

The Colby Echo.

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The Colby Echo.

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THE increasing interest taken by the different high schools of the State in the Maine Interscholastic Athletic Association is encouraging. The Association is becoming stronger every year and rivalry is closer and keener. The faculties of the different colleges have begun to give this movement some attention, and college students can not fail to see the great importance of athletic training for students before entering college. Colby, Bowdoin, and Bates have been given the power to appoint members on the Executive committee, thus bringing the Association somewhat under the advice and jurisdiction of the colleges, while the association itself wins in return support and encouragement. The fact that the annual meet, this year, is to take place in Waterville, brings the matter rather more directly to our attention than ever before. Several hundred preparatory school students from all parts of the state will probably be present. If we want a higher grade of college athletics in Maine, it will be for our interest to show these high school boys every courtesy in our power. Let them carry away pleasant recollections of Colby.

IT may be a question in some minds, which is more becoming in a Sophomore, to haze a Freshman or "yag" a Senior. But in the opinion of the majority, the action of certain members of the Sophomore class in this latter respect cannot be too severely condemned. We refer especially to the exhibition of hoodlumism at the station the other morning, which for senselessness and insolence easily surpasses any demonstration in Sophomore history up to date.

Also, while we are speaking in this not altogether agreeable strain, we would venture to suggest to this same class that the so-called "serenade" that came off a few nights later could hardly be called a credit to any class. We still have confidence in '96, however, but it is time, indeed, that the better element again asserted itself to check what seems to be the action of a few men who are painfully ignorant of the rudiments of college propriety.

ON the whole the prospects for good baseball, this year, are decidedly brighter. There can be no doubt that the team, in the matter of material, is in far better shape than it was last year at this same time. One of the most encouraging features is the disposition to work, and work hard, shown by all the baseball men in college. The management deserves credit, also; for the fence which cuts off the view from the road and which will undoubtedly make a considerable difference in the receipts; for the first class work done on the diamond which is now second to none in Maine; for the new suits and equipment of the nine; and not the least for a schedule of games which is satisfactory in many respects. It provides for games with first-class teams and for a majority of the games to be played on the home grounds. Don't let support be lacking.



ALONG-SHORE.

Have you ever lived down by the beautiful sea,
Where the rippling waves murmur so gladsome and free,
Where the gulls wheel their circles with pinions of light,
And the ships snow-winged, cut the sparkling crests
bright,
Making scenes ever changing, e'er dear to the sight?
O, then, if you have, don't you love that old strand
Where the sea, come from far, meets the far-stretching
land?

Have you ever been down by the calm, peaceful sea,
When it's face was a mirror for you or for me,
When no breath filled the sails of the fisherman's boat,
But their oars clanked in row-locks as outward they'd
float,
While the clear air re-echoed their songs, every note?
O, then, wished you not as you stood watching there,
Your life like those waters, all peaceful, all fair?

Have you ever been down by the treacherous sea,
Where the cruel rocks threaten and fierce breakers be,
When the stately ships trembled as wild grew the night
With no trace of the fishers whose hearts were so light
As they set out that morn? —Then you well know the
sight,

The town frenzied, mad, for the boat not returned—
While high on the headland the beacon is burned.

Have you ever been down by the wild, cruel sea,
When the crews started out, seeking tidings where he,
The lost fisher had gone? O, the anxious time then
In which the town waited, with hopes that the men
Who were searching might find, and return him again!
—They come. But no word by the searchers is said.
—Nor answer the waves—they have covered their dead.

Have you ever walked out by the crags of the sea,
Where the tide-swirl sweeps past, and the reefs make
their key,

And have there seen the wreck of the schooner or bark,
Once the queen of the waters, but now grim and stark,
Its timbers wide-gaping, weird, dismal and dark?
Then say! did you not just beyond them behold
The wrecked fisher's boat, that of which we have told?

Have you ever been into a home by the sea
Which misses the foot-step of father, while she,
Once the sailor's fond wife, now a widow appears,
While the children with strange and unspeakable fears
Are seized when the storm sends its wail to their ears?
O, this is the story, twelve hundred times told,
In the last score of years, in our Gloucester old.

God pity the mothers who dwell by the sea!
God pity the sailors, wherever they be!
And may you, safely sheltered, when night settles down
With the storm-king, while fierce the skies frown,
Remember the lads from the brave fisher town.
Though storms chant their requiem, though seas be their
grave,

There's a nation that honors the men on the wave.

W. F. ROWLEY.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF COLBY.

BY A. H. BRIGGS, ESQ., BOSTON, MASS.

MY father, Rev. Otis Briggs, (B.U. 1808), a citizen of Hampden, Me., (which was my home while in college) was one of the constituent members of the first Board of Trustees of Waterville College, now Colby University. I think it was at his suggestion that at the first Commencement, in 1822, the services of the Hampden Band were procured to do the music of the day, and lead the procession. This band consisted of some eight or ten pieces of the old-fashioned musical instruments, mostly now out of use. They had a base drum, several clarionets, a kind of trombone, not of the kind in modern use; and especially, a bugle, blown by a lusty black man named Douglas. Douglas was a famous bugler of that time, and was in

much demand. The Hampden Band shared his fame. This band made its way, as I was afterward told by one of its members, for fifty miles from the Penobscot to the Kennebec river on foot, partly by bridle-paths, and partly by spotted trees. It was then thought to be a great enterprise, and the band and the college were both honored by their attendance. This was a great day for Waterville—this first Commencement. It was held in the old meeting house down town which was thronged with a great crowd. Only two graduates, though six or eight parts were taken by Theological students, then finishing their course. Only two graduates! a day of small things, true, but if anybody could have foreseen the world-wide fame that within ten years was to be achieved by one of those graduates, they would have called it a day of great things.

