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Maxham & Wing

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THE BLESSING.

Not to the man of dollars,
Not to the man of deeds;
Not to the man of cunning,
Not to the man of creeds;
Not to the man of passion,
Not to the man of power;
Not to the man of renown,
Not to the man of pride;
Not to the man of fashion,
Cometh the blessing down.

Not to the man of expansion,
Not to the man of chest;
Not to the man of mansion,
Not to the man of crest;
Not to the man of worldling,
Not to the man of clown;
Not to the man of tyrant,
Cometh the blessing down.

Not to the man of blindness,
Not to the man of shame;
Not to the man of mind,
Not to the man of fame;
Not to the man of duty,
Not to the man of crown;
Not to the man of beauty,
Cometh the blessing down.

But to the one whose spirit
Yields for the great and good;
Unto the one whose storehouse
Yields the hungry food;
Unto the one who labors
Fearless of foe or frown;
Unto the kindly-hearted,
Cometh the blessing down!

(From Peterson's Magazine.)

FROM APRIL TO OCTOBER.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

CONTINUED.

It is spring again. All winter Esther had been somewhat weaker, and a few days since she had a singular attack that frightened Nannie, and made the doctor look grave. She herself knew that it was a premonition of death; it may not be for years, or it may be in an hour—but it will be sudden.

Last night there was a little quick, sharp spasm, a labored breathing, a standing still of all the vital forces, and then, after a little, it passed away, and she was better. But some day it will not pass away, and she will not be better. Then it will be too late for any explanation, for any atonement; too late to do anything she might wish she had done.

She sits a long time thinking of these things. It is very hard for that stern, proud temper to give way. It makes a stubborn resistance, but it yields at last. "Nannie!" Nannie looked up from her painting. "I want to go to walk."

"To walk! I am afraid you are not able."

"I think I am. At any rate, I must go now, if ever I do."

There was a pleading look in Esther's thin, worn face, a tremulous eagerness in her manner that Nannie could not resist. She got her wraps, and they started.

Esther and Nannie went slowly through the city streets, till they came to a massive, quaint, old stone church, set in a green, shady enclosure—an old graveyard now almost disused, a sweet, peaceful place, right in the heart of the city's din and turmoil; there the dead have slept soundly for a hundred years, nor ever known the thunder of tramping feet and rolling wheels, that all day long, year in and year out, shakes the turf that covers them. Birds build and sing around the church tower; flowers blossomed among the graves, and leaves grew crimson and gold in their season.

Esther paused before the iron gate.

"I am going in here," she said. She dropped Nannie's arm as they entered, and went about by herself. Nannie followed, silently. After a little while she knew that Esther had found what she came to seek. In a secluded corner she had dropped upon her knees by one of the old slanting stones, grasping the stone, and sobbing violently. Nannie sat down a little way off, not daring to go to her. At last the emotion was spent, and then Nannie drew nearer. Esther looked up.

"Nannie!" There was something so strange in her voice that Nannie started. "Nannie, I came all the way from Virginia to see this grave. I have lived here seven years, but I have never had courage to come to it till now."

She took her hand away from the headstone, and Nannie, stooping down, read the inscription.

"SACRED

to the memory of

JOHN HURLBURT,

who died August 4th, 1826,

aged thirty-two."

Nannie stood up, looking very pale.

"What does it mean?" she whispered.

Esther pointed to the nearest stone. "Read that!"

Nannie did so. It bore the name of Alice, wife of John Hurlburt, who died in her nineteenth year.

"Well?"

Esther got up and drew her shawl around her.

"She was my sister. He was her husband—he should have been mine," she said drearily. "Come! I will tell you about it when we get home. Come!"

"She was impatient to be gone, Nannie could hardly walk fast enough to please her. But home was not far to seek, and the fictitious strength lasted till they reached it. Then she sank wearily into a chair.

"Now take away my things, and then I'll tell you."

"You are so tired now, Nannie—Nannie had called her so for a year or two—'hadn't you better wait awhile?'"

"No; I have waited long enough."

She rested her head upon her hand. There was a tender color in the faded cheek, a soft light in her eyes; and Nannie was startled into thinking how beautiful she must once have been.

