

The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 47.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1881.

NUMBER 52.

The Oxford Democrat

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY,
BY
GEO. H. WATKINS,
Editor and Proprietor.

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MY FIRST CIGAR.

'Twas just behind the woodshed,
One glorious summer day,
Far over the hills the sinking sun
Pursued its westward way.

And in my lone seclusion,
Safely removed afar
From all earth's confusion,
I smoked my first cigar.

Ah, bright the boyish fancies
Wrapped in the wreath of blue;
My eyes grew dim, my head was light,
The woodshed around me flew.

Dark night closed in around me,
Rayless, without a star,
Grim death I thought had found me,
And spalled my first cigar.

Ah, pallid was my noble brow,
The waning light was late,
My startled mother cried, in fear,
"My child, what have you ate?"

I heard my father's smothered laugh,
It seemed so strange and far,
I know he knew I knew he knew
I'd smoked my first cigar.

—[Hawkeye.]

BEHIND A PANEL.

A SOUTHERN STORY.

A wide, white forehead; above, braids
knotted with a white aster; pearly-
dark eyes under curled black lashes. The
lovely woman's face looking out of the
oriel windows held Captain Gordon
Somers captive.

"Come, captain," called a voice from
the water below.

He made no response to startle the girl,
for she had not seen him. The cool, oval
face rested on the slender hand, and she
was looking dreamily over the water.

"I say, cap, what keeps you? What
have you found?"

He could have strangled Low, with
his impatient bellowing, for now the fair
face started and flushed, and turning,
Adelaide Westerley saw the intruder in
the garden.

Captain Somers stepped forth, but
without his usual grace and ease, and
lifted his hat.

"I beg your pardon. Could we get
some water, here?"

"Yes, certainly. Knock at the south
door, and my man will give you all you want."

She seemed startled out of an habitual
serenity, yet her voice had a strange soft-
ness and sweetness.

"I—w—," continued the captain, "are
in search of a strange boat which got
adrift from the yacht Mermaid last night.
We have been about here for three hours.
It must have got over the bar and gone
out to sea."

Low, lifting himself to look over the
bank, saw how things were and settled
back resignedly.

"A small boat named the Dolphin?"
asked Adelaide.

"Yes."

"With a book and spyglass in it?"
she continued.

"Yes," confessed Somers, ashamed of
his seamanship. "I let it get away from
me. I have charge of the yacht. There
she is yonder," pointing to the offing.

"You will find your boat fastened to a
post just inside the breakwater. My man
Stephen picked it up last night. He
is in the garden. Stay, I will call him."

She came down to the garden door—a
beautiful young creature all in white—
and found Captain Somers waiting her,
cap in hand. They went together down
the overgrown paths, he holding the rose-
vines aside to let her pass.

"I am giving you too much trouble,"
said he.

"No. There is my man. Stephen?"
she called.

The old man came up with his spade.
He began telling how he had found the
boat—for which the young gentleman
did not care two straws, casting de-
spicately about in his mind to learn how
he was to meet Adelaide again.

She had already withdrawn to the
terrace and stood awaiting his final bow.
She little dreamed the truth—sweet Lady
of Shalot! She was looking fixedly at
the firm, strong figure, the cool, sensitive
blue face, the picturesque yachtsman's
dress; she had inhaled the faint fragrance
of touch as he put her dress aside from
the thorns, and a feeling of pain she
could not express visited her pure heart
as she realized that in a minute he would
be gone from her gaze.

And he went. With one backward
glance from the fine blue eyes, with a
gay and graceful salutation and a final
call of thanks to the young lady, Captain
Somers turned a bend of the path and
disappeared, followed by old Stephen.

"A desperate venture!" he muttered,
"but my only chance!"

If, while unmooring the boat, he deftly
questioned the old servant of the West-
ley's, old Stephen never told. But when
he saw the two boats floating off shore
he chuckled over the bit of silver in his
hand and muttered: "Good luck to you
sir!"

The Fair Lady of Shalot went slowly
back to her bower. Perhaps the pretty
chamber did not then look quite beautiful.
Perhaps she, too, murmured, "I am half
sick of shadows." It would not be at all
strange.

This girl of twenty lived a strangely iso-
lated life. She was the last of her race,
living on the estate bequeathed to her in
infancy by her dying father. A half
sister of her mother's, an aged woman
called Aunt Resolve, was her only com-
panion. She had never entered society.
She knew little of the world outside the
beautiful gardens and shores of the
Junipers.

But for old Aunt Resolve, the girl
seemed to be wasting her sweetness on
the desert air. The devoted old woman
idolized her. From her babyhood she
had dressed, washed and tended her.
Perhaps it was a mistaken fondness that
relieved the heiress of all care of her es-
tate, for it required some management to
make it yield an income for the family,
and Adelaide suffered from mind. Per-

haps a little care would have been good
for her. But Aunt Resolve thought dif-
ferently, and the girl knew nothing of the
oyster beds and the crops that were hers.

The girl stood in the rose path again
the following evening, her garden hat in
her hand, her eyes unconsciously fixed
upon the yacht Mermaid in the offing.
She was in an unusually thoughtful mood.
There had come to her for the first time
the thought whether her life was tending.
To wear away the seasons from youth to
age in uneventful monotony, her soul un-
satisfied, did not suit her. Probably it
would never be otherwise; and a sadness
no words could express spread through all
her consciousness.

A step upon the gravel. She turned
and encountered the gleam of two blue
eyes. Captain Somers bowed low.
Your pardon; more missing property,
Miss Westerley," he stammered.

