advocate, Mrs. Emily L. Fernandez, Mrs. Dr. Clemence Louie, her son and son's wife, (noted free thinkers,) Mrs. Frank Parmelee and Mrs. Lunt (pronounced free lovers), Mr. Henry E. Sharpe, the noted community colonization man and former lover of Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, and Geo. W. Madox, the great Psychologist and so on. The audience was composed of Liberals and Socialists almost entirely, a crowd such as Peter Cooper always draws, when he gets up a greenback meeting. Solon danced fantastically on the stage, and he talked both hay and hominy to the extreme delight (?) of these extreme socialists, liberals, free thinkers and free lovers. Having always regarded Uncle Solon as a special opponent of these "heresies" we wonder what Mrs. Solon C. would have said had she seen her husband in such company. Uncle Solon will probably maintain silence on these questions hereafter, or else own up.

### DUTY OF TOWN OFFICERS.

At the Probate Court, last week, Judge Walker administered a rebuke to certain town officers, and instructed them concerning their duty in the matter of signing petitions. His remarks were of such importance and so universally applicable, that we preserved their substance for the information of people at large.

The case under consideration was that of Mary Glines of Milton, a lady 86 years of age. Mrs. G. some nine years ago, took a bond for support from her son-in-law, and gave him in return, a deed of her property. Under the recent pension law, Mrs. Glines received a pension, as the widow of an 1812 soldier. Some friends of the family thought that a guardian should be appointed to look after this money. Accordingly a petition was presented to the Probate Court at the June Term, and Mr. M. F. Knight of Rumford was appointed guardian. In July there was a petition for removal of guardianship, on the ground that Mrs. Glines was competent to manage her own affairs. The matter was continued until the present term. The old lady was present in court and showed herself to be a smart, keen-witted person.

After a lengthy hearing, and brief arguments by James S. Wright, esq., for the petitioners for removal, and by Hon. Enoch Foster, jr., for the guardian, Judge Walker issued a decree of removal, which should cast no reflections upon the guardian. Judge Walker remarked that the statute provided for guardianship over persons 21 years of age, "who are insane, or of unsound mind, including married women, who by reason of infirmity or mental incapacity, are incompetent to manage their own estates, or to protect their rights," and that the law made municipal officers judges in the question of necessity of guardianship. It was shown by evidence that the Selectmen of

Rumford and the assessors of Milton Plantation signed the petition for appointment of Guardian, without giving a hearing, and without investigation other than the representations of those who presented the petition to them for signature. Afterward two of the Assessors of Milton did investigate the matter, and sent in a statement that they did not believe Mrs. Glines needed a Guardian. Judge Walker rebuked the Assessors for taking such a course. They were neglectful of their duty in not making the investigation before signing any petition. He showed that great injustice might be done—even to the depriving men of the elective franchise—by such conduct, as the Selectmen had done in this case, and the Probate Judge appointed or refused to appoint on their representation of the matter. Perfectly well persons might be committed to the Insane Asylum for sinister purposes if Selectmen were not more mindful of their duty, and signed petitions without giving the matter proper or legal consideration.

### OXFORD.

AS SEEN BY A STRANGER.—ITS LOCATION, ITS BUSINESS, AND ITS RELIGIOUS PRIVILEGES.

Rev. Dr. Quincy of Augusta, and Editor of the able *Universalist* organ of Maine, the *Gospel Banner*, preached at Oxford and Mechanic Falls recently. He publishes a lengthy article in his paper concerning Oxford. We republish his views to the town, but omit what he has to say concerning the question of future life, as that seems to fall entirely out of our field of discussion.

Last Sabbath morning we preached in Oxford village and in the afternoon, and evening at the village of Mechanic Falls, while Br. Whitman, the pastor, supplied the pulpit in Leeds. The town of Oxford is bordered on the west by Norway, and on the east by Poland, and contains much excellent tillage land. It is watered by the Little Androscoggin, and several beautiful ponds, one of which is large, its outlet forming the Little Androscoggin. Many parts of the town are picturesque and beautiful. It contains two pretty villages. That where we preached last Sabbath was formerly called "Crane's Neck," and is now called "Little Androscoggin," which at this place, forms an admirable water power. Its principal business is, first, a woolen mill, Mr. Robinson president, which manufactures a kind of cloth called repellent, requiring 160 hands, to whom it pays out rising \$100,000 a year. Second, J. H. Chapman's Shovel Handle and Shingle manufactory, in which he turns out 100,000 shovel handles annually, the bulk of which, strange as it may seem, are shipped to a place in Canada, beyond Montreal. The secret of this singular fact, is found in the excellence of the wood employed by Mr. Chapman, nothing of the kind being produced in Canada. He also manufactures annually, 600,000 shingles, besides many clapboards and ice-hook handles; and

