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ST. PAUL, MINN., SEPT. 6, 1881.

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TWO MAINE STORIES.

WHICH THE READER MAY BELIEVE OR NOT.
THE MYSTERIOUS WIDOW.

During the summer of 1841 the British had laid claim to all that portion of the district of Maine lying east of the Penobscot. Shortly before the arrival of the English squadron, Commodore Samuel Tucker had been sent around to Penobscot Bay to protect the American coasters, and while the British sailed to Castine he lay at Thomaston.

It was a schooner that the Commodore commanded, but she was a heavy one, well armed and manned; and she carried the true Yankee "grit" upon her decks, of which the enemy had received from them rather too many proofs. On the morning of the 20th of August a messenger was sent down from Belfast with the intelligence that the British frigate was coming from Castine to take him. Tucker knew that the British feared him, and also that Sir John Sherbrooke had offered a large amount for his capture.

When the Commodore received the intelligence his vessel was lying at one of the lower wharves, where he would have to wait two hours for the tide; but he hastened to have everything prepared to get her off as soon as possible.

The schooner's keel was just cleared from the mud, and one of the men had been sent upon the wharf to cast off the bowline, when a wagon, drawn by one horse, came rattling down to the spot. The driver, a rough looking countryman, got out upon the wharf, and assisted a middle aged woman from the vehicle. The lady's first inquiry was for Commodore Tucker. He was pointed out to her, and she stepped upon the schooner's deck and approached him.

"Commodore," she asked, "when do you sail from here?"

"We sail right off as soon as possible, madam."

"Oh, then, I know you will be kind to me," the lady urged, in persuasive tones. "My poor husband died yesterday, and I wish to carry his corpse to Wiscasset, where we belong, and where his parents will take care of it."

"But my good woman, I shan't go to Wiscasset."

"If you will only land me at the mouth of the Sheepscot, I will ask no more. I can easily find a boat there to take me up."

"Where is the body?" asked Tucker.

"In the wagon," returned the lady, at the same time raising the corner of her shawl to wipe away the gathering tears. "I have a sum of money with me, and you shall be paid for the trouble."

The kind-hearted old Commodore was not the man to refuse a favor and though he liked not the bother of taking the woman and her strange accompaniment on board, yet he could not refuse.

Some of the men were sent upon the wharf to bring the body on board. A long buffalo robe was lifted off by the man who drove the wagon; beneath it appeared a neat black coffin. Some words were passed by the seamen as they were putting the coffin on board, which went to show pretty plainly that the affair did not exactly suit them. But it may have been but prejudice on their part, and the seamen should be allowed a prejudice once in a while, when we consider the many stern realities they have to encounter. Ere long the coffin was placed in the hold and the woman was shown to the cabin. In less than half an hour the schooner was cleared from the wharf and standing out from the bay. The wind was light from the eastward, but Tucker had no fear of the frigate now that she was once out of the bay.

In the evening the lady passenger came on deck, and the Commodore assured her that he should be able to land her early the next morning. She expressed her gratitude, and remarked that before she retired she would like to look and see that her husband's corpse was safe. This was, of course, granted, and one of the men lifted off the hatch that she might go down into the hold.

"I declare," said Daniel Carter, an old sailor, who was standing at the wheel, "she takes on drearily."

"Dye notice what'n eye she got?" continued Carter.

"No," said Tucker, "only 'twas swollen with tears."

"My eyes! but they shone, though, when she stood here, looking at the compass."

Tucker smiled at the man's quaint earnestness and went down to the cabin. When the woman came up from the hold she looked about the deck of the schooner for a few minutes and then went aft. There was something in her countenance that puzzled Carter. He had been one of those who objected to the coffin being brought aboard. The woman's eyes ran over the schooner's deck with a strange quickness, and Carter eyed her very sharply. Soon she went to the taffrail and came and stood by the binnacle again.

"Look out, or you'll jibe the boom," uttered the passenger.

Carter started, and found that the mainmast was shivering. He gave the helm a couple of spokes apart, and then cast his eyes again upon the woman.

"Thank me, ma'am," said Dan. "Hh, hold on—why, bless my soul, there's a big spider right on your hair. No—not there. Here—I'll—ugh!"

The last ejaculation Dan made as he seemed to pull something from the woman's hair, which he threw upon the deck with the "ugh" above mentioned. Shortly after the passenger went below, and ere long Tucker came on deck.

"Commodore," said Carter, with a remarkable degree of earnestness in his manner, "is that 'oman turned in?"

"points to the south'ards of your course." "Blow me! so I am," said the man, bringing the helm smart about. "But, say, didn't you notice anything peculiar about the old 'oman?"

"Why, Dan, you seem greatly interested about her."

"So I am, Commodore, an' so I am about the coffin, too. Wouldn't it be well for you and I to overhaul it?"

"Pshaw! you're as scared as a child in a graveyard!"

"No, not a bit. Just hark a bit. That 'oman ain't no 'oman."

The Commodore pronounced the name of his satanic majesty in the most emphatic manner.

"It's the truth, Commodore—I purtended there was a spider on her hair, and I rubbed my hand again her face. By Sam Hides, if it wasn't as rough and heaved as a holy stone. You see, she told me as how I'd let the boom jibe if I didn't look out. I knowed there was no 'oman there, and I tried her. Call somebody to the wheel and let's go and look at the coffin."

The Commodore was wonderstruck by what he had heard, but with a calm presence of mind that made him what he was, he set coolly to thinking. In a few minutes he called one of the men aft to relieve Carter, and then went down to look after his passenger.

The latter had turned in and seemed to be sleeping. Turner returned and took Carter one side.

"No noise now, Carter; follow me as though nothing had happened."

"Sartin."

