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#### The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 51): June 18, 1869

Maxham & Wing

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The nobly born may proudly scorn A lowly lass and a' that;
A pretty face has far more grace
Than haughty looks and a' that!
A bonnie maid needs no such aid—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

Then let us trust that come it mitst;
And sure it will for a' that;
When faith and love, all arts above,
Shall reign supreme and a' that;
And every youth confess the trith—
A girl's a girl for a' that

#### GOING HOME.

A wet, dismal night-a night when, tempted by the first warm days of Spring, people who had left off fires looked dubiously at their polished grates, and shuddered as the fain beat heavily against the windows and the wind howled in the chimney—a night when not a star was visible, when the gas lights flickered and fluttered in a misty, uncertain manner; and agglutination of slinte and mud—a night when budden gasts took pedestrians almost off their feet, and sent the blinding drizzle into their faces till they could hardly see their way; when umbrellas were a myth, and waterproofs pestive of sore throats and rheumatism, hung over the marshy districts of London.

Three o'clock in the morning, and on Waterloo Bridge-silence over the great city-the breat dark hive that loomed so grimly against the leaden sky, while the busy brains of everrestless men kept feverish watches through the still small hours.

Not a sound save the splash, s; lash of the river, as it swept under the cold stone arches, sucking and licking the piers with its fetld, hungry tongues: the distant rumble of a market wagon or a home returning tab; or the chimes of the city churches, telling how time

was passing away. And a woman, weary and foot-sore, with garments that hardly protected her from the rain, a shawl so thin and ragged that it required all the strength left in her long, lean arms to preent its being blown away, offered a silver three-pence to the toll man at the gate.

A bright fire was blazing in the little room -cozy and warm it looked compared with the dreariness without; and the man, as he held his coat tight up in his neck to shield him from the piercing blast, looked askance at the way-

He was used to these tramps; they would sleep in the recesses of the bridge on the warm summer nights-ay, and in the bitter winter, too; they swarmed on the water steps, where they lay huddled together, old and young, a loathsome, hideous mass. He had grown quite accustomed to the tide of human misery that crept so closely to the dark silent river. Did they think, these poor offeasts of humanity. that when life was too hard even for them to bear there was rest beneath those cold, turbid waters, a home somewhere below their Stygian

He was wont to see all phases of sublunary wretchedness and vice, yet something in this woman's hurried manner, her evident desire to be unnoticed, added to the lateness of the hour, caused him to look closely at her before delivering her change. She didn't seem exactly like a pauper; there were signs of delicacy utline he could scarcely catch through the dark, wavy hair, which was pushed in such

disorder beneath the faded bonnet. He was a kind-hearted man, one who had gone through suffering himself. lt's a bad night for you to be out in, my

girl; a terrible bad night." The woman drew her shawl tighter round

her shivering form: "You needn't tell me that," she replied with

bridge," returned the man, "there's wind over the white, shimmering silken robes like enough to do it."

"There's no such luck," retorted she bitterly. " Death don't come to those who seek it." Well it's a bad lookout when one wants to seek it. I suppose you are going home?" This was a side hit.

The woman drew herself up.
"What's that to you?" she flared out. "What business is it of yours where I am go-

me go, and not keep me here in this villainous "Well, you needn't be so sharp. Surely a

fellow could ask a question without being begged us to come early."

snapped up like that. It ain't no matter to me

"I am ready, William," she replied; "but "Then what did you ask for?" she retort-

ed, impatiently, taking the coppers; then, as If she regretted her rudeness, she said more gently: "Yes, I am going home. if that will satisfy you - such a home as it is. Good-night,

my old fellow." .

The wind and the rain shut the door for him the wind and the rain beat against the toll-

house windows, like angry spirits clamor us for entrance, and the wind and the rain sent the laugh; "they will learn wisdom in time." poor wanderer far on the bridge out of his He sat down again in his wooden arm chair

beside the genial fire. He could not rest, however, but started nervously as the north wind howled loader around his little cabin, or a sound had his answer already." to which his fancy gave a hideous shape fell on his listening ear.

Twice he rose, and peered out through the misty panes of glass that constituted the toll good match." house windows as it he could see anything but the drops of rain that trickled in rivulets down the dim transparency, as if he could see any-thing but the murky darkness, the bitter, cruel

himself; "I'm blest if I don't. It's queer to me if she ain't a rum un; but, dash it, what is

a fellow to do?" "He couldn't run after every tramp that chose to go over the bridge, he thought. With this reflection he endeavored to soothe the uneasy nind that would not allow him to be at peace. And the woman or girl—for in spite of her squalor and misery she looked youthful, even now—sped swiftly on till she reached the middle of the bridge. There was no one to stay. her; the recesses were all deserted; she was there in the darkness, the silence and the rain, as lonely as though she were in an eastern Alone in the very heart of London, midway between those two great masses of habitations that stretch on either side of the wonderful, regal river. To her left, amidst ness has he here?" the gaunt, tall houses, whose reflection made waters blacker still, towered St. Paul's Cathedral, England's heroes' mausoleum; while her brother frowned.
far above, far 'past the graceful bridges, with "To see Miss Pow

# Auteville



VOL. XXII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, JUNE 18, 1869.

ages around it. There were lights in many a until she did." window yet, telling of those for whom there is no night—the sick, the dying and oppressed— "you had better step it telling of those to whom night brings no repose, soon seeds this affair. no significance; but a season for harder work filched from the over-excited brain.

The silence was all exterior. She knew well, vagrant as she was, that there are hundreds of dwellings in which night was the real day, during which men work and toil and fight, Hell held high carnival during these midnight have fair play.

"I will see her! I will see her!" the old the pavement was covered with a greasy slept the calm sleep of the just; devils incarnate laughed over the ruin of immortal souls.

But all this was nothing new to her. There was no hand, devil's or angel's stretched forth to help her in her fearful need. She stoot for a moment on the parapet, her hands-those a fond delusion; and a light fog, strongly sug- thin, attenuated hands-clenched tightly together.

There might be a better world she thought; there couldn't be a worse. The God who made her would forgive her it she were doing wrong. wind, as the cold waters parted for a moment, and then went rippling on, over a broken heart.

A policeman heard the scream as he stood at the other snd of the bridge, vainly endeavor- create a disturbance in a respectable neighboring to shield himself from the storm. He turned his bull's eye on, and looked up and down the road. Some poor "unfortunate," he thought, engaged in a drunken brawl. Best young lady, sir, for the love of heaven." to let her fight it out herself ; he would get no good by interference.

A barge man heard that scream as he lay dozing in his barge. It seemed to sound close to his ear.

And the angels of God heard that scream through unmedsurable space, through the golden floods of light that, fitt beyond all huntitn hought, irradiate the confines of eternal bliss, till it woke the echoes of unatterable love at the mercy gate of heaven.

A fortnight later, and another night in Lontheir beauty, and shone down upon the sleeping earth like the eye of an ever-watchful Providence—a night when hundreds of pedestrians thronged the brilliant streets, when carcauseways, and through the squares, and sin flaunted its, paint and feathers in the flaest thoroughfares of virtuous London - a night when the clubs at the West-End were all illuminated and handsome dissolute men stood on the steps, or at the open windows, discussing the last new opera, or the characters of their female friends-when in the alleys and corners of the old metropolis small thieves, with chilmansions in the Arabian Nights seemed doubly seriors to bring him at this hour of the night." dazzling amld the dinginess around, rose dis-

with the pure still air. There were lights in one of the large houses in Belgrave-square; a carriage and two stood before the door, and in one of the splendidlyturnished drawing rooms within sat a young girl, dressed for a ball, fastening the buttons of her tiny gloves. He was very fair-fair with the pale Saxon beauty so distinctive of our a ghastly smile, "I know that as well as you." race; a delicate, aristocratic face, large, dreamy, Take care you don't get blown off the pansy eyes, and lustrous, wavy hair falling

golden sunshine on the snow-clad Alps "Beautiful exceedingly," she seemed; and so the fine, tall man thought-her brother evidently, by the likeness b-tween them-as he entered the room, and stood for a moment gaz-

He smiled approvingly as, taking up her fan and bouquet, she advanced to meet him; and then a shadow of something like anxiety fell ing? Can't you give me the money and let over his face. It was gone however in an

instant. it is nearly twelve now; and Lady Churchill

there's plenty of time. We shall be weary enough before it is over." And she shrugged her shoulders with a charming gesture of Indifference.

replied her brother, gallandy. "Your adorers will have been furning themselves to death for the last two hours, fearing that you would not come.

"It will do them good," she replied, with a And Sir Richard?" questioned her brother, looking earnestly into her smiling face.

She crimsoned -a flash of anger, not of love and turned emphatically away. Sir Richard may wait forever. He has

Her brother bit his lips, "I think you are foolish, Constance-Sir

Richard loves you, and would make you a very Constance twined her hands around her

brother's arm, tent's trembling in her eyes.

"I shall never marry, William, never.
Please don't ask me, dear. I am very happy here with you."

He stooped and kissed the piteous face that was turned so timidly up to his.

"There! Don't spoil your pretty eyes," he cried; "some one will induce you to change that resolution, I hope." He drew her hand within his arm and led

where a powdered footman stood with wraps upon his arm, ready to see them into the car-

The street door was partly open, and altercation and rough voices speaking sharply caused the gentleman to hesitate. "What is the meaning of this disturbance, Barnes?" he asked.

"It is a man, sir. as is himpertinent, and won't go away; and John is making him." "What does the fellow want? What busi

"He says he wants to see Miss Power, sir." "To see me?" exclaimed Constance, while that floated round her fairy form, and the pearls

their avenues of twickling lights, lay the old insolence! And at this time of night too!" like a voi. e from the past, with the holiness of knowed she was a conting out, and would wait one will recognize me, and Phillips can go with to drown myself? It was an awful sin; but I

" Constance, my love," said Mr. Power,

angry amazement at the scene before him.

An old man, bareheaded, was struggling with lating violently, while a small crow I of curious said as how she couldn't last long." conquer and fail, in the great battle of life. listeners, collected by the uproar, were grinning She knew, God alone knows how bitterly, that and laughing and shouting to the combatants to stance," said Mr. Power, when he saw she was

man was explaining. "It's a matter of life and death, and I'll stay till I do."

"John, go for the police!" shouted the stentorian voice of Mr. Power. At the sound of their master's voice the men let go their hold of the man, while four or five young urthins started off in search of the miss-

"Don't se d for the pulice," he cried; "I A short time afterward a cab drew up before ain't a going to rob. For God's sake, sir, tell a dingy blobbing house in a narrow, dirty street

to Mr. Power. side of the Thames, and a man, descending from "What business is that of yours?" angrily replied that gentleman. "How dare you hood? I will have you imprisoned."

" Prison me if you will," cried the man earnestly; "but let me speak one word to the

"The man is mad," mottered Mr. Power to himself; " mad or drunk."

The old fellow caught the last worl.

" No, I ain't drunk, yer honor," cried he : I carns an honest livelihood, and that's more than every flunky can say;" and he glanced plenty of that when Miss Power dragged her as they hovered over the sin-stained city; and indignantly at the footmen who still kept by they bore it upward on their snowy wings his side. "I'm in my sober senses, and I know what I want. I want to see Miss Power."

· It is one of those beggarly pupers Constance is so fond of," thought Mr. Power. "This is the fruit of ladies going about visits except to keep the thieves laside when justice ing the sick-a precious piece of business to be sure." "If you will promise to go away don—a soft, balmy, spring night, when myriads quietly, I will let you off," he commenced; but of glittering stars lighted the heavens with at that moment a hand was placed upon his arm, and a soft voice questioned:

" What is the matter, William?" At the door stood Constance, in her snowy opera cloak and golden hair, her sweet eyes riages full of lovely women rolled along the turned wonderingly on the spectacle before her. With a cry of joy the old man struggled up

> "O Miss! are you Miss Power? It's you I want to sec." Mr. Power drew her angrily back.

" Really, Constance," he said in a low tone you are forgetting yourself. To come out

"O William," cried the girl, "don't be cross dren's bodies, and old cunning faces, plied their but Barnes tells me the man said it was a mat- woman. unlawful trade, and from out meretricious ter of life and death. Do see him, dear, if splendor of the gin palaces that, like enchanted only for a moment. It must be something very

Mr. Power, though hasty in his temper, was last till morn: She's been asking for you, Miss, cordant voices, while hellish hughter mingled a just and reasonable man; he saw plainly all night long, now the man was not intoxicated; and though he was annoyed at being disturbed at this un- they stopped at a door in the back part of the Bugland if it were in my power and he had reasonable hour, he could not but acknowledge house, which the woman opened, and, holding the fluess of his sister's argument, and that the light above her head, suffered Constance to the man was at least entitled to a hearing.

Well, Connie," said he, " let it be so. first myself. '

He told the footman to call the man inside came to his sister.

water, and whom, he says, you know. You had better see him, Constance." ".O yes, yes! Ask him to come in at once." ments betokened extreme poverty, but whose gradually creeping that mysterious ashen grey

face looked honest and sincere, despite the flu h that excitement had given it. "Are you Miss Power?" he exclaimed hurriedly, without waiting for her to speak.

"Yes, I ant Constance Power; what can I you sit down, Miss ? do for you?"

hidyship this bit of a letter," taking a dirty chairs, some wooden boxes piled up in a cor-

Constance opened it in profound astonishror as she read the contents.

mind. Please don't refuse, but come as quickly as you can. The whole happiness of your dow-sill, filling the air with their delicious frafuture life depetids on your seeing PAULINE BARRY."

"O my poor Pauline!" exclaimed Miss Power. "The girl that le't me so suddenly four years ago, Where is she, my good-girl? I will go at once."

" Sho's in my house, my lady, close by the water-side. She had been and drowned herself, and I picked her up, and me and my Missis has minded her ever since; they'd have taken her to prison if we'd pe ched on her, gaze fell on Miss Power's muffled form.

