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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 18, No. 37): March 17, 1865

Maxham & Wing

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BY JEAN INGELW.

When I see the water fretting, When I see the chestnut letting, All her lovely blossoms fall down, I think, "Alas the day!"

In our hearts fair hope lay smiling, Sweet as air, and all beguiling; And there hung a mist of blue-bells on the slope and down the dell.

Piping, fluting, Bees are humming, April's here and Summer's coming; Don't forget us when you walk, a man with men, in pride and joy!

Laugh and play, O slipping waters, Let our weary sons and daughters, Come, O wind, and rock their leafy cradle in thy wanderings coy.

(From Peterson's Magazine.)

FROM APRIL TO OCTOBER.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

CONTINUED.

A knock upon the door just below awakened her. Nannie peeped out and saw a person standing in the verandah. Nobody answered the knock. The servants were in the kitchen, and Esther, perhaps, making one of her tours of inspection around the farm; so Nannie tilted her hair and went down. A pair of grave, blue eyes, that looked so small and astonished at sight of her; a white forehead above sunburnt cheeks—this was all Nannie noticed.

"Is the mistress of the house at home?" Miss Flint, I was told?" he asked, adding quickly, "I am the engineer employed about the railway. I missed my way some hours ago, and so," smiling, "missed my dinner. I find I can't reach my camp till evening, and I called to ask if I could be accommodated with a meal."

Nannie said she would go and find Miss Flint. He came in and sat down on the wooden settee, looking after the quaint figure as it left the room.

"An odd, sweet-faced little body," was his thought; and then he glanced out of the window and measured the miles that separated him from his camp, where his men were wondering at his detention.

Nannie found Esther in the cow-barn and told her errand. Esther's face grew strong. "No, I won't see him!" she muttered.

Nannie turned back strangely disappointed. "Then I shall tell him he can't have any dinner."

She was recalled almost fiercely. "Nan! who told you to refuse that man a meal of victuals? Tell Dinah to cook him some dinner; wait upon him yourself, and mind you, don't take any pay."

Esther turned again to the corn-bin, and Nannie went in. She sat at the table and made coffee. She would have liked to bring out the pretty pink and white china cups and saucers, but Esther had not ordered that; she could only see that the table-cloth was snowy, and the clumsy knives and forks polished to resplendency. At last she stood still to take a look at the table array, wavered a moment, a doubtful half-smile playing over her face, and then ran up stairs, and came down with her precious flowers.

So Guy found himself confronted by their dazzling sheen. It quite surprised and touched him. It was the only bit of brightness in the room. There were the brown timbers of the house, the dim furniture, and this little pale-faced girl, with the faded, gold hair, flushing faintly at his praise of her flowers. He talked to her during the meal, finding a pleasure in her quaint, simple speech, and with some interest, as having found an unlooked for character. When he rose to go, he took out his wallet—hesitated—then he could tell why.

"Miss Flint said she would take no pay, sir," said Nannie.

He dropped the shining gold back into the receptacle, slowly wondering whether it would do to offer a gratuity to this girl with a coarse dress and lady-like air, whose position he did not understand. He looked up as he held the last piece poised in his finger. Perhaps that decided him.

He put up his wallet with emphasis, thanked her, touched her hand with a quick clasp at parting—thinking what a dainty, brown thing it was—and rode away. Nannie watched him as he cantered straight up the hill, admiring the erect figure and easy movements; involuntarily contrasting him with the slouching, ill-mannered men whom she knew. Altogether, this stranger was a new revelation to Nannie.

Esther came in slamming the door after her. Nannie started, smiled a little at her thoughts, and went in. Esther glanced at the table rather frowningly.

"Well—he's gone?"

"Yes, ma'am!" Nannie began to gather up the dishes.

"Nannie, if he comes here again—it's likely he may give him what he wants, and let me alone about it."

Nannie puzzled over Esther's enigmatical conduct, but in vain.

III.

The months went on, and by-and-by, the trees were only skeleton shapes outlined against a steely sky; the river shone blue and cold, and the winter wind swept down occasional gusts of snow from the mountains. But there still came at intervals soft, warm days, when the flying summer looked over her shoulder, and smiled all down the valley.

