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Maxham & Wing

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## THE CRY OF DUMB CREATURES.

Oh that they had pity, the men we serve so truly!  
Oh that they had kindness, the men we love so well!  
They call us dull and brutish and vicious and unruly,  
And think not we can suffer, but only would rebel.  
They brand us and they beat us! They spill our blood  
like water.  
We die that they may live ten thousand in a day!  
Oh that they had mercy! for in their dens of slaughter  
They afflict us and afflict us and do far worse than slay.  
We are made to be their servants. We know it and complain not;  
We bow our heads with meekness the galling yoke to bear;  
Their heaviest toll we lighten; the meanest we disdain not;  
In all their sweat and labor we take a willing share.

We know that God intended for us servile stations,  
To wit, to bear man's burdens, to watch beside his door;  
That of the earth are masters, we are their poor relations,  
Who grudge them not their greatness, but help to make it more.  
And in return we ask but that they would kindly use us,  
For purposes of service, for that which we were made;  
That they would teach their children to love and not to abuse us,  
So that each might face the other and neither be afraid,  
We have a sense they know not or else have dulled by learning;  
They call it instinct only, a thing of love and plan;  
But often reason fails him, our clear, direct discerning,  
And the love that is within us have saved the drunken man.  
If they would but love us, would learn our strength and weakness;  
If only with our suffering hearts could sympathize,  
Then would they see what truth is, what patience is and meekness;  
And read our hearts' devotion in the softness of our eyes,  
If they would but teach their children to treat the subject creatures,  
As humble friends and servants who strive their love to win,  
Then would they see how joyous and kindly are our natures,  
And a second day of Eden would on the earth begin.  
—Mary Howitt.

[From Godey's Lady's Book.]

## BROTHER NAT'S RING.

BY E. B. S.

[Aunt Sophy looks over a yellow covered novel her three or four nieces have been reading, and after expressing her wonder that they can be interested in such trash, proposes to tell them "a real love story of her own."]

"When I was a girl, Phoebe Garfield lived in that little brown house yonder, just under the brow of the hill. Do you see it? A poor, tumble down place it is now, hardly a shelter for poor old Ike and his dogs. But then it was in good order, and as pretty a place as there was around. A sweet picture it was when I used to look over there as soon as I was out in the morning, with Phoebe's neat little figure sure to be seen, with her milk-pails going out to the cows or feeding her hens, or, perhaps, just mounting old Dobbin to go to the Centre on some errand; for, bless you! she rode over the whole county alone."

"A spry little body she was, was Phoebe. You don't see many such girls now, more's the pity. Her Aunt Brown used often to say she could not keep house without Phoebe, though she did come to it, to be sure, after awhile, but I haven't got to that yet. You see, Phoebe Garfield was an orphan, and the Browns were the only relations she had in the wide world, that she knew of, and they were very near. She called them uncle and aunt, but Silas Brown was really only a distant cousin. However, they'd brought her up, and been very kind to her, but I think that, knowing she had no near kin, made her long, praps, more than other girls, for a home of her own, and—well, 'some one to love.' I don't know about that though. I guess it comes natural to all young folks; it's my belief that it does, and that Heaven meant that it should."

"I don't mean to say that Phoebe was forward, or acted as if she were in a hurry to get settled. No, indeed! She was as modest and shy as a field violet. But she had a good right to consider that she was loved; and I, who knew her so well, could see that it made her very happy. For you must know, some one beside myself was in the habit of glancing over towards the Brown place; yes and of making an errand over that way pretty often. In fact, mother and I (you see I was the eldest, and three years older than Nat, so I felt as if it was part mother to him and all the rest.) mother and I had settled long ago that Phoebe and Nat were just made for each other, and we took it for granted that he would wait upon her everywhere. So he did, until Mattie Preston came to spend a summer at the Jennings' farm. "Mattie was a doll, a butterfly, a regular little flirt. Dear me! how it does rile me to think of her, even now! But I have forgiven her, long ago, and I ought to have done so, for she suffered enough, poor thing! because of her idle, wild, girlish ways."

"Mattie had money, and nothing in the world to do but to dress herself out, as I said, like a doll, make fun of the quiet, industrious girls in the neighborhood, and flirt with the young men. In this she succeeded well. She was pretty, very pretty, in her way, and she was so different from the country girls around that she just turned the heads of the boys and could whirl them all around her thumb as we say."

"Amongst the others, brother Nat was completely bewitched and dazzled. Though I say it who should not say it, our Nat was by far the best looking and most likely fellow anywhere about, and Miss Mattie at once discovered this, and used all her pretty arts to captivate him. The siren! and she engaged all the time to a dashing beau in town."

"Well, we soon found out that Nat was so taken up with this city piece, and—but I don't think I can tell you how I felt. I loved Phoebe so, and I had come to look upon her as almost my sister. Then although they were not engaged, I knew Nat had as good as told her he loved her, and I thought this would just break her heart, poor child! Never a word said she, but I watched her anxiously, and I saw that she knew of the goings on."

"Well, things grew worse and worse. I said all I could to open Nat's eyes, but it only made him angry. 'Tell you, girls, it's no use interfering in such matters except by a quiet sort of influence.' If I'd held my tongue, I might have stood a much better chance to move him. As it was, it was plain to be seen that he was over head and ears in love with that Mattie, and she, willful thing! loving with his love, and never giving him a chance to speak out; while my Phoebe, poor little soul! was just robbing her heart out by herself, and struggling before folks to look as if nothing was the matter."

"Well it happened along in the early autumn that Brother Nat got another letter from Bates & Co., in Boston. He had got acquainted with one of their firm down at R—, and he had offered him a good place in their establishment. This letter was to renew the offer, urging him to come. We all thought it would be a good thing for Nat. Rather advised him to take it; but the poor fellow was unable to think or decide upon anything until he had settled affairs with Miss Mattie."

"That week there was to be a grand quilting over at Squire Royce's, the house where the Browns live now, only it's been altered and pretty much built over since those days. Ah, me, the changes, the changes! Miss Mattie was invited, and declared she should go; 'She

did want to see a regular country quilting so much!' We girls all wished in our hearts she would stay away, with her flounces and furbelows, and disdainful looks; but go she did. Phoebe was there; too, with her aunt. The poor child would much rather have stayed away, but for the look of the thing, and the questions that would have been asked."

"It was a grand quilting. Everybody was invited. The house was large, and it was all thrown open; beds taken down in the large rooms; and such a supper! Well, in the evening it began to rain quite hard. Father had a team, but the wagon would only hold mother and me. Nat was asked by Squire Royce to take his old carryall, and take some of the girls home. He took one load in another direction, and then was to come back for Mattie and Phoebe. He couldn't help offering to take her home, though I knew very well he hated to."

"The girls were both in the back seat. It was raining right hard when they started, and it was very dark; but Nat did not mind that, for he knew every stick and stone, and gully on that road. He sat so that he could turn his head and catch every lip of Mattie's. She did lip, like a two-year-old baby; she thought it was mighty pretty."

"When they had nearly reached the Jennings' place, something seemed wrong about the harness, and Nat sprang out to attend to it. He was busy several minutes at the job, and in the meantime, Mattie said fretfully:—"This old curtain is so loose, there is a frightful draught about me! I know I shall have sore throat to-morrow."

"I will change with you," said Phoebe, pleasantly. I know, for I can just imagine how she would have said it. "The curtain is tight on this side."

"Mattie accepted the proposal, never caring to ask how Phoebe would stand the draught, and just as they were settled, Nat sprang in without noticing the change. I cannot tell you, I am sure, how it happened that he did not find out afterward that Mattie was not where he left her. I suppose the girls did not speak again, or else his heart went thumping at the thought of what he had resolved to do, so that he did not notice where the pieces came from. It was a blessed mistake, however it came about."

"Nat presently reached over to Phoebe, supposing of course, it was Mattie, and put a little package in her hand. Just then they drove up to the Jennings' gate. As Nat of course got out first, he did not then observe how Mattie was seated; and as Mother Jennings came bustling out with a lantern that moment he had no time to add anything to the words which he had written in pencil on the envelope of the package before they started, except to say with a meaning pressure of the hands "I shall call on you to-morrow afternoon, if agreeable," to which Mattie made some light reply."

"Of course, he felt obliged in civility to talk with Phoebe during the rest of the drive; and she, feeling the precious little package in her hand, naturally interpreted his lightest words as her heart prompted. Arrived at home, she rushed up to her own little room, and opened the paper. Inclosed was a plain, heavy gold ring, with the words:—

"Wear this and be at home to-morrow when I call to see you, and I shall be encouraged to ask a much greater favor. N. E."

"Then I have judged him wrongly. He is true; he loves me yet," murmured Phoebe, kissing the paper and the ring, too, again and again.

"Foolish little thing wasn't she? but you must remember how sorely she had been tried. I happened to go over to the Browns the next morning for something, and I was surprised enough when I met Phoebe. She came running down stairs when she heard my voice, brimful of happiness; and threw both arms around my neck."

"Why, Phoebe," said I, "how bright you look this morning! It does you good to go to quiltings, doesn't it?"

"True enough," said her aunt. "She is as blithe as a bird this morning. I hope it will last, for she has seemed downhearted enough of late, but what was the matter I never could make out."

"Phoebe only smiled in reply, and curious as I felt to know what had made her so happy that day, I could find out nothing about it, without asking a direct question, which I did not like to do."

