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The Oxford Democrat

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**MALT AND HOPS BITTERS**  
MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM,  
OF LYNN, MASS.

That is just it. I was a tramp! In the light of to-day I hate to admit it, but I must. I had been a machinist, with a pretty, gentle wife, good wages, pleasant home; and then the hard times came. Hard enough they were to millions beside me, but I did not think of them. I had more means than many others I knew—food, if it was coarse, fire enough for warmth—but what I wanted, cried out for, raged that I could not get, was delicate living and luxuries for Annie, for she was dying. I know now nothing could have saved her; consumption is helpless and hopeless; but one day when I went to the Charleston steamer the day she sailed, to adjust some little matter in the machinery that they thought out of gear, I saw the wife of one of the firm for whom I worked uptown brought on board to go to Florida for the winter.

She looked a little like Annie; her eyes were clear and gray, too, and her face was sweet. She was wrapped in soft shawls and lying back in a chair carried by two servants; a kind-faced nurse was with her, and her husband beside her. I had a glimpse at her stateroom as I passed through the cabin, for they were arranging it so that she might be settled before the rest of the passengers came aboard. It was like a nest, crowded with comfort. If I could have stolen that fur-lined cloak and that swinging chair I would have done it; as it was I grieved.

What had this woman done to have all, and my patient wife to have nothing? I kept thinking of all this; brooding day and night as wages grew lower and work less, and Annie faded away. She was a good woman, that wife of mine, and not a bit afraid to die; but she was afraid to leave me in furious bitterness of my condition then.

One day I came home and found her paler than ever. I had brought her an orange, but she could not taste it. I sat down by the lounge and she put her thin, white hands in mine.

"Frank," she said, in a whisper, "when I am dead try to be good; try to know God. I couldn't talk about it, dear, but I have prayed. God is good, Frank. I know it. I am going home. I could not bear this. I did not believe in it. God good, and Annie dying, while that other woman was saved by the money I had as good a right to have as Jim Lawrence! I knew afterward that all the luxuries he lavished on his wife were as useless as the coarse shawl and common food I gave mine. She died before Annie, and away from him. I stooped down to kiss my wife and stop her from such talk. Her lips were cold; her hot hand grew chill in mine; her great gray eyes looked at me with one bright look of love, and then closed. Annie had gone away."

It was May when the Iridion works closed, but I had not worked there for two months. I had lived on what few dollars I had left after Annie was buried, and now then I got a porter's job, for I was as strong as a horse. Still, I always expected to go back to the work if the worst came to the worst, and when they closed up for want of orders I felt as if I had nothing to stay in the city for, and like a great many others I gave up my mind that since I was born into the world it should give me a free living. I went on the tramp.

It was just as I liked it at first; it was a great while before I could sleep well in a barn, or under an old rusty haystack, but I had got enough left to persist, and the lazy life, the fresh air, the trees, and the creatures, all so different from the grimy shop and dirty streets, did seem amazingly pleasant. I suppose this sort of life changed me inwardly, too. I got to feel more like a wild beast. I liked to see women shut and lock the door when they saw me come into the yard, and hand out the food I asked for through the window. How I used to rage then! I don't wonder. I was big, ragged, and full of bad thoughts that showed out in my face and ran over at my lips. I would not have stopped at knocking down any man who came across my way, but they generally let me alone. After while I got a revolver. It was never loaded, but it was just as good to frighten women with, and many a one felted me warm food and drink when I let them see it. I did like to see them turn white and shiver. I was so angry with everything that I liked to terrify and hurt everybody I could. "Hateful and hating one another," that is about as near my state then as I can tell it.

So I tramped all summer. I did not think often of Annie. I didn't like to go for good and sufficient reasons. By September I had got 'way into Vermont, among the hills, and began to think I must work back to the city, when one day I stopped at an old red farmhouse between Tyson and Ludlow to get some dinner.

There was a little sort of stoop built out under the roof of the ell part, and the kitchen door opened into it. There was a row of bright milk-pans standing against the wall, to sun, and a bunch of two herbs hanging up by the door. A great, yellow cat ran away when I saw me, and eyed me from under a bench in the woodshed. It was a poor place enough, but looked thrifty and comfortable. I knocked, and a young woman opened the door directly. I never saw such a steady face; her eyes were brown, and looked straight at you like a robin's; her mouth was as pure and clean as a child's, and her firm cheeks showed a healthy, even color of pink. Her hair was so tidy, so shining, her calico gown and check apron so perfectly neat that she seemed somehow as if she was just new every day. I did not say anything at once, for I felt so dirty and so bad the minute I looked at her.

"Well," she said, in a cool sort of voice, "do you want anybody?" "I want something to eat," said I, gruffly.

"We never give to tramps," she answered, without any change of tone. "I've got to have it," said I, as crossly as I could.

"We have nothing for you," said she, quite unmoved.

"Come, hurry up! I've got to have my dinner, and you'd better get it for me pretty quick," I called out with an oath, taking out my pistol and handling it as a threat.

Her eyes grew a little darker at that, and she smiled; she was not scared a mite; she only said, quietly: "If any man shall not work neither shall he eat."

"That may be your opinion, miss, but it isn't mine. The world owes me a living and I'm bound to have it," I growled back.

The Bold Lemvig Peasant.

On an arm of the blue Lyndford, Where the painted boats float down, Like La Loche, in a valley, Lies the little Danish town—

Lemvig—with its red-roofed houses, With its sand fields low and bare, With the convent on the hill-top, And the bell-tower in the air.

In the old time, the Norsemen Over the plains of Jutland came, Till the walls of Denmark trembled At the sound of Odin's name.

Many a fair-haired Danish mother, Rocked her children, singing tales Of the Scandinavian heroes, Warriors of the mythic values.

Heroes that in stormy battle, Kneel deep in the crimson tide, Hasting to the plains of Vigrid, In their armor nobly died.

And it chanced a Lemvig peasant, Nurtured in those deeds of old, Gave his brave young life for Lemvig; To this day the deed is told.

In the ancient wars with Sweden, When the enemy came down, Fast, with fire and steel, the looms Rode the way to Lemvig town.

One, upon a charger mounted, To a peasant in the field Shouted, "Show the way to Lemvig!" Bearing his brazen shield.

Swiftly to the saddle leaping, Gerd, son of Datta, sped; Straight away he rode from Lemvig To the bend of Koninghead.

Ducker told the dusky twilight, As to heaven he breathed his prayer; Fainter came the chiming of Lemvig From the bell-tower in the air.

On his trembling horse he guided, Up the steep and dizzy height, Like a steady burning lantern From a farmhouse gleamed a light.

On to Lemvig! Let us hasten! Close beside him came the foe. With one deadly charge, the rider Plunged into the depth below.

On they came, the Swedish tomen! On they rode into the night! On they fell, by hundreds numbered, Leaping from the rocky height!

With the bells of morning ringing O'er the fair and quiet plain, All the loss of Lemvig slumbered, Never to awake again.

To this day the deed is cherished; Once a day, with song and prayer, The brave peasant's name is sounded From the bell-tower in the air.

—Baldwin's Monthly.

**A TRAMP.**

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"We have nothing for you," said she, quite unmoved.

"Come, hurry up! I've got to have my dinner, and you'd better get it for me pretty quick," I called out with an oath, taking out my pistol and handling it as a threat.

Her eyes grew a little darker at that, and she smiled; she was not scared a mite; she only said, quietly: "If any man shall not work neither shall he eat."

"That may be your opinion, miss, but it isn't mine. The world owes me a living and I'm bound to have it," I growled back.

"How so?" she answered. "What have you done for the world to put it in your debt?"

I couldn't answer this question; it was like a blow in the face; so I swore again and demanded some dinner.