Nannie was sitting on the door-step. The sun-shine lay around her warm and still, almost tangible. The valley and the mountains were drowned in purple haze. Esther was gone away on a business visit to the "store." Out in the kitchen old Dinah was singing one of the quaint negro hymns—absurd in meaning, but rich in melody. It was very quiet and pleasant; and without knowing why, Nannie felt that her short life had never known any day so happy. She was sure to see Guy Hurlbert before nightfall. How well she knew him now—so well, that the time when she had not known him seemed very far away, and unreal. It is so natural to be happy! Presently she heard his step, saw him coming up the path-way, and rose up, her blood leaping quicker, and her cheeks kindled.

"Little Nannie!" he says, his swart face flushing.

The world-old wonder! The commonplace that became immeasurably sweet to her and to utter: the trivial nothing transmitted to greatness by the subtle alchemy of love; the silence that is dearer than any speech!

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WATERVILLE, MAINE... FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1865.

NO. 37.

stricken with astonishment at seeing Esther standing by, white and rigid, looking at them with strange eyes, from which the life had all gone out.

Nannie cried out with alarm, "Are you ill? Oh, come in and let me send for the doctor?" Very stiffly Esther walked past Guy, not noticing his offered services, went into the family-room, and sat down.

Nannie began to remove her wrappings, but Esther pushed her away. "Let me be! Send Dinah to me, and go for the doctor if you will!"

Nannie flew to do her bidding. "Is she often ill?" asked Guy, as they walked swiftly away.

"Never!" "She looked strangely—like a stone. I had no idea she was so grim a personage."

"No! not loved you much, I should guess." "No; but perhaps she could help that."

Guy looked down at the small figure fleeing forward at his side. "Poor child!" he said, presently. "It has been a hard life for you, little one; but there are brighter days coming."

Nannie suppressed a quick sob—the fingers closely held in Guy's hand trembled; she was not used to tenderness, you know. Guy was thinking what a glad future opened up before him. His past was not much to remember—not very much more than Nannie's. But that was over. With his clear brain and brave heart he would win his way. And, oh! he was so thankful that he had found this sly, little girl! If he had only known all those past years that somebody was waiting for him—waiting to fill his heart with her presence, and crown his life with love. But he did not know it; and now he remembered his want of trust with self-reproach. As always, when a sudden illumination from heaven floods the gray waste of our lives, we cry in contrition.

"If I had only known this happiness was in store for me, I could have been patient." So Guy punishes us with blessing.

They went on quickly to the doctor's house, left an order for him, and turned back. When they reached the by-path leading out to Guy's camp among the hills, Nannie stopped, saying, "You will not return with me, Guy?"

Guy was going to Richmond for a week, upon business connected with the railway, meaning also to look after his private affairs. If they had prospered, he need not leave Nannie alone much longer.

And so they talked a moment about some pretty plan of house-keeping, and the dear home that was to be. Guy was not a man to marry upon uncertainties. *Chateaux en Espagne* were all very well, but not strictly eligible as permanent residences. However he might like to wander upon imaginary heights, his feet must be planted upon the solid earth. He must see his way to comfort and competence before he thought of marrying.

But all at once a strong yearning beset him. He drew Nannie to his arms, looking down at her with wistful eyes.

"I wish to heaven I was not going to leave you," he cried. "If anything should come between us, it would make the world very dark for both of us, would it not, little one? I wonder, Nannie, if anything could tempt you to give me up?"

"Not unless it were right." "Right! How could it be right? God made us for each other. I would do desperate battle against a fate that would take you from me."

"I don't know," said Nannie. "There might be something better than happiness for us, and we might be the nearer for being separated."

Guy laughed. "A woman's paradox! But, henceforth, dear, you are not going philosophical or dreamy. This real, every-day world, is to be infinitely precious to you. Your life shall blossom all over in color and fragrance."

"I hope it will," said Nannie, the quick tears starting.

"It will. Why did I talk of separation? I am coming back to you in seven days; and then, please God, we shall never be parted again."

And so Nannie went away, his kisses warm on her lips, his love thrilling her heart. She ran home swiftly, not knowing that Guy followed and saw her safe out of the gathering darkness. Home! What new meanings were in the word? She did not think of it now, but went to Esther's room.