"It seems so strange," said Esther, thoughtfully; "so strange that he has been at rest there all these years, in the midst of the tumult of the streets, and I have been shut up away from the world in that lonesome valley, striving after peace, and never finding it. There is no rest anywhere except in the grave."

"The peace of God, that passeth understanding," said Nannie, softly.

"I know—yet I missed that somehow. But it is no matter now. I shall find it soon, pray God."

She leaned back in her chair wearily.

Nannie went to her, stroked her forehead caressingly. "Don't talk any more now—you are so tired."

"Yes, I am tired, Nannie. I've been tired a good many years—but I shall have rest enough soon. Now I want to talk. I want to tell you that story. Sit down there where I can see your face, and do not interrupt me."

Nannie obeyed, taking some light work in her hands.

"I don't suppose what I am going to tell you will make you hate me. You would have done that before now if it had been in your nature. I hope it will help you to forgive me. At least you will pity me—I suffered so much."

She was silent a moment. Nannie sat quiet-

ly, but the needle went very unsteadily along the muslin hem.

"I told you," continued Esther, "that that man should have been my husband. Perhaps you guessed it was Guy Hurlburt's father, and that my sister—the girl who died when her boy was a baby—was his mother. You are pale, you tremble, Nannie. You are wondering why I would never see him, why I shut up my heart to my own nephew. Well, you shall hear."

"I was an orphan at eighteen—left without any near relatives except my pet sister. She was all I cared for in the world. We had some property—the house we lived in was our own. It was torn down long ago, I dare say; but we passed the place where it used to stand, to-day. That was only a home, however; so I did embroidery, quite privately—for we were proud in our poverty, and eked out our narrow income. I tried to make it easy for Alice I never meant she should see any trouble.

"It will sound strange to you to hear an old woman like me speak of her lovers. But I wasn't always what you have known me. I might have married many times, but I loved nobody till John Hurlburt came.

"I need not tell you how he looked. Guy was his image.

"I don't know as I need tell you much about his character. I did, as other girls do—I worshipped the ideal of my imagination. One man in a hundred, perhaps, realizes such an ideal. John Hurlburt was one of the ninety-nine who fail to do it. I did not find out that it was so for a long time. John was poor, and we could not marry at first. We waited a good many years, and he came to see me only at long intervals. All the time I went on loving him more and more, till at last, I think, he stood between me and heaven. God forgive me! He was all I had, except Alice. At last he came to this city, and began business. Then I saw him every day. It made me so happy—I could have lived so through my whole life."

"In the meantime Alice had grown up. She was very pretty—pink, peachy cheeks, blue eyes and yellow hair, that was wonderful for its beauty. She was my darling. I did not know that I had spoiled her—that I had helped to make her weak and selfish. Perhaps, if I had taught her differently—but that is of no use now. I don't know. If I was in fault, I suffered for it.

"I was blind in those days—my great happiness made me so; and then I trusted them so fully. I did not see that Alice was winning John away from me.

"I had grown pale and faded, sitting at my embroidery so long, and bearing the burden of our straitened means alone; and when my beauty died, John's love died too."

"I found out, at last, that I was in their way. They had loved each other a whole year, and I had not known it. That was where it hurt me—the duplicity of it.

"It was not John's fault that he did not love me. But I thought him so true—I, who hated falsehood.

"I went away at once, and secretly. I had a few hundred in the bank, that I had kept against our marriage; and that I took with me. All the rest I left for John and Alice. I went first to New York, but I was restless there; I could not sit at my embroidery now; and I thought of teaching—teachers were in demand.

"Three or four hours after, a little bird singing by the window awoke Nannie. Daylight flickered through the half-parted curtains. Nannie drew them back farther and turned to the bed. The sleeper did not awake. She would never wake any more. She had died there in the night—died all alone—though the heart that had been so true to her was beating close by.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

agent; but, Nannie, would you have rested there?"

Nannie was silent.

"And why should I give you up to him?" cried Esther, vehemently. "John robbed me of my sister. His son would have stolen away my child."

Nannie was close by her now. She dropped upon her knees, holding Esther's hand, and wetting it with her tears. "Oh, it need not have been so, Nannie!" she cried, "Guy was not to blame. Guy would have loved you."

