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BY
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A NARROW ESCAPE.

One winter evening about eight o'clock, in the early days of the war, in the quiet little town of —, while patrolling the streets to pick up stragglers from the camp on the outskirts of the town, Corporal Julius Fry was shot and killed by one of three men of bad character, who were in company and upon terms of open enmity with the soldiers. The men were arrested, committed to prison, and brought to trial at the next term of court. Two of them were gamblers and desperadoes, and supposed to have more than once had their hands stained with human blood. The third, whom I shall call Short, though bearing an unenviable reputation, was regarded as one unlikely to slay a fellow-man, except under com- pulsion of circumstances. On account of the character of the men and the trouble they had already brought upon quiet, law-abiding citizens, the sentiment of the whole community was strongly against them.

In order to clearly understand the force of the testimony given upon the trial and the subsequent result, it is important to bear in mind the physical peculiarities, dress and general appearance of each of the three prisoners.

Short was a small man, of not more than five feet six inches in height, slender, weighing scarcely one hundred and thirty pounds, with bright, fiery-red hair and side-whiskers, and at the time of the murder wore a light felt hat and an old light-blue army overcoat.

Ryan was fully six feet in height, of robust frame, with black hair and mustache, dressed in dark clothes, and wore a black derby hat. Grey was a heavy, broad-shouldered man of medium height, weighing fully two hundred pounds, with a full black beard reaching nearly to his waist. But as the evidence subsequently showed that he had not fired the shot, it is unnecessary to describe his appearance more minutely.

Certainly it is difficult to imagine two men more unlike than Short and Ryan, or less liable to be mistaken for each other even by strangers, much less by their acquaintances. There was no possibility here for a case of mistaken identity.

Short and Ryan were tried together, with their consent—Gray having asked for and obtained a separate trial—and each was defended by separate counsel.

After the preliminary proof relating to the post-mortem examination, the cause of death and the identification of the body of the deceased as the person named in the indictment, the Commonwealth called as its first witness a woman, Mary Bowen. She bore a bad reputation, but nobody questioned her purpose to tell—reluctantly, it is true—the whole truth. The prisoners were all her friends, and were constant visitors to the drinking saloon of which she was the proprietress. She was a woman of powerful physique, almost masculine frame, great force of character, had more than ordinary intelligence.

From her testimony it appeared that a colored woman with whom she had had some dispute, had hit her on the head with a stone and ran, and the three prisoners, coming up at the moment, started with her up the street in pursuit of the fugitive. Although the night was dark there was snow on the ground, and a gas lamp near by gave sufficient light to enable one to recognize a person with ease some feet away. After running about one hundred yards the pursuers came to the corner of an alley and stopped under the gas lamp, being challenged by the deceased, who was in uniform, in company with one of his squad. She swore that when the corporal called "halt" Short, whom she had known intimately for years, replied, "Go to—," and while standing at her side, so that their elbows were touching, both being immediately under the gaslight, he pulled out a pistol, pointed it at the deceased, who was four or five feet from him, and fired, and then ran down the alley, the deceased pursuing him. She heard four or five more shots fired, and immediately the deceased returned, wounded, and Short disappeared. While the shots were being fired, she saw both Ryan and Gray standing at the corner some feet away from her, and after that they separated, and she went home. It was also proved that this alley was bounded on either side by high fences, difficult to climb, and led down to a stream of water about fifty feet wide, and three or four feet deep. No traces of footprints were found in the snow except those of one man leading down into this stream, and it was evident that the person who had fired had not climbed either fence, but had waded through the stream and disappeared on the other side.

The next witness was the soldier who stood close by the deceased when the first shot was fired, and who, not knowing either of the prisoners, described the person who had fired and ran down the alley as the man with red hair and side whiskers, dressed in a light blue army overcoat and white soft hat, and upon being directed to look at the three prisoners identified Short as the man whom he had seen do the shooting.

The testimony of these witnesses was in no way shaken upon cross-examination. Then the sworn ante-mortem statement of the deceased, taken by a magistrate, was read to the jury. He said that he had known Short personally for some time, but had never had any difficulty with him. He fully identified him as the man who had fired the first shot, and then ran down the alley, firing one shot after another until he fired the last and fatal shot almost in the face of the deceased. He also fully described the clothing worn by Short as it had been described by the other witnesses.

These were all the witnesses to the occurrence, except the prisoners themselves, and of course they could not be heard.

The case against Short seemed to be as conclusively made out as though a score of witnesses had sworn that they had seen him do the shooting. Neither the judge, the jury, nor the spectators entertained the slightest doubt of his guilt, and when the Commonwealth, at this point, closed its case, it seemed as though the fatal rope was already around his neck and his escape impossible.

Ryan heaved a sigh of relief which was audible throughout the whole court-room, for he was safe; there was not one word of testimony against him, or any circumstance tending to show any previous arrangement or concert of action between him and Short.

After a whispered consultation between the counsel for the defense, one of them rose and moved the court to direct the jury to forthwith return a verdict of not guilty as to Ryan, in order that he might be called as a witness for the other prisoner. This was resisted by the District Attorney, and after lengthy and elaborate arguments, the court decided that it was bound to grant the motion, and accordingly Ryan was declared "not guilty" and the verdict recorded.

Then came a scene as dramatic to those present as anything ever witnessed on the stage. Without any opening speech by Short's counsel, Ryan, in obedience to a nod from his attorney, stepped out of the prisoner's dock and into the witness-box, looked around the court-room, took up the Bible and was sworn to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Every head was bent forward, every ear was on the alert, every eye fixed on the witness—something startling was expected. Would he attempt to show that Short had done the shooting in self-defense? That seemed the only thing possible. But how could he be believed in the face of the positive testimony of three witnesses, two of them living and in the court-room, one of them dead—murdered?