As these are personal recollections, you will excuse the frequent use of the personal pronoun. My class was that of '39, though the ECHO had it '53, by inadvertence, at the close of my last article on "Colby Lawyers," which was on General H. M. Plaisted, who was of the class of '53. We entered twenty-seven, and graduated eighteen, the largest class that previous to that time, the college had sent out. Four of us were boys, two not quite fifteen, and two a little over fifteen years of age. These were Wright of Hartford, Conn., and myself living, and Caldwell and Goldthwaite dead. The last was a very bright boy from Augusta, who died last year, a book-seller, of New Orleans, of long standing, a fine linguist, with some fun and mischief in him. Caldwell became distinguished as a preacher and college president, and was a fine writer, promise of which he gave in his first Sophomore composition. Older than these, the largest part of the class were aged from eighteen to twenty-one, while a few, some five or six, were over twenty-five years of age when they entered, but most of them were close students and excellent scholars. Of this class, besides Wright and myself, only three others are living, Dr. Ricker, of Augusta, Dr. Granger of Burrillville, R. I., and N. T. Fay, of West Virginia. All of the others have gone over to the Majority. During our time Babcock was President one year and Patterson three. Keely was professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; Newton, Rhetoric; Burnes, Languages; Holmes, Lecturer on Chemistry, etc; and

Loomis, Chemistry and Natural History: Lamson, Randall, Noyes and Thomas were tutors. Babcock was an able man and most eloquent preacher, drew many students to the college, and helped it much financially by his influence and outside labors. But if he was not the best administrator of college affairs, it was mostly due to his kind and affectionate heart and loving nature. Patterson, who was also an excellent preacher and recitation officer, was better adopted to manage and to get over hard places with the "boys." But while the Faculty of our time were greatly respected and esteemed, the most tender and loving recollections cluster around George Washington Keely. I think in saying this, I voice the feeling of every one of his pupils, without exception, whom he instructed for upward twenty-three years, during which he was connected with the college. It would be difficult, I think, to convince any student whom he instructed that he was not among, and very high up among, the very ablest mathematicians that our college, or any other, before or since his time, has ever known. He understood the principles by which Laverier discovered and located the planet Neptune, as well, as thoroughly as Laverier himself, and could have as readily worked up its position from the perturbations of the orbit of Uranus as he did, if his attention had been called to it and his time would have permitted. He was a perfect gentleman. It is a little thing to name, perhaps, but it was no small factor in strengthening the love we always bore for him; that we always heard him put the "Mr." before our names, (boys in years as well as men) when he spoke to us out of or called upon us in the recitation room, while no other member of the Faculty did so. A little such courtesy does not cost much, but no man can say that, as a rule, if a student feels that in such trifles, as well as in more important matters of social and college life he is treated as a gentleman, he will try to be one. I think Prof. Keely's influence with the students was such, that on more than one occasion his very presence, without action and in silence, was like "Oil upon the waters" in calming the turbulent excesses in sports, which will sometimes occur in the best regulated colleges. One dark night, on some summer holiday, we were indulging in throwing hand-grenades on the campus made of split sticks, cotton and oil, lighted. Perhaps in our excitement we

were excessive, and, perhaps, did not see what the officers may have seen, that in the drouth of summer there may have been danger. As it was, the sport was too good to give up, though several of the officers tried to break it up and even to catch some of us, who eluded them by not being in the exact spot where they had seen us by the light of the torches when they sprung for us. Then the President came out ostensibly to help stop the sport, but some of us thought he rather enjoyed it. At last, when we got pretty wild and reckless, Prof. Keely was sent for, and he came up from his house and stood among the posts leading from the street to the campus, in front of south college. After fifty-three years, by the mind's eye, I can see him now, as I saw him then as he stood there with his kindly look and magnificent presence, wearing that brown frock coat so familiar to us all. As soon as we recognized him, Goldthwaite, who was near me said, "we have got to quit now, there is old Keely," and not another torch was thrown for the night. That word "old" was no word of contempt, or want of the highest consideration and love, but of respect as well as esteem.

When we came to our Junior year, and, perhaps, during a part of the Sophomore year, once a day through the rest of the course we recited to Prof. Keely. He understood, perfectly, the principles of the highest mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and was not content with simply marking our standing from the smoothness of the recitations. He did not seem to be satisfied unless he knew that all the class understood the demonstration of any proposition, so if he mistrusted that all did not, he would come down from his chair and with chalk and blackboard thoroughly explain it so we could not fail to see the scientific and practical value of what he taught us. With this exception, I do not remember anything like *teaching*, unless President Patterson's discussion of Metaphysics with the class in our Senior year may be called teaching. I think it was not the fashion in any college of that day to teach much, but simply to grade students by their recitations. I am glad to see that there has been some change in this respect, when I have occasionally attended recitations at the college in these later years. But the practice of getting the standing and scholarship of a class of students solely from the beautiful recitations they make, is, and