Miss, you know, and she's so quiet and good;

"I, Constance Power, your friend, Pauline. and the doctors has been so very good to us, O my poor girl, what has brought you to this?"
and given us a bit of money, and—" What brought me! The blackest hearted

"Yes, yes," interrupted the trembling girl you shall tell me all about it as we go. "Nonsense, Constance!" exclaimed Mr. Power. "Who is this Pauline you are talk- I can die happy now."

who was my companion when poor papa died. in hers, while she strove to comfort the unhap-He drew her hand within his arm and red with the hall, Ah, I forgot; she left us just as you returned ber down the broad staircase into the hall, Ah, I forgot; she left us just as you returned by woman.

"Hush! don't excite yourself," cried she speak of Pauline Barry. I loved her like a "you shall tell me all about it by-and-by. How sister. She is ill-dying; I must go to her at often have I thought of you, dear Pauline, and

"You will do nothing of the sort," retorted her brother. "I shall not allow you to be so foolish."

wondered why you left us so mysteriously.

"Yes, I will tell you all," replied Pauline, striving to raise herself in bed; "I must be quick. I know there is not much time." Then

"I will-I must!" she said; and the little be too late in the morning."
"You will go, and in these trappings!" and

he pointed contemptuously to the clouds of lace and opals gleaming on her fair white neck and "To see Miss Power? What insufferable arms, and in the tresses of her amber hair.

"I will cover them all over with my large

"And I will also, if you will be so insane." "you had better step into the library. I will "No, no: you would only be in the way!" on settle this affair. she exclainted hurriedly. "Do be sensible, they showed me how wicked and wrong I was He opened the room door for her, and then darling! I am not afraid with Phillips. Be for wishing to take my lite, and I want to regoing out on the steps, stood for a moment in quick, dear, and ring the bell; every moment pent. Hush! what is that?" may be too late."

"And it will, Miss," cried the man, respecttwo of the men servants of the house, gesticu- fully; "if we doesn't look sharp. My Misses

"You are decidedly out of your mind, Condetermined; " going off at this time of night to listen to the rhitestdies of a dring wonten.

"Which is the most mad," she retorted, flushing "wasting Ged's holy time in frivo- it revived her, and she opened her eyes once lous autusements, of soothide the last hours of the souls for whom Christ died?"

Mr. Power shrugged his shoulders. "As you please;" He cried ; "but I in ist on your taking one of the nien with your as well. ing functionary. The old man, half exhausted, I will send away the carriage; you had better staggered to the palings. have a cab, it will attract less attention."

> the box, assisted a veiled and muffled figure to "Wait for me here," said Constance in a whisper to her maid; there is no occasion for you to come inside."

" But Master said. Miss-" "I am your Mistress," replied Constance,

haughtily; "do as you are told." The girl shrunk back. To tell the truth. she was quite as fluidy to stop as to go; far preferring a chat with the fo tut in to witnessing the death struggle of the poor; she saw into the loathsome alleys and wretched streets

to be found even in Belgrave. The old man - Parker, he said his name was opened the door by means of a string pulled through a hole. No need of bolts and bars there, demanded them.

"Mind the step, my lady;" he said. " It is not often the likes of you come to such a place " I'm not afraid," said Constance, gently

yet as she spoke she trembled, and her heart sank at the impeterrable darkness before her. The nuise they made had evidently been

heard, for a door, opened, and a woman eame cautiously down the stairs, carrying a sweating candle in a broken candle-stick. . "Is that you, Jim?" she called in a loud

whisper. " Ay, my gal; and I brought the lady with "That's right," oried the woman. And Constance found herself face to fitce

" How is slie?" was the first question. " Very badly, Miss, very bally. She's been dropped into a d ze; but they say she can't

Up two flights of creaking, rickety stairs, and pass through first. A dirty blanket thrown Go over an old clothes-horse served as a screen to back into the library, and I will question him prevent the drafts that whistled through the crannies of the door from reaching the bed, on which lay the pallid face of the dying woman, and close the d or. Atter a while Mr. Power breathing heavily. The tears rolled down Constance's fair cheeks as she gazed on the al-"I cannot make him out," he said, in answer tered features, the thin, wasted figure of one, to her anxious glance. " He tells a rambling who when last she beheld her was radiant with story about some girl he has picked out of the youth and health. Large drops of perspiration were on her forehead; her nose was drawn and pinched, her eyes sunken, her lips livid and swollen with fever, her hair lay in a tangled He was an old, gray-haired man, whose gar- mass a ound her haggard face, over which was

"She has suffered a deal, poor dear!" said the woman in a low tone; "it will be a blessing when the Lord is pleased to take her. Will

Constance looked around and shuddered. Bare boards, a broken table, two more broken scrap of paper from his pocket; and you'll have ner to form a cupboard, a rusty fender and a to make haste, please, if you want to see her row of saucepans, jugs, and physic bottles, were all the furniture of this miserable abode. Across the room on a line composed of pieces of tope ment, which increased to a look of intense hor- knotted together, hung some indescribable arti-"I am dying, dying fast," it said; "but I book for the poor.) And in the midst of all cannot go till I have told you what is on my this squalor and poverty, three pots of white and purple hyacin he stood in the narrow win- again.

ple hearts of these poor people rose up daily fume of a noble self-denying charity, the whiteness of truth and the purple of sacrifice, to the feet of the living God. Suddenly the dying girl started convulsively.

and opened her large, dark eyes.
"Who is that?" she cried, wildly, as he

villain that ever trod God's earth. Thank come back !" heaven, you have come. O how terrified I was that they would not find you! I can die-

Constance was terribly affected, her tears " Have you forgotten her, William? the girl rolled over the thin and wasted hand she held

she snatched her hand from Miss Power's white teeth were set determinedly, and strange grasp. "Don't touch me," she cried; "I'm few minutes ago, and hearing your speaking, defiance flashed in the violet eyes. "It will not fit to be touched by you. Miss Constance, could not resist the temptation of list ming to you were always good—do you think God par-what you said. I see my blindness and fully dons such as I?"

mercy cannot reach if they only repent," swept his face,
"I think I've repented," murmured the girl. sionate kisses.

NO. 51. " If I had been spared, I would have led a diftheir avenues of twinkling lights, lay the old insolence! And at this time of night too!"

Abbey, in the solemn shadow of its another, "He is most howdarious sir, and says he waterproof cloak," she said, entreatingly. "No ferent life. They told you, didn't they, I tried with every ebb of the tide. And when they was driven mad. Yes, I'm sorry now, Miss

Constance. They have been so kind to me

here-the poor old man and/his wife. And

Constance listened, but heard nothing; slit had been too engrossed with the poor sufferer to heed extraneous noises.

"It is nothing, dear." "I thought I beard a step," murmiffed Paulitte, speaking with difficulty. "O this painif it would but testsa."

She fell back exhausted, and Constance held st teacup, containing a little cordial, to her lips;

In her agitation and anxiety, the hood of Con tance's cloak had fallent bank, and the sweet, fair face, with Its liald of golden hair, Royal. was revealed to Pauline's view:

"Take it all off," she said, presently ; I want to see you as you are."

With a blush at the strange request; and yet not liking to refuse a dying worthan, Miss Pow-And a wild scream mingled with the soughing me, if the young lady is coming out?" This running parallel with the river on the south or undid the clasp, and let the cloak fall to her

> Pauline gazed at her for a while in silence, excitement working in her features. "You are very beautiful," she said at last,

more beautiful than ever. Miss Power, I have ruined all your life. Can you forgive shall I give you for her?' me? Constance thought she was wandering in her head, and laid her hand southingly upon her.

" My poor Pauline," she cried; "what have I to forgive? If you could only be moved from here, perhaps you might get better, and then-But the girl laughed a wild, hoarse laugh. "I am dying," she cried; "dying fast; I only hope I shall live long enough to tell you all.

Take away your hand, it burns me; I cannot And again she fell exhausted on the pillow. Presently she spoke again, and the words she uttered caused Miss Power to start and trem-

ble, while the blood rushed to her face. "You had a lover once-Captain Staple-" Ah, yes, you knew-but what of him? He

never loved me, Pauline." And the sweet f. ce was bowed in her jeweled fingers. "He did, Constance Power, he loved you dearly; he wrote letter after letter, and -I de-

stroyed them." With a wild cry of anguish Constance started to her feet. "O Pauline how could you be so

" Because he tempted me-the, Sir Richard Ashford, the man I loved, who swore he would make me his wife-fool that I was to believe him-tempted me with false oaths and deceitful promises to destroy Captain Stapleton's letwith a poorly-dressed but motherly looking ters. He told me that he hated him, that he wanted to ruin him with you, and I lent myself

to the scheme." "O sinful, wicked woman!" mouned the wretched Constance; " you know not what you

"Yes I do, replied Pauline ; but I did not care. I would have broken all the hearts in bid me do it. I would have killed my own sis- that I've been wanting ever since I was a little ter," she hissed. " But I was justly served. He loves you, Constance Power, and would marry you if he could. Shall I tell you what he did to me? He kicked me out into the street, and I sank lower and lower till I came

was not heeding her-her hands clasped her beautiful face convulsed with agony; she was striving to realise all her own terrible sorrow. "O Victor!" she murmured; "O my dear lost love! And I sent you away, sent you to India to die !"

"Forgive, forgive," moaned the dying wo-"I cannot forg've you. You have ruined my life. God may forgive you, but I cannot. They were bitter words, but they were wrung

from a young heart's terrible agony.

Pauline lay motionless; she had fainted. Constance thought site was dying, and flung herself by the side of the bed. "O Pauline, Pauline?" she cried; "I did not know what I was saying. It was very hard, it was very cruel; but I forgive-yes, I

forgive. She rubbed her hands, those hands which had ritthlessly destroyed her happiness; site wiped the death-sweat off the pallid brown subling as if her very heart would break.

At last Pauline spoke again. "Say it again, she murmured; "I want to hear you say it Can I be obstinate when my Lord for gives?" replied Constance. "Oh Paullite is His pardon you must seek, not mine."

A faint smile stole over the dying woman's face. "Home-I am going home," tered; "there is rest for the weary, peace furevermore !

Again a long and painful silence. Her breath grew shorter every moment. Constance knelt down beside the bed to pray. "Captain Victor," murmured Pauline, "has

come back. I saw him-that-that evening at the club? Constance clasped her hands. "What was that you said?" she cried wildly; "he has

"Yes, it is true, quite true." "Too late, too late !" wailed the girl, tury-ing her face in her hands. "He believed me false; he will never-"

With a violent effort Pauline raised herself from the pillow. "I did what I could," she said faintly; I wrote to "him, too-I had told him all—I could not die unless-for-forgiven." " And he is here !" exclaimed a manly voice, as the tall form of the stranger emerged from

behind the screen and clasped the trembling Constance in his arms. "O Constance, my darling! How could I ever doubt your truth and love! Urged by this poor woman's letter, I reached here some

"Of course he does," replied Constance, She lay in his arms. The adden joy had weeping. "There are none so vile that His taken away all power of speech; her soft hair swept his face, the hair he covered with pas-

" Victor ! Victor !" she murmured at last, her eyes meeting his in their pure, trusting

" Never to part again, darling," he said. " The long, sad years forever gone; only peace and joy for evermore."

The gray morning light stole in at the narrow casement window, causing the candle to grow pale and dim, and bringing out in strange upon the white and purple flowers on the mi erable truckle-bed on the girl who stood there in her shimmering; silken robes-the man for whom a new existence had begun in a dingy and wretched garret beside the slimy

So absorbed were they in each other, that they forget the woman to whom they owed their bitter past, the woman from whom earth, with turned did locked, she was lying calm and still, with a smile off her lips they had never worn in life, and a light and peace on the poor, pale face, that never could be taken away:

#### JOHN'S BARGAIN.

"I don't like you at all, Maidie Royal. You are a real naughty little girl, and I won't play vith you any more-so !

Maldie looked very much grieved, and began to cry. Mr. Royal was sitting at his desk writing, but at John's emphatic words, he glanced up, and said to his son, in a very grave

"I was just going out into the kitchen," stammered John, coloring. "I want to speak

"But I wish to speak to you," said Mr. So John came slowly up to the desk, with the

look of a culprit on his face: " What, sir?" "I want to know how much you will take

for your share in Maidie ?" John looked up, surprised:

" I don't know what you mean," he said. "Why," exclaimed his father, "since you have done playing with Maidie, I would like to buy your share in lier, -dr your right in her. Now you may set your own price. How much

" How much money, do you mean, papa?"

" Yes," "I guess I'll sell her for fifty dollars," said John, after a few moments' reflection. "Yes, I will-fity dollars."

" Very well; that is quite reasonable," said Mr. Royal. " Now you must remember that as I was going to buy all your right to Maidie you have nothing more to do with her. You must not kiss her, or speak to her, or play with her any more. She is your mama's little girl and mine, not yours at all. It is a bargain, is

" Can't I kiss her good night, when we go to bed ? " " No." "Can't we go out doors together?" John's

it John?

voice began to sound a little unsteady. "You know our garden, papa?" "You will have to make another somewhere else. I will find you a place. You must not

work in the same garden any more." " I shall have to lead her to school, papa; she will get lost if I don't, just as sure as any-"I will attend to that, John. You will little

to go to school by yourself. Is the bargain made ? " "Y-e-s, sir-I suppose so," and John cast a doubtful look at Maidie, who stood close by,

with her doll in her arms and tears on her long eyelashes. " Very well," said Mr. Royal. " When you want the money; you can ask for it. You may

go now." "I know what I mean to buy," thought John, running to the other end of the room, and sitting down on the broad cushioned window seat. "I'll bify a pony and a saddle, and a gold watch, and a sail-boat, and lots of other things

boy."
The idea of these splendid acquisitions was so pleasant that he wanted to share it with some one, so he cried out, "Oh, Maidie, you come here, and I'll tell you

what I m going to buy with my fifty dollars. " Stop, stop," cried papa; "have you forgots ten so soon that you have no right to speak to Maidie? She doesn't belong to you at all?" A cloud catrite over John's face; and he sat very still for a long time, thinking, and by-andby two or three tears fell.

