

THE POOR MAN WITHOUT PEER.

BY GEO. W. ATWOOD.
(From the Boston Transcript.)

A wretched beggar overheard, one night,
A plot to quench the good king's sacred light,
And set another ruler in his place.

A man he came, with ashes on his face,
And waited by the lonely fount that talked
To the trees, where in his garden walked
The monarch, daily. Suppliant there he fell
Before the mighty one, as he would tell
His own sad lot, and so imparted all
The story of his life, and summoned one to call
His friends and the nobles of his court;
And when they came he said, "There goes re-
port."

That some among you, discontented, seek
The empty wrath of envious hearts to wreak
Upon your king, and lift another up
So to be: I will hold to you the cup
Of your desire. Henceforth your king shall be
The hapless beggar standing here by me,—
With power of life upon you, but no wealth,
Lost rivalry against him too, creep by stealth
With sly hand. Yes, now, this thin-faced
man in rags and poverty shall rule your clan;

And when in rebellion dare to raise
His arm, I count that wretch's length of days
A worthless gift; for he shall fall and die
More swiftly than the stars that quit the sky!"

It was done, and through the land, from that
sad hour,
The beggar governed with unbroken power,
Yet ever was the new king clothed in shreds,
With scanty food to eat, though all men's
heads
Were bowed to him. Their life and freedom lay
In his hands.

Like leaders in his grand hand, blown away
By that faint, sickly breath of his should one
tossing him; and like shadows 'neath the sun
Before and after him the nobles crawled,
Exulting by his glances. But honors pulled
From his own tyranny he sought for flight
The path, and found it not; in a heavy gloom
Fell on him, as his kingdom were a tomb,
And he, a living man, by error wild
Inherited therein. O bitter and defiled
His fruit of greatness! Pain would he have
spent

His days beneath the desert's dying tent,
Or set appealing by the sunny road
Once more, for now else hunger's welcome
glad

Pressed not to touch his fare of dry, sweet
dates
And sparkling water. Aton within his gates
Grew other discontent; the nobles, tired
Of their disgrace, with new revolt were fired,
And banded secretly to overthrow
Their puny lord, still drifting to and fro
With redoubtful, yet yet they had not learned
The old king's lesson, and with slow burned
To govern their grandeur: He, meanwhile, knew
well

That rebel mind, but waited for the swell
That things the wave its ruin. On it came.
All things were ready for the flame.
But lo! when revolution raised its head,
News came the pauper king that day was dead—
Had taken poison, ended with slow despair—
And certain so to escape all regal care.

Then "Once again," the wise old emperor
spoke,
"I am your king. Be from whom on brake,
Fidelity is dead! Another king
You sought, and I am he! The crown must
glide
Once more about these brows. Hereafter let
No peer man with undue ambition fret
His soul to gain an emperor's lofty seat,
For him, with nations at his feet,
And prince, do ye equally beware.
How vain and foolish is your hungry care
Yourself to keep in peevish discontent
torn,
Unloved by contact, or to hold aloof.
And tremble all the vulgar under foot.
Though gross, ye only shine by my selection!"

Thereafter, content dwelt in that realm; the
lign
Unto the lowly king grew, more high
The weak and strong were drawn, from year to
year,
And, like in love, none was without a peer.

(New Year's story.)
A STORY OF A DEACON.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

The Deacon stood in his shirt-sleeves
before the tiny square mirror in the front
of the kitchen clock. He stooped and
winked and made astonishing faces at
himself in the hopeless struggle to fit the
button-hole in his collar to the button at
the back of his shirt. He did not swear,
but the gray cat, blinking her eyes drowsily
from her sleeping-place under the stove,
suddenly sneaked past him into the
sitting-room and took refuge on the skirt
of Mrs. Deacon's calico gown. There were
thunders and lightnings portentous in
the atmosphere, and the good woman
looked up from the stocking she was
darning barely in time to escape the storm.

"Why, father! What's the trouble?
Here, let me button it! Sit right down
here, and let me fix you off!" And the
pale, worried-looking lady had her hand
coaxingly upon his arm.

"Well, button it, then, if you are
going to! I should like to know if I am
never to have a button right as long as I
live. Two women folks, and nobody to
take a stitch in my clothes! Where is
Mary? She's always out of sight when
she's wanted."

There was no fault with the button
or the hole, but only with the stiff, clumsy
fingers unused to any service so small.
But his wife did not tell him that the secret
of his inability to manage his collar
lay in the very fact that all his life "two
women-folks" had done it for him. She
only fastened the neck-tie, brushed his
hair, and helped him on with his over-
coat, saying gently, "I presume Mary's
getting ready to go with you. You know
you always liked to have her to meet-
ing with you, on the last night of the
year."

"Then if she's going, tell her to come
along! I can't wait for her to put on all
her furbelows. I want to stop at Squire
Nelson's about that mortgage. Of course
he means to foreclose."

"Oh, no! I don't believe it, Gideon.
He isn't any such man," and the poor
woman's face grew a shade more weary
and white; "but you go right along, and
Mary will go when she is ready. It's a
beautiful night, and I will walk down
with her myself. You'll be there to come
home with her?"

"Of course I shall. I'll be there, if for
nothing else than to keep George Nelson
from coming. He needsn't think I'm go-
ing to let the farm and the girl both go
into his father's family."