always has been to my mind, an absurdity which colleges and schools should abandon, and seek some more certain criterion by which to rate their pupils. The following anecdote illustrates this fully, as well as the superior success in life of some men of low college standing as compared with some of high college standing: Not long before he died, I met Dr. Lamson on School street. He was then retired, with the disease upon him which soon took him from among us. Something led me to speak to him of the great value of post-graduate studies. He said, "I think I know something about that, you know I was your tutor in mathematics." I said, "yes, and we thought a man who understood, seemingly, as well as a boy knows his A. B. C's, 'Bourdon's Elements of Algebra' must have been 'Dis genitus' or near it." "Well," said he, "when I had graduated (class of 1835) I was elected tutor, which place I felt obliged to decline. I was not familiar enough with any of the Faculty to tell them so, except Prof. Keely, so I went to him and told him I could not accept the position," "Why not, Mr. Lamson?" "Because I don't know anything about it." "Impossible! Mr. Lamson, why you stood highest in your class in mathematics." "I can't help that! Nevertheless, I don't know anything about the mathematics that I am to teach the Freshman class!" "Will you explain why this is so, Mr. Lamson?" "*Simply because I committed my mathematics to memory, and my standing was measured by my recitations.*" This was so astonishing to the professor that he hesitated what to say, because to an investigating mind like his, this announcement of Lamson was simply confounding. So after looking down upon the culprit a few minutes, he said, "Well, we must not give it up now, so Mr. Lamson, the vacation will be four weeks, and it will be five weeks before you will meet the Freshmen. I shall be at home during the whole time, and you may come here one day, or every day in the week, once, twice, or three times a day, or you may stay here all the time, and we will see if we can't understand something about this matter." Lamson said, "he should have accepted this offer, if he had rejected the tutorship." He did so, and he said, "that that five week's study and instruction were of more value to him in mathematics than his whole college course." I think, and am proud to think that at our college now, and of late years, real investi-

gation, thorough understanding of principles and other elements of scholarship enter more largely into the grade of students, than formerly, and that our corps of teachers are better satisfied with the safer elements of standing than glib memorized recitations.

A CAPE COD VACATION.

SOME years ago I passed a summer vacation at South Duxbury, a Cape Cod town, made famous as the home of Miles Standish and the early Puritans. It is a little country town still, close upon the sea, with a few widely separated houses, with streets that are ankle deep in loose sand. There is a sleepy air about the people, as well as the place, that is entirely refreshing to one in search of rest. A dull place to live in, but a delightful spot for a vacation.

A friend and I found a home in a large, old-fashioned farm-house. A large orchard and the beach separated us from the sea. Looking through the trees, we saw the lofty, but unfinished statue of the doughty Puritan captain. Seaward, not many miles away, we could discern old Plymouth. Away beyond, when the weather was clear, the long, irregular, misty outline of Cape Cod could be traced to its very end at Provincetown. Coming back to our immediate surroundings, we note that the sea in front makes a large bay. On the east, a long, light-house-crowned cape is between us and the open sea.

We found enjoyment from day to day in very common-place sports. We swam, rowed about the bay, visited the lighthouse; we took long walks. But we did want to have some deep sea fishing, and at last we had a chance. We called upon an old sailor, a veritable old salt, and struck a bargain with him. We were to start from his house the next morning at four o'clock. It was rather earlier than we expected, but we promised to be on hand, so we set an alarm clock for half past two, and went to bed with many lively anticipations of the next day's good time. It seemed but a few moments before the rush, the whir, and the rattle of the little time-piece roused us from sleep. We woke with a nervous start, and, with many a gape and yawn, sat up in bed. We were so sleepy there must be a mistake in the time. But no! the little clock was right. We had no time to waste. We ate a lunch prepared the

night before, and piling on old clothes till we could carry no more, we started for the old sailor's home. The night was clear and starlight; it was so cold that we shivered, despite our heavy clothing. The walk was longer than it ever seemed before; we said very little to each other. Some how the trip didn't appear half so pleasurable as we had anticipated the night before. When we got to the old man's house we found it dark and silent. Had the captain gone and left us? We shouted his name again and again. Nothing was heard but echo of our own voices. We were thinking of turning back, when the faint gleam of a light shone through the window of the house. The door opened, and out came the old man.

"You're the first that ever came before the time," he chuckled.

At this, we felt very heroic, and tried to forget that we had wished we were not coming at all.

Well, after awhile we got away in a small sail-boat. We got some exercise in trying to keep out of the old man's way, as he gradually worked the boat out into the bay, but we didn't get too warm even then. We were after mackerel and sailed far out to find them. The first faint streaks of the rising sun were seen; it was growing perceptibly lighter.

Finally, our lines are baited and thrown out. We wait and wait till, suddenly there is a rush and a whir; the old sailor has pulled in three lines and three mackerel. We look enviously at him, and hope we shall get one at least. Well, our turn finally comes and it is a supreme moment. The water was very rough, the boat was small; I was beginning to have some queer sensations, but the fish began to bite. I thought of nothing but the sport.

The sun came up round and red. It became very hot. We grew weary toward noon, and spoke of returning, but the old sea-dog was after fish, and would not return while one mackerel continued to bite. It was two o'clock when we touched shore. My friend had twenty-six mackerel, while I had eighteen. As we left the boat, my friend looked at me; I looked at him. Our faces were burnt red, our heads were aching badly. The excitement was gone; we had time to realize that it was a very hot day and that we were almost dead with fatigue. Slowly we stumbled home, but we had to go right to bed.

