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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 23, No. 09): August 27, 1869

Maxham & Wing

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GROWING OLD.

One by one they are passing away— The old of our town— their final rest. With reverence fashion the pillow of rest. And pile up the clay on the quiet breast. That pillow is soft to the time-worn head. That pile is light to the aged dead.

SARAH'S HONEY-BEES.

Belle Bisley had been gone from the city a week when I had my disappointment about Cape May. There was quite a party of us who were going, but it was all broken up, because our chaperons failed us; and now with midsummer close at hand, the city was growing intolerable, and my trunk packed for a start, I left absolutely aimless, nowhere to go. So I wrote to Belle, and in two days had her answer.

Waterville Mail.

"How did you get acquainted with Mr. Brooks, Belle?" I asked, as I fastened a pink bud in her light puffs. "Why, you know, I wrote you there was nobody here to speak to," she answered, gaily, "and I felt like wasted sweetness and so loneliness. And wasn't it queer, he came to call on Aunt Em the very day after I sent my letter. I suppose he heard somehow of my being here. He was away on business all the week before, so he couldn't come sooner, he said. And now he has been here four times, and I think he's splendid. He isn't very easy to flirt with, he's so honest, I suppose; but I mean to have him dead in love with me before I go home."

soon glad to lay down my book, for it was better to be quiet there and receive rest into my soul. I heard the bees humming and buzzing among the flowers, and I wondered if Sarah was watching them. "I believe I will go down and study into the nature of gray," I thought, suddenly and on the impulse I went. "You'll find her right out by the back-door, under the apple-tree," said Aunt Em, when I inquired after Sarah. So I went out exploring. I can fairly see it now, that fine old yard with its row of fruit trees and the little garden in the corner. Under the trees stood the hives, ten in a row, with the bees coming and going full of business and excitement. And near by sat Sarah with her work in her hand, in her quiet, contented way, seeming a natural part of the sunny morning, the bees' humming, and the sweet air.

ing with her whip; "oh, oh! I am stung! oh, they are killing me!" "Sarah, Sarah!" screamed Aunt Em. From the window; "don't you stir hand nor foot; they're settling on your arm! Belle, run in here as fast as you can, and I'll put some saleratus water on those stings." Poor Belle had been stung twice on her lip. She was crying, and did not know which way to turn, till Mr. Brooks led her into the house. I was trembling all over, for the bees were on every side of me flying toward Sarah, and there was already quite a large black bunch of them clinging to her sleeve, as her arm rested on the apple-bough. "I'm sorry," she said, softly, "but you had better not stir away yet, or it may disturb them, and you will get stung. But as long as you keep perfectly still they won't harm you."

cluded to drive them out himself. The owner then, on seeing his cattle heading for the pound, came out and remonstrated in high terms, severely censuring the religion of a man who would drive cattle through the streets on Sunday. STORMS IN THE SUN.—We now know that our own sun (resembling in this probably most other solar bodies of the same kind) is in so highly fluid and excitable a condition as to be constantly sending out from its surface forked tongues (thousands of miles in extent) or inflamed hydrogen gas, like the flickering streams of light from the stars of a street illumination; and, moreover, as to be subject to great periodic disturbances, now called "magnetic storms," which are in all probability caused by certain combinations in the movements of those little solid bodies, on one of which we live, round the sun. Even now one such epoch of magnetic storm seems to be about pretty near at hand. The sun has been lately exhibiting the most surprising forms of disturbance, and presenting to scientific eyes less "fixity" of essence than ever. Spots so vast that we must estimate their dimensions by millions of square miles, have broken out from time to time, and have presented rapid changes of figure, indicating the action of forces of inconceivable intensity. Clusters of small spots, extending over vast areas, have exhibited every form of disturbance known to the solar physicist, and every degree of light, from the apparent blackness (in reality only relative) of the nuclei, to the intense brilliancy of the facular ridges. And we now know that these appearances are not merely matters for the curious, with which, as they happen at a distance of above ninety millions of miles, practical men need not concern themselves. This much, at least, is certain, that the vast changes now going on in the physical constitution of the sun are changes which do most powerfully affect the electric condition of our earth, which have in former years caused the most violent disturbances in the various artificial as well as natural electric apparatus of the world we live in, and which, to speak of the least of all its possible effects, might, just as well as not, happen some day to throw the electric condition of every telegraphic cable on our planet, under the sea or above it, in dire confusion, and send down telegraphic companies' shares to zero in a lump, even if they did not contrive to telegraph to us, after some strange inarticulate fashion that shares in all public companies, even in that very limited public company, the human race, were, in a physical point of view, of very doubtful value indeed. Let us explain briefly to what we allude.

every eleven years certain magnetic conditions recur which have not occurred in the interval. If so, perhaps, the magnetic excitement of 1859 will recur, and it may be in much greater force next year—in 1870. And if it does, how are we to say what may or may not recur with it? [Scientific American.]

SOMETHING FOR COLLEGE BOYS.—When the Rev. Dr. Timothy Dwight, one of the Presidents of Yale College, was keeping school in Fairfield County, Ct., his scholars, in frolicking mood one night went about the village taking gates off the hinges, pulling down bars, overturning carts, wagons, hen-coops and well-curbs. The next day they were requested to remain after school, and expected chastisement. Dr. Dwight merely gave them a kind and solemn lecture. "Was there any fun in tormenting people and in destroying their property? Did they think what they had done was any credit to them? Was it the result of their education, or of the development of any of their higher powers?" As he was speaking an old negro, lazy and illiterate, passed along. "There," said Dr. Dwight, pointing out of the window, "there goes Old Pomp. You all seem to have a great contempt for him; but Old Pomp could have done everything which you did last night. I beseech you, boys, when you do anything that will call public attention to yourselves again, that you will try to something that Old Pomp could not do."—GEORGE WAREMAN, in Packard's Monthly, for September.

The story of Miss Anthony's exclusion from the Philadelphia labor congress is thus detailed:— Having once been ruled out and then readmitted, it was supposed that her case was settled. But the New York Typographical Union sent a despatch to its delegates saying that if she were allowed to act as a member of the congress it was the desire of the union that its delegates withdraw, regarding her participation in the meeting as an insult to itself. The despatch closed with the sharp remark, "We are opposed to all humbugs." Mr. Walsh, to whom the despatch was addressed, then asked permission to withdraw. This gave rise to a heated debate, which was cut short by the arrival of the dinner hour. At the afternoon session the subject was resumed. Mr. Walsh said that the objection to Miss Anthony was that she did not represent a labor organization, but a society "whose policy was to degrade man to the level of the woman, but her record did not even support the assumption that she favored the payment to women of the same wages that are paid to men." This brought out from Miss Anthony a blast of real manly indignation. She told the congress of the irrepressible conflict between man workers and woman workers, and said it would continue until woman had equal civil and political rights. [Hisses and applause.] She pointed to the colored men whose possession of the ballot had secured their admission to this congress, and said that because woman has not that privilege she is to be snubbed. Mr. Walsh's request to be allowed to withdraw was then refused by a large majority. Without further debate the case of Miss Anthony was once more taken up, and she was denied the right of a member; but it seems that the congress afterwards compromised the matter by allowing her the right to speak, but denying her the right to vote.