"What is it now?" asked Adelaide, in
amazed tones.

"A ring I dropped yesterday. Ah, here
it is," stooping to hide a guilty
blush, and immediately, with strange
good fortune, discovering a diamond ring
at the edge of the grass plot.

He showed it to her—a diamond
quaintly set; his property for fifteen
years, he said, the gift of his dead
mother.

The heiress of the Junipers was as
guileless as a child. She never thought
of fear; and what was there to suggest
it in gentle words and courtly tones?
And fortunately Captain Somers was an
honest man and honestly in love.

They chatted among the rose vines for
a long hour. The young man made a prac-
tical use of his time. With undue stress
he told her who he was—the younger of
two orphan brothers left early to find
their fortune. The elder had succeeded
better than he; perhaps because less
scrupulous. It was Godfrey's yacht
Gordon commanded. He had no money,
but he had not a vice, and the good will
of all men.

And when he had gone she found that
he had left with her letters highly com-
plimentary, recommending him to sta-
tions of trust, so that she was able to af-
ford Aunt Resolve all the assurance she
needed.

And now Adelaide was no longer
alone. She had a lover.

Week after week the yacht Mermaid
remained in the offing. Day by day the
young people floated on the smooth sum-
mer tide, or strolled in the garden, or
sang at the old piano songs ringing and
full of sweetness.

Perhaps no happier hearts existed un-
der the sun. Then Godfrey Somers sent
for his yacht, and Gordon must needs
obey and speed north.

"Oh, Gordon, you will forget me?"
she cried.

"Forget my little oriole? Never!
child, you do not know how I love you.
Wear this ring for me Adelaide."

It was deep and yellow, and bore in
deeply engraved characters the word "Al-
ways." And so they parted for a few
weeks betrothed lovers.

The summer waned, but Adelaide was
so happy she did not mind when the rose
petals fell and the fruit was gathered.

Aunt Resolve, who watched her con-
stantly now-a-days, saw that she was
wrapped in a dream of him. Her nature
of great sweetness was alive, and her
lover and her love life was all to her.

And now, for Somers' sake—that was all
plain—she began to take an interest in
the tasks and plans at the Junipers.

"Where does the money come from that
pays the plantation hands for their work,
Aunt Resolve?"

"They have their cabins and corn and
sweet potato patches. I pay them small
wages out of the fruit crop."

"What does that consist of?"

"Strawberries, pears, melons, and
grapes."

"Where are they sold?"

"I send them north by the boats."

"What buys our food and dresses?"

"The oyster beds. They are a great
deal of care I assure you."

"For you. You have the care of
everything. Let me learn to be useful to
you."

And Adelaide grew busy, painstaking
and thrifty. She was dusting an old
cabinet one day when a panel, which had
always seemed secure, slipped from its
groove into her hand, showing a cavity
filled with compartments behind. In
one was a bit of folded yellow paper.
It was not worth disturbing at first. Ade-
laide thought. At last with reluctant
curiosity she drew it forth, unfolded it
and scanned its faded characters, and as
she read her dark eyes dilated, her cheeks
paled, she caught her breath.

Aunt Resolve was counting out money
on the library table. Suddenly Adelaide
all white and trembling, entered the
room, the paper in her hand. "What
have you there?"

Aunt Resolve had grown suddenly
ghastly at the sight of the faded scrap.
She snatched at the girl's wrist, and drew
the paper toward her without touching
it. She saw only too clearly the minute,
quaint characters, clear as print, though
the ink was faded. Then she pushed
Adelaide away and turned aside her face.

The bewildered girl sat down upon the
footstool at her feet.

"Oh! Aunt, what is it?"

"It is nothing," portioning off the
silver with a trembling hand. "The salt
marsh must be cut now; so go away,
child, I am busy."

But the girl clung about her knees.

"Oh! this is my grandfather's name
signed to this," she cried, "and I am
homeless."

"Tut, tut."

"Am I not the last of my race? His
father gained it dishonestly, he says,
and when his descendants shall have
dwindled to a single one let him nor her
dare to marry, but bestow the estate
to the rightful family, bestowing it upon
the poorest member thereof."

the girl, the words of the paper stamped
on her memory.

Aunt Resolve groaned and her hands
fell from her task.

"Child, child!" she cried, "how in the
world came you to find it?"

"I was dusting the cabinet. It was be-
hind the panel that fell down. I did not
dare to touch it at first. Now I have
read it all, and know what it means—
what I have to do, auntie." And now
the girl stood up.

"Your father gave it to me for safe
keeping. I never meant for you to see
it, Adelaide."

"That would have been very wrong,
auntie."

"No, no, dearie; you must marry and
be happy."

The girl did not speak. She stood
looking around the familiar room, and
her eyes grew dark with agony. Evi-
dently her resolve was taken.

"The dear old place—it seemed part
of my very self. It never before was
so beautiful and dear as now, when it
was to be my home and his. It seemed
lonely and irksome—it never would any
more. And I must give it up."

This was as fixed as an unalterable
law in her mind. The condition being
fulfilled which decreed it to another, the
Junipers must forthwith pass into other
hands.

There could be no doubt that Ade-
laide was heart broken. She looked as
if some terrible illness had settled upon
her. Aunt Resolve was utterly shattered
by the girl's state, but now Adelaide was
the stronger of the two in maintaining a
settled purpose.

The latter had a guardian whom she
saw annually. She wrote to him, ac-
quainting him with the message from the
deceased, and briefly relinquishing the
property, as she wished him to take
steps to discover the former owners of
the Junipers—a process which Aunt Re-
solve thought would not be difficult,
though she did not know them.