The two approached the main hatch and stooped to raise it, when Dan's hand touched a small ball that seemed to have been pinned up under the break of the hatch.

"It's a ball of twine," said he.

"Don't touch it, but run and get a lantern," replied Tucker.

Carter sprang to obey, and when he returned a number of the men had gathered about the spot. The hatch was raised, and the Commodore carefully picked up the ball of twine and found that it was made fast to something below. He descended to the hold, and there he found that the twine ran in beneath the lid of the coffin. He had no doubt in his mind now that there was mischief boxed up below, and sent Carter for something that might answer for a screw-driver. The man soon returned with a stout knife, and the Commodore set to work. He worked very carefully, keeping a bright lookout for the string.

At length the screws were out and the lid was very carefully lifted from its place.

"Great God in heaven!" burst from the lips of the Commodore.

"By Sam Hyde!" dropped like a thunder-clap from the tongue of young Dan.

"God bless you, Dan!" said the Commodore.

"I know'd it," muttered Dan.

The two men stood for a moment and gazed into the coffin. There was no dead man there, but in place thereof was material for the death of a score. The coffin was filled with gunpowder and pitchwood, upon a light framework in the centre were arranged four pistols, all cocked, and the string entering the coffin from without communicated with the triggers of each.

The first movement of the Commodore was to call for water, and when it was brought he dashed three or four buckets-full into the infernal contrivance and then he breathed more freely.

"No, no," he uttered, as he leaped from the hold, "no, no—my men. Do nothing rashly; let me go into the cabin and see what's the matter."

Commodore Tucker strode into the cabin, walked up to the bunk where his passenger lay, and grasping hold of the female dress, he dragged its wearer out upon the floor. There was a sharp resistance, and the passenger drew a pistol, but it was quickly knocked away—the gown was torn off, and a man came forth from the remnants of calico and linen.

The fellow was assured that his whole plan had been discovered, and at length he owned that it had been his plan to turn out in the course of the night and get hold of the ball of twine, then he intended to have gone aft, carefully unwinding the string as he went along; then to have got into the boat, cut the falls, and as the boat fell into the water he would have pulled smartly upon the twine.

"And I think you know," he continued, with a wicked look, "what would have followed. All I can say is that I'm sorry I didn't do it."

It was with much difficulty that the Commodore prevented his men from killing the villain on the spot. He proved to be one of the enemy's officers, and he was to have a heavy reward if he succeeded in destroying the Commodore and his crew.

The prisoner was carried on deck and lashed to the main rigging.

"What a horrible death that villain meant for us, uttered Carter.

"Yes, he did," said Tucker, with a shudder.

"He belongs to the same gang that's been a robbin' and burnin' the poor folks' houses on the eastern coast," said one of the men.

"Yes," said the Commodore, with a nervous twitch of the muscles about his mouth.

A bitter curse from the prisoner now broke on the air, and with clenched fist the Commodore went below.

In the morning, when Tucker came on deck, Seguin was in sight upon the starboard bow, but when he looked for the prisoner he was gone.

"Carter, where's the villain I lashed here last night?"

"I'm sure I don't know where he is, Commodore. Perhaps he jumped overboard."

The old Commodore looked sternly in Carter's eyes, and he saw a twinkle of satisfaction gleaming there. He hesitated a moment—then he turned away and muttered to himself:

"Well, well—I can't blame them. If the murderous villain's gone to death he's only met a fate which he deserved."

THE KENNEBEC SCHOONER; OR, THE ENGLISHMAN AT FAULT.

Any one who lived near the Kennebec during the last war with Great Britain, cannot fail to remember the excitement and anxiety of the inhabitants of Kennebec and Lincoln counties, when the river was blockaded by the British. In many of the towns on the banks of the river—towns which owed much of their means of sustenance to their maritime trade—the people were for some time actually starved for want of food, as nothing could be brought up the river from any of the seaport towns on the coast. At one time a dollar's worth of flour was often carried in a small pocket handkerchief, while the children of comparatively opulent families were even forced to pick from heaps of cast-off vegetables, frozen potatoes which were placed upon the coals and eaten even before the frost was wholly overcome. Some forty or fifty trading vessels were lying idle in the river, and at length, the blockade became so serious that actual starvation peeped coldly in at some of the poorer families.

Among the coasters which were thus cut off from their trading, was a clipper schooner, owned and commanded by Capt. John Wait, which had dropped down from Hallowell, and hauled up at one of the wharves in Bath. Capt. Wait was loaded for Ipswich, Mass., and his family were suffering from his forced state of inactivity.

"Mr. Springer," said Wait to his mate, one bright morning, as they stood upon the wharf at which the schooner was secured, "I am going out."

"Sir?"

"I am going out."

"But that English brig is out there yet, darn her picture," returned Springer.

Capt. Wait seldom swore, but on the present occasion he could not help it, for he distinctly uttered a pretty round oath in connection with said brig, and then continued:

"I've got an idea, and it may get us out in safety; but nevertheless let I go, at all events."

"Well," returned Springer, "if the old 'Polly' goes I shall go with her."

Four men and the cook composed the schooner's crew, exclusive of the two officers, and they readily agreed to stick by the old "Polly" as long as her timbers held together.

Capt. Wait went on shore and procured an old anchor and cable, which he carried on board the schooner, and deposited near the starboard quarter, securing the end of the cable to the large quarter cleet and placing the anchor so that it could be easily tumbled overboard.

At about an hour before sundown, just as the tide began to ebb, Capt. Wait cast off his shore fasts, and with a good fresh breeze from the southward and westward, he spread his sails and started off down the river. Together with the assistance of the tide and wind the "Polly" was not over an hour in making the mouth of the river, and just to the eastward of Seguin, she espied the English brig standing in.