Ryan stood for a moment looking down, and then, slowly lifting his eyes to the bench, in a silence in which the falling of a feather might have been heard, he said:

"May I ask the court a question?"

The venerable judge, evidently surprised at being interrogated, looked at him and said:

"Certainly, sir."

"I understand that I am acquitted," said Ryan, pausing for a moment, and then continuing: "I want to know whether anything I may now say can ever be used against me in any way?"

What did he mean? What need for the question? Everyone looked at his neighbor inquiringly.

The flushed face of the judge showed that he, at least, understood that it meant an attempt to swear his guilty companion out of the hangman's grasp. Then, in a tone of unmistakable indignation, came the answer:

"I am sorry to say, sir, that nothing you may say now can be used against you—that is, on a trial for murder. You have been acquitted."

Ryan's face grew pale, then red, and he said, slowly and distinctly:

"It was I who fired all the shots—not Short."

Most of the faces in the court-room wore looks of incredulity; some of indignation at the hardened wickedness of the man who had just been declared innocent, and who, by his own statement, was guilty of murder if he was not guilty of perjury. But, quietly and calmly, without a tremor, as coolly as though he were describing some trivial occurrence which he had casually witnessed, Ryan went on, step by step, detailing all that had occurred, and when he had finished his story there was probably not a person present who was not fully convinced not only that Ryan had told the simple truth, but also that he had himself fired the fatal shot in self-defense, or at least under such circumstances of danger as would have led any jury to acquit him.

He detailed how he had fired the first shot from a small single-barreled pistol in the air without any purpose except to give his challenger a scare, and then ran down the alley, and upon being closely pursued by deceased with sabre drawn and raised to strike, he was compelled to pull out a revolver, and fire several shots toward his pursuer, who was rapidly gaining on him, to keep him back; and that, when he had but one shot left, he stumbled over a large stone and fell on his knees, and at this moment the deceased struck at him with the sabre, cutting him slightly in the cheek, and being thus pressed, he aimed and fired the last shot, which subsequently proved fatal, further told how, upon recovering his feet, he ran, waded through the stream, and finding that he had lost his hat when he fell, retraced his steps, recrossed the stream and found the hat, and then went to a hotel, where he was seen by several witnesses to dry his clothing. His manner, his bearing and his story itself convinced his hearers that he was telling the truth.

But, so that nothing might be wanting if any doubt remained in the minds of the judge or jury, witnesses of undoubted veracity were called who corroborated him as to the condition of his clothing and the cut on his cheek within fifteen minutes after the occurrence. Beside it was shown that, although the man who had fired had waded through the stream, Short's clothing was perfectly dry.

It is unnecessary to add that Short was promptly acquitted and warmly congratulated on one of the narrowest escapes ever made by any man in a court-room. Nothing could have saved him had the court refused to direct the acquittal of Ryan and allowed him to testify.

The deceased corporal, the soldier and Mary Bowen were—mistaken. That was all there was about it.

So much for the occasional unreliability of the direct testimony of honest eye-witnesses.

And so much, also, for giving the ac-

cused an opportunity to be heard on the witness stand, the denial of which, by the law, is one of the relics of barbarism which still disgraces its administration in some States at this late day.

ALL BUSY.—A case of assault and battery, in which Farmers' sons were plaintiff and defendant respectively, was on trial in this vicinity, says the *Detroit Free Press*, and the plaintiff's lawyer was very anxious to make out that the defendant's family must have seen the fight which took place just outside the kitchen door. The defendant's mother being on the stand, the lawyer began:

"Well, where were you when the first blow was struck?"

"Down cellar skimming milk and tying clothes over my preserve jars," she replied.

"Where was your husband?"

"He was in the barn mending the harness and greasing the wagon."

"Where was your daughter Sarah?"

"Sarah was in the north bed-room changing the pillow-cases on the spare bed."

"And where was Jane?"

"Jane? She had run over to a neighbor's to borrow some coffee and a nutmeg."

"Let's see. Haven't you a sister living with you?"

"Yes, sir. She was sewing carpet-rugs up stairs."

"Ah! she was? You have a younger son, named Charles, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir, and he was salting sheep across the road."

"Just so. You are a busy family, I see. I suppose even the dog was very busy at this particular moment."

"Yes, sir, he was. Old Bosc was down at the gate looking toward Detroit for one-horse lawyers!"

That closed her testimony and settled him.

A JURY'S IGNORANCE.

The following story shows some of the beauties of trial by jury:

A few weeks ago, in Pittsburg, Pa., and before Judge Kirkpatrick, a case was tried in which a farmer living in one of the outlying townships was the plaintiff and the county the defendant. Some time ago as a little daughter of the plaintiff was crossing the creek, a foot-log, which was the only bridge, broke, and the little one fell into the water and was drowned. A suit for damages was instituted, but it did not come up for trial until a few weeks ago, when the jury awarded the plaintiff damages in the sum of \$800. A little story in connection with this verdict has just leaked out.

D. T. Watson, Esq., was counsel for the defendant, and in his address to the jury stated that "if the plaintiff knew the route (pronouncing the word "route") over which the child crossed the creek to be dangerous, and had not sent her over another route, the county could not be held responsible for any damages which ensued. This evidently struck Judge Kirkpatrick as being pretty sound logic for in his charge to the jury he repeated the statement.

Unfortunately for the county, however, the judge in this instance adopted the pronunciation of the word route preferred by a great many men of culture (which is quite correct), and informed the jury that "if the plaintiff knew the route (pronouncing the word "route") was dangerous," etc., the county could not be held responsible. The jury retired, and, much to the surprise of all the attorneys who had watched the case, soon brought in a verdict of \$800 for the plaintiff.

A few days afterward W. D. Moore happened to meet one of the jurymen in the court house rotunda, and almost the first question asked was: "How in the world did you jurymen reconcile your verdict with the judge's charge?"