"I would not have done it, dear," she
said, said in bed. "I would have you
live and die upon the old place. I fear
—ah, I fear you will miss everything
now—for Captain Somers has no home,
and he will rove from and forget you.
It is human nature. These long deferred
marriages never turn out well. You
know your marriage to him must be de-
ferred, don't you?"

"Yes."

The girl uttered the one sad mono-
syllable and said no more.

And now the time was flying. Cap-
tain Somers she expected daily, for he
said he would return to her in less than a
month. She finally brought herself to
write him, and told him what had hap-
pened. He made no reply.

This added a pang. She saw plainly
what it would be. He could not pro-
vide for her adequately. Such support
as he could afford her—and which she
would have gladly accepted, sweet if
shared with him—he would not offer.
She must find a home in Florida with
some of her mother's unknown relatives,
and they would drift apart finally forever.
Aunt Resolve was right.

A storm sat in. Day by day the rain
beat about the house, and the sighing of
the wind filled the girl's heart with dread.

At last there came a letter from her
guardian. It read as follows:

MY DEAR ADELAIDE—I have been un-
usually fortunate in finding the rightful own-
ers of the Junipers. He will make his ap-
pearance there Thursday, after which I
will see you at an early day.

LUTHER MEASINGER.

Not a word of sympathy or regret.
It seemed to Adelaide as if the whole
world had suddenly turned her enemy.

And still another day the storm held.

Newspaper Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the office—whether directed to his name or not, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. A person who takes a paper from the office must pay at once, 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 Court has decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for, is a new law, and is illegal.

OXFORD FOR FRYE.

During the past week there have been manifestations of new interest in the Senatorial contest by the people of Oxford County. A large number of prominent Republicans, who have heretofore taken little interest in the contest, have declared themselves in favor of Mr. Frye. No person who examines the list of Frye men can fail to see that it embraces a large majority of the most influential business men of this county. As representatives of their several sections, these men show that there is an almost unanimous sentiment in favor of Mr. Frye among the people of Oxford County. Of course there are Hale men, and Chamberlain men, and Hamlin men, among the Republicans, as there are always differences of opinion among us. But it is seldom that the Republicans of Oxford County find themselves so nearly unanimous in their choice of a man for the high position of United States Senator, as they are to-day in selecting Mr. Frye. It is the earnest wish of all such that Mr. Frye shall stand before the Legislative caucus with an undivided delegation from Oxford County. This will practically ensure him an undivided delegation from his Congressional District. With the unanimous support of that district which sends the so large a number of Republican Representatives to the Legislature of 1881, Mr. Frye may make a successful claim for the position to which his services and ability entitle him.

During the past week, Mr. Frye has written a letter to Hon. S. E. Spring and Hon. Josiah Drumm of Portland, in reply to one from them, in which he states that while he is a candidate for the position of Senator, he shall not neglect his duties in Congress, in order to conduct his canvass at Augusta, in January. He says he is needed in Congress during the present session to look after important bills, and he would not be justified in leaving that duty in order to press his claims for the Senate. Mr. Frye leaves his canvass in the hands of his friends, where we are confident it will not suffer, while he is attending to the business of his constituents in Congress.

Mr. Frye's services in Congress entitle him to promotion. It is feasible to say that his services and abilities make it necessary for him to remain where he is. This talk practically puts a premium on stupidity. With Mr. Blaine and Mr. Frye in the Senate, Maine would have a Senatorial representation second to none in the Union.

PERSONAL.—Capt. E. S. Hilly, formerly of Andover in this County, had purchased a farm in that town and intended to return as a citizen of his native State. But he has been unavoidably delayed for four years in carrying out this plan. He is re-elected Judge of Probate for the County of Marquette, Mich., by a very large majority, after receiving a unanimous nomination. His new term begins Jan. 1, 1881, and continues during the next four years. This is Judge Hardy's fourth term, he having previously served one term by appointment, and two by election. We, of course, rejoice at this manifestation of his popularity at home, but regret that thereby we are to lose so valuable a citizen in Oxford County.

Mr. C. Sanderson of Brookfield, Mass., in renewing his subscription to the DEMOCRAT, sends greetings to his Oxford County friends, and congratulates them on the result of the election, in which he was anxious to take a hand, but was debarred from the privilege by residence in another State. In regard to his present situation and occupation he says: "For the last fifteen months I have been Colporteur for Massachusetts Bible Society. In that time I have dispensed of nearly 3500 pounds of the Scriptures consisting of over four thousand volumes, and visited twelve thousand families, and I have traveled with the same horse I used in Sweden, over three thousand miles. I am still trying to do my work."

A number of our subscribers who have ordered their DEMOCRATS discontinued with the year, will receive copies this week. The publisher hopes they will see the necessity of assisting him during the ensuing year, to the extent of 3 cents per week, in his endeavors to make a good local county paper. Some, at least, we trust will be induced to send in \$1.50 for a renewal. If not received during the coming week, all papers will then be promptly stopped as ordered. We never charge for a paper when sent after an order is received to discontinue, unless in arrears.

The Executive Council last week confirmed the nomination of H. O. Stanley of Dixfield, as Fish Commissioner of Maine. This is as it should be. Mr. Stanley is familiar with the habits of our native animals and fishes, and taken a great interest in them. He was acting in the capacity of Commissioner, when Governor Garcelon and Council removed him without cause. Governor Davis has done right in reinstating so efficient a man.