She was better. Dinah had plied her with herb tea and stimulants; and when the doctor came, presently, it was to find his prescriptions anticipated. Yet, not to seem wholly superfluous, he left there powders and voluminous directions.

When he was gone, Esther refused to take the one, and disregarded the other. There was no need of any one sitting up with her, she insisted. It made her nervous to have people about in the night. If she was worse, she could easily speak to some one. And so Nannie was ordered to bed.

Guy must already have started upon his journey; was Nannie's first thought when she awoke. She looked out at the winding road, along which she had seen him pass so often, upon the company of bare, brown hills that hid his camp. How different the scene seemed, now that he was gone.

But Nannie did not linger. She ran down stairs to Esther, who was looking very haggard and old this morning, and did not attempt to leave her rocking-chair.

In the middle of the forenoon some men came who seemed to have an appointment with Esther. They were with her alone for a time, and then went out into the grounds, sauntering about the farm, and making themselves very much at home, to the great indignation of the negroes.

While Dinah was setting the tea-table, she astonished Nannie with this portentous question.

"Is Missis goin' for to sell out?" "Sell out! Not that I know of. Why do you ask such a question?" said Nannie, in astonishment.

The black face was dejected and anxious. "De people is dreff'le scart, Miss. Dey tink dem men want her for no good. Missis ain't sharp soken, but der might be a wuss Missis dan she be; and Dinah pattered off into the kitchen, quite in a tremble of emotion.

Poor things I thought Nannie. But it was a wild notion, and Nannie soon dismissed it. After tea she went to Esther's room. The invalid was sitting up in bed, looking very miserable, her eyes deep-set in purple hollows, and a look about the lips that told of suffering.

"Can't I do something for you?" asked Nannie, touched with pity.

"Yes, I want you to sit down there, and listen to what I've got to tell you."

Nannie obeyed. Esther looked straight before her for some seconds.

"I am going away from here! There was the hard fact, uttered without explanation or qualification. There was a heavy silence. At last Nannie choiced her words.

"Going away from here!" "Yes, I've let my place to some good people, and I am going away."

There was another pause, while Nannie was turning this strange, new fact over in her mind.

"How long shall you stay away?" she asked presently.

"I didn't say I was ever coming back, did I?" returned Esther, making a gesture of impatience. "I don't know anything about it—only I am going to start the day after to-morrow."

Nannie sat dumbly.

"You understand me, I suppose?" questioned Esther.

"Yes, ma'am. You are going—away," replied Nannie, still not comprehending how it was to affect her.

"Very well. I want you to decide whether you'll go with me. If you go, I'll do well by you; if you don't, I go alone."

Nannie clasped her hands in sudden terror, but said not a word.

"Well, what do you think about it?" persisted Esther, after a moment's silence.

"I—I don't know. It is so sudden," stammered poor Nannie.

"If it is, I suppose you can make up your mind in an hour as well as in a week," said Esther, angrily. But, looking at Nannie, she seemed to soften a little, and presently continued speaking very fast. "Nannie, I've given you a home ever since you were a little mite of a weak, crying baby. I took you from your mother's bosom when she died, and I had her laid in a decent grave. You were a feeble thing, I didn't think you would live, and I used to think it wasn't much matter if you didn't, for you hadn't any friend except me. But you did live, and I've no fault to find with you now. I haven't been the same as a mother, I know; but I've meant to do my duty by you. God knows what would have become of you if it hadn't been for me. I've nobody else now but you, and it isn't long that I shall need you—there's a deadly disease upon me, and the end cannot be far off. If you desert me I shall die alone." Esther's voice choked a little, and there were tears in it. She stopped a moment and then added, "I know what you are looking for; but if you marry that man, you can never be anything more to me. Choose between us. I want you to act of your own free will."

There was a dread silence in the room. "Oh, Guy!" Nannie's soul uttered that one, quick cry. The blankness of death had come over her face.

"Well, Nannie!" Esther was watching her anxiously.

Nannie drew her hand across her face, looked around like one bewildered.

"You will let me have time to think of it?" she faltered, piteously.

Esther gave a quick sigh of relief. "Oh, yes! To-morrow will do. You need to get bed now if you want to. I shan't need anything more to-night."

Esther looked after her with some pity in her hard face. "She talks it hard now," she murmured, "but 'twill be better in the end. There's no truth in the Hurlbert blood—no truth in it. And if there were—doesn't she belong to me?"