"Why," responded the late juror, "we had no trouble on that score. The judge informed us that if the plaintiff knew the route was dangerous, the county was not liable. Now, all of us knew it was not a route which broke and caused the child's death, but a rotten log, and we could not return a different verdict."

It is not known whether Mr. Moore informed the uncultured juror of the fact that the proper pronunciation of the word "route" was either "route" or "root" but at all events, those who have been made acquainted with the circumstances enjoy it hugely, and allege (whether seriously or not is not stated) that Judge Kirkpatrick's accurate pronunciation cost the county \$800.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.—A lawyer in Central New York gives the following account of one of his first cases:

"My client sued a neighbor for alleged killing of a favorite dog. The proof consisted in the mysterious disappearance of the animal, and the possession of a dog's skin by the defendant, which, after considerable argument, was brought into court in evidence. It was marked in a singular manner, and was positively identified, with many tears, by the plaintiff's wife and daughter as the undoubtedly integument of the deceased Bosc.

In summing up to the jury, I was in the midst of a highly colored picture of the virtues of the deceased, and of the love of the children for their four-footed friend, when I was interrupted by a slight disturbance in the crowd near the door of the little school-house which served as court house. Looking around, I saw my client's youngest son, a tow-headed urchin of twelve, coming forward with a dog whose skin was the exact counterpart of the one put in evidence. The dog wagged his tail with good natured composure, and the boy cried, in his childish treble, 'Paw, Bosc has come home.' I gathered up my law-books and retreated, and I have never had perfect confidence in circumstantial evidence since."

—Editor's Drawer, in *Harper's Magazine* for August.

THE YOUNG LAWYER'S FIRST CASE.

JUST WHAT THE OLD FELLOWS HAVE ALL BEEN THROUGH.

The young lawyer conducting his first case before a jury is worthy of the deepest commiseration. Take him, for instance, in the criminal court, before which he has a case. While the prosecuting attorney is tying the first witness into bow knots and untying him again, the amateur sits listening, but endeavoring to look as unconcerned as a marble statue in a thunder storm. He throws in timid objections every time he thinks he sees a hole, and as each one is overruled by the court he puts on a stern look, as much as to say, "I'll knock the wind out of that in the supreme court."

When the prosecutor, usually an old, able attorney, dryly says, "Take the witness," the youthful aspirant trembles a little and endeavors to swallow something that is sticking in his throat. He feels that every eye in the room is upon him, and that they are as hot as stovetops. He fires a few initiatory questions at the witness, and warns him to proceed until he is brought up standing by, "Oh your honor, we object to such irrelevant questions," followed by a few scathing remarks from the prosecutor. The court sustains the objection, and warns the young lawyer to keep within the bounds, which sets him to wondering where in thunder the bounds are.—Objection follows objection, and each one is promptly sustained. He wonders why it is that a free and independent people will tolerate such one-sided justice. He lunges ahead blindly until he becomes so confused that he does not know whether he is practicing attorney with a gilt sign, or a fly-wheel on a steam wood-saw. Finally he runs out of questions and with a sigh of relief or something tells the witness, "That's all." So he grinds through, and at last the prosecutor rises and proceeds to address the jury in a masterly style. As he progresses he picks up the evidence adduced by the defense into particles fine enough to be incorporated into codfish balls. The youthful Blackstone wrestler feels to feel uneasy as his mind reverts to the fact that in a few moments he must deliver his maiden speech. He wishes the prosecutor would hold his grip and keep it until time to adjourn court, feeling satisfied that he could make a splendid speech the next day after a nights' fighting on the evidence. He tries to remember what the witness swore to, but cannot recall the evidence to save his life. The prosecutor finally winds up with a grand peroration, and as he says: "And in conclusion gentlemen of the jury," the youth nervously fingers his mustache, if he have one about him, and wishes he had never begun the abominable business. Cold chills are fingering him all over the back, as if measuring him for a new shirt, and his spinal column acts like it was tired and wanted to sit down awhile. Like Banquo's ghost, the lump in his throat won't down by any obstinate majority and he swallows at it and wonders what he is going to say and how long it will take him to say it. As the prosecutor calmly takes his seat the young lawyer rises and moves to the front. He dare not look at the audience, and tries to imagine there is no one in the room but himself and the 12 sphinx-like forms in the jurybox. The eyes of each juror are fixed upon him, and he would almost relinquish his hope of heaven if some one would raise a cry of fire to divert their attention until he gets a start. Finally he shrugs his shoulders and manages to remark, "Gentlemen of the (swallows)

Newspaper Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the office, whether directed to his name or not, is responsible for the payment.
2. If a person orders a paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
3. The Courts have decided that sending to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for some time, is evidence of fraud.

THE ELECTION.

OVERWHELMING DEFEAT FOR THE FUSIONISTS.

DINGLEY ELECTED BY OVER 5000 MAJORITY.

OPPOSITION COMPLETELY DEMORALIZED.

Tuesday's *Argus* says it is reported that there was an election in the Second District for Member of Congress on Monday last. Now that the returns are all in the *Argus* is doubtless assured that the report was true. Such an election was never before held in this section. The Republicans had selected their best man, after a hot and closely contested convention, and had then apparently let the matter drop. The Democrats and Greenbackers had each nominated a candidate and a few days before the election had united by forcing the Democratic candidate to withdraw. The Greenbackers had vainly endeavored to rally their forces by holding meetings, addressed by their candidate for Congress, and by their brightest lights from other States, but without avail. Those Democrats who had long been sick of union with the Greenback party, were ready to go to the polls and vote for their straight candidate. But when Monday came, they learned that a new trade had been fixed up for them by their managers, and they revolted in a body. Hundreds of Democrats in each county refused to vote, while many others voted for Hon. Nelson Dingley, jr., the republican candidate.