Next week we shall publish an original story written for the OXFORD DEMOCRAT, by an Oxford County girl. We shall encourage local talent, so far as we can, in this direction, and solicit original matter of all descriptions.

The Boston Post's list of prominent men natives of Maine, published among our political notes, omits the name of Senator Grover, of Oregon,—born and brought up in Bethel, Oxford County.

A. P. Andrews, the well known dealer in stock at West Paris, has for sale two car loads of very fine Vermont sheep which he advertises in another column.

THOSE WICKED TOWNS.

The Bible Society of Maine found 160 families in the last three towns visited in Oxford County. One hundred and thirty-eight of these families do not attend any place of public worship, and 135 children do not attend any Sabbath School. In the towns the amount contributed to the Bible cause was not sufficient to pay for the cost of making the Bibles given to the destitute. —Portland Press.

The above item appeared in the Press about two months ago and was widely copied through this and other States. Though the writer was careful to state that the figures represented three towns in Oxford County, the general impression conveyed by the item was, that Oxford County was remarkably devoid of church-going people and contained an unusual number of families destitute of the Bible. Always jealous of the good name of Oxford County, we picked up the item, questioned its accuracy, and offered to furnish the destitute in those three towns with Bibles if that state of affairs existed. The item appeared to be one of those floating bits which travel in the press, whose authorship is unknown and whose accuracy is unvouchered for. During the past week, Mr. E. R. Stilson, agent of the American Bible Society, has been canvassing the town of Paris. He called at this office and claimed to be the author of the statements contained in this item. Mr. S. is doing a good work in the Bible field. He makes a thorough canvass of his territory, calls at every house and ascertains by undoubted evidence the facts which his records show. The work of supplying Bibles to the destitute by selling at cost, or by presentation to the poor, is a good and noble charity. The statistics in regard to church attendance, and concerning Bible destitution even at the doors of the churches, must awaken christian people and clergymen to the need of more active personal effort.

If we had known the author of the item which heads this article, we should not have so sharply criticised its statements. At the same time, a wrong impression was conveyed by it in regard to the moral and religious condition of Oxford County. One would naturally expect that such statistics would be given concerning representative towns—and this was the generally accepted view as will be shown by the comments of the press upon the figures. Or, if these were exceptional towns it should have been so stated. The fact is these statistics, though undoubtedly correct, do not represent Oxford County, but refer to two back towns, sparsely settled, and to a third town, whose interests are divided, and whose people find associations, trade and religious privileges in two or three adjoining towns. The towns in question are Byron, Roxbury and Mexico.

Byron is the most north easterly town in Oxford County. A portion of its western boundary is Andover town line, and the balance is the line of Andover North Surplus, an unincorporated township of woodland. The town is hilly, and the settlers are located on roads which pass through the most accessible and level routes. They are thus separated from one another, and the inhabited portions of the town are divided by hills, so that the people find their communication with the outer world in different directions. There is little in common between the people of the north-eastern section of Byron and those of the southwestern section. Those in the northeast travel to Weld, in the County of Franklin, while those in the other sections find their trading posts at Andover, Mexico and Dixfield. Byron contains about fifty square miles of territory; and in this the agent found forty-one families, of whom he reports thirty-eight as non-church-goers. Forty families, scattered over such a territory, and finding outlets at such distant points, could not support steady preaching. This is the case in all new towns, and in sparsely settled districts. Now let us see why these families are not regular attendants at church. A few families find church privileges in Andover, at a distance of from six to eight miles; but the church nearest a majority of the people is at East Rumford, at least seventeen miles from the most northerly inhabitants, and from eight to eleven miles from the most southerly inhabitant of the town. It would be out of the question for people to travel such distances over bad, hilly roads, and be regular attendants at church. Sometimes there is preaching at Mexico Corner, but that is from nine to twelve miles from Byron's people. If we suppose that these people are irregular above all men because they do not attend church, we should commit a grave error. They are a good, reliable class of citizens, and in the whole town the agent reports that he found but four families without a Bible. Many of these people attend preaching in the school house when an itinerant preacher or missionary visits the place.

Roxbury, the second bad town, is located south easterly from Byron. The same range of hills divides this town, and the roads send her people on one side to Andover, and on the other to Rumford and Mexico. It is six or eight miles to Andover, and about the same distance to Rumford and Mexico. The citizens of this town are in the same fix that the people of Byron are in. The town contains as reported by the Bible agent, forty families, and they are scattered over thirty-five or forty square miles of territory. Thirty-two of these families are not regular attendants at church; but only three families were found to be destitute of the Bible.

Mexico the last town, does not offer quite so good an excuse as do Byron and Roxbury. This town is more thickly settled, there being 79 families in a territory of about sixty square miles. Still the town is similarly affected by a division of territory. The thickly settled southern portion is close to Dixfield—quite a large village,—another portion centres at Mexico Corner, while many go to Rumford. Of these families sixty-eight are non-church-goers. This is attributed partly to distance from stated preaching. It would seem that so large a population might support a preacher, but the diversity of beliefs among the people renders this impossible. A portion of the time, a Universalist clergyman holds meetings in town, but cold weather and bad roads render regularity impossible. There are a large number of Universalists in town, and they generally attend when a supply is furnished them. In this town thirteen families are reported to have been "out of Bible," when the agent called.