Nannie crept up to her little room under the eaves.

What agony those mute walls witnessed none but God knows. I can but dimly hint it to you. She never sought her bed, but sat all night, gazing with stony eyes into the darkness. Some power outside of herself seemed to strive with her. "My one treasure," her heart cried. "It is all I have. My life has been so blank and lonely till he came."

"But think what it would have been but for her," said the occult voice. "Think how she stood by your dying mother. Do you not see that her life will be short at best? Do you grudge the little you can do to make it peaceful? See how she must have suffered. Will you break her heart anew?"

"But, dear Guy," pleaded poor Nannie. "The world is full of women—better than you—lovelier than you," urged the voice.

"He is all I ever had in the world," sobbed Nannie.

"For Christ's sake—for Christ's sake!" it whispered.

"Oh, Guy, Guy!" The dark hours went on. The stars died in the lucid east. A long line of red light cleft the cloudy horizon, heralding a new day. God's gift to the world, forever renewed. Then the voice sang sweet and clear out of the blackness of sorrow; "He that saveth his life shall lose it; but he that loseth his life for my sake shall keep it unto life eternal." With a great cry, Nannie caught at the little Testament on the table before her—clung to it as one drowning, and prayed for help. "He that loveth his life for my sake," she kept repeating between her prayers and sobs.

written for Guy. She kissed it, cried over it, and by-and-by, went down stairs and put it into Dinah's faithful hands. The breakfast was ready, but Esther was not yet come out. Nannie went into the verandah. There was the wagon, which was to take them to the stage station, already at the door. It was a gloomy sunrise—no sunrise, nor hope of any for that day. Gray, ragged clouds drifted over a pallid sky, driven by a sharp wind, that howled dismally as it tore through the skeleton trees. As the sun rose higher, a murky red shone out between the clouds; but no brightness anywhere.

"Nannie!" She went in at once, and found Esther seated at the table in a decent travelling-dress. "Eat your breakfast. We must be off soon, or 'twill rain before we get to the station."

It was a dreary meal half the viands untasted, and poor old Dinah sobbing in the back-ground. Then there was a hurried leave-taking, and climbing to their places in the wagon. Nannie's pet lamb trotted down to the road-side and greeted them with a plaintive bleat. Neighbors came out to ask questions, and say good-bye. And so on over desolate roads that last summer smiled in beauty; past the smoke of Guy's camp-fires; past the spot where they had parted; by the excavations and grades that he had planned; and farther on to places Nannie had never seen before, the weather constantly growing bleaker, and the country more forlorn, till they reached the station. Then the scene changed constantly. They were whirled through the country, day and night, tortured by incessant noise, tossed upon stormy seas, till at last, one snowy December morning, there were set upon the wharf at New York, very wretched, but too tired and benumbed in spirit and body to think about it.

The lamps flared uncertainly through the snowy air; disconsolate hackmen, with small icicles pendant from cap and beard, cursed the weather and the boat which would arrive at such unseasonable hours. They were driven through interminable streets, past rows of ghastly-looking huts to another wharf, and another weary journey was before them. It was a relief when, at last, they reached the hospitable sea-side city which they sought. But it was days before Nannie could think or feel clearly. She was stupefied by the loss that had fallen upon her, and now quite exhausted by the fatigue she had undergone.

The next week was like a rest after delirium. It was a gathering of forces for the new life that awaited her—so new and strange that it was almost as if they had been transplanted to another planet. There were no household cares, none of the multitudinous interests that absorb country people. There were no flowers to train, no animals to pet, no servants to care for; only the little daily routine to be gone through; the three meals to be eaten; the three neat rooms to be swept and dusted; the long, monotonous evenings spent in sewing.

It was strange how quietly Esther fell into the new way. There were no pinings after the old activities; it was as if the Virginian life had been unannounced and assumed, and was thankfully shaken off. It was very strange to Nannie, but it grew pleasanter as the hardness melted away from Esther's manner, and the face, that had always been so stern, took on a softer, kinder expression. But she was sometimes singularly restless. Then there was aimless flitting from town to town, and from town to the quiet country, but always drifting back at last to the sea-side city.