Dissatisfaction in the fusion camp was supplemented to secure a total rout, by a general feeling of interest among the rank and file of the Republicans in the District. Without special urging or aid of the usual campaign work, they rallied to the polls to vote for their distinguished candidate, who had made them such an acceptable Governor, and whom they knew would do honor to the trust they were about to bestow upon him. While the Democrats and Greenbackers may have a lesson to learn from the results of the election, the Republicans should also take heed to its instructions. It shows that it is the best policy and the cheapest in the long run, to nominate good and true men for office. If our candidate had not been worthy in every point we should not have had this signal triumph to rejoice over. There was a prohibition candidate in the field, and while his vote was small (only 66) it might have been swelled indefinitely if our candidate had not been as true a temperance man as his opponent on this issue.

We rejoice over this victory on account of its present importance, and again because it shows that the Republicans of Maine will be awake for the general election of next year, when we must overthrow the fusion government, which brings so little credit to the good name of our State. We look to see the discord of this election still to be a considerable extent before that time, and union and harmony may prevail in the ranks of the opposition, but with the keen interest just manifested in this section by the Republicans, we may confidently predict a like result next September for the entire State ticket.

The Lewiston *Journal* has full returns for the entire District, and reports them as follows:

Full returns of the vote cast on Monday for Representatives to Congress (two small places reported verbally and the others officially) show the following vote:	
Nelson Dingley, Jr. (Rep.)	11,007
Washington Gilbert (Greenback)	5,354
Franklin Reed (Dem.)	2,214
W. T. Ennis (Prohibitory party)	68
Republican majority	5,173
Androscoggin gives Dingley 2,152 majority, Oxford 1,262, Dugdale 1,169 and Franklin 590. Total Republican majority 5,173.	

The vote of the district for Governor last year was:	
Davis (Rep.)	14,374
Plaisted (Greenback)	12,264
Joy &c.	12,941
Republican majority	1,417

Oxford County did nobly, giving Dingley over 1200 majority. While this gain is not to be counted on for another year, it shows what we may do for the County ticket, with a vigorous campaign to aid in the work. The full vote of Oxford County by towns is as follows:

Congress 1891. Governor 1890.	
Wards:	
Albany	123
Andover	100
Bethel	243
Buckfield	134
Byron	113
Canterbury	113
Dixfield	88
Dixfield	75
Fryeburg	183
Gilead	41
Grafton	3
Greenwood	58
Hallowell	34
Hartford	96
Hebron	31
Hiram	127
Lewiston	125
Mason	18
Mexico	133
Newry	242
Norway	144
Oxford	220
Paris	84
Peru	34
Porter	32
Roxbury	136
Rumford	137
Stow	45
Stonham	113
Sweden	125
Upton	17
Watford	108
Woodstock	108
Franklin Pl.	7
Lincoln Pl.	14
Riley Pl.	0
Total	3278 2054 104 9 4427 4353 17

The editor of the *New Religion* thinks that Stoneham was not properly lubricated because it gave a fusion majority of 4. It is intimated by the knowing ones that it was because Stoneham was improperly lubricated, that it went fusion, as a certain noted esquire was seen traveling in that direction Sunday before election.

SECOND DISTRICT ELECTION.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE ARGUS.

LEWISTON, Sept. 15.

As the associated Press agent in this City is employed on Mr. Dingley's paper the *Journal*, it is not at all surprising, and it is quite excusable perhaps that he should desire to make it appear that Mr. Dingley's election is one of the greatest achievements. The public should understand, however, just what the facts are. The total vote this year is 10,027 less than it was last in the district, and Mr. Dingley's vote is over 400 less than Mr. Frye's, 1878, and 6,410 less than Mr. Frye's last year. Mr. Dingley having obtained a smaller vote by over 800 in the two cities of Lewiston and Auburn than Mr. Frye obtained last year. Mr. Dingley's vote is 1,333 less than Mr. Frye received for Congress in the district last year, and 800 less than the combined opposition vote in 1878. Considering that there was scarcely a man in either party of the opposition who would not cheerfully have supported Judge Gilbert had he been the candidate of both parties, while there were many who objected to and did not vote for Mr. Frye last year when he got 1,333 more votes than Mr. Dingley has obtained, it will be obvious to all that the opposition would have had a very strong chance of success had they been cordially united in support of our candidate this year. Mr. Dingley may well be gratified with his election, but his friends should bear in mind that it was a failure of union among his opponents that gave it to him.

That is rather amusing, and seeking consolation from afar. If on the same principle, the enterprising *Argus* correspondent will figure the difference between the vote for Gilbert and the vote for Frye, he may arrive at the conclusion that he would have had a very strong chance of success had they been cordially united in support of our candidate this year. Mr. Dingley may well be gratified with his election, but his friends should bear in mind that it was a failure of union among his opponents that gave it to him.

LESSONS FROM THE LATE ELECTION.

The people are honest, and unbiased by party leaders, will cast their ballots according to their convictions of right. Party leaders will be followed, so long as they consult the wishes of the party; but when they trespass too much upon their prerogatives, the people rebel. Principles will finally triumph over policy. Trading principles for policy, may result in temporary triumph, but will in the end bring shame and contempt. The people are sick and tired of hearing the cry of "Capital oppressing Labor," when the history of legislation for the past twenty years has been in favor of the laboring man, and so adjusting labor to capital, as to maintain their mutual rights and advantages. They are disgusted with the cry, "Down with Banks," when we have one of the best banking systems in the world; absolutely safe for the bill holder, and so flexible, as to meet all the demands of business, and is attracting the attention of the whole civilized world. Putting in nomination men qualified for the position indicated, and whose character is a guarantee that they are the servants of the people, not Masters. The Republicans were fortunate in selecting a candidate, whose personal character, and public acts, commended him to the people. Not a party triumph, strictly speaking, but a triumph of principle over policy, of truth over mendacity, of honesty over corruption.