ABOUT CARPETS.—One great evil of custom is the prevailing conviction that a carpet is needed in every room in the house. In the dining room a carpet is a needless extravagance, because it is not a room in which the family sits for hours together; There is always more or less dropping of crumbs, and if children are at the table, overturning of dishes and drinks. Certainly a carpet in a dining room cannot be a tidy affair. A clean floor isn't harmed at all by dining table accidents; and it sweeps more easily than a carpet; when it becomes soiled one knows it—which is a truth that can't be affirmed of a carpet into which there is usually more or less dirt sifted, with a small plantation covering the floor underneath.

In this cold climate carpets cannot be easily dispensed with; but it is useless to put carpets on rooms not used as sitting rooms or sleeping rooms, and indeed it is far more healthier to sleep in a room that is without a carpet, which certainly should be done during the warm season. With children in the house it is best not perhaps, best to have a sitting room uncarpeted in winter, and yet children that never saw a carpet are usually healthier if well fed and exercised. No nation uses carpets so generally as do Americans. Rugs are deemed sufficient in other countries, where there is nothing less than every strand of rug carpeted is considered respectable. [Lewiston Journal.]

The final report of Walter Wells, esq., the superintendent of the State water survey, is now passing through the press. The development of this year's work are of peculiar interest as exhibiting resources hitherto unknown. Thousands of square miles of the interior, previously supposed valuable for nothing else than their forests, will be shown by the forthcoming report to be a manufacturing country of the highest capability.

CAMPAGNING IN TEXAS.—The El Paso stage was flinging the mud on its up trip, several hours behind time, delayed by the heavy rains. I was on the box with Charlie the driver, who was urging the mules to their utmost, that we might reach and cross the Gaudaloupe before dark, for we knew it was rising and would be "hy" in the morning.

Just at dark we reached Coffe's Ranch, on its bank, and were greeted with the pleasant information that the river was "booming, ten feet past the fording." So there was nothing to do but put the mail and baggage in the house, build a pen around the stage to keep the cattle and goats from it, and resign ourselves to the decrees of fate with as much patience as possible.

The "old woman" flaxed round to get supper while I engaged the head of the family in conversation with a view to the pursuit of knowledge.

"How many cattle have you, Mr. Coffe?" "Wal, I don't know, there's five or six hundred cows coming up every night. I allow there must be three or four thousand head in the brush."

"You must make a great deal of butter from so many cows?" "No we generally give our butter from the Dutch settlements (Comfort) over here, but we're out now."

"Why don't you make butter for the market? You might turn off a thousand pounds a month, if you tried; it's worth fifty cents in San Antonio (forty-five miles distant)."

"It's too much trouble, stranger. You see there's no one but me and the boys, (three or four men grown, loafing about) and somehow we never knew about it."

"Got many horses?" "Had a right smart along back, but the Injuns have been gittin' 'em and don't reckon we've more'n a hundred left."

"How much corn and garden stuff have you this year?"

"Don't raise no crops. The hogs allers gets in and taint no use; too much trouble."

"How many hogs have you?"

"Dn't know. I go out in the brush and blow (a bugle) for 'em and there's so darned many comes 'taint no use to try and count 'em."

The old woman put in and says "supper's ready; set by, stranger," and Charlie draws up a nail keg, while I find a seat on a section saw off a log.

The table is without a cloth, and is decidedly short of civilized feeding tools, and the fare consists of goat meat fried in fat, corn bread and river water. I was not very hungry.

The lady of the house (near by, for the table was spread out of doors under a tree and lighted by a rag in a tin cup of grease,) made the customary excuses for the poorness of the fare that you may hear at almost any table, however beautifully supplied, anywhere in the Union from the St. John's to Rio Grande, not even skipping the servant question, for "since her dignities left she'd had to put up with common dogs, for she was no great of a cook no way."

Supper out of the way she told one of her "boys" to "drive out that old sow and pigs from under the bed, for she 'lowed the strangers was tired." The boy did as he was bidden, but remarked "twant no use, fur it, was gwine to rain, and she (the sow) would be right peart to git in agin."

Charlie and I went to bed and the fleas began operations. We rolled, fought fleas and tried to sleep but it was no use, a hundred fresh and hungry ones came to the funeral of every one killed; at last we were forced to get up and strike a light, when we saw that our hives were covered so thick as to be actually black; we started for the stage, taking our clothes with us.

Inside the stage, I put my ordinary under and over clothing upon the top of the coach, and then wrapped up in my great coat; in fifteen minutes that was full of fleas, and I threw it out and put on my other clothes. "Texas fleas are good travelers, and a very few minutes was time enough for the last one to find the way from the inside of my great coat to the inside of my shirt, then another change, Charlie meanwhile fighting the other wing and swearing. We were never allowed to close our eyes the whole night—must have changed our clothes thirty times apiece.

We asked Coffee whether the fleas were always troublesome; he said "no, they've most all gone now, but long back there was a right smart of 'em here."

More goat meat and corn bread for breakfast, at the reasonable price of two bits a meal, and the river having fallen during night, we hitched up our mules and "got."

W. P. A. ANNUAL FESTIVAL.

HEAD QUARTERS W. P. A. NORTH POND HOUSE, Wednesday, Aug. 18, '69

Pursuant to a journalment, and agreeably to an order of call in last Mail, this ancient and honorable Association—etc, the most respectable members—gathered at the place named above for a social reunion to the number of 75, more or less.

Notwithstanding the strict requirements of the constitution members came straggling along from 8 o'clock to 12 m.—every man on his own hook. We trust the lady initiated who worried themselves in a late hour will henceforth bear in mind the solemn charge of Deacon Hatch relative to tardiness, and govern themselves accordingly.

The wind, weather and tide were just such as we would have prayed for, and our pleasure was marred only while regretting the absence from the association of some of its most genial and hearty members. We have not forgotten what a large place our friend, brother L. now in Philadelphia was in the habit of filling—with chowder—not that we love him less, but chowder more.

