

The Oxford Democrat

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Editor and Proprietor.

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ENOCH FOSTER, JR.,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Bethel, Me.

CHARLES E. ELDER,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
21 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

Special rates to Attorneys having business or claims for collection in Bethel and vicinity.

S. K. HUTCHINS,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Rumford, Me.

SETH W. FIFE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Fryeburg, Me.

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W. REDLON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Keegan Falls, Me.

Will practice in Oxford and York Cos.

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Counsellors at Law,
Buckfield, Me.

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GEO. D. HENRY, O. H. HENRY.

S. B. MORSE, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
Paris, Maine.

Office at residence of Mrs. A. H. Mason, Paris Hill.

FRED C. CLARK, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Beal's Hotel, Norway.

DRS. EVANS & TILTON,
Physicians & Surgeons,
Norway, Maine.

Office hours, 9 to 11 a. m. and 4 to 6 p. m.
Particular attention paid to diseases of the eye and ear by Dr. Evans.
Diseases of the Air Passages a specialty, by Dr. Tilton.

Office No. 2 NATIONAL BANK BUILDING,
CALVIN E. EVANS, M. D.
FRANK H. TILTON, M. D.

F. H. PACKARD, M. D.,
Physician & Surgeon,
West Paris, Maine.

A. E. SHAW,
DENTIST,
PARIS, MAINE.

Office over POST OFFICE—REAR ROOM.
Extra attention given to all dental work.
All work warranted.

D. B. G. P. JONES,
DENTIST,
NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

Tooth inserted on Gold, Silver or Vulcanized Rubber.

MAINE HYGIENIC INSTITUTE,
Devoted Exclusively to Female Invalids.
WATERFORD, ME.

W. P. SHATTUCK, M. D., Superintendent Phys.
and Hygienic Institute, &c. All interested
will please send for Circular.

JAMES W. CHAPMAN,
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Business by mail promptly attended to.

W. F. CAMERON & CO.,
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MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

IRON & STEEL

PLOWS,

CULTIVATORS, HORSE-
HOES, HARROWS, AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Manufacturers Supplied at Reduced Rates—
Farming Tools Repaired at Low Rates.

ISAAC BAGNALL,
Woolen Manufacturer!

Manufactures CASSIMERE, SATINETS, COTTON
AND WOOL, and all WOOL FLANNELS, FRACOSSES
AND YARNS, CUSTOM CLOTH DRESSING AND ROLL
CUTTING.

HANOVER, ME.

R. T. ALLEN,
MANUFACTURER OF—
FINE CARRIAGES!

MILTON PLIN, ME.

My goods are made from the best material and
are equipped with a durable and elegant style.
Call and see them before purchasing elsewhere.
Milton, March 19, 1879.

FOR SALE.

BLACKSMITH SHOP & TOOLS for sale or to
lease. The blacksmith shop situated at
HUNT'S CORNER, in ALBANY, has been extensively
renewed, of late, and is now for sale or to
lease. For further information, inquire of
DEWEY A. CUMINGS.

Albany, Me., March 19, 1880.

MAL BITTERS

Half-Bottle Company

A FOOD AND A MEDICINE.

The Purest, Safest and Most Powerful Restorative
in Medicine for Feeble and Exhausted Con-
stitutions, Nervous and General Debility,
Consumption and Wasting Diseases.

PREPARED without fermentation from Cana-
dian Barley Malt and Fresh Hor, and
warmed with Nutritious, Strengthening,
Vitalizing and Purifying by reason of their rich-
ness in Bone and Fat Producing Material, than
all other forms of malt or medicine, and free
from the objections urged against malt liquors,
alcoholic "tonics," "bitters" and "stimulants."

MAL BITTERS build up the nervous,
osseous (bone) and muscular system. For
debility, indigestion, sick headache, consti-
pation, inactive stomach and liver, bronchitis,
deep-seated coughs, consumption, weakness of
the kidneys and urinary organs, emaciation,
dropsy, mental and physical debility, nervous
weakness of females, exhaustion of nursing
mothers and the aged, and every form of de-
bility they are truly marvelous.

MAL BITTERS combine a Food and a
Medicine in the most perfect form yet de-
vised, and command themselves to the
weak, convalescent, overworked, debilitated,
nervous, sleepless, dyspeptic, bilious, sickle in
appetite, irritable in mind and subject to melan-
choly as the purest, safest and most powerful
restorative in medicine.

It is a most valuable and warranted genu-
ine when signed by the Malt Bitters Company
as above. Sold by druggists. Malt Bitters Com-
pany, Boston, Mass.

Collins' Volatile Plasters relieve in 5 minutes.

Sanford's Jamaica Ginger, the Delicious.

SHAKERS' SARSAPARILLA

A Wonderful Medicine for Impu-
rities of the Blood.

Shakers' Sarsaparilla cleanses the blood of scrofula and all other impurities, excites the appetite, regulates the stomach and bowels, and increases the flesh. It prevents weakness and degeneration of the liver, kidneys and urinary organs. It is a mother's remedy, regulating and strengthening the maternal functions. It purifies the female system of all morbid humors, and debilitated humors, and expels the first symptoms of hereditary humors in children and young adults. It is truly wonderful in its effects, and has been recommended by the medical profession, and is a most valuable remedy for all diseases of the blood.

Dear Sir:—In answer to your inquiry concerning the Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, as prepared by the Society of Shakers in Canterbury, N. H., I would say that I have been familiar with its preparation, and have seen the quality of the material, and the purity of the preparation, and I can assure you that it is just what it purports to be.

LAWRENCE, JAN. 15, 1880.

N. A. BRIDGES, Dear Sir:—I have used "Corbett's Sarsaparilla" for the past twenty-five years, and consider it to be the most reliable preparation of sarsaparilla in the market. My opinion is based upon the quality of the material, and the purity of the preparation, and I can assure you that it is just what it purports to be.

Yours very truly, CHAS. CLARKE, Druggist.

This truly great medical compound, invented by Dr. Thomas Corbett, member of our Society, is the first as well as the best of all remedies called Sarsaparilla, none of which bear any comparison to this. It is a truly wonderful medicine, and has been recommended by the medical profession, and is a most valuable remedy for all diseases of the blood.