"Now, Gideon, don't talk so! You've
been behind on the interest before this,
and Squire Nelson was willing to wait.
I don't believe he will touch the farm."

And the deacon didn't believe it, ei-
ther; but he didn't get much comfort
from that, since it did not alter the fact
of his not having the money due, or save
him from the rasping duty of saying so to
the bland old Squire. And Deacon Frost
was the last man in the world to let his
wife be comforted, if he was uncomfort-
able himself. He always told her the
darkest side, and with an air that made
the meek soul feel in some mysterious
way responsible for all his woes. He
looked and acted as if they were her
fault; and she had grown so used to it
that she often acted herself as if it must
be so. So when he added sulkily that if
his son had "behaved himself and stayed
at home and helped him, the mortgage
would have been paid off long ago," she
only sighed, but did not venture to speak
a good word for her boy.

As the deacon smoothed and brushed
and grumbling still, passed out, Mary
came into the room just in time to hear
the vigorous bang her father gave the
door; in time also, to hear the great flut-
tering sigh, almost a sob, that broke from
her mother's lips.

"Father gone?" asked the girl.
"Yes, dear, and I'll walk down a lit-
tle way with you," said her mother,
stooping to pick up the stocking she was
darning, thus hiding her face from her
daughter's questioning eyes.

"No, mother, I don't want to go. I
can't let you go out on such a cold night.
I was going because I thought father
would expect it more than anything else."

"Perhaps he will not mind," said the
mother, hesitating. "Though, as usual,
he was not pleased that I did not go, and
I thought perhaps I ought to, if it would
make him any happier."

"But it wouldn't, mother dear," said
the young girl hastily, and, throwing
aside her clock, she drew a low chair to
her mother's side and gently pulled the
darning from her hands, as she went on,
"I really think the more we try to please
him in every little thing, the more fault-
finding and exacting he becomes."

"Hush, child!" and the mother's thin
hand passed softly down the girl's cheek
to her lips.

Mary captured it in both her own,
kissed it, and answered laughingly:
"Don't hush me, mother. I'm not a
child any longer, and I see my father as
I would see any other man. The fact is
we have spoiled him, and his habit of
finding fault with trifles and holding
somebody responsible for all his discom-
forts, is almost unendurable. He isn't
conscious of it, and if to-night at the
meeting somebody should tell him of it,
he would be as much surprised as any-
body."

"And he would pray as earnestly as
anybody to be delivered from it," said
his wife.

"Yes, if they succeeded in making
him believe he had such a fault," laughed
Mary; "but we two, who love him best,
have never dared to let him know we
saw it, so he would not be easily con-
vinced."

"He's a good man, Mary, a good
Christian man, honest as the light,"—
"And cross as a bear, and—"
"Mary!"

"Mother!" and Mary's eyes twinkled
"I never knew you to speak so of your
father."

"But I wish I had spoken long ago,
and I'm going to speak now. I'm going
to tell him what I think about it all.
Think what a doleful, forlorn Christmas
we had."

"But your father never kept Christ-
mas. When he was young the people of
this section thought more of the first
day of the New Year, and I doubt if he
ever had a present in his life; and when
your brother used to want to hang up
his stocking, he would tell him what
hard times he had as a child; that he was
glad to get enough to eat, without ask-
ing for presents. Of course, even when
I had saved up a few pennies to buy
the child a gift, such a remark took the
pleasure out of it; so as he grew older
we said nothing about it to his father,
but I used to manage to slip a new neck-
tie, or a handkerchief, or a pair of mittens
into his drawer."

"Yes, I understand it, mother, for
even now, if he looks at me when I have
on a new dress, I feel suddenly guilty
and as if the old one ought to have served
another year."

"Well, he's a great many cares, child,
and he cannot help being angry whenever
he is in debt. He's growing old, daughter,
and we must not mind his ways. To-
night he was specially anxious to get
off early, and everything went wrong.
You know he is never late to church,"
added the loyal wife, anxious to say all
possible good.

"All that may be true, mother, and
out in the world he bears things like a
man and a Christian. I have no doubt
he will give as good testimony to the
mercy of the past year as any one in
the meeting to-night, but he will fret
just as quickly if the breakfast is two
minutes late to-morrow morning. I do
not want his kind of religion, mother.
A faith that won't help a man to keep
his temper isn't worth having." And the
girl's face flashed with the energy of her
words.

"Stop, stop, my child! You don't
know what you are saying! Your brother
Harry said that before he went away.
Don't let me hear it from another child.
There's no fault in the precious Christmas
Gift, sent us from God. If we take so
spitting and using blindly that we miss
the blessedness that is every Christian's
heritage, the fault is not in the Giver or
the Gift. Your father's faith is your
mother's, Mary, and she tells you it has
been her only strength and comfort and
delight. You will come to know it,
onetime, for yourself, and I believe my

boy, if he lives, will come to know it,
too."