We do not make this statement to excuse any who can attend church, but who fail to do so. People do not take the interest in this matter which they should take; they do not make sacrifices which may be necessary to reach the churches, or to maintain regular preaching; they are too ready to accept trivial excuses in order to account for irregular attendance at church. At the same time we are unwilling that Oxford County should be given a bad name by statistics from these back towns, hilly, sparsely settled, burdened with debt, inhabited by poor people who can afford to devote but little from their heavily taxed incomes for the support of preaching, as they are. The figures from our best towns will be none too good; but they must raise the average considerably above that indicated by this first report.

WHO SHALL BE THE NEXT GOVERNOR?

In answer to questions propounded to the Supreme Court in 1838 by the Senate of Maine, the Court say, "In canvassing the votes for Governor the Legislature acts in a ministerial capacity, and therefore cannot go behind the official returns laid before them by the Secretary of State. The opinion of the Court Jan. 3d, 1880, in answer to questions propounded by Governor Garcelon (page 10, printed copy), affirms this opinion, so that the Legislature are authoritatively directed in relation to the counting of the votes. The votes officially returned for the different candidates, and the numerous Plaidist family, must be reported as they appear upon these returns, and if no one has a majority of all the votes cast, they must proceed to elect a Governor as the constitution prescribes in art. 3, part first, sec. 3. But was this article of the constitution amended the 13th day of September so as to make a plurality of votes elect a Governor who was voted for on that day? This is the question that presents itself to the Legislature, and which I have no doubt they will carefully consider before they proceed to declare any man Governor, or to elect under said article 5. No one pretends that the constitution was altered or amended until by the terms of submission the vote was made known thirty days after the election. (I do not concede it is changed until certain other acts are performed. Art. 10, schedule, sec. 3.) When the polls closed the 13th day of September, and the vote was declared in open town meeting by the municipal officers of the several cities, towns and plantations, that was the official count, and the Legislature on the first Wednesday of January, acting ministerially, make known the aggregate result, and the subsequent change of the constitution cannot affect or alter it. Any attempt to act otherwise, or to pass a law to 'add or enlarge the constitutional powers,' would be repugnant to the constitution, as relates to the last election, and therefore void, as I understand the law and the constitution as expounded by our Court. I have always opposed the constitutional amendment, did not vote for it, and believe its adoption unwise, and would therefore reiterate what I said in your paper under date of Sept. 25d, when it was supposed that Daniel F. Davis had a plurality of the votes."

The resolve providing for the amendment of the Constitution so that a plurality instead of a majority of votes shall elect a Governor has been passed upon, and reported adopted by vote of the people. That part of the resolve declaring it shall determine the election of Governor for 1881 and 1882 has not been submitted to the people, has not been voted upon, and is merely legislation forbidden by Sect. 11, Declaration of Rights in the Constitution of Maine. The Legislature shall pass no ex post facto law. There is therefore no election of Governor by the people and it will devolve upon the Legislature to elect. If the resolve has been adopted as reported, it will affect future elections, but cannot affect the election of 1880.

E. W. WOODBURY.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

The week of prayer in 1881 begins on the 23d of January and ends on Sunday following. In accordance with the custom which it has followed during several years past, the Evangelical Alliance has suggested a programme for the week, and the same, with some slight modifications, has been adopted by the National Alliance of the United States. The following is the modified programme.

January 23d.—Theme: Christ the only hope of a lost world.

Monday, 24.—Thanksgiving for the blessings, temporal and spiritual, of the past year, and prayer for the continuance of the same.

Tuesday, 25.—Humiliation and confession on account of individual, social and national sins.

Wednesday, 26.—Prayer for the Church of Christ, its unity and purity, its mission, and for revivals of religion.

Thursday, 27.—Christian education; prayer for the family, Sunday School, and all educational institutions, for Young Men's Christian Associations and for the press.

Friday, 28.—Prayer for the prevalence of justice, humanity and peace among all nations; for the suppression of intemperance and Sabbath desecration.

Saturday, 29.—Prayer for Christian missions and the conversion of the world to Christ.

Sunday, 30.—Theme: On the Millennium of the Holy Spirit.

MORE GIFTS TO BOWDOIN COLLEGE.—Gen. Chamberlain says that Mrs. Amanda Stone of Boston has given an additional donation of \$5,000 to Bowdoin College, for repairing the foundation of the new building. This makes \$75,000 in all she has given the college.

James Mackey, the California millionaire, has announced his intention of giving \$50,000 to endow a scholarship in Bowdoin, and a Philadelphia gentleman, who does not desire his name published, will do the same.

A LARGE BUSINESS.—The sawwork department of J. A. Bucknam & Co's business has increased to such an extent, that they are now obliged to occupy a portion of the second floor of Walker's block. It will seem hardly credible to many of our readers when we state that the firm now employs over thirteen hundred persons in the distribution and manufacture of saw-work.—Mechanic Falls Citizen.

OUR BOYS.—Mrs. Mary A. Livermore lectured in Boston, Thursday evening, to a large audience, on "Our Boys of Today," and eloquently advocated compulsory physical training in schools, a law forbidding the use of alcoholic liquors and tobacco by boys. "Boys," urged the lecturer, "should be trained in personal purity, taught that they should live lives of moral correctness, and that though God may forgive sins of license and dissipation, nature never will."

BANK CASHIERS.—Edward Gould, cashier of the National Traders' Bank, has compiled a list of Maine national bank cashiers. There are sixty-nine. The oldest is George Allen, Medomak Bank, Waldoboro'; the youngest is Frank H. Jordan, Thomaston Bank, 27. Edward Gould was first elected a cashier forty-seven years ago. All but five have been elected since 1850.

OXFORD COUNTY LOCALS.