Inquire for Corbett's Sarsaparilla in behalf of the Society.

NICHOLAS A. BRIGGS, Trustees.

JOSEPH WOODS, SHAKERS VILLAGE, N. H., JAN. 1, 1880.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM,

OF LYNN, MASS.

For Father Stenne loved his little son so much!

He was so happy in the afternoon when, after his school, the little boy would call for him, and together they would make the rounds of the paths, stopping at each bench to speak to the habitude of the square and to answer their good wishes.

But when the siege began everything was sadly changed. Father Stenne's square was closed and filled with petroleum, and the poor man, condemned to an incessant surveillance, passed his life in the deserted, upturned paths, quite alone, not permitted to smoke, and only seeing his little son late in the evening at his home. You should have seen his moultache when he spoke of the Prussians.

Little Stenne, however, did not complain of this new life.

A seige! Nothing is more amusing for such urchins. No more school, no more studies! Holiday all the while and the streets as exciting as a fair.

The child ran about all day till night-fall. He followed the battalions of the quarter to the ramparts, choosing those that had a good band. Little Stenne was well posted on that subject. He would tell you very glibly that the 96th's band was not worth much, but that the 55th had an excellent one. Sometimes he would watch the mobiles training, and then there were the processions.

With a basket under his arm he would join in the long files that were formed in the dark, cold winter mornings, when there was no gas, before the butchers' and bakers' shops. There, with their feet in the wet, the people would make acquaintances and talk politics, and as he was Mr. Stenne's son everybody would ask him his opinion. But the most amusing of all was the afternoon games, especially the famous game of Galoché, which the Breton mobiles made the fashion during the seige. When little Stenne was not at the ramparts or baker's shop you would be sure to find him at the square of the Chateau d'Eau. He did not play, however; it needed too much money; he was satisfied in watching the players with all his eyes.

One, especially, a great fellow in a workman's blue blouse, who played only with five franc pieces, excited his admiration. When he ran one could hear the coins jingling under his blouse.

One day as he was picking up a piece that had rolled under Stenne's feet, the great fellow said to him in a low tone: "That makes you wink, hey? Well, if you like, I'll tell you where they're found."

The game over, he took him to a corner of the square and proposed that he should join him selling newspapers to the Prussians. That he would make thirty francs for every trip. At first Stenne was very indignant, and refused, and what was more he remained away from the game three days. Three terrible days. He could neither eat or sleep any more. At night he would see great heaps of galoches piled on the foot of his bed, and five-franc pieces moving over it, bright and shining. The temptation was too strong for him. The fourth day he returned to the Chateau d'Eau, saw the large fellow and was overcome.

They set out one sunny morning, a linen bag over their shoulders, and their newspapers hidden under their blouses. When they reached the Flanders gate it was yet hardly dawn.—The large fellow took Stenne by the hand and approached the sentinel—a good civilian, with a red nose and a kind air—he said to him in a plaintive tone:

"Let us pass, my good monsieur. Our mother is ill and papa is dead.—We are going to see—my little brother and I—if we can't find some potatoes to pick up in the fields."

He cried, and Stenne, who was ashamed, lowered his head. The sentinel looked at them a moment, and then giving a glance over the white deserted road, "Go quickly," said he to them, moving aside, and then they were on the road to Aubervilliers.—How the large fellow laughed.

Confusedly, as though in a dream, little Stenne saw the manufactories transformed into barracks, their courts deserted and hung with wet rags, their tall chimneys, which pierced the fog and seemed to reach the sky, fireless and battered. Now and again they would see a sentinel and officers who were looking far off through their field-glasses, and their small tents, wet with snow, which was melting before the dying fires. The large fellow knew the way and would take short cuts over the fields in order to escape the outposts. But suddenly they came upon a large body of sharpshooters too late to escape them. They were in their little cabins, hidden in a ditch half full of water, and encamped along the Soissons railway. This time, though the large fellow recommenced his tearful story, they would not let him pass. As he was lamenting, an old sergeant, white and wrinkled, and who looked like old Father Stenne, came out of the post-guard's cabin.

"Well, little ones, don't cry any more," said he to the children; "we will let you go after your potatoes, but before you leave come in and warm yourselves a little."

He looks frozen, that small boy there."

Alas! it was not with cold that little Stenne trembled; it was from fear—from shame. In the post-house they found some soldiers gathered around a small fire—a real wood's fire—by whose blaze they were thawing their biscuits on the end of their bayonets. They crowded close together so as to make room for the children. They gave them a drop of wine and a little coffee. While they were drinking an officer came to the door, called the sergeant, spoke to him in a low voice, and then quickly went away.

"Boys," said the sergeant, as he came back radiant, "there will be tobacco tonight. We have found out the Prussian's pass-word. I think this time we will take back from them that—Bourget!"

Then followed an explosion of bravos and laughter. They danced and sung and swung their sabres in the air. Profiting by the tumult, the children disappeared. Having passed the breastwork nothing remained to be crossed but the plain, at the end of which was a long white wall filled with loop-holes. They directed their steps toward this stopping every now and then, and making believe look for potatoes. "Let us return. Don't go any farther," little Stenne said all the while, but the large one only shrugged his shoulders and went on. Suddenly they heard the click of a gun being aimed at them. "Lie down," said the large boy, throwing himself on the ground. When he was down he whistled and another whistle answered him over the snow, and they went on, climbing on their hands and knees.—In front of the wall, and even with the ground, two yellow moustaches under greasy caps appeared and the large boy leaped into the ditch beside the Prussians. "That is my brother," said he, pointing to his companion.—He was so small, little Stenne, that on seeing him the Prussians began to laugh, and one of them was obliged to take him in his arms in order to lift him over the breast.

On the other side of the wall were large breast works, fallen trees and black holes in the snow, and in each one of these was the same yellow moustache and greasy cap, and there was great laughing as the soldiers saw the children pass by.