Maidie and he had played together ever since he could remember-such a long, long time! and she was tite only little sister he had in the world; a real tease sometimes, to be sure, but then how could be get along without her? He looked slyly out trout behind the window curtain, toe se what she was doing. How pretty she looked, sitting in a high chair beside lief father, with a book of colored

pictures open before her; and her stiffly curls alling over her rusy cheeks and white neck ! Wasn't she better than a sail-boat; or at gold watch, or even a puny?" " Yes, indeed a thousand million times!" thought John; "and yet I've gone and sold her for filty dollars, and I almost know that paper

won't take it back, 'enuse it was a regular bargain. Oh, dear, dear!" Here the tear's began to flow faster and faster, and presently a choking little sob attracted Mr. Royal's attention. Then attother and another, and then John jumped down from the window-seat, and running the to the desk, hid his face on his father's arm and burst into such a passion of tears that blaidie was frightened

and began to cry too. "Why, what is the matter, my son?" asked Mr. Royal, kindly.

right to Maidle/ answered John, as well as he could, for weeping.
"Why—not for fifty dollars?" asked papa. "Oh, no," said John : " no indeed, not for fifty millions. Will you let me have her back again, please dear papa 7 and I don't believed I'll ever be so naughty and cross again as long

as I live." " Very well," said Mr. Royal, smiling. " Since you wish it so much I will give up my part of the bargain, and you may have your little sister back again, but I hope you will think another time when you are tempted to speak to to her as you would feel not to have Maidie at

"I guess I shall," said John, giving her a good hug and kiss. "I love you, Maidie."

"So do I you," said Maidie, returning the caress. "Now let's go out to our garden,

So away they ran, hand it hand, as merry as the birds that were singing up among the boughs of the old buffernut tree. PREPARE FOR A "RAINY DAY."-Every

man who is obliged to work for a living should make it a point to lay up a little money for that rainy day which we are liable to encounter when least expected. The best way to do this is to open an account with a savings bank. Accumulated money is always safe;

### Wateruille Mail.

BPH MAXHAM, | DAN'LR. WING,

WATERVILLE . . . JUNE 18, 1869.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

A GENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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LETTERS AND COMMUNICCAIONS relating either to the business or editorial department: of the pap'r, should be addressed to MARHAM & WING,' or WATER VILLE MAIL OFF. CE.

#### THE DUTY OF TEMPERANCE MEN.

Among the newspapers, which are a pretty free mouth-piece for all classes in times of excan party of Maine. Of course these opinions and suggestions vary with the varying interests that prompt them. It has been urged that the portion of the party known as radical temperance men shall go into the convention with an Obligation to support its nominees in the election. It is said this is party usage, and that those who will not follow it should abstain from representation in that body. Thus the party is to be preserved as a unit, however divided in respect to its most important principles or out, the party would of course be harmonious, and those who have followed it largely for this object can take their hobby and ride it alone.

outside enemies threaten with destruction; but whether it can be narrowed down to the boundaries of one of the many parties into which the nation may be divided, is more doubtful. How, then, shall the great minority of a party save itself from any degree of tyranny the majority moy impose? In the case of slavery and the democratic party-there was a time when the majority of the party proclaimed hostility to slavery. When hypocrisy and corruption were approaching the ascendency, how should the honest minority act? Should they shrink from the test of the ballot, for fear that a majority would hold them still bound to the iniquity? It matters not how they did act, so long as the party clung to their sin till it left them in ruin.

It seems to us that no man who wishes well to the republican party because he sees good far everything has passed off very pleasantly. in it, can urge the disaffected temperance men An immense crowd is in attendance, includto abstain from action in the convention. On ing many of the lions of the land. The arthe contrary, as temperance has been so far a rangements are such that there has been no main pillar in the party that prohibition has disturbance, and the many thousands of visitors become law almost by unanimous censent, we should expect both sections to be agreed in one great effort to come and reason together, and heard from in due time. see if the breach cannot be healed. In case of failure, then let each go to the duty that seems plainest. So, we should say to temperance men, rally for the approaching convention! Let your town caucuses feel the whole force of your numbers and the full spirit of your cause. Set the party right if you think it wrong. The power of modern whiskey rings is a new enemy, that sooner or later you must meet; and if its pulluted steps are already infecting territory you had supposed cleaned, meet it early. and oppose it inch by inch. You can do no less, even if you know you are to fail. Defeat in this form will be the Bull Run that must race "between somewhere and repeat," as Pat save you in the end. Agree upon your best said. When last seen the meanest looking fel- of the choice quality of his breads, pies, cakes, man-and you have scores who are strong and low was ahead, just above the colleges, the right-and press him as the only man who drunkest one following a long way behind, but stands on the full broad platform of the repub. as fast as he could see the way. Inquirers lican party as it was and is to be. If in this were told that they were running on a bet, way, and thus far, you fail, it will be honorable for good and true men to follow you in such dall's Mills to Waterville and back. The resort as you may point out. Until you do stakes would hardly pay for the oats. Whether this, who shall say on which side lies the right? our neighbors would acknowledge any title to The right of revolution is a claim of the Declaration-and it is a right that may fix its own time and place to begin. Go into the convention, we say.

of spite, threaten to obey the law to the letter, "Rome howl?"

A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

[If the Chicago friend whose paragraphs we clip below looks for a reason, why his letter is not published without mutilation, he will find praise before our readers, who know us so well. If the Mail is "independent" or "spunky," and above being "bought for a consideration," especially in relation to temperance and other moral topics, we are glad to have the healthy truth known, but prefer that its readers should discover the fact by their own observation. Our pleasant to be judged.]

Chicago, June 9, 1869. Editors of Waterville Mail.

The Temperance question is the great quesion in issue now before the people of Maine. The world moves forward; and although temperance was once a purely moral question, it if a man failed to declare openly for prohibition close up the iniquitous rum-traffic.

To day temperance occupi s a new and more advanced position which is sound and tenable by all principles of moral argumentation; and unless the advanced ground be held at all cost. the cause of temperance must recede into shame and public reproach. - The time has come for a State Police to faithfully enforce the prohibito-

The old war horses of the " Maine Law " can not consistently stop in their work of reform till the Constabulary law is restored to its rightful place in the Statutes of Maine. Either execute the law or expunge it. The state Police of 1867 was not oppressive, nor did it touch the home or privileges or rights of any law ties will not be denied. It was odious because it was so efficient in the execution of the law, which the people of Maine d clared in favor of. Why was it repealed? Let those republicans answer who did the work of repeal.

There is no half way ground that is worth quarreling about; but it is richly worth all it year, can cost to obtain once more possession of the civil government of the state, and see what can be done for temperance by a judicious and honest enforcement of the law.

It is quite refreshing to the friends of the know that the people of Maine are waking up fore Columbus," by James Parton; "How to Write," by and girding for the battle under the lead of the Temperance Committee. There is great moral power, and a great many thousands of votes represented by the Grand Division of Good puzzle lepartment, &c. Templars, Grand Division of Sons of Temperance of Maine, and the two Methodist State citement, much has recently been said in regard to the duty of temperance men in the republition newspapers of the State bave thus early declared in favor of straight outspoken temperance candidates for all offices in the gift of the people, for 1870.

See to it that no party tacticians sell out the temperance men for their own aggrandizement; &c., &c., besides a score of patterns for the work-table, and see to it above all else that the country and also an alphabet for marking, printed in colors north, south and west, shall know that Maine Mrs. Ann S. Stephens continues her powerful novelet-takes no stens backward; but that she writes "Marie Antoinette's Talisman." Frank Lee Benedict has will go forward to serve the highest interests of the best love stories we have read for a long while. of her good citizens.

Exhibition of M. W. Sem. and College at Kent's Hill has just passed off finely, holding three days instead of two as usual. The address before the Calliopean and Adelphia societies by Rev. Mr. Mallaliew, of Chelsea, "Our country, right or wrong," may be a Mass., has been very interesting. His subject, proper national resort in time of trial, when "Self Culture," was well handled. His allusions to the late lamented Lincoln and President Grant were received with cheers. David Barker, Esq., of Exeter, our Maine poet, was on hand in his usual interesting style. The meeting of the Alumni was a very pleasant affair, and there was a very interesting gathering, speeches and toasts, promenading and chatting, being among the order of exercises. Mr. Torsey gave us a very interesting description of cations until he found the one he is so eminently fitted for, teaching. He was presented, near the close of the evening, with a solid, full tea set, costing \$650. Capt. Wilson of Gorham, had been students entered the army during the A more direct and acceptable public benefit late rebellion. You would not have room for all the interesting features of this exhibition.

> THE GREAT NATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE in Boston proves to be a great success and thus have been well accommodated. We have "a chiel among them taking notes," who will be

THE WEATHER is cool and comfortable, and there is no lack of moisture, for showers are frequent. The hay crop promises to be abundant, the apple trees are full of small fruit. and caterpillars and other destructive insects have failed to make their appearance.

STRANGE SIGHT .- On Tuesday, just after dinner, our Main and College Streets were delighted with something original. Two of the rarest samples of uncouth and misplaced humanity, each with an old horse of the same style, and wagons to match, were running a

"one's old clothes agin tother's," from Kensuch a delegation we very much doubt.

A nice little Brahma pullet, belonging to ment of household furniture, will attract the Mrs. Asa M. Libby, of West Waterville, just attention of all bargain hunters, and there are to give a hint of what she intends to do when few Yankees, male or female, who do not come AWFUL !- The Boston liquor dealers, out she gets to be a ben, deposited an egg in her under that head. His house is full of good nest, which is flow upon our table, and which furniture, &c., and as he is about to leave town, and cut off the supply entirely. Wouldn't we find to weigh a quarter of a pound. That the articles will be sold at a sacrifice. Look flery thirst caused by sucking the family cider nineteenths of the Common Council and eightmay sometimes be beaten, but not often.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for July is proit in our well known medesty-we can't bear Of comparatively solid substance it has only Mr. Hig- programme omitted. How it helps one's faith ginson's paper on "The Greek Goddesses," and Mr Hillard's cloquent eulogy on "Thomas Crawford." Its J. T. Trowbridge. For the rest, the number has another ally is an allwise hand that bringeth the seaof the natural history studies of Mr. Burroughs; an essons in their time. Indeed, it is no doubt easay on " French and English Art Writers," by Eugene Benson; a readable account of "Three Years as a Negro sier for even wicked men to enjoy a feast than Miastrel," by Ralph Keeler; two complete stories, "The to be reconciled to a famine. correspondent is one, however, by whom it is Drummer Ghost," by J. W. De Forest, and " Marrying a l'ickpocket," by George B. Woods; the beginning of a new serial by Henry James, jr.; and the fifth chapter of Miss Chessebro's " Foe in the Household." Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$4 :

The "RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE" for July comes with a midsummer table of contents; " Strawberafterwards became a political question and was ries and cream" somebody has called the cover, and identified with prohibitory legal enactments. equally appetizing dishes are found displayed within. Temperance came up to mean prohibition; and "Snipe Shooting" will be the first course taken by many youngsters, who will gaze at Gaston Fay's frontishe was properly counted out of the temperance piece with ardent desire to be in that salt marsh. "A organization. No matter what his motive was, or what his weakness, he was not a staunch poems by Miss Bishop, which readers of the "Riveremperance man unless he demanded a law to side" have learned to look for. Mr. Stockton comes with further advantures of the droll fairy Ting-a-ling; a generous audience. the sketch of "Joan of Arc" is concluded; Mr. Benjamin tells "How a Sail Boat is built and rigged," preparatory to telling how it is managed; "Papa's Story contains more of the inimitable pictures by children Nellie Eyster describes an historic block-house on Lake Erie; Hans Andersen slips in with his latest, freshest story, and the number makes a fine show with its two lozen pictures, large and small. An important announce ment is made respecting the next number.

Published by Hurd and Houghton, New York, at \$2,50

EVERY SATURDAY for this week contains he seventh number of New Uncommercial Samples, by Charles Dickens; Scientific Education-notes of an After-Dinner Speech, by Professor Huxley: the story of abiding citizen; that it was odious to some par- Jack Haviland; French Courts of Justice; Papa Andre The Italy of To-Day, by Edward Dicey; Playing with Lightning; The Wedding Day: Foreign Notes.

Every Saturday, as is well known, is made up of choice

selections from the best foreign literature, crisp and resh, some of it being printed from advance sheets. It is published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$5 a

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for July is full of good things for the boys and girls, among which will be found continuation of Aldrich's serial, " The Siory of a Bad Boy;" "Lawrence in a Coal M.ne," by J. T. Trowbridge; "In the Happy Valley," by the author of " John emperance movement, who are from home, to Halifax, Gentleman;" "Navigation and Discovery be-Edward Everett Hale, which is full of valuable suggestions; the twelfth packet of the "William Henry Let-" Gardening for Girls;" with piece of music, ters;' Published by Fields, Osgoon & Co., Boston, at \$2 a

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for July has a capital steel engraving, "The Romance of a Boarding School," with a laughable story by Ella Rodman, leads off: then follows a mammoth colored steel fashion plate with five full length figures; and then we have numerous wood-cuts of new bonnets, bathing dresses, &c., State police" on her banner, and in that name also a charming tale; and "Married by Mistake" is one Now is a good time to subscribe for " Peterson." Terms \$2 00 a year. To clubs, five copies for \$8 00, with an extra copy for a premium, and also the premium en-Editors Mail: The Commencement and graving, "The Star of Bethlehem" Specimen copies ent gratis to those wishing to get up clubs. Addres

> THE NURSERY for July is a charming num ber, with more pictorial attractions than usual. These are so excellent that they have a value for old as well as young. Among the nice things in the number is " The Waite Horse, a Melodrama in six acts." For youngest readers this work is without a rival, and as this number commences a new volume, we again invite the attention

Report says-and who doubts reports ?that a fine clock is about to be put into the belhis early life, trying and failing in several avo. frey of the Unitarian church-said to be a gift from a gentleman of well known liberality. This will be one of the luxuries of Main Street in which a large portion of the village will have made a speech in which he said over 500 who an interest, without money and without price. could hardly be devised.

> REV. Mr. BARNITZ, general agent for the American Bible Union, was in town a few days ago, and organized a band of youthful solicitors who have visited every house and place of business in our village, to raise money to aid the Union in sending a Bible primer to the poor and ignorant whites and colored people at the South. We do not learn the amount

> JOHN H. DUNTON, of Bath, committed suicide in Augusta, on Saturday, by throwing himself beneatli the wheels of a passing railroad train. The loss of two brothers and some

to throw the early train from the track of the other, you may reach somewhere sometimes af-Portland and Kennebec railroad, between Portland and Yarmouth. Hanging would seem to be richly deserved in such a case.