"I shall not give you any," she said, quite as calmly as ever. "If you were sick, or feeble, or crippled, helpless in any way, it would be different; you are a strong, likely man, and you can earn your living just as well as I can."

I looked at her slight, straight figure. "Do you work for a living?" I asked.

"Yes; I have worked ever since I was six years old. I was bound out then, and I worked at whip-braiding. I haven't any relations—any near ones I mean; there is nobody to take care of me. I have to work, and I am glad I can."

I swore a very common oath, calling on God to punish me if I would stand that if I were she.

Her face flushed. "Don't do that again!" she said. "If you want to be lost call upon Satan; he hears such requests gladly. God is your Father; He does not like to punish you even if you ask Him to; He'd ever so much rather forgive you."

I never was so taken aback. "Look here," I said, after a moment, "don't you think it's outrageous that a pretty-behaved girl like you should be working for a living when there's thousands of women no better than you are rolling in their carriages?"

"No, God put me here and them there. God knows best."

"Well, you seem to think God knows a good deal. I claim to know something myself; and I believe folks all have equal rights."

"Do you?" she said, "so do I; some rights. Right to get ready to die and to serve God while we live."

She stepped out of the door and picked up a red leaf from the grass.

"Can you make such a leaf as that?" she asked, holding it out to me.

Why, I knew I couldn't, and so did she. "I'll give you a leaf as good as that," I said, "if you'll give me a leaf as good as that."

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About God; well, if there was a God he must know more than I did or he couldn't be God; perhaps I had made a mistake after all.

Jim Lawrence must be a rich man because he had more brains than I, with the same chances; and who was to blame about the brains?

I sat down by the little pond there was near by and fell to thinking, when all of a sudden I looked down in the water and saw a tramp, a big, dirty, ragged tramp.

Good Lord, it was me! I wonder that the girl had spoken to me at all, and then I thought what Annie would have said to me like that.

The blood seemed to come to my head. I tried to be honest inside, and looked things square in the eye. I could not help seeing how little good I had done myself by leaving work.

Used to be a good-looking sort of a fellow when I was cleaned up of a Sunday, not like this great brute staring up at me out of the still water.

I couldn't do much that minute, but I could wash my face and I did.

It was just a beginning, you see; then I got up on my feet and tramped off toward Ludlow. An old woman a mile further on gave me some bread and milk, because I asked civilly I suppose, and by night I had got on to the station next below Ludlow, and seeing some hands at work loading up a freight car I put in and helped. One of them gave me my supper for that, and let me sleep in a barn; it did seem better than begging.

The next day I sold my revolver and got a jacket, and before long got a place on the freight line where I could work my passage back to the city; I could get a lodging there I knew, for I had two dollars left after buying the jacket. I found the Iridion works shut up still, but I hunted out Mr. Lawrence. I told him all about it—but that girl—and he gave me hand such a grasp.

"My wife's gone, too," he said; and then he sort of choked. Somehow for all he was a rich man with a great house, and a poor tramp, there seemed to be something we had together.

I remembered his wife's great sad eyes, and her tired face; money hadn't saved her after all, and his business kept him from home; he didn't have hold of her hand when she died.

Well, he sort of cleared his throat then, and he said: "I'm just going to dinner, Reed; come around to my office on Front street in the morning, and I'll find you a job."

And he said it so heartily like I knew he meant it.

He was as good as his word. I got work from him right off, and after a while, when I could buy decent clothes, I took to going to meeting; for I could not get what that girl said, when I swore, out of my head.

I have got a Bible, too. I know Annie would like that; but I had to shut it up quick one day when it opened at a sentence about "the horrible pit and the miry clay." I had been there myself, you see.

Sometimes, when I have laid up a little money—and I guess it won't be long first, for when all is said and done I never was one to drink nor yet to gamble—I mean to go up to Vermont and find that girl, and maybe I can have a home. I hope she won't know me any more. I hate to hide anything from her clean, clear eyes; but I don't see how I ever can tell her that I was that tramp.

**Oriental Physicians.**  
The Oriental physicians are the great quacks in the world. Take the following specimen of their profundity:

An emir, supposed to have the hereditary gift of healing, prescribed for a patient, an upholsterer, lying at death's door with the typhus fever. The next day he called to see his patient and he found, to his astonishment, that he had given him up, that he was much better. On inquiring into the particulars the convalescent told the emir that, being consumed with thirst, he had drunk a pailful of the juice of pickled cabbage!

"Allah is great!" cried the emir, and down went the fact on his tablets.

The doctor was soon after called upon to attend another patient, a dealer in embroidered handkerchiefs, who was ill of the same disease—typhus fever. Of course he prescribed a pailful of pickled cabbage juice. The next day he heard that the sufferer was dead, whereupon he made the following entry upon his books:

"Although, in cases of typhus fever, pickled cabbage juice is an efficient remedy, it must in no case be used unless the patient is an upholsterer."

It was evident to the Eastern sage that his patient died because it was his misfortune to deal in handkerchiefs instead of sofa coverings.

**Bread Making.**  
It is sufficient, as is done in Europe, to thoroughly mold and knead the dough but once, put in the pans, carefully watch its rising, and when at the right point to bake it, securing sweet bread and not that from sour dough, which can never be made sweet. This of course implies no use of soda, since it is not needed when the dough is sweet, and since no soda can restore the natural sweetness of the grain. If the dough becomes sour it is because the fermentative process has proceeded too far, approaching the putrefactive stage, an actual waste of no inconsiderable part of the nourishment. While some may question the propriety of this fermentation, all will concede the fact that it should not be raised so much as to become even slightly acid, since sour bread is not only unpalatable but positively harmful. And since a large part of the food of the middle class must consist of bread (we might live quite well on bread and fruit), it is important not only that it shall be agreeable to the taste, but contain as much as possible of the bone and muscle elements to promote the health, especially of the young.

**Fashion Fancies.**  
The hair is worn in a Grecian coil or in braided loops when riding.

Cheap foulards are made up into simple walking-dresses for morning wear.

Alpaca, with black dots, is used for traveling dresses instead of gray stuffs.

Painted and shirred panels are preferred to those that are plain for an overdress.

Satin bands are used instead of those of glass to outline the pattern on some brocades.

Blue-black is the fashionable color for riding habits, although light tints are worn in summer.

Bottle-green satin is a new addition to the colored plaidings that are set around the border of skirts.

Polished and lustrous jet are now combined in one trimming, to give an effect of light and shade.

Bridemaids wear short dresses, and look odd enough as they stand respectfully about the bride's trailing gown.

Surplus front dresses always lay to the left, so as to bring the belt bonnet that seems to fasten them on that side.

The fashion of keeping babies in long dresses is fast going out. Short frocks at five months is the usual rule.

A black satin skirt is as necessary as a black silk dress used to be. It is worn with all kinds of coats, basques and overdresses.

Stiff fabrics are to be avoided when buying draperies, not so much because they will not hang well as because of their lack of durability.

Gowns of white Indian crape, embroidered with flowers and trimmed with jet and silver spangles, are worn in Paris. A scarf gracefully disposed always accompanies them.

The proper New York attitude for walking is assumed by stooping the shoulders, curving the back and setting the arms akimbo. It is hideous, but the girls make no objection to it.

The old-fashioned position waist divided into three points in the back is again fashionable, but by way of a slight change each point is shirred just above the little tassel that finishes it.

Among the odd ways of draping a muslin train is







## IN GENERAL.

A man 55 years of age might have seen every President of the United States with the exception of George Washington.

An exchange assumes to tell "what the Indians raise." The thing they raise most is that which Robert Ingersoll doesn't believe in.—*Elmira Free Press.*

The Chicago Tribune says that "there are not many men in this country who can say much in one column of fine type as James G. Blaine of Maine."