In one corner was a gardener's house, casemated with the trunks of trees, the lower part of which was full of soldiers, who were playing cards and making soup over a clear, bright fire. How good the cabbages and bacon smelt, and what a difference to the sharpshooters' bivouac! Up stairs were the officers, and they heard them playing on the piano and opening champagne bottles. When the Parisians entered the room a hurrah of joy greeted them. They gave up their newspapers, and the officers gave them something to drink and made them talk. They all had a proud, hard look, but the large boy amused them with his Parisian gaiety and grim slang. They laughed and repeated the words after him, and seemed to wallow with delight in the Parisian mud he brought them.

Little Stenne, too, would like to have talked, to prove that he was not stupid, but something embarrassed him. Opposite to him, sitting apart, was a Prussian, older and more serious than the others, who was reading, or rather seemed to read, for he never took his eyes off little Stenne, and there was in his eyes both tenderness and reproach, as though this man might have had a child of little Stenne's age at home, and as if he were saying to himself: "I would rather die than see my son doing such a thing."

And as he looked at little Stenne, the boy felt as if a hand were clutching at his heart and keeping it from beating.—To escape the anguish he began to drink, and soon everything turned around him. He heard vaguely amid loud laughs his comrade making fun of the National Guards, of their way of going through their drill, he imitated an assault of arms in the Marais, and a surprise at night on the ramparts. Then the large boy lowered his voice, the officers approached nearer to him, and their faces grew more solemn. The miserable fellow was telling them about that night's premeditated attack, of which the sharpshooters had spoken. Then little Stenne rose, furious and completely sobered: "Don't tell that, fellow, I won't have you." But the other laughed and continued: but before he had finished, the officers were all on their feet, and one of them, showing the door to the children, told them to "Begone!" and they began to talk hurriedly together in German. The large boy left the room as proud as a dog, clicking his money.

Little Stenne followed him, holding down his head, and as he was passing the Prussian whose look had so disturbed him, he heard a sad voice saying to him, "not nice, that—not nice," and the tears came to his eyes. Once more in the plain the children began to run, and returned towards Paris quickly. Their sacks were full of potatoes which the Prussians had given them, and with these they passed the sharpshooters' encampment without any trouble. They were preparing for the night attack. Troops were arriving silently, and were massed behind the wall. The old sergeant was there, busily engaged arranging his men with such a happy look. When the children passed near him he recognized them and smiled kindly on them. Oh! how badly that smile made little Stenne feel. For a moment he felt as if he should burst out crying and say to them: "Don't go there."

"We have betrayed you." But the other boy told him if he spoke a word they would be shot, and so fear kept him silent.

At Courmeve they entered an abandoned house to divide their money.—Truth compels me to say the division was honestly made, and when he heard the fine crows sounding under his blouse and thought of his future games of galoché, little Stenne felt his crime was not so dreadful after all.

But when he was alone, the unhappy child, when at the gates of the city the large boy left him, then his pockets grew heavy and the hand that had been grasping his heart held it tighter still. Paris seemed no longer the same to him; the passers by regarded him severely, as if they knew from whence he had come, and he heard the word "spy" in all the sounds of the street, and in the beating of the drums along the canal where the troops were exercising. At last he reached his home, and glad to find that his father had not yet come in, he hurried to his room and hid the crowns that were weighing so heavily under his pillow. Never had his Father Stenne been so good-humored and joyous as he was that night on coming home. Good news had been received from the provinces; the country's affairs were going better. Whilst he was eating, the old soldier looked at his gun hung on the wall, and he said to the boy, with a hearty laugh: "Hey! my son, how you would go after this!"

ASKING RAIN.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Poor flowers, I wonder not ye wilt,
So lacking rain in this high noon;
The burning sun, with scorching heat,
Destroys the beauty of your bloom.
And ye white lilla, ye are the same,
All withered are ye, bare and brown;
And parched the forest, pine and beech,
The brightened herbage yellow grown.

So feels my heart and all her store;
Her summer beauties once so fair,
The rains of love have left me now,
And pain possesses all I share.
O, welcome will the raindrops be,
New bloom will start, new life arise:
O Love! when fall thy pleasant showers,
How shall I bless the sweet surprise!

MINE CHILDHOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LEEDLE YAWOOR STRAUS."

Der schiltten they was poot in peil,
All tucked up for der night;
I takes mine pipe der mantel off,
Und by der freidreid pright
I dinks about when I was young—
Off modder, who was dead,
Und how at night—like I do Hans—
She tucked me out in peil.

I mindt me off mine fader too,
Und how he yoozt to say,
"Poor boy, you had a hardt old row
To hoe, and leedle baid!"
I find me outt dot id was drine
Vot mine oldt fader said,
Vie smooling down mine flazen hair
Und tucking me in peil.

Der oldt folk! Id was like a dream
To speak off dem like dot.
Gretchen und I was "oldt folk" now,
Und haf two schiltren got.
Ve lofes dem more as nefer vas,
Rach leedle curly head,
Und effy night ve dakes dem out
Und tucks them in their peil.

Baidt dem, sometimes, when I feels plus,
Und all dings lonesome seem,
I wish I vas dot yoozt again,
Und dis vas all a dream.
I want to kles mine modder vance,
Und when mine brayder vas said,
To haf mine fader dake me out
Und tuck me in mine peil.

—(Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine.)

THE CHILD SPY.

[From the French of Alphonse Daudet.]

His name was Stenne, little Stenne.

He was a "child of Paris" thin and pale, and was 10, perhaps 15 years old, for one can never say exactly how old these children are. His mother was dead, and his father, an ex-marine, was the guardian of a square in the quarter of the temple.

The nurses and babies, the old ladies who always carry their own folding-chairs, and the poor mothers—all that small world of Paris which seeks shelter from vehicles in those gardens that are surrounded by pavements—knew Father Stenne and loved him. They knew that under his rough moustache, which was the terror of dogs and disturbers of benches, was hidden a kind, and almost motherly smile, and that in order to bring it forth they had only to say to the good man:

"How is your little son?"

For Father Stenne loved his little son so much!

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Newspaper Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the office—whether directed to his name or not—is responsible for the payment.
2. If a person takes a paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
3. The 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.

WEST POINT.