The Englishman noticed the Yankee as soon as she came in sight, and keeping away to the westward, she evidently intended to cut her off. Crowding as close upon the wind as possible, Capt. Wait ran his schooner for Cape Sable Point, the immediate vicinity of which, from the number of large black rocks that ornamented the water, bear anything but an agreeable aspect to the stranger, but, nevertheless, some of the coasters can very safely wend their way among them.

As the island of Seguin happened to be somewhat in the way of the brig, she had been forced to tack twice, in order to get upon a direct chase, and consequently the schooner had already reached the rocks, and just as the brig came sweeping around the island, our Yankee captain had prepared everything for his manœuvre. The schooner was now heaving nearly south, and of course her larboard side was towards the Englishman, while the latter was heading directly for her, on the larboard tack.

"Twont do to stand on much longer," said Springer, as he worked hard to keep the schooner just on a shiver.

"A few minutes longer," returned Capt. Wait. "The brig won't fire till she gets a little nearer. I must get into that shoal water ahead, where we can have plenty of sea room, for when I square away I want a clear sea."

Five minutes more passed away, during which time the schooner had reached the clear water alluded to, while the brig had been gradually opening her starboard battery.

"Now, stand by, boys," exclaimed the Captain, as he cast an anxious look towards the Englishman's guns. "Let her come up."

In an instant the "Polly" came into the wind, and as her sails began to flap and flutter, but before headway was wholly checked, the old anchor was dropped overboard from the starboard quarter, and a dozen heavy water casks were instantly rolled over on the same side, which gave her quite a heel to starboard.

"Schooner ahoy!" shouted an officer from the Englishman.

"Blast the cursed rocks!" roared Capt. Wait, springing to the helm just as the short cable tautened and brought the schooner up. "Jump to those head sheets. Haul over the starboard jib sheet, quick. Catch hold of the larboard fore sheet, and haul it taut."

The order was quickly obeyed, and the result answered a two-fold purpose. It not only served to keep the schooner's head to wind, but it also appeared to the Englishman as though the Yankee were making great exertions to get off from some hidden rock upon which they had struck.

For a few moments the "Polly" bravely headed up against the wind, by the aid of her back-winged foresail jib, but the force of the anchor coming upon the quarter, it was evident that she must soon swing round unless some expedient could be adopted by which to prevent it. As fortune would have it there were two long logging poles, with iron pikes at the end, on board, and in a moment, they were got over the larboard bow in which direction the schooner inclined. This, again, answered two purposes, for as the water was shoal, the poles easily held the schooner in her position, while, to the eyes of the astonished Englishman, it added another evidence of the supposed calamity.

"I thought so," exclaimed Capt. Wait, as he rubbed his hands in high glee; "there goes the Englishman's top-sail to the mast. Stand by to slip that cable the moment I give the order. Get those two big rocks out of the boat, and lay 'em down under the quarter-rail."

The Yankee's supposition had proved correct, for no sooner had the schooner come into the wind, heeled over the starboard, and laid perfectly immovable before the fresh breeze than the English officer naturally supposed that she had run upon a rock, and instead of running their own brig in the same danger, they have to, and lowered a boat, into which some fifteen men immediately descended, and put off for the unfortunate schooner.

"Lift that heaviest rock on the rail," said Capt. Wait as the boat approached the schooner's larboard quarter.

A block of granite weighing some eighty pounds—a regular down-east boulder—was lifted to the rail and two of the men stood by to throw it overboard. It was now quite dusky, so that those in the approaching boat could not see distinctly the nature of these minor movements on the part of the Yankee.

"Hallo, Jonathan! got into a bad scrape, haven't you! hauled the officer of the boat as she began to round under the quarter."

"Darn it all—yes," roared Captain Wait in a perfect fury of passion and chagrin. "But if I hadn't run on to this cursed rock I'll be blessed if you'd ever have ketches us, you thunderin' old Britisher."

"Well," returned the officer with a laugh, "I am sorry for you, but we've got you now, certain. Stand by with the boat-hook, forward."

The man with the boat-hook never obeyed that order, for hardly had the words escaped the officer's mouth—when—plump—smash came the heavy rock tearing and crushing through the bottom of the boat.

"Let go that cable!" shouted Capt. Wait as he shoved the helm hard a starboard. "Haul over the jib. That's it, now, ease off the fore and main sheets."

The schooner paid off in an instant, and with a good full sail she darted off under cover of two small islands, that stand between the Cape and Seguin, and which protected her from the guns of the brig.

The last that our Yankee crew saw of the boat that had been sent overboard, was just as she swamped, with the frantic men still clinging to her sides, and in a moment more another boat came to her assistance. The gloom, however, shut out further observation, and whether the Englishmen were any of them drowned, our heroes never knew. All they knew was, that their clipper schooner got safely out to sea, and that they had caught "The Englishman at Fault!"—A. C. Burdick.

HER FATHER'S GRAVE.

The Fairfield Chronicle says: A touching incident occurred at the village cemetery during the decoration services. A young girl stood by the side of a mound which alone was the only mark of it being the last resting place of some one who had once lived and loved, but had long since departed to that bourne from which no traveller returns. The rank grass grew above the grave in tangled masses, and the little birds were singing their sweet and solemn requiem over this neglected grave as though to atone for the absence of those who had loved the lonely inhabitant of this silent abode, when all about it were friends strewing garlands upon the graves of their departed. The young girl held a bouquet of flowers in her hand and seemed bowed down by grief. An old soldier passing by attracted the attention of the girl, and raising her tearful eyes she inquired who lay buried there. Upon being informed she burst into tears, and through her sobs she told the stranger that it was the grave of her father, who had been a soldier, and died before her remembrance, and that this was the first time she had visited his grave or known where he lay buried. The generous hearted soldier, who had stood by the side of this fallen comrade when the battle raged thickest, and who had shared with him the perils and hardships of the field that our liberties and our loved country might be preserved, was stirred with deep emotion as the scenes of the past rose before him, and together the daughter and the comrade bedewed the sod with their tears. The bouquet was lovingly placed upon the mound, and no longer, as with each recurrence of this sacred day we gather about the graves of our heroic dead to strew the first flowers of spring and recite the thrilling story of their sacrifice, will this mound be forgotten.