E. W. WOODBURY.

Bethel, Sept. 14, 1891.

If those *Argus* Oxford correspondents think that Judge Gilbert would have had unanimous Democratic endorsement, as a straight Greenbacker, they had better come to Lewiston and vote for Sagadahoc and get their eyes opened. The Greenback candidate killed their candidate beyond hope of resurrection. —*Gazette of August 19th.*

Those Oxford correspondents have got their eyes opened so wide that we fear they will never be able to shut them again. —*Gazette of September 16th.*

STILL UNHAPPY.—Bro. Belta has been attending campmeeting at Fryeburg, but as the management did not harmonize with his advanced theory of a new religion, he is troubled and disconsolate. Another source of distress and vexation to the Norway Ishmaelite is because the people of the United States are so foolish and unreasonable as to offer up prayers for the recovery of the President. Poor man! his hand seems to be against every man in religion as well as in politics. Like the troubled sea he is continually casting up mire and dirt. —*Com.*

COUNTY FAIR.—Last week we published the daily doings of the County Fair, which begins next Tuesday, Sept. 26th. We advise all the farmers of this section to plan one or more holidays at that time, and take their folks to the fair. The new buildings will be ready for use, and the trustees are making extra efforts for a "big show."

—Summer travel in Maine is doing more good than simply to deposit money in the pockets of our people. Coming from the centres of trade and art, many of our visitors assist in giving the people new ideas of business and in cultivating taste for better work. We are led to these thoughts by receiving a note from "Camp Whitney" at Lake Molechunke. It was written by the proprietor, Mr. J. P. Whitney, on elegant cream note, with a steel plate engraving for a heading. The engraving represents Camp Whitney—which is anything but a camp, in the usually accepted meaning of that word—with a fine view of the lake and surroundings. It was engraved by the American Bank Note Co., New York. Very many people in this section seem to think that the simple lettering of a note heading is sufficient, no matter about the style or quality of work; but good business men demand excellent printing, knowing that they are judged somewhat by the appearance of their stationery when it comes into the hands of competent judges.

A STUPID JUDGE.—Capt. Bunker of the barque Alexander Campbell of Portland, which arrived at this port on Monday, from Sydney, C. B., was fined at that port \$80 and costs amounting to about \$150, for having the men two runaway English soldiers. The men were found stowed away in the vessel shortly after leaving London, Ireland, and Capt. Bunker notified them that he should give them up as soon as he reached Sydney, which he did, and though the soldier testified to that effect, the astute magistrate imposed a fine as above stated.

J. W. Taylor the Norway tailor, who so acceptably fills the place vacated by Lewis O'Brien, advertises his new line of fall and winter goods, this week. Give him a call and try his fits and prices.

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT, SEPTEMBER TERM, 1891.

Court Officers:

HON. J. A. PETERS, Judge.
JAMES S. WRIGHT, Esq., Clerk.
WOODBURY PULSFER, Reporter.
WILLIAM DOUGLASS, Sheriff.

The September term of Court will be called this Tuesday morning, at ten o'clock, Judge Peters will preside. The Judge is very popular with the attorneys, and many will try to bring their cases before him. However, the term does not promise to be a very long one, notwithstanding the fact that we now have but two terms per year—one in September and one in March. The civil docket is smaller than usual, numbering but 310 cases, while the criminal docket is reduced to 19 cases. We do not hear of any important criminal matters pending, and none are for trial.

A new Grand Jury will be empaneled. Venues for same have been returned as follows:

Bethel, Timothy H. Jewett.
Buckfield, Carlton Garfield.
Canterbury, Edmund P. Ingalls.
Dixfield, Charles L. Howard.
Fryeburg, Dean A. Ballard.
Hartford, S. B. Gammon.
Hiram, N. W. Adams.
Lovell, E. T. Stearns.
Mexico, Freeman B. Smith.
Norway, J. A. Bolster.
Oxford, Anson J. Holden.
Paris, George B. Crockett.
Rumford, Wallace Clark.
Stonham, Henry Hill.
Summer, Henry B. Hersey.
Watford, Benjamin Marston.
Woodstock Granville N. Felt.
Venues for Traverse Jurors have been returned as follows:

Albany, Not returned.
Andover, Llewellyn R. Hall.
Bethel, Elias S. Bartlett.
Brownfield, David B. Seavey.
Buckfield, Henry D. Irish.
Canterbury, C. M. Holland.
Dixfield, Scott Newman.
Fryeburg, John Hastings.
Gilead, Milton L. Evans.
Greenwood, Rawson Cole.
Hartford, John Maxwell Jr.
Hebron, Lemuel Garney.
Hiram, Jonathan Pendexter.
Lovell, Sampson H. Harriman.
Newry, Abiram Smith.
Norway, H. C. Robie, and F. M. Noble.
Oxford, Nathaniel J. Frost.
Paris, George F. Hammond and Henry Fobes.
Peru, Not returned.
Porter, Not returned.
Roxbury, R. L. Taylor.
Rumford, David G. Glines.
Summer, Lovell L. Gardner.
Watford, Horace Maxwell.
Woodstock, Danville J. Libby.

The judge, jury and reporter will all be glad to learn that the County Commissioners are having a tight sheathing of tongue and grooved boards put over the exposed portion of the Court House under their seats. The plastering had fallen off and left their seats exposed to a cold draft through the thin floor. This will remedy the trouble.

GOOD RECOMMENDATION.