A goodly number of chowder-heads embarked for the shoals at 9 a. m. with a fine breeze. Soon all conversation of a literary character ceased, and only now and then would be heard an exclamation like "Thunder!" "Godfrey, aint that a beauty?" "By Jonas, aint this glorious!"

Our worthy Chaplain although a new member, acquitted himself with the highest honor by catching the first fish, which made his honest and broad Scotch face glow with sunshine—illuminating the whole boat.

Our young member from W. W. was continually hatching up something for a laugh. He is easily recognized in Carleton's "Historical Picture" by his old hat, and mouth like a horned-pout.

At 2 o'clock and ten minutes Professor Young served up one of his best chowders. Here let us draw a veil, and hide from the outside world the weakness of human nature, and with brotherly charity forget the "ungodly sharkiness" of that member perched on the end of a slab at the N. E. corner of the table. Inventory of contents of his stomach at 20 min. past 2. 3 bowls chowder, 4 pickles, 1-2 custard pie, some more chowder, 2 cups coffee, 1-4 apple pie, 7 doughnuts, little more chowder, 9 tarts, 2 chicken legs and an apple! He was heard calling for more chowder, as the president called the association to order. Not another Gil—man.

Bro. Maxham being called upon, read the following letters of regret &c.

(FROM GOV. CHAMBERLAIN) Gentlemen of the W. P. Association— I thank you for your kind though late of me, in your invitation to attend your anniversary at "North Pond House"—to-morrow. I must content myself with a hasty acknowledgement of your courtesy, as I leave the State again to-morrow. I should greatly enjoy the occasion, and wish you every good thing in connection with it.

Most truly, &c. J. L. CHAMBERLAIN.

(FROM HON. J. H. DRUMMOND) My Dear Sir: Your kind reminder of the annual gathering of the "Perch Association" was duly received. I had hoped to be with you and participate, but find myself obliged to be content "to drop you a line" of another sort.

I regard the honor of having assisted in founding the institution whose anniversary you are to celebrate, as one of the greatest I ever shared in—in this, that the institution is one for the elevation of the race. It is true, that its operations illustrate the "ups and downs" of the world, inasmuch as you elevate the fish for the express purpose of "putting him down." But while you elevate yourselves at the same time, you find no necessity of putting "bricks in your hats" to prevent an undue elevation, as is sometimes attempted; though I have always observed that the more bricks one puts in his hat, the more he is elevated.

I always refer to my experience with your association to refute the oft-repeated assertion, that one cannot have a high time on cold water, and to prove that we can have a "high time" without ever "getting high." You illustrate another seeming paradox that one may sometimes "get into a seal-y set" without getting into bad company!

Make my regards to the head of fish-land; (I don't mean to imply that he is a chowder-head) and to all the fins (I suppose your association has no members,) and give them my best wishes that they may have a plenty of "bites" of the right sort; may "hook" with no fear of the sheriff to a-bare their enjoyment; may build a chowder that knows no scorching; may eat till they are "too full for utterance," and on their return home find not a single "pout!"

In memory of the absent, you will, I trust, "drop" a tear or two—when you peel the onions.

Yours wish-fully if not fish-fully, JOSIAH H. DRUMMOND.

(FROM GEN. BUTLER) Gentlemen— Happy to hear your hooks are baited for perch. Excuse me, mine are baited for eels. Respyly, B. F. BUTLER.

(FROM GOV. SEYMOUR) Gentlemen— My tender conscience tells me to be thankful for the smallest nibble from any New England puddle, of which your "North Pond" is doubtless the one in which the "distressed shipping interests" of your languishing State have cast anchor. But I am getting weary of this everlasting fishing and catching nothing. I have not baited a hook or drawn a line since that cussid blubberhead Frank Blair broke my pole last year. I am taking a "diet of worms" from my catholic city, which I trust will give me an appetite for the great chowder party of '72, when I may hope to get a bite in the Dirigo State. Pass my regards to my brother governor of a noble State, (to be) Gen. Smith, and assure him that though unable to be present with him, I can yet fancy that his Excellency and mine are skewering worms on the same hook. Yours truly, H. SEYMOUR.

P. S.—What do you think of my prospect of shaking hands with Andy, as one of Grant's constitutional advisers? (FROM F. P. BLAIR)

To the W. P. A. Gentlemen—Unless Grant will give me a military escort over the territory of my brother Seymour, I fear I shall be compelled to decline your kind invitation. I was such a heavy sinker to him last year that he marked me for a "dead bit." Besides, I have never caught anything worth hauling in since I swapped my northern line for that old cotton one of Mason & Dixon. I might possibly venture to perch with you this once in North Pond if I had not

already perched so long "between hawk and buzzard." No, gentlemen, you had better "fry your own fish"—mine are fried.

Yours, &c. F. P. BLAIR. P. S.—What sort of a hook, think you, is that Highborn going to hitch into Camberlain's gills?—will he get him "top o' water?"

(FROM MORRILL, OF HOME JOUR.) Gentlemen— The "World Renowned" W. P. A. So! you suppose I have no feelings, and go and call your chowder party on my publication day, when I can't go!

"And troy I fall, as the damn'd haply fall Of the fair heaven they once had in their eye!" O, Maximus! I might have gone if it hadn't been for you. May all the "Revs." of your association raise their orisons for my composure, and all the lawyers and other scoundrels swear at you. Savagely yours, H. K. M.

(FROM GEN. GRANT) Gentlemen— I have done fishing. Left my lines at Richmond, when we "wound up the bobbin" of the Confederacy. Briefly yours, GRANT.

(FROM A. JOHNSON) Gentlemen— Your invitation sounds well enough, but if you ever blistered your fingers on a hot goose, you will know how to excuse my absence. I don't know much about that particular pond, but my experience in fishing in all other northern waters counts me but a lean string of suckers, gudgeons and land-sharks; and if I should ever swing round another circle, I shall probably make it too small to take in North Pond. With my regards to my numerous friends in Maine, I remain, &c. A. JOHNSON.

(FROM MRS. PARTINGTON) [This good old lady has blundered not only in our name but also our letter, which suggested that she should steal time to lend us her august presence among the funny tribes, the scaly perch in particular, &c.] To the Waterwheel Punch Association— I don't know nothing about hookin fish, nor stealin time, as you talk on—and as for your finnan tries and scaly punch, they are about 1 kee to me. As for your good time, you best bring your own wives for you invite a woman of my respective age. If you spect any August presents of mo maybe you'll find yerselvs waitin till inter September, or arterwards. Take my advis and go him and improve your Morils for you spees to git me inter such campny.

Yours respectully, Mrs. PARTINGTON. P. S.—Maybe Ike'll go—you remember he steals shogers.

Prof. Mathews, of Chicago University, who won the first LL. D. from the juvenile Colby by his faithful attendance upon our festivities, was called by the company for "the speech of the occasion."