Third, Whitney and Clark's stove and flour mill, which does an extensive business. The village, in fact, is a good hotel, kept by Dr. Albert G. Hinds, five stores, two physicians, two lawyers, and persons engaged in all the other occupations usually found in such a place. The Methodists and Congregationalists have each a place of worship. Over the first a minister is settled, but the latter at the present time is dependent on Rev. F. E. Enrich, pastor of the Congregationalist church in Mechanic Falls, five miles distant, for a supply, who preaches to them on the afternoon of each Sabbath. As we stated a few weeks ago, Oxford is the place from which Rev. Mr. Lockwood removed to take charge of the Kennebec Congregationalist church, of which he is now pastor in spite of his heresy and of the council of Congregationalist clergymen called to examine his case.

We were speaking of the religious aspect of Oxford. The Congregationalist church in this place, generally discard the old ideas of Calvinism. Rev. Mr. Enrich, who preaches for them, as we say above, does not hesitate to openly declare this his position. This is well as far as it goes. But he introduces nothing in its place that meets the spiritual wants and longings of the soul.

The Universalist ladies of the village, some months since, organized a social circle, which ever since has been active in good works, and at length the brethren have seen their way clear to engage the services of Bro. Whitman of Mechanic Falls, who preaches for them in the forenoon of every alternate Sabbath. The meetings are held in the upper room of a spacious and well-built schoolhouse, centrally located. The singing is admirable, and the meetings are attended by an excellent class of people, the congregation being quite as large as any in town. On Saturday evening last we were present at a meeting of this circle, which consisted of Mrs. Hinds at the hotel, where in company with some forty others, we sat down to an excellent supper, and found the entertainment in all respects pleasant, and indeed all the more so because it was unexpected.

Bro. Whitman is very much liked. He preaches to his people a positive faith, and his services are fully appreciated.

MAINE ENTERPRISE.—Messrs. J. A. Buckman & Co. do an extensive work in the present season, in the manufacture of gunnys for Boston parties. They furnish work for no less than sixteen hundred women and girls, at their homes, and now want one thousand additional. They manufacture from 75,000 to 100,000 coats and pants annually. This year they will export 100,000. The garments are all cut in Boston, forwarded to Mechanic Falls, and sent by Messrs. Buckman & Co., by teams, to their employees in all the surrounding towns, including a radius of twenty miles or more—reaching from Freeport to Dixfield, and from Turner and Androscoggin to Sebago Lake. Nearly \$50,000 are paid out annually by the firm for this kind of work, which must prove a great aid to those employed.—*Press*.

PERSONAL.—The parishioners of the Rev. F. E. Shaw of East Machin, formerly pastor of the Oxford Democrat, recently gave that gentleman a surprise party at his residence.—*Leveiston Journal*.

The Belfast Journal says that Rev. David Foster Estes, formerly pastor of the Baptist church in Belfast, will return home from Germany about the first of November. Mr. Estes has been studying in the German language and otherwise qualifying himself for the ministry. It is hoped that he may again settle in Belfast, as the Baptist church is now without a regular pastor.

POLITICS FOR YOUNG MEN.—A young man of today who is himself a Democrat, party has before him a dismal year of penitence and shame. He will see the party of his choice trampled into the mire by the exposure of the most infamous things ever done under a free Government. As samples there may be mentioned: the cipher dispatches to the Democratic Congress for the repeal of the Resumption Act. In every respect and at every point the Democratic party has dishonored and disgraced itself as far as it was possible, and its adherents are now crying aloud with great bitterness of spirit, that it has thrown away all its legitimate chances, and has no hope save in the willingness of one desperate old man to buy votes with money most unscrupulously acquired. Is that the sort of a party to which the young men of today want to attach themselves?—*N. Y. Tribune*.

### OXFORD COUNTY LOCALS.

ALBANY, Oct. 18.—Our farmers have improved the warm dry weather to finish up harvesting. The result shows a very fair crop of potatoes, with but few rotting. A young son of Joseph H. Briggs had a "patch" of eleven square rods from which he raised 35 bushels; 25 selected potatoes measured half a bushel and weighed 35 pounds. Can't say much about potatoes after friend G. H. B. has spoken. Corn has ripened and dried during the warm spell better than was anticipated. Threshers find pretty good wheat. Oats not quite as good as the straw indicated. Apple crop very light. It will make less work for reformers. Hope they will not slack their hands, old cider is not all gone yet.