The American Bar Association at its meeting in Saratoga adopted a resolution recommending a three years' course of study in all law schools, the diplomas granted by schools having a thorough course of instruction entitling the recipient to admission to the bar; also that the time spent in a chartered law school should be regarded as equivalent to time spent in an attorney's office. The question as to the length of the course to be taken by candidates for the bar is an old one, and has been the subject of considerable controversy. But there is little doubt that the general sentiment of the profession is well represented by these resolutions in favor of raising the standards of admission, as well as introducing a uniform system. —*Ex.*

It would be well for good lawyers as well as for the people generally if some such regulations could be adopted. Our late laws on this subject must have a beneficial effect. Heretofore almost any blockhead could stick up his shingle and "chatter the law," neither to his own profit nor for the benefit of his few clients. The only inducement which such half versed lawyers can offer is cheap fees, but the client caught by such offers often finds it the dearest investment he could have made. A well versed lawyer is a benefit to the community. He prevents rather than encourages litigation, and the client who pays such a lawyer a good round fee for advice, saves most in the long run. A man should be as well prepared to practice law as one should be to practice medicine, and the law should protect the innocent public from imposters in both professions alike.

IMPORTANT LAW DECISION.

The following law decision in an Oxford County case, has just been received by James S. Wright, Esq., Clerk of Courts. The decision is not only important in its bearing on the present case, but is notable because it puts a new construction on the decision as generally interpreted by notes on the case referred to (31 Me. 26) in relation to the sale of two equities under execution.

CUTAS. P. BARTLETT, J. Judgment for respondent in *sci. fac.*, vs. respondent Stearns, for THOMAS STEARNS, J. his costs.

A sale by an officer upon execution for a gross sum of all the right in equity which the judgment debtor has to redeem a certain parcel of property from two or more mortgages is not a sale of two or more equities when the several mortgages cover the same property and no other, and is not therefore void as the joint sale of two or more distinct equities upon execution would be.

The second clause of the Reporter's note in Smith v. Dow, 51 Maine 21, is not warranted by anything in the case or the opinion of the Court.

The reasons given for holding a sale on execution of two or more distinct equities for a gross sum void do not apply to cases where the several mortgages include precisely the same real estate and no other, and neither of them includes any more or less.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Portland Press.

WILLIAM WARREN GREENE.

Sunday: Giffen was shot at by one of the guards, and was severely injured, killed, bullet grazing his head. Mason, the soldier who fired the shot, was promptly arrested.

Monday: Prof. King, the well-known balloonist, started at 5.45 p. m. from Minneapolis, and flew to the Atlantic coast; he was accompanied by five other persons. —Thirty houses and two hundred people were destroyed by a land slide at Elm, Switzerland.

Tuesday: Major General A. E. Burnside died suddenly at his residence in Bristol, Rhode Island. He was serving his second term as Senator, and had been three times Governor of Rhode Island. His age was 57 years. —A riot broke out in New Orleans caused by labor troubles; the Mayor called upon the State authorities for help to quiet the same; several persons were shot. —President Garfield occupied a reclining chair for thirty minutes. —A family named Andrews were robbed of \$300 dollars by highwaymen near the Glen House in the White Mountains, and an unsuccessful attack was made on a loaded coach. —Capt. Breese, U. S. N., died at Newport, R. I. He will be remembered as leading the naval force in the charge on Fort Fisher.

Wednesday: Fifty people were more or less hurt in a railway smash-up near Limerick, Ireland. —Fire broke out in one of the buildings on the Kansas City Fairgrounds, and spreading to the adjacent stand on which were seated 12,000 persons produced indescribable terror and confusion, hundreds being badly maimed and mutilated. —W. H. Bidwell editor of the *Eclectic Magazine*, died at Saratoga, N. Y., aged 83. —The Third Artillery, U. S. A., left New York for Yorktown to participate in the approaching campaign. They will march all the way on foot over the identical route taken by Washington's army 100 years ago.

Thursday: Twenty thousand people witnessed the races at Beacon Park, near Boston; twelve thousand attended the Vermont State fair at Montpelier. —Confederate Gen. W. T. Tucker of Okoloma, Miss., was assassinated—Oswego, N. Y., suffered a half million dollar fire. —Prof. King's balloon trip was abandoned, owing to storms, he not being able to get out of Minnesota.

Friday: Boston sent \$25,000 to the sufferers by fires in Michigan. —Ex-Senator Christianity's room at Washington was robbed of \$6,000. —The funeral of Gen. Burnside took place with imposing ceremonies, and was attended by many thousands of people. —Snow fell in Minnesota and Iowa. —The Home, Watertown & Oldenburg R. R. was obliged to suspend operations by reason of having six miles of track destroyed by fire. —Chas. Smith of Rockland Me. fatally shot his wife.

VALUABLE ADVERTISING.

We have, from time to time, published certificates from advertisers relating to the value of the OXFORD DEMOCRAT as an advertising medium, but none have shown better or more rapid returns than the following from Horatio Staples of Portland. Two weeks ago Mr. Staples inserted an advertisement of the Bonanza Shirt, which he sends by mail for 75c. At the time of writing the following certificate, the advertisement had appeared but once, and yet he writes that he has sold more than by any other method of advertising. If a person has articles of merit for sale and is not afraid to insert a good-sized taking advertisement, he will always get good returns from the DEMOCRAT.

HORATIO STAPLES.

Dry Goods.

246 MIDDLE STREET, JUNC. OF FREE,

Portland, Me., Sept. 13, 1891.

Editor Oxford Democrat:

Dear Sir:—My mail this morning brings me orders for "Bonanza" shirts as advertised in the DEMOCRAT, and I have at liberty to say to anybody, that I have received more orders by mail, for the "Bonanza" shirts in response to ad. in the OXFORD DEMOCRAT than by any other method of advertising I have adopted.

Yours Truly,

HORATIO STAPLES.