See what Matthews says about bread and other good things. His new bakery is a great public convenience, especially in hot weather; and everybody speaks in high terms and various other fixings.

THE WATERVILLE SAVINGS BANK, recently organized, is succeeding beyond the expectations of its most sanguine friends. The number of depositors is now 114, who stand credited on the books of the Bank with nearly \$15,000.

"LESS THAN AUCTION PRICES"-with which Mr. E. T. Elden heads his advertise-

Never, since the world began, so far as we remember, was there a more promising and nounced a light and seasonable number, and is out a lite lovely season than this. Not an iota out of the earlier than usual to accommodate the Jubilee crowd. joint, so far as we see, nor a jot or tittle of the to see things come so entirely to our mind!

> One of the side shows of the Jubilee in Boston is an exhibition of babies, at which 250 entries were made. It was located at a prudent distance from the other music.

We hear that two young ladies of our village, of good qualities for the task, are engaged in preparing an operetta, after the fashion of those lately performed here and in other country places, which will soon be brought before an audience at Town Hall. Without having seen it, we venture to predict that it will prove to be emphatically good, and secure

It takes a great deal of amusement to meet the general want now-a-days, and CIRCUS-Es and Jubilees come in for their share. No doubt Stone & Murray's great circus is one of the best in the world-just as their advertisement says. It is no doubt easier to pay 50 cents for a circus ticket than a hundred dollars for a Jubilee ticket, and yet there are twentyfive thousand persons now at the Jubilee in Boston. Friday next will hardly bring twentyfive hundred to the circus. It must be a great saving of money to go to the circus instead of

The dedication of the monument in the Soldier's National Cemetery at Gettysburg will take place July 10th, 1869.

Dr. A. W. Pollard, formerly well known to our citizens has just arrived in town, where he will remain for a few weeks, of which a general notice will be given in the next number of this paper. He will be recollected, as he commenced his practice here nearly 25 years ago, and has visited the place many times since.

On Thursday night, the store of E. E. Houdlette, in Dresden, was entered by burglars and about twenty dollars in money taken. The rogues had previously stolen a horse in Alna. They evidently intended doing a wholesale business, as they had about \$500 worth of goods selected when discovered. They fled precipitately, leaving horse and plunder behind.

Letters from Rio April 24 and Buenos Ayres April 14 state that the Brazillian authorities had unsuccessfully tried to forward dispatches to Minister McMahon as Lopez refused to recieve flags of truce and had shot several flag bearers. It was believed McMahon was a prisoner. His despatches had been returned to Commander Kirkland by the Brazillian Commander-in-chief.

There are a few Mormon dissenters it seems States. During the few days they were detained, their number was increased to fifty, and more-would have accompanied if they could have delayed a few days longer. They have seen and observed many things in Utah which are unpublished to the world.

DACOTA TERRITORY has one advantage over other portions of the far West-it seems to have drawn largely upon Maine for settlers. Among the Maine men there whose names we at this moment recall are George W. French recently appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, W. W. Brookings, formerly of Woolwich and recently appointed Associate Justice, Walter A. Burleigh, delegate to Congress, and Charles H. True, formerly Private Secretary to Govs. Cony and Chamberlain and one of the proprietors of the Portland Star, now editor of paper in his new home, We notice also that Bartlett W. Trip, a young lawyer who has been associated with E. F. Pillsbury at Augusta, is on the point of leaving for Yancton, where he will open a law office. [Portland Press,

A year or two since an enterprising manufacturer of liquor tried crushed potatoe bugs to color wine. He gave them a fair trial, but at the end of six months found that they didn't color the wine a particle better than the juice of bed-bugs does and that the flavor given the wine was not as good as that given by the bedbug juice. There was one more objection. He could catch bed-bugs all seasons of the year. but could not find potato bugs only about six or eight mon hs of the year. He has pronounced curses and declared them good for nothing."

Go In .- If you expect to win just go in. People who sit on back seats and lodge in attics, Central Railroad 700, individuals 1588 shares. rarely amount to much. The world is not conducted on slow principles, and coaches of when completed, paying interest on the cost to financial embarrassments, had unsettled his that style went out of use long ago. The go be computed at \$20,0.0 a mile. West Somerin and win figure is the only one that counts, set is a fertile farming country and when this and every figure tells a good story. Always road is completed the Kennebec Valley will FIENDISH .- Two attempts have been made travel on that route and you'll get there; on any have its resources pretty well developed, and ter dark, but you are not quite certain. Win- ratunk Falls will begin to compete with Skow ning is going and going is winning. If you won't see it, other people will. These are new times. These are go in times. Organs may have their stops, but people must not. If you expect to win, go in-in, on and up. That's your sort, just as you are going.

The eloquent preacher of Scotland, Rev. Dr. Guthrie, thus speaks of his advancing years. "They say I am growing old because my hair is silvered, and there are crow's feet upon my forehead, and my step is not as firm and elastic as of yore. But they are mistaken-that is not me. The knees are weak, but the knees are not me. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not me. This is the house in which I live. But I am young-younger than I ever

Horace Greely in writing of the households where cider was used as a beverage, says: "The boys who graduated from those firesides too often evinced, at an early age, an insatiable appetite for stimulants—an appetite created, the civil justices, all but two of the police juswhich very often consigns them to early and four coroners, two members of congress, three unhonored graves. I have known whole fam- out of five State Senators, eighteen out of ilies to die out, and their farm sacrificed, by the twenty-one members of Assembly, fourteen-

MAINE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.—The 17th session in Portland Tuesday. The Association now numbers 260 members. The committee on publication reported that the transfer of this almost ideal in the committee of publication reported that the transfer of the committee of t the Association for the years 1866, '67 and '68 had been collected and printed in an octavo volume 324 pages, copies of which were prepoetry is also scanty, comprising only two stanz is by

It almost persuades us that it is safe to "take sented. Dr. Tewksbury presented the report of the Committee upon the Anatomical bill."

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It almost persuades us that it is safe to "take sented. Dr. Tewksbury presented the report of the Committee upon the Anatomical bill." He closed by offering resolutions complimentary to the gentlmen who assisted the members of the Anatomical Committee. The resolutions reflected quite severely upon the narrow minded partisans who endevored to kill the bill offered to the Legislature.

The following gentlemen were elected offlcers for the ensuing year:—President, D. Mc-Ruer, Bangor; Vice Presidents, J. M. Bates, of Yarmouth, and T. H. Jewett, of South Berwick; Corresponding Secretary, A. C. Hamlin Bangor; recording Secretary, C. O. Hunt, Portland; Treasurer, T. A. Foster, Portland.

THE KENNEBEC CONGREGATIONAL CON-TERENCE of churches held their annual session at Pittston on the 8th and 9th inst. Considering the busy season of the year, there was a good attendance and a profitable meeting. Sermons were preached by the Rev. Messrs. Bingham of Augusta, Robie of Waterville and Dinsmore of Winslow. These were able and valuable productions.

Discussions were held on the following topics :- The mission of the family; including its divine origin—its government—its education and the ends to be gained by it:—The Sabbath School and how can we reach the non-church going population? These subjects called forth earnest and ready debate from a large number of gentlemen present. Among the speakers trowere Mr. Cully of Hallowell, Park and Baker ty. and Smiley of Gardiner, Baker of Winthrop, Hawes of Litchfield, Metcalf and Woodward of Monmouth, Cushman of Bath and Bradbury

STRIKING ILLUSTRATION.—Rev. E. P.

Thwing recently delivered an eloquent temperance address in Quincy, Mass., in the course of which he used the following thrilling illustration. Said he: It is sometimes said, 'Rum never hurts those who let it alone.' Go stand to-night beneath this waning moon, on the south-westerley slopes of Mount Auburn, and you will see a little new-made grave. Over it bend the branches of a walnut tree, through which the struggling moonbeams reveal the resting place of our latest born and earlies taken. It is sweet with flowers and tears, and consecrated by prayer and psalm. Autumn showers have steeped the sod, yet by the cuttings of the graves the stranger sees it is a child. When I go to the little grave I cannot help feeling a new consecration to this noble reform. Do you ask why? Stare not when I speak out my heart: Rum helped o.dig my boy's grave! Indirectly, perhaps, but really Yes! intoxicating drink stole away the senses of one who was in charge of these two little prothers while their parents, were absent at the leath-bed of a mother.

De-erting her charge, she wandered about ncoherently talking about unfulfilled duties, and left them without food or drink, compan ionship or care. Half starved and chilled the little convalescent soon relapsed, and passed away, ere long, to the safer custody of Christ

I have no curses to pour on any human be ing, however deeply he may have sinned; but on the traffic which can not only stultify man, but besot woman-which puts property in peril who succeed in escaping from Utah. About and renders lite, insecure—upon that I heap forty of them appeared at Corinne, on the Un- my hottest hate! By all the love I bore to holy, I vow against this trade eternal war.-Boston Nation.

The directors of the Somerset Railroad had their annual meeting at North Anson, on Thursday last, and chose the following board for the ensuing year :- Edward Rowe, James G. Waugh, Nathan Weston, Joel Gray, John Ayer, William H. Brown, William Atkinson, Nicholas Smith, John Carney, F. W. Hill and M. Bodwell. The board organized by the choice of Joel Gray as president.

The route adopted passes from West Water ville through Fairfield, Norridgewock, Madison, North Anson, Emden to Solon. S. S. Thompson is Contractor to do the grading, stone work, track laying &c., on the whole line from Waterville to Carratunk Falls. He commenced work half a mile east of West Waterville depot. Three-fourths of the grading between there and Norridgewock is now done. Six miles of the road from Norridgewock to Madison was sublet to George F. Hitchins. Threefourths of his work is done and he will probably complete the whole by the first of September. Between Anson and Solon a deep fill has been made. Amount expended for construction engineering and land damage and incidentals

By the Treasurer's report it appears that the amount of subscriptions is \$500,900,00.-Amount collected \$56,662,33. Amount paid out \$39.128.49. By the President's report there is due engineering party, contractors and directors for cash advanced \$73.157.41. The contributions to the stock is made up as

follows: Norridgewock subscribes 800 shares of \$100 each. Anson 800 shares, Solon 600 Emden 400, Bingham 120, Starks 3, Maine The Maine Central agrees to lease the road Norridgewock, Madison, North Anson and Carhegan, which, since the advent of the Kennebec Railroad has made rapid strides in advance. It is expected that the road will be opened as far as Norridgewock before winter.

LONDON, June 16th. Details of the news brought by the south American steamer at Lisbon have been received.

The Brazillian iron-clads ascended the Paraguay to a point near the camp of Lopez, but were unrole to proceed further on account of shallow water and want of coal. The Paraguayans made efforts to obstruct the river and blow up the allied fleet, but without success.

An English officer, with permission of the Brazillian commander, passed through the lines of the allies, with despatches for President Lopez. and returned with despatches from Gen. McMahon, U. S. minister.

The New York Evening Post mentions among the Catholic office-holders of that city seventeen of the most prominent, besides al but by no means satisfied, by cider; an appetite tices, all the police court clerks, three out of tenths of the Supervisors.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES .- On the 7th day on publication reported that the transactions of lect any day, except Sundays, in which some work has not been done upon it. By far the greater part of the time it has been run from seven o'clock in the morning until ten, eleven, in as complete working order as the day I bought it. I would not exchange it for a new machine of any other kind.

HARRIETT A. BELLOWS. Seneca Falls, Nov. 22, 1868.

The leading periodical of France is the Revue des Deux Mondes, which commands the best literary talent of Paris. Not long since it made the following extraordinary concession to Protestantism: "Much may be said of Protestant diversities and sects, but one fact remains certain; it is, that nations where the Bible circulates and is read have preserved a strong deep, and enduring religious faith, while, in the countries where it is not known, one is obliged to deplore a moral superficiality and want o principles, for which a splendid uniformity of rites cannot compensate. Let the learned theologians discuss certain passages, or the authenticity of such and such texts; what are such matters compared to the healthful and pure atmosphere which the Bible spreads wherever it is read, whether in low or clevated

Cuban advices confirm the reports of a battle at Puerto Padre, and state that a party of filibusters, who landed about sixty miles cast of Santiago de Cuba, were met by Spanish troops who killed and captured the entire par-

The Stockholders of the Belfast and Moosehead Lake Railroad, have ratified a lease of their road to the Maine Central Railroad Company for a term of fifty years.

It is said that Mr. Butterfield, the Cashier of the Bowdoinham Bank at the time of its robbery by the scientific burglars who are now sojourning at Tho:naston under charge of Warden Rice, is now lying dangerously ill. It is thought he has never fully recovered from the injuries and shock experienced by him at the hands of these robbers. [Since reported dead.]

#### FACT, FUN, AND PANCY.

A Massachusetts paper says that there is a growing tendency among the churches of all denominations in Boston and vicinity toward free seats.

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; anything—but live for it.—Lacon.

Rev. E. Nugent, who for several years has been paster of the Baptist church in Norridgewook, has recently resigned his pastoral charge, with the intention of going to Aroostook county.

Somebody, speaking of Horace Greeley's penmanship, says "he would be a good hand to go to China and mark tea boxes."

The town of Calais has voted \$15,000 to aid the construction of the Houlton Branch Railway. Rev. Dr James King, Missionary at Athens, Greece,

A delegation of forty-two of the Society of Friends from Vassalboro', have gone to attend the yearly meeting at Newport, R 1.

There is no harm in a glass of whiskey-if you allow Maine has 296 singers at the Peace Jubilee in Boston



#### Youcanallgotothegr andpeacejubileeoranywhereelse; for

MATTHEWS

now ready to furnish every one with the very best of BREAD, CRACKERS, CAKE AND PASTRY at his Saloon and Bakery,

CORNER MAIN & TEMPLE STREET, WATERVILLE. Orders for Fancy Cake filled at the shortest possible

Beans Baked and Brown Brend fernished Sunday G. H. MATTHEWS,

# Carriage Repository



Cor. Main & Temple-sts ..... Waterville, A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

GCARRIAGES. OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLES.

nd of all descriptions,—Top and Open, one Seat or two.