Justice Aspinwall and Rev. A. Blanchard had a very narrow escape a few weeks ago. While riding with his span of sorrels down a very steep hill, the yoke strap broke and let the pole drop. It soon ran into the ground and stopping the carriage suddenly, they were both thrown over the fender to the ditch. Strange to say they received but slight injuries. The horses cleared themselves and were soon stopped. The damage was light.

ANDOVER.—Two starch mills at Andover are running this season. The price paid for potatoes ranges from 16 to 18 cents, according to quality.

The quarterly meeting of the M. E. church was held at Andover, Saturday and Sunday. Presiding Elder Mason was present and preached three very sound, practical sermons. The churches in Andover are in a very low state, and need to be thoroughly awakened by some live evangelist work.

Mr. W. D. Phinney, a type setter in the *Evening* office, had two of his fingers crushed off in the press last Thursday morning.

Mr. E. E. Redell reports that the Jefferson Hill House, N. H., of which he is a partner, has cleared \$1000 the past season after paying all expenses.

Mr. L. F. Jones has removed a portion of his house and is erecting a large two-story house in its stead. It is understood that it will be fitted up as a boarding house.

A very interesting and largely attended Sabbath School concert was held a short time since in the Methodist church. Mr. O. B. Poor was badly injured last week while attempting to stop a threshing machine. He was caught in the belt and thrown violently upon the separator, knocking him senseless, and badly bruising his arm and head.

Work is to be commenced in a few days on the Lake road. The road will be put in good condition and will be better located.—*Leveiston Journal*.

Oct. 25.—Farmers are improving the warm weather by doing up their fall plowing, building fences and otherwise improving their farms.

The apple crop is much better than was expected, and many are making cider. We hope that it will all be made into vinegar, and not be used to make drunkards.

I am informed that Mr. Sprague has sold a portion of his paper to a minister in the eastern part of the State, and will remove his office. We shall be sorry to lose him from our midst, but wish him much success wherever the hand of fortune may lead him.

A very interesting praise meeting was held last Sunday evening in the Congregational church. Mrs. John F. Talbot presided at the organ. Rev. Mr. Jones of Vermont was present and made an earnest address.

Mrs. Pembroke Sessions has a Cactus two years old, which is four feet in height and two inches in diameter, and the leaves measure eighteen inches in length. It is in the form of a cross. It is a very rare curiosity and will well repay one to call and take a look at it.

The Congregational Circle will meet with Mrs. Henry L. Poor next Wednesday evening. All are invited. LOISE STARR.

BETHEL, Oct. 24.—The fair and festival held last week, Thursday, by the ladies of the M. E. Society, in Patten's Hall, proved a decided success. A large crowd attended in the afternoon and evening. There were a large variety of fancy articles on exhibition, which were liberally patronized. The agricultural department, consisting of vegetables and fruit, made a good display. Meals were served in the evening on the antiquarian plan. Some over one hundred supper tickets were sold. The receipts of the fair will amount to some over eighty dollars.

Farmers who have had their grain threshed report it as being very heavy in many cases. We hear of oats weighing 44 lbs. to the bushel, others 38 and 40. The grain crop on the whole is very satisfactory.

Thursday, 16th, was very hot, mercury at 91° at 1 p. m.

We hear considerable complaint among our farmers, of the potato rot. Few are selling at 30 cents per bushel.

There is quite a call for young cattle and sheep now. Sheep bring about three dollars; lambs, two dollars and fifty cents.

Oct. 25.—Rev. William R. Manley, of Augusta, in the State of Kansas, occupied his pulpit Oct. 5th, very much to the acceptance of my people. Much interest was felt in him by the friends of Christ, from the fact that he was under an appointment as a missionary to the city of Rangoon in the Burman Empire. He and his wife came to Bethel to visit her family and friends and to give them a cordial parting farewell, not expecting to meet them again on earth. She is the only daughter of Charles and Abbie (Locke) Penley. In early life she was a member of my Sabbath School, and her mother was a member of my church. Some ten years since her parents moved to Augusta in Kansas. There, at the age of twenty-one years, came the parting between her and her parents, she to go far away as a missionary to the benighted heathen. Though the mother sighed deeply over the separation, which she expected would be final, she would gladly have her daughter fulfill what she felt to be her duty. As some information about the field of her future labors will be of special interest to her warm friends who are following her in the exercise of affection and good will, I will insert a few words. The Burman Empire is bounded on the west by the British possessions, on the east by Siam and China, on the north by Tibet, and on the south by the Bay of Bengal. Rangoon is situated on the eastern branch of the river Irrawadi, and it is said by English writers to possess the finest capabilities of any port in the Bay of Bengal. Before any missionary work was commenced in the Burman Empire, the people were very degraded, seditious and idolatrous. Colonel Symes, who visited the Empire in 1796,