After observing that from his antecedents his hearers would of course expect a very grave speech, and that he would not disappoint them—that he had observed that it was the heavy, ponderous men, who never joked, that gained a reputation for solidity and profound wisdom, and were most successful in life—that, by a strange paradox, such men had risen by their gravity, while he had fallen by his levity—and that he felt quite unequal to the present August and August occasion, inasmuch as he never could make a good impromptu speech without at least three weeks notice—he then paid the following tribute to his native state:

Mr. President, I need not whether it is because, Anteus-like, I need to touch my native soil to gain a fresh accession of energy and vigor, or whether it is because of the stimulating effects of your mountain air, but I never elsewhere feel so buoyant, fresh, and elastic in spirit as when I stand on the soil of Maine. I confess I do love and am proud of the old Dirigo state—of Maine, the state that, lying like a wedge between Canada on the one hand and New Brunswick on the other, renders *The Dominion* an empty name; the state which was colonized before Plymouth rock, the American blarney-stone, was discovered; the state to whose war-vessel hastily extemporized in 1776 at Machias, the British flag was first struck on the ocean; the state which boasts in statesmanship of a Rufus King and a Fessenden—in oratory, of a Sargent S. Prentiss—in literature, of a Longfellow and a Willis, a Neal and a Hillard—in sculpture, of a Brackett, an Akers, and a Jackson—in military science and prowess, of a Howard and a Chamberlain; the one the Havelock, the other the Bayard, the *chevalier sans peur* at *sans reproche*, of the American army; of being a native of such a state I own I am proud. I love her rock-bound coast, her craggy hills, her dark blue lakes and mighty rivers; and had I the genius of a Burns or a Whittier, I would strike my harp and sing the praises of

"My own green land forever,"

Mr. President, I yield to none in admiration of the West, its vast prairies, its broad lakes, and mighty rivers, and especially of my adopted State, Illinois; but while I am proud of all these, I confess I do not love them as I do the miniature scenery, the picturesque beauties of Maine. An English writer in accounting for the fact that America has produced no great lyric poets, no song-writers like Burns, assigns as a reason that the geography of the country is strikingly unfavorable to indigenous song. Nature has created the land in one of her most liberal and magnificent moods, and formed its features on a scale too vast to be grasped in this kind of writing. The ocean-lakes, the mighty rivers, the interminable forests, the boundless prairies, are all epic rather than lyrical. How would it sound either for rhyme or reason.

"On the shores of the Mississippi, When the sweet spring-time did fall?" The idea suggested is too vast; there is no snug endearing locality about such scenes; and as for the spring-time, it never falls on the banks of rivers whose waters rise far toward the region of eternal winter, and roll on through every variety of climate to those of everlasting summer. For the same reason I rather admire than love our Western scenery. I respect it, as I should a giantess weighing 450 lbs. avoidpoids; but while she excites your awe, it is the little witch of a girl, with a voice, not like the scream of a locomotive, but that softer music speaks

Than summer winds a-wooing flowers, That steals into your heart, and ravishes your affections.

After some farther remarks on the contrasts between Western scenery and that of Maine with its "snug nesting-places, where one could lie down, as he had done during the last fortnight, and forget the carking cares of life in listening to the chirping of birds, the bubbling of brooks, and the rustling of leaves"—and af-

ter a brief digression on Western oratory— Prof. M. proceeded as follows:

Mr. President, I hope that these delightful festivals of the White Perch association will long continue. We Americans sadly need recreation. Divided between politics and money-making, on the one hand, and religion without much of the beauty of holiness on the other, we have as a people lost the art of free, spontaneous, happy life. We are a care-worn, anxious people, ridden by the day-mare and night-mare of business, business, still business; and the word "recreation" is almost blotted from our vocabulary, as is all joy from the expression of our faces, and all sunshine from our hearts. It is even hard for an American to laugh. Not that we do not sometimes "grin a ghastly smile," and give our cheeks a holiday; but our merriment seems forced and unnatural to us—sitting on our faces like sunlight on an iceberg, and having as little resemblance to that free and easy, gushing, obstreperous, rib-tickling merriment, which the poets have painted as "laughter holding both his sides," as the Dead March in Saul to a waltz or polka.

The truth is, we are too "fast" a people to be happy. Hurry is death to enjoyment. A people perpetually crowding on steam, and going ahead at a 2400 speed, pitching tar and rosin into the boilers, and sitting on the safety valve, that they may aggravate their velocity, can know but little of the true pleasures of life, which are of a calm and quiet nature. There may be and doubtless is a kind of furious and savage delight in the everlasting railroad rush of your man of enormous energy. He escapes, at least, the misery of ennui; the clock of time never with him "clicks lazily behind the door;" his hours hang not heavily on his hands. But then the fever of excitement in which he lives is as different from true enjoyment as forked lightning from the calm and mellow evening sunshine. Leisure is a condition of the highest happiness; and when is your American at leisure?—Never till he is struck with paralysis or overtaken by old age; and then he is incapacitated for enjoyment. Rest? The word is not in his dictionary. He takes about as much rest as Ixion on his wheel or Sisyphus at his task—less even, than a locomotive. It is said of the great wit and satirist, Dean Swift, that walking with a friend one day, and pointing to a tree whose top had been blasted by lightning, he mournfully said, "I am like that tree; I shall die first a-top,"—a prediction which was soon fulfilled. For nine dreary years, he was dying of brain disease. How many of our leading men—our great divines, lawyers, doctors, and merchants—are "dying a-top!" It is fearful to think of the extent to which brain diseases are prevailing in this country. Let us, then, cherish these festivals, where, turning aside from the dusty highways, the mania-mazed turpikes of life, we may stroll along its green lanes and by-paths—where the preacher forgetting his sermon, and the lawyer his brief, the merchant dropping his yardstick, and the tailor his shears, they may forget their differences in politics and religion, care no more for the price of gold and stocks, give their brains a holiday, and enjoy a foretaste of that blessed rest which we hope to enjoy in the world where it will be our crowning joy to know that we have been successful "fishers of men."

The learned Professor's eloquent compliments to his native State elicited loud applause, and were at once paid for by this resolution— Resolved, That Chicago is bigger than New York.

Rev. Dr. Sheldon, in response to a call, said he felt and valued the inspiration of the occasion—a privilege he had enjoyed in years past and hoped to enjoy in years to come. He was convinced that men of mature years, like most of those present, needed more play-days than were offered them in New England customs, and that this festival afforded one of the many indications everywhere seen that a wholesome reform was in progress. He thanked the association for the privilege of sharing from year to year its mental and physical recreations,—confident, he said, that they were eminently profitable to all concerned.