One of the latest marriages in Cincinnati was John Damm to Anna Pfeffer. It is to be hoped that Anna's career will always come home to roost.—*Nashville American.*

The bathing suit worn by the boys along the river front is well and is very simple and inexpensive. It consists of a wad of cotton in each ear.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

Col. Frank W. Johnson, the only survivor of the bloody struggle at the Texan fortress of the Alamo, is now 82 years old, but is engaged in writing a history of the "Lone Star" State.

When you see a man take off his hat to you, it is a sign that he respects you; but when he is seen divesting himself of his coat, you can make up your mind that he intends you shall respect him.

Statesville, N. C., claims to have the largest botanical depot in the world. Cherokee Indians are employed to collect the herbs of which there are 1700 varieties, and last year 1,800,000 pounds of roots and herbs were shipped.

The daily income of the Czar is but the mere trifle of \$25,000. That of the Sultan is still less—only \$18,000. The Emperor of Austria gets \$10,000. The Emperor of Germany, \$8,200; the King of Italy, \$6,400; and the King of Belgium, \$6,435.

A man at Burlington, N. J., while looking over a picket fence at his wife's grave, slipped in some way and caught his neck between two of the pickets, so that he could not extricate himself. He was released after a while, and died shortly after.

Lewis Hiltz, of Independence, Mo., was acquitted of a murder there on the ground of insanity. He was struck dead by a sunstroke, on the same day of the month, at the same hour of the day, and on a very spot where he committed the deed.

The "15" puzzle has been brought to the attention of so learned a body as the Royal Society, Edinburgh. At the meeting on June 8, Prof. Tait, the distinguished mathematician, sent a note on the theory of the puzzle, and gave a rule for determining whether a particular arrangement was soluble or not.

According to the census just completed, Massachusetts will probably prove to be the most thickly settled State in the Union. The figures are 228 to the square mile, Rhode Island following with 212, of all the countries on the globe, Belgium, Great Britain and Italy are the only ones more densely populated.

It is claimed that the first watch manufactured in this country for the trade was made in Shrewsbury in 1781 by Luther Goddard, a clock-maker, who procured foreign workmen to make the finer portions. The business continued until it was removed to Worcester. One of the earliest watches is now preserved by the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester.

There are four ladies in Brunswick whose aggregate ages are 383 years—all widows. Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Lamb, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Toothaker. Capt. Woodside whose funeral occurred a few days since, was 81 years of age. The are now twelve persons in Brunswick 83 years old. The oldest person is Mr. Jones, aged 97. Capt. James Sargent, of Harnsford is now 90 years of age.

Col. Ralph Rollins, a confidence man, died in the Pennsylvania penitentiary a week ago, and word was sent to his first wife. She said she wanted nothing of him or his, and his body went to the Potter's field. Since then \$10,000 worth of diamonds have been found in the handle of Rollins' shaving brush, and his wife has at once put in a claim for them, which is disputed by a poor creature who was faithful to the last.

Heard in Mid-Channel. Robinson: "You've seen more of the world than most people, Mrs. Smart. Now, where have you met the handsomest, pleasantest, and best bread people?" Fair American: "Well, among your British aristocracy." Robinson: "Indeed? In what way?" Fair American: "I met them in an Englishman's." Robinson: "Where have you encountered a—the ugliest, vulgarst, most offensive specimens of humanity?" Fair American: "Well, among your British aristocracy!" —*Punch.*

A Brunswick, N. J., saloon keeper has a pair of beautiful white ponies that prefer lager beer to water. After having returned from a drive with his wife, he always goes into his saloon and brings out a glass of beer for each. When it is placed before them they sniff it and then throw their heads back and allow it to be poured into their mouths. He has several times offered them water on returning, but they have always turned their heads away and looked toward the door of the saloon, as if expecting to see the beer coming.

Disaster AHEAD.—There is every reason to believe that a frightful disaster is awaiting some of the numerous excursions which crowd the small boats on the rivers and along the coast, here in Maine, during the hot weather. I saw a small steamer, whose certificate allows it to carry 50 passengers, with 150 persons on its upper deck alone. I saw another, which is allowed by the inspector to carry 150 passengers, with over 400 on its upper deck alone, and I have seen it scowling, not once or twice, but a good many times during the season. A friend from the Penobscot tells me that this is nothing, the various cruises, seen on excursions, are not the worst. He has seen on excursions a number of millions of letters, one hundred and two millions of newspapers and book packages of three hundred and eighteen millions. Our relative inferiority in the matter of letters is strongly contrasted with the enormous quantity in the number of postal cards, and the still more superior in the number of newspapers which pass through the United States mails.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The watch kept on Dr. Tanner by the New York Herald reporters, cost that journal between \$100 and \$1700.

Miss Alcott ruminates at Norwood Farm, York, and Miss Sara Jewett oscillates between South Berwick and the York beach.

A wit, speaking of an unpopular author, said that he was color blind. "How so?" "What proof have you got of it?" asked a friend. "He always thinks his literary productions are read, when everybody else knows they are not," was the reply.

E. C. Steadman, the well known poet and broker, is a firm believer in the possibility of aerial navigation, and has invented an "aerobot" modeled after the fish, and if he could only get a motor he thinks that sailing through the air could be easily accomplished.

There are also in this number (St. Nicholas for September) a description of the "Girls' Swimming-Bath," with several pictures, by Miss C. A. Northam; "Chased by a Hoop-Snake," one of "The Major's Big-Talk Stories," with a funny illustration by Miss S. A. Rankin; several comic pictures, a number of poems, a Young Contributor's story ("The Bicycle Boys"), two pages of large type and pictures for very little readers, and the usual departments, "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," "Letter-Box," and "Riddle-Box."

The Flisk Jubilee Singers recently handed their album to John G. Whitlitt, and in it he wrote the following lines, which have not been generally published:

Voice of a people suffering long!  
The sorrow of their mournful song,  
The sorrow of their night of wrong!

Like Moses like that Israel gave,  
Prayer for his people to save,  
Like Mary like the Lord's Son's wave.

The blast that started camp and town,  
And shook the walls of slavery down,  
The spectral march of old John Brown!

Voice of ransomed race! Sing on,  
Till Freedom's every right is won,  
And slavery's every wrong undone.

"Eighteen Years Alone" is the suggestive title of a most interesting and pathetic story of actual experience, in Scribner for September. It is the account of a female Robinson Crusoe—an Indian woman who jumped overboard from a vessel to find her infant, who had been forlornly fishing. The account of her life and her adventures on the island, and her rescue and life afterward in Santa Barbara, California, is stranger than fiction.

The September Atlantic brings the concluding chapters of "The Stillwater Tragedy," one of the most vigorous, witty, and delightful novels Mr. Aldrich has yet written. Richard Grant White describes a visit to Oxford and Cambridge, which will have great interest for many readers.

"Two-score and Ten," and other poems, which will attract all lovers of poetry, are "The Perpetuity of Song," by James T. Fields, "Unaware," by Maurice Thompson, "Each Side the Bridge," by A. B. Street, and "West Wind," by Celia Thaxter.

Washington Reminiscences this time relate to the short-lived Harrison Administration. There are two political articles, one on the "Progress of the Presidential Campaigns," the other on the important subject of the "Political Responsibility of the Individual," by R. R. Boylster. Mark Twain contributes a characteristic story of "Mrs. McWilliams and the Lightning." T. S. Perry writes instructively of Sir Walter Scott. Ellen W. Olney, who has written some admirable short stories, has this month one entitled "Au Serieux." Mrs. Kate Gannett writes "Women in Oregon."

Other essays, criticisms of new books, and a bright "Contributors' Club" complete a thoroughly enjoyable number of this magazine.