Persons in want of a good Carriage, Open or Top

Buggy, Sunshade Brownell or Wagon, Will find it for their interest to call on him, and known

Extra Good Bargains are given. SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES for sale, and new ones exchanged for Second-hand.

Orders and inquiries solicited. FRANCIS KENBICK. Waterville, May, 1868.

Novelty Wringers.

We have just received six cases of the celebrated NOVELTY WRINGERS that we can offer at good bargains
ARNOLD & MEADER. OUR STOCK OF

HARDWARE, BUILDING MATERIALS, Paints and Oils, Nails and Glass,

ARNOLD & MEADER. \$8.501 **\$8.50** 1

Will buy a BARREL of CHOICE:

DOUBLE EXTRA FAMILY FLOUR-Every Barrel Warranted. At the GRIST MILL, KENDALL'S MILLS. 41 tf

THE RICHMOND RANGE.

WANTED—AGENTS for a new domestiv article of great utility; meets a universal want; sells at sight; momentum and for circular. LITTLEFEED & DAME, No. 162 Washington St., Beston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED | For the Hesse Boon of wondern, Nature, Science and Art, giving a description of buried Other, Lakes, blues, Voicances, &c., &c. What Agents may: an old Agent writes. 'I never delivered a werk which gives the anticaletion Hous Boos dee." Another writes, 'I have convened but three days, and have taken 14 names." Others write, Hous Book is going first rate, shall want more books very soon." Send for Circular, address

51

CHAMBER Sets, at Boston Wholesale Prices, at

READY made Coffins and Caskets, always on hand, nl arge variety, at W. A. CAFFREY'S, Appleton Hall

#### Waterville Mail.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE SU' PORT OF THE UNION.

Published on Friday by MAXHAM& WING,

Editors and Proprietors. At Frye's Building .... Main-St., Waterville .

EPH MARHAM. DAR'L R. WING. TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. single copies five cents.

Mostkinds of Country Produce taken in payment. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING IN THE MAIL.

For one square, (one inch on the column) 3 wbeks, one square, three months, one square, six months, one square, one year, For one fourth column, three months, one-fourth column, six months,

ene-fourth column, six months, one-fourth column, one-year, for ene-half column, three months, dne-half column, six months, dne-half column, six months, one column, six months, one column, one year, one column, one year,

Special notices, 25 per cent. higher; Readingmatter notices 15 cents a line. POST OFFICE NOTICE-WATERVILLE.

DEPARTURE OF MAILS. estern Mailleaverdally at 10 A.M. Cloberat 9.45 A.M. 

#### NOTICES.

A Great Political Revolution was accomplished by the election of Grant; and a revolution of immense social importance has been effected by the gene ral substitution of that pure and harmless preparation,

Cristadoro's Excelsior Hair Dye,

for the deadly compound of had and brimstone, of which according to the "Journal of Chemistry " and the " Medica Gazette," more than THIRTY VARIETIES have been fo sted upo the public! Cristadoro's Dye is the only one that HAS BEEN ANALYZED;

and Professor Chilton, over his own signature, declares that is perfectly wholesome.
CRISTADORO'S HAIR PRESERVATIVE, as a Dressing

acts like a charm on the Hair after Dyeing. Try it. Sold by all Drungists. Sold by all Drungists.

#### IMPORTANT FACT.

We see that persons of strong constitutions, and young suffer for days with pains of the limbs, loss of appetite and fever, who suddenly get well after a cholic followed by slimy, billious stools. The relief produced by these evacuations was the original guide to the idea and practice of purgation, and which, when enforced by Brandreth's Pills, always benefits, usually cures, and often prevents disease, especially Scar et

I. f. Cooke, publisher of the " State Banner," Bennington' Vt., sava B randreth's Pills cured him of Dyspepsia, atter be ing affleted with it for over five years. His friends and doctors considered his recovery impossible; but six boxes of Brand reth's Pills resored his health perfectly.

A young lady of Mount Pleasant was sorely troubled with Tape worm. All advice and medicine failed to help her She had no rest. Thin, careworn and unhappy, she lookde the picture of misery. At last she concluded to try Barndresh's Pills. In one year she took seventy-two boxes. She brought away according to her computation, over two hundred yards of tape-worm. At length all the bad symptoms left her, she slept and ate naturally, and her health become fully restored

"A WORD TO HORSEMEN." DR. TOBIAS' CELEBRATED VENE TIAN HORSE LINI MENT has been tested by the first Horsemen in thi country, and proved to be superior to any other. The late Hirm Woodruff, of " trotting fame," was never wi'hout a b tle in his stable. It is also used by Col. Bush, of the Jerome Park Course, Fordham, N. Y. who has over twenty running horses under his care, among which rank some of finest stock in America. It 's warranted to cure Lameness, Sprains. Scratches, Bruises, Galls, Cuts, Wind Galls, Colic. Sore Vail in the Foot, and Over Heating, when used ac

All who own or employ Horses are assured that this Liniment will do all, if not more, in curing the above named complaints. No horse need die of Colic, if, when first taken, the ment is used according to directions. Always have a bot-

tle in your stable. Price, in Pint bottles, One Dollar. The genuine is signed . I Tobias on the ou side wrapper. For sale by the Druggists Saddlers, and Storekeepers throughout the United States. De pot, 10 Park. Place, New York.

NOT A FEW of the worst disorders that afflict mankind arise from corruption of the blood. Helbisolo's Extract Fabsaprilla is a lemedy of the utmost value.

YOUNG LADIES REWARE!-OF THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS of Face Powders and Washes. All such remedies close up the pores of the skin, and in a short time destroy the complexion. If you would have a feesh, healthy and youthful appearance, use Helm. Bold's Extract Sareaparilla.

THOSE WHO DESIRE BRILLIANCY OF COMPLEXION must pur fy and enrich the blood, which HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA invaliably does. Ark for Helmbod is. Take no other.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup,

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup,

Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills will cure Consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspeps.a, if taken according to directions. They are all three to be taken at the same time. They cleanse the stomach, relax the liver and put it to work; then the appetite becomes good; the food digasts and makes good blood; the patient begins to grew in flesh; the deceased matter ripens in the lung, and the patient outgrows the diseased matter ripens in the lung, and the patient outgrows the disease mad gets well. This is the only way to cure consumption.

To these three medicines Dr. J. H. Shenck, of Philadelphia, owes his unrivalled success in the treatment of pulmonary Consumption. The Pulmonic Syrup ripens the morbid matter in the lungs, nature throws it offly an easy expéctoration, for when the phiegm or matter is ripe a slight cough will throw it off, and the patient has rest and the lungs begin to heal.

thow it off, and the patient has less and the days believed.

To do this, the Seawead Tonic and Mandrake Fills mist be freely used to cleanse the stomach and liver so that the Pulmonic Syrup and the food will make good blood.

Schenck's Mandrake Fills act upon the liver, removing all obstructions, relax the duets of the gall bladder, the bile starts freely, and the liver is soon felleved; the stools will show what the Fills can do; nothing has ever been in ented except caloumet, a deadly poison which is very dangerous to use falless with great care, that will unlock the gall bladder and starts the secretions of the flyer like Schenck's Mandrake Fills, Liver Complaint is one of the most prominent causes of Jonaumption.

Liver Complaint is one of the most prominent causes of Johnsunption.

Schenck's Senweed Tonic is a gentle stimulant and afterative, an. 'the alkali in the Senweed, which this preperation is made of, assists the atomach to throw out the gastric juice to discolve the food with the Pulmonic Syrup, and it is made integood blood without fermentation or souring in the stomach. The great reason why physicians do not cure consumption it they try to do too much; they give medicine te stop the cough, to stop chills, to step night sweats, heelic fever, and by so doing they derange the whole digestive powers locking up the secretions, and eventually the patient sinks and dies.

Dr. Schenck, in his treatment, does not try to stop a cough, night sweats, chills or fever. Remove the cames, and they will all stop of their own accord. No one can be cured of Consumption, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Canker, Ulcerated Throat, unless the liver and stomach are made healthy.

cerated Throat, unless the liver and atomic scality.

If a person has consumption, of course the lungs in some ay are diseased, either tubercies, absences, bronchial irritation, pleura a hosion, or the lungs are a mass of inflammation at fast decaying. In such cases what must be done if it is not ally the lungs that are wasting, but it is the whole body the someth and liver have lost their power to make blood it of feed. Now the only chance is to take Dr. Schenck's ree medicines, which bring up a tone to the stomach, the tien will begin to want foed, it will digest easily and make the body begins to grow, the lungs commence to heal up and a patient sequence of heal up and a patient gets deably and well. This is only way to cure bussumption.

els no lung disease and only Liver Complaint is, Shenck's Scawced Tool; and Mandrake Pills , without the Pulmouic Syrup. Take the Man' sely in all billious complaint, as they are perfectly

ake Pilisfreely in all bilious complaint, as they are perfectly truless.

Dr. Schenck, who has enjoyed uninterrupted health for any years past and now weighs 225 pounds, was wasted away a mere skele on. in the very last stages of pulmonary 'on amption, his physicians having pronounced his case hopeless and abandoned him to his fate. He was cured by the aforesaid to icines, and since his recovery many thouands similarly lited have used Dr. Schenck's pre-arations with the same relarkable success. Fall directious accompany each, makelog arkable success. Fall directious accompany each, makelog arkable success. Fall directious accompany each, makelog not absolutely necessary to personally see Dr. Schenck, unsepations wish their lungs examined, and for this purpose is professionally at his [Pincipal Office, Philadelphia, every laterday, where all letters for advice must be addressed. He also prafessionally at No. 32 Bond Street, New York, every ther Wednesday. He gives advice free, but for a thorough tentination with bils Respirometer the Price is \$5. Offices ours at each city from 9 A. M. to 8 P. M.
Price of the Pulmonic Syrup and Seawed Tonic each \$1.50. was the bottle, or \$7.50 a half dozen. Mandraks Pills 25 cents a cr. G. G. GOODWIN & CO., 28 Hanover 8t, Bosten, holesale agents, For sale by all druggists.

HELMBOLD'S. CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT

SARSAPARILLA

ERADICATES ERUPTIVE and ULCERATIVE DISEASES THROAT, NOSE, EYES, EYESIDS, SCALP, AND SKIN, Which so disagure the appearance, PURGING the entrements of Dis-exasts, hereditary or otherwise, and is taken by ADULTS and CHILDREN with perfect SAFETY.

and CHILDREN with perfect SAFETY.

TWO TABLESPOONFULS of the Extract of Savsaparilla, added to a pinh of water, is equal to the Lishon Diet Drink, and one buttre is equal to a gallon of the Syrup of Sarsaparilla, of the decoctions as usually made.

AN INTERESTING LETTER is published in the Medico-Chirurg cal Review, on the subject of the Extract of Sarsaparilla in certain affections, by Benjamin Travels, F. R. S., tack Speaking of those diseases, and the diseases arising from excess of mercury, he states that no remedy is equal to the Extract of Sarsaparilla; its power is extraordiancy, more so than any other drug I am acquainted with the is, in the strictest setting tools with this invaluable attribute, that it is applicable to a state of the system so sunken, and yet so irratable as renders other substances of the tonic class unavailable or injurious.

HELMBOLD'S Concentrated Extract Sarsaparilla. Established upwards of 18 years, PREPARED BY H. T. HELMBOLD, 594 Broadway, N. Y.

A CLEAR, SMOOTH SKIN and BEAUTIFUL COMPLEX-ION follows the use of Helmbold's Congentrated Extract of Sansafarita. It removes black spots, pimples and cruptions of the skiv.

IN THE SPRING MONTHS, the system naturally un dergoe a change, and Hathaold's Highly Concentrated Extract o Saksaparilla is an assistant of the greatest value.

Important to Females.

The celebrated DR. DOW continues to devote his entire ime tothetreatment of all diseases incident to the female stem An experience of twenty-three years enables him t rwarant speedy and permanent sellef in the Worst CASE or Surfagesion and all other Menetrual Derangements rom winatever cause. All letters for advice must contain \$1. Office, No. 9 Endicottstreet. Boston. N. B .- Board furnished to those who wish to remain under

reatment.

HELMBODD'S EXTRACT SARSAFARILLA cleanses and enovates the blood, instils the vigor of health into the sys-em, and purges out the humors that make disease. QUANTITY vs. QUALITY: Helmbold's Extract Sarsa Parilla. The dose is small: Those who desire a large quant y and large doses of medicine ERR.

DR. WARREN'S Bilious Bitters.

For Purifying the Blood, curing Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Billousness, Headacke, Dizziness, Loss of Appelite, and all spring Complaints; for Cleansing, Strengthing, Iuvigorating and Regulating the Human System, has no equal in the

world.

BURR & PERRY,
Wholesale Druggists, General Agents,
26 Tremont St., Boston.

Burr's Patent Nursing Bottle. The most Perfect and Convenient Nursing Bottle in the World We supply the trade with all parts of the Bottle self-arately when required, including Bunn's Silvenko Wike Budsh, which is of inestimable value to the Lifant, as it keeps the Tube perfectly sweet and free from acid, especially in warm weather. Price of Brush, 10 cts. BULER & PERRY S corssors to M. S Surr & Co., Wholesale Druggists, 26 Tremont St., Boston, Mars. Sold by all Druggists.

Marriages. .

In No. Vassalboro', 18th inst , Gustavus A. Pflest to Miss Mary E Taylor, both of Vassalboro'.

Deaths.

In this village, 17th inst., Wirt Howe Foster, only child of Reuben Foster, Esq., aged 3 yrs 9 mos. 17 days. In Hallowell, 8th inst., Emma Bherburne, datignter of Mr. James Sherburne, aged 20 years.
In Albion, June 13th, Mrs. Betsy A., wife of Simon B.

Denaco, aged 27 years.

In Fairfield, 14th iost., at the residence of his father, Mr. Howard G. Emery, son of John J. Emery, Esq., aged 21 years.