"Think," says an exuberant exchange, "of the numberless messages that pass through the telephone each day."

We do not think of them. We can't help it. We never place our ear to the receiver, but instantly twelve thousand several and distinct messages, from as many mouths, are shot into it. The telephone is a blessed thing.

Your health depends on the purity of your blood. People who realize this are taking Hood's Sarsaparilla with the best results.

The American lawn mower has been introduced into England, and now the English, disturbed in their morning naps by the clanging flend, have sent over for the profanity that goes with it.

"ROUGH ON RATS,"—Ask druggists for it. It clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, flies, vermin, insects, etc.

The Boston Post says: "The idea that there was a threshing machine running on Broomfield Street was erroneous. It originated from the noise made by a Louisville man eating dinner at a restaurant."

HAVE WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY always at hand. It cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, whooping cough, influenza, consumption, and all throat and lung complaints. 50 cts. and \$1 a bottle.

After a Michigan farmer had committed suicide because there was no show for his corn a soaking shower saved every kernel into life and guaranteed a big crop. Some folks are always a day too late.

There was eclipse this year that astronomers failed to notice. It was the eclipse of *Alphonso's Botanic Balm* over all competitors. It cures Coughs, Colds, and all diseases of the Throat, Chest, and Lungs. Price 10, 25, and 50 cts.

There may be other worlds than this as astronomers claim, but we don't believe that any of 'em can beat the gymnastics performed by our folks when the head rope of a hammock decides to let go.

HANDSOME VERSUS HOMEY.—Who is that one looking lady that we just passed, Clara? "Why that is Mrs. Snow." "Well, there, what a change! When I saw her last, her skin was so sallow and muddily looking, it's no wonder I didn't know her. What has produced that lovely complexion?" "I heard she took Sulphur Bitters, the great Blood Purifier, and now would not be without them."

"Hold on!" yelled a policeman to a citizen who was speeding himself toward the depot just as the train was pulling out. "Hold on! what are you after?" "I'm after time!" hooted the panting citizen, and of a verity he was.

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LITERARY NOTES. —Charles Reade contemplates the production of another novel. —Mrs. Julia Ward Howe lived within a few miles of Hawthorne for many years, but saw the great novelist only twice. —The house in Tavistock Square, London, where Dickens wrote "Great Expectations," is now the site of a flourishing Jewish college. —Charles Lamb, at the age of 20, was confined in a mad-house for six weeks; but this tendency to insanity never manifested itself again. His sister, Mary, was subject to paroxysms of insanity, and in September, 1788, she killed her mother. —George Eliot received for her first work—the translation from Strauss—only \$100 and twenty-five copies of the book. For her next work—the translation of Feuerbach's "Essence of Christianity"—she was paid \$250. —A new slab has been fixed over Byron's grave at Hucknall. The number of visitors to the tomb is as great as at any time since the funeral in 1773. The names of a large number of Americans are recorded in the visitors' album. —Wentworth's OXFORD DEMOCRAT credits to the Journal the poem entitled "The Heart of the Nation." It was originally published in *Harper's Weekly*, and in copying it the proper credit was omitted by an oversight on our part.—*Boston Journal*. —The short story in the August *Illustrated*, "The Village Convict," by C. H. White, has raised the hopes of many readers that a new literary light is coming above the horizon. Among others, a distinguished American novelist writes: "We have all been delighted with the story. * * * I have failed to find it 'ring false' at any point. Mr. White is young, he is sure of a future." The editor of *Scraper* has also accepted another story from the author, which is not inferior to its companion in humor, high tone, or keen observation of human life.

BAIRD'S MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.—The August number of the hand some illustrated and popular *Baird's Magazine* is issued, and will be read with much pleasure by its readers. It contains a variety of its contents that no other magazine in this country can surpass. It should be in an home of thousands of families, for every home would be better for reading it, touching as it does upon a hundred different interesting topics. Published by Thomas & Talbot, 25 Hawley St., Boston, Mass., at the price of one dollar a year, or for sale at all the news depots in the country at 15 cents a copy. —Dr. Newhall, in the current number of *Time's Herald*, writing of Carlyle, says that, in spite of his failure to follow in his life the beautiful and vigorous intuitions which he had of the supernatural, he was more truly a man than his German master, Goethe. "He stroked and raved at nature as a child, but it was not in vain. He was a rough and rugged John the Baptist, crying in the wilderness of nineteenth-century sin; fierce and moose as he often seemed; he was a Scotch Jeremiah whose eyes were fountains of tears for the miseries and degradation of his race in Great Britain. But he had not the true prophet's faith and hope."