## MR. BATES'S SUBSCRIPTION TO BATES COLLEGE.

It is reported, although the Bates colleges have no official advice to that effect, that the commissioners of the probate court of the county of Middlesex, Mass., have reported adversely to the claim of the college to Mr. Bates' \$100,000 subscription. The report is that the commissioners base their decision on the fact that a part of the \$100,000 subscription is raised outside the college, is in notes. The commissioners are quoted as remarking that a jury on an appeal might give a different construction to the phraseology of the condition of Mr. Bates' subscription. It seems that \$65,000 was raised in cash of which President Cheney paid \$11,000 and the balance in good interest bearing notes. Of the notes one is for \$25,000, given by the Free Baptist Educational Society, with assets of over \$40,000. Another note of \$5,000 was given by Hon. George G. Fogg of Concord, N. H. The question is whether good negotiable notes are "dollars" in the sense in which Mr. Bates employed the word when he made the payment of his \$100,000 subscription conditional on the raising of \$100,000.

## TERMS AT COLBY UNIVERSITY.

President Robins, of Colby University, in a letter to the *Zion's Advocate*, says the terms at Colby University have been arranged as follows:

There will be two terms in the academic year. The first term will open on the first of September, 1880. In this term there will be two sessions. The first session will continue eleven and one-half weeks, closing on the 20th of November. At the end of this session an examination will be held. After a recess, from the 21st of November to the 27th of November, inclusive, the second session will begin on Sunday, the 28th, and continue eight and one-half weeks closing on the 9th of January, 1881.

Here will follow a vacation, continuing from the 27th day of January to the 8th day of March, inclusive, being five weeks and six days.

The second term will open on the 9th day of March, 1881, and, continuing six weeks, will close on the 29th day of June.

Here will follow a vacation continuing until September.

By this arrangement those who teach will have the long summer vacation in which to make up the work lost last year. The second session of the first term. Those who teach during the second session will be credited with attendance as if in college. They will also have about fourteen weeks for teaching, although their absence from college will be but eight weeks. In case any cannot find schools, they will not be compelled to lose the summer part of the year for study, but can go on with their class, and have the long summer vacation in which to earn money. The present arrangement gives to the student the option between earning his money in summer or winter; now the winter is the only time given him.

COUNTRY AIRS.—It is just lovely to sleep in the country these hot days, with a good book under your pillow, and a cat bellowing like a concert dirge on one side of the house, a white cow—his mother—is hallooing mezzo soprano on the other, roosters are crowing, and the milk-maid is playing tambourine with the bottom of the milk-pail, drivers are going by whistling, and the parrot is yelling at the goat that talks back, half a yellow dog is throwing green apples on the roof to see them roll down, and the landlord is swearing at his wife in the back kitchen because she has put so many black cats to seek for "them city dogs."

## PERFECTLY SAFE IN THE MOST INEXPERIENCED HANDS!

For Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera, AND ALL THOSE NUMEROUS TROUBLES OF THE STOMACH AND BOWELS SO PREVALENT AT THIS SEASON.

No Remedy known to the Medical Profession has been in use so long and with such uniformly satisfactory results as

## PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

It has been used with such wonderful success in all parts of the world in the treatment of these difficulties, that it has come to be considered

AN UNFAILING CURE FOR ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

The inclination to wait and see if the morrow does not bring a better feeling, not infrequently occasions a vast amount of needless suffering, and sometimes costs a life. A timely dose of Pain-Killer will almost invariably save both, and with them the attendant doctor's fee. It has stood the test of forty years' constant use in all countries and climates, and is perfectly safe in any person's hands.

It can be afforded to be without it, and its price brings it within the reach of all. The family can afford to be without it, and its price brings it within the reach of all. The family can afford to be without it, and its price brings it within the reach of all.

Price 25c. 50c. You can obtain it at any drug-store or from

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

Get Major Dandy's "Life of Garfield."

## GRIST-MILL!

I wish to inform the farmers of BETHEL and adjoining towns, that I have purchased the old mill formerly known as the

JAMES WALKER MILL, and have thoroughly remodeled and repaired it by adding new Beller and Cleaner, and an new prepared to make first-class FLOUR, also to

and for sale, FLOUR, CORN and MEAL.

R. J. VIRGIN.

No. Bethel, Aug. 1, 1880.

## HOMER SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES

WATERFORD, ME.

Year commences WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1880.

Full term twelve weeks. Classical and Scientific course of study, arranged for three years. Also preparatory course. Terms \$125 per year. Designed to bring the scholar within reach of those aiming to help themselves. A limited number of day scholars admitted. For circulars and admission, apply to

Miss H. E. Douglass, Prin.

## Notice of Sale.

PURSUANT to a license from the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, I shall sell at public auction on the fourth day of September, A. D. 1880, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, on the premises, all the right, title and interest, which Simon P. Grover, late of Lovell, in said county, deceased, had, in and to the following described real estate, viz:—

Lot 1, situated in said Lovell, and being the easterly half of lot numbered forty-five (45), in the fifth (5th) division of lots in said Lovell.

Dated this third day of August, A. D. 1880.

EDWARD C. WALKER, Adm'r of said Grover's estate.

## Commissioners' Notice.

THE undersigned, having been appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for Oxford County, commissioners to receive and decide upon claims against the estate of Simon P. Grover, late of Lovell, in said county, deceased, represented insolvent, hereby appoint the day of September, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and shall cause if they have any the same to be granted.

RICHARD A. FRYE, Judge.

A true copy—Attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

## STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of Aug. A. D. 1880.

Present, the Hon. RICHARD A. FRYE, Judge.

Copy of the last Will and Testament of Abiel Gibbs, late of Cambridge, in the State of Massachusetts, deceased, having been presented to the Judge of Probate for said County of Oxford, for the purpose of being admitted and recorded in the Probate Court for said County.

Ordered, that notice be given to all persons interested therein, by publishing a copy of this order three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed at Paris, in said county, on the third Tuesday of Sept. next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and shall cause if they have any the same to be granted.

RICHARD A. FRYE, Judge.

A true copy—Attest: H. C. DAVIS, Register.

## Notice of Foreclosure.

ESTHER R. W. GIBBS of Peru, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, married woman, by her deed dated April 12, A. D. 1879, and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 12, Page 181, conveyed to my, the undersigned in mortgage, a certain parcel of Real Estate situated in the town of Peru in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, and bounded as follows:—

Beginning at the corner of the said parcel of land conveyed to the said Esther R. W. Gibbs by Jas. Barrows and James A. Barrows, by their warranty deed, dated April 12, A. D. 1879, in which deed reference is made to a certain mortgage of said parcel of land, bearing date of the 12th day of April, 1879, and the conditions of said mortgage having been broken, I, the undersigned, by reason hereof, claim a foreclosure.

SAMUEL HOLMES.

Dated, August 19, A. D. 1880.

## THE NEW YORK SUN

FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

THE WEEKLY SUN will be found a useful auxiliary by all who are earnestly working for the reform of the National Government. Believing that the people have long been in need of a paper which would be a change of the party in power, the SUN earnestly supports for President and Vice-President the following candidates:

In order that all those who sympathize with our purpose may most efficiently co-operate with us, we will send the Weekly SUN to clubs, or single subscribers, 1 cent per copy, or 10 cents per month, for the next three months.

Address THE SUN, New York City.

## NORWAY HIGH SCHOOL!

The FALL TERM of the Norway High, Grammar and Intermediate Schools, will begin

TUESDAY, SEPT. 14, 1880,

AND CONTINUE TEN WEEKS.

O. W. Collins, A. M. Prin.

Miss S. ALMA PENDLETER, Assistant.

Mr. CHAS. E. WILSON, Teacher of Penmanship and Book-keeping.