Seeing her mother's agitation, the girl
said no more, but gently led her on to
talk of the brother who had left home at
the age of sixteen, and had never been
heard from since. At the time of his
departure, Mary, now on the verge of
womanhood, was four years of age, and
all through her childhood and youth her
imagination had played around her faint
memories of him, catching eagerly at
whatever her mother could tell. Her
father never spoke of him, except to up-
braid his desertion of his parents and his
duty. Whatever had been his offence,
the deacon had not forgiven, but Mary
knew how the mother's heart yearned
and watched and waited for her boy, and
she understood what secret spring of
sorrow was draining her mother's strength.
He had left them on the last night of the
year; and as the years, one after another
crept onward, Mary always felt the fev-
erish, faint hope in her mother's heart,
and this night of all nights she did not
like to leave her alone. But as the eve-
ning wore on, and the mother and daugh-
ter sat in the firelight, talking over all
story of the boy's young life, Mrs. Frost
grew restless. She arose and went to
the window, and looking up and down
the white road, over which bent the boughs
of naked trees, and away across the snowy
fields, she seemed to ask the earth, which
somewhere hid his grave or felt his foot-
step, and the stars that must have seen
his wanderings, for tidings of her boy. As
she stood there the clock in the church-
tower struck eleven.

"There's only one hour more in this
year, Mary," she said, turning to her
daughter, who sat gazing into the fading
fire, "only one hour in this year. He
will not come to-night, and ever since
he went away I have watched the old
year out, waiting for him. He went
away while we were at the midnight ser-
vice. Your father insisted upon his go-
ing with us, but there had been hard
words between them that day, and for
the first time he openly rebelled. He
would not go; and when I knew it I
wanted to stay with him, but I feared it
looked like sanctioning his disobedience.
So I went, and all through the dying
hours of the year my heart was with my
child. God only knows how the moments
dragged, how discordant seemed the
praises, how impossible to freight the
prayers with my heartache. At last,
against your father's wishes, I crept out
and came home. You were safely asleep
in your little crib, and I had said to Har-
ry, as I went out, 'Take good care of
your little sister.'"

"A strange fear had taken possession
of me that he meant to go away. Once,
when angry, he had threatened to go,
and his father answered, 'You will be
glad enough to come back to me for your
bread!' and I could not forget that the
thought of going had once crossed his
mind. This recollection and this fear
made me bid him watch over you. He
was very fond of you, and I tried, as I
walked home, to believe that he would
not leave you alone. But I went from
room to room in the lower part of the
house; I passed with trembling steps
to his chamber. He was not there. I
searched for some message, some word or
line to say he loved his mother, and I
found at last, what has been a comfort
all these years, a little note pinned to
your night-dress as you lay in the little
crib. I have it now. I kept it near me
till I wore it out, so that I feared I could
not read the words: 'I am going, mother,
I know not where, nor for how long, but
I shall never come back to my father for
my bread! But I love you, mother, and
if I live I will come back to you.' I
have waited for him ever since, Mary, and
since that day I have never been once to
midnight service."

"Once there came to us the story of
the wreck of a vessel bound from South
America to New York, and among the
names of the list was one like that of my
little boy. But I did not believe he
was dead. I wait and watch for him
still, and your father knows it, and I
think it irritates and disturbs him, for
every year he urges me to go. I have
felt that I could never do it, but some-
how to night I feel as if I should like to
try again. Let us walk down together,
child, and have this last hour of the year
with the people of God!"

Willing to do anything to soothe her
mother's agitated feelings, Mary wrapped
her warmly, and together they walked
over the white road to the church door.
The notes of a hymn came out to greet
them on the still air. The vestry was
filled, and the two women slipped quietly
into a back seat. When the music
ceased, they sat with bowed heads, each
thinking her own thoughts for the dying
year, when a voice broke on their ears so
changed and softened that they hardly
recognized it, at first, the voice of Deacon
Frost. After a few broken sentences it
grew clearer, and he told of his struggles
with poverty, of his effort to hold his
home, of his hard conviction that God
was looking after everybody's welfare
but his, and leaving him, though he had
tried to serve Him, to fight his battles
alone. He told them of the humiliation
and bitterness with which, this very night
he had gone to the house of his creditor
with the admission that he could not pay
his debt, and that he had been met there
by the smiling statement that the debt,
principal and interest, had, this very day,
been paid by a friend, or by friends, who
wished to remain unknown. He had no
unknown friends. God must have moved
the hearts of these, his brethren, to such
compassion on his anxiety and care, and
the act had been as coals of fire upon his
heart, lighting it till he saw his hardness
and sin, warming it till it melted in gra-
titude and love to God and to those who
had done this good to him who had tried
to love God, with very little love to his
fellow-men.

He made a bad piece of work of the
story, but the people knew he felt it, and

that he was going into the new year with
a new love in his heart.

And there were tears running down
the white, wrinkled face in the back
seat. The Deacon's wife was glad she
came.

They sang a verse, and Mary's voice
was sweet and clear. Young Nelson
heard it; the Deacon saw him turn
around and search for Mary in the crowd,
yet, strange to say, no anger arose in his
heart.

The moments sped on. There was
stillness. Every eye was silently lay-
ing its burden upon the breast of the dy-
ing year—its burden of the things to be
"left behind" before the soul could
"press forward toward the mark." It
was all very sweet and still, and the
Deacon's wife felt how good it was to be
there, when there arose from her side the
tall form of a man who had occupied the
seat alone when the mother and daughter
came in. She had not looked at him,
but now as she gazed at the erect figure
and the bearded face, she saw and knew
her son.