The introduction of a resolution by Prof. Mathews, of Chicago, declaring the eligibility of women for membership "put every member on his point." Up to this time "our lines had been cast in pleasant places," and with the exception of a few "suckers," all were opposed to this serious innovation. John U. said "this was a *gardner*" institution, and the old landmarks should not be removed. Prof. M. thought it might have been originally a "gardner" institution, but he caught a *duck* immediately on his arrival. Bro. H. had discussed this question for the past 20 years. He called for a Drummond light, which was immediately thrown upon the resolution, revealing all its hideousness, which caused the scales to drop from every eye. The question being called, a vote was given unanimously in favor of allowing the ladies to remain at home.

Dr. Torsey, of Kent's Hill, through G. W. Gilman, thanked the Association for their kind invitation, and regretted his detention at home by school duties; but he knew he would write to be here, as he could catch more white perch than any three members. Dr. T. was immediately elected an honorary member.

The committee on nomination, reported officers for the ensuing year as follows— President—GEN. FRANKLIN SMITH. V. Presidents—W. B. MACARTNEY, G. B. BROAD. Secretary—A. R. SMALL. Orator—L. D. EMERSON. Poet—E. MAXHAM.

Com. of Arrangements—W. H. Hatch, D. R. Wing, J. U. Hubbard, J. M. Crooker, S. Keith.

The installation of officers and initiation of new members is *secret*. We give however the charge of Deacon Hatch, verbatim.

"Brothers—You now stand as useful as well as ornamental members of this honorable and highly respectable body, and it is expected of you, that somehow or someway all the 'essentials' for our next annual gathering will be forthcoming. Your duties toward mankind are increased two fold—toward this association *ten fold*. The 'laboring oar' falls gently but becomingly upon your shoulders. You are expected to eat at the second table, bring the wood and water, clean the fish, peel the onions, and do the dirty work generally without any squirming or pouting. To turnish hooks, lines, bobs and sinkers—more especially the worms. To be thankful for the respectable society into which you have this day been graciously received. Have ample charity for those outside, as you are but 'spawn' compared with the charter members of this Association, all of whom you are to hold in the most profound respect from 2 until 3 o'clock. We pronounce you

duly initiated members of this piscatorial fraternity. Pay your bills (including ours) and go home."

Mr. Young of the North Pond House, gave the best satisfaction, both in the quality and manner of the dinner. His boats are spacious, safe, and well kept and handled. We commend him to the good opinion of all qualities and degrees of fishing parties.

A. R. SMALL, Sec. O U R T A B L E.

THE ECLECTIC for September has a fine portrait of Henry J. Raymond, with the following table of contents:— The Language of Light; Poaching on Mont Blanc a Dozen Years Ago; *Alors*, de Pompadour; The Ever-widening World of Stars; Social Superstitions; Marie de Medicis; A New Theory of the Universe; Le Chateau de Vimeur; The Topography of Jerusalem; The Human Intellect; He Knew His Was Right; Young Husbands and Wives; An Optical Delusion; Fine Feelings; Epitaphs; The Saturday Review on Matrimony; The Leaning Tower of Pisa; Henry J. Raymond; Poetry; Literary Notices; Science; Art; Varieties.

Published by E. R. Pelton, New York, at \$5 a year.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—Of the September number of this excellent monthly, an unusually good one, we borrow the following notice:— Its first article, by Mr. T. R. Davis, is called "Photographs from High Rockies," and gives thirteen illustrations of Rocky Mountain scenery. Brazilian life and scenery is illustrated with pen and pencil by Mr. Thomas C. Evans. Four exceedingly humorous pictures accompany Colonel Randolph B. Marcy's "Border Reminiscences." Mr. Austin Abbott contributes "The Eye and the Camera," which is also an illustrated article. Mr. Moacira D. Conway gives the reader some delightful outline sketches of English literary celebrities of the early part of this century, gathered from the reminiscences of Mr. S. C. Hall. Mr. T. Thorpe writes interestingly of the bird known as the Quail in New York and New England, and the Partridge at the South, but which he says is neither, and gives it the name of Bob White. The serials of Mrs. Craig and Mr. Justin McCarthy are continued and the tenth part of "The New Timothy" is given. Mrs. Jane G. Austin, Mr. C. P. Crouch, Mr. John Hay, Mr. Justin McCarthy, and Miss Alice Cary, contribute short stories and sketches of various degrees of excellence. The scientific paper of the number is entitled "The Progress of Electricity," and is written by Eugene Lawrence. The poetry is furnished by Thomas Dunn English, Carl Spencer, and an anonymous writer. Mr. George W. Curtis, in the *Easy Chair*, talks pleasantly about college degrees, the responsibility and influence of the press, the condition of domestic service, and his Royal Highness Prince Champagne Charlie, who is the future King of England.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York, at \$4 a year.

THE SEPTEMBER "RIVERSIDE" is introduced by a fresh frontispiece from an artist better known by his paintings than by engravings from his designs: Mr. George C. Lambdin. The picture is called "Town and Country," and is a good natured characterization of city and country children when brought face to face. Two old favorites reappear, Porto Crayon, with his pictures and stories of Virginia life, and Abby Sage, with a new story from the old English poets, the sadly sweet "Aunt Griselda." The Editor has given also on the last page of the magazine a piece of music of the seventeenth century, a lullaby sung by Griselda. Dr. Abbott describes "Sinning Slanks;" Miss Bishop publishes another of her pretty fairy poems and pictures; and the Editor's "Story of a Book" describes stereotyping, and John Radcliffe, aided by Gaston Fay, gives an attractive account of "Woodcock shooting." The number is particularly noticeable for its show of illustrations, twenty-five in all, many of them being large and striking.

Published by Hurd and Houghton, New York, at \$2.50 a year.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September will be eagerly welcomed by all who have heard of Mrs. Stow's promised narrative of "The True Story of Lady Byron's Life," which article, it may not amiss to say, has already been sharply criticised. The other contents are thus enumerated:—

"Why Harry Jones did not go to Canada," a story by the Rev. Walter Mitchell, is followed by a strange sketch called "Was Reichenbach Right?" and the seventh instalment of "The Fox in the Household." Mr. Bayard Taylor contributes a short story, which certainly has an inviting appearance. The Rev. James Freeman Clark has a paper on "Confucius and the Chinese," which is sure to be entertaining, with instruction in happy proportions. A "Lion Woman's Trip to Omaha and Beyond" is cleverly described. Mr. James Parton furnishes an article with the descriptive title of "Log Rolling at Washington." Gustave Doré is rather harshly criticised by Mr. J. Jackson Jervis. The last prose article is entitled "A Postical Lot," through the pages of which it is not difficult to trace the humorous pen of the editor of the magazine. The poetry is unusually good, and is supplied by Mr. J. T. Frowbridge and Mr. W. D. Howells.

Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$4 a year.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, Arthur's beautiful juvenile magazine, is always good, and the September number is no exception. Published by T. S. Arthur & Sons, Philadelphia, at \$1.25 a year.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.—In the September number Mr. Anthony Trollope's new story, "The Vicar of Bullhampton," reaches its twenty-sixth chapter, and the second and ninth instalments respectively of "Magdalena" and Mr. Robert Dale Owen's "Beyond the Breakers" are given. General Francis A. Walker, recently of the editorial staff of the Springfield Republican and now the Deputy Special Commissioner of the Revenue, contributes an article on "The National Debt." January Seale treats of "Grouse Shooting," and Mr. James Franklin Flits, who is best known by his reminiscences of soldier life contributed to the *Galaxy*, tells a very pleasant story called "Myra's Mirror." "A Week in the Aquarium," by Malcolm McEwan, recites a brief experience of the life of a patient in an institution for the cure of inebriates. "Snow Upon the Waters" and "That Man" are two stories, the former by Mrs. S. H. Hooper, the latter by an anonymous writer, and "Land Monopoly" is the descriptive title of an article by Mr. George Fitzgibbon. The poetry of the number is furnished by Mr. Eps Sargent, Mr. Paul H. Hayne, and Mr. G. Herbert Sass.

Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, at \$4 a year.

THE GALAXY, for September gives us two chapters of Dr. Edward's new novel and one of Charles Reade's, and essays on "Our Criminal Population" by Edward Craypey, on the Irish Church by Justin McCarthy, on "The Unsocialness of Society" by Richard Grant White, a dissection of Theodore Tilton by Eugene Benson, and an article on "Our Mineral Springs" by Dr. John C. Draper. Add to these the *Galaxy* Miscellany, the *Drift-Wood*, the minor essays on Literature and Art, the *Nebula*, Mr. E. R. Sill's poem, an exhaustive paper on the Jersey Cows by C. W. Elliott, and two or three minor pieces; and behold a very good specimen of the *Galaxy*.

Published by Sheldon & Co., New York, at \$4 a year.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS continues the "Story of a Bad Boy;" T. M. Brewer tells about Humming Birds; James Parton, of Discovery of the Madeira Islands; J. T. Frowbridge, of Lawrence, Among the Iron Men; the author of "Six Hundred Dollars a Year" writes pleasantly of Gardening for Girls, and there are several other articles by interesting writers; and some good illustrations.

Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$2 a year.

THE NURSERY.—The September number of this monthly magazine for youngest readers, like all issues of this beautiful juvenile, is brimful of stories and pictures, suited to the capacity of its readers. Some charming pictures by Oscar Pletsch and Frolich are included in the list of embellishments.

Published by John L. Shorey, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

TILTON'S JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE for August is full of timely articles in its peculiar province, including about thirty pages of Notes and Gleanings, full of valuable hints. The number has some elegant illustrations, as usual.

Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year.

A pretty strong expression of the liberal wishes of our citizens in regard to streets and sidewalks, embracing the names of nearly all the business men on Main-st., was given to the Selectmen a few days ago. It found no fault with the past, but was evidently based upon the conviction that there would be improvement in the future. A system of grading and drainage was proposed, to go into immediate operation. Every village comes to this, sooner or later—if it continues to grow,—and Waterville began to plan a city charter ten years ago. A good system of drainage, with a proper use of gravel, would save enough to pay the salary of Mayor Stackpole and we aldermen. Just now we wait to see where the Selectmen begin to dig off gravel.

STRANGE!—Within a few days the blacksmith shop opposite the Mail office, has been gradually sinking below the surrounding buildings. It began to settle on the south side several weeks ago, but has now become nearly level by a similar sinking on the north side. It is now some three to four feet below the adjacent buildings. The owners of real estate in the vicinity have petitioned the Selectmen to take immediate measures to have it lifted to its former level.

PRIVATE.—The Portland Argus informs the public that "a worthy couple" were married in one of the churches of that city on Monday. The clergyman was Dr. Shailer; and the Argus has a description of the bride, the vases, the flowers, the music, the audience, and all that, but forgets to tell who the happy couple were. What a pity if the secret should get out! [Who were they, brother Argus? just inter nos.]

"Top Onions" are well enough, but top-potatoes are something new under the sun. Something of this kind came near happening when the first potatoes sent from this country to England were planted and the potato-balls cooked and eaten as the supposed fruit. They didn't relish, and the enterprise was finally turned 't'other end up. So it stands to this day—and works well. Yesterday Mr. A. M. Dunbar brought into our office a thrifty bunch of green potato tops, on which were growing a number of potatoes, white and fair, some nearly two feet from the root—size that of a small egg. The seed was bought as that of the Gen. Grant potato. No potato of that name can be kept down, of course.

Our Roses.—We planted a single Rose potato given us last fall by Mr. Bray Wilkins, of Fairfield, from which we dug yesterday a round bushel of exceedingly good looking potatoes. It weighed about half a pound (we guess) and we cut it in nine pieces.

Carleton's pictures—four in number, one photographic and three stereoscopic—representing various phases of the late festival of the Waterville Perch Association, may be seen at this office and at his picture gallery. If the members want to put on file one of the best records of this "Oldest of the New England Fishing Clubs," as "Old Commodore Time" pronounces it, every man of them will buy one. [At some leisure hour we intend to describe and explain it, for the benefit of the few of our subscribers who happened not to be there,—and perhaps to help the National Historical Society to understand it.] Carleton puts them down to 25 cts., so that the poor as well as the rich may be able to possess them.]

Our Belgrade correspondent's account of the riot there last week is a little over facetious for the occasion. We cannot allow him to pass off with a careless laugh a drunken row, that in the name of a "Catholic Excursion Party" makes a general smash-up of a store of goods—robbing the money drawer, breaking and destroying property, and threatening the person of the owner. Mr. Charles Richardson is too worthy a man to deserve such usage at the hands of a band of drunken Irishmen. The Maine Central is almost—not quite—censurable for landing any such party in a civilized town; especially when the same party had previously perpetrated a similar disturbance in the quiet village of Wintthrop. We have no details of this disgraceful row, but learn that it was simply the usual result of mixing Irish blood and new rum.

One of our dealers in flour and corn complains that we misrepresent the condition of the Waterville market, and instances our quotation of corn at 1.45 per bushel when he was selling for \$1.30. We certainly would not do this intentionally, and our quoted price is just what we paid to one of our dealers on the very day our paragraph was made; but at the same time we are very confident that flour and corn can be purchased of our large dealers here as cheap as in any market in our vicinity.