No better advantages can be offered for a thorough, practical education than in these schools. A TEACHER'S CLASS will be formed for the benefit of those desiring to teach. Students filling for College will find no better place than this. The instruction will be thorough in every branch.

RATES OF TUITION. To all pupils outside the limits of District No. 7: LANGUAGES, \$5.00. HIGHER ENGLISH, 4.00. COMMON, 3.00.

N. B.—No deduction will be made for students who are absent the last two weeks of the term.

AN EVENING SCHOOL, for the benefit of those unable to attend the day school, will be opened Friday Eve's, Sept. 17, at 7:30, p. m.

ag-Board, or rooms for self-board, can be had at reasonable rates. For further information address C. F. WHITMAN, Esq., or Capt. W. W. WHITMAN, Norway, Maine.

## BRIDGTON ACADEMY,

North Bridgton, Maine.

—The FALL TERM of twelve weeks,—

will commence—

TUESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1880.

J. F. MOODY, A. M., Principal.

Miss HELEN M. STAPLES, Teacher of Modern Languages & Mathematics.

Miss EMMA F. PURINGTON, Teacher of Latin and Greek.

Miss ELLA A. WOODMAN, Teacher of English.

A. W. STARRIB, Principal of Commercial Department.

Rev. N. LINCOLN, Chaplain.

Miss A. G. COFFIN, Teacher of Elocution.

Mrs. EVA M. TURNER, Teacher of Drawing and Painting.

Miss ANNIE P. BLAKE, Teacher of Vocal Music.

Miss KELLER B. GIBBS, Teacher of Vocal Music.

For full particulars or circulars, apply to Thomas H. Mead, Secretary, North Bridgton, or to the Principal.

## HAVE

YOUR

CLOTHING

MADE

AT

Mechanic Falls,

MAINE.

We keep constantly

on hand a complete

assortment of

Goods, suitable for

Dress Suits, Business

suits, &c., and

guarantee a perfect

fit.

J. A. BUCKNAM and COMPTON,

MECHANIC FALLS, ME.

## New-Resident Taxes

In the Town of Roxbury, County of Oxford and State of Maine, for the year 1879.

The full list of taxes on real estate of non-resident owners in the town of Roxbury, for the year 1879, in bills commencing on the FIFTH DAY of JULY, A. D. 1880, has been received by him to

as remaining unpaid on the 1st day of June, 1880, by the certificate of that date are now remain unpaid. Notice is hereby given that if the said taxes, interest and charges are not paid into the Treasury of said town, within eighteen months from the date of the receipt of the said bills, so much of the real estate tax as will be sufficient to pay the amount due therefor including interest and charges, will without further notice be sold at public auction at the school-house in Dist. No. 1, in said town, on the 20th day of January, 1881, at one o'clock in the afternoon.

Owner. Date. Loc. Assess. Value. Tax. Interest. Total.

Isaac Braden, 1 10 50 22 1 98 1 98

Same, do, par, 1 10 50 22 1 98 1 98

Same, do, par, 1 10 50 22 1 98 1 98

Edwin Wallis, 1 12 25 16 1 44 1 44

J. C. Merrill, 1 12 25 16 1 44 1 44

A. B. Mitchell, Ammi, 12 1 12 1 12 1 12

Mitchell farm, 105 14 85 8 73 23 60

C. W. Smith, 8 1 100 22 2 47 3 56

S. M. LOCKE, Treas'r of the town of Roxbury.

MARK THESE FACTS.

## Holloway's Pills

AND OINTMENT.

To the Stomach we can trace dyspepsia, headache and general debility, to the liver, to jaundice and yellow fever; to the bowels, diarrhoea, dysentery, constipation, piles and hemorrhoids; to the lungs, consumption, cough, to the blood, scrofula, skin eruptions, and all cutaneous eruptions. By keeping these organs and vital fluid pure and healthy, we may safely defy the attacks of disease, and no need cure yet prepared for this purpose can equal the action of these Pills and Ointment, as they cure the seat of the disorder, and, expelling its cause, destroy its effect.

Important Caution.

None are genuine unless the signature of J. HAYDOCK, as agent for the United States, surrounds each box of Pills and Ointment. Boxes at 25 cents, 50 cents, and \$1 each.

There is considerable saving by taking the larger size.

HOLLOWAY & CO., NEW YORK.

DEPT. 30 PLATT ST.

## Auction Sale.

WILL be sold at public sale, at Locke's Mills, in the town of Greenwood, on Saturday, the fourth day of September, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all the right, title and interest that the firm of Dearborn & Tobolski have in one-half of the water privilege at Locke's Mills, together with all the real estate belonging to said firm, and the buildings thereon, also a lot of brick logs in mill pond, estimated from two to three hundred cords, the purchaser to risk all damage in taking out said logs. Terms Cash, at time of sale. TINGING WALKER, Receiver of Dearborn & Tobolski.

Rumford, August 12, 1880.

## H. N. BOLSTER,

VARIETY STORE & PRODUCE DEALER.

We carry a FULL ASSORTMENT of all kinds of

DRY GOODS,

HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS & SHOES,

CROCKERY & GLASSWARE,

GROCERIES & CANNED GOODS,

ROOM PAPERS,

AND BORDERS,

WINDOW SHADES,

AND FIXTURES,

PAINTS.

Painters' Colors,







# The Oxford Democrat.

## SUPPLEMENT.

### OUR CANDIDATES.

FOR PRESIDENT:

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:



Gen. JAMES A. GARFIELD,  
OF OHIO.



CHESTER A. ARTHUR,  
OF NEW-YORK.

NO. 6.

#### CAMPAIGN NOTES.

It is a noteworthy fact that everybody who knows Garfield believes in him. Even Watterson says he is honest.

Barksdale, the assassin of Dixon, at Yazoo, Miss., was a delegate in the Chicago Convention.

A Missourian has been found who confesses that he was sent to Indiana in 1876 to vote the Democratic ticket in Decatur county, and while there voted six times for Mr. Tilden. His name is August Fischer.

If the proposition that Confederate soldiers contribute five dollars each to elect Gen. Hancock is not a reviving of the old feuds of the war, we do not know under what head to classify it.

The Democratic party has at last, fifteen years after the war, got a good Union soldier. Post-mortem patriotism, in a subjective sense, may be of some value, but in an objective sense it is of little advantage to the republic.—New York Evening Post.

The Hartford Courant says that a great many soldiers are indignant because Democratic managers are proposing to deck out their ward banners with the badges of the old Second Corps, which Gen. Hancock commanded. Lots of us can remember when the Democrats took delight in reviling that corps badge.

David Dudley Field, Democrat and brother of Justice Field, speaks well of Garfield. He heard the news at Stockbridge, and says: "I forgot for a time my party affiliations and was real glad. He is a broad man. His information and reading qualify him to be an ornament in his position."

Garfield's candidacy has been called the "Schoolmaster-abroad idea." Well it could not have a better name, and if every man who remembers with gratitude what his schoolmaster did for him, votes for Garfield, there will be no doubt of the result.

In 1864 the Democrats nominated the most popular of Union soldiers, Gen. McClellan, in the expectation that he would draw the soldier vote from Abraham Lincoln, but despite the fact that Gen. McClellan ignored the party platform, was overwhelmingly defeated.

A veteran in Delhi, New York, has taken the trouble to ascertain the Presidential preferences of every ex-soldier in the town, with the following result: Garfield, 54; Hancock, 19; Weaver, 2. There have been no changes from Garfield to Hancock, but two who have been Democrats declare for Garfield.

Outcast from the indignant Dayton, Ohio, Journal: Soft-money and Hard-money Democrats, Ku-Klux, White Liners, Knights of the Golden Circle, old Copperheads, Rebels, Guerrillas, Brushwhackers and Plug uglies dancing a war dance around Hancock and slugging "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," form a picturesque group such as no man in his sober senses ever dreamed of. It is the old story of the devil putting on the liver of heaven, and posing for an angel of light. A sort of political delirium tremens, as it were.