We had narrowly escaped a sunstroke. As we rolled and tossed about, we almost said we never would go fishing for mackerel again. I haven't been since that time, but I am not likely to forget my one experience.

F. W. PEAKES.

In Hebron Semester.

SOCIETY PARTIZANSHIP.

THE time of barbarous hazing and sharp hostility between members of different classes in college has long since passed. In large colleges class distinction has almost entirely disappeared, and the student boasts in his society alone. But between these Greek fraternities the war is hotly waged—a war during which no truce is ever declared and whose results are often life-long enmities. In a small college like our own both class and society feeling prevails.

The successes of "our class" are flaunted in the faces of others. Our class—the most brilliant of all, favorite of the professors, hope of the college—what would have become of the world if our class had not existed!

But stronger far than class competition is society rivalry. What should be only wholesome competition is degenerating into bitter animosity. We defend even the faults of "our men" and smile indulgently upon a rogue if he happens to belong to our society. But if one of another fraternity falls, little charity does he receive from us.

But enough of this. It is easy to find fault and point out peoples' mistakes. The question is, what is the remedy? That a remedy must be found is certain. We come to college to make the most of ourselves. We have one purpose, one desire. We are members of a little community and we ought to let nothing interfere with our duties as citizens of that community. By no means the smallest of these duties is to help each other; and how can we help each other, with a spirit of contention in our hearts?

For one's own society each member feels, of course, a certain affection. It is right and natural. It is right because it is natural. But let it be similar to the family feeling. Because your name is A, you don't insist that the A's are the best family in the world, the only one worthy to belong to. And so you belong to the

ancient order of A. B. C's. You love it. Its members are like your kinsmen. But the society of X. Y. Z. is just as helpful to its members as the one you love is to you. And there are men among its members, pretty nearly as good as you are. You may have good friends from that very society, if you will take the trouble to look for them.

I belong to the class of ninety——. It is an excellent class. I have more interest in it than in any other. But I trust my affection for my own class does not blind me to the excellencies of other classes. I believe they may do as good work in the college and in the world as we. The brotherly love that exists between members of the same society is beautiful. But it would be still nobler to extend the mantle of charity far enough to cover those with whom we are not quite so closely united. After all, whether we consider ourselves students in this little college, as citizens of our great republic, or as members of the human race, we are all brothers, for are we not the children of one Father.

A. M. B.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas it has seemed fitting for our Heavenly Father to take from us our beloved friend and brother, Edwin F. Curtis, be it

Resolved, that in the death of Brother Curtis, we Xi chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon have lost a friend and brother whom we highly esteemed and loved; that we deeply mourn his sad and untimely death, and that we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved father and friends.

Be it further resolved, that these resolutions be spread upon our records and published in the Colby ECHO.

NAHUM MORRILL WING,	} Committee on Resolutions.
WALTER L. GRAY,	
JAMES L. THOMPSON, JR.	

Eton College has just celebrated with much rejoicing the 452d anniversary of its foundation. It owes its origin to King Henry VI, who provided from his own purse the funds for the erection of the buildings, endowed the school, framed a charter for it, and, in order that it should not lack scholars, caused thirty-five of the Winchester boys to be transferred to Eton. — *Wabash*.



Lost—one teakettle.

Miss Nichols, '97, has left college.

Another issue of term bills. Many X's.

Evans, '94, was in Lewiston, Sunday, with Dr. Dunn.

Hodgkins, '94, spent last Sunday with friends in Gardiner.

President Whitman lectured in Brunswick, Fast Day evening.

Ford, '95, closed his school, last week, and has returned to college.

Many are taking advantage of the Fast Day cut to enjoy a vacation at home.

The engagement is announced of Mr. W. L. Waters, '95, and Miss Nellie Webber.

April 9, Freshman girls go home happy at 4.31 p. m., Prof Warren gives them a cut.

It is reported that bicycles are to be taxed this year. College students only are exempt.

Bates is to have a new base ball field, the old one being appropriated for the purpose of street building.

Prof. Currie was elected to read the Governor's Proclamation at the Fast Day services, last Thursday.

"Rev. R. M. Mahlman" has just been the recipient of a catalogue from the Harvard Divinity School.

Blanchard, '94, has returned from his business trip. He is now engaged in balancing the ECHO accounts.

The Athletic Association have decided to raise the dues for this term from seventy-five cents to one dollar.

The last lecture in the University Extension Course, at Bangor, was given last Monday evening by Prof. Currie.

At a class meeting of the Seniors held April 17, it was decided to have class picture taken with caps and gowns.

The Glee Club has reorganized, and under the leadership of Clark, '94, proposes to hold a concert in the near future.

Miss Ericsson, the Swedish evangelist, gave an interesting talk to the college women at Ladies' Hall, Monday evening.

Prof. M's feud with the three Junior ladies has ended in a compromise. He is to suspend hostilities, they are to "pay attention."

A very pleasant party was given at the house of Mrs. Hathaway, April 11th. Several of the students were among the number present.

President Whitman has been engaged to deliver the Recognition Day address for the Ocean Park Chataqua Assembly, Old Orchard, Aug. 9.