ALBANY, Dec. 27.—The Methodist and Congregational societies united and held a Christmas festival at the Congregational church, Saturday evening. The house was elaborately trimmed and decorated with evergreens and mottoes appropriate to the occasion. One large tree and two smaller ones were handsomely and heavily laden with articles not only to please the eye, but also to feed and clothe the body, and feast the soul. The house was filled to overflowing. The choir discoursed sweet and appropriate music; Rev. Mr. Witham, of the Methodist church made interesting remarks and offered prayer; eight members of each Sabbath school favored us with declamations, recitations and dialogues, doing much credit to themselves and highly interesting to the audience; after which the gifts from the trees were distributed. Every thing passed off very pleasantly and all went away rejoicing, feeling that in union there is happiness as well as strength.

There is much more lumbering done in this town this winter than usual. A S. Bean, of West Bethel, who owns the Patee Mills is putting in a new mill in place of the one recently burned. He will put in 400 cords of birch at each of the two mills, and half a million pine, hemlock and spruce at the lower mill.

Walter Bisbee has three teams drawing from the "bog meadow lot."

Chesley Fernald and Stephen Libby will receive lumber at their mills from various individuals. The large amount being done on the Lynch and Warren lots has been spoken of previously by W. E. K.

There is much sickness in the western part of the town, Lung fever being prevalent among children and adults. George Kendall died the 25th inst., after eight days' sickness of lung fever; aged 50 years.

Joseph H. Briggs recently lost a good colt from the effect of worms which had eaten through the intestines.

David Jordan of this town killed a pig seven months old that weighed 304 pounds.

W. K.

ANDOVER.—Cold weather and light snow storms have prevailed.

Christmas was fine, and good sleighing. The cold was intense Thursday.

Accidents in the woods are frequent. Mr. Frank Merrill cut his left foot badly, at work for Frank Thomas. Mr. Chas. E. Cushman, town clerk, arrived home with his bride Wednesday, from a visit to Boston and Philadelphia.

Isn't it about time for that thaw predicted by our weather prophets so early in the winter? The steady cold weather makes stock draw hard on the hay mow, and millers on the low amount of water supply.

Potatoes have advanced. Flour and corn settling down again.

MORE ASHES.

BETHEL, Dec. 31.—The Universalist society held their Christmas festival Saturday eve at their church. There was a large gathering. The exercises were appropriate and interesting. The Christmas tree was well loaded with presents which was very pleasing to the little folks and the big ones too.

We learn there were quite a number of family Christmas trees.

The ladies at South Bethel held theirs on Friday night at the school house. The exercises by the children were very interesting. Prof. Ripley had charge of the music and added much to the interest of the entertainment. A beautiful Christmas tree abounding with presents, occupied one corner of the room.

The sleighing for the past week has been excellent, and crowds of people from out of town came in shopping.

Last Sabbath Rev. Mr. Hillman exchanged with Rev. Mr. Witham of Mason. Potato John has shipped some forty car loads of potatoes from our station since winter set in.

The Masonic Lodge elect new officers Thursday eve, January 13th.

A railroad from Bethel to the Umbagog Lakes by way of Andover, is on the boom again. There will be a meeting at Bethel Hill on Thursday, p. m., by all who are interested in the railroad, to see what arrangements can be made in forming a stock company.

Bethel Grange have a public installation of officers on Wednesday eve, January 5th, at Grange hall.

Hiram Hodson will have his new Steam Mill at South Bethel, in running order in a few days; new machinery for working up poplar into staves, and birch into spool strips is now being put in. A large quantity of timber is now being hauled to the mill.

Mr. John Garland, one of our respected citizens, died last Tuesday morning after a short illness. The funeral was attended at the M. E. Church, Thursday, 1 o'clock p. m., conducted by Rev. Mr. Hillman.

BRYANT'S POND, Dec. 28.—The Baptist and Universalist societies united in their Christmas exercises at the Universalist Church. All seemed to enjoy the good time, and the good things which came from the bountifully loaded trees, very much.

Ansel Dudley has received a quantity of ready made clothing for gentlemen wear, which will be sold very low for cash. Mr. Dudley is rapidly filling his contract for poplar wood.

Capt. Dearborn is receiving quantities of birch for our steam mill. Therefore our streets are lively with the teams.

The farmers have quietly enjoyed the competition in the potato business of late. Prices ranging from 40 to 50 cents per bushel.

A day has returned home and has rented Mrs. Farnam's house.

Mrs. Richard Cole is about to open a tailors shop in the Crawford building.

Our hotel is doing a lively business under the auspices of E. S. Russell. All travelers will find the "Glen Mountain House" a pleasant place in which to stop.

M.

EAST BUCKFIELD.—A good audience listened with interest to the following at the East Buckfield church on the evening of the 24th, under the direction of Almon C. Day, chairman: Address by the choir: Christmas Greeting by the choir: Declaration by Charles Harlow, teacher; a brief history of the prototype of Santa Claus of our times, and an original poem by Wm. Bicknell; Declaration by Walter

H. Purkis and Harry A. DeCoster; by the choir, "Where is my boy to-night"; Select reading by Miss Elsie A. Day; Recitations by Misses Lizzie Warren, Cora Record, Emma and Viola Gammon; "Sweet Bye and Bye" by the choir; Santa Claus (Kussell Pratt) in the choir; Santa Claus, came in to the great joy of old and young, and after an introduction, gathered from a beautiful Christmas tree surmounted by a bright star, (from the branches of the trees were heard the music of birds), choice mementoes from and to loved ones, which were borne to the child, the youth, middle and old age of both sexes; after giving good advice he withdrew amidst the cheers of many.