In a note to the editor of the Chicago Advance, Gen. Grant kills two campaign lies—one that he would support Hancock and another that Gen. Grant had cherished a personal animosity and petty spite against Hancock ever since the Mexican war. He says:

You have probably seen that I denied the canard stated by the New York Truth the very day it was stated. I have nothing to say against Gen. Hancock. His personal, official and military record is perfect. The record of the party which put him in nomination is bad. Yours, truly, U. S. GRANT.

Of the charges against General Garfield, Senator Hoar says: "I was one of the committee who investigated the Credit Mobilier, and wrote a greater part of the report of the committee known as the Wilson Committee. There was nothing in the transaction which in the least gave me reason to distrust General Garfield's absolute integrity. I expressed my opinion of the absolute honor and integrity of General Garfield in this case years ago. No man, Democrat or Republican, who ever served with Garfield does, I think, doubt that he is absolutely incorruptible. He has been for years on the Committees of Appropriations and Ways and Means, controlling the expenditure of millions upon millions, and politicians make and unmake great business interests."

An intelligent correspondent, traveling in western New York, writes to the Journal that the "prospects are good for a larger majority in Western New York for Garfield than was given for Hayes in 1876. Tilden Democrats are dissatisfied because he was not nominated, and because they think there will be no barrel on tap this year. Kelly Democrats think the Tilden party have too much power in the National Committee, and they don't like it. In '76 Tilden and Reform took many independent and Republican votes here, and ran far ahead of the rest of the party. It is claimed that 30,000 Republicans voted for Tilden and Reform, but they should get none of them this year, and might catch a few old soldiers for Hancock. He was urging peace and harmony upon the Democratic party, and damning John Kelly with all his might."

The Wallace investigating committee of New York is not discovering just the kind of political capital which the Democratic Congress which sent it thither hoped it would unearth. John I. Davenport, Friday, testified, and produced facts and figures showing the amazing extent of Democratic naturalization frauds in New York. The largest frauds were in 1868, when 64,000 fraudulent certificates of citizenship were issued, including 20,000 not even recorded. Details of the system were given, which caused much astonishment and roused Senator McDonald to inconsistent objections. Citizens were manufactured even for New Jersey and Connecticut. Mr. Davenport also told how he tried to have Mr. Kelly assist in correcting these frauds, and showed how Tammany Hall took exactly the opposite course. This is good campaign material but not of benefit to the Democrats.

LEE AND JACKSON.—Wade Hampton understands the issue before the people and states it frankly. In a speech made in Virginia the other day he said: "What is Virginia's duty now? You hardly realize, my friends, how much depends upon the action of your State? With a united South casting 138 electoral votes, we need only New York and Indiana, and I believe we shall have them. Consider what Lee and Jackson would do were they alive. These are the same principles for which they fought for four years. Remember the men who poured forth their life blood on Virginia's soil, and do not abandon them now. Remember that upon your vote depends the success of the Democratic ticket."

[N. Y. Tribune.]

#### "A FREE BALLOT AND A FAIR COUNT."

One of the best sentences in Gen. Hancock's letter of acceptance, which left upon the mind the same impression of neatness and vacancy as a school-boy's copy-book, was that in which the candidate of the Democracy demanded a "full vote, free ballot and fair count." It was an excellent sentiment, to which every Republican would heartily subscribe. But General Hancock's letter professed to be a statement of Democratic principles. With the platform to which it was a response, it was an appeal to the country to trust the 80,000 offices of the Government in the hands of the Democratic party.

It is in the South that the Democratic party does its perfect work. There are no steadily Democratic States north of Delaware. In the South the party has gained complete control. In the South, therefore, it has had a noble opportunity to put into practice General Hancock's motto of a "full vote, free ballot and fair count." Has it done so? What are the facts? Let us look for a moment at this dark page in American history.

Even Democrats will admit that by the year 1872 the Democratic party was well organized in every Southern State. In Alabama, for example, in that year, the Democratic vote was only 10,000 less than it was in the election of 1878, two years ago. Yet this is the way in which the Republican party has prospered under the rule of the party of "a free ballot and a fair count," the figures being the votes cast in the years named:

	Dem.	Rep.
1872	25,444	90,252
1874	107,118	93,928
1876	107,002	98,239
1878	102,091	90,000

What became of the Republican party in Alabama in 1878? It is said that they ran no ticket because defeat was inevitable? Are parties in the habit of doing this? Do Democrats give up voting in Vermont, or Republicans in Missouri? It was because the Republicans of Alabama had been taught by midnight murders and whippings, by social ostracism, and by the tyranny of employers that the less they had to do with politics the better. This is the kind of "free ballot and fair count" the Alabama Republicans have enjoyed. It remains to be seen how much better they have fared in the election just held, under the new system, which prefers cheating to bulldozing as being easier.

Take the case of Mississippi, where bulldozing was invented, and was made known to the world as "the Mississippi plan." These are the votes of the State from 1873 to the last election of a State ticket:

	Dem.	Rep.
1873	34,807	73,324
1875	114,173	25,945
1877	97,727	1,408

This is what the Republican party of Mississippi has come to through fear of Ku-Klux assassins, through the operation of the tissue ballot, through the frauds of Democratic canvassers. And General Hancock has the assurance to prate to us about "a full vote, free ballot and fair count!"

Take the case of South Carolina, where the two parties were so evenly divided four years ago that it took four months to decide the electoral vote of the State. This is what the rifle-clubs and tissue ballots, the assassins and swindlers of the party led by Wade Hampton and Hamburg Butler, have done for the Republican party in South Carolina in two years:

	Dem.	Rep.
1876	90,252	91,786
1878	119,300	2,13

It should be noticed that in spite of the notorious and universal use of the tissue ballot in 1878 the Democratic votes shows an increase of only 28,000 votes. The Republican vote shows a decrease of 91,000 votes. Suppose for the sake of argument that the Democratic vote was honest, it would still be true that 63,000 votes were withheld from the ballot-boxes. Why this change in two years? Was it a sudden indifference on the part of the blacks, whose greatest pride it is that they are citizens and voters, or was it a chilling fear? Let the murderers and ballot-box stuffers who are the brightest ornaments of the South Carolina chivalry make answer, and then let General Hancock ponder awhile upon the beauties of their style of a "free ballot and fair count!"

Almost every Southern State makes the same showing. Here is the record of Arkansas:

	Dem.	Rep.
1872	28,415	41,681
1874	38,771	38,690
1876	88,728	90,000

The same is true in a lesser degree of Louisiana. There was no general election between 1876 and last year, and for the former year we take the official figures:

	Dem.	Rep.
1876	70,038	75,135
1878	53,994	26,611

Every one of these States—and at least one other, North Carolina—would be Republican upon a full vote, a free ballot and a fair count. General Hancock knows it. But simply let us say that these five States are fairly Republican. They give, all told, 39 electoral votes, which will honestly belong to James A. Garfield. The South could then give General Hancock only 99 electoral votes at best, and he could never by any possibility be President of the United States. By all means let us have "a full vote, free ballot and fair count."

[Gen. H. M. Pineland, Aug. 11, 1879.]

The time has not come when the country deems it safe to trust the party (Democratic) that sought to destroy the Government.