A stifled moan escaped her lips.
His eyes looked tenderly down upon her,
and he reached and gave her strength.
She clung to the hand he gave her, and
bowed her face upon it while he spoke:

"I cannot let the old year go," he
said, "sitting here among my old neigh-
bors, without telling them of the bless-
ing that year has brought to me. It has
been the year of birth to me—of birth
into the only real life—that hidden with
Christ in God. Thirteen years ago, on
the last night of the year, while my par-
ents prayed here with you, I turned my
back on you and on my home, on my ba-
by, by sister's face, on my mother's tears,
and began my life of wanderings. They
have lasted many years; they have led
me into many forbidden paths; but in
every one, however far astray, I have
heard the voice of God calling me. I
have seen my mother's face watching for
me through the nights; and especially as
each year brought around the anniversary
of my flight, have I felt her prayers fol-
lowing me. I have heard her speaking
tenderly to me again and again. I have
remembered the love with which she
made and hid for me the little Christmas
gifts, and I resolved to arise, and while
this year still lingered, to bring myself
back to my mother, and to acknowledge
before you all the wonderful mercy and
love which I found in returning to my
mother's God."

And as the last words died upon his
lips, and he sat down, throwing one strong
around his mother and drawing her head
down to his shoulder, the Deacon knew
from whom his New Year's Gift had
come.

"Forgive me, Harry," he said aloud,
moving with outstretched hand, and the
tears streaming over his rough cheeks, to
the side of his son.

"Nay, father, forgive me," and as they
clasped each other's hands, the old clock
struck twelve.

THE LACONIC LANGUAGE.—Although
the English language is the most absurdly
spelled tongue in the world it permits
much more terse composition than any
other, and telegraphic clerks have spe-
cially noted that English telegrams, as a
rule, contain fewer words than those ex-
pressing the same ideas in any other lan-
guage. A traveler says he was remind-
ed of this subject by noticing the direc-
tions for an electric bell in his room in a
foreign hotel. They were printed in
French, German and English:

On est pe presser le bouton juskau-
fond.
Man ist gebeten den Knopf so viel als
möglich zuruckzustossen.
Please press the button to the bottom.
There are ten words each in the French
and German, to seven in the English.
The number of letters is 37, 52 and 31,
respectively. The note at the foot of the
bill of fare was similarly interesting:

On remet la note chaque jour au con-
trele des voyageurs.
Um Irrungen zu vermeiden, wird tag-
lich die Rechnung zur Controle vorge-
legt.
Bills are given daily to avoid errors.

Here, again, we have 10, 11 and 7
words, with 45, 63 and 31 letters respec-
tively. Another common "notice" af-
fords corroborating evidence of the pre-
ceding examples of superior terseness of
our vernacular:

On est prie de ne pas fumer.
On wird gebeten nicht zu rauchen.
Please do not smoke.
Here we have 7 and 6 words to 4,
with 22, 27 and 16 letters respectively.

A young Nez Perce chief called Otto
is exciting the wonder of San Francisco
people, or such of them as take interest
in marksmanship, by his remarkable feats.
This is one of them: A pistol barrel is
placed in a small steel frame; behind this
a razor facing the audience. On each
side of the razor is a glass ball securely
placed. The pistol barrel, razor and
balls are masked with a covering of
white cloth. The boy is then blindfold-
ed, his back turned to the objects, the
"About face" is given, when he fires
down through the pistol barrel, splits his
single rifle-ball upon the razor edge, and
breaks both glass balls on the right and
left.

A little child was addressed by a
gentleman the other day. "How old
are you, my dear?" he asked. "Old!"
said the child, indignantly, "I'm not old
at all. I'm quite new!"

A man was made in an instant bald
headed forever, in Mobile, by the ex-
plosion of a fire cracker in his hat. It
was the work of his playful son.

"What can I do for you to induce
you to go to bed now?" asked a Lowell
mamma, of her five-year-old boy, Mon-
day evening. "You can let me sit up a
little longer," was the youngster's re-
sponse.

RECIPES.
FRICTION'S PUDDING.—One cup of suet
chopped fine, two eggs, three table-
spoonfuls of sugar, one cup of milk, one
cup of raisins, one cup of currants, one-
half of a nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of
baking powder and flour enough to
make a batter. Boil for two hours.

EGG SAUCE.—Take the yolks of two
eggs boiled hard; mash them with a
tablespoonful of mustard, a little pep-
per and salt, three tablespoonfuls of
vinegar and three of salad oil. A table-
spoonful of catsup improves this for
some. This sauce is very nice for boiled
fish.

VERMICELLI PUDDING.—Two ounces of
vermicelli, three-quarters of a pint of
milk, quarter of a pint of cream, one
ounce and a half of butter, two eggs,
one ounce and a half of sugar; boil the
vermicelli in the milk until tender, then
stir in the remaining ingredients; but-
ter a small tart dish and bake.

APPLE CAKES.—This simple and
dainty little dessert is one taught by
Miss Carson: Peel and core the apples
and halve them; take slices of bread,
spread thickly with butter and sprinkle
with sugar, then lay apples on bread,
core side down; sprinkle on more sugar
and any kind of spice to taste. Bake.