"I didn't want his love. His father darkened all my life, and drove me an outcast into the world," said Esther, gloomily.

"He was your sister's son!"

Esther turned restlessly in her chair. "I can't help it—I can't help it. If it was wrong, I can't help it. It's too late. There's no use talking about it now."

"No. It's no use talking now," said Nannie, with quivering lips.

"You know now, child, how I came to be what I am," Esther went on. "But my life is almost over. Its sins and sufferings are almost past. Don't be hard upon me, Nannie. I wasn't like you. It wasn't so easy for me to be good. But God, who made, will pity me. She kissed Nannie's hand over and over."

"When I am gone, Nannie, you will have all my property. I always intended you should. And, perhaps you will find Guy some time. You'll forgive me then, child."

"I forgive you now," said Nannie, very softly. "I must tell you this, Nannie. If parting from Guy was a great sorrow, it has been the way to a great joy. I don't mean that the love of God has atoned for Guy's loss. I tried to make it. Oh! so long—but I couldn't—yet if it had not been for my sorrow, I might never have found the way to Him."

Esther listened intently. "She has found what I missed," she murmured, as if to herself.

"And then, sometimes," continued Nannie, still in that sweet, low tone, "he does not seem far away. I have him here safe in my heart—nothing can ever despoil me of Guy as I knew him. He may have grown world-hardened—it is so hard to make one's way—but nothing can ever change him to me."

"It had grown dark in the room. The stars came out, and looked in upon them as they sat there in each other's arms. Once Esther whispered, "It is so good to rest at last!" and Nannie bent her head and kissed her. After this they drew nearer each other. But it was not for long.

The nights grew warm. It was midsummer. Esther was restless and nervous. Nannie was accustomed to get up at midnight and read to her till she fell asleep.

One night she had done so as usual, and before she went to her own nest, lingered to look at the sleeping face.

It was greatly changed. All hardness and signs of pain had passed away. It was innocent and beautiful, with the innocence and beauty of her far-off childhood.

The babe, that is but a day old, wears that strange look of wise old age upon its tiny features; so the faces of those who are close by death, are often glorified by a light shining from heaven, and touched by an immortal youth.

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A COOL APOLOGY. They had a ball at B, the other night which brought out remarkable experiences. Among other events the following instance of a cool apology took place.

Bill P.—is known all over, and Bill was at the ball in all his glory. All his necessities for pleasure were on hand—good music, pretty girls and excellent whiskey; the evening passed off rapidly as it always does, and Bill had about nine o'clock, become pretty happy. Stepping up to a young lady he requested the pleasure of dancing with her.

She replied that she was engaged.

"Well," said Bill, are you engaged for the next set?"

She said she was.

Can I dance with you the next then?"

I am engaged for that also.

Can I dance with you to-night?"

No, sir; with some hesitation.

Go to Boston, said Bill, highly indignant, and turned on his heel.

After a few moments Bill is accosted by the brother of the young lady, and charged with insulting his sister.

Bill apologizes to the lady as follows:

Miss L.—I understand, that I have insulted you?

You have, sir.

What did I say, Miss L.—?

You told me to go to Boston.

Well, said Bill, I have come to tell you that you needn't go!

OUR HAIR.—Dr. Dio Lewis, has the following suggestion in relation to preserving the hair:

God has covered the skull with hair. Some people shave it off. Mischievous practice, it exposes the brain. It exposes the throat and lungs—the eyes, likewise, say wise physiologists.

Men become bald. Why? Because they wear close hats and caps. Women are never bald, except by disease. They do not wear close hats and caps. Men never lose a hair below where the hat touches the head, not if they have been bald twenty years. The close hat holds the heat and perspiration. Thereby the hair glands become weak; the hair falls out. What will restore it? Nothing after the scalp becomes shiny. But in process of falling out, or recently lost, the following is best: Wash the head freely with cold water once or twice a day. Wear a thoroughly ventilated hat. This is the best means to arrest the loss and restore what is susceptible of restoration.