West Point Military Academy, is noted for graduating snobs, and officers who lord it over civilians, who have paid the taxes by which these gentlemen were supported during their sojourn on the Hudson, and by whom they are to be supported in after life, as they occupy military posts of pleasure. It is true a few military men of note, like Robert E. Lee, have graduated from West Point, and have made a name for themselves and fame for the nation by their exploits. But notwithstanding this, there has been a growing impression in the minds of many, that the institution was not doing for the country what it should do, in return for the fabulous sums expended upon it. This claim of superiority made by West Pointers, has not been relished by tax-payers, and has led them to believe that the educational system was not just what it should be.

During the past few weeks, the correctness of this view has been verified by an occurrence at West Point, which has assumed a national interest. A colored cadet was found in his room, tied hand and foot, gagged, with one of his ears cut off and the other ear slit. When the young man was released, he stated that three masked men entered his room at night and thus maltreated him, remarking that he should be marked as they mark pigs, in the South. A court of inquiry was immediately called, and the first report from it was that young Whitaker did the deed himself (a la Dea. Harron of Dexter). At this the Northern newspapers howled, and demanded further investigation. This was granted, and the matter is still in hand.

So far it has been shown that the colored cadet has led a dreary life of it, at the school. His fellow students have declined to even converse with him, except when duty demanded it. They believe with the Southerners, evidently, that "this is a white man's government." Of course this state of affairs could not have existed without the knowledge of those in charge of the institution, and they are alike guilty with the students. The "plain people" of this country do not like the looks of this thing. They believe that we have now reached the point where all men are free and equal before the law, both socially and politically. If this is a specimen of the training given at West Point, the institution will be shortly abolished by a popular demand. If it is not abolished, many instructors should be placed in charge, and the next batch of students sent there should all be colored men.

The Taunton Gazette remarks: If the statement is true that 200 Northern boys succumb to 40 Southerners, the sooner that school (West Point) is squelched the better. The people ought to rise and tear down the infamous nuisance, and the 200 cowards ought to be branded with the mark of dastard or slave, so they may never be mistaken for decent representatives of the country.

In the course of his sermon last Sunday, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher spoke as follows of the outrage upon Cadet Whitaker:

"Is there so pitiable a spectacle in history as that presented at West Point? A young man is shamefully wronged and abused, and instead of being defended, he is treated as though he himself were the culprit. If a son of a statesman were in this predicament do you think he would be accused of slitting his own ears, without a shadow of proof, upon nothing in the world but theory—a theory so miserable that three-fourths of the papers of the United States put their heads upon it. Good heavens! if a young man of this kind had two daughters to West Point and said to Whitaker: 'I want you to know that there are two ladies who sympathize with you.' He would mark it as a favor, and he would be the first mark of kindness he had ever received from a white person. He would be the proud State of New York, where churches swarm, he has been treated like this. He has been as absolutely alone as though he were in a desert! I do not lay any special blame on the officers, but what a condition of affairs when there has not been moral courage enough to make any one stand by him? The newspapers have done their duty well, and I thank them in the name of God and humanity for their action. This thing is not going to live. More colored men will be sent to West Point than ever before! [Applause.] We will have them there. We have received them as citizens and they shall have the right to study and develop. They shall plead in the courts and practice medicine and be officers in the army. If white men do not like it let them leave! [Applause.] I plead here and through the press in behalf of the Chinamen, the Indian and the Negro."

A MASSACHUSETTS DELEGATE.—The Boston Post has the following editorial notice of a delegate to the Chicago Convention. Massachusetts raises a peculiar breed of Republicans. It is needless to remark that this delegate thinks Senator Blaine is not quite good enough to be the Republican candidate for President:

Of Julius H. Seelye, who is one of the Massachusetts delegates to the National Convention, a good many pleasant things can be said, but nothing more honorable than that he denounced the Great Fraud of 1876, and voted in the House of Representatives for Right, Justice and for Samuel J. Tilden for President.

Dennis Kearney had his hair cropped, and a striped robe was furnished him by the State of California, last week. He is going to work for the State for a period of time. His imprisonment was not accompanied by his predicted revolution and bloodshed. The Kearneys of Maine must be careful, or they will share a similar fate.

The Democrats of New York held their State Convention last week. Resolutions endorsing Tilden were passed, though the delegates were not instructed save to vote as a unit. The same day and at the same city, Tammany Hall Democracy held a convention, and elected delegates to the Cincinnati convention. If Tilden is the nominee, Tammany will bolt, and New York will be carried by the Republicans in November.

A "GLIMMER" FROM THE "NORTH STAR."

The North Star, the organ and paper of Dr. Parker, late of Gov. Garcelon's Council, having had much to say in relation to extravagance and improper charges made by members of former Councils, we have taken the trouble to look up the Doctor's record, with the following result:

The total amount of pay and emoluments received by Dr. Parker during his year's incumbency was \$1,616. Of this amount he receives:

For travel to attend sessions of Council, \$899
For attendance on Legislative session, 150
For 72 days attendance (the Council journal showing but 40 days), 144
Making, \$1,193

It also appears that at the last session of the Council, ending Dec. 31, he was not present a single day, yet on the 5th day of January, 1880, he was allowed \$79 for his attendance at that session. He was also paid \$23 for time and expenses visiting State Liquor Agency, April 21, 22 and 23, the Council then being in session, and he receiving pay for attendance on the same.

He also received pay for time and expenses on "Special Committee"—on what service not stated—in Dec. '79—on the Council being then in session from Nov. 26, till Dec. 31, inclusive, \$70

He was also paid for:

Visit to Insane Hospital at June meeting, 48
For same in July, 48
" " " Sept., 48
" " " at other times, 94
Visit to Prison and Reform School in Sept., 31
Visit to Liquor Agency as above, 23
Add footing given above, 1,193

Amounting in all to \$1,485

As he gives no dates to the above named visits, it does not appear whether or not they were made during the session of the Council, while being paid for his attendance thereon, but judging from the above bills when the dates are given, they doubtless were. In addition to these, he received for six copies of the "North Star" at the State House, \$12

and for advertising in the same, 1,485

Add footing above, \$1,485

Making in all the nice little sum of \$1,616 for his share of the "emoluments." Perhaps the Doctor, through the "North Star" will explain the mode, adopted by the Council, of "tabulating" their accounts so that they were paid for being in two places at the same time, as well as, also, as being in places where they were not, and also tell who it was that conceived the brilliant project of "whipping the devil around the stump," so as to get double mileage for the Legislative session by adjourning before the close of the session of Legislature and then holding another session so that mileage could be charged for both sessions. "Twinkle, twinkle, little Star," and illuminate this dark subject.