#### FRED. DOUGLASS ON REPUBLICANISM.

The colored people of Elmira, N. Y., and neighboring cities and towns, Tuesday, united in a celebration of the emancipation of their race, and Frederick Douglass gave an address which he closed by saying:—"Of the republican party I need not speak. It is the same as during and before the war; the same enlightened, loyal, liberal and progressive party that it was. It is the party of Lincoln, Grant, Wade, Seward and Sumner; the party to which we are today indebted for the salvation of the country, and today it is well represented in its character and composition by James A. Garfield and Chester A. Arthur. I have no charge to give to the colored voters of this State. You are 15,000 in number, and your vote may turn the scale one way or the other and say whether this country shall be ruled by a party of liberal ideas, by justice and fair play, or by a party especially distinguished by its devotion to slavery, rebellion and bitter prejudice against the race to which you belong. Each colored voter of this State should say, in Scripture phrase, 'May my hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if I ever raise my voice or give my vote for the nominees of the Democratic party.'"

[From Wade Hampton's Speech at a Democratic Meeting in Virginia, July 20, 1880.]

Consider what Lee and Jackson would do were they alive. These are the same principles for which they fought for four years. Remember the men who poured forth their life blood on Virginia's soil, and do not abandon them now. Remember that upon your vote depends the success of the Democratic ticket.

[From the Boston Herald (Independent), August 7, 1880.]

Whatever may be thought of the political campaign elsewhere, every lover of good government and common honesty should hope for the defeat of the unholy political combination in Maine, which brought disgrace upon that reputable State last year. We have heard prominent Democrats express the same sentiment, their disgust for the folly of the Garfield crowd overcoming all party feeling. If the people of Maine do not rise up and rebuke the political cut-throats whose infamous record caused every son of Maine to blush, we shall lose our faith in natural law.

BOYS IN BLUE.—The national Democratic committee at Washington is reported to be alarmed at the alacrity with which the soldiers of the organization of the "Boys in Blue" are responding to the call of their commander-in-chief, Gen. Grant, to organize for the campaign for Garfield. In order to try and check this movement among the union soldiers holding federal offices, the Democratic committee have authorized a notice to be given out that if the Democratic party come into power these union soldiers will not be molested, but retained in their positions. This is regarded as a huge joke, in the face of the fact that last winter the Democrats turned out nearly every union soldier holding a position under the Senate or House of Representatives, and put in their places men who served in the Confederate army. Union soldiers have seen too much of Democratic practice to place much faith in Democratic professions.

Under Republican administration during fifteen years of peace, \$842,680,876 of the principal of the National debt has been paid, while the current annual interest is \$70,000,000 less than at the close of the war. The Democratic press and stump speakers might as well try to tunnel through the Rocky Mountains with a hair-pin, as to break the force of this magnificent showing.

#### LOOK OUT FOR THE ELECTORS.—The

Democratic Congress will count the electoral vote, and will count it in accordance with some rule like that introduced by Senator Morgan. They will throw out Republican Electors upon the slightest pretext. It is, therefore, the duty of Republicans to make sure that no valid objection can be raised against any candidate whom they select for that position. The disqualifications set forth by the Constitution of the United States are plain. It provides that "no Senator or Representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an Elector." The first question to be asked is: Does the proposed candidate hold any office or appointment under the United States, such as Postmaster, United States Commissioner, or even examining surgeon of applicants for pensions?

[From Wade Hampton's Speech at a Democratic Meeting in Virginia, July 20, 1880.]

Consider what Lee and Jackson would do were they alive. These are the same principles for which they fought for four years. Remember the men who poured forth their life blood on Virginia's soil, and do not abandon them now. Remember that upon your vote depends the success of the Democratic ticket.

#### KILPATRICK ON HANCOCK.

General Kilpatrick spoke at Lewiston Saturday evening. Following is a portion of his remarks: General Grant once said that we as Republicans could very safely calculate upon the Democratic party committing some great blunder at a critical point in its career, which acted in our favor and finally gave us the victory. This remark may be justly applied to the action of the Democratic party at Cincinnati. They lost their final opportunity to possess themselves of the government of this country. They insulted Tilden, kicked John Kelly out of the convention, forgot George B. McClellan, and nominated a Major General of the United States army. They nominated a man who had many times prevented Democratic victories from reaching the blood of Democrats. What did they do for it? Does anybody know? Do they know themselves? Was it because he held the wavering Union line at Gettysburg, and killed 18,000 Democrats in front of it? I think I know why they nominated him. Their crimes in the past must be forgiven. Their record must be forgotten. The bloody shirt must be buried, or they were eternally ruined. They had tried an unsuccessful soldier as a candidate, and run him on a peace platform in time of war, and were beaten. This time they are trying to run a successful soldier on a war platform in time of peace. It won't work. The Union soldier will be in this campaign. He will fire his bullets, not at General Hancock, but at the banner he bears, and the party that follows him.

BURY THEM DEEP.—We are going to bury these worse than Egyptian foes of ours in a Red Sea of popular wrath. But we must expect no interposition from above. We must be the Red Sea ourselves. We must each one of us be one of the waves, and I want to see every man hump himself up and make a big one. There never was a time when individual effort was more demanded or will be better rewarded. All the questions of material interest, of tariff, of finance are insignificant compared with the question whether our government is to be at the mercy of any eight wicked men who may get to be Governor and Council. It is a question of individual liberty. Let there be such an overwhelming condemnation by the people that the thought of this crime may never again be a temptation to any scoundrel of either party so long as the world lives.—Mr. Reed's speech.

#### A HANCOCK RECRUIT.

DOES HE BELONG TO THE VETERAN ASSOCIATION?

[Galveston News.]

There was a row last night in a saloon on the Strand, and a middle-aged man was forcibly ejected. The News reporter was detailed to find out the facts, which furnish an amusing incident of the campaign.

There was quite a crowd in the saloon, talking politics. The shabbiest man pushed his way in and seemed to take an absorbing interest in the discussion. One gentleman said:

"Hancock will get nine-tenths of the Federal soldiers."

"You are right," said the seedy man, in a loud, sonorous voice, slapping the speaker on the shoulder. "You just bet he will scoop 'em. I am an ex-Federal soldier myself, and I'll vote for old Hancock."

The attention of the crowd was concentrated on the patriotic soldier.

"Were you in Hancock's corps?"

"Gentlemen," said the seedy man, running his arm through a hole in his hat, "I have voted the Republican ticket all my life, but next November my vote goes for my old commander. I may not like his politics, and they may say he puts on style, but when a general of the United States army gets off his horse to help me when I am lying helpless on the blood stained field of battle, slippery with human gore, I am going to vote for him, anyhow."

"Hurrah for Hancock!" shouted the crowd.

"Will you join us?" asked several enthusiasts of the grateful soldier, as they advanced in solid column on the bar. The healths of Hancock and English were drunk with enthusiasm several times.

"Hand out some of those high-priced cigars," said another enthusiast, holding the Hancock man off at arms' length and surveying him from top to bottom. "I've a great notion to make you a present of a new suit of clothes."

"Were you badly wounded?" asked another sympathetic enthusiast.

"I was lying on the blood stained field of battle, slippery with human gore, weak and faint from loss of blood, with my leg shattered by a rebel—I mean a hostile cannon ball. I had fallen early in the fight."

The earnest crowd gathered close around the patriot to catch every word.

"General Meade had given orders to advance and drive the rebel—I mean the hostile foe—from his position. Just as I was expecting to be trampled under foot up rode General Hancock and English."

"English!" bawled the crowd.

"Yes, General Hancock and English, riding side by side, just as you see their pictures, only they had their swords drawn. I was lying weak and helpless on—"

And so he was, but this time it was not on the blood stained field of battle, slippery with human gore, but on the hard pavement, slippery with tobacco juice.

He got up and shuffled down the street, muttering: "It seems to me English don't bring as much strength to the ticket as I thought he would."

New York Post.

#### CHOPPED FINE.

The silly season is upon us, and behold the result:

"The weight of the taxes is heavy. Shall it be lightened?"