Many of our friends from Bowdoin passed through Waterville, Monday and Tuesday, on their return to Brunswick. Bowdoin opened up Tuesday.

We were in hopes that Mr. Dunton's suggestions in regard to the *loquacious pedagogues* would be noticed and acted upon by a certain member of the faculty.

A Senior class meeting was called the other morning, but no one present seemed to know the object of the meeting, so it was unanimously voted to adjourn.

We hear that Prof. Currie's resignation has been accepted, and that henceforth Literature and Elocution will be combined under one instructor in our college.

After one of the profs. had discoursed to some length upon the absences of one or two students, he discovered that he was using the schedule of last winter.

The return of the Thursday evening lectures by President Whitman is looked upon with pleasure, as is shown by the large attendance which invariably greets him.

'Sam' was out of town last week Thursday, attending the Grand Lodge of I. O. G. T., at Augusta. "'Twas a chilly day for Johnny when" 'Sam' went out of town.

We thought at first they were farmers, intent upon their spring ploughing, but subsequent examination proved they were only Sophomores frantically tearing up their tennis court.

Some of the fellows have felt like complaining of the "cold state of Maine," during the recent cold winds and snow storms, but after all, Maine was not alone in this. Much of the surrounding country has fared no better than we.

The Seniors made their first appearance in cap and gown at the chapel exercises on April 5. The heavens acknowledged the fact by sending a snow storm immediately after.

The athletes of the High School have obtained the privilege of using the Gym. one hour each evening. It should be remembered that this does not include a lease of the Campus.

Lit. Prof. to class:—Now when you have written a review of a poem, read it over. If it is nothing more than you could say of a piece of prose,—burn it up before you bring it in to the class!"

The lecture upon Lincoln by Col. Ingersoll is spoken of very highly by all who attended, while, as far as the subject matter was concerned, no one needed to take any objection whatever.

What is that old saying about stopping a clock? One of the students went into another fellow's room and looked at the clock, which had just been cleaned, when said clock immediately stopped running.

Parker Ward, formerly of '95, spent a few days with us last week. Parker will not return to Colby. During the summer he will go on the road, and will enter Harvard Medical School in the Fall.

Prof. Warren delivered the lecture "The Seven Great Styles of Architecture" at Bangor, April 9. This was given as one of the University Extension Course. The lecturer was very highly spoken of by the Bangor papers.

Set this down in your diary, or, better still, paste it in your hat—a certain bicycle wrench survived the winter in the wheel room without being stolen. Does this mean that petty thieving in the college is on the decline. We hope so.

The fine weather with its distractions is here at last. Concerts are in order, sacred and otherwise, upon the division steps. Now, too, is the time when to hail the passer-by with light remarks is a pleasure. Signs of life are seen on every hand.

A few of the students attended the concert of the Cecilian Quartette at Fairfield, April 11. If it had not been for other attractions doubtless many would have gone. The programme was well rendered and those who went report a general good time.

Prof Stetson left, Wednesday morning, for Boston where he will make an extended visit. It is his purpose to attend the "Phormio" of Terence, the Latin play to be presented by the Harvard students. He will also attend President Eliot's reception.

There were two sociables, last week, each of which was well patronized by college students. The first of these was given by the Methodist society, and netted a handsome little sum for their League. The other was held at the Baptist headquarters with the usual success.

Faster and faster came the snow, but the horse still traveled and the huge stone roller still continued its course across the diamond. Another hour, and the snow still came, and the roller still revolved. All we could think of was the old saw, "and the barber kept on shaving."

Lit. Prof.—"Let's hear that article of yours, Mr. Mc——." Mr. Mc—— (investigating six pockets all at once) cheerfully:—"Guess I must have forgotten to bring it." Lit. Prof.—Huh?!!! You might as well forget to bring yourself as your article, and henceforth, I'm not particular which you do."

The ECHO offers congratulations to Prof. and Mrs. Mathews on the birth of a son and heir, which happy event took place Tuesday evening last. May Western breezes blow propitiously upon little Gregory, Hildebrand or whatever name of olden time, may be given to this little heir of historical lore.

An old-time delegation which gave the old-time cheer was seen at the station the morning when the Venus Company was waiting for its car to be attached to the 10.15 train. So pleasing did the reception seem on both sides, that several of the students went to Augusta by special train Saturday evening to see the play and renew their acquaintance.

The researches of Juniors and Sophomores in preparation for extemporaneous speeches on Cicero and Demosthenes, have brought to light some startling truths, which the Professor in charge fails to appreciate. Cicero's Philipics and Aeneid, and Demosthenes' Orations against Cataline, if quoted with appropriate gestures, will ensure the student a ten-spot, and win for him the lasting favor of the presiding officer in this department, it is said.

Oratory never ran so high in Colby as at present. One fellow, recently, became so entranced over his speech that he forgot the English language entirely and went over to his mother Swede, while another, with more classical bent of mind, extolled the glories of Cicero and then started in to quote from the grand old speech in the words, "Arma virumque cano."

At the meeting of the executive committee of the Maine Interscholastic Athletic Association held at Augusta, April 14, it was decided to have the fourth annual field meet at Waterville, June 9. Among those officers appointed for that day from Colby University are Professors Currie and Mathews. From the student body, Alexander, '94, Waters, '95, Jordan, '95, and Hopkins, '95. From the town, Messrs. O. L. Hall, Larrabee, and Goodridge.