The first death in a family of nine sons and daughters, this affliction is deeply felt. Amiable and affectionate with friends, he was endeared to many; and promising a life of usefulness and honor, his early death brings sorrow to a large circle.

#### Less than Auction Prices!

FURNITURE, CARPETS, STOVES, MIRRORS, PICTURES, CURTAINS, REFRIGERATOR, CROCKERY WARE, &c., &c.

E. T. ELDEN

will offer at BARGAINS, all of the above named goods, contained in his house on Pleasant St.

· FOR THE NEXT TEN. DAYS. All who want to buy second hand Housekeeping Goods at Low Prices, can now have an opportunity to do so. 2w 51 E. T. ELDEN.

#### New Attractions AT APPLETON HALL.

Cabinet Furniture, Crockery and Glass Ware, Carpetings, &c.

W. A. CAFFREY, (AT THE OLD STAND,)

Grateful to the Citizens of Waterville and vicinity for a liberal patterninge of twenty years, respectfully informs them that he has just returned from Boston, and is now opening, at his old stand, Appleton Hall, The Largest & Best

Stock in the above line ever offered in Waterville. Having added to his usual Furniture Establishment the several departments of



Carpetings,

In large variety, he is prepared to sell all articles in his line at

Greatly Reduced Prices!

To My Stock has been bought at the low prices of the present market, and as I am determined To NOT TO BE UNDERSOLD, I shall sell at EXTREMELY small profit for Cash. Call and examine my Stock.

W. A. CAFFREY. Appleton Hall Building Main Street:

NOTICE. MY WIFE, Flla C. Stevens, has left my bed and board without provocation, and I charge all persons not to trust her on my account, as I shall pay no bills of the contracting.

Worcester, Mass., May 26, 1869. Sale of Mortgage.

WHEREAS, Ella C. Stevens, is trying to soil a mortgage given her by Mrs. Hannah Stevens, and witnessed by S. S. Brown, all of Kendall's Mills; this is to caution all persons from buying said mortgage as it is worthless, there being moved to the consideration. Wolcester, Mass., May 26, 1869. GEO. F. STEVENS. FOR SALE.

THE subscriber wishes to dispose of the place Twhere he now lives, on Fort Point in Winslow. There are about forty acres of land, about 29 acres being woodland, and the remainder in good condition to tilisge, with a small orchard. There is on it a thoroughly built and well finished two-story house, good born was datable, &c, and an abundance of good water. It is fixer schools, or post office, and railroad depot, and is less than a mile from waterville village. Enquire of the subscriber on the premisers.

Winslow, June 10, 1809. 4w50 JOHN RICHARUS.

Stationery Boxes. \$1.00 W'E will send by mail, post paid, a box containing Two
W Quires and Envelopes to match, of FIRET CLASS
PRENC:: PAPAR, five styles, stamped with Rustle and
Grape Initial, for ONE BOLLAR—or
One Quire and One Pack Boxes HEAVY AMERICAN
PAPER, for FIFT 1715.

LORING, FHORT & HARMON,
Booksel lers and Stationers, PORTLAND.

SHADE HATS. Brown, Black and White.

Atso, SHAKERS. At the MISSES FISHERS. HELM 30LD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT SARSAPA CHILDREN'S Carriages, New, Elegant and Cheap at Cappur's FOODS!

A NICE ASSORTMENT,

C. R. McFadden's,

At the old stand of Meader & Phillips. Waterville, Maine.

DRESS GOODS. Silks and Light Cloths for Ladies' Outside Garments and Shawls.

> A nice line of White Goods, CONSISTING OF

Piques, Cambrics in plain, check and stripe Plain Linen Table Damask, Napkins and Towels, Plain Muslins, and White Flannels.

A Good Assortment of Cloths For Men and Boys' Wear. Broadcloths, Tricots, Plain and Fancy Cassimeres, &c.

A Good Line of Hosiery & Gloves .-A Very Nice Assortment of Kids

Stocks of Domestics IN TOWN.

Good style Prints for 10 cts. Sheetings for 10 cts and upwards. Varety of Hoop Skirts, from 50 cts. up

All will be sold DF VERY LOW FOR CASH. 20 C. R. McFADDEN. Waterville, May 22, 1860.

DICKENS'S WORKS IN THEIR MOST COMPLETE FORM.

The publication of Muster Humphrey's Clock, by Hurd and Houghton, makes their editions the most complete ones in the market. MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK

consists of the chapters originally echiected with the "Old curlost'y Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge," and is now reprinted for the first time in America, nor can it be obtained in any of the othernet English editions. In these chapters, Mr. Pickeller, his son, the immortal Sam, and a third Weller. Is son, the immortal father. In this volume also appear ADDITIONAL CHRISTMAS STORIES, not included in the previous collection of the Series; comprising Seven Poor Travellers, The Holly Très ibni, Somebody's Luggage, Mrs. Lirriper's Logdings, Mrs. Lirriper's Leg-

General Index of Characters and their Appearan made expressly for Hurd and Houghton's editions, more than eighty pages long, and enabling one at once to find, as in a directory, the name and place of every one of Mr. Dickens's inventions. To this is added an

Index of Fictitions Places, Familiar Savings, etc., rendering Hurd and Houghton's edetions thoroughly furnished and the only one in the market. The Indexes were compiled with great care by Mr. W. A. Wheeler, the well known editor of Webster's Dictionary.

REVERSIDE EDITION. One vol. crown 870. Cloth, #2,50. THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER (only complete collec-tion in America.) HOUSEHOLD EDITION: Ohe vol: 10mo tion in America.) in Cloth, \$1.25. RIVERSIDE EDITION. One vol. crown 8 vo. Cloth, \$2.50

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK. HOUSEHOLD EDITION One vol. 16mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER AND MASTER HUM-PHREY'S CLOUK, 2 vols. in one. Glo. E Edition, 12me. \$1.50 THE HOUSEHOLD EDITION, illustrated by Darley and Gilbert, 54 vols. 16mo 54 steel engravings, \$1.25 per vol. THE RIVERSIDE EDITION, with over five hundred illustrations, by English and American artists. 28 vols. crown 8vo. 640 steel engrevings. \$2.50 per vol.

THE GLOBE EDITION, with Darley and Glibert's illustrations 14 vols. 12mo. 54 steel engravings. \$1.50 per vol. Any set or single volume sent on receipt of advertised price by the publishers,

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS. .

Riverside, Cambridge, Mass.



At Reduced Prices for Cash. Our stock consists of all the different styles of foreign cods, weights and colors.

TRICOTS, CASTORS, BROADCLOTHS, DOESKINS, Scotch & Fancy CASSIMERES, Of all styles, which we are prepared to make up into Suits, in the latest and most approved Fashions.

We also have a large Stock of Ready Made Clothing,

Which we manufactured, and guarantee to be of the ALSO. GEAT'S FURNISHING GOODS.

All of which we would be pleased to show to persons in HEALD & WEBB: Waterville, May 10, 1869.

Gardner & Watson. Nearly opp. the Post Office, - Mann-st. BEALERS IN



Special attention given to utting Boys' Clothing. A COMPLETE ASS DRIMENT OF THE LATEST STYLES OF GOODS. GARDNER & WATSON.

C. F GARDNER. - - - - H. B. WATSON.

Waterville, Oct. 22, 1868.

New Advertigements.

C-C-C-C-C-C

OUR new terms to agents before sending to any other firm, we give agents 105 yards sheeting for clubs of 100 if all returned, and at the same fate for clubs of thirty, forty and sixty. I collect our Dollar Sale is the oldest and largest in this city, and perfectly reliable, all orders and letters being answered the same day, they are received. Don't pay the high prices char, ed, at the stores, but save your money by sending to us, and don't condemn our club system of selling good before you try it. Maie and female agents wanted in all towns and villages, where prices are high in sending clubs, send boys, for each name. Circulars sent free hy mail EASTMAN & KENDALL, 25 Hawley Street, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED for DR. MARCH'S NIGHT SCENES IN THE BIBLE.

For powerful thought, splendid illustrations, elegant paper and type, beautiful binding and rapidity of sole this book has no equal. Agenta Commissions \$100 to \$200 per month, according to ability and energy. Send for Circulars to ... ZEIGLER, McUURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS READ THIS! AGENTS, MALE AND FEMALE, WILL FIND IT FOR their best interests to English with the new book, written

PARTON,

a large handsome octave, beautifully illustrated with stell
engravings, selling with as onlishing capitity, and giving tiniversal satisfaction. Exclusive fertitory and large commissions given. Liberal salaries paid to experienced, efficient
canvassers. Sand for descriptive circulars giving full information to A S. HALE & CO., Publishers, Hartford, Ct.

A PLEASANT AND HEALTHY BEVERAGE. DR. IRISH'S

OTTAWA BEER Is a cooling and pleasant beverage, more fully quenching the thirst than any article in use, which makes it particularly sought after as a Summer drink, and only requires a fair trial SOUTHMAYD & CO.,

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Caucion.—Do not be inposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast from machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practically cheap machine manufactured.

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340 PER DAY GUARANTEED:
Agants to sell the Howe Shuttle Sewino Machine. It makes
the Look Stitch, Alie on forth sides, has the under-feed, and
is equal in every respect to any Sewing Matchine ever Invented Price \$25. Warranted for 5 years. Send für circular.
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SELAT— More Valuable than Gold. For partic-pures and two 3 cent stamps to AUGUSTE DUPEN. Box 2027, Circlanat., O. SELF-HELP FOR THE ERRING,—Words of Cheer for Young Men, who have fallen victims to SOCIAL EVILS, desire a better MANHOOD. Fent in scaled letter envisions free of charge. Address HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Box P, Philadelphia Pa.,

GEO.P. ROWELL & C. ADVERTISING AGENTS.

WHAT ADVERTISERS SAY. The firm, whose letter we print below, gave tts in 1867, what was then the largest coutract we had ever received for our large of 100 local New-parks." The fact that they this year renew the order and increase the amount, is the best agument we can give that these "Lists" are good advertising mediums.

LIPPINCOTT & BAREWELL MANUPACITIERS OF Axes, Shevels, Saws, &c ,

No. 148 Water Street,
PITTSBURG, PA., Dec. 3, 1808.
Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co.. MESSES, GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.:

GENTLEMEN:—One year ago with much heistelfon we gave you an advertisement for one of your lists of One Hunfred local papers; is very short time thereafter we unhesitatingly added two more lists of the Hundred papers.

But a short time clapsed before we were inquired of on every side for "Colbrin's Patent Red Jacket Ar," proving to as thirt your plan of Lists had reached the very parties to whem we wanted to intro-ure the new patent Ax.

The year having now hearly sone by, we enfined by the heliof of advertising by "Lists of Local Papers" is just the kind of advertising we want, and we to day forward you an order-still adding one more List of One Hundred papers, making the number now altogether rour (4) List of One Hundred dred (100) local papers.

dred (199) local papers The more we talk with newspaper agents and editors' agents The more we talk with newspaper agents and editors agents the moire satisfied we are that the arrangement we have made with you is preferable to any we have ever heard of. The merit of the ax itself has, of course, something to do with the great demand for it, but we are satisfied that by your system of adver ising by "List" we have accomplished in one year what would have ordinarily taken us five years to accomplish.

Respectfully,

LIPPINCOTT A BAKEWELL

The following from the National Publishing Co., of Philadelphia, may be taken as an answer to those who inque these "Lists" can really be good advertising mediums. NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANT,

No. 26 South Seventh Street, J. R. JON . S, President. MESSAS. ORO. P. ROWELL & CO., 40 Park Row N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—It's more than three years since we began advertisin in your "Lisis of One Hundred Papers" each, and in that time have given the "List System," as originated by you, a thorrugh trial, sind we can now say it is the elempent and best general advertising medium we have any knowledge of.

ext and best general advertising memory we have any known-edge of.

We have tried every possible mode of advertising, having dealt with the press diect, and through nearly every adver-tising, agency in the country, and have no hesitation in saying that your Lists have paid 50 per cent. better them say other way. Respectfully, NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO. SEND FOR 24 PAGE CIRCULAR which contains:
A List of over One Thousand Newspapers, (THE BEST ADVERTIMES MEDIUMS) and price cards showing advertising rates, and much valuable in franction on the subject of advertising, ree for 3 cent stamp. Address

GRO. F. HOWELL & CO.,

Advertising Agents;

40 Park Row, N. T.

Monitor Mower: rmers wanting a durable, light draft, easy working in fact the best Mower in the market, are invited to and examine the MONITOR before purchasing

Isewhere.

This Machine was thoroughly fested in this vicinity ast year and pronounced by good judges to be a superior muchine. Sold by Waterville, May 21, 1869. C. A. CHALMERS & CO. THREAD and Valenciennes Laces, at
The MISSES FISHER'S

THE REIGNING SENSATION!

# STONE & MURRAY'S COMBINATION~

Which has acquired a National Reputation being \_

THE BEST EVER SEEN! WILL EXHIBIT IN

WATERVILLE. Friday, June 25, 1869. On last used Circus lot.

PERFORMANCE AFTERNOON AND EVENING. Commencing at 2 1-2 and 7 8-4 o'clock. Admission 50 c .- Children und r 10 yrs, 25.

THE TROUPE THIS SEASON. As regards extent, and variety of talent, cannot be equal ed, composed, as it is,

ENTIRELY OF FIRST CLASS ARTISTS, who have no fivals in their astounding specialities, and whose intensely exciting Performances can be seen in no other exhibition in the world.

The Press teems with LAUDATORY EULOGIES of the EXALTED FACELLENCE of this Mammoth Troupe, and OVERFLOWING AUDIENCES, fushionable and critical, attest with rapturous applause, and other manifestations popular delight, the thorough appreciation of THE PROLIFIC TALENTS

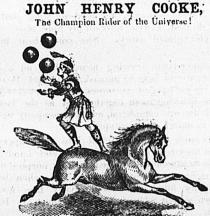
of the Matchless Cluster of the Artists of the LEADING CIRCUS OF THE WORLD! The exhibition will be given with the same uparallel-ed splender that has always characterized the entertain-ments of STONE & MURRAY, and they are warranted

.REFINED AND ATTRACTIVE renic Performances ever offered to the Publica LOOK AT THIS SUPERB CATALOGUE:



M'lle. EMILIE HENRIETTA COOKE The Premier Equestrienne of the World!