"I knew Phoebe's steadfast heart well enough to believe that only some change in Nat's conduct would have removed the sadness which I had plainly seen of late; but at the quilting Nat had appeared to me to be entirely devoted to Mattie. What did it mean? I went away completely puzzled. I will tell you my story in order, though it was a long time after that before I knew what happened that afternoon."

"Nat went to see Mattie, fully hoping to discover his ring upon her finger. It was not there of course. But though a little disheartened, he thought, perhaps, he had been presumptuous in expecting her to put on the ring before a word had passed between them regarding that which it was meant to signify. So he made no allusion to his gift, but with desperate earnestness, tried to press his suit."

"It was a vain attempt. Mattie pretended not to understand him, laughed at his earnestness, twitted him with his supposed devotion to some one else, and at length, baffled and mortified enough, he took his leave, wisely resolving never to try it again."

"The next morning Nat announced that he was going to Boston. Mother and I declared we hurry to start. Mother and I declared we could not get his clothes in order under a week; but he was all impatient, said he 'Ought to be there, or he might lose the place, which was all true enough, but why had he not thought of it before,' said mother."

"However, we sat up nights to work, and got him ready to start by the third day. He was to go in the early stage. Of course I suspected that Mattie had jilted him, and was not a bit sorry. But how about Phoebe?"

"I wanted a spool of thread and ran over to Phoebe to borrow it; we had no store nearer the Centre. The dear girl was a shade or two paler and looked a little anxious, but I still hopeful and happy. I explained what I wanted."

"You know, said I, 'Nat is going in the morning, and we are in a great hurry finishing up his things.'"

"Where is he going?" asked Phoebe, trying to speak calmly.

"To Boston," said I. "He has decided to go with Bates and Co.; you know they have written again to him."

"Poor child! It was news to her I saw in a moment. She sank back into a chair and grew very white. I put my arms around her, and kissed her fondly."

"Has he not told you, dear?" said I. "No she answered, trying to smile, 'but it is not very strange; I have not seen him often lately.'"

"She looked embarrassed at having betrayed so much feeling; and I think, too, she bet; thought herself that there was time, even then, for him to come over and explain about the ring. So she changed the subject, and looked quite cheerful again when I left her."

"As I was stooping over Nat's trunk that evening, I asked: 'Have you bidden Phoebe good-by?'"

"No," he answered carelessly; "you must do it for me."

"I did not see Phoebe for several days after that; I really dreaded to go there. When we did meet, she was quiet and sweet as ever, and a stranger would not have suspected anything wrong, but I was not deceived."

"Well the winter passed away. We heard two or three times from Nat. Letters cost a good deal more in those days than now, and it was not the fashion to write so often. Nat we knew, was doing well and very busy, so we were satisfied about him. Towards spring, I received a letter from him with a bit of news in it. 'Mattie Preston is married,' he wrote, 'to a gay young fellow, here. People say she has been engaged off and on, for two years. Sophy, you were wiser than I about that girl.'"

"So much for Miss Mattie; but still no word about Phoebe. How I used to wish I could shake Nat, and bring him to his senses! But it was just as well I couldn't; I had meddled enough, as it was. And so the summer wore away. It had been a hard summer for Phoebe; not that she gave up to her disappointment, and pined and fretted herself ill, no such thing. Phoebe had a faith that was worth something—a real faith, that helped her through this trouble, and has held her up in many troubles since. But her Aunt Brown was very sick for weeks, or rather months, for she was unable to do any work all summer, and all the household came upon Phoebe. Mr. Brown, too, lost a part of his stock, and had some other troubles, which, I reckon, did not improve his temper very much for the time; troubles did not act upon him as they did on Phoebe."

"It was about a year from the time that Nat went away that I went over one afternoon to sit awhile with Phoebe, and help her sew; for, you see, she had been so hindered with her aunt's sickness, that the family sewing, which she mostly did, was all behindhand. Mrs. Brown said I should find her in her room, so I ran up, and opened the door without knocking."

"Phoebe stood by her open drawer, holding a ring, brother Nat's ring, in her hand. There were tears in her eyes, and she was so absorbed in her thoughts that she did not hear me until I spoke. Then she started and looked confused, but only for a moment."

"I am glad you have come, Sophy," she said. "I want you to help me to decide what I ought to do." She drew me to a seat beside her. "Sophy, dear, you know I used to think Nat liked me. Was I very wrong?"

"How could you have helped thinking so?" said I, warmly. "We all thought he did and it is a great shame."

"Phoebe put her hand over my mouth, and smiled as she said: 'There! you must not talk so. It is no shame to any one, as I know of. Perhaps I liked him too well, and so imagined things. I did not imagine this,' she continued, holding up the ring. 'But, Sophy, it has just come to me. I see now it was all a mistake; he did not mean it for me at all.'"

"Then she told me about their drive home from the quilting, and their change of seats while Nat was out of the vehicle. "It is so strange that I never thought before that he must have meant to give it to Mattie Preston; but, of course, it must have been so, for he did not come, and I dare say, he has never thought of me since. And now, dear Sophy, what ought I to do about it? What can I do at this late hour?"

"You cannot do anything as I see," said I. "Mattie would not have cared for it if she had got it. She is married now, and was engaged to him. I wish she had never come here! I added, bitterly. 'And that was what made you look so happy the morning after the party, your poor child? What must you have thought when Nat went off without coming to see you?'"

"I did not know what to think. I could only suppose that he gave it to me as a keepsake, and changed his mind about calling for some reason. It is so very strange that I did not see how it must have happened. What would he think of me, Sophy, if he knew I took and kept it?"

"Fudge!" said I. "Don't torment yourself about that; you could not help it. And, for my part, I am right glad it did not go as he meant, and I think he would be too, now."

"That very evening when I got home, I found a letter from Nat. I remember it well, for it was the first letter in which we noticed that he had changed; changed I mean in his views of life and duty. I remember how mother and I read it over and over again. Mother said: 'I am so thankful! I feel as if I could trust my boy in the great city with a better heart now.' My first thought was: 'Well, if he has marked out that path for his feet, he will not be apt to choose any silly Mattie Preston for a wife.' And again, in my fancy, I linked him with my darling Phoebe, and sighed to think how well suited she would be to him."

"It was not long after this, perhaps a couple of months, when one evening the stage drove up to our gate. What could it mean? We did not expect any one. We soon saw what it meant, for brother Nat himself sprang out, and came running up to the house. Such a welcome as he got! How well he looked! How much improved every way!"

"Why didn't you send us word you were coming, boy?" asked father, wiping his eyes, "so we could have made a feast on the occasion?"

"I couldn't wait," said Nat laughing, "after I knew that I could get away. And it is fast enough to see you all."

"I soon found, however, that he wanted a bit of desert to his feast."

"As we sat together after supper, we two

alone, Nat asked: 'How is Phoebe now, Sophy?'"

"My heart gave a jump, but I answered, very indifferently:—

"She is as well as usual, I believe, but she has had rather a trying time the past summer."

"Why?" said he, quickly, looking away from me."

"Oh! said I, 'her folks have had a good deal of trouble. Her aunt has been very sick, and Phoebe got rather worn out with it all.'"

"There was a long pause. The fire needed a great deal of stirring just then, and it kept Nat busy. After awhile says he:

"Sophy, do you think she has forgotten me?"

"Hardly likely," said I demurely. 'Let me see only; you've been gone some eighteen months only, and we have been near neighbors more than that number of years.'"

"Nat turned round and caught both my hands. 'Now sis, don't tease me, I beg. I deserve it all, I know. But you must tell me whether you think she will forgive me, and—whether you think she cares for anybody else?'"

"Well," said I, "it is not long since I found her crying over a ring you gave her. I'll tell you so much, and you may find out the rest as you can."

"A ring I gave her!" cried Nat, astonished. "Oh, you are mistaken, my dear Sophy! I never gave any one a ring—but once, he added, in a lower tone."

"Nevertheless, dear brother, you did give it to Phoebe, even then; for I suppose you mean when you were driving home from Squire Royce's."

"Sophy, what can you mean? How did you know?"

"He looked so eager and excited that I took pity on him, and told him just how it happened. Nat seized his hat, then turned to give me what I used to call a 'bear's hug,' when I was a child."

"Are you going there now?" I asked.

"What will mother say when she comes in?"

"You may tell her where I have gone," said he. "Sophy, I came up on purpose to see Phoebe, and know if she could ever love me again. If I had known of this—'Away he went, without saying what might have happened if he had known."

"The next time I saw Phoebe, brother Nat's ring was on her hand. She blushed and smiled as I kissed her, and held it up to me, whispering: 'There is no mistake this time, darling Sophy, for he put it there himself.'"

How TO DRIVE OXEN.—One of the best things in the world is to be a boy; it requires no experience, though it needs some practice to be a good one. The disadvantage of the position is that it does not last long enough. It is soon, just as soon as you get used to being a boy, you have to be something else, with a good deal more work to do and not half so much fun. And yet every boy is anxious to be a man, and is very uneasy with the restrictions that are put upon him as a boy. Good fun as it is to yoke up calves and play work, there is not a boy on a farm but would rather drive a yoke of oxen at real work. What a glorious feeling it is, indeed, when a boy for the first time is given the long whip and permitted to drive the oxen, walking by their side, swinging the long lash, and shouting "Gee, Buck!" "Haw, Golden!" "ho, ho, Bright!" and all the rest of that remarkable language, until he is red in the face, and all the neighbors for half a mile are aware that something unusual is going on. If I were a boy, I am not sure but I would rather drive the oxen than have a birthday."