I have received a speech of Congressman Ladd, in which he has much to say of the leading taxation imposed upon the people, particularly the laboring men, by the national government. Please explain the mode in which the United States raises its revenue, and for what it is expended.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The United States does not impose direct taxes, as States and municipalities do, but indirect taxes—in the form of duties on imported goods; and in the form of internal taxes on liquor, tobacco, banks, medicines, stamps and matches. The most of the duties are collected on sugar, silks, linens, laces, wines and brandies, fine cottons and woollens, and dress goods, diamonds, gloves, cigars,—for the most part articles of luxury used by persons of means, and not necessities used by laborers. No ordinary necessity of life, except sugar, pays any duty or tax into the federal treasury. The receipts into the federal treasury the last fiscal year were as follows:

From Duties on Imports, \$187,250,047
From Taxes on Liquor, Tobacco and Banks, 113,561,610
From Sales of Public Lands, 24,730
From Miscellaneous Receipts, 21,000,744
Total Receipts, \$337,542,411

This revenue was expended as follows:

For War Debt and Pensions, \$147,324,674
For Other Purposes, 190,217,736
\$337,542,411

It will thus be seen that considerably more than half of the national revenue has gone to pay the cost of putting down the rebellion, which Mr. Ladd's Southern political friends inaugurated. If Mr. Ladd knows of any other method in which this revenue can be raised so as to be less felt by the people, we shall be glad to hear of it.—*Lexington Journal*.

CONGRESSIONAL CANDIDATE.—A writer in the Newport Times, nominates Capt. Chas. A. Boutelle, editor of the Bangor Whig as a candidate for Congress in that district. We hope the Republicans will select him as their standard bearer. Mr. Boutelle is just such a man as we need in Congress. We don't want any more doughfaces sent to Washington. We want men who are not afraid to face the rebel Brigadiers and give them shot for shot. Boutelle is just the man for that business; nor is that his only qualification, by a long chalk.

THE NEW EXODUS.—The announcement is made from Washington that the exodus in the South is assuming vast proportions, and that 100,000 colored people are already organized to go to New Mexico shortly. They are divided into bands, which none can enter save such as have means to defray traveling expenses and buy home-stands. The company, of which ex-Governor Newell of New Jersey is president, has bought up large tracts of land in Arizona and New Mexico, and has means subscribed by business men to carry out the practical working of the plan. The small farms are to be sold to the emigrants on terms that will save to them a large amount, compared to what it would cost them otherwise. Nothing but unjust and cruel treatment could cause such an exodus of colored people.

AGAINST TILDEN.—There is a strong organized movement in the Democratic party against the renomination of Samuel J. Tilden as candidate for President. We are constantly receiving marked copies of Democratic papers filled with reasons why he should not be the nominee. A whole broadside of a daily, last week, contained interviews with Congressmen, concerning the matter. Nearly all were opposed to his nomination. The case seems to be a bad one. Tilden says if he is not nominated New York shall not be carried by the Democrats. Tammany makes the same threat if he is nominated. It is pretty safe now to set New York down in the Republican column.

POLITICAL NOTES.

—It is said that the illness of Senator Grover of Oregon is so serious a matter that it is more than probable he will never appear in his seat again.

—Ex-Councilor Parker of the Garcelon Council received \$75 for traveling 375 miles between November 22 and November 24. He was present at Augusta both these days, and the intervening day was Sunday.

—Mr. Pitman Pulsifer, the sworn stenographer of the Maine committee, has finished transcribing his notes taken before the committee. The work makes sixteen hundred pages of foolscap closely written. The testimony of Ex-Gov. Garcelon makes five hundred and nineteen pages.

—We do not say that the Norway New Religion will be worse than other Fusion papers; but so long as it will lie as bad as the worst of them, we suggest that it had better dispense with its editorial "talk to Sunday School scholars." Its zeal in the service of the devil more than neutralizes its pretense of serving the Lord.—*Both Times*.

—Senator Voorhees has spent \$25,000 in proving that the negro exodus is due entirely to the inhuman treatment of the negroes in the South. This is not what he started out for. He was what every man who has studied the question knew at the outset he would do. This report will not be used as a Democratic campaign document.—*New York Tribune*.

—Mr. Cook of Georgia (Democrat) having remarked that whoever participated in the House debate on the "rider" forbidding the use of troops to keep peace at the polls, from the Democratic side, "should be shot," Mr. Cowgill of Indiana (Republican) came very properly from a Representative of a district where, through fear and political terrorism, only 2628 votes were cast, and not one against the Democratic candidate. Well put.

—Senator-elect Mahone of Virginia has written a private letter, in which he says that that State, with its vast resources, has lived long enough politically under the State Rights resolutions of 1776, and since under that policy has degenerated politically and grown poorer materially, and that the people of Virginia have already seen enough of the reactionary policy of the Democratic party to disgust all progressive men. He further declares that Virginia and, in fact, the whole South, has been tolling long enough for the benefit of a few Northern Democrats, and that it is now proposed by himself and his friends to take a bold progressive step to unite the fortunes of Virginia with the prosperous element in the North. Gen. Mahone's friends in Washington say that he will lead the future Republican party in Virginia, and that he has received encouragement from many of the leading citizens of the State, who have hitherto affiliated with the Democratic party.

MAINE METHODISTS.—At the State Conference, held in Saco last week, the following appointments were made for Oxford County:

Kezar Falls—S. D. Brown,*
Fryeburg and Stow—John Collins,*
Oxford and Welchville—Supplied by Geo. E. Hannaford.
South Paris and Norway—E. W. Sims.
Paris and Woodstock—E. G. Gory, Jr.,
Bethel, West Bethel and Gilcat—T. Hillman.
Mason, North Norway and Albany—Supplied by A. H. Witham.
South Waterford and Sweden—N. D. Center.*

Brignton and Denmark—O. M. Cousens.*
Ladd and To be supplied.
Rumford—
Newry, Hanover, Sandy River, Errol and Magalloway—Supplied by J. Moulton.
Bryant's Pond—Supplied by Ira G. Sprague.