supposed the number of inhabitants to be about seventeen millions. On the 15th of July, 1813, Rev. Adoniram Judson of Malden, Mass., and Anne (Hesseltine) Judson of Bradford, Mass., arrived in Rangoon. They were the first missionaries from America to that dark land. Very great were their missionary labors, and severe their hardships, and terrible the persecutions they endured. They toiled there six years, amid discouragements that were enough to test the strength of faith in Christ most severely. Not a convert was made to the Christian religion. Mr. Judson was asked at the expiration of that time if he did not feel inclined to give up. "No!" said he, "the promise of God is sure." Some years ago, report said there were 70 Christian churches in the Burman Empire, averaging 100 members to each church. Rev. William R. Manley and wife are now to occupy the field where the early missionaries erected the first standard to the cross of Christ. D. GARLAND.

BRYANT'S POND.—Mr. O. C. Houghton & Son, the present proprietors of the Glen Mountain House, are restoring the reputation that the house had five years ago, namely a first-class country hotel. The first dance under the present management occurs next Thursday evening, Oct. 30. A good time warranted. Music by Weeks orchestra.

Mr. Samuel Rust of North Woodstock came near meeting with a severe accident while at work on a bridge. One of the timbers fell from the top of the bridge striking him on the shoulders, crushing him down until one end of the stick struck a stone, which caused the stick to rebound and relieved him of the load.

Wallace Andrews is to teach the winter term of school.

Two boys were arrested for selling rum a few days since, but as it happened nothing was proved against them. J. S.

Oct. 24.—Last Sabbath the Methodist and Baptist Sabbath schools held a concert. Everything passed off pleasantly.

In the evening the reformers held their usual meeting. There was a good attendance, and an unusually interesting meeting.

On Friday, a little girl, daughter of Wm. Day, fell from the great beams of the barn, and struck on her head. She was taken up for dead, but is now doing nicely, under the care of Dr. Sawyer.

Mr. Kingman Cole died here of consumption on the 10th inst., aged about 40 years. The funeral was in charge of Mr. Jefferson Lodge of Masons of which he was a member.

A Juvenile Temple was instituted at this place, last week, by Deputy M. K. Mabry. The Lodge is named "Little Helpers," and has the following officers: Mr. Stephen Rowe, Sup't., Eva Dunham, C. T., Grace Gilbert, Rec. Sec., Minnie Swan, V. T.; also a Lodge of Good Templars (called Atlantic Lodge) with twenty charter members. A. C. Bolster W. C. T. U. R. Dunham, W. R. S., R. K. Dunham, Lodge Deputy.

EAST BUCKFIELD, Oct. 20.—On the 15th, at the residence of Thomas Lincoln and wife, (he being 78 years old, confined to his bed since March 1876) nineteen relatives and friends met in the forenoon, where they spread a bounteous feast, of which the aged couple partook. After which, one of the number, Rev. Mr. Crockett of Canton, preached a heartfelt discourse, text, Acts 14:22, followed by a conference meeting in which many took an active part. Provision, clothing and cash, to the value of twenty-six dollars, were left, to add to the joy of the christian couple who live alone.

Capt. Wm. Childs of North Turner, aged 83 years, Treasurer of Hartford in 1816, being the year the State paid a bounty on wheat and corn, gave me the following: Number of bushels of wheat raised in town, 5509, of which Osborn Thorne raised 167 1/2, John Moulton 274 1/2, Benjamin Thomas 236 1/2, Thomas Thorne 132 1/2 bushels. Number bushels of corn 2964, of which Charles Wood Jr. raised 140, Wm. Hayford, Joseph Dearborn, Wm. Childs, 124 apiece, David Warren 160, Stephen Lane 240 bushels.

In Boston in 1785, Oct. 16th, at noon the thermometer was 70 deg., followed by thunder, and a freeze at night. At North Turner, 1879, Oct. 16th, at noon thermometer 83 deg., followed by a warm night.

Stephen E. Irish of Hartford, on the 18th gathered from a lot of uncultivated raspberries many ripe ones. From a branch I saw eleven ripe ones, one at the base was 2 1/4 inches in circumference, and there were all sizes from the blossom to the ripe. HARTFORD.