As the slow years went on, Esther visibly failed; not suddenly nor swiftly, but by slow gradations, only to be realized by remembering how much stronger she was last year than now. It was plain that the stalwart constitution was breaking up—certain that a few more years would exhaust it.

And seeing this, Nannie was very thankful she had followed her, though at times her whole nature rebelled against the hard exertion. She had put her hand to the plow, she would not let go; but she looked back often with unutterable longing. At first she half-expected some sign from Guy, yet knowing it to be most improbable that any would be given. After the first year she knew that he must have left the valley. She always clung to the hope of sometime seeing him. A hundred times she trembled at the sight of a chance figure in the street that resembled his; yet so much now in the streets, or in the broad glare of day, did she look for him; but in twilight, when the bell-wire quivered under the footman's impatient hand, or in some stormy evening, when the door opened upon a belated comer, it was piteous to see the color come and go in her thin cheek, and the eager expectancy in the large, soft eyes die away in a patient sorrow.

But as she grew older, and so wiser in knowledge of the world, she understood how unlikely it was that they should ever meet as lovers. He must have been angry with her. He could not appreciate the debt of gratitude she owed. He would not tolerate any claim except his own. Did she not belong to him? Had not God meant them for each other?

Ah! if she could only be sure she had done right! It is easy for conscience to compel the making of a great sacrifice; it is not easy for reason to justify it after it is made. For the essential idea of self-sacrifice implies something which cool common sense is apt to stigmatize as absurd and Quixotic.

Nannie could never settle the question satisfactorily. She gave up the attempt at last. If she had made a mistake, God would help her to bear its consequences. He would help Guy too. She tried to pray sincerely that He would, but she knew that only a new love could quite compensate him for the loss of the old. It was very bitter to think of her own image slipping away, by slow degrees, from the only heart that had ever cherished her.

There was one thought that helped Nannie. Quite unintentionally it became the controlling motive. "What would Guy like her to do?" If she could only be what Guy in his great love had imagined her, and yet make progress. So she studied and read, because Guy would have liked her to be accomplished. She cultivated her little talent for painting, because Guy had prized her gift. As the years wore away, she was allowed to be more her own mistress. Habitués of libraries and picture-galleries were familiar with the quiet figure

that glided in and out of great halls, or paused before some beautiful master-piece.

The stirring life of the city was good for Nannie. It stimulated her, gave her a thousand interesting things to think about, and kept her from too much dreaming. Thus the years slipped away, and Nannie was living her life—making the best of it. I think the time seemed long to her. It always does when one is waiting; and Nannie still hoped and waited for some sign from Guy.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

LITTLE GIRLS.—I cannot imagine a home more incomplete than one, where there is no little girl to stand in the void of the domestic circle which boys can never fill, and to draw all hearts in the magic ring, by the nameless charm of her presence. There is something about little girls which is especially lovable; even their wild, naughty ways seem utterly void of evil when they are so soon followed by the sweet penitence that overflows in such gracious showers. Your boys are great, noble fellows, loving and full of impulses, but they are noisy and demonstrative, and dearly as you love them, you are glad their place is out of doors; but Jennie with her light step is always beside you; she brings the slippers for papa, with her pretty dimpled fingers unfolds the paper for him to read; she puts on a thimble no bigger than a fairy's, and with some very mysterious combination of "doll rags," fills up a small rocker by mamma, with a wonderful assumption of womanly dignity. And who shall tell how the little thread of speech that flows with such sweet, silvery lightness from those innocent lips, twines itself around the mothers' heart never to rust, not even when the dear little face is hid among the daisies, as so many mothers know.

But Jennie grows to be a woman, and there is a long and shining track from the half-latched door of childhood, till the girl blooms into the mature woman. There are the brothers who always lower their voices when they talk to their sister, and tell of the sports, in which she takes almost as much interest as they do, while in turn she instructs them in all the minor details of home life, of which they would grow up ignorantly if not for her. And what a shield she is upon the dawning manhood where in so many temptations lie. Always her sweet presence to guard and inspire them, a check upon profanity, a living sermon on immorality. How fragrant the cup of tea she hands them at the evening meal, how cheery her voice as she relates the little incidents of the day. No silly talk of incipient beans, or love of young men met on the promenade. A girl like that has no empty space in her head for such thoughts to run riot in, and you don't find her spending the evening in the dim parlor with a questionable young man for her company. When her lover comes, he must say whatever he has to say in the family sitting-room with her father and mother; or if he is ashamed to, there is no room for him there. Jennie's heart has not been filled by the pernicious nonsense which results in so many unhappy marriages or hasty divorces. Dear girl, she thinks all the time of what a good home she has, what dear brothers, and on bended knee craves the blessing of Heaven to rest on them, but she does not know how far, very far, for time and eternity, her own pure example goes, how it will radiate as a blessing into other homes where a sister's memory will be the consecrated ground of the past.