LADIES' FINGERS.—The following re-
cipe for ladies' fingers is an excellent
one: Take one pound of pulverized
sugar, one dozen eggs, three-quarters
of a pound of flour. Beat the yolks and
sugar to a cream, then beat the whites,
and lastly stir in the flour; flavor with
lemon. Bake in long, small tins made
expressly for these little cakes, or you
may drop them on white writing paper;
they are likely in this case, however, to
look irregular about the edge. Be
careful not to put too much dough in
the tin as it will rise a good deal.
Have the oven hot and success is cer-
tain.

How a Play was Produced.
A New York correspondent tells of
the curious manner in which a play by
Alexander Dumas the elder was recited
before it was written. The correspond-
ent says:

One day the opening scene flashed
on him, and in a fortnight the play was
planned and complete in his head. He
walked into the committee-room of the
Theatre Francaise to ask that the com-
mittee be called together that day week
to hear a comedy of his.

"So you have written a comedy?"
asked one of the actors.
"No," said Dumas, "I have com-
pleted it—but there's not a line written
yet."

"Then you cannot possibly be ready
to read it in a week?"
Dumas was a little incensed at their
doubting his facility, and he turned
sharply and asked:

"The committee meets every Satur-
day. You are all here to-day. Would
you like like me to read you the play
now?"

"Without the manuscript?" asked
the puzzled actors.
"I will read it now without the man-
uscript," said the author, "but on one
condition only. It shall count for a
formal reading, and you will at once
vote for or against its acceptance."

The committee of actors agreed to
this, and Alexander Dumas, standing
before the fire, began to recite to them
"Mademoiselle de Belle Isle," a
comedy in five acts, of which he had not
written one word, but which he carried
complete in his head, as Jove carried
Minerva. As he finished each act there
was applause, and after the fifth a
double round. The ballot box was
passed at once and the unwritten play
was accepted unanimously.

"If I had died on the way home," re-
cords Dumas solemnly, "the Theatre
Francaise would never have had the play
it had just agreed to act."

OVERRUN WITH GOATS.

The island of Cyprus is overrun with
goats. It is estimated that there are
200,000 of these animals on the island,
and planting is almost useless on ac-
count of their ravages. "They carry
no wool," says the St. James Gazette,
"furnish only a bad meat, and hardly
give more milk than the sheep to
which, however, they are preferred on
account of their feeding on ligneous
vegetation, which the sheep reject.
They are fed, therefore, almost en-
tirely at the expense of the woods, and
not only, it is stated, does the goat
destroy the young freshly grown
plants, but it browses on the young
branches of older trees. On the south-
ern mountains, also, where the soil is
loose, the goat is accused of increasing
this looseness, by scrambling about,
and thus injuring young plants, which
are dragged down and torn away by
the falling of broken stones."

A Boston firm propose to receive a
limited number of girls from the public
schools, who may desire to become
saleswomen, and educate them, as
boys are educated for business, giving
them one hundred dollars the first year
and increasing their pay according to
their proficiency. They are to be
allowed a vacation of two weeks out
of the time, and every means will be
afforded for their advancement.

Last year the German wire mills sup-
plied England with 30,000 tons of wire,
and Russia with 40,000 tons. France
received from Germany from 12,000 to
15,000 tons of steel wire for sofa springs,
and America not less than 30,000 from
the same source.

'Caught In His Own Trap.'

A story—quite as good for being
true—is told of two medical students,
the one a very large, and the other a
very small person, who were room-
mates and bedfellows. On a certain
warm night the big man, who was on
the inner side, awoke to the conscious-
ness that he was being crowded to the
wall, his companion having taken a
good-sized reservation in the middle of
the bed. By way of punishing the en-
croachment with neatness and dispatch,
he gently adjusted his soles and onsted
the little fellow so effectually as to
land him on the carpet. The ejected
one showed no signs of resentment un-
til several nights later, when, finding
his bulky companion occupying a posi-
tion similar to the one in which he had
given offense, he plotted a revenge.

Stealthily clambering over the huge
form, he braced his back against the
wall and planting a foot on either side
of his friend's spine, collected all his
forces and gave a tremendous push.
The effect was instantaneous, and if not
just what had been anticipated, was
certainly in strict accordance with na-
ture's laws. The big man moved, but
the bed moved with him, opening a wide
space between itself and the wall,
through which the little man immedi-
ately dropped to the floor, where he
doubtless had a chance to recover from
his astonishment and reflect on the rea-
sons why another good plan had gone
wrong.

A Utah Character.
Mary's vale is a beautiful valley
through which the clear, swift and
deep Sevier river flows. It contains a
mining camp, and it is the home of
General Agramonte, one of the most
noted characters of Utah. The saints
call him "Big Windy," in ridicule of
his remarkable conversational powers.
Just previous to my arrival an attempt
had been made to assassinate him.

Three shots were fired at him from the
bushes of the Sevier river, none of
which took effect. He returned the
fire with a Sharp's rifle, and on the fol-
lowing day a wounded saint was found,
being carefully cared for in a neighbor-
ing village. The general married Mrs.
Clara Stonehouse Young, widow of
Joseph A. Young, Brigham's most tal-
ented son, and being a gentle and a
bold speaker of opinions, is not one of
the loved ones of Zion. He claims
direct descent from a famous Castilian
king; he served on the staff of a Union
general during the war, has adventured
some in Mexico, and was for years ac-
tively and prominently identified with
the Cuban rebellion. I had heard
much of him in my travels, and when I
saw him enter the room where I sat and
place a carbine and double-barreled
shotgun in a corner, remove a belt hold-
ing a navy revolver and a Bowie knife
and slip a silver-mounted Derringer in
his hip-pocket, I knew that I was in the
presence of General Agramonte.—San
Francisco Post.