The stars indicate reappointments.

WILL NOT RETURN SOUTH.—Solomon Butler, one of the Louisiana negroes who went to Kansas for liberty, writes to his old employers, who offered to pay his expenses back if he would go, that he has a home where he is safe, and is in a country where he can earn his bread and vote as he chooses. The writer adds: "I can never forget the horrible scene of Oct 1876, and especially the horrible night when I was marched from the house that I lived in to that of James Stafford with guns at my back and was forced to brack open the door where he Stafford then lay wounded and bleeding and though he was a neighbor I had to stand and witness the shooting and cutting the throat of that man and was expecting every minute to be shot, then the breaking up of the Republican meeting on the 13th of last October convinced me that things were getting no better but worse."

NO FUSION.—In 1879, Solon Chase opposed fusion at the Greenback Conventions. He afterwards succumbed to the pressure, and worked for the allied forces. He made nothing out of the contest, and now his paper is bitterly opposed to fusion. He writes: "What good has the Democratic party ever done the Greenback out? Did that do us any good?" Fogg, who was the only one spoken Greenback last year, however, favors fusion this year. He made something out of his position on the council.

THE PRESIDENCY.

MR. BLAINE WILL NOT ACCEPT HIS SECOND PLACE ON THE TICKET.

BOSTON, April 23.—A Washington special to the Journal says that Blaine's attention having been called this morning to a resolution adopted by the Virginia Republican convention, requesting him to accept an inquiry into its authorship and the basis of its statements. The author is Col. Albert W. Tourgee, who graduated at Rochester University in 1862, and immediately went into the Union Army, enlisting in the 14th New York Volunteers. He was seriously wounded at Bull Run and discharged, but subsequently he enlisted in the 105th Ohio, and was in the latter part of the war he served on the staff of Gen. Thomas. Dr. Anderson, the President of the University, remembers Tourgee as one of the most promising men in the class. At the close of the war Tourgee went to North Carolina to make it his home. Mr. Nixon, who was in the South with Tourgee, has given the Tribune a long account of the career of Tourgee in the South. He says that the "Fool's Errand" for the most part is the autobiography of the author. Indeed, there is scarcely an incident which is not a literal fact. So much of the book as relates to its ostracism in the South, the peculiarities of the leading characters in the book, the attempt to murder himself, and the accounts of the murder of several white Republicans and colored men in the book are actual facts. In several instances the names of the victims are given with slight variations. Col. Tourgee, Judge of the Superior Court of the 7th Judicial District, of North Carolina, and in that capacity he had an opportunity to learn the minds of the people at that time—1870 to 1873. Col. Tourgee left North Carolina several years since, but he is well remembered in the vicinity of home. Mr. Nixon says that the people in that vicinity are so familiar with the incidents contained in the book that it is read with interest by them. Col. Tourgee's family now reside in Denver. He is the author of two or three less pretentious books—*Torment, Figs and Thistles* and the *Merry-Ground*. He is now at work upon a novel, the plot of which is based upon the Southern exodus.

AN EXCURSION TO CHICAGO.—The Blaine Club held a meeting at the Augusta House, Tuesday evening, to perfect arrangements for attending the Chicago Convention. The Executive Committee reported that the excursion had been made for as far as cost \$30 per car or \$24.50 including sleeping cars. The hotel accommodations at Chicago will cost \$3 to \$4 per day.

—We have received from Hon. E. C. Farrington, Valuation Commissioner for Oxford County, a table showing the valuation of all our towns, and the returns made by assessors for the next decade. We shall publish this, next week. It is a matter of great interest to all our people.

—Fogg's Chronicle offers to give every new subscriber a copy of "Nearer, My God to Thee." The offer is signed, Fogg, Blood & Co.

—The attention of teachers is called to notice of examination in Paris, which appears in our advertising columns.

TEMPERANCE IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

The introducing of temperance as a subject for study into the Sabbath Schools was projected some three years ago by the local W. C. T. U., and has now become State and National, and is being received with more favor than formerly. There has been a great objection with many, from there being no day except the Review Sunday on which temperance exercises could be used, and many hardly considered it wise to dispense with the Review. Now that trouble is obviated.

At the last session of the International Committee, which met at Atlanta, Ga., after repeated solicitations, consented to leave the thirteenth Sunday of each quarter open for temperance, if the school so desire. The Maine W. C. T. U. now are anxious to have the Sabbath Schools throughout the State adopt the systematic plan which has proved successful in other places where it has been tried.

The plan is very simple it asks for no organization and is attended with no extra expense unless the school wish different exercises than are prepared by the publishers of S. S. Lessons. All do not furnish these lessons, but many do, and in some schools they substitute original exercises, which we think very favorable. What is asked of the Superintendent is, that a lady be appointed as Temperance Secretary; that each class shall have a class pledge paper, and have it presented each quarter Sunday; that the exercises be temperance; and that a report be made at each quarter to the chairman of the State Committee; as will be seen it is very simple, yet if adopted will be found to prove successful from being systematic.

The Committee labor under a difficulty from not being able to ascertain the Superintendents' addresses, and should any one upon seeing this article be willing to adopt the plan, the writer will be happy to furnish the printed plan with blanks for reporting and pledges for the classes free of expense upon application.

Mrs. W. H. STICKNEY,
East Brownfield,
Maine.

TEACHERS' MEETING.—The third annual session of the Maine State Teachers' Association, will be held at the hall of Waterville Classical Institute, May 6 and 7, 1880. Excursion tickets for the round trip, will be furnished for one fare, over the following railroads: Maine Central and its branches, Knox & Lincoln, Bangor & Piscataquis. Other roads may do the same, though not yet heard from. An excellent programme has been arranged for the occasion.