Cherish then, the little girls, dimpled darlings who tear their aprons, and cut the table-cloths, and eat the sugar, and are themselves the sugar and salt of life! Let them dress and undress their doll babies to their hearts' content, and don't tell them Tom Thumb and Red Riding-hood are fiction, but leave them alone until they find it out, which they will all too soon. Answer all the funny questions they ask, and don't make fun of their baby theology, and if you must whip them, do it so that if you should remember it, it would not be with tears, for a great many little girls lose their hold suddenly before the door from which they have just escaped is shut, and find their way back to the angels. So be gentle with the darlings; and see what a track of sunshine will follow in the wake of the bobbing heads that daily find a great many hard problems to solve.

Being recently one of about thirteen passengers upon the platform of a street car where was just comfortable stand-room for about four, I was somewhat annoyed and inconvenienced by two great fellows jumping on the same platform without troubling the car to stop. The larger one did not seem to care where he stood so that 'twas on some one's feet; and this caused me to remark to him, in an expostulative way, "There's more room on the front platform." To which he immediately replied, "Well, why don't you go there, then?" My reply was intended to be unanswerable, but it was not. "Sir, I'm on this car first, and I've no idea of moving off to make room for you."

"Oh!" said he, "that's what troubles you, is it? Well, you just rest easy—I've got plenty of room!"

GARGETY COWS.—That very troublesome disease called garget presents itself in different forms, sometimes causing a cow to give bloody milk, and at other times curds, and very frequently neither of these will appear, but the cow will milk so hard that you will have to more than earn the milk to get it. I have a cow that sometime in the month of August, began to milk hard and dry up her milk. Her eyes looked dull, and she showed signs of garget. I gave her garget root, saltpetre, sulphur, and other things called good for garget; but it seemed to do but little or no good. Late in the fall she milked so hard that it was almost impossible to get her milk. Yet there were no curds, no swelling of the bag, nor apparently anything to obstruct the milk, and it looked as well as any milk when taken from the cow; but when scalded it would thicken up like a custard. About the same time one of my neighbor's cows, which was gargety also, got into his field and ate up a small stack of beans, and it cured her of the garget entirely. I then gave my cow about a pint of beans at a time for three or four days, and she began to milk easier, and her milk would boil and not thicken up. Since then I have given her the water that my folks soak their beans in to bake. The result is my cow is cured of the garget; she gives a good mess of milk and milk easier than she ever did before. Will some one who has

gargety cows go and do likewise, and give the result.—[S. J. Weston, Dublin, N. H., in N. H. Jour. of Agriculture.]

Do FARMERS WORK TOO HARD?—This question was informally discussed at a recent meeting of the State Board of Agriculture, and we see that the same subject occupied considerable attention at the recent meeting of the Maine Board of Agriculture, in Augusta. The question might with equal propriety, be asked with reference to many other classes of society; and the answer would, in general, be in the affirmative. The most striking characteristic of New England society is its restless activity.

We have at this moment in our minds, more than one farmer who is broken down at the age of fifty; prematurely old, at an age when the physical and mental powers ought to be in their prime of vigor and maturity. We know others verging on fifty, who possess the vitality, the physical and mental power of thirty or forty, so that the rule is not universal, though we believe it holds by far too generally. It arises in great measure from the ambition to accumulate property, an ambition laudable enough in itself, but liable to lead its victim too far in one direction to leave him with all the powers of his manhood uniformly and harmoniously developed.