LOVABLE WOMEN.—According to a new Theory of Harmony and Form, certain combinations of a circle, triangle, and square produce a perfect type of female beauty. This may be called reducing loveliness to a mathematical demonstration. We have always considered women a wonderful problem, yet never suspected this was the true solution—but perhaps the theory is only symbolical. A hoop is a circle, the Eugenie coked hat is a triangle, and the fashionable cloaks are all squares. Possibly the new theorists intend it to be understood that those three, with a good looking girl "included," constitute the beautiful ideal of feminine fascination. If so, we don't agree with them. The "Theory" goes on to say, however, that the geometrical figures may be in accord with certain harmonic proportions existing in music; from which we infer that a lady mathematically beautiful appears to most advantage when dancing to the sound of a piano. Our notion of a truly lovable woman—and none other is really beautiful—is not mathematical, though it may comprehend harmony and melody, especially of the voice. There are women of sweet, maidenly natures growing up in the practice of kindnesses, of tender household duties, of simple, godly aims, and of genial, pleasant accomplishments.

"Till at last they set themselves to man, Like perfect music into noble words."

Byron brings before us the image of one of this sweet sisterhood, in half a dozen lines:

"Around her shone The nameless charms unmarked by her alone; The light of love, the purity of grace; The mind, the music breathing from her face, The heart whose softness harmonized the whole— And, oh! that eye was in itself a soul!"

One rarely sees this style of lady in the street in a pork-pie hat with a scarlet feather, or at the opera heavily fettered with jewelry. She does not divide her waking hours into three equal parts, devoting one to gossip, one to shopping, and one to flirting. She reads, thinks, never scolds, and when she loves—she loves.

CALLING THE ROLL.—It will be remembered that Hon. R. Toombs once declared that he would yet call the roll of his slaves under the shades of Bunker Hill Monument. A Charleston correspondent of the New York Tribune says:

But however that may be, we have got ahead of R. Toombs. One of his chattels was enlisted as a soldier at Savannah recently, so that our officers are calling his slave roll for him.

I heard an officer of high rank in this department state that a daughter of Robert Toombs waits on his table, but that she does not dare to address him by the endearing name of father; for her name is not recorded in the leaf of the family Bible, but in the roll which he threatens to call at Bunker Hill.

EBENEZER ADAMS.—This celebrated Quaker, on visiting a lady of rank, whom he found six months after the death of her husband, sitting on a sofa covered with black cloth, and in all the dignity of woe, approached her with great solemnity, and gently taking her hand, thus accosted her: "So gently, I see that thou hast not forgiven God Almighty." This reasonable reproach found such an effect upon the person to whom it was addressed, that she immediately laid aside her trappings of grief, and went about her necessary business and avocation.

A BEAUTIFUL FAITH.—A pious woman, hunting up the children of want—one cold day last winter, tried to open a door in the third story of a wretched house, when she heard a little voice say:—

"Pull the string up high; pull the string up high."

She looked up and saw a string, which, on being pulled, lifted a hatch, and she opened the door on two little half-naked children all alone. Very cold and pitiful they looked.

"Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the good woman.

"God takes care of us," said the oldest.

"Are you not cold? No fire on a cold day like this!"

"Oh! when we are very cold, we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms around Tommy and Tommy puts his arms around me, and we say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep; and we get warm,' said the little girl.

"And what do you have to eat, pray?"

"When Granny come home she fetches us something. Granny says that God has given us something. God's sparrows; and we say, 'Our Father; and Give us this day our daily bread; every day. God is our Father.'"

TRULY "A HARD CASE."—The persons killed and wounded at the railroad slaughter on the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad on the morning of the 7th instant were, with one or two exceptions, returned soldiers, many of them recently from Southern prisons. One poor fellow on being told by a surgeon who was on the train that he could live but a few hours, sadly replied—"Is it so? It is a hard case! I am but ten days out of Libby Prison, where I have been fifteen months, and I was so full of hope and joy at the thought of seeing my wife and a baby who never has seen its father! It is a hard case!"

Cannot the indignant voice of an outraged public be uttered loudly and effectively enough to put a stop to these horrible disasters which are now so frightfully frequent, and often, or generally, as in this instance, the simple result of gross carelessness?