The Great



THE TALLEEN BROTHERS The Amazing Gymnasts, from the Hippodroitis, Paris,

MURRAY & HUTCHINSON, The Peerleds Acrobats!

MISS EMILY COOKE; The Dasning English Manage Equestrienne THE SNOW BROTHERS. The Unequalled Postufers and Edulibrists!

Sig. COLUMBUS,
The Inimitable Italian Contortionist, (lins first geason in America.

Mr. Den. Stone, The Popular American Clown!

MR. HARRY NORTH And his Compeer MR. CHARLES RIVERS,

SIG. FERDINAND SAGRINO.



MR. BURT JOHNSON, The Champion Leaper and Vaulter! Mast. GEORGE COOKE. The Artistic Protean Equestrian!

The Spanish Champion Rider

MR. FRED MAY, The Grotesque Comodefan!

The above Artists will be aided by a complete force of Auxiliary Talent, super-added to HUTCHINSON'S ACTING DOGS! MURRAY'S TRAINED HORSES!

BARRY AND REEVES,

The Comigue Pantomimists!

and DEN. STONE'S COMIC MULES The Grand Entree Procession will Parade the principal Avenues on the morning of the Exhibition Day. THE ATTRACTIONS OF THIS CIRCUS are inside of the Pavilion, and are not exhausted in a "mock section" street show. STONE & MURRAY have what their Patrons pay to see,—a FIRST CLASS EXTERTALSMENT, with a profusion of New 10245 and Novel Experience.

FECTS.

Do not heed the plaintive ery of "Wait, oh, Wait!" uttsred by "managers in distress." But if you desire to see the best in the world, attend the superb exhibition of Stone & Murray. If you "wait" to see a better Circus than STONE & MURRAY'S, you will be disappointed. If you "wait," expecting to see a Circus equal to STONE & MURRAY'S, won are respectfully informed that such an institution does not exist. MUSLIN and Cambric Embroideries, for sale by The MISSES FISHER.

AT. HENRICKSON'S NEW BOOKSTORE

(ONE DOOR NORTH OF THE POST OFFICE) Will be found a large and well selected stock of MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS

to which are added, as published, ALL NEW AND POPULAR WORKS AND ALL THE MAGAZINES,

ALL KINDS OF SUHOOL BOOKS. full assertment of Blank Books. Diaries, Stationery, PICTURES IN GREAT VARIETY,

Including Chron os. Steel Engravings, Card Photograph Stereoscopic, Views, etc. And an Include Variety of TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES. All of which will be sold as 1200 as can be purchase discussione.

PAPER HANGINGS High priced and low priced; Paper Curtains; Cuttai Shade and Borders. A splendid assorment of PICTURE FRAMÉS, Gilt Black Walnut and Rosewood. C. A HENRICKSON.

HENRICKSON'S LIBRARY.

Main-St., Vaterrille.

ONE DOOR NORTH OF P.O. TERMS .... \$2.00 a year; \$1.25 for 6 mo.; .75 c. for 8 m A deposit required of strafigers:

The Library opens at 8 o'clock a.m., and closes at 8 p.m.



NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

CHARTERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF CONGRESS, APPROVED JULY 25, 1868. CASH CAPITAL: - \$1.000.000.

BRANCH OFFICE! FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING PHILADELPHIA,
Where the general business of the Company is transacted; a

CLARENCE II. CLARK, President. JAY COOKE, Chairman Finance and Executive Committee HENRY D. COOKE, Vice-President.

EMERSON W. PEETE, Secretary and Actuary.

It is definite and certain in its terms!

he same money.

thich all general correspondence should be addressed.

This Company offers the following advantages: It is a National Company, chaftered by special act o Congress, 1868. It has a paid-capital of \$1,000,000. It offers low rates of premium. It furnishes larger insurance than other companies for

It is a home company in every locality. Its policies are exempt from attachment. There are no unnecessary restrictions in the policies. Every Policy is non-forfeitable Polities may be taken which pay to the insured the full amount, and return all the freffinitis, so that the inurance costs only the interest on the annual payments. Policies may be taken that will pay to the insured,

after a certain number of years, during life, an annual in

ome of one-tenth the amount named in the policy. No extra fate is charged for risks upon the lives of fe-It instires; not to pay dividends to policy-holders, but t so low a cost that dividends will be impossible. Circulars, Pamphlets and full particulars given on ap olication to the Branch Office of the Company, or to

ROLLINS & CHANDLER, 3 Merchants' Exchange, State St., Hoston. J. P. TUCKER. Manager. DAVID CARGILL!



The Great Quicting Remedy for Childrens Contains NO MORPHINE OR POISON. OUS DRUG; sure to Regulate the Bowels ; allays all Pain; corrects Acidity of the Stomach; makes sick and weak children STRONG and HEALTHY; cures Wind Coffe; Griping, Itstitutation of the Bowels, and all complaints arising from the effects of Teething. Call for Mother Bailey's Quieting Syrup, and take no other, and you are safe. Sold by Druggists and all dealers in Med-

A. RICHARDS, New London, Conn., Agent for the United States.

Ground Plastér. A good article, for sale at the Fairfield Mills.

Ellis' Iron Bitters: Having used your Iron Bitters in my practice/ I can testify to its superior tonic properties for invigorating the appelite and promoting dig stion. I can unfrestigatingly recommend it in case of general debility and despends, said for conditions of the system requiring the use of a ferruginous todie. Are agreeable flavor must recommend it to all.

Yours, Re pectfully, CHAS. S. GAUNTT, M. D Professor in the Philuselphia University of Medicine and urgery. For sale by Druggists generally. FARM FOR SALE.

THE Farm owned by the late 3. B. Judliter of Sidney; and formerly owned by Coinfort T. Morse, is offsted for sale.

It is situated in ristney, five miles from
Waterville vilage, and about four and a had
good land; it well waterville. It contains about 112 acres a
good land; it well watervil has a good orchast a
about one half grafted, which last year bore about 300 bushes,
of apples. There is a good house oh it, with wood shed, to the
house, granary, and two good barna.
The whole or a part of said farm for sale. A strip of go
were, adjoining, will be rold with it if desired.

Inquire of or address
M. B. SOULE, of
Waterville, April 9, 1869.

THE SALEM PURE WRITE LEAD WARRANTED as pure and white as any Lead in the world dold b ARNOLD & MADER.

#### THE OTHER SHORE.

What is it like-that other shore? Straining my eyes I can but see
Skies and ocean that evermore
Embrace and little the Beyond from me.
Vainly I wish that an echoed note
Of the song they sing on the other side
Over the waters to me may float
As I wistfully listen and turn aside.

My Father's house that I have not seen!

Little I care what its beauties are—
Whether its fields are always green
Or the hills are golden that gleam afar;—
Only I know One waiteth there
Whom my eyes have wearied long to see,
And the country must needs be wondrous fair
Where Christ the Lord shall welcome me.

What can I do, but watch all day
Rippl is that lazily lap the shore,
The unconscious children at their play
While I sit waiting forevermore?
Waiting still at the waterside—
When will the boatman come for me,
And bear me off on the flowing tide
To the had where my best beloved be?

Nay, I u' my Father for me will send
Who n I have finished the task He gave,
When I have proved me His child and friend
By the Christ-like spirit, meek, et brave.
Why should I list to the waves' sad sighs,
Dreamily waiting for what delays?
Let me rather with strength arise,
And work for Him the remaining days.
—Marianne FaPningham.

#### THE HALLOW-EVE MYSTERY.

#### A LEGEND OF THE BLACK HALL. CHAPTER I.

THE BERNERS OF THE BURNING HEARTS. "Their love was like the lava flood That burns in Etna's breast of flame"

Near the end of a dark autumn-day, not many years ago, a young couple, returning from their bridal tour, arrived by steamer at the old city of Norfolk; and, taking a hack, drove directly to the best inn.

The gentleman registered himself and his party as Mr. and Mrs. Lyon Berners of Black Hall. Virginia, and two servants.

"We shall need a private parlor and chamber communicating for our own use, and a couple of bedrooms for our servants," said Mr. Berners, as he handed his hat and cane to the

"Certainly, sir. What would you like for tea?" asked the landlord. .

"Oh, anything you please, so that it is nice and neatly served," said Mr. Berners, with a slightly impatient wave of his hand as if he would have been rid of his obsequious host.

"Ah ha! anything I please! It is easy to

see what ails him. He lives upon love just now; but he'll care more about his bill of fare and she subsequently had occasion to rememhe left the public parlor to execute his guest's

The bridegroom was no sooner left alone with his bride than he seated her in the easiest arm-chair, and began with affectionate zeal to untie her bonnet strings and unclasp her man

"You make my maid a useless appendage, dear Lyon," said the little lady, smiling up in his eyes. "You love me so much, dear Lyon! You love me so much! Yet not too much either! for oh! if you should ever cease to love me, or even it you were ever to love me less, I-I-dare not think what I should do!' she muttered in a long deep, shuddering tone.

"Why, Sybil, my wife-you beautiful mad creature! You are a true daughter of your house! A Berners of the burning heart! A Berners of the boiling blood! A Berners of whom it has been said, that it is almost as fatal gan to march to the supper room. to be loved as to be hated by-"

Suddenly in the midst of their converse they broken weeping.

Both paused, looked at each other and listen-

The sound seemed to come from a room on the opposite side of the passage to their own apartment. "What is that?" inquired Sybil, looking up

to her husband's face. "It seems to be some woman in distress,"

enswered Lyon. "Oh, see what it is, dear, will you?"

treated Sybil. She was herself so happy, that it was really

dreadful to be reminded just then that sorrow should exist in this world at all. But if she could have foreseen the woe that

was to come to herself, to her husband, and to the object of her sympathy, she would have held Lyon back, as with the grip of fate, from the mission on which she now sent him.

For the weeper was a beautiful woman-a deserted wife-named Rosa Blondelle, who, although but a few days landed from the vessel which had brought ber from Europe, had been robbed of her jewels and money by her husband, and then left to her fate in that Norfolk hotel.

Sybil was deeply moved by the lady's story, and insisted on taking Mrs. Blondelle home with her to Black Hall, and Mr. Berners gave

his assent to her wishes. But before they got ready to set out on their journey, Sybil bitterly repented of the arrange-Mrs. Blondelle was so enchantingly lovely, that Mr. Berners at once began to yield to her charms; and Sybil, for the first time,

beauty than her own. This kindled the fires of jealousy in her heart, and by the time they reached Black traitress, who have come between the true bus-

extinguishable flame. And no Berners had ever been known to

forgive an object of jealousy.

ners, was a palatial old Virginia mansion, situ-ated in the Heart of the Black Valley, a few And now begone! and never let me see your miles from Blackville, the county town. It had form again.' been in Mrs. Berners' family for generations, and was renowned for the scenes of gaiety and hospitality which had transpired beneath its

Mrs. Berners, the last of her race, to give from the room. vent to the emotions of her restless, jealous heart, resolved to reinaugurate the festivities of the olden time, and for that purpose announced dumb. a mask ball for the ensuing All-Hallow Eve, and at once set about getting all things in read-

One day while she was absent at Blackville, making purchases, Lyon and Rosa became so absorbed in one another, as to become oblivious of the entry of Mrs. Winterose, the old housekeeper, who found them sitting closely side by side, her hand clasped in his. On Sybil's return, the old housekeeper described this scene to her, with many exaggerations. The revelation seemed to freeze Sybil into ice.

" Oh, my heart! my heart!" she mouned turning deathly pale. And then, after a long and—good-bye," she said, and with a wave of silence, she bitterly added, "Deceived! Beher hand she passed from the room. she continued, nodding grimly; "well, well."

since deceit is the fashion of the day, I too will be in the fashion; I too will wear a mask of since deceit is the fashion of the day, I too will be in the fashion; I too will wear a mask of smiles! But behind that mask, I will watch! Not at my fancy

To the open door of the vault under the chapel. from whose haunted depths a spectral light gleamed!

To the open door of the vault under the chapel. from whose haunted depths a spectral light gleamed!

To the open door of the vault under the chapel. from whose haunted depths a spectral light gleamed!

They bore her down the dreadful steps, and low, he will watch! Not at my fancy

They bore her down the dreadful steps, and laid her on the deadly floor!

They bore her down the dreadful steps, and laid her on the deadly floor!

They bore her down the dreadful steps, and laid her on the deadly floor!

They bore her down the dreadful steps, and laid her on the deadly floor!

watch, what I see, until I descend with the fell swoop of the eagle. And henceforth let me rememb r that I am a daughter of the house of foe. And oh, let the spirit of my fathers support me, for I must ENDURE until I can breast.

And oh! could those triflers with sacred love -those wanderers on the brink of a fearful abyss-have seen the look of her face then, on the sofa, and then sunk on his knees beside they would have fled from each other for ever, rather than have dared the desperation of her

But they saw nothing, knew nothing, suspected nothing!

And thus all three drifted toward the awful brink of ruin.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST FATAL HALLOW EVE. It was All-Hallow-Eve, a night long anticipated with delight by the whole neighborhood, and much longer with horror by the whole

It was the occasion of Sybil Berners' mask ball; and Black Hall, the Black Valley, and the town of Blackville were all in a state of onprecedented excitement; for this was the first entertainment of the kind that had ever been given in the locality, and the gentry of three contiguous counties had been invited to assist

The throng at Black Hall was great, and the characters assumed by the maskers were various and well sustained.

But by far the most beautiful, far the most terrible figure in the pageantry of the evening, was that of Sybil Berners! She had chosen for character the unprecedented part of the impersonation of the Spirit of Fire. It suited well with her whole nature. Her costume was but the outward sign of the inward fervor.

Sybil had confided the secret of her costume to no one but her husband, who was himself attired as "Harold the Saxon," while Mrs. Blondell assumed the character of " Edith the Fair."

Sybil had not been long in the room before the ecquetting of her husband and Mrs. Blondelle drove her nearly to distraction. Observing that whenever she came near them, they were on their guard. Sybil exchanged disguises with one of her guests and intimate friends, watch her husband and his companion without the least restraint.