Farmers, as a general rule, so far as our observation, which has been quite extensive, goes, devote too little time to head-work. There are seasons to be sure, when the most wearing, physical labor seems to be imposed upon them by necessity. Haying time comes, and it must be put through. And though the mowing machine, the horse rake and the hay tender have done much to lighten the work of this branch of farming, still there is enough to keep the mind, and the body, too, in pretty constant exercise. If a farmer is somewhat forwardhand, owns a large farm, large enough to make it necessary to hire help, he will generally make more money by directing the whole machinery of his establishment without too much wearing manual labor, than he will to take hold from morning till night and work as a day laborer himself. If his farm is small, and his circumstances do not warrant the hiring of workmen, necessity often compels him to overwork at times, and it is very difficult to avoid it.

One thing is certain, and we can speak from a long personal experience of this, and that is that concentrated mental labor and severe physical exercise are quite out of the question. The mind, in an overworked body, is incapable of close application. But this is not the true statement of the case exactly. The point is whether a hard working man cannot accomplish more by working, say eight or ten hours a day, earnestly, than he can by working from daylight till dark, with little relaxation or repose. We think, as a general rule, he can. He is less over-taxed, less exhausted. His mind works more freely, and, taking week in, week out, the season through, we believe he would accomplish more, and in the end be a richer man.

We throw out these suggestions now, that those who may be disposed to consider them, may do so before the active duties of spring work begin. They are worth the careful thought of every man, especially of those who are naturally inclined to over-exertion in the rage of life.—[Ploughman.]

SHARP LITTLE GIRL. A young man who was paying special attention to a young lady, met with the following incident during one of his visits:—

Being invited into the parlor to await the lady's appearance, he entertained himself as best he might for some time, and was becoming very weary, when a little girl about five years old slipped in and began a conversation with him.

"I can always tell," said she, "when you are coming to our house."

"You can?" he replied; "and how do you tell it?"

"Why, when you are going to be here, sister begins to sing and to get good; and she gives me cake and pie, and anything I want; and she sings so sweetly—when I speak to her smiles so pleasantly. I wish you would stay here all the while; then I would have a good time. But when you go off sister is not so good. She gets mad, and when I ask her for anything, she slaps and bangs me about."

"This was a poser to the young man. "Fools and children tell the truth," quoted he; and taking his hat he left, and returned no more.

St. JEROME, in one of his sermons, gave a rebuke to the women of his day, which has seemed to be so apropos to our own, that it is just now circulated in Paris quite universally:—

"Ah! I shall tell you who are the women that scandalize Christians. They are those who dab their cheeks with red and their eyes with black—those whose plaster faces, too white to be human, remind us of idols—those who cannot shed a tear without its tracing a furrow on the painted surface of their faces—those whose ripe years fail to teach them that they are growing old—those whose head-dresses are made up of other people's hair—those who chalk wrinkles into the counterfeits of youth, and those who affect the demeanor of bashful maidens in the presence of troops of grandchildren."

GEN. HOOKER, in speaking of the glorious women of our country in these days says, that while Europe, during the Crimean war, produced but one Florence Nightingale, we of the Young Republic have such a goddess enshrined in almost every household.

FRED. DOUGLASS, the well known colored orator, who spoke at Concert Hall last week, made a neat reply to a gentleman, who, on being introduced to him after the lecture, remarked: "When last we met, Mr. Douglass, I was under far different circumstances. I was one of a party, twenty years





MISCELLANY.

"JOHN."

I stand behind his elbow chair, My soft hands rest upon his hair...

My love," he says, and lifts his hands, Browed by the sun of other lands...

We say no more, the freighted glow, Both of us muse—on what?—who knows?

NIL ADMIRARI.

When Horace in Venusian groves Was scribbling wit or slipping "Massic,"

Or singing those delicious lines, Which after ages reckon classic,

He thought one day, "I've done it, I've done it!"

Wonder at nothing!—said the bard; A Kingdom's fall, a nation's rising,

A lucky or a losing earl, Are really not at all surprising,

How soon our names are blown away, And how our names are blown away,

Or kindly need a cold return, Or friendship prove a clear delusion,

Or love, neglected, cease to burn, Or die the untimely of profusion,

Such lessons were mine, and mine were yours, But need not shock; Nil Admirari!

Does disappointment follow gain? Or when we think we've done our part?

Does pleasure ebb in poignant pain? Does fancy disgust the lucky wooer,

Or haply prove perversely chary? Or is it ever true, Nil Admirari?

Does January need with May, Or witness to the beauty?