THINK OF IT. Is life and health not worth
preserving? The best preventive and re-
storative, is "Wells' Health Renewer," sold by
all Druggists.

A man who stoops to conquer will soon
be needing shoulder braces. Better sit
down in a rocking chair to conquer.

LIVING WITNESSES.—The hundreds of
hearty, and healthy looking men, women
and children, that have been rescued from
beds of pain, sickness and death by
Parker's Ginger Tonic are the best evi-
dence in the world of its sterling merit
and worth. You will find such in almost
every community.

CHICAGO, ILL. will be pleased to show it to our townsmen who may be in that city, or make advertising contracts.

The amount of gold obtained from the surface and mines of the earth, from the earliest times to the present time, is estimated to be \$14,000,000,000, of which \$8,106,000,000 have been obtained within thirty-nine years; of the latter amount \$7,895,000,000 are still in existence, of which North America furnished one-fifth.

The contributions paid in and pledged for the erection of a Christian church in Washington, to take the place of the one which President Garfield and his family attended, amount to over \$21,000. The number of members added to the denomination in eight States during the last year is 2,884.

Take the Oxidation

nd Democrat.

infidels who maltreated pilgrims to the Holy City.

months old, but giving no evidences of following in her brother's footsteps.

DID GUTEAU FORGE THE MORRY LETTER?

[Wash. Cor. Boston Globe.]

It is not impossible that during the progress of the Giteau case a phase highly sensational in character may be developed which will show Giteau up not only as an assassin, but as a forger. Before the trial begins, Giteau wrote a letter to District Attorney Corbitt asking for a trial. This letter struck the Attorney General as very similar in characteristics to the famous Morry letter, and he called in several experts who pronounced the two letters written by the same hand. The first three letters of Giteau's name in his letter to the District Attorney and first three letters of Garfield's signature in the Morry letter are absolutely identical. The letter is now in the possession of Chief Clerk Adee of the State Department, and every one who has seen the original Morry letter and the Giteau letter pronounces them written by the same person. At the time the Morry letter was written Giteau had been driven from the Republican headquarters in New York, but was still hanging around the city.

The fac-simile of the Morry letter shows, as was remarked at the time, that the three first letters of the signature, instead of reading "Gar," were plainly "Gai," and it was also noticed as peculiar that the "i" in the first letter of the signature was on the left-hand side of the "r," instead of the right-hand side, as it would properly come in the "r" in Garfield. The fac-simile shows that the only dot is directly over the third letter of the "Gai," and signature—Ed. Boyer Whig.

AN AVOVED POLYGLAMIST.

Among the papers of contest now on file in the House of Representatives in the case of the Delegation from Utah, is the following statement by the Mormon Delegate, who has received the seat for eight years past, and who received a great majority of the votes at the last election, the contest being based on the ground that Cannon has never been naturalized. Hitherto Cannon has never made any official admission of his polygamy, and he filed the following statement to have his contested seat annulled as evidence of his polygamy and of his being a citizen of the United States.

"I, George Q. Cannon, contestant, protesting that the matter in this paper contained is not relevant to the issue, do admit that I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, commonly called Mormons, that in accordance with the tenets of said church I have taken plural wives, who now live with me and who so lived with me for a number of years and borne me children. I also admit that in my public address in the House of Representatives in Utah Territory I have defended said tenet of said church as being in my belief a revelation from God.

"George Q. Cannon."

Timothy O. Howe, of Wisconsin, the new Democratic candidate, was born in 1816, at Maine, Feb. 7, 1816, was educated at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, in Readfield, studied law in the same office with Governor Lot M. Morrill, and settling at Readfield, was admitted to the bar in 1840. He was elected to the Maine Legislature in 1841, and the next year removed to New York, Wis. In 1849 he was elected Circuit Judge in that State and resigned in 1851. In 1861 he was elected United States Senator from Wisconsin, and twice re-elected, serving continuously until March, 1879.

A NEW STATE.—On account, probably, of the demand of Dakota for admission to the Union as a State, Secretary Kirkwood has requested Governor Ordway to make an unusually full report of the social, financial and industrial condition of that Territory. The report was made nearly ready for the press, and it shows that there has been during the past year a very large increase—estimated at nearly 50,000—in the population of the Territory, by the immigration for the most part, industrious and intelligent settlers. The total valuation of property in the Territory has nearly doubled. The finances of the Territory are in excellent condition, bonds selling at from 10 to 12 per cent. premium.

EDUCATIONAL MEETING.
The Fifteenth Annual Session of the Maine State Educational Association will be held at the High School House, Biddeford, December 29, 30 and 31, 1881. Teachers School Officers and others interested in Educational Progress are earnestly invited to be present and take part in the discussions.

PROGRAMME:
To be held, Dec. 29—3 P. M., Business Meeting, appointment of committees, etc. 7 P. M., report—progress made during the year. Hon. N. A. Luce, Augusta, 7:30. Address of Welcome: Superintendent Jas. Barner Biddeford. Response: President M. C. Fernald, Orono. 8 P. M., "Style in Teaching," Superintendent Thos. Tash, Portland. Discussion: Superintendent G. T. Fletcher, Augusta.