The proudest day of my life was one day when I rode on the neck of the cart, and drove the oxen, all alone, with a load of apples to the cider mill. I was so little that it was a wonder that I didn't fall off, and get under the broad wheels. Nothing could make a boy, who cared anything for his appearance, feel flatter than to be run over by the broad tire of a cart wheel. But I never heard of one that was, and I don't believe one ever will be. As I said, it was a great day for me but I don't remember as the oxen cared much about it. They sagged along in their great clumsy way, switching their tails in my face occasionally, and now and then giving a lurch to this or that side of the road, attracted by a short tuft of grass. And then I came the Julius Caesar over them, if you will allow me to use such a slang expression, a liberty I never should allow you. I don't remember that Julius Caesar ever drove cattle, though he must have seen the peasant, from the Campagna "haw" and "ge" them round the Forum (of course in Latin, a language that those cattle understood as well as ours do English!) but what I mean is, that I stood up and "battered" with all my might, as everybody does with oxen, as if they were born deaf, and whacked them with the long lash over the head, just as the big folks did when they drove. I think now that was a cowardly thing to crack the patient old fellows over the face and eyes, and make them wink in their meek manner. If I am ever a boy again on a farm, I shall speak gently to the oxen, and not go screaming round the farm like a crazy man. I shall not hit them a cruel cut with the lash every few minutes because it looks big to do so, and I cannot think of anything else to do. I never liked licking myself, and I don't know why an ox should like the moral improvement he is to get out of them."

[Charles D. Warner, in Work and Play.]

A TRAVELER through Switzerland remarks that however romantic and picturesque the Swiss mountaineer may look in his national costume in the picture-book, or poetical he and the Swiss maiden may be in songs and ballads, there is an odor of garlic and tobacco about poetic sentimentality.

MANY Christians who bear the loss of a dear child, or of all their property, with the most heroic Christian fortitude, are entirely vanquished by the breaking of a dish, or the blunder of a servant.—[Anon.]

A recent writer says that the fences of the United States cost more than all the craft that float in our waters, salt and fresh; more than any other class of property except railroads.

APPLICATION is said to be the life of preaching, and self application the life of hearing.

## OUR TABLE.

A POET'S BAZAAR: Pictures of Travel in Germany, Italy, Greece, and the Orient. By Hans Christian Andersen. 1 vol., crown 8vo. Author's Edition. Hurd and Houghton, New York: Cambridge, Riverside Press.

Andersen's "Story of My Life," recently issued in this series, tells the reader what a passion the author has for travel. It is indeed on his many journeys that he found the incidents and made the observations which lie at the basis of his romances and stories. "A Poet's Bazaar," is full of those odd fancies and curious sketches of people, manners, and customs, which make Andersen's books such rare reading. There is nothing of the pedantic traveller or tiresome copyist in Andersen. He is a chatty, shrewd, gossiping writer, who has an unending interest in every scrap of humanity. The genius that can make a shirt collar talk finds unending material in his travels.

Received through Nichols & Hall, Boston, and for sale in Waterville by C. K. Mathews.

CASTLES IN THE AIR AND OTHER PHANTASIES. By Barry Gray. An old man prattling in the sunshine. 1 vol., crown 8vo. Hurd and Houghton, New York: The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

A volume of sketches in Barry Gray's playful manner. They are not stories crowded with exciting incidents, but rambling good-natured characterizations of people and customs. "Castles in the Air" are the half-reverie reminiscences of a middle-aged man looking to what might have been. The "Other Phantasies" are similar light and gossiping papers enlivened by anecdote and song and humorous incident. Some of the headings of the chapters will indicate the scope of the book: "The Garret in my Grandfather's House;" "All Hands around the Mahogany;" "A Light Desert with Tart;" "The Professor's Strange Story;" "The Professor's Insane Friends;" "Alekbais Falls in Love;" "Peaches and Cream for Two."

Received through Nichols & Hall, Boston, and for sale by C. K. Mathews, Waterville.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY for April has the following table of contents:—

—Life of the first Earl of Shaftesbury: Evidence from Handwriting.—Junius: The Third French Republic and the Second German Empire: New Sources of English History: Civil List Pensions: The Church and Nonconformity: The Usages of War: The Chronology of the Gospels: The Salaries of Honors.—Professor Conington and Mr. Theodore Martin: The Hundred Years of Christianity in Japan: The Government Army Bill.

The four great English Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 37 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$7; any three of the Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discounts to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works are sold by regular dealers.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works is but 56 cents a year.

## ANOTHER BLOW AT PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

The recent protest against the new dogma of Papal infallibility by the learned Dr. Dollinger, has been followed by one equally frank and outspoken from the professors of the Roman University. In their address these learned Italians state: "The episcopacy which dwells in our land is of no country, and has nothing in common with the Italian people. The syllabus of infallibility, Papal autocracy—all these negations of Divine and human reason—compose a system which has no connection with the Italian character, with Italian thought. Our Roman, that is to say Italian race, abhors as much as the Germanic that evil system of the bondage of the understanding." They add that in the sacred cause of reform the German and the Italian people will fight and conquer together.

DYSPEPSIA AND ITS REMEDIES.—Persons suffering from dyspepsia will be interested to know that, in the opinion of a physician who "knows how it is himself," disturbances in the stomach are caused by the fermentation of food. No one, he says, should eat cabbage boiled with meat, or onions with steaks, as they create biliousness. Cabbage is one of the best articles of food when it is properly cooked. It should be boiled in pure water. As a cure for dyspepsia, he recommends a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, which neutralizes the acid in the stomach. The causes of dyspepsia are the use of butter, grease, gravy, and eating too hastily. Dyspepsia does not come from large eating. Those afflicted with it should take a short sleep after dinner. The liver has much to do with dyspepsia. Whenever the white of the eye shows a yellow tinge, it proceeds from the liver; tenderness in the pit of the stomach is an indication of diseased liver. A slight pain under the right rib and back to the shoulder blade, also proceeds from the liver. Those who are prone to this disease, should not sleep too much, or enjoy too much heat—too much heat tends to enlarge the liver. Fruit and vegetable diet is the best that can be adopted, but persons of a weak constitution should add to it meat once a day but not often, and bread properly made. Persons afflicted with dyspepsia should not use calomel.

A beautiful chemical experiment may easily be performed by a lady, to the great astonishment of a circle at her tea-party. Take two or three leaves of red cabbage, cut them into small bits, put them into a basin, and pour a pint of boiling water on them; let it stand an hour, then pour off the liquor into a decanter. It will be of a fine blue color. Then take four wine-glasses; into one put six drops of strong vinegar; into another six drops of solution of soda; into a third the same quantity of a strong solution of alum; and let the fourth glass remain empty. The glasses may be prepared some time before, and the few drops of colorless liquids, which have been placed in them will not be noticed. Fill up the glasses from the decanter, and the liquid poured into the glass containing the acid will quickly become a beautiful red; that in the glass containing the soda will be a fine green; that poured into the empty one will remain unchanged. By adding a little vinegar to the green, it will immediately change to a red; and on adding a little of solution of soda to the red it will assume a fine green; thus showing the action of acids and alkalis on vegetable blues.

The son of a New Haven politician whose name begins with B is a Freshman at Yale, and was seated at recitation near the colored student, Bouchet, whereupon the B. senior wrote to one of the professors, asking, as a personal favor, that he would change his son's seat, as it was distasteful to him to sit so near a Negro. The professor wrote back that at present the students were put in alphabetical order, but "next term the desired change will be brought about for scholarship then being the criterion, Mr. Bouchet will be in the first division and your son in the fourth."

A country paper, in speaking of the street organ playing of a soldier without arms, who worked the crank with his foot, happily says: "His playing was far above the usual average; he threw his sole into it."

## ANOTHER COLORED CADET AT WEST POINT.

—A West Point letter of the 25th says: The greatest sensation of the season (and it is a great novelty) is the arrival of the new colored cadet, Henry Alonzo Napier, coming from Tennessee. He is a native of Nashville, and rumor says he has the blood of the ancient and honorable English family of Napier in his veins. He is about 18 years of age, five feet and a half in stature, and has a full, handsome figure. He is darker than Cadet Smith, and is known by the Southern term of a mestizo. He is dignified, complaisant, ready spoken, and quite charming as a conversationalist. He is said to be very patient and to have an even temper, but not at all likely to suffer being trampled upon unjustly. He has a natural and becoming military bearing acquired at the Washington, D. C. Howard University, where he was Quartermaster and Adjutant of Cadets. He has the reputation of being a good scholar, a hard student, and a conscientious gentleman. While he and Smith were together at Washington a very warm attachment arose between them, and Smith endeavored to postpone his admission to West Point till both could enter and graduate together.

LOGIC.—Professor—What is a salt box? Student—It is any box made to contain salt. Professor—How is it divided? Student—Into a salt box and a box of salt. Professor—Very well; show the distinction. Student—A salt box may be where there is no salt, but salt is absolutely necessary to the existence of a box of salt. Professor—Are not they otherwise divided? Student—Yes; by a partition. Professor—What is the use of this partition? Student—To separate the coarse salt from the fine. Professor—How? Just think a little. Student—To separate the fine salt from the coarse. Professor—To be sure, it is to separate the fine from the coarse; but are salt boxes yet otherwise distinguished? Student—Yes; into possible, probable, and positive. Professor—Define these different kinds of salt boxes. Student—A possible salt box is a salt box yet unsold in the hands of the joinder. Professor—Why so? Student—It hath never yet become a salt box in fact, as has never had any salt in it; and it possibly may be applied to some other use. Professor—Very true; for a salt box which never had, hath not now, and perhaps never may have salt in it, can only be termed a possible salt box. What is a probable salt box? Student—It is a salt box in the hand of one going to a shop to buy salt, and who has expenses in his pocket to pay the grocer; and a positive salt box is one which has actually salt in it.

The washwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing powder instead of soda, taking one large handful of borax powder with ten gallons of water. They



## Waterville Mail.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY DANIEL WING.

WATERVILLE... JUNE 9, 1871.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

The following parties are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions for the Mail and will do so at the same rates required at this office:

P. M. PETERSON & Co., No. 10 State St., Boston, and  
P. H. HILL, No. 1, Broadway Building, Boston.  
O. J. BOWELL & Co., No. 40 Park Row, New York.  
T. G. EVANS, 105 Washington St., Boston.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

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

## Special Notice

HAVING just added to our JOB PRINTING department a first class fast press, with choice selections of fashionable TYPE, we are now prepared to execute all orders for JOB PRINTING at short notice, in the very best style, and on the most reasonable terms. Special pains will be taken to give satisfaction in Circulars, Bill-Heads, Business Cards, Town Orders, Bank Checks, Blankets of all kinds, large and small Posters and Doggers, Labels, Tickets, Programmes, Price Lists, &c.

HAVING made expensive additions to our office, and contemplating still further outlay, we are driven to the collection of what is due us. We are therefore preparing bills to send and present, and trust our friends will, by paying them promptly, enable us to meet our engagements. We mean this particularly for those whose bills have been long standing.

SINGULAR.—Last week, at Long Pond on Moose River, a party of seven young lumbermen in the employ of Gen. Smith of Waterville, took shelter in a tent during a thunder shower. There was room for only six of the party to sit down, and one remained standing. A young man, son of Mr. Peter Veague of this village, got up from his seat and gave it to another, and stepped out of the tent. Instantly the man who took the seat was struck dead by lightning. All the others were prostrated, but none killed.

MORE CHOICE JERSEY STOCK has just been brought into this section, which was thought to be already possessed of a large number of the best animals in the country. J. H. Gilbreth, Esq., of Kendall's Mills, whose large horse enterprise is well known, has just added to his choice herd of Jerseys three valuable animals, which the admirers of this stock will be pleased to see. These are—"Creampot Boy," a thoroughbred Bull, purchased of Mr. Conners, of Southboro, Mass., a prominent Jersey breeder who raised Lady Milton, a cow that at the age of six years yielded 19.95 pounds of butter per week through the month of June. "Creampot," a cow eight years old, raised by the late Mr. Samuel Henshaw, which at the age of 5 years produced 20 lbs. of butter through the month of June.

Mr. Gilbreth has recently erected large and commodious stables, with all the modern improvements, near the depots at Kendall's Mills, where his horses and stock may be seen by those who call; and it is worth any man's time who appreciates the value of good breeding and careful attention, to see what a large enterprise has here been built up by one who, as Josh Billings would say, "believes in animals with blood into 'em."

THE ANNIVERSARY of the Waterville Classical Institute will occur on the 13th and 14th of July. The annual prize exhibition on the evening of the 13th; an oration before the two literary Societies, by Rev. Galusha Anderson, D. D., of the Newton Theological Seminary, on the forenoon of the 14th; the commencement exercises of the graduating classes in the afternoon, and a concert in the evening of the 14th, will constitute the exercises of the occasion. Chandler's Band will furnish the music, assisted at the concert by Shaw's Quartet of Portland.

FAIRFIELD SAVINGS BANK, pleasantly located in Gilbreth's Building, is making a good beginning. E. W. McFadden, Esq., the Treasurer, informed us, a few days ago that he had on deposit about \$8,000 from fifty-six depositors. It began business on the 5th of April. The Bank has a first class safe, made by the American Steam Safe Co., fire and burglar proof, with Sargent & Greenleaf Magnetic Combination Lock, which need no key, and are regarded as safe as anything in the market.

Dogs are making sad havoc among the sheep in Piscataquis county. At first the mischief was charged to bears, but the more cunning dogs have been found guilty. How long will farmers object to the dog tax. A little flock was recently badly torn in Yassalboro, for which three guilty dogs died—but nothing was paid for the sheep.

We call attention to the neat appearance of Main Street. It is creditable to our traders, and shows them worthy of more business and better tenements. Some of the owners are sadly behind their own interest in this point.

Strangers coming into our village, and looking around upon our lack of manufacturing establishments, frequently ask the question—"How do you all manage to get a living?" Without pretending to answer that question, we may remark that one who looks around Kendall's Mills and goes into its busy hives of industry, where everybody seems to be alive and hard at work, need be at no loss to answer for their prosperity and growth. We hear it said that more building and repairing and fixing up generally, has been done in that village this season than ever in any such period before. And it is a healthy growth—largely at the bottom—houses to be occupied by the better class of workmen and thriving mechanics. By the way, that village is creeping rapidly in this direction, and houses are getting near together down to the town line. We hope they will reach down and finally envelope us and so communicate to our quiet village a little of the life and energy which we appear to lack, but of which they have an abundance.

MAINE BAPTIST MISSIONARY CONVENTION.—This body will hold its 47th annual meeting with the Baptist church in West Waterville, to commence on Tuesday, June 20th, at 10 o'clock. A. M., and continue until noon of Thursday, the 22d. Preacher of the annual sermon, Rev. H. V. Dexter, D. D., or his alternate, Rev. R. J. Longridge. The friends at West Waterville extend to the convention a cordial reception, and all who desire entertainment are requested to send their names to Erastus Bates, at that place. It is expected that the usual reduction of fare will be made on the railroads.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.—Mr. Geo. Dearbon, was thrown from his buggy on Friday just as he was leaving the village, dislocating his elbow. It was set by Drs. Crosby and Thayer, and promises speedy recovery.

Mr. Augustus Getchell, while hauling gravel, on Tuesday last, accidentally fell so that a wheel passed over one foot and one leg. Both were badly bruised, but no bones were broken, though the team was heavily loaded.

A little village boy, son of Mr. Geo. Gereau, lost three fingers in a hay cutter on Tuesday. Recut and dressed by Dr. Thayer.

John Hayes, son of Mrs. Hayes, living on Main st., while working at the planing machine in Dows' works, caught his foot in the rollers, and was jammed badly, crushing it up to the instep. Dressed by Drs. Crosby and Thayer, and the foot will be saved.

While the children of the upper school house at Kendall's Mills were playing about the cars, on Thursday, one of them, a lad about ten years old, son of Mr. Pardon Brownell, and who is partially blind, had his fingers so badly jammed that one had to be amputated.

ALBERT SMITH, of Pishon's Ferry, was quite severely injured on Thursday night, while at work in Totman's saw mill, at Kendall's Mills, by a flying splinter from a log. It was at first feared that his injuries might prove fatal, but he is now doing well.

MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY held its anniversary exercises this week, with a large attendance. Among the graduates was Miss Celia A. Scribner, of our village, who in her essay discussed the humorous side of the woman question. At the prize declamation on Monday evening, she was awarded a prize for excellence in composition.

The U. S. Minister in China reports a frightful earthquake in Bathing in Sezuhen, on the 11th of April 1870. Almost every building, large and small, was overthrown, crushing and killing nearly all of the inhabitants. Flames followed the earthquake, which were not subdued until the 16th, and the earth was unquiet for ten days. The number of people killed was 2,298, and the earthquake extended over a circuit of 400 miles.

The Democratic papers at the north are making haste to repudiate the outspoken sentiments of Jeff Davis, and to read him out of the party, but they will find a large majority of the Southern democracy, and no small share of the northern, heartily sympathizing with Davis. We trust that their old game of political blundering will never again be successful, and that the ballot box will complete the victory commenced by the cartridge box.

MR. LAREN AYERS, a stone mason, living in Manchester, N. H., murdered his wife by shooting her with a revolver on Monday evening, and then made an attempt to commit suicide with the same pistol; but though his wound is severe, it is thought he will recover. On account of his intemperance and misconduct he had lived unhappily with his wife for several years, and he was intoxicated at the time he committed the murderous deed.

A BATTLE BETWEEN GIANTS.—The Boston and Maine and the Eastern Railroads are in for a fight, growing out of the refusal of the latter to allow certain extra trains of the former to run over the Eastern road. The case is in the courts and will make fun for the lawyers.

Mr. Sylvester Kendall, of Augusta, of the firm of Kendall & Son, dealers in stoves and tin ware, committed suicide on Thursday by hanging. Cause, anxiety about business.

With our two depots and the increasing number of trains on each road, the whistles and bells of the locomotives are making considerable music, and pleasant music too. When will our Water Power Company move for a concert? Our village now hangs on their prof.

Prof. S. K. SMITH, baptized seven persons at West Waterville last Sabbath morning, and afterward extended to them the right hand of fellowship and welcomed them into the Baptist Church.

## OUR TABLE.

LITTLE MEN: Life at Plumfield with Jo's Boys. By Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women," "An Old Fashioned Girl," etc. With illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

All those who have read "Little Women" will be with delight at the announcement of this book, especially when they learn that nearly all the characters of that book make their appearance in this. "Professor Bhaer," having opened a private school at Plumfield, Aunt "Jo," who, when a girl, was half a boy herself, is now in her element with a baker's dozen of boys around her. It will be thought by the boys to be "buffy," by the girls to be "perfectly jolly," and all their pa's and ma's will laugh and cry over it in sympathy. More than 120,000 volumes of Miss Alcott's Books have been sold and a million readers have been delighted and instructed in their perusal.