—The *Atlantic Monthly* for September has the following list of contents: "Dr. Brown's Practice," W. D. Howells; "Koschiel's Death," or the Diffusion of Fair Tales, John Fiske; "Harvest Noon," Edith M. Thomas; "In Exile," M. H. F. Foster; "Housekeeping Hereafter," J. V. Sears; "The Portrait of a Lady," Henry James; "Postscript," Phil B. Knap; "1881," Oliver Wendell Holmes; "The Katrina Saga," H. H.; "The Future of Harvard Divinity School," Wm. Chauncey Langdon; "The Dramas of the Elder Dumas," J. Brander Matthews; "The Attempt on the President's Life," E. L. Godkin; "The Rise and Fall of the Confederation Government," Some recent biographies; The English Colonies in America, Transcendental Physics. The contributor's club, books of the month. —There is hardly a literary man in America whose writings have been more widely read than those of Dr. J. G. Holland, nor one whose name is better known among the people. It is said that nearly 60,000 copies of his books have been sold, to say nothing of the enormous sale each month of *Scraper's Monthly*, over which he presides as Editor-in-Chief. The Century Co., publishers of *Scraper's Monthly* (to be known as "The Century Magazine" after October), will soon issue a portrait of Dr. Holland, which will be a remarkably fine likeness; it is the photograph of life size crayon-drawing of the head and shoulders, recently made by Wyatt Eaton, and will be about the size of the original picture. It is to be offered in connection with subscriptions to *The Century Magazine*.

—The *North American Review* for September opens with a profoundly philosophical article on "The Church, the State, and the School," by Prof. William F. Harris, M. J. Savage, from the "Natural Ethic." The Hon. John A. Kasson gives a history of the "Monroe Declaration," and probes the credit of formulating that cardinal doctrine of American Statesmanship is due to John Quincy Adams. The Rev. Edward Everett Hale writes "Taxation of Church Property." The other articles in this number of the *Review* are: "Jewish Racism in America," by Nina Morais; "The Decay of New England Thought," by the Rev. Julius H. Ward; "Ghost Seeing," by Prof. F. H. Hodges; and "Factional History," by Rossiter Johnson. The latter article is a scathing criticism of Jefferson Davis's recently published historical memoir. Fifty cents per copy. Five dollars per year. Address the North American Review, New York, N. Y.

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW for September has eight articles of interest and value, some of which at least ought not to escape the careful attention of all students of American affairs. It is important in the sphere of discussion to which they pertain. Mr. Alexander Bliss writes upon "Naturalization," a theme rapidly assuming proportions of vital interest. Mr. Wm. J. Armstrong contributes a very readable sketch of "Spain of To-day," which gives a good idea of the political progress of that land since Queen Isabella abdicated the throne in 1808. Mr. John Codman writes of "Mormonism." "The difficulties of Prison Reform" are treated by Mr. A. S. Myrick, which has become the subject of a special study or several years. Mr. Henry C. Adams discusses the "Payment of Public Debts," and concludes that further issues of bonds should be so drawn that the government will have full control over them. "The Endowment of Colleges," by Rev. Charles C. Tilling, gives some interesting facts relative to the value of college property, and productive funds, income, scholarship-endowments, etc. "Baron Bettino Ricasoli," the Italian statesman, and one of Victor Emmanuel's staunchest supporters is made the subject of a critical and biographical sketch by Mr. Wm. Chauncey Langdon. The number closes with the first installment of a series of studies of "Victor Hugo," by Auguste Langel. Published by A. S. Barnes Co., New York, at \$5.00 per year.

—Mr. J. B. Moody is again located at Beal's Hotel, Norway, and will continue to sell wagons and carriages in this section, until after the County Fair, Sept. 27, 28 and 29. As the carriage season closes, he will sell at a lower figure in order to avoid carrying over a heavy stock. Therefore now is the time to make a purchase from him. —The steamer City of Richmond, of the Portland, Bangor and Machias line, was wrecked on Mark Island Tuesday. The passengers and crew were all saved. Struck a rock while driving ahead in the fog. —County Fair Sept. 27, 28, 29.

BY THE SAGO. —The opening of the temperance camp-meeting at Fryeburg, Maine, Sept. 31. More desirable weather than that vouchsafed for the opening day of the "Saco River Valley Temperance Camp-meeting" could not be asked for. The morning was devoted to setting up house-keeping in the various camps and cottages. Rev. Mr. Collins, president of the association, seemed everywhere, directing the rapidly increasing throngs to the various homes, superintending the decorations, welcoming the guests until everything was in order, so that when the meeting was called to order at 2:30 p. m. all outside work was finished, and the confusion and confusion of the first day was noticeable by its absence. A large number of campers are expected this year than ever before. The accommodations offered by the new buildings attract a great many whom the terrors of dampness and spiders, enjoyed under the less pretentious canvas, have heretofore kept away. All the small cottages are engaged and the indications are that this temperance camp-meeting is to be the most successful one ever held in this beautiful grove. The services commenced by singing "Rock of Ages," then followed reading of the scripture and prayer by Rev. G. C. Andrews. Rev. Mr. Collins then introduced the orator of the day, Hon. T. R. Simon, G. W. C. T. This gentleman spoke with his usual eloquence, and was listened to with marked attention by an intelligent and attentive audience which filled the seats in front of the speaker's platform. The subject of the address was "Past Success and Future Work." Mr. Simon showed by contrasting the past with the present, that great gains have been made. He did not go into statistics but gave many facts and anecdotes illustrating his position that our success is marvelous. His remedies for the present evil were total abstinence for the individual, and prohibition enforced by a determined public sentiment. He did not indulge in extravagant censure of the liquor sellers or the drinker, but showed up the danger of drinking and the wickedness of selling. He did not believe in a distinct political party on this issue, but believed the temperance people had the power if they would exert it, to make all the political parties temperance parties, so that they would not dare to nominate for sheriffs, county attorneys, mayors or other offices, men opposed to temperance.—*Argus*.