Horatio Cushman of Hebron, is teaching a good singing school at East Buckfield.

HARTFORD.

CANTON.—Canton Grange P. H. No. 110, was organized Feb. 26, 1875, with thirty members. They have built a nice two-story building and hall 30 x 60, paid for it and have a balance in the treasury during the time. At their annual meeting held the 25th the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Gilson Mendall, W. M.; Thomas Reynolds, W. O.; W. W. Rose, W. L.; C. W. Walker, W. S.; Daniel Bisbee, W. A. S.; Farnum Austin, Chap.; Wm. Dunn, Treas.; Mrs. D. Bisbee, Sec'y; Arthur T. Reynolds, G. R.; Mrs. Emily Mendall, Ceres; Mrs. A. Packard, Pomona; Mrs. Lucina Ripley, Flora; Mrs. Helen A. Eastman, L. A. S.

The grange unanimously voted to extend an invitation to Bro. Wm. Ripley, of Turner, to be present at their next meeting and install officers.

NORTH FRYEBURG.—Christmas was very generally observed in Fryeburg this year, and among the many pleasant events was the reunion at S. L. Chandler's, in Fish Street. Children and grandchildren to the number of twenty came home, bringing presents for the Christmas tree and viands for a royal feast. The house, a spacious dwelling, situated on a hill overlooking North Fryeburg, was brilliantly illuminated, and the evening was passed with music and games. It was an occasion long to be remembered by all who participated. May the years be many and the blessings great of the aged couple who received the guests.

In the next house on the level road leading to the Centre, dwell two descendants of Gen. Joseph Frye, for whom this town was named. They have many relics of their ancestor, among them a dark lantern which he used in the French and Indian war, and a very ancient Bible containing the family record compiled by the eldest son. These two brothers, popularly known as Frye Boys, are famous for their hearty hospitality, which makes the roaring open fire in the sitting room an attractive spot for friends and neighbors.

Just beyond stands the schoolhouse, the frame of which we learn is that of one of the original four which were built in Fryeburg in accordance with the vote of 1784. It is a contrast to most of our commodious school buildings, but we spent a very pleasant half-day inside it and gathered from the affable and intelligent teacher many of the items recorded in this letter. The district is small and the pupils few, yet so great have been their diligence, and the energy and ambition of Miss Chandler, who has taught here several terms, and possesses rare qualifications for a teacher, that it ranks among the most advanced schools in town. We were surprised to hear a class in Caesar which would put to shame many graduates from academies. Two young men recited finely in United States History and Constitution—studies too frequently neglected. The classes in reading, arithmetic and grammar were admirably conducted and did themselves credit, while two children, about ten years of age, drawing maps upon the black-board excited our admiration.

In a beautiful home on a hill near by reside the venerable couple whose romantic story was told a few weeks ago in the Boston Journal. Great content and exceeding peace abide with them.

In a neighboring house lives the almost centenarian, Capt. Philip Farrington. His health is excellent and at times his memory travels back more than ninety years and he tells tales of the days when the town was young.

We have but briefly mentioned a few of the interesting items in this most interesting neighborhood. The beauty of even its winter scenery, when the mountains stand out clear and bold, and intervals stretch away in their snowy purity, and the elms define each branch and twig against the cold blue sky, mentions of the thrift, industry and wealth; and perhaps further historical accounts shall be reserved for future letters.

Q. R.

HEBRON, Dec. 30.—Capt. S. R. Bradford is logging in Albany on the Lynch lot. He has a contract for a million feet.

Christmas passed off pleasantly with exercises by the young people in the chapel. Music, declamations, tableaux, &c. The Christmas trees were well loaded. Prayer by the Rev. Mr. Richardson.

Yesterday, A. M. Whitman, our Post master, killed a May pig which dressed off 457 and 1-2 pounds.

The sleighing is excellent.

MEXICO.—The Lewiston Steam Mill Co. are doing quite an extensive business logging near Bemis stream. Eben Hinkley is hauling for that Company with ten horses and men to run them. The company itself runs two camps with men at each, under the charge respectively of Eben Lane and George Follett. They employ 45 men and haul with twenty-four horses and one pair of oxen. Phineas Williams does the hauling of supplies—taking care from Bryant's Pond station, flour, groceries, &c., from Canton depot.

Frank E. Knapp, of Byron, with two teams has contracted to haul Thomas & Hodson's logs from the "yard" to the "landing". This company is at Andover.

Henry S. Raymond is hauling spruce to Swift river for the Lewiston Steam Mill Co. He intends to put in half a million.

Quincy Coolidge and Adelbert Eastman have contracted to land on the bank of Swift river, 200 cords of poplar for Fred A. Porter.

Joseph Conant, Dana Eastman, Curtis and nephew, Sewell Goff and many others are engaged in poplar hauling—all destined for the Canton Pulp mill.

Hartwell Oldham, Erastus Hayes, Joseph H. Roberts are getting out shovel handle blocks and hauling them to Canton, from there to go to Andrews & Waldron at Buckfield.

Mrs. Albert D. Park is quite sick at the home of her mother in East Sumner, and has been for four weeks. Mr. Park who had engaged to teach school in the town of Blaine, and who intended to permanently settle at Presque Isle is therefore compelled to remain here for the present.

Jeremiah Richardson recently lost a valuable heifer, cause a battle in which she was badly "demoralized."

John O. Kidder recently lost by the epileptic, a not over valuable mare. Wilson Thomas lost by the same disease an excellent horse.

This country is a great reading one.

SPARKES.