Sent through Nichols & Hall, Boston, and sold in Waterville by C. K. Mathews. Price \$1.50

GOOD HEALTH.—For two years this month has been growing in usefulness and influence, furnishing valuable information to those interested in bodily improvement and self-preservation; and as it enters upon a new volume it proposes to gather its energies for increased activity and usefulness. While continuing to do what it has so well done, it proposes to assume the aggressive and put the knife to some of the more prominent and aggravated abuses of medical practice and some of the mischievous habits and customs of the people. Being the organ of one who has no particular hobby, it will not act dishonestly and independently; and as it is in the hands of able and competent men its teachings cannot fail to prove highly valuable to the community. These teachings are always presented in a popular and attractive form, which makes the magazine very agreeable reading, and ensures a thorough perusal of its articles.

The June number is at hand, full of interesting and valuable articles.

Published by Alexander Moore, Boston, at \$2 a year, and sold by all periodical dealers.

MERRY'S MUSEUM for June concludes another volume of this favorite juvenile magazine, and it is full of interesting and instructive reading—stories, sketches, poetry, &c., with a piece for declamation, a piece of music, a well filled puzzle-drawer, Monthly Chat, &c. As usual there are numerous illustrations.

Published by Horace B. Fuller, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

DR. PINKHAM, the popular Dentist at Kendall's Mills, has recovered his health, and is daily conferring beauty and comfort upon people whose teeth fail them. He is delightfully situated close to the Depots, which makes it very convenient for patients from abroad, of whom he has large numbers.

A gang of boys stoned a Chinaman to death in San Francisco the other day, but we do not learn that a Chinese War Junk is expected in the harbor to demand satisfaction.

Parties in Lincoln and vicinity are arranging to plant a colony from Maine in Florida. About sixty persons are already enlisted.

Xenia, Ohio, is quite a city, and yet has not a base ball club! It is said the young men are growing very feeble and effeminate—some dying of consumption.

We call attention to the exhibition of Thorp's Kerosene Cook Stove. Call and see it. It is "the thing."

The new Steam Mill at Kendall's Mills is nearly ready to receive the machinery. This is regarded as one of the most important enterprises inaugurated in that enterprising village.

The body of Mr. Geo. H. Farrington, Asst. Postmaster at Augusta, drowned May 18th, was found last Friday at Hallowell, and buried with Masonic services on Saturday.

Through the absence of two republican members of the New Hampshire legislature, who were sick, a democratic Speaker has been chosen.

MR. RANDALL ANDREWS, who has recently taken the Fairfield House at Kendall's Mills, is succeeding nicely both for himself and his guests. He has had a good deal of experience as clerk in first class establishments, which qualifies him to keep a hotel of his own in a way to win popular favor.

SHERIFF BARTON, we are pleased to learn is improving in health, and is out in the sunshine daily.

J. F. NYE, of Kendall's Mills, has been commissioned as Deputy Sheriff for Kennebec County.

The Farmers are wishing for more rain, to benefit the grass crop, which threatens to be light. We had a nice shower on Saturday night, but a few miles to the north they got scarcely a drop.

VICE PRESIDENT COLFAX denies that his sickness was induced by excessive smoking, but ascribes it to overwork. He promises to ease up hereafter.

The Pullman cars, we learn, go through well filled and are regarded as a great public convenience.

Rev. Dr. Ricker, of Augusta, baptized twelve persons last Sunday, in the presence of a crowd of witnesses, who assembled on the river bank.

IN FRANCE matters are quieting down gradually, though just what the end is to be is not yet plainly shown.

Three Fairfield horses—H. C. Burleigh's Lady Burleigh and Gentle Annie, and R. Jones' Honest John—took the first prizes in three races at Dover one day this week. Lady Burleigh's best time 2:35 3-4; Gentle Annie's 2:50; Honest John's 2:49.

The Supreme court has granted an injunction in favor of the Boston & Maine Railroad, against the Portland, Saco & Portsmouth Railroad Co., preventing it from running by South Berwick without stopping and taking the Boston & Maine cars, and from leaving Portland with their afternoon express train without taking the Boston & Maine cars.

Mr. Colfax has been discharged from medical treatment with the injunction that he spend more time in recreation, which he has promised to obey.

Contrary to general expectation, John P. Hale is recovering his long-impaired health, and his friends in New Hampshire think of putting him in the political field once more.

AN OLD PAPER.—J. M., of Palmyra, sends us a copy of the *Waterville Intelligencer*, the first paper established in our village, dated Thursday June 8, 1826, almost forty-five years ago. This paper was published by William Hastings, proprietor; and as the paper was number four of the fourth volume, the paper had been started in May 1823. How vividly as we look upon its yellow, time-stained pages, rise up before us the man, his office, and his circulating library—especially the library, of which we were a patron, to the extent of our means, and of which a catalogue yet survives among our relics of the olden time. The office was first opened in the building, now occupied by Mr. Baker as a barber shop; and for the benefit of the future historian we will mention that here the first sheet, printed in Waterville was struck by Mr. John Burleigh, (a printer from New Hampshire, then in trade in our village, and who afterward himself published a paper here for a few years,) and Mr. Asa Dalton, son of Moses Dalton, who volunteered, for the occasion to beat with the old fashioned "nigger-heads" for Mr. Burleigh to pull. The office was afterwards removed to the building next north of Marston Block, (there was no "block" there then) which was erected by Mr. Burleigh for the late Hon. Timothy Boutelle; and it was in this office that this sheet was printed.

The INTELLIGENCER was a religious paper, issued under the patronage of the College, whose officers had been instrumental in establishing a printing office here, and the number before us contains much missionary and religious reading, but we fail to find a single local item, and do not see that the "interviewer" was yet born. Among the items of domestic news we note extensive fires in the woods; seizures of American fishing crafts by British vessels, (nothing new under the sun;) defeat of the Automaton Chess Player in New York; a legislative grant, in Connecticut, for a lottery to raise \$15,000 for a revolutionary monument in Groton; notice of Capt. Symmes, of "Symmes' Hall," whose wonderful theory of the formation of the earth was then attracting attention; and the ordination of Rev. Josiah Tucker over the Congregational Church in Madison.

The latest foreign date is April 22, embracing news of the Greek Revolution, and contradicting the reports of the fall of Missolonghi, and the determination of Russia to invade Turkey.

In the advertisements (good locals always,) Milton Philbrook, Fairfield, gives notice that he has in his employ Capt. Levi Maynard, a celebrated clothier and cloth dresser; C. P. Bailey, Augusta, advertises tickets in the Oxford Canal lottery and Sullivan Bridge; Geo. W. Osborn, in a store standing on the site of the lower end of Merchants Row, buys Pot Iron; Lemuel Paine and Francis Swain, are commissioners on the estate of Nahum Wood, late of Winslow—yeoman; John Partridge (the old Hotel Keeper here) had removed to Houlton and engaged in the commission business; David Page advertises English and W. I. goods; Oliver Welch advertises a sheet taken up astray; a citizen offers a suitable reward for a bag containing a keg of rum and a quantity of salt fish, lost between Blackwell & Loring's store and Conforth's Mills, adding that the finder will by returning the lost property, confer a great favor on the subscriber "by enabling him to clear himself of suspicions, of which he is conscious he is innocent;" L. Allen misses a volume of Shakespeare's Plays; and Allen Wing announces that he has taken the Dalton Gristmill, at the end of Teconic Bridge.

Two visits to Mr. Hastings' place we shall never forget; once when, a barefooted boy, we went in to "see the printing office go," and noticing large quantities of reading matter lying around loose, we then and there resolved to be a printer; and again when we ventured into the bookstore and asked the awfully solemn man behind the counter for "Robinson Crusoe," and that not being in he gave us "Gulliver's Travels." And that seems but a little while ago.

The "kangaroo droop," now "fashionable," is thus defined in a New York letter: "To make the thing perfect, a glove with three or four buttons is selected, so that the wrist may be as long and small as possible. The wrist of the left hand and also that of the right hand, if it is not engaged with an Alpine parasol, is brought close to the breast, and then the hand is permitted to fall, palm downward, as if all muscular action was lost. This is the present attitude of locomotion by the descendants of the kangaroo, and it suggests the loveliest helplessness imaginable, besides proving respectfulness to the deceased progenitor."

The heavy rains, canal breaks, the Bonnet Carre Cruevasse and the effect of south-east winds have partially flooded New Orleans, the Ponchartrain railroad being submerged 6 or 8 inches, and the water is pouring through a new crevasse in the canal, 125 feet wide and four deep.

Conundrum by Jefferson Davis at Atlanta, on the 27th of May: "Now, my friends, having already said more than I intended, it only remains for me to see the evidences of assiduous, earnest labor in things material, because there is little in this that a foreign government can interfere with?" What did he mean by a "Foreign government?"—[Portland Adv.]

On the night of May 25th, the house and barn owned and occupied by George Shaw of South Levant were entirely destroyed by fire. Insurance \$500. It is not known how the fire originated.

At the Young men's Christian Convention in Washington, the question was put to the delegates, "What do you do with people who persistently indulge in long prayers?" and, somebody answering, "Never give them a chance to pray," another brother luckily added the explanation, "Except in private."

A Pennsylvania Justice has sent a man to jail for eight months for soiling a lady's dress by spitting tobacco juice upon it.