Saturday last, marked the 40th anniversary of the marriage of our janitor, Samuel Osborne. Sam's acquaintance with his wife has been almost life-long. Growing up on the same plantation in the sunny south, they were nearly always together, and it seems were as good as engaged when Sam was but 14 years of age. The marriage did not take place, however, till he was twenty, being two years after he had united with the Baptist church. Sam speaks only in the highest terms of his marriage relations and of the happiness of his home.

The committee of the trustees of Colby University on professorship met in this city last week, to select a successor to the chair of history that will be left vacant at the end of the college year by the departure of Prof. Mathews to Chicago University. The committee voted to propose the name of Prof. J. William Black of Oberlin College, Ohio, to the meeting of trustees and he will undoubtedly be chosen. Prof. Black graduated from the Baltimore City College in 1885 and received the degree of B.A. from Johns Hopkins in 1888 and of Ph.D. in 1891. Prof. Black is the author of several works and a writer of no little worth.

The Senior girls gave the Senior boys a reception on the evening of April 13th, which must be set down as a success from commencement to finish. It might be considered as decidedly a "sense" party. Of course, there was a great deal of common sense displayed, while if non-sense had been entirely lacking, it would

not have been the good time that it was. The sense of sight was given an amusing and thorough test as was also that of smell, while later the sense of taste was made prominent in partaking of ice cream and strawberries. The three other classes were represented by three or more ladies from each, summoned by their Senior sisters to help dispose of the rank and file of its '94 boys. A. H. Berry and Miss Gertrude Ilsley proved the prize winners of the of the evening.

A merry party of college students decked out with silk hats and canes bearing Colby banners, might have been seen on the afternoon of April 14, boarding the 2.25 train. "A trip to Venus" was in project, and judging from accoutrements the young lotharios were determined to paint the planet a deep crimson. Arrived at the capital city the dusty cars were exchanged for more comfortable quarters at Hotel North, and later in the evening the party donned dress suits and stepped into an opera box to complete their journey. The banners waved triumphantly, and at intervals the "C-O-L-B-Y rah, rah, rah" rang out right merrily. Owing to a slight miscalculation of the rapidity with which the earth revolves, Mars proved the final destination. After "twenty minutes for lunch" the party took a "peep" at the earth from the sky, and cultivated the acquaintance of a spring in whose "pellucid depths" the travelers found soothing relief from their troubles. The inhabitants of the planet were found to be simply "out of sight," speaking from a terrestrial point of view, and it was with great reluctance that the Colbyites at length tore themselves away and returned to their college tasks.

BASE BALL.

The first game of the season was played at Exeter, N. H., April 18, against the P. E. A. The boys were out-classed and lost, but they did not stop playing until the last man was out. The following is the score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
Exeter,	0	5	1	2	4	8	0	0	0	15
Colby,	0	0	3	0	0	2	4	1	0	0

The first game on the home grounds was played Thursday afternoon, April 19, against M. C. I. This was one of the most interesting games seen on the campus for three years. Both nines were determined to win and played with that end in view. The special features of the

game was the excellent playing of every man. After the last man was out and the scores added up, it was found that Colby had won, 13 to 11.

COLBYS.									
	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Hoxie, 2b.,	3	2	0	0	0	1	5	2	
Purinton, C. 3b.,	5	2	2	2	0	3	2	0	
Coffin, c.,	5	1	0	0	0	8	2	1	
Patterson, rf.,	4	1	1	3	0	0	0	0	
Latlip, l. f.,	4	2	2	4	0	0	0	0	
Totman, c. f.,	5	2	2	3	0	1	0	0	
Whitman, p.,	5	2	2	4	0	0	11	1	
Purinton, lb. s.s.,	3	0	1	1	0	2	2	1	
Osborne, lb.,	3	1	0	0	0	12	0	1	
Totals,	37	13	10	17	0	27	22	6	

M. C. I.									
	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Ferguson, l. f.,	5	3	2	2	0	4	0	0	
Pushor, 2b.,	4	1	1	2	0	0	1	1	
Graves, s.s.,	4	1	1	1	1	3	1	0	
Bowman, 3b.,	4	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	
Friend, lb.,	5	1	1	1	0	8	0	0	
Bean, cf.,	4	0	2	3	0	1	0	1	
Mildram, rf.,	3	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	
Waldron, c.,	4	1	0	0	0	6	0	1	
Young, p.,	3	2	1	1	0	0	9	0	
Totals,	36	11	9	11	1	24	12	3	

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
M. C. I.	0	0	0	1	4	0	0	3	3	11
Colby,	1	0	3	0	0	2	3	4	x	13

Struck out by Whitman 7, Young, 5. Passed Balls, Coffin, 2; Waldron, 1. Wild Pitches, Young 1. Base on balls, Whitman 4; Young, 4.



Contributions to this department are earnestly solicited from alumni and friends of the college. Address the editor, Mr. Fred Bryant.

'39.

Joseph Ricker, of Augusta, is preparing a volume of recollections with biographical sketches of prominent Maine Baptists. Such a book written by a man so far-reaching an acquaintance with men of prominence in Baptist circles, cannot fail to be of interest and value.

'52.

Rev. G. Boardman Gow, D.D., is said to be dangerously ill in Chicago, Ill.

'56.