BARNUM AND BRIGH.—It takes a very sharp man to get ahead of P. T. Barnum, as Mr. Henry Brigh has just found out. Mr. Brigh thought the performance through which the horse described as Salamander on the bills is nightly put must be barbarously cruel. He accordingly obtained an injunction, which was entrusted for service to a minion of the law. When the time came for Salamander to leap through the ring of fire, the said minion, upon stepping forward to deliver the legal bolt, was considerably surprised to learn that Mr. Barnum, upon that occasion only, would go through the performance in person. He was as good as his word, and Mr. Brigh's deputy retired in confusion.

LITERARY NOTES.

—Messrs. B. B. Russell & Co., 57 Cornhill, Boston, have issued a map of Maine, 23x33 inches, at the low price of 60 cents per copy, which is designed to place it in the reach of every school. It is mounted on rollers and varnished, and will be found very convenient for office or home use.

—Many years ago the literary world was electrified by the appearance of a remarkable novel called "Rutledge," by an unknown American writer, and now a new novel by the same author, entitled *Missy*, will be published by G. W. Carleton & Co., with which is connected a wide circulation as did the former volume, which sold over 50,000 copies.

—Camille Flammarion, the well-known writer on astronomical subjects, is publishing a series of articles in the Paris *Voltaire*, called "Religion in the Presence of Astronomy," in which he scouts the idea of the Biblical narrative. He says: "The Christian system was a naive one, invented in an epoch of absolute ignorance, when man was allowed to fancy himself in the centre of the world, to create God in his own image and to imagine universal history reduced to the proportions of an episode on an ant hill."

—Noah Brooks, author of "The Fairport Nine," the serial base-ball story which is to be begun in the May St. *Nicholas*, is one of the editors of the New York *Times*. He will be remembered on the Pacific Coast, as "Captain" of the Washington correspondent of the Sacramento *Union* in war times, and as managing editor for some years of the *Alta Californian*. Boys and girls will know him best as the author of "The Boy Emigrants," which appeared as a serial in *St. Nicholas* for 1876. Mr. Brooks was born and reared in a business man in New York city, and was in Maine a senator of the Penobscot Bay; and therefore it is not impossible that the "Fairport" of his new story may prove to bear some likeness to that favored town.

—The notice which the novel entitled "A Fool's Errand" has attracted has led to an inquiry into its authorship and the basis of its statements. The author is Col. Albert W. Tourgee, who graduated at Rochester University in 1862, and immediately went into the Union Army, enlisting in the 14th New York Volunteers. He was seriously wounded at Bull Run and discharged, but subsequently he enlisted in the 105th Ohio, and was in the latter part of the war he served on the staff of Gen. Thomas. Dr. Anderson, the President of the University, remembers Tourgee as one of the most promising men in the class. At the close of the war Tourgee went to North Carolina to make it his home. Mr. Nixon, who was in the South with Tourgee, has given the Tribune a long account of the career of Tourgee in the South. He says that the "Fool's Errand" for the most part is the autobiography of the author. Indeed, there is scarcely an incident which is not a literal fact. So much of the book as relates to its ostracism in the South, the peculiarities of the leading characters in the book, the attempt to murder himself, and the accounts of the murder of several white Republicans and colored men in the book are actual facts. In several instances the names of the victims are given with slight variations. Col. Tourgee, Judge of the Superior Court of the 7th Judicial District, of North Carolina, and in that capacity he had an opportunity to learn the minds of the people at that time—1870 to 1873. Col. Tourgee left North Carolina several years since, but he is well remembered in the vicinity of home. Mr. Nixon says that the people in that vicinity are so familiar with the incidents contained in the book that it is read with interest by them. Col. Tourgee's family now reside in Denver. He is the author of two or three less pretentious books—*Torment, Figs and Thistles* and the *Merry-Ground*. He is now at work upon a novel, the plot of which is based upon the Southern exodus.

MASONIC.

To furnish a complete history of Blazing Star Lodge of F. & A. Masons, we desire some relative or acquaintance of the persons named below, to send a few of the most important facts relating to their lives to Henry W. Park, Mexico. We would like to know where and when born, where most of their life was spent, occupation, when and where they became Masons, and when and where they died. Although it might not be used, we would be glad to know what offices they held. Perhaps it would be well to state who they married—in fact, give us a short but definite memoir of their lives. Desiring this information we thought you would willingly give us space for this in your paper. The names we give are these:

Joseph K. White, Wm. Wheeler, Joseph Larkin, Ingalls Bragg, Farnam Abbott, Henry Farwell, Winthrop Knight, Jonah Hall, Tillotson Hall, Obadiah Kimball, Abel Wheeler, Jonathan Holman, David H. Farnam, Joseph Adams, Francis Cushman, Jr., Moses Kimball, Jr., Gleason Ellis, Phineas Howard, Moses Abbott, James L. Bragg, Curtis P. Howe, Enos Bragg, Elijah Spear, Aaron Stevens, Moses Kimball, Benjamin Flint, John Kimball, Stephen G. Stevens, Samuel Rolfe, David Kimball, Freeborn G. Bartlett, Cotton Elliott, Coleman Godwin, Ephraim Marble, Silas Barnard, Alvin Bolster, Joseph Holland, Jr., Isaac Gleason, Joseph Yetten, Jonathan Powers, Abraham Howe, Enoch Abbott, Nathan Knapp, Elliott Spear, Moses Merrill, Ezekiel Hutchings, Jr., Joseph H. Wardwell, Eliza Bennett, James Russ, Erastus H. Bourne, Charles A. Kimball, Daniel H. Crockett, Dennis Gillett, Aaron Graham, Eben Webster, Joshua Graham, James V. Poor, James N. Brickett, Caleb Besse, John S. Bates, Nathl B. Crockett, James F. Abbott, Aaron J. Abbott, Alden Chase, Job Pratt, Edmund Estes, Edward A. Boyd, Benj. W. Tingley, John Stockbridge, Asa Austin, Alvah Hobbs, Jonathan Blake, William Frost, Joseph Sanborn, Francis Swan, Amos Andrews, Francis M. Kimball, Benj. Poor, Joshua Graham, Jr., Hosea B. Bisbee, Sylvanus Learned, Algernon L. Cole, Walter N. Barton, Benj. Garland, George G. Bragg, Samuel R. Chapman, Solomon Cushman, W. B. Boyd, Horatio G. Rust, Benj. Brown, Rev. John Jones, Hiram I. Cummings, Wm. Howe, Rev. Mathias Taylor, I. L. Fraser, John R. Briggs.