NORWAY.—Whew! this is cold enough. Weigh for the land where tropical breezes blow.

The bottom has fallen out of the thread factory enterprise.

The losses in the late fire have been nearly all adjusted, and to the satisfaction of the insurers. That is the way to do business.

Hathaway block will be immediately rebuilt.

Business is steadily growing here.

The following were elected as officers of Norway Lodge, No. 16, I. O. O. F., for the ensuing term:

J. A. Brown, N. G.; A. E. Pike, V. G.; F. H. Noyes, R. S.; E. G. Burnell, P. S.; J. D. Wilson, Treas.

The Sunday temperance meetings will hereafter be held at Reformers' Hall.

NORTH NORWAY, Dec. 30.—Some of the citizens in the Merrill neighborhood have been quite unfortunate in the past few days. Cyrus Hazeltine lost a three-year-old steer that girted six feet three inches. C. W. Farnham lost a valuable horse. Thomas Newcomb lost three calves, and Brown Bros. lost three sheep.

K.

OXFORD.—A. F. Lewis, esq., of Fryeburg, is to give the first lecture in the Oxford lecture course, next Wednesday evening. Subject, "Ancient and Modern Rome."

The Christmas festivals at the Congregational and Methodist churches in this village and Welchville were well attended and everything passed off nicely. Rev. Messrs. Hannaford and Emrich were kindly remembered with suitable presents by their parishioners.

Constable Farnce took Harry Whitehouse to the Reform School last week.

PARIS.—New Year's eve was a very pleasant occasion to the Paris Grangers. It being the fortieth anniversary of the marriage of brother and sister W. O. King. It was arranged to celebrate the event by a visit to them. The night was fine, the air keen and frosty; the sleighing splendid; and the very horses seeming to catch the inspiration of the moment bore us at a rapid pace with jingling bells through the sharp night air to the home of Brother King, where the welcome greetings and genial warmth soon caused all our discomforts to be forgotten. We thought we were early but on our arrival we found the house filled with a merry, social party, of brother and sister patrons, who filled the pleasant home of Brother and Sister King with sound of laugh and song and pleasant jest, "And all went merrily as a marriage bell," for an hour or two. Then at the request of Brother G. F. Hammond there was quiet for a time, and Brother and Sister King stepped before the company to receive a little more formal greeting. Brother S. M. King was introduced as poet for the occasion, and read a short and very appropriate poem.

At the close of the poem, G. F. Hammond presented them with a short speech of the esteem and regard of their brother and sister patrons. Brother King in a few very well chosen words expressed his thanks for a friendly feeling that prompted the gift. Other presents were made among which we saw silver spoons, napkin rings, &c. After the presentation came confectionery, nuts, raisins, apples and pop corn in abundance and variety. And so the evening passed until it was time to think of going home, when with wishes that our host and hostess might enjoy many wedding anniversaries, good nights were spoken and we were home warm and bound, feeling that not only had a pleasant time been passed, but that we were better for it.

H.

At the Paris Hill Academy meeting Saturday afternoon, J. C. Marble was chosen President; S. D. Hutchinson, vice-President; H. E. Hammond, Secretary, and J. H. Rawson, Treasurer. It was decided to call the attention of our citizens to the condition of the Academy building and see what measures can be taken to repair it.

During the week of prayer, meetings will be held in the Baptist vestry as follows: Monday and Thursday evenings at 7:30 o'clock. Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday afternoons at 2 o'clock.

SOUTH PARIS, Jan. 3.—Rev. Mr. Cummings of Boston, missionary agent of the Baldwin wanderers home, preached at the M. E. church Sunday; he had with him four of the little wanderers which sang several times, the oldest not being over 13 years old. They sang with much expression and confidence for young singers. Mr. Cummings has been engaged in this good work for sixteen years and there can not be too much said in praise of it. It has taken over three hundred homeless children from the State of Maine, and taken care of them and found them happy homes. Mr. C. taught the village school here forty years ago. Although quite old he has not lost any of the warmth and joyfulness of a young man.

The praying band from Lewiston, will assist in the services at the M. E. church next Sunday.

The village schools are progressing finely. It is rumored that this is Mr. Everett's last year as principal. He grows in popularity. The vacancy will be hard to fill.

The Brass Band is progressing fast under the instruction of Prof. Perkins of Lewiston.

Dr. Holden is having a large run of trade; his goods are first class, and having a large variety he is able to give perfect satisfaction to all customers.

B. F. E.

ROXBURY, Dec. 30.—Mrs. C. A. Andrews died last Tuesday. She had been failing for some time.

P. M. Edmunds got in a "tight place" a

few days since. The tree he was cutting "went back," struck another and flew from the stump. He tried to jump over it, but it tripped him and came on top of him. Fortunately J. A. Reed was nearby; with a lever he could raise the tree, which was about 18 inches through, so Mr. E. could crawl out.

SUMNER.—A spelling school was held in the school building at District No. 16, East Sumner on the 23d inst. The literary exercises consisted of recitations by Misses Gertrude A. Harden, Lilla F. Stetson, Jennie M. Stetson, Maggie E. Horton and Ernest R. H. Stetson. It was a very enjoyable affair and reflected much credit to the school, which is flourishing finely under the instruction of Miss Gertrude A. Harden.—Journal.

SWEDEN, Dec. 31.—No Christmas tree in Sweden this year, but Santa Claus remembered the little boys and girls who hang their stockings for him to fill.

As Julia Whitehouse was coming from Albany, where she is teaching this winter, the sleigh suddenly upset and two sisters with her were uncer