Sybil observed that a masker representing Death, whom nobody seemed to know, watched ber and shudder at that fact.

Seeing the watched couple seat themselves on a small sofa in one corner of the room, she glided to an ottoman near them, in time to hear Mrs. Blondelle say :

" No, Lyon, your wife is not my friendshe is my deadly enemy. She is fiercely jeal- Mrs. Bl ndelle's room, and up to her bed, where ous of your affection for me, though it is the I saw by the light of the taper she was lying, only happiness of my unhappy lite. And she Her eyes were closed, and I thought at first will make you throw me off yet."

ver do that. I swear it by all my hope of-"

guests would have to unmask, Sybil and Bea- ed up, covering my hand and sleeve with the trix re-exchanged costumes and went down accusing stains you see! With the flowing of to the drawing room together just as the last the blood her eyes flew widely open! She gazquadrille was completed, and the company be- ed affrightedly at me for an instant, and then

room they took off their masks, and handed shricking to this room. I, still holding the the right and left of the door. Thus when the lowed her here. And—you know the rest," company filled the room every face was said Sybil; and overcome with excitement, she shown - but " Leath " was nowhere to be sank upon the nearest chair to rest.

At last the party broke up. Only a few of the guests remained all night. These were shown to their rooms, and the others having gone, as fate would have it, Mrs. Blondelle went into the little reception parlor to meet Mr. Berners, who assured her that henceforth he could never extend to her more than a brother's affection.

"Then give me a brother's kiss," she sighed. "That is not much to ask, and I have no one to kiss me now. So give me a brother's kiss, and let me go," she pleaded plaintively.

He hesitated for a moment, and then bending over her, he said: " It is the first, and for your sake must be

the last, Rosa!" and he pressed his lips to

the meeting of their lips they were stricken asunder as by the fall of a thunderbolt! And Sybil, blazing with wrath, like a spirit

from the Lake of Fire, stood before them. She looked not human — with her whole tace and form heaving, palpitating, flashing forth the lightnings of anger.

"Sybit!" exclaimed her husband, thunderstruck and appalled.

She waved her hand towards him, as if to implore or command s lence. "I have nothing to say to you," she mutter-

ed in low and husky tones, as if ashes were in her throat. "But to YOU," she said, and her saw him pay the homage of admiration to other voice rose clear and strong as she turned and stretched out her arm towards Rosa, who was leaning in affright against the wall- "to you, Hall, those fires had become fanned into an in- band and his wife—in the morning you must leave the house you have desecrated! for if you do not, or if ever I find your false face here again, I will tread down and crush out Black Hall, the abode of Mr. and Mrs. Ber- your lite with less remorse than ever I set beel

Rosa Blondelle, who had stood spell-bound by the terrible gaze and overwhelming words of Sybil, the wronged wife, now suddenly threw up her hands, and with a low cry, fled

And Sybil dropped her arm and her voice at the same instant, and stood motionless and

And now, at length, Lyon Berners spoke

"Sybil!" he said, "this house is yours You must do as you please. But this I tell you that in the same hour which sees that poor and friendless young creature driven from the shelter of this roof, I leave it too, and leave it for

ever!" If Lyon Berners really meant this, or thought to bring his fiery-hearted wife to terms by the threat, he was mistaken in her character.

"Oh, go!" she answered, bitterly-"go as soon as you like, Lyon Berners. Good-night,

ball alone will I play a part, but before it, and still he continued to pace up and down the parperhaps, after it! None shall ever know how for floor, until suddenly piercing shricks smote lor floor, until suddenly piercing shricks smote his ear.

In great terror he started forward and instinctively rushed towards Rosa's room, when Berners, who never failed a friend or spared a the door was suddenly thrown open by Rosa herself, pale, bleeding from a wound in her

"Great Heaven! What is this?" he cried, as, aghast with amazement and sorrow, he supported the ghastly and dying form, and laid it

"Who has done this?" he wildly demanded. as, almost parelyzed with hor or, he knelt beside her, and tried to stanch the gushing wound from which her life-blood was fast welling. She opened her bloodless lips, now paling in

death, and gasped forth the words: "She-Sybil-your wife. I told you she would do it, and she has done it. Sybil Berners has murdered me," she whispered. Then spoke: raising herself with a last dying effort, she cried aloud, "Hear all! Sybil Berners has murdered me." And with this charge upon her lips, she fell back DEAD.

Even in that supreme moment Lyon Berners' first thought, almost his only thought, was for He looked up to see who was there -who had heard this awful, this fatal charge.

All were there! guests and servants, men and women, drawn there by the dreadful shricks. All had heard the horrible accusation. And all stood panic-stricken, as they shrank

away from one who stood in their midst. It was she, Sybil, the accused, whose very aspect accused her more loudly than the dying woman had done; for she stood there, still in her fiery masquerade dress, her face pallid, her strenming, her crimsoned hand raised and grasping a blood-stained dagger.

O, wretched woman! most wretched woman! What is that which you have done?" groaned Lyon Berners in unut:erable agony - agony not for the dead beauty before him, but for the living wife, whom he felt that he had driven to this deed of desperation.

" Lyon Berners, do You believe me guilty?" He looked up and their eyes met. If he had

really believed her guilty, he did not now. He answered briefly and firmly: " No, Sybil! Heaven knows that I do not;

Beatrix Pendleton, and was thus enabled to but explain this horrible business—if you can! "The explanation is this," she said, emphatically. And then her voice arose clear, firm, and distinct, as she continued:

"I was in my chamber, which is immediately above that occupied by Mrs. Blondelle. My chamber is approached by two ways, fir t by the front passage and stairs, and secondly\_by a narrow staircase running up from Mrs. Blondelle's room. I do not know how long I had sat there, when I heard a piercing shriek from some one in the room below. Instinctively I rushed down the communicating stairs and into that she had fainted from some fright until, "Never !-no one, not even my wife, shall almost at the same instant, I saw this dagger here Sybil stooped and picked up the dagger Sybil glided away. She could bear no that she had dropped a few minutes before-" driven to its baft in her chest. I drew it out Supper time drawing near, when all the Instantly the blood from the open wound spirtwith the last effort of her life, for which terror As each couple marched into the supper lent her strength, she started up and fled dagger that I had drawn from her bosom.

Her story had evidently made a very great impression upon the company present. But

Lyon Berners suddenly exclaimed: Good Heavens! that lady's mistaken charge has put us all off the scent, and allowed the murderer to escape. But it may not yet be too late! Some clue may be left in her room by which we may trace the criminal! Come neighbors, and let us search the premises."

And Lyon Berners, leaving the shuddering women of the party in the room with Sybil and the dead, and followed by all the men, went to search the house and grounds for traces of the

But the search proved fruitless. No trace of an intruder could be found, nor was there any evidence of robbery. Furthermore, all the windows were fastened on the inside. There had been no way of entering the murdered woman's room except by the stairway leading from Sybil's chamber.

Captain Pendleton, an old lover of Sybil's, and a brother of Beatrix, saw that there was no safety except in instant flight. He whispered Lyon to take Sybil to her room, and then to meet him on the back piazza. This was done, and then the captain unfolded his already matured plans. Lyon adopted them at once : and under the skillful management of Captain Pendleton and Beatrix, they got out of the house unseen, and were soon on their way towards a place of concealment, known as the Haunted Chapel, where new and unexpected horrors awaited them.

CHAPTER III.

THE HAUNTED CHAPEL. The Haunted Chapel, to which Mr. and Mrs Berners were going, was in a dark and gloomy gorge on the other side of the mou..tain.

They arrived safely at the old ruin, where in the course of the day they were joined by Mrs. Berners' faithful servant Joe, whose affection for his mistress had led him to play the spy, and find out where she was going, and secretly follow her with provisions and means for making her somewhat comfortable.

The fugitives felt so depressed that even the cheerful supper supplied by Joe could not relieve them of the overshadowing gloom which had settled on their hearts. A strange drowsiness oppressed them, and they sank into a deep sleep, as though they had been drugged with the gipsy girl glided away through the laby some powerful narcotic. Mr. Berners was rinth of caves and was lost to sight and hear aroused before daylight by Joe, who instantly drew him outside the chapel in alarm.

denly and fearfully aroused.

She felt bands at work about her person. through which the moonlight entered. they were creeping under her shoulders and under her timbs; they were lifting her from tiliska. der mattress. Her eyes flared open in wild Sybil affright, and she saw two black shrouded forms, the one at her head the other at her feet.

She tried to cry out in her agony of terror; but her voice died away in her bosom, and all her powers seemed palsied. They raised her up and bore her on-great heaven I whither?

through the dismal arches. "We have her now!" muttered a hoarse

roice. A hollow laugh responded. And Sybil swooned with horror!

When Sybil recovered from her death-like her astonishment and admiration, and then her which is for sale at all the bookstores and news eyes settled upon a figure who seemed the sole occupant of the place.

This was a young girl, who, with her red cloak thrown mat like on the moss, was seated upon it cross-legged in the Turkish fashion. Her elfin face, her malign eyes, her wild black hair and picturesque costume, were all so in keeping with the aspect of the place, that one might have deemed her the spirit of the cavern. The two women looked at each other in silence for perhaps half a minute; and then Sybil

"What place is this? Who are you? Why am I brought hither?"

"One question at a time," answered the girl, What place this is concerns you little; I am a Gipsy and my name is Gentliliska; Why you are brought here,' ah! that concerns you very much! It concerns your liberty, and perhaps your life."

"I do not believe it! You have had me torn away from my husband! Where is he now?" haughtily demanded Mrs. Berners.

"He is likely in the hands of the constables, who are by this time in possession of the Haunted Chapel. But fear nothing! Inm they will release again, for they have no right to detain him; but you they would have kept, if they had caught you. The constables were coming eyes blazing, her wild black hair loose and there for us, but they would have found you if we had not brought you away with us. That was my doing. I made your removal the condition of my silence."

"But when will you communicate with my husband to relieve his dreadful suspense?" "As soon as it shall be safe to do so. Our

first care must be our own safety, but our secone will be yours." Sybil said no more at this moment; but sat looking at the speaker, and thinking of all that had befallen her in the Haunted Chapel.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RODBER CHIEF CAIN. He was the mildest mannered man That ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat.

Sybil had passed the day in the robbers' den with her strange companion, who astonished her by stating that the captain of the band had been at her masquerade. Late in the afternoon, dinner was announced at. which several of the robbers appeared, with Moloch, a gigantie ruffian at their head. Moloch was the lieutenant of the band, and in the absence of the captain ruled with brutal sway. Becoming inflamed with wine, he took a seat by the side of Sybil and attempted to imprint a kiss upon her lips.

Sybil struggled in terror and the gipsy gir cried out :

" Men! why don't you interfere? He is rude to the lady!" "We never meddle between other men and

their sweethearts. Do we mates?" call d out "No, no, no!" answered the others. 6 Oh, if Satan were here!" cried the girl, in

"SATAN IS HERE!" responded a voice close And the robber captain stood among them as if he had risen from the earth.

Moloch dropped Sybil, and cowered in the most abject manner. Sybil looked up, and turned cold from head to foot; for in the handsome, stately, graceful form of the brigand chief she recognized the finished gentleman who, in the character of " Death," had danced with her at her own mask

hall, and-the probable murderer of Rosa Blondelle. While the walls of the cavern seemed whirling around Sybil, the robber captain calmly came up to her, lifted his hat and said:

" Spirit of Fire, I am happy to welcome you to your own appropriate dwelling place; " and then, without expecting an answer, he turned to Moloch, and said in his smoothest tones: "Be so good as to give me this seat sir."

But Sybil saw that the giant turned pale and trembled like the fabled mountain in labor, as he left the seat by her side, and slunk into another at some distance. The wine passed freely at the robbers' table

and the men grew merrier, willer, more uprearious. Sybil became very much alarmed : and not so much by the noisy orgies of these rude revellers, as by the dreadful gaze of Mo-loch fixed upon her from the opposite end of the table where he sat, and the offensive language of Satan's eyes whenever they turned towards her.

At length, unable to bear the trial longer. she arose from her seat and courtesying to these brigands as she would have done to any set of gentlemen of whom she was taking leave, Sybil left the cavern, followed by Gentiliska,

the gipsy girl. "I must take you to another grotto. You cannot occupy mine tonight," said the girl, with

evident reluctance. "But, oh! why, why may I not stay with you? I am afraid to sleep alone in this terrible place!" pleaded Sybil.

"I have a reason, but I cannot tell it to you now. Yes I will, too! I will tell you at all risks! Then it is this: My chamber is not safe for you! I myselt am not strong enough to protect you! You might be carried off torcibly from my side! I must hide you where no devi may find you to-night!" whispered the girl. "Oh, do not leave me here alone!" pleaded

fear death; but oh! I fear these men! Do not "I must, for your own safety. They must not miss me or suspicions will be aroused." Then pointing to a bed of moss, and recom-

mending her guest to lie down and seek repose; Sybil's first impulse was to start up and run

Sybil, left alone in the Haunted Chapel, con-tinued to sleep soundly. How long she had slept she never could tell, when she was sud-There was but a faint sparkling of light in the cave, coming from a crevice in the roof

"Seek repose," had been the advice of Gen-

Sybil dared not seek it if she could, and could not have found it if she had. Hour after hour passed in trance-like stillness and silence, when at length she fancied she heard a creeping stealthy step approaching. Nearly frozen the Foundry, near the Maine Central Railroad stawith terror, she listened and watched more tion in Waterville, the celebrated intently than ever. Alone, helpless, in darkness

The iron door clanged loudly to, resounding one moment, and then the huge form of Moloch stood within the cavern and nearly filled it up. Paralyzed with horror, Sybil could neither move nor cry out-not even when the monster approached her, and put his profane hand upon her face. The above is all of this story that swoon, she found herself in a spacious cavern will be published in our columns. The conof such exceeding beauty and splendor, that tinuation of it from where it leaves off here for an instant she lost sight of her terrors in can be found only in the New York Ledger, depots. Ask for the number dated June 26, and in it you will find the continuation of this beautiful tale. The Ledger has the best stories of any paper in the world; and Henry Ward

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