The Democrat thinks that if we know of cases in our village that need correcting, we should appeal to the law in person, and not give publicity to a bad reputation by giving public notice of lawlessness. We are glad Mr. Watkins has put us right in this matter. We have always had a very poor opinion of our ability to run a local paper, and have been very cautious about getting into deep water. It is true, we have been criticized in regard to publishing deaths, and outsiders might come to the conclusion that people occasionally take their departure from our midst, as is apt to be the case elsewhere. After days of research, we became satisfied that other local papers were in the habit of doing it, and we concluded to follow on after them. We never supposed it to be our duty as publisher of a little local paper, to act in the capacity of watchman, sheriff, or hangman; if this is so, we shall enter upon the duties of our new office at once, and when in good working trim, let erring ones tremble.—*Norway Advertiser*. We do not expect, as an editor, Bro. Drake has any spare time to perform the duties mentioned above. But we hope that, as a citizen, he performs many good acts, such as attending church, visiting the sick and distressed, and the like. So, as a citizen, he should aid not only with his pen, but by personal application in suppressing vice in his enterprising village. Three determined men can stop all the "devilry" complained of in any village of the size of Norway.

—Jos. Wood, Editor of the *Monroe Democrat*, who has been in the insurance business writes the following commentary on our Marriage Insurance item: "The society may be as 'stupid' as the *Democrat* imagines, but we never yet knew a dead man to go on paying his life insurance premiums, even in a mutual company. When a building burns down the insurance terminates and of course when one insured by the Marriage Insurance Company marries he is counted out and another single one may take his place. Those who 'hasten to marry' makes the most money and those who remain single while the 999 others marry have to pay well for the privilege—and it's very proper they should. Wood waited a good while, so he knows how it is himself. suppose they all get married the same day; who will pay the insurance then?" —According to the Philadelphia News, the ice crop threatens to be cut short by the *metamorphosis*, or ice worm. The insect is about six inches in length, and is almost transparent, making it difficult to distinguish it from the ice. The first known by the leaven of the presence of this peculiar worm was in April, 1870, when a steamer struck an iceberg in mid ocean and carried some of the insects, which clung to the ice, to the other day, to this shore. It conceals itself in the ice after having been harvested, and is the cause of the ice melting so rapidly. That's too transparent. Next we'll have an insect eating the coal crop, and another devastating the stone walls. A BONANZA.—No person who takes up this issue of the DEMOCRAT can fail to notice the big shirt put on the third page by Mr. Horatio Staples of Portland. Mr. Staples sends the Bonanza shirt by mail for 75c. This is cheaper than it is to buy the material and make one yourself, mother of the family. Likely the material alone would cost you that. We are personally acquainted with Mr. Staples and can vouch for his integrity to those of our readers who do not know him. He will do just as he agrees, in this and every other matter.

SOUNDS NATURAL.—We clip the following item from one of our exchanges. It sounds greatly like one of the famous wits of Paris Hill: Mr. Edward L. Parris, a New York lawyer, is acting as referee in a hearing on the question as to whether bicycles shall be admitted to Central Park. At the hearing the other day, which clung to the hearing, he said he had caught the whooping cough from his little daughter. "I suppose, gentlemen," he observed to the lawyers, "that I am not ineligible to sit as a referee in regard to the wheel because I have a strong tendency toward the whoop?" —The President is still alive, and again hopes are entertained that he will live. This alteration of hope and depression is distressing the country—the next news will be more hopeful, and his recovery speedy. —The steamer City of Richmond, of the Portland, Bangor and Machias line, was wrecked on Mark Island Tuesday. The passengers and crew were all saved. Struck a rock while driving ahead in the fog. —County Fair Sept. 27, 28, 29.

A REMARKABLE STORY. Two years ago one James G. Waite, accompanied by a lady who he called his wife and a five-year-old little girl, located in Lynchburg, Va., in business. He joined the church, and became quite prosperous. Mrs. Waite died in June, and on the 10th of last, a stranger introduced himself to the police as John Waite, of Essexville, Mich. Showing the chief a photograph, it was recognized as that of James Waite, the successful merchant and church member, whom the stranger said had eloped with his wife, and abducted his daughter. A fair exchange is no robbery. The wronged husband has spent a great deal of money in trying to recover them. Burgess, not content with stealing Waite's wife and child, also stole his name. He has made a full confession. WHAT THE SUMMER TRAVEL DOES FOR MAINE.—The Press says: In conversation with one of the officers of one of our banks Friday, the statement was made that few people have any idea of the amount of money left in Maine by summer visitors who visit our watering places and country resorts. He said that up to six weeks ago it was difficult for a bank in Portland to get many large bills, and the pay rolls of various companies required an active "shuffling round" to secure the necessary amounts in fives and tens to meet them in addition to those of their regular customers. Since that time, however, bills have been a glut in the bank and the deposits have included many large sized bills. The great increase is due to the summer visitors to Maine. Their money focuses in the Portland banks, and this officers bank four weeks ago forwarded \$200,000 in bills to New York, two weeks later \$300,000, and Friday \$300,000 more, or \$1,000,000 in six weeks, and this bank is but one of six in Portland.

A MAINE BOY KILLS HIS WIFE AND SHOOT HIMSELF. Boston, Mass., Aug. 30th.—Francis C. Pease, aged 23, residing in Elm street, this city, and recently from Rockland, Me., to-night fired five shots from a revolver into his wife, aged 18, two taking effect in her heart, killing her instantly. Immediately afterwards he fired several shots into his own body, and, though still living, his injuries are fatal. No cause for the murder and suicide is known. Parties living in the same house with the murderer and victim have never noticed unpleasant relations with them, and to all appearances they lived together in great harmony. Pease, though at one time in good circumstances, has been idle of late, and is said to have been drinking considerably. SAD ACCIDENT. THREE YOUNG MEN DROWNED IN THE SAGO. FRYEBURG, Aug. 30.—Three boys, sons of Caleb and Samuel Durgin and Andrew McDonald, each about twenty years old, were drowned in the Saco river at Fryeburg this afternoon. Their companions were on the bank but could render no assistance, all being unable to swim. The bodies were recovered after four hours. —Regular session of the County Commissioners' Court Tuesday, Sept. 6.