Friday, Dec. 30—9 A. M., Discussion—"Is there Work for Two Educational Associations in Maine?" Led by Hon. W. J. Corbitt, Gorham. 10:30, Paper—"What is Practical Education?" F. E. C. Robbins, Bangor. Discussion: C. C. Robbins, Farmington. 2 P. M., Paper—"Science in the Public Schools," C. W. Finn, Gorham. Discussion: Wm. Harper, Farmington. 3:30, Paper—"School Discipline," L. B. Sheehan, Portland. Discussion: General B. 7:30, Paper—"The Scholar and his Relation to the other Pursuits of Life," W. G. Lord, Limington. Discussion: Rev. A. W. Burr, Hallowell.

Saturday, Dec. 31—9 A. M., Business meeting; Discussions.
BOARD.
Free entertainment will be furnished to ladies. Apply, by postal card, to O. M. Lord, Biddeford. A committee will be in attendance at the place of meeting to assign places.
Gentlemen will be accommodated at the Biddeford House at reduced rates.

Free return tickets to Portland will be sold at all stations on the Maine Central and its branches. Round trip tickets at one fare over the Boston & Maine will be sold at the Portland office. Certificates of free return, to all paying full fare to Biddeford from other stations on the same road, will be issued by the Secretary of the Association. Persons attending via the Eastern R. R., paying full fare to Biddeford, will be furnished free return certificates by the Secretary of the Association, to stations including Portland, from which such fares are paid. Similar certificates will be furnished to those paying full fare over the Portland & Rochester Road.

Gov. St. John of Kansas, has recently written a letter, showing the beneficial effects of the prohibition of dram shops by the law which took effect in that State, May last. He says the law is well observed, in more than three-fourths of the State, and with grand results. He gives official statistics showing the improvement in a large number of cities and towns, and a large reduction of sentences to the penitentiary. In Leavenworth, Topeka, and Lawrence, the arrests for drunkenness have been reduced one-half. Secretary John says that any proposition to return to license would be defeated by 75,000 majority.

The New York Tribune says of Giteau: "His brain reeled at the definition of a flea in one of the old dictionaries—a creature of diminutive size but of infernal activity."

IN GENERAL.

—Postmaster General James, like Thurston, earned his first salary as a printer at Herkimer, N. Y.

—Thirty-one thousand emigrants arrived in New York in November, nearly twice as many as during the same month of last year.

—A Rhode Island Justice refused to marry a man named Carr to a widow of the same name, on the ground that he was afraid to couple cars.

—Secretary Blaine has received a cable despatch from Baron Von Steuben, which says he has named his son, born last week, "Blaine Steuben."

—Portraits of President Garfield—good ones, too—will soon be for sale at 5 cents. They will be found on the new five-cent postage stamps.

—A Kansas mob broke open Mrs. Lochman's door and smashed the windows, because she filed information against the persons who sold her husband liquor.

—The New York Supreme Court has just granted a divorce to Angles Robertson from Dion Boucicault, the actor, with \$2,600 a year as alimony.

—Formerly in our Navy, the sailors had their daily rations of grog, and similar provision was made for the soldiers of our Army. Now both are supplied with coffee as a substitute.

—The Washington Star describes the attempts upon Giteau's life disgraceful in every way—not only breaches of law and order, but "utterly discreditable to American marksmanship."

—A Washington correspondent describes Congressman Dingley as a slight, delicate man, whose exceeding paleness of complexion is all the more marked by the jetty blackness of his hair and beard.

—The Sioux have a fashion of naming children in the order in which they are born. So the roll has many such names as Winona, Hapan, Hept, Wanoke, Heke, etc., which mean first-born, second-born, third-born, fourth-born, fifth-born, and so on.

—Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Decisions cannot be made spur of the moment. If you wish to wear spurs you must win them. If you wish to use them you must buckle them to your heels before you go into the fight.—James A. Garfield.

—The Herald, referring to the fact that a very few of the leading men of New York City were born in the city, says the same is true of Boston, or Philadelphia, or any other great city, making it evident that there is something in country training, which develops energy of character.

—One of the most famous of Washington characters is Mrs. Belva Lockwood, the female lawyer. She is said to have a very remunerative practice. One of her eccentricities is her utter contempt for the usual methods of locomotion, and she may be seen almost any day riding through the streets on a tricycle.

—It matters little what may be the forms of national institutions if the life, freedom and growth of the people are secured. Finally, our great hope for the future, our great safeguard against danger, is to be found in the general and thorough education of our people, and in the virtue which accompanies such education.—James A. Garfield.

—The first line of telegraph was erected less than forty years ago, and at the present time there are more than 1,000,000 miles in operation. The United States contains first with 250,000 miles, with the immediate probability of adding another 100,000 miles; Germany comes next, with 150,000 miles, and the great Chinese Empire last, with 1,200 miles.

—The Holiday (Jan.) Wide Awake gives as frontispiece the second prize drawing of last year's Prize Competition, the artist, H. H. Langren, the engraver W. Clonson. It is called "Winter Birds," and is one of the most beautiful pictures ever executed in this country, both in design and engraving.