Does Piety fly to pray? And heedless of combal duty, Leave faithful Ann for wanton Mary?

Is the old tale, Nil Admirari? Ah! when the happy day we reach,

When promises are not deceivers, When no one doubts what they preach,

And seeming saints are all believers— Thus the old maxim you may vary, And say no more, Nil Admirari!



\$100 B.

MANLEY & HINDS.

United States War Claim Agency for Maine.

SOLDIER'S BOUNTIES, BACK PAY,

and all other claims against the State or United States, promptly collected.

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HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A pure and powerful Tonic, corrective, of wonderful efficacy in disease of the

Stomach, Liver, and Bowels.

Cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Headache, General Debility, Nervousness, Depression of Spirits, Constipation, Colic, Intermittent Fevers, Cramps and Spasms, and all Complaints of either Sex,

arising from Bodily Weakness whether inherent in the system or produced by special causes.

Persons that feel not wholesome, genial and re-creative in their nature enter into the composition of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

This popular preparation contains no mineral of any kind, no deadly botanical element, no fiery excitant, but is a combination of the extracts of rare balsamic herbs and plants with the purest and mildest of all diffusive stimulants.

It is well to forewarn I against disease, and so far as the human system can be protected by human means against maladies engendered not by an unwholesome atmosphere, impure water and other external causes, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS may be relied on as a safeguard.

In districts infested with Fever and Ague, it has been found infallible as a preventive and irresistible as a remedy and thousands who resort to it under apprehension of an attack, escape the scourge, and thousands who neglect to avail themselves of its protective qualities in advance, are cured by a very brief course of this marvellous medicine.

Fever and Ague patients after being pined with quinine for months in vain, until fairly starved with that dangerous alkali, are not unfrequently restored to health within a few days by the use of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

The weak stomach is rapidly invigorated and the appetite restored by this agreeable Tonic, and hence it works wonders in cases of dyspepsia, in loss of appetite, and in general debility. Acting as a gentle and palatable aperient, as well upon the liver, it also invariably relieves the constipation superinduced by irregular action of the digestive and secretory organs.

Persons of feeble habit, liable to Nervous Attacks, Losses of Sleep and Fits of Languor, find prompt and permanent relief from the Bitters. The testimony on this point is most conclusive, and from both sexes.

The agency of Bitters Colic is immediately assuaged by a single dose of the stimulant, and by occasionally resorting to it, the return of the complaint may be prevented.

As a General Tonic, HOSTETTER'S BITTERS produce effects which cannot be experienced or witnessed before they can be fully appreciated in cases of CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS, Nervous Debility, and all the various forms of debility from Old Age. It exercises the electric influence. In the convalescent stages of all diseases it operates as a delightful invigorant. When the powers of nature are relaxed, it operates to re-enforce and re-establish them.

Last, but not least, it is THE ONLY SAFE STIMULANT, being manufactured from sound and innocuous materials, and entirely free from the deleterious and present more or less in all the ordinary tonics and stomachics which are so generally used.

No family medicine has been so universally, and it may be truly added, deservedly popular with the intelligent portion of the community, as HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

Prepared by HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburgh, Pa. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers, and Storekeepers everywhere.

HELMHOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS.

COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU, a Positive and Specific Remedy for diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, and Dropsical swellings.

This medicine increases the power of Digestion, and excites the Absorbents into healthy action, by which the Watery or Catarrhal deposits, and all unwholesome Enlargements are cleared, as well as Pain and Inflammation.

HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. For Weakness arising from Excesses, Habits of Dissipation, Early Indulgence in alcohol, attended with the following symptoms:—

Loss of Power, Indisposition to Exertion, Difficulty of Breathing, Weak Nerves, Trembling, Headaches, Pain in the Back, Pain in the Neck, Pain in the Arms, Pain in the Legs, Pain in the Feet, Pain in the Joints, Pain in the Stomach, Pain in the Bowels, Pain in the Bladder, Pain in the Kidneys, Pain in the Gravel, Pain in the Dropsical swellings, Pain in the Catarrhal deposits, Pain in the unwholesome Enlargements, Pain in the cleared, as well as Pain and Inflammation.

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Scrow Plates, Bolt, Tools, Bands, Nail, and Millable Castings.

Building Materials, in great variety.

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