MAMMOTH EMPIRE CITY CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE.—This complete and comprehensive establishment has been organized for the Summer and Winter seasons of this year, presenting a rare aggregate of unequalled attractions. It will exhibit here June 21, remaining only one day. The department of the arena, is made up of the very best equestrian and acrobatic talent of Europe and America, and affords an array of well known names which cannot fail to interest the circus-going public.

Prof. Renno will go up among the clouds carried by his monster balloon, "Tallulah."

The process of inflation is new, hot air being substituted for the old plan of gas. Ladies and gentlemen are invited to make a journey beyond the clouds in this great air-ship.

Among the list of names comprising the artists of the arena we notice many familiar and well known to the public. Charles Frills, the British somersault and pironette rider, late from Lent's, and Mlle Emma Stokes, whose feats of classic equestrian are replete with grace and elegance, are among the equestrian celebrities. Mlle Andrews and Louise, cordes volantes and elastiques, the Watson Brothers three in number, Jean, Johnny, Signor Bliss, Jerome Tuttle, Master Frank Ashton, James Reynolds, and Bill Andrews, in their feats of Athletic strength, vaulting and tumbling, make up such an entertainment as is seldom seen in this part of the world. The company is large, well selected, and of excellent material, and the jests of the clowns are original and always to the point.

Two dens of living wild animals, entered by Mlle Minnie Williams the noted Lion Queen, will be introduced at each performance.

There appears to be a general resurrection of mouldy Secessionism, at the South. Robert Toombs, who didn't call his slave roll on Bunker Hill, made a speech at Augusta Georgia, in which he said: "When you can tear the live thunder from its home in the burning ether, and bind it a captive at the footstool of tyranny, then, and not till then, will I accept the situation."

Concord, June 6. Last week a young lady named Mason, of Moultonboro, aged about nineteen, went to the office of Mr. H. P. Smith, in Meredith village, to have some teeth filled. While under the influence of ether, which the doctor advised her to take, he committed a gross outrage on her person. Smith afterwards tried to hush the matter with money but not succeeding fled, and is pursued by officers, and nearly the whole community. He is a prominent church member, and a good Templar.

The Lewiston Journal says the house of Alonzo Stevens of Smithfield, was struck by lightning, Saturday, about 6-12 P. M. and was considerably injured. Mr. Stevens was stunned by the shock, but soon recovered.

Berlin advices say the revised lists show a total of 4990 German officers and 112,030 killed and wounded during the war. Prisoners are returning to France at the rate of 9000 a day.

The Count Mitzkiewicz, whom a ward of Prof. Tyler of Amherst College wanted to marry, has got into a Belgian prison on a charge of fraud, which will probably end the girl's infatuation.

Mr. Benjamin Curtis of Farmington, went out to burn brush in his field on Friday June 2d, and was found some hours afterward, dead, and with his clothing burned from his body. He was about sixty years of age; and it is supposed he was sunstruck or taken with a fit, and fell down in the flames he had kindled.

A Washington paper charges the Chief Justice with "predestinating mutually." Surely it cannot be so bad as that. A fit of susquepahanism would be nothing compared with it.

CHEAP COAL.—The New York Herald says that we are to have cheap coal for a time and the reason why is this: It is the object of the large coal proprietors to bring prices at market so low as to render it impossible for the smaller ones to mine with any chance of profit, and in their extremity they will be forced to sell their mines to the larger companies, who will thereafter have a monopoly of the production and the entire regulation of prices in their own hands. In this effort the railroad men are joined. The parties to this plan claim that it is not with the view of finally securing exorbitant prices that they contemplate the scheme, but that their object is merely to control the mining interest, so that they may have regularity in its management and avoid loss to themselves and to the public.

SECRETARY SEWARD left India in the latter part of April, after a tour that has taken in nearly the whole of that remarkable country.

A KANSAS man is in jail for letting a neighbor's mule follow him home.

The latest proposition among railroad men is, eventually to discontinue the present track between Leeds Junction and Lewiston via Green and run the Maine Central and Androscoggin trains via Sabattus to that city, striking the present Androscoggin track near Androscoggin Mills and thus uniting the two depots in Lewiston. The Main Central track would in such an event cross the Androscoggin, near the Continental Mills, and the depot in Auburn would be not far from the Edward Little Institute building.

The Advocate says a span of valuable horses belonging to Mr. Heman Whipple of Solon, was drowned Sunday last, in attempting to cross the Kennebec river on to the Savage island with wagon attached. The current was too strong and swept off the wagon and dragged the horses after it.

The Maine Central Company will put a construction train on the B. and M. L. R. next week, and the road will be fully ballasted and put in condition. There will be a new arrangement of trains commencing on Monday to correspond with change of time upon the Maine Central.—The new rolling stock will consist of passenger, smoking, mail and freight cars, and will be lettered "Belfast Branch."

The Philadelphia Press says: Ex-Gov. Orr, of South Carolina, is one of the wisest men of the South, and unlike the most of his colleagues, more of the statesman than he is of the politician. He has recently been talked with by a correspondent of the New York Herald, and not only does he admit the real existence of the Ku Klux, but charges their responsibility upon the leading and influential white men of the South. Gov. Orr, while a native South Carolinian, is yet a moderate republican, inasmuch as he believes that only through the republican party can order be restored to the section south of the Potomac.

A Chinese photographer in San Francisco being upbraided by a lady customer because the picture didn't suit her, briefly replied thus: "No have handsome; how can?"

During the thunder storm last Tuesday, the Free Baptist church at West Paris was hit by the lightning. The steeple was ruined and considerable damage done to the belfry deck and the end of the church.

Commencement occurs at Bowdoin Col. this year on Wednesday, July 12th. President McCosh of Princeton College, New Jersey, is to deliver the oration before the Phi Beta Kappa, and Rev. E. P. Parker, of Hartford, Conn., the oration before the Alumni.

The State Missionary Convention of all the Baptists of Maine is to be assembled at West Waterville, June 20, 21 and 22. It has in charge the Domestic Missionary work of the denomination, and its annual meetings are of much interest. It is expected that a reduction of fares will be secured on all the railroad lines of the State.

A New York dressmaker died recently of arsenic poisoning from making up a green tarlatan dress.

A lazy chap has found out that his working between meals is unhealthy for him.

SAXE graphically describes a certain case of beef-steak as "an infringement on Good-year's patent."

"WHAT makes her sing so sweet," said a little girl—bless her poetic soul—as she listened to a bobolink, "do he eat flowers?"

We learn from the Lewiston Journal that a fellow giving his name as Alonzo Nightengale, from Ohio, but who proved to be Charles H. Wood, a graduate of the Reform School, has been arrested for breaking into dwellings in Wayne, and committed to jail at Augusta.

The Sunrise learns that on Friday, May 26th, a whirlwind passed Fort Fairfield village, upturning and breaking off large trees and making havoc of everything in its track. A barn near the north end of the bridge was laid flat, and the bridge itself for a few minutes was in imminent danger. The shore end of the north span was moved a foot or more.

Lincoln's monument at Oak Ridge cemetery, two miles from Springfield, Illinois, is now nearly completed. The base measures 120 by 70 feet, and is 20 feet high, containing a crypt and memorial hall, surmounted by an obelisk rising 96 feet from the ground.

A great accident is often the result of small carelessness. Every traveler should have a bottle of Rempe's Pain-Killing Magic Oil in his pocket, or sachet, to use in case of accident. It cures bruises, contusions, swellings, and relieves pain, from any cause, as if by magic. "It works like a charm." Sold by Low & Co., Waterville.

EXTRACT.—"For prostrating from exhaustion of the powers of the brain and nervous system, from long continued study or teaching, or in those cases of exhaustion from which so many young men suffer, I know of no better medicine for restoration to health than EDWARD'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF H."

"Pugwash, N. S. "EDMUND CLA

Hall's Vegetable Sclerian Hair Renewer removes scurf and all impurities from the scalp.

Arrest that terrible Catarrh, and thus avoid a consumptive's grave by using Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It's not warranted to cure Consumption when the lungs are half consumed, nor to make men live forever, nor to make this earth a blissful Paradise, to which Heaven shall be but a shadow, but the proprietor will pay \$500 reward for a case of Catarrh which he cannot cure. Sold by druggists, or send sixty cents to Dr. R. V. Pierce, 133 Seneca Street, Buffalo, N. Y., and receive it by mail.

Dr. R. R. Clarke's Vegetable Sherry Wine Bitters are a certain cure for female sickness, by taking a wine-glass half full before getting out of bed in the morning. Delicate Ladies will find it of great service by using it three or four times a day. Sold by all dealers in medicines. See advertisement.

Dr. Wing has been a student ever since he began to learn the A B C. Whether he is at home or abroad, medical books are always with him, and every opportunity is occupied in study and observation.

"The Best the Cheapest." GILBRETH Has a splendid stock of First Class Stoves, Hardware, &c. SEE IS SELLING CHEAP.

His experience of over twenty years in the business, with a disposition to deal in the best quality, enables him to select a better class of goods than can be found in this part of Maine. Please call and examine and you will see they are from the most skillful manufacturers in the country. Having a large trade of goods.

He buys cheap and sells cheap.

J. H. GILBRETH KENDALL'S MILLS.



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2.28 1-2—2.26 3-4—2.29 1-2

GILBRETH KNOX

Has record at Narragansett Park, Providence, of 1 half mile in a new 1:10 1-4, quarter 21 1-2 seconds. His latest colt HONEST JOHN, won the 5 year old purse at Waterville.