A GYMNASIUM is to be immediately erected for Colby University, the lumber being already upon the ground. Workmen are engaged upon the Observatory on Dunbar Hill. The fall term will commence on Wednesday, Sept. 11 and the prospect for a good Freshman class is said to be flattering.

See!—as you pass the corner of Main and Temple-sts., that delicious gathering of fruit in the window, Mathews has been to Boston again. How that man must be lining his pockets!

President Grant was in Concord N. H. on Wednesday.

A hen laying two eggs a day—not belonging to old Grimes either—was reported at the American Institute Farmer's Club, the other day.

HON. JOHN SEARLE TENNEY died on Thursday at his residence in Norridgewock. Mr. Tenney was one of the oldest lawyers in the State and at the time of his death had reached the age of fourscore years.

Waterville Mail.

FRANK MAXHAM, DANIEL WING, EDITORS. WATERVILLE... AUG. 27, 1869.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. F. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at offices.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS relating either to the business or editorial department of the paper should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING, or WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

THE QUESTION.—The republican party seems in fair way to be held to a strict redemption of its pledges made at the Bangor convention. The county conventions are closely watched, to see where men are put in nomination who are not committed to "prohibition and its vigorous execution." This was the condition on which thousands of true temperance men consented to remain in the party: and these men now say that if the party is going to violate its plainest and most solemn pledges they want to know it before election day. Most of the counties have come up fairly to the promises of the party; and no doubt the nomination for town representatives will generally be held to the same. No scheme will be neglected by the democrats to prevent this; and wherever there is finching there will be danger—and there ought to be. We agree with the *Lewiston Jctnl.*, that whenever men are put in nomination who are not in favor of the declared policy—"prohibition and its vigorous execution"—it is the duty of temperance men, as temperance men and as republicans also, to vote square against them. "No candidate for office," says that paper, "can have a claim on republicans for support unless he is in favor of 'prohibition and its vigorous execution';—no man can be counted as a republican in Maine, or be permitted to participate in the republican primary meetings, unless he occupies this ground. Let the friends of temperance organization bear this in mind when they go to the primary meetings, and when they go to the polls, and there will soon be no reason to doubt the fealty of the republican party to the cause of temperance and prohibition



BOOTHBY'S Insurance Agency! Office at Express Office, Main-St., Waterville. HOME INSURANCE COMPANY. Cash Capital and Surplus \$4,243,254.53. SECURITY INSURANCE COMPANY. Cash Capital and Surplus \$1,909,939.53. PHOENIX INSURANCE COMPANY. Cash Capital and Surplus \$1,673,907.88. SPRINGFIELD FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE CO. Cash Capital and Surplus \$901,087.00. NORTH AMERICAN FIRE INS. CO. Cash Capital and Surplus \$499,487.54. I will write Policies against Accidents of all kinds. It is safe to be insured. L. T. BOOTHBY, Agent. Waterville, June 1, 1868.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE. Old Stand opposite the P. O. I have this day bought the latest of F. W. HASKELL in the business recently carried on by us, and shall continue the manufacture of Boots and Shoes, of the best quality, directly opposite the Post Office. All accounts due the late firm of Haskell & Mayo belonging to the above firm, I would request an early payment. I shall keep constantly in store a full assortment of goods for the Ladies and Children's Wear, of the best quality. Custom Work. Gentlemen. Repairs of all kinds neatly done. O. P. MAYO. Waterville, Jan'y 22nd, 1867.

SPRING GOODS AT HEALD & WEBB'S. Having received our spring goods, we now offer the best and largest assortment we have ever offered, which we are selling at Reduced Prices for Cash. Our stock consists of all the different styles of foreign goods, 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 very best quality. GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS. All of which we would be pleased to show to persons in want. HEALD & WEBB. Waterville, May 10, 1869.

MISS FISHER IS NOW PREPARED TO SHOW TO CUSTOMERS NEW AND PRETTY STYLES IN Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons and Flowers. At the old stand, corner Main and Silver Sts. Agents Wanted for CHAMBERLAIN'S LAW BOOK. The late firm of Furber & Sanders was dissolved by mutual consent on Thursday, July 27. The business is continued by the senior partner, J. Furber, who will assume all debts and credits. J. FURBER, P. W. SANDERS. Waterville, July 30, 1869.

HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE PAINTING. Has taken the Shop at the Old Silson Stand on Temple Street. Formerly occupied by Mr. S. D. Savage, I shall be pleased to receive orders for House, Sign and Carriage PAINTING, GRAINING, PAPER HANGING, GLAZING, &c. CARRIAGE REPAIRING. Also will be promptly and faithfully done. All work entrusted to me will be warranted to give satisfaction, and prices will be reasonable. W. D. GRANT. Waterville, April 1, 1869.

Carriage Repository. THE subscriber has on hand, for sale, at his Repository Cor. Main & Temple-sts., Waterville, A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF CARRIAGES, OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLES, AND of all descriptions, - Top and Open, one Seat or two. Persons in want of a good Carriage, Open or Top Buggy, Sunshade, Brown or Wagon, Will find it for their interest to call on him, and know personally that he will be pleased to accommodate them. Extra Good Bargains are given. SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES for sale, and new ones exchanged for Second-hand. Orders and inquiries solicited. FRANCIS KENRICK. Waterville, May, 1868.

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Rubbers, Rubbers. MEN'S, BOYS', & YOUTH'S RUBBER BOOTS, Women's & Misses' RUBBER BOOTS. Just what every one ought to wear in a Wet and Splishy Time. Also Men's, Women's, and Children's Rubber Overs, For Sale at MAXWELL'S, as low as can be afforded for cash. Keep your head cool and your feet warm, and you are all right. What is the use of going with cold, damp feet, when you can get such nice Overshoes at MAXWELL'S, to keep them dry and warm. If you don't want Overshoes, just call and see the VARIETY OF BOOTS & SHOES, FOR OLD AND YOUNG, which you can have at a very small profit for cash, as that is what tells in trade. Don't mistake the old place - At MAXWELL'S. N. B. - Those having accounts with W. L. MAXWELL, will oblige him by calling and settling. L. P. MAYO, Teacher of Piano-forte and Organ. Residence on Chapin St., opposite Foundry.

MARBLE WORKS. The subscribers will furnish at short notice, MARBLE & GRANITE MONUMENTS, GRAVE STONES, &c. made of the best marble. They have on hand large assortment of the above articles. Persons wishing to purchase are invited to call and examine. W. A. F. STREVEN & SON. Waterville Dec 1, 1868.