—Mr. F. C. Merrill of South Paris advertises in another column, his new O. K. plow, which took first and second premiums at the recent State Fair and concerning which we published a long article last week. Mr. Merrill seems to have at last got the plow question down to perfection. His new plow is a sort of a ground auger and bores the sod, breaking it finely, and turning it completely over, leaving the piece perfectly smooth when the work is done. Mr. S. S. Smith of Oxford, a well known practical farmer, and member of the Board of Agriculture for this County, gives the plow a good recommendation. Mr. Merrill is selling these plows as fast as he can make them.

PORTLAND PRESS.

WILLIAM WARREN GREENE.

Yesterday noon a dispatch was received in this city from New York saying briefly that Dr. William Warren Greene of this city had died in the Parthia, and was buried at sea the 10th inst. That brief telegram sent a chill to every heart of those who heard of it, and of course the news spread through the city like wildfire. Dr. Greene was expected home on the 20th, and it was known by his friends that failing to secure passage by the Gallia of the Cunard line, which left Liverpool on the 3rd of September for New York, he contracted himself with the Parthia, which left this same line, which left Liverpool on the same day as the Gallia, but is known as a slower boat. Dr. Greene made the outward passage on the Gallia, and therefore would have preferred to return in her as he had made many pleasant acquaintances among her passengers.

On the 6th of last July the Doctor left Portland for London to attend the International Medical Congress. When he departed he was in high spirits, but slightly enough, expressed himself to the writer as having a presentiment that he would not return. It was the day previous, the 5th, that, standing on the steps of his residence and saying good bye, he remarked that this would be his last ocean voyage. He said he had a curious dream the night before to the effect that he was on his way to Europe and that his vessel had collided with another and sank, and he remarked he had an idea that when he came to his death it would be by a collision on the ocean, although he did not anticipate any such fate in the present instance. It is also odd enough that in a letter written to Dr. L. T. Dana of this city, and dated the 22nd of August, he said, "I never had such perfect and uninterrupted health, every hour, as since in London," and yet, in the same letter, speaks of all the late accidents to ocean steamers, and says the return voyage appears a serious matter. These presentiments were doomed to be realized for he died within four days of port, and a later dispatch states, from Bremen.

Dr. Greene's birth-day is a matter of doubt. In the History of leading physicians and surgeons of the United States, by Dr. Atkinson, March 1st, 1839, is given as the date. This, of course, is an error. His old schoolmates in this city call him about 52 years of age, and it is possible, he was only 49. He was born in North Waterford, where his father owned a farm. Young Greene attended the Bethel Academy, and afterwards studied for a time in the Bridgton. He did not receive a college education, but graduated at Ann Arbor in the medical department of the University of Michigan in 1865. Before entering the army he had been studied for a time with Dr. Hunkins at Waterford, and taught the district school. From Waterford he went to Gray, where he was quite successful in his profession and where, to this day, he had many patients whose faith in him was great. From Gray he removed to Portland, Me. He had already joined the Maine Medical Society—that event occurring in 1861—and the Massachusetts Medical Society in 1863. In 1861 he was elected lecturer of the pathology and practice of medicine in the Berkshire Medical College, and professor of surgery in the same institution in 1862. The same year he was elected dean of the College. These positions he resigned in 1868. In 1867 he was elected professor of surgery in the Maine Medical School, and was still holding the position at the time of his death. In 1871 he was elected to the Southern Campaign, the general encamped his troops one night in front of a small meeting-house. In such a neighborhood he was not the man to feel indifferent, and when Sunday morning came, he watched to see if the people would assemble for worship. The church was opened at the usual time, and a little later the congregation began to go in, looking anxious, as they passed, at the invading blue-coats in the distance, and the striped flag floating over the Federal tents. Like Washington, the general wished to go to church himself—and he was not as long as Washington was in making up his mind.

He was in a hostile country, and knowing that the sight of his uniform would be hateful to the people, he put on an overcoat, and placing a pair of pistols in his pockets, he walked over to the meeting-house.

He sat through the service, a marked man among the worshippers, for they knew him to be a Federal officer; but his devout manner and evident sincerity prepossessed them entirely in his favor; and at the close, forgetting all sectional feeling, the people later the congregation to greet him with a Christian welcome.

The church (as Gen. Garfield now well knew) was one of those known as the Disciples, or Christian Brethren—the fellowship of his own early faith, and choice—, and this fact doubtless opened the way for them to discover easily who he was. True surprise and pleasure when they found out that the frank and noble soldier was one of themselves—and a minister, too—was one of the happiest features of that peaceful episode of the war.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was to follow, and they pressed him not only to stay with them, but to officiate at the communion.

Gen. Garfield consented. The situation was a strange and striking one. He had stood often enough before a servant at the altar of the Prince of Peace, but now armed and unarmored for martial duty as he was now. And he afterwards said, referring to the scene, "I never felt more ashamed of anything in my life than I did of those pistols in my pocket, as I stood there before the communion table in the presence of people who were my Christian friends."

We commend that mark of a fine and childlike conscience in a strong, great man like President Garfield to the thoughtful notice of those who fancy that many vigorous reasons, or justifies contempt of piety.—*Watchman.*

DR. AGNEW'S VIEWS.—The following are published as extracts from a private letter written last week by Dr. D. Hayes Agnew, to a brother surgeon, Dr. Joseph Parrish, of Burlington, N. Y.:—"There has been nothing in President Garfield's case demanding any extraordinary skill for its management, and as far as I am capable of judging everything has been done from the start. The President's case was not a surgical one, but a medical one. The present moment which was dictated by sound surgery." In connection with the fact that the doctors in attendance upon the President have been severely criticized, Dr. Agnew says: "I have, my dear doctor, for a long time, not allowed myself to be disturbed by adverse criticism, nor from a spirit of dogmatism, nor from a feeling of infallibility—I know too little to be dogmatic, and that little too imperfectly to claim infallibility—but because I have made it a rule to learn all that I can in the line of my study, and then to apply the acquired knowledge conscientiously. There never has been a time, from the day on which the President was shot, that I have been very sanguine of his recovery, though I most sincerely pray that he may be restored in health to his family and to his official place in the nation."