His 5 year old colt "Knox-them-all," sold for five thousand dollars.

"MAINE HAMBLETONIAN." A grandson of "Rydyk's Hambletonian." See Advertisement in Maine Farmer, or send for a circular.

SPRING GOODS!

The Latest Styles

Just received, suitable for SPRING WEAR

A LARGE ASSORTMENT

FOR BOYS' WEAR.

Which I will sell

At Prices that cannot be beaten.

I AM MAKING UP

BOYS' CLOTHING,

Which will be made in the LATEST STYLE, and sold

LOW FOR CASH.







# MISCELLANY.

## THE LOW, SWEET CHIME.

There is a low, sweet chime in the wind,  
Sounding at intervals when all is still,  
Heard only by the pure in heart, who find  
Joy in their daily task, doing their Maker's will.

Be they in velvet slumber, or sunset stole,  
In hall or hut, there is that low sweet chime,  
Solemn, yet cheerful, speaking to the soul  
Of joys that rest not in this stranger clime.

Lord music cannot quench it, nor the sound  
Of mighty voices, like the mingled roar  
Of tossing waves that with delicious bound  
Leap onward in their fury to the shore.

Nor yet the jarring sounds of bustling life,  
Whose wreny footstep tolls in quest of gain  
In dusty marts, 'mid sickening scenes of strife,  
Till the worn spirit longs for rest-in vain.

Yet few do hear it: either care or pride,  
Or thought unholy, folly, grief, or crime,  
Withholding the soul beneath the railing shade,  
Blinder the coming of that low, sweet chime.

Men's hearts are heavy, or they would not slumber,  
Their spirit's oneness with so pure a strain,  
Though faint as when the far-off trumpet might  
Seem as a murmur stealing o'er the plain.

From source for mightier comes that low, sweet sound,  
Than deep, deep, deep, deep, deep, deep, deep, deep,  
From Harp, and mingled voices that resound  
With anthems high through heaven's eternal year.

Decorations were held at Arlington,  
the home of Robert E. Lee, and Fred Douglas  
was the orator of the occasion. In his oration  
he said:

"We are sometimes asked in the name of patriot-  
ism, to forget the merits of this fearful struggle,  
and to remember with equal admiration  
those who struck at the nation's life, and those  
who struck to save it; those who fought for  
slavery and those who fought for liberty and  
justice. I am no minister of malice. I would  
not strike the fallen. I would not regret the  
repentant, but may my right hand forget its  
cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of  
my mouth if I forget the difference between  
the parties of that terrible, protracted and  
bloody conflict. If we ought to forget a war  
which has filled our land with widows and or-  
phans; which has made stumps of men of the  
very flower of our youth; sent them on the  
journey of life armless, legless, maimed and  
mutilated, which has piled up a debt higher  
than a mountain of gold; swept uncounted  
thousands of men into bloody graves and plant-  
ed agony at a million hearthstones—I say if  
this war is to be forgotten, I ask in the name  
of all things sacred, what shall men remember?

The essence and significance of our devotion  
to-day are not to be found in the fact that  
the men whose remains lie in these graves were  
brave in battle. If we met simply to show our  
sense of the worth of bravery, we should find  
enough to kindle admiration on either side. In  
the raging storm of fire and blood, in the fierce  
torrent of shot and shell of sword and bayonet  
whether on horse or on foot unflinching cour-  
age marked the rebel, not less than the loyal  
soldier; but we are not here to applaud manly  
courage only as it has been displayed in a no-  
ble cause. We must never forget that victory  
to rebellion meant death to the republic. We  
must never forget that the loyal soldiers who  
rest beneath this sod flung themselves between  
the nation and the nation's destroyers. If to-  
day we have a country not boiling in an agony  
of blood like France; if now we have a united  
country, no longer cursed by the hell-black  
system of human bondage; if the American  
nation is no longer a by-word, and a hissing to  
a mocking earth; if the Star Spangled Banner  
floats only over free American citizens, in ev-  
ery quarter of the land, and our country has  
before it a long and glorious career of justice,  
liberty and civilization, we are indebted to the  
unselfish devotion of the noble army who rests  
in these honored graves all around us."

The American Missionary Association, that  
was organized in 1846, for the elevation of the  
black race on this continent, has rendered lar-  
ge service since the rebellion in the way of fit-  
ting the enfranchised citizens for the discharge  
of their duties by education. During the pre-  
sent year the Association has maintained  
309 missionaries and teachers in the southern  
States, and 65 schools, of which 17 have their  
normal departments. The cessation of the aid  
formerly extended to this good work by the  
Freedmen's Bureau, gives the Association a  
higher claim upon the bounty of good citizens  
everywhere who believe in overcoming evil  
with good rather than in the devil's maxim of  
fighting fire with fire.

Jeff Davis's late speech at Atlanta, Ga., is  
attracting much attention. The New York  
Herald thinks that for this "haughty marplot  
to assume to be a leader again and address the  
Southern people on political affairs is the acme  
of impudence;" and the Times contrasts Da-  
vis's speech with those recently made by Hor-  
ace Greely in Texas, inferring therefrom that  
either Mr. Greely or Jeff Davis misapprehends  
the temper of the Southern people. "O  
have," it says, "Davis making seditions har-  
angues, and Mr. Greely declaring that all is  
peace. Both cannot be right." The Tribune  
says "Davis's rhetoric has no great intrinsic  
value, but the manner in which it is received  
is equivalent to a notification from the South-  
ern Democracy that the New Departure will  
not do." The Post says "there is no repent-  
ance that can atone for Davis's crimes. He  
will die under the brand of a traitor and the  
shame of a thousand crimes. Better for him  
had he worn into oblivion the disguise in which  
he sought six years ago to escape from his  
country."

This is the insolent way in which the ex-  
rebel chief in his Atlanta speech refers to the  
people of the North: "Filled with the jealousy  
which spring from the knowledge of their in-  
feriority, and conscious of the justice of your  
pretensions, and conscious of broken covenants  
and a violated Constitution, they (the loyal  
men of the North) mistrust every movement,  
and tremble with fear when they think that  
right may again prevail." Is there not such a  
thing as mistaken leniency?

Mr. Hiram Reed, a very reliable man in-  
forms the Maine Farmer that his Jackson po-  
tatoes were so far run out that the balls and  
potatoes were very nearly alike, as to size.  
When they were in blossom, he clipped off the  
blossoms on a part of the piece; and the first  
year's clipping increased the yield fifty per  
cent; and the second year brought them back  
to the original yield and quality.

Attorney General Akerman decides that all  
fishing vessels destroyed during the war by the  
rebel cruiser Teacy will be considered in the  
same light as live vessels lost in the ordinary  
sense of that word, as applying to any ships  
foundered or wrecked at sea, and therefore  
provided for in bounty by act of Congress.

Papers have been discovered which show  
that the operations of the Communists were  
directed from London. It has been discovered  
that the chiefs of the International Club and  
several Englishmen were among the rebels,

The Methodist thinks that the longevity of  
the Quakers, the strictest people in the world  
about fashionable gayeties, long ago exploded  
the notion that any lack of good health in  
Americans could be attributable to want of  
amusement.

When Rowland Hill, in the midst of labori-  
ous cares, was asked, "When do you intend to  
stop?" he promptly answered, "Not till we  
have carried all before us."

Few teamsters realize how much it would  
rest their teams to put a prop under the tongue  
or thills while loading. Every little helps.

**General Insurance Agency.**  
**J. B. BRADBURY**  
HAS resumed the practice of  
**Fire Insurance.**  
At his Office on Main-Street, and now offers the very  
popular and desirable

**Participation Policies,**  
And all other approved forms, in perfectly safe and  
reliable Companies.  
Public patronage is respectfully solicited.  
Waterville, April 20, 1871.

**L. T. BOOTHBY,**  
**General Insurance Ag't,**  
**Office in Phenix Block,**  
**WATERVILLE, ME.**

Representing the Leading Insurance Companies  
of New England and New York.  
Reliable Insurance effected on all kinds of property on  
most favorable terms.

**F. C. THAYER, M. D.**  
OFFICE  
**IN MERCHANTS' ROW, MAIN ST.**  
OPPOSITE BRYAN AND KENDALL'S STORES  
**WATERVILLE, MAINE.**

Dr. Thayer may be found at his office at all hours, day and  
night, except when absent on professional business.  
May, 1871.

**BILL HEADS!**  
Of all Quality, Style and Price  
**AT THE MAIL OFFICE.**

**CROSSMAN'S**  
**New Photograph Rooms**  
(Lately occupied by W. J. Morrill.)  
WILL BE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC ON  
**FRIDAY, APRIL 28th.**  
Work warranted or no pay.  
Waterville, April, 1871.

**ANILINE DYES.**  
**Fuchine & other Colors.**  
Also ALL  
**DYE WOODS AND STUFF.**  
Sole by  
**IRA. H. LOW & Co., Druggists.**

**WING'S**  
**PILLS**  
Are an unparalleled cure for *Dyspepsia, Jaun-  
dise, Liver Complaint and all low and  
debilitated conditions of the system.*

Have you *Dyspepsia*, and have you "tried every thing else"  
and buy a box of **WING'S INVIGORATING PILLS** and  
they will cure you.  
Have you Jaundice? One box of the **PILLS** will cure  
you well.  
Are you troubled with **IVER COLIC**? Are you  
weak, low spirited, circulation sluggish, dull and sleepy?  
Appetite poor, constive, with Kidney Complaint, with urine  
high colored, with Pain in the back, Headache, Nervousness,  
Pain in the head, etc.  
Be sure to try a box of the **Invigorating Pills**, and you will  
find it the most powerful remedy that you ever used.  
Are you worn out, thin in flesh, nervous with troublesome  
tough, and when the secretion has not taken place, the  
amount of powerful medicine will bring on the usual discharge  
immediately, no more than a powerful purgative will produce  
corn in a single day. The system must be invigorated, and  
a special organ nourished into activity, during the  
proper time by the pills, and a favorable result is  
sure.