Dr. A. R. Crane, of Hebron, spoke at the meeting of the Colby Alumni of Portland, which was recently held in that city.

'58.

Rev. Horace B. Marshall, pastor of the Baptist church at Washburn, tendered his resignation and preached his farewell sermon on Sunday. Mr. Marshall has been called to Amherst, N.H.

'72.

Rev. John H. Barrows read an essay before the Cumberland Theological Circle at Portland, Wednesday.

'76.

Albert C. Hussey assisted in the dedicatory services of the new Baptist church in Clinton, Mass.

Fred V. Chase was elected president of the Colby Alumni Association, of Portland, at a recent meeting and banquet held in Portland, recently.

'77.

Rev. Josiah R. Henderson, of Palmyra, N.Y., baptised eleven persons on Easter Sunday.

Rev. John M. Foster, who has been in Swatau, China, engaged in missionary work for the past seven years, will return to America next month.

'79.

W. N. Mayo, who was principal of Hebron Academy from 1881 to 1885, has been elected superintendent and teacher at Good Will Farm. Since leaving Hebron, Mr. Mayo has been located in the West.

'82.

Herbert S. Weaver was recently elected Junior Master of the Mechanic's Arts High School, Boston, Mass.

'84.

Rev. J. E. Cummings, of Heiezada, India, sailed from Rangoon for America, recently. Mr. Cummings intends to return to his field next year.

'89.

C. H. Pepper has a picture in the Paris Salon this season. It will be remembered that Mr. Pepper since his graduation at New York, last Fall, has been studying art in Paris, where he is now living with his family.

'90.

Charles W. Averill was in town for a short time this week.

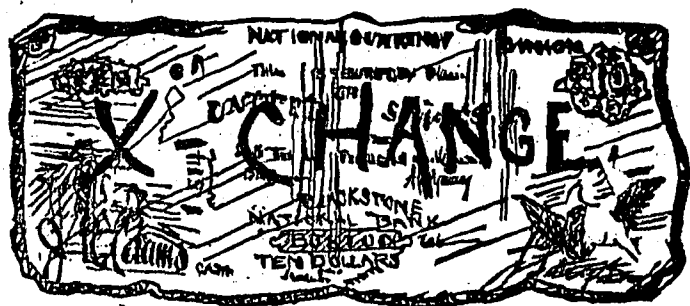
'93.

Charles F. Smith was in town, this week.

The sad news was received here, last week, of the death of E. F. Curtis, a former member of Colby '93. Mr. Curtis left college in his Junior year, and after teaching for some time went to sea. He was a native of Bowdoinham, his father being a well known sea captain of that place. At the time of his death Mr. Curtis was second mate on the schooner Belmont. The unfortunate vessel was lost on a reef near Cape Cod in last Wednesday's gale all hands being drowned. While in college Mr. Curtis made many friends by his sunny disposition and pleasant ways. He was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity.

'94.

C. E. Towne, formerly of '94, is at his home in Saco. He does not intend to return to college.



College journals, says the Coup D'Etat, have become one of the prime representative features of a college. The subject matter depends upon the diligent, careful effort of the best talent in the college community, but the appearance of the publication from a typographical standpoint has more to do with the popularity of the paper than many dream of. There is as much harmony in the combination of type faces as there is in the arrangement of colors in artistic painting. One who had twenty years experience in the art of printing noted the manner in which two college publications were treated. One, excellently edited and filled with instructive articles of real worth appeared typographically so shabby that few cared to preserve its numbers; the other while containing little subject matter of worth presented so neat an appearance that it was generally filed away for finding.

It appears from the attitude of the new board of editors of the *University Beacon* that duties are to be assumed upon the grounds of suggestions from the members, friends and alumni of the college. While the new board commit themselves to adopt in no way all measures of re-

form, or change, in the departments of the *Beacon* which may be proposed, they do hope to get a general view of what is wanted and win the interest of the *Beacon's* supporters. The feasibility of such a scheme is apparent. There are numerous students who take special pains to decry their college publication, but outside of complaints little remains to stimulate the progressive spirit of the editor. Reforms are based upon a constitutional policy and while the grumbling tone of the destructionist tends to discourage that of the friend of progress, it will inspire the editor's heart with fresh courage.

A Georgia editor, in a fit of desperation, dashed off the following: "The wind bloweth, the water floweth, the farmer soweth and eth, the subscriber oweth, and the Lord knoweth we are in need of our dues; so come a runnin' ere we go a gunnin'; this thing of dun-nin' gives us the blues."—*Ex.*

The *Wabash* has something to say upon the institution of a new secret order known as the Tribe of Ben Hur. The order is founded upon the teaching of the great modern novel of Gen. Lew Wallace. There are many applications for charters and it seems likely that the membership will soon amount to many thousands. The cultivation of a social and benevolent spirit is the first object.

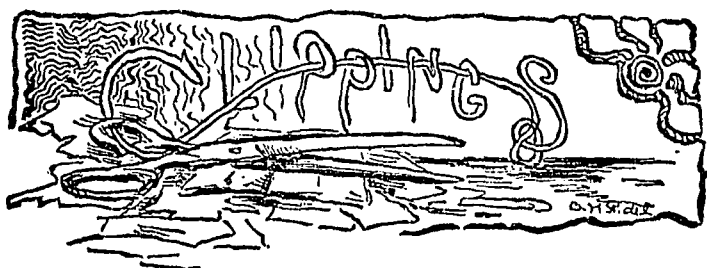
The *Arcadia Athenaeum* believes that the life and work of distinguished Canadian writers should be better understood. A series of articles on Canadian Authors has therefore been thought advisable and will appear under that heading. The subject of the March number is Arthur Wentworth Eaton.