CANTON.—The Universalist church of Canton will be re-dedicated, in connection with a conference, Oct. 29 and 30,—next Wednesday and Thursday. The order of exercises will be as follows: Wednesday, 2:30 p. m., Rev. C. A. Hayden; 7 p. m., Rev. G. H. Hamilton; Thursday, 9:30 a. m., Conference; 1:30 p. m., Re-dedication Services; 7 p. m., Rev. G. W. Whitney. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

DENMARK.—Mr. Josiah W. Davis of this town has a pair of grade Durham steers, three years old, that measure seven feet and one inch in girth and seven feet and three inches along their back. These steers have been worked from calves. It is believed that they cannot be beaten in this county or even in this State, either for size, looks or work. M.

NORTH FRYEBURG.—Mr. James Stevens, who has been sick for some time, died this morning, Oct. 21. A post mortem examination is to be held, as there are suspicions of poisoning. He is to be buried under Masonic honors.

Last Sunday p. m. Rev. N. Lincoln of North Bridgton preached here on exchange with Mr. Libby, our pastor.

### LITTLE LEE.

KEZAR FALLS.—The weather here at this time varies from extreme heat to freezing. Last Thursday was a very warm day, Friday a very cold one, with frequent snow squalls through the day—the first snow of the season.

Mrs. E. T. Hartford of Porter fell down her cellar stairs a few days ago, bruising her quite severely. About the same time one of her neighbors, Mrs. John Rounds, fell into her cellar and broke her leg.

Stock is selling a little more lively. Farmers are busy getting their apples to market at about \$1.50 per bbl. M.

MASON.—We had a fine old-fashioned hauling here a few days ago, which was a very pleasant affair. Abner Bryant of

West Bethel having purchased the Eli Twitchell farm, adjacent to his own, concluded to move the G. W. Wheeler shop near his other buildings for a stable. After having it prepared in a thorough manner, he invited his friends and neighbors in Mason, Albany and Bethel. They all came, men, boys, oxen, steers and horses, and some dogs. Mr. A. K. Scribner was master of ceremonies, and he was the right man in the right place—careful and judicious. Everything worked like a clock; the building was on the spot at noon, when the men and teams were all well fed, and all were satisfied.

Samuel L. Bean of Mason is beginning on a new farm in town, and wishing to build a house, a few generous, kind-hearted people turned out last week and hewed out the frame and got it ready to raise in two or three days. Such acts of kindness should not go unnoticed. They honor and elevate humanity.

Charles Morrison and Brigham are doing our threshing in this place. They thoroughly understand their business and attend to it. They have good horses and a good machine, and when they have threshed your grain, they are up and off. They will drive into a barn, and without any help, be ready for the grain in thirty minutes, and when done threshing, pack up to start in less time.

Griffith B. Lowell was badly injured a few days ago. He was loading sawdust at Bean's steam mill, and when the passenger train on the G. T. R. came along, his horse started, and Lowell, in attempting to take the reins, was thrown down, and one of the wheels of his wagon passed over the whole length of his back and over his head. His nose was broken and he was otherwise badly hurt. It is hard for him, as he has been a long time badly afflicted with rheumatism. I hear he is able to move around some.

Nathan Grover is very low with a cancer. G. H. B.

MEXICO, Oct. 24.—It is very cold and blustering at this date. Farmers are fast doing their fall work. Some have not dug their potatoes yet. Hop buyers are quite plenty in this vicinity. New hops have been sold for 33 cents per pound. Some have sold their old hops for 10 cents. We would advise farmers to hold on to their hops for the present. The prospect looks well for them to do better than the prices now offered.

J. W. Richards is making cider at his place for all who may wish to bring in their apples. He has a cheese of from fifty to one hundred bushels to grind out daily. A. W. S.

NORWAY, Oct. 25.—We expect the Iron Horse in our town during the week.

Chas. Cummings is laying the foundation for a large machine shop at the dam in the rear of Mason's Block.

The first flakes of snow for the season, fell yesterday.

The Young People's Literary Association met at the parsonage of the Universalist church, on Wednesday of last week. A good programme was presented, and arrangements made for the winter campaign.

Farmers complain that their potatoes are rotting very badly, even since they were put into the cellar. More apples are being gathered than was anticipated. Many of our farmers are making cider. Now for the straw and elder barrels.

Dr. Shedd of our town has settled at Upper Bartlett, N. H., and already in good practice.

Mrs. A. B. Chase of Norway has just returned from Boston with a large stock of millinery and fancy goods,—the latest styles and lowest prices. Please call and examine.

OXFORD.—Sugar beet business is quite lively this week. For many causes the crop is not turning out as well as expected. Sullivan Fuller, East Oxford, has sold his homestead to Geo. A. Poor, esq.

PARIS.—On