FOR THE OXFORD DEMOCRAT. OBITUARY. On August 16, there died in Norway, Maine, only child of her widowed mother, Mrs. Hannah Black. A broken shaft is the common symbol of death youth. But it is no type of Mabel's life. The woman-child had lived in thirteen years a life so full and perfect that she is mourned by women even more than by children. She numbered among her friends more than one man and woman who drew from her purity and simplicity new trust in man and in God. Her last sickness is remembered, not for its painfulness, but for the thousand lovely acts that crowned it. Mabel's sick-room was the sunniest and happiest place in the village. She was careful for everybody, most of all for her mother. Every beautiful thought that she could associate with Heaven was left to cheer her mother's loneliness. Mabel is to pick her arms full of flowers there; she is to look at her friends on earth, and be with them if she may; and, at the very end, she writes in her Bible that she is to be "always mamma's baby" there. That we can believe. Souls like hers are forever young. It is only those whom they leave that grow old. "When the song is gone out of our life, we can't start another with that ringing in our ears. But we must have a bit of silence, and at that of that maybe a psalm may come by-and-by."

A good man sang the well-known dirge of a child not unlike Mabel Black. Grave, simple, true, tender, hopeful, trustful, but, in spite of all these beauties,—doomed to die. "The old, old fashion, Death! Ah, thank God, ye who see it, for the older fashion yet of Immortality." H. O. G. T.—The twelfth quarterly session of Mr. Pleasant District Lodge, I. O. of G. T., will be held with Albionian Lodge, No. 209, at Bridgton, Wednesday, Sept. 14, 1881, beginning at 10 a. m. Lodges will elect their delegates and provide them with credentials. Public meeting in the evening, addressed by prominent temperance speakers. Lodges will please report their standing immediately to the District Secretary. Mrs. W. L. GATCHELL, Dist. Sec. W. Balliett, Aug. 30, 1881. THE MISSIONS.—Some idea of what American missions are, and have for some years past been doing, in Asia Minor, was recently given in London, by the Rev. Dr. Wright, an American who is president of the Central Turkey College at Antab. In Asia Minor there have been established over 400 schools, which are attended by about 15,000 pupils, and besides these there are high schools and seminaries for the training of girls. There are also four American colleges—one at Constantinople, one at Beyrout, one at Antab, and one at Khar-poot. At the college of Antab the pupils first study the English language after have acquired some mastery of which, they go on to history, algebra, chemistry, zoology, political economy, and natural philosophy. In connection with this college there is a medical department, together with a hospital at which 1500 patients have been treated since last autumn. —Our correspondent "Hartford," has discounted the expression "a hard row to hoe." He substitutes "a toilsome drill."

HOLDEN'S DRUG STORE, 509 N. B. HOLDEN, M. D. Holden's Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla with Iodide Potassium. It is employed with advantage in chronic affections, such as Scrophulous and Scrophulous affections, such as Pimples, Eruptions, Boils, Tumors, Salt Rheum, Chronic Itch, and various other diseases, arising from impurities of the blood. Holden's Rheumatic and Gout Cure. For prevention and cure of Rheumatism, both acute and chronic; also that distressing disease, the Gout. Holden's Cases, Blitters. A remedy for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Ague, Constipation, etc. This must not be confused with the Whiskey Blitters which flood the country with a purely medicinal blitter. The ingredients are printed on each bottle, and we are ready to place it with any Blitter that is in the market. Baby Carriages of All Descriptions sold at Lowest Prices. E. B. HOLDEN, M. D. Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded. CATCH ON! NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY THE CELEBRATED OLIVER CHILLED PLOW. THE BEST FOR ALL KINDS OF WORK AND WARRANTED. Also the Improved Chilled Swivel Plow, WARRANTED THE BEST IN THE MARKET. Before you commence your Fall Plowing, call and examine these Plows. Always bearing in mind that we let you take a Plow, and if it does not prove a better Plow, and of Easier Draft than any you ever used, or can buy, WE WILL TAKE IT BACK. Give it a Trial. Bargains in Pocket and Table CUTLERY. MASON BROS., (MASON'S BLOCK) Norway, Maine. OXFORD, 28.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of August, A. D. 1881, on the petition of SEYMUR FIFE of Fryeburg, in said County, praying that he may be appointed administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Mabel Black, deceased, the executor of said estate having deceased. Ordered, That the said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Paris in said County on the third Tuesday of Sept. next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon and show cause if any they have against the same.