The opportunities presenting themselves to college bred men in lines of charitable work are pointed out in the *Brunonian* for March. The question of Charity is fast becoming one that will submit only to a scientific and broad method of solution. Already the college settlement work, and also organized charity work find the need of college men in the higher offices of trust. The indications are constantly strengthening that men of trained intellect are needed in multiplied numbers in settling this social problem of charity.

In a brief editorial the *Pennsylvanian* de-
plores the lack of any radical change in the in-
jurious effects of foot ball. It is claimed that the

doing away of momentum plays can but slightly lessen the danger to life and limb simply because accidents occur not when the player realizes his danger and accordingly guards against accidents, but when danger is not expected.

The formation of the Dartmouth Interscholastic Athletic Association receives much attention in a recent number of the *Dartmouth*. Fifteen New England preparatory schools united into an organization under the above named title. The constitution is based upon that of the New England Intercollegiate Association. Dartmouth college is delighted with the government and direction of the games taking place in the Association. The programme is similar to that of most field days. Dartmouth is to present the champion with a fine pennant.



The Massachusetts Institute of Technology has students from forty states and twenty foreign countries.

Leland Stanford University now has an endowment of \$200,000,000 and attendance of 900 students.

Fraternity badges in Germany consist of narrow ribbons worn across the breast or cap.

Someone has said, it is better to give a little more taffy during life than so much epitaphy after death.

The Senior class of Cornell has voted not to wear the cap and gown.

The University of Kansas will offer courses of study for a new degree next year, that of Ph.D.

Amherst has formed a base ball league among its preparatory schools.

At Michigan, the plan of holding an annual banquet for the literary boards of the University is being favorably considered.

Upon the invitation of Mr. Vanderbilt, it is probable that the Yale Glee and Banjo Clubs will make a tour of the country this summer in his yacht. Elaborate programmes will be rendered at each of the large cities on the coast.

The Harvard faculty has announced the names of seventy members of the Senior class for commencement parts. Twenty per cent. are members of athletic teams.

Brown will have a kite-shaped running track.

An effort is being made to have the Oxford visit this country next summer and race with Harvard and Yale.

Brown will celebrate her one hundredth anniversary in June as will Bowdoin also.

The first dictionary was compiled by a Chinaman about 1100 B.C., and contained 40,000 characters.

The largest meteorite in the country has been placed on exhibition in the Harvard museum. It weighs half a ton and contains microscopic diamonds.

The report of the Commissioner of Education shows that the number of male teachers in the U. S. is decreasing both absolutely and relatively. This is certainly unfortunate.

Courtney, Cornell's trainer, has adopted photography as a means of detecting the errors in in form of the crew. Blue prints are made of the crew on the water and hung in the boat house, which show plainly the individual faults.

The present is a period of literary renaissance at Yale. No less than eight books have been issued by professors of the university in the last six months, and a half dozen more are in press and will soon be on the market.

"Tom, use a sentence with responsibility in it." Tom said: "When one suspender button is gone, there is a great deal of responsibility in the other one."

Prof. George Martin Lane, for forty-three years professor of Latin in Harvard, has resigned, and will receive a pension of \$3,000 a year, beginning September 1, 1894.

At the University of Michigan ninety-two men are in training for the base ball team. Wellesley has twenty-four representatives in the foreign mission field.

A new annual will be issued at Princeton this year. It will be called the Senior Photograph Book, and will contain the photographs of the '94 men, the most prominent professors, the college buildings, and the organizations of the year.

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5.30 a. m., for Skowhegan, daily, except Mondays, (mixed).

6.00 a. m., for Belfast, Dover and Foxcroft, Bangor, and for Moosehead Lake via Dexter.

7.15 a. m., for Belfast and Bangor (mixed).

10.00 a. m., for Bangor, Sundays only.

10.20 a. m., for Skowhegan, Bangor, and B & A R R., via Oldtown.

4.30 p. m., for Dover and Foxcroft, Moosehead Lake, via Dexter, Bangor, Bucksport, Ellsworth, Bar Harbor, Arnscoot County, St. Stephen and St. John and daily including Sundays to Bangor and St. John.

4.32 p. m., for Fairfield and Skowhegan.

—GOING WEST—

5.00 a. m., for Bath, Rockland, Portland and Boston, (mixed to Augusta).

8.20 a. m., for Oakland.

9.25 a. m., for Bingham, North Anson, Farmington, and Phillips, daily, except Sundays, and for Augusta, Lewiston, Portland and Boston, with Parlor Car for Boston every day, including Sundays.

2.25 p. m., for Bath, Portland, and Boston, via Augusta, with Parlor Car for Boston.

2.35 p. m., for Oakland, Portland and Boston, via Lewiston.

4.30 p. m., for Oakland, Bingham and North Anson.

10.08 p. m., for Lewiston and Bath, Portland and Boston, via Augusta, with Pullman Sleeping Car, daily including Sundays.

Daily excursions for Fairfield, 15 cts., Oakland, 40 cts., Skowhegan, \$1.00 round trip.

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