ATWOOD CROSBY, M. D. WITH DR. BOUTELLE, WATERVILLE, ME. OFFICE over Thayer & Munston's Store, Boutelle Block. DR. G. S. PALMER, DENTAL OFFICE, over ALDEN'S JEWELRY STORE, on People's Nat'l Bank. Chloroform, Ether or Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired. 60

DR. E. F. WHITMAN, Oculist and Aurist. Artificial Eyes Inserted without Pain. Treatment for Catarrh. No charge for consultation. ICE NO. 110 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

Foundry Notice. The subscriber having purchased the whole of the Rail Road Foundry, near the Main Central Rail Road Depot, and fitted up a MACHINE SHOP connected therewith, is prepared to furnish all kinds of CASTINGS and do any kind of JOB WORK that may offer, at short notice. Persons in want please give me a call. J. O. P. PERVAL. June 20, 1868.

Freedom Notice. Thereby give notice that for a satisfactory consideration I have relinquished to my son, Alfred Jones, the remainder of the time till he be twenty-one years of age, and shall hereafter claim none of his wages and pay no debts of his contracting. Fairfield, August 7, 1869. ELBRIDGE JONES.

Freedom Notice. Notice is hereby given, that I have this day given my son Leslie A. Emery, the remainder of his time during his minority. I shall claim none of his wages, nor pay any debts of his contracting after this date. Witness - H. G. HENRY. JOHN J. EMBRY. Fairfield, April 30, 1869.

Administrator's Notice. NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of WILLIAM A. CAPREY late of Waterville, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make payment to the undersigned on or before the 1st day of September, 1869. CHARLES R. McFADDEN.

Administrator's Notice. NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of JOSEPH E. TON, late of Winslow, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs. All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make payment to the undersigned on or before the 1st day of September, 1869. COLBY C. CORNISH.

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Kendall's Mills Column. J. H. GILBRETH, KENDALL'S MILLS, Has a splendid assortment of HARDWARE, BUILDING MATERIAL, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Farmers' and Mechanics' Tools, Tin Ware, &c. &c. All first sales as low as can be bought on the river. May, 1867.

REMOVAL. DR. A. PINKHAM. SURGEON DENTIST. KENDALL'S MILLS, ME. Has removed to his new office, NO. 17 NEWHALL ST. First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

F. KENRICK, JR., Manufacturer and Dealer in CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS, KENDALL'S MILLS, ME. Buy your Hardware at GILBRETH'S, Kendall's Mills, and get First Class Goods at the lowest market price.

STOVES! STOVES! The Model Cook - Warranted to do more work with less wood than any other Stove ever introduced in this country.

The White Mountain. Known in this market for Twenty Years, and recognized as one of the best common Cook Stoves ever introduced. The Iron Clad. Best Cook Stove made. Warranted to last Twenty years. The Farmer's Cook. With extra large ware for Farmer's use. SOAP STOVE STYLES. Both open and close, of elegant style and finish. Also a very large assortment of Parlor, Cook, and Heating Stoves, and Sheet Iron Air-tights. All on hand and for sale at the very lowest prices. Call and see. ARNOLD & MEADER.

NOTICE! We keep constantly on hand the following articles: PICKLES, by the Gallon or Jar. Cranberries by the qt. or bushel; Fresh Ground Buckwheat; Fresh Ground Graham Meal; Rye Meal; Oat Meal; Baked Crackers; Soda Crackers; SMOKED HALIBUT; Smoked Salmon; Pickled Trippe; SWEET POTATOES; Domestic Lard and Pork; Sausages; Pickles; French Mustard; Corn Starch; Green Corn; Green Peas; Cocoa; Cocoa Shells; Chocolate; Ground Chicory; Packed Lamps; Kerosene, warranted safe; Patent Sun-burners for Lamps; Students' Lamp Shades. Also a good assortment of Jellies, Jams, Ketchups, &c., with many other articles too numerous to mention. C. A. CHAMBERS & CO. Waterville, Nov. 7th, 1867.

HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE PAINTING. Has taken the Shop at the Old Silson Stand on Temple Street. Formerly occupied by Mr. S. D. Savage, I shall be pleased to receive orders for House, Sign and Carriage PAINTING, GRAINING, PAPER HANGING, GLAZING, &c. CARRIAGE REPAIRING. Also will be promptly and faithfully done. All work entrusted to me will be warranted to give satisfaction, and prices will be reasonable. W. D. GRANT. Waterville, April 1, 1869.

Carriage Repository. THE subscriber has on hand, for sale, at his Repository Cor. Main & Temple-sts., Waterville, A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF CARRIAGES, OF THE MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLES, AND of all descriptions, - Top and Open, one Seat or two. Persons in want of a good Carriage, Open or Top Buggy, Sunshade, Brown or Wagon, Will find it for their interest to call on him, and know personally that he will be pleased to accommodate them. Extra Good Bargains are given. SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES for sale, and new ones exchanged for Second-hand. Orders and inquiries solicited. FRANCIS KENRICK. Waterville, May, 1868.

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VINELAND. TO ALL WANTING FARMS. New Settlement of Vineland. A Rare Opportunity, in the best Market and most delightful and beautiful Climate in the Union. Only 30 miles South of Philadelphia, on a railroad, being a rich soil and very fertile land, among the best in the Garden State of New Jersey. It consists of 50 square miles GOOD land, divided into lots of different sizes, and suitable for the purchase of 200 acres AND UPWARDS. The land is sold at the rate of \$25 per acre for the farm land, payable one-fourth cash, and the balance by half-yearly instalments, with legal interest, within the term of four years, upon farms to be sold at \$100 to \$200; ten-acre lots, from \$300 to \$150; and town lots 50 feet front by 150 feet deep, at \$120 to \$200 - payable one-half cash and the balance within a year. It is only upon farms of twenty acres, or more, that four years time is given. The whole tract, with 17 miles of front on the railroad, in and out with fine and spacious avenues, with a town in the centre. THE SOIL is, in great part, a RICH CLAY LOAM, suitable for Wheat, Grass and Potatoes - also a dark and rich sandy loam, suitable for corn, sweet potatoes, tobacco, all kinds of vegetables and root crops. The soil is fertile and rich in Potatoes, Peas, Apples, Prunes, Nectarines, Blackberries, Nuts and other fruits best adapted to the Philadelphia and New York markets. In respect to the soil, the farmer need not be in any doubt, as visitors can examine both, and are expected to buy before doing so, and finding these statements correct - under the circumstances, an early sale of the tract would be for the benefit of the settlers. THE CLIMATE is the best in the Union. [See Report of Nelson Robinson, Esq., of the N. Y. Triune and of Dr. Chas. T. 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