MAINE STATE FAIR, AT LEWISTON, ME. When you visit the Fair, don't forget to call on Prof. G. Boardman Smith, and secure as a souvenir, a specimen of his unequalled PENMANSHIP. Address now, with 3-cent stamp for full particulars of his BUSINESS COLLEGE. Fall Term Opens August 29 CUT THIS OUT. A GOOD RECOMMENDATION. I have used the New Home Sewing Machine three years, and can recommend it to any one. It is always ready to do the work required, and never gets out of order. Mrs. W. L. P. FRYE, Lewiston, Me. G. W. BROWN, Agent, SO. PARIS, MAINE. A Large and New Lot of HAMMOCKS! JUST RECEIVED AT NOYES' DRUG STORE, NORWAY, MAINE. New stock Attorney's Blanks, Blank Books, and Box Stationery, at NOYES' DRUG & BOOK STORE, NORWAY, MAINE. ROOM PAPERS WINDOW SHADES! A new stock for Fall Trade just received at NOYES' DRUG STORE, NORWAY, MAINE. N. B. All papers trimmed free. STAND FOR SALE! Known as the GREGG STAND situated in the Village of Bethel, on the road to HARTFORD, consisting of a story and half house, old and stable and one of a half acre of land in a high state of cultivation; together with 30 acres of choice English land near the house and 10 acres of pasture situated on the roadside road and within one half mile of the dwelling house. Will be sold altogether or in separate lots. TERMS.—One third cash and the balance on time to suit the purchaser. For further particulars inquire of N. T. Shaw, Bethel, or of William Greig, Andover, Me. Bethel, March 18, 1881. FARM FOR SALE. SITUATED in the south part of the town of Paris, about two and one half miles from South Paris village, known as the Joseph W. Penley farm, containing about three hundred acres of land suitably divided into mowing, feed, pasture and wood land, under a good state of cultivation. Cuts from thirty-five to forty tons of good English hay. A thirty young cow, all calves to the breeding variety of fruit just coming into bearing. A one and a half story house and lot, with three large rooms, coal room and two sleeping rooms on first floor. Wood shed about forty feet long. One barn seventy-six feet long with four stalls. Buildings nearly new. A good well of never-failing water. For further particulars address the proprietor, David Howe, No. 22 Clinton Ave., Albany, N. Y., or call on the broker, J. C. F. WATTS, South Paris, April 15, 1881. Notice of Sale. PURSUANT to a license from the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, I shall sell at public sale on the third day of September, A. D. 1881, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, on the premises, all the right title and interest which John GARDNER, late of Bethel in said County, deceased, and in and to the following described real estate, viz:—The easterly half of the lot in the sixth range of lots in said Bethel and known as the Kier lot. Dated the 24th day of August, A. D. 1881. A. DELANE, B. GARLAND.

White Mountain Stock Farm, SHELBURNE, N. H. I have 125 head of Cows, Heifers, Bulls, and Matched Steers, most of which are registered in Herd Book. I propose to reduce my stock, by selling 40 of these animals to brother Farmers, at low prices, before the third day of October next. I respectfully invite the farmers to call and examine my entire stock, and select such as will serve as a basis for herds of pure thoroughbreds in the country. R. I. BURBANK. August 1, 1881. THE subscriber hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of DARIUS P. DUTCH, late of Brownfield in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to SUSAN B. DUTCH, July 19, 1881. THE subscriber hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford and assumed the trust of Executor of the estate of EDWIN W. H. ALLEN, late of Albany in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to MONT C. WILLOUGHBY, August 16, 1881. THE subscriber hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of EDWIN W. H. ALLEN, late of Albany in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to MONT C. WILLOUGHBY, August 16, 1881. THE subscriber hereby gives public notice that he has been duly appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford and assumed the trust of Administrator of the estate of EDWIN W. H. ALLEN, late of Albany in said County, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons indebted to the estate of said deceased to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon to exhibit the same to MONT C. WILLOUGHBY, August 16, 1881.

BUY ANY SHIRT, OF ANY MAKE, AT ANY PRICE, AND COMPARE WITH THE Horatio Staples SHIRT. BONANZA SHIRT. AT 75 cts. EACH. And we CLAIM That for EXCELLENCE OF MATERIAL, PERFECTION of fit, Fineness of LINEN BOSOM, and ABSOLUTE PERFECTION in every part, no other shirt will be found to compete with OUR FAMOUS BONANZA SHIRT, AT 75 CENTS EACH. Sent by Mail, POSTAGE FREE, to any part of America, on receipt of price. MIDDLE STREET, JUNCTION FREE, PORTLAND, MAINE. MARRIED. In Colebrook, N. H., Aug. 21, by Henry W. Woodcock, Esq., Mr. J. L. Kilgore of Newry, Me., and Mrs. Sarah Philbrick of Colebrook. In Newry, June 2, by Rev. Joseph Moulton, Ernest Row of Lewiston and Ida L. (Arney) of Newry. Also, by the same, August 1, Kimer E. Bonney of Colebrook and Anna J. Abbott of Rumford. DIED. In Paris Sept. 1, infant, only daughter of Hiram and Ellen Hubbard Jackson, aged 6 months and 21 days. New Advertisements. Administrator's Sale. PURSUANT to a license from the Hon. Judge of Probate within and for the County of Oxford, I shall sell at public auction unless previously disposed of at private sale at the house of the late E. C. Newell of Bethel, on the twelfth day of September next at two o'clock in the afternoon, the reversion of the real estate taxed 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 Treasurer's office in said town, on Saturday, Jan. 7, 1882, at one o'clock in the afternoon. West Woodstock. Black, A. P., 4 100 \$200 18 00 Crockett, R. H., 19 50 40 14 Davis, A. and C., 61 100 20 00 Day & Farrar, 50 100 20 00 Day, George W., 23 150 45 00 Newell, S. R., 11 50 25 00 Woodman, True & Co., 50 100 20 00 Wymann, H. H., 20 100 20 00 East Woodstock. Andrews, A., north part, 1 35 75 2 70 Andrews & Co., 74 100 200 730 00 Bradbury, C. D., 9 100 70 125 150 00 Curtis, A. G., 8 100 70 125 150 00 Ellingwood, O. P., 33 100 125 430 00 Elmwood, Wm., 11 50 25 00 Flag, S. M., 71 100 30 108 00 do., 81 00 20 108 00 do., 10 20 10 100 00 Marshall, N. L., part 10 20 10 20 00 Noyes, Joseph, south part 1 15 18 5 00 Rankin, J. P., part 20 21 80 125 450 00 Verill, J. L., 11 50 25 00 JAMES L. DOWELL, Treasurer of Woodstock. Woodstock, Sept. 1, 1881. THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. H. Russell & Co's News Office, Advertising Bureau (30 Spruce St.) where advertisements may be made for in NEW YORK.