All the foregoing are shown to have been connected with this lodge at some time between 1819 and 1845. Any one knowing any of the parties named, will confer a favor by sending the data asked for, or a part of them; I hope to receive an early response. Do not wait for some one other than yourself to furnish it. We would like data of similar character regarding all the members of the lodge that have become such since 1850. Among this last mentioned class very many are now living and will see this; let them attend to furnishing the material called for at an early day, and oblige. Send communications to HENRY W. PARK, MEXICO.

FULL THEM UP.—Now is the time to get rid of the burdocks. As the frost is coming out of the ground the earth is loosened from the roots, and they very readily come out with a slight pull. A child can easily pull them out, though the roots may be two feet long.

LENOX.

OXFORD COUNTY LOCALS.

ANDOVER.—Some of our young men are going West. Walter Abbott went Monday.

Farmers have commenced hiring their help for the season, paying \$12 to \$18 per month.—*Lexington Journal*.

BETHEL, April 22.—The average temperature for March was 30°, being about 1° colder per day than March of 1879. We had about 11 inches of snow during the month. The ground is now, April 20th, nearly bare, but the cool nights are rather unfavorable to the grass roots.

Sugar making has been rather slow, but last week we had cooler nights and the run is a little better. Mr. Timothy L. Jewett has made one hundred and sixty gallons of syrup, and is the boss sugar maker in this section. Potato John is close to his heels.

Some farmers are a little short of hay, but others appear to have a supply.

Mr. Freeman Crosby has a hen that produced him an egg weighing one-fourth of a pound. Who beats that?

Mr. S. P. Bartlett has sold his farm to Mr. Benjamin Bryant for forty-one hundred and seventy-five dollars. Mr. Bartlett is going to move to Mississippi.

Hiram Hodson, esq., has sold his saw-mill at South Bethel to Mr. W. H. Goddard for \$1500. Mr. Hodson is about putting machinery into his new steam mill for sawing staves and salt boxes. He intends to have his mill in running order in a few days.

Everybody is on the qui vive for a railroad from Bethel to Andover. The location now being agitated is, commencing at or near Bethel Station, passing down on the east side of the Androscoggin River through Middle Intervale, crossing the river at Hemlock Island into the town of Hanover, thence down the river on the west side through Hanover village, then up Ellis River on the west side to Andover Corner, thence up Sawyer's Brook to Lake Umbagog. This is claimed to be the most feasible route, being some two miles nearer than from Bryant's Pond to Andover. The distinguishing feature of this route is the ever varying and attractive intervals along the Androscoggin. The tributaries of the Great River, as the people call it, present the same characteristics, and thus the whole route from Bethel to Andover is a region of productive intervals and mountains and river.

Last Wednesday evening the members of Bethel Grange met for the first time in their new hall, on Railroad Street. After business for the evening was accomplished, John Swan, one of the leading members, put up a long table several large pans filled with sparkling snow crystals, and in the center set a kettle full of hot maple sugar, inviting all present to help themselves, and for about one hour everything passed off sweetly. The Grange have made arrangements to have an oyster and pastry supper on Wednesday evening, May 5th, in their hall.

The Bethel Cornet Band are making arrangements for a concert, which will be in Patten's Hall in about two weeks. Notice will be daily given.

Mr. A. B. Stevens, who opened a hardware store on Main Street one year ago, is doing a good business. The class of stores

he keeps on hand takes the lead in this section. Mr. Stevens is agent for the Warren Mower and Randall Harrow. Give him a call.

BYRON, April 23.—Reuben Richmond put in about 1,300,000 ft. of Spruce.

"Uncle Ben Cole" has bought the farm lately occupied by M. Hodson who has moved to Andover.

The leading idea about our dams seems to be, "Which of us can get the most money out of them?"

"Gib" Hodson is to move onto his farm soon.

Sometimes we have a lawsuit for amusement.

FAYEBOURNE.—The P. & O. engines are starting their usual number of fires in this vicinity. Fires Thursday run over considerable ground on the hill at the head of the village, and caused much alarm for the village. If the road will put on two or three men to follow trains in the woods near here much damage might be stayed.

J. B. Fellows has applied for patent on his improvement on bobbin machine, said by machinists to be of great saving in time and material.

Not as sickly as it has been.

GILEAD.—The Boston Advertiser says that the discovery of clear white mica at Gilead and the success with which it is being quarried, add another interest to the mineral wealth of this State. For sixty-five years, the major part of the mica used has been secured from one mine in New Hampshire and one other in North Carolina, so that prices have ranged from eighty cents a pound for the smallest stove sizes upward. The new mica quarry now brought to light is on Peaked Hill on the Androscoggin river, three miles north of the West Bethel station on the Grand Trunk road. The property has been visited by some of the best geologists in the country, who have been employed by a number of the leading business men of Portland, and the vein is reported to be from five to eight feet thick for three hundred feet, with surface indications that it continued equally rich about one-half mile further. The mica is a clear dead white, free from flecks and cracks, and is taken out in sheets as thin as writing paper up to fifteen and twenty inches square. The property has been worked for two months, and the best of mercantile mica, in sizes 3x1 1/2 feet secured. A company to be known as the Maine Mica Mining Company is being organized by Portland people.

HEBRON, April 21.—Last night the Rev. Mr. Lewis of Canton delivered a lecture in the chapel. Subject, the Rocky Mountains. The lecture was very entertaining and the attendance good. Mr. Lewis has lived at Canyon City three years, and would advise Maine boys to think twice before leaving home to go there, with the expectation of making their fortunes.

HIRAM.—Mr. N. B. Hubbard has bought the stock of goods in the store now occupied by T. B. Seavey & Co., and will take possession of the same May 1st. Mr. H. formerly served our citizens in this capacity in an accepted manner, and he will doubtless do so again.

Mr. J. L. Kimball and family, in addition to farm operations, propose to conduct a first-class boarding house the coming season in Poland, near the celebrated spring in that town. Success to them.

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