EX-GOVERNOR PERHAM ON TEMPERANCE.

Ocean Park, Old Orchard.

At the recent temperance meeting at Ocean Park, Old Orchard, the Governor Perham of Maine, succeeded Mr. Boyd in a sturdy speech on the temperance question which he prefaced by a touching allusion to the wounded President, expressing the prayer and hope that he may eventually recover. In all perils, and especially in the peril of intemperance, God blesses and the dependence should be put upon him, because he had been a temperate man. The evil of drink is universal. Sorrow is thick over the land on account of it. What is the duty of American citizens in view of this? First, let us inquire if we can do anything to modify the evil. Every patriot should especially ask himself this question. There is already great improvement over the time when nearly everybody drank, and this should encourage all sincere temperance workers. Now no community would tolerate a professed Quaker who habitually drank. No respectable grocery keeps liquor, and the tendency among all liquor dealers is to conceal their business.

This progress has shown itself in diminishing the use of intoxicants, and in making the work and the workers more honored in the country.

What are the best methods in carrying on the work. The best must be prohibition, for no other method strikes at the root of the evil. The danger of drinking moderately, and the inconsistency of it in a professed temperance man, are notorious. Last year 60,000 moderate drinkers entered the ranks of the confirmed drunkards, not one of whom believed it possible that such would be his fate. There is no safety in such a course. The cost of the habit is enormous. The most moderate of drinkers consume from twenty to sixty thousand dollars in the habit in a lifetime. Life insurance companies take into account the temperance habits of applicants for policies, and they fairly illustrate the sentiment of all cautious and shrewd business men towards those who habitually use moderately drink. Does not the individual duty, and the relation of the welfare of those about us, require that each one make at least the sacrifice of total abstinence for the sake of those who may be swayed by example? Our neighbor is always a time when the principle of brotherly love and of usefulness help of others is not called into exercise. Let no one think when he disregards this duty of example before his fellows that is discharging the Christian obligation. The Bible teaches this principle—the vital principle of exemplary piety in all lines of life. Mr. Perham's defense of the Maine law was direct and convincing. In seven-eighths of the State of Maine he said there was no liquor to be had. That the law does not stop the traffic entirely is no more against it than the fact of murders and thefts is against the law which forbids or punishes these crimes. Some temperance men seem to rely too much on law. That makes the law a dead letter. The people's attitude towards the traffic is what determines the effectiveness of the law. No law, however stringent, if left to itself, will do the desired work.

A WORSHIPING WARRIOR.

The following incident of President Garfield's army life illustrates his extraordinary character and his devotion to the well known incident of his college life, the evening prayer on Graylock Mountain. It shows, by a similar example, that he became a very kind of man, his boyhood and youth promised he would be. During the operation of the southern campaign, the general encamped his troops one night in front of a small meeting-house. In such a neighborhood he was not the man to feel indifferent, and when Sunday morning came, he watched to see if the people would assemble for worship. The church was opened at the usual time, and a little later the congregation began to go in, looking anxious, as they passed, at the invading blue-coats in the distance, and the striped flag floating over the Federal tents. Like Washington, the general wished to go to church himself—and he was not as long as Washington was in making up his mind.

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We commend that mark of a fine and childlike conscience in a strong, great man like President Garfield to the thoughtful notice of those who fancy that many vigorous reasons, or justifies contempt of piety.—*Watchman.*

A LAWYER WHO HAD NOTHING TO SAY.—When the news came over the wires that the President was shot, a lawyer living in the town of W. Vermont, said "he was glad of it, and that he had killed him." An old farmer, standing near by, knocked him down with his fist. He laid trembling a few minutes, and then came to his feet again, and said, "Esquire,

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A DARK DAY.—If the President's journey had not absorbed public attention and made Tuesday famous, that day would doubtless have been long remembered in many localities for strange atmospheric phenomena. In many parts of the East and in Canada, the day was so dark that it was impossible to get along without artificial light. The most singular effects thus far reported, were in Troy, Springfield, Mass., Providence, R. I., Boston and Toronto. In Springfield several large manufacturing establishments were closed, and studying were abandoned in some of the public schools, and in hundreds of shops and houses, the gas jets burned with a peculiar white light. In Toronto, great fear of some terrible calamity disturbed the peace of timid and superstitious souls. At 5 o'clock, the sky presented the appearance of an orange dome of extraordinary beauty. As sunset approached, the orange hue deepened over sky and city, and the streets were filled with people gazing at the weird spectacle. In every place where the unusual phenomenon was conspicuous, people recalled the stories of the "dark day," about one hundred years ago, when business was suspended, candles made only a slight impression on the universal gloom, and unreasoning rosters announced at noon-day a fictitious dawn. Even the advanced knowledge of to-day while it lauds the superstitions of fears, and rightly attributes to natural causes such strange appearances as those of Tuesday, cannot give a very satisfactory account of the causes which produced them.

THE METHODISTS.—The Methodists are like the grain of mustard seed mentioned in the scripture. From the smallest beginning in the last century, when a few university students banded together in England, in less than one hundred and fifty years the nominal Methodist denomination has grown to a population estimated at 18,000,000, with actual communicants to the number of 4,000,000. Last week an ecumenical conference of the churches was held in London, with a membership of 400 delegates. One half of these were British and from the continent of Europe, and the other half from the churches of the United States and Canada. The conference was composed of lay and church delegates in equal proportion. Its main objects were to devise means for prosecuting home and foreign work so as to result in the greatest economy and efficiency. With such a growth the denomination would hardly incur the charges of extravagance if it should associate together in the Holy Catholic church. In this country it is one of the largest and the most rapidly growing, and two of the Presidents of the United States have been Methodists.

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