—In the fall of 1880 a wildcat was caught at the base of Mt. Washington and taken to the summit, where it made its home with the observers at the signal station during the winter of 1880-81. In the following spring, "Tom" (as the cat was called by the observers), left the summit, and nothing was seen of him until the other day, when he returned to his last winter's quarters, making himself quite at home, apparently ready to spend another winter on the summit.

—When Lafayette stopped with Col. Spring in his house in 1825 in Sarco, Frank Bryant did some little service for Lafayette and the general gave him therefor two silver dollars. Bryant was hardly of that age when a person could be said to fully appreciate the gift, but his mother laid aside the money, fully believing that some time would come when he would value those coins. When Mr. Bryant died, he left those two dollars to his sons, Warren C. and Geo. F. Bryant, who have jealously guarded them ever since.—Biddeford Times.

—An exchange notes a number of eminent Americans who were born in the year 1811: Horace Greely, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, Eliza Farnett, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Fannie Fern, Edgar Allan Poe, Dr. J. W. Draper, Fannie Kemble, Noah Porter, President of Yale College; Horatio Seymour; Alfred B. Street, the poet; and William Lloyd, the artist. Of these, Phillips, Mrs. Stowe, Dr. Draper, Fannie Kemble, President Porter, Horatio Seymour and Page reached their 70th year.

—On Monday, Secretary Blaine vacated the office of Secretary of State, and was confirmed by the Senate as his successor. Secretary Blaine's career as Secretary of State was marked by his energetic and discreet discharge of the duties of his office, and his premiership the most notable of recent years. His official communications, so far as they have been published, especially his instructions to Minister Low and to the American Ministers in Chili and Peru (disgracefully disregarded, as they were) will be historic documents, distinguished for their vigor, sound English and their strong well-guarded positions. Secretary Blaine retires from office with a hold on public esteem, for a few men in this generation have attained.—Lexington Journal.

THE SPRING TERM

OF

HEBRON ACADEMY

WILL COMMENCE

TUESDAY FEBRUARY

7, 1882.

AND CONTINUE 12 WEEKS

Under the Instruction of

W. W. MAYO, A. B.,
Principal of the Academy.
ISABELLE CROWELL, A. B.,
Assistant.
KELLEY L. WILSON,
Principal of the Commercial Department.
HATTIE P. BAILEY,
Teacher of Music.

TUITION.

Common English, \$10.00
Latin, \$15.00
Greek, \$15.00
French, \$15.00
German, \$15.00
Spanish, \$15.00
Portuguese, \$15.00
Italian, \$15.00
Russian, \$15.00
Hebrew, \$15.00
Sanskrit, \$15.00
Chinese, \$15.00
Japanese, \$15.00
Hindi, \$15.00
Urdu, \$15.00
Persian, \$15.00
Arabic, \$15.00
Syriac, \$15.00
Coptic, \$15.00
Georgian, \$15.00
Armenian, \$15.00
Gez, \$15.00
Amharic, \$15.00
Tigrinya, \$15.00
Afan Oromo, \$15.00
Somali, \$15.00
Swahili, \$15.00
Shona, \$15.00
Zulu, \$15.00
Xhosa, \$15.00
Ndebele, \$15.00
Venda, \$15.00
Tswana, \$15.00
Setswana, \$15.00
Sotho, \$15.00
Xosha, \$15.00
Nguni, \$15.00
Zulu, \$15.00
Xhosa, \$15.00
Ndebele, \$15.00
Venda, \$15.00
Tswana, \$15.00
Setswana, \$15.00
Sotho, \$15.00
Xosha, \$15.00
Nguni, \$15.00

Board or Rooms can be engaged at any time by writing to the principal. Those who engage early will secure the most desirable rooms.

THE ACADEMY

FITS

FOR COLLEGE

AND HAS A

SELECT COURSE

Which gives Higher English together with Latin and French. The course is regular graduation from this course, as from the Classical. Excellent advantages in English branches for those who attend but one or two terms.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

TEACHERS

The principal will give instruction in the method of teaching during a part of the term. Send for a circular.

W. W. MAYO, Principal.

Hebron Dec. 28, 1881.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Weekly stands at the head of American illustrated weeklies. It is a weekly publication, containing the best of the day's news, short stories, sketches, and poems, contributed by the foremost artists and authors of the day. It is a weekly publication, containing the best of the day's news, short stories, sketches, and poems, contributed by the foremost artists and authors of the day. It is a weekly publication, containing the best of the day's news, short stories, sketches, and poems, contributed by the foremost artists and authors of the day.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:
HARPER'S WEEKLY, \$4.00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE, \$4.00
HARPER'S BAZAR, \$4.00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, \$4.00
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, \$4.00
One Year (36 Numbers) \$12.00
Postage free to all subscribers in the United States or Canada.

The volume of the Weekly begins with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to receive the Weekly after the receipt of order.

The last twelve annual volumes of Harper's Weekly in one volume, containing the best of the year's news, short stories, sketches, and poems, contributed by the foremost artists and authors of the day. It is a weekly publication, containing the best of the day's news, short stories, sketches, and poems, contributed by the foremost artists and authors of the day.

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Ordered, That the said Administrator 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 Jan. next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon and show cause if any they have why the same should not be allowed.

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Ordered, That the said Administrator 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 Jan. next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon and show cause if any they have why the same should not be allowed.

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