**CARDS!**  
ALL KINDS.  
**Wedding,**  
**Address,**  
**Traveling,**  
**Business,**  
**Tags,**  
**etc., etc., etc.**  
**Tickets,**  
Done in the neatest style and at the lowest rates,  
**AT THE MAIL OFFICE.**

**No More Boiling**  
**Clothes!**  
**NO STEAM IN**  
**THE HOUSE.**  
**But Little**  
**Labor!**

By the use of **WATERMAN'S GOLD WATER SOAP** you will  
save time, labor, boiling clothes, fuel and steam in the house;  
it will, without the slightest injury to clothes, almost  
instantly remove dirt, grease, paint, etc. These are strong  
assertions, but TRY it once, and see if they are not TRUE!  
For sale by ALL retail grocers.

**JOHN DENNIS & CO.,**  
Sole Agents for Maine.  
**REYNOLDS' KNOL**  
THIS beautiful young horse will be at Albion Corner on  
Friday, June 9, the next Friday, June 9, at China Vil-  
lage, and there will be a sale of all of these horses.  
On Monday, June 12, at Wick's Blacksmith Shop, Boston,  
and every other Monday afterwards at the same place.  
The work of the week at the auctioneer's stable, at Reynolds'  
Mill, Waterville.

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# Kendall's Mills Column.

**DRESS-MAKING**  
Done promptly in the LATEST STYLES at  
**J. T. MURRAY'S,**  
One door north of the Bank,  
Bridg Street, KENDALL'S MILLS.

**MRS. A. ATWOOD**  
Returns her sincere thanks to her friends and patrons for  
past favors, and begs to inform them that she will have from  
this date a carefully selected line of

**Fashionable Millinery.**  
And having secured  
**A COMPETENT MILLINER,**  
(MISS F. A. HAYES.)  
Is prepared to fill orders promptly and in the most approved  
style. She is also desirous to call special attention to her  
new and choice stock of

**FANCY GOODS,**  
Comprising  
Kid and Life Gloves, Hosiery, Real and Imitation  
Laces, Fancy Ribbons, Sashes, Trimmings, of all  
kinds; Hair and Silk Switches, &c., &c.  
All of which she is prepared to offer at the lowest market  
rates.  
Kendall's Mills, Me. 6m57

**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 ex-  
ecute all orders for those in need of dental services.

**E. W. McFADDEN.**  
**Attorney and Counsellor at Law,**  
AND  
**Insurance and Real Estate A**  
**KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.**

**GET THE BEST.**  
**Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.**  
10,000 Words and Meanings not in other Dictionaries.  
3000 Engravings. 1840 Pages Quarto. Price \$12.  
I need not say a word in its favor.  
[Great Walker of Harvard.]  
[W. H. Prescott, the Historian.]  
[Dr. Dick, of Scotland.]  
[John G. Whittier.]  
[Chancellor Kent.]  
[George Bancroft.]  
[Elihu Burritt.]  
[President Eliot, of Harvard.]  
[Horace Mann.]  
[Smart, the English Orthopedist.]  
A necessity for every intelligent family, student, teacher  
and professional man. What Library is complete without the  
best English Dictionary now?

**Webster's National Pictorial Dictionary.**  
1040 Pages Octavo. 600 Engravings. Price \$5.  
The work is really a gem of a Dictionary, just the thing for  
the million.—American Educational Monthly.  
Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.  
Sold by all Bookellers.

**F. Kenrick & Bro.,**  
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN  
**Carriages and Sleighs,**  
**KENDALL'S MILLS.**  
Represented at Kendall's Mills and Waterville Me.  
F. Kenrick. 26 E. P. KENRICK.

**All Right, Again!**  
**WM. L. MAXWELL**  
having procured two  
**FIRST CLASS**  
**WORKMEN.**  
is ready to fill all orders on **Peg-  
and Calf Boots** at the shortest  
notice possible. Also  
**REPAIRING**  
done in the neatest manner at  
short notice.  
Or if you want ready made  
Boots or Shoes, of any  
kind, call at Maxwell's and get them, for he has  
got the largest stock and best assortment to be found in town,  
and of a superior quality.

**ARTIC OVEN.**  
Congress and Buckle, Men's, Women's and Misses', which will  
be sold low for cash.  
Nov. 10, 1870.

**THE CELEBRATED**  
**HOME**  
**STOMACH BITTERS!**  
Are endorsed and prescribed by more leading Physicians  
than any other tonic or stimulant now  
in use. They are

**SURE PREVENTIVE**  
Strengthening the body, invigorating the mind, and giving  
elasticity to the whole system. The Home Stomach Bitters  
are compounded with the greatest care, and no toxic in-  
gredients have been added to the public so pleasant to  
take and the same time combining so many remedial agents,  
endorsed by the medical fraternity as the best known to the  
Pharmacopoeia. It costs but little to give them a fair trial,  
and

**Every Family should have a Bottle.**  
**JAS. A. JACKSON & CO., Proprietors,**  
Laboratory 205 & 107 N. 2d St., St. Louis, Mo.  
Sold by I. H. LOW & CO., Waterville.

**J. W. PERKINS & CO.,**  
Wholesale Agent, Portland.

**Don't wait for a Fire to Warn you**  
**GO at once and insure with**  
**CALL AT MATO BROS.**  
AND get a pair of Gent's best hand made shoes.

**Agents Wanted**  
The Library of Poetry and Song,  
Being Choice Selections from the best Poets,  
ENGLISH, SCOTCH, IRISH & AMERICAN.  
With an Introduction  
By WM. OULLEN BRYANT.  
Under whose critical supervision the volume was compiled  
The handsomest and cheapest subscription book extant.  
Over 800 pages, beautifully printed, choice illustrations,  
handwritten bound. A Library of over 800 volumes  
in one book, whose contents are of so permanent value  
and interest, will never grow old or stale. It can be, and will be,  
read and re-read with pleasure by old and young, as well as  
by the student and the scholar.  
A perfect surprise. Scarcely anything at all a favor-  
ite, or at all worthy of place here, is neglected. It is a  
book for every household.—N. Y. Mail.  
We know of no similar collection in the English lan-  
guage which, in excellence and fidelity of selection and  
arrangement, can at all compare with it.—N. Y. Times.  
Terms Liberal. Selling very rapidly. Send for Circular  
and Terms to J. B. FORD & CO., 27 Park Place, New  
York.

**LADIES;**  
YOU can get a pair of New York Boots at  
**MAYO BROTHERS,** opposite the P. O.

**GENTLE NOTE PAPER**  
IN BOXES of all quality, and as cheap as the cheapest.  
At  
**FRAMES.**  
GILT and WALNUT FRAMES in great variety kept con-  
stantly on hand and made at short notice by  
C. K. MATHESON.

**FOR A GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY**  
**Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA**  
**VINEGAR BITTERS**  
Hundreds of Thousands  
Bear testimony to their Wonder-  
ful Curative Effects.  
**WHAT ARE THEY?**  
They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing  
the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving  
constipation or indigestion of the Liver, and all the various  
diseases of the Digestive Organs.

**FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS,** whether in young or old  
menstruated or single, at the dawn of womanhood or at the turn of life,  
these Bitters have no equal. Send for a Circular.

**For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism**  
and Gout, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion,  
Biliousness, Remittent and Intermittent  
Fever, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys  
and Bladder, these Bitters have been most suc-  
cessful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated  
Blood, which is generally produced by derangement  
of the Digestive Organs.

**DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION,** Head-  
ache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the  
Chest, Distension, Sour Eructations of the Stomach,  
Bad taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Puffiness  
of the Face, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the  
regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful  
symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the stomach and stimulate the tor-  
pid liver and bowels, which render them the most effec-  
tual in cleansing the blood of all impurities and  
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[FOR SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt  
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Curdles, Ring-Worms, Scald Head, Scrofula,  
Erysipelas, Itch, Sores, Discolorations of the Skin,  
Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name  
or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the  
system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.  
One Bottle in such cases will convince the most in-  
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[Those who have better health, more energy, and  
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Eruptions or sores; cleanse it when you find it ob-  
structed and sluggish in the veins, cleanse it when  
it is foul, and your feelings will be better when you  
keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will  
follow.]  
[PIN, TAPES and other WORMS, lurking in the  
system of many thousands, are effectually de-  
stroyed. For full directions, read carefully the  
circular around each bottle, printed in four lan-  
guages—English, German, French and Spanish.]  
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They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing  
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menstruated or single, at the dawn of womanhood or at the turn of life,  
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Biliousness, Remittent and Intermittent  
Fever, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys  
and Bladder, these Bitters have been most suc-  
cessful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated  
Blood, which is generally produced by derangement  
of the Digestive Organs.

**DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION,** Head-  
ache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the  
Chest, Distension, Sour Eructations of the Stomach,  
Bad taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Puffiness  
of the Face, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the  
regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful  
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