"Yes, it ought to be."

"How can it be done?"

"Elect Hancock and try the experiment, and let us see what the result will be."

In 1878 they got possession of the Senate.

For two years they have been in the majority in Congress.

Congress regulates the taxes.

The majority regulates Congress.

How much tax reducing have the Democrats done?

They have reduced the tax on tobacco a little.

They permitted quinine to be put on the free list—the bill for this purpose having been brought before Congress in an irregular way and despite the influence of the committee to which such matters are entrusted.

This is all.

The fact is that the Republicans are the only ones who have reduced any war taxes since the war ended.

The Democrats also reduced the public expenditures—for a time.

That is, until an appropriation to meet the deficiency was needed.

Then it was promptly voted.

Thus they have sought to gain the reputation of being economical while spending as much money as the Republicans.

Their economy is a matter of a date.

At one time in the fiscal year they have saved so much money; at another time they have spent all they pretended to save.

All these things being so, how can the taxes be lightened?

"Elect Hancock," replies the Sun.

If Hancock is elected he will be President.

But according to the Constitution the President has nothing to do with the taxes.

TARIFF FOR REVENUE.—Cleveland Leader: "A revenue tariff simply means crippled manufactures, lower wages to the industrial class, and working men out of employment. This is something for our manufacturers, mechanics and operatives to think about before voting to change the political character of the Government. The South as every man of intelligence understands, is running the Democratic machine, and it will take a special pleasure in stopping the spindles and looms and putting out the furnace fires in the Northern States. It is now a simple choice between future prosperity, so auspiciously commenced, and ruin and bankruptcy to our industrial interests. Elect a Democratic President, backed by a Democratic Congress, and the country may be assured of a revenue tariff for the benefit of the pauper labor of Europe, in lieu of a tariff for protection and for the benefit of the American working class."

Albany Journal.

#### DEMOCRACY AND THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

A correspondent doubts the accuracy of our statement of yesterday, that "the last thing the Buchanan administration did was to issue seven per cent. Government bonds which no one would take, and other bonds bearing twelve per cent. interest which had to go begging," and asks us to inform him "when and under what circumstances these securities were issued."

We will do so with great pleasure, and the more cheerfully because when, a long time ago, the same fact was stated, it was declared to be false.

But the falsehood was in the denial of a fact and not in the fact itself.

By act of Congress, Dec. 17, 1860, treasury notes were issued redeemable at the expiration of one year from date. They were awarded to the lowest bidders as follows:

	70,000 at 6 per cent.	77,000 at 9 per cent.
3,000 at 7	1,097,000 at 10	
35,000 at 8	206,000 at 10	
33,000 at 9	925,000 at 10	
10,000 at 8	1,432,700 at 10	
65,000 at 9	1,257,000 at 11	
10,000 at 9	4,560,000 at 12	
100,000 at 9		

Additional offers were received ranging from 15 to 36 per cent., which were refused. If these additional offers had been made at 12 per cent. they would have been accepted.

We glean these facts from a letter written by the Secretary of the Treasury Sept. 25, 1878—and this additional fact: Under the act of February 8, 1861, (19 Stats., 189) authorizing a loan of \$25,000,000 bonds of the United States, bearing 6

per cent. interest, having 20 years to run, were disposed of to the amount of \$18,415,000 at an average discount of \$2.019, 776.10, or an average of \$99.03 per \$100.

This is the low condition in which the credit of the country was left when the last Democratic administration took its departure from the capitol. Now, instead of being obliged to pay twelve per cent. interest on one year Treasury notes, or to sell twenty year six per cent. bonds at a discount of eleven per cent., four per cent. bonds are selling at a premium ranging from 109.7-8 to 110.

Those who are not satisfied with the financial record of a party which achieved such results will be likely to vote the Democratic ticket.

#### A FEW PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

Editor of the National Republican:

SIR:—I submit for publication in your paper a few questions, first, for every voter to ask himself; second, for every impartial voter to consider, and third, for every voter to answer by his ballot in November.

First—Shall I vote for the party which chooses for its standard-bearer a soldier-statesman, or shall I vote for the party whose leader is nought but a soldier?

Second—Shall I vote for General Garfield, the workman, or shall I vote for General Hancock, the aristocrat?

Third—Shall I vote for General Garfield, unquestionably "of the people," essentially "for the people," and elected "by the people," or shall I vote for General Hancock, a production of West Point?

Fourth—Shall I vote for the party which ignores the name of Jeff Davis, or shall I vote for the party which wishes to pension him with money from the national treasury?

Fifth—Shall I vote for the party which protects my trade and the trade of my fellowmen by means of a protective tariff, or shall I vote for the party which will give me no such protection?

Sixth—Shall I vote for the party which claims that "the safety of the republic lies in the purity of the ballot," or shall I vote for the party which counsels unprotected and unwatched ballot-boxes, tissue-paper ballots and wholesale ballot-box stuffing?

Seventh—Shall I vote for the party which honestly and promptly appropriates the moneys for the support of the national government, or shall I vote for the party which adds legislation to its appropriations and with "the audacity of revolution" says, "we will have this legislation or we will stop the great departments of the government?"

Eighth—Shall I vote for the party which places national sovereignty above state sovereignty, or shall I vote for the party which places state sovereignty above national sovereignty?

Ninth—Shall I vote for the party whose motto is, "Corruption wins not more than honesty," or shall I vote for the party which blindly transposes the same and read it, "Honesty wins not more than corruption?"

Tenth—Shall I vote for the party which dragged the nation into, or for the party that successfully brought the nation out of a bloody civil war?

Eleventh—Shall I vote for the party which is rapidly and honestly paying off an immense national war debt, or shall I vote for the party which incurred that war debt?

Twelfth—Shall I vote for the party which is the champion and upholder of "liberty, fraternity, equality," or shall I vote for the party which counsels and fosters inequality, rebellion and secession?

Very Respectfully,

CLINTON GAGE.

A FALSE REPORT.—What was described as Judge Swayne's opinion of Garfield's fee in the DeGolyer matter was first published in Forney's Progress, in Philadelphia. It was prepared for the Progress, by a Philadelphia lawyer, who found the language quoted in the Democratic Watchman—another Philadelphia paper. But the article in the Watchman is a report of the case of Crittenden vs. McClellan, tried before Judge Farwell in the circuit court at Chicago; and the language attributed to Judge Swayne is found in the argument of J. R. Doolittle, of counsel for the defense. Mr. Doolittle cites the opinion of Judge Swayne, in Supreme Court, that "a contract, express or implied, for purely professional services, is valid," and then goes on to argue that the services of General Garfield were not professional, and that Crittenden's service in securing Garfield's services was not professional; and so that the contract with Crittenden was void. It is Mr. Doolittle's argument which the Philadelphia lawyer gave to Mr. Forney as Judge Swayne's opinion. Judge Swayne himself says, "I never knew anything of the facts of the matter charged against General Garfield, and it was certainly never in any shape before the supreme court. General Garfield is a personal friend of mine, and I have the highest confidence in his integrity."

AN ALABAMA CLAIM.—The election laws of Alabama require that one of the inspectors of elections at each precinct shall be appointed from the minority party. The Democrats got over that by appointing an ignorant colored man who cannot read. But in one precinct, by some mistake, an inspector who could read was appointed and when he objected to the counting-out of 700 republican majority, a detachment of the state militia was telegraphed for, and on its arrival the majority was rejected and 480 democratic majority returned.—This is a suitable occasion for another declaration from Gen. Hancock in regard to the bayonets not being "a fit instrument to collect the votes of free men." Gen. Hancock is military commander of the department of the South, perhaps he might remedy the evil if so disposed. What we want Gen. Hancock is "a full vote, a free ballot and a fair count."