SIDNEY SMITH, assuming the license of an old friend, wrote a playful letter to Jeffrey, advising him to restrain his propensity for fault-finding and harsh criticism. Said he: "The whole effort of your mind is to destroy. Because others build slightly, you employ yourself in kicking down their houses, and contract a sort of aversion for the more honorable, useful and difficult task of building well yourself. You can disparage anything. What is virtue? What's the use of honor? What's a guinea but a d—d yellow circle?" Smith's joke against Jeffrey, illustrating the disposition of the latter to pick flaws in everything, is a capital burlesque on the whole tribe of carpers and grumblers. He said that if the Scotch critic were to be asked his opinion of the solar system he would express himself, somewhat thus: "D—n the solar system! Bad light; planets too distant; pestered with comets; feeble contrivance; could make a better myself."

ABOUT THE WOOD-HOUSE. My plan is to have this located at a little distance from the dwelling, say a rod or two, connected, perhaps, with a dairy, or other workhouse, and with the dwelling by a covered passage. The wood yard is to be on the opposite side, away from the dwelling, and filled from that side, but with a door toward the house, through which to carry the prepared wood. This might take some more steps than the usual method, but would they not be fully repaid by the tidiness around the dwelling, and perhaps, its increased healthfulness? Who knows what disease may not have found its way to the household from the decaying chip manure, to the very back door? With this plan, you can have flowers and shrubbery, and vines, all around your house."

POTATOES.—Mrs. Stowe in her excellent articles entitled "House and Home Papers," makes the following remarks in relation to potatoes. She says:—

"I have seen boiled potatoes from an untaught youth coming upon the table like yellow wax, and the same articles, the day after, under the directions of a skillful mistress, appearing in snowy balls of powdery lightness. In the one case they were thrown with their skins on into the water, and suffered to soak or boil, as the case might be, at the cook's leisure, and after they were boiled to stand in the water until she was ready to peel them. In the other case, the potatoes, being first peeled, were boiled as quickly as possible in salted water, which the moment they were done was drained off, and they were shaken a minute or two over the fire to dry them more thoroughly. I have never seen the potato so depraved and given over to evil that it could not be reclaimed by this mode of treatment."

As to fried potatoes, who that remembers the crisp, golden slices of the French restaurant, thin as a wafer and light as snowflakes, does not

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A GOOD PLAN.—We are glad to see persons engaged in scraping and hauling manure from our streets. No doubt they are employed by the selectmen—who are largely interested in farming—to haul it upon the Common to dress the trees and turf of that charmingly neglected piece of town property. Under former officials the street offal has been used for private gardens and fields, and the public grounds have been left to wither for want of it. It seems a very natural conclusion, that while the town hall brings a handsome income from public entertainments, and is regularly occupied by one religious society and two temperance organizations, there ought to be interest enough somewhere to keep the weeds from the paths and afford a little care to the trees on the Common. The fences are going to decay for want of paint, and its whole appearance indicates it to be an appendage of a church or a pauper farm. Now that another public patch is to have a portion of our private charities, there is reason to fear that Town Hall Common will lose some of its attractions. Its grass will be cut, no doubt, and the streets will be closely scraped—but neither of these sources have ever contributed anything to the nurture of a spire of grass or leaf of a tree. Under the present management we hope better things. At least the income from the hay and the street cleanings ought to give the trees a dressing. If they do not, we suggest that next year the Town make the care of the ground an appendage to the care of the hall, and hold the hall-keeper accountable for what is due to the dignity of his office. With as good care for the Common as he gives to the hall—ventilation always excepted—it would in time become an ornament to our village.

The importance of our inland fisheries, in their bearing upon our coast fisheries, is becoming every day more apparent; and the warning of those who have given their attention to the matter ought to prompt to decisive measures immediately. Our rivers should be opened for the ascent of alewives, shad and salmon, and then we may reasonably hope for the restoration of our coast fisheries; but if the fish are driven from our rivers they will forsake our coast. At a recent hearing before the Massachusetts Legislative committee, Prof. Agassiz, who was present, said that the decrease had been caused by the mingling of acids and dye-stuffs in the waters, but chiefly by saw-mills. He thought that the difficulty might be remedied and fish-ways constructed at a small cost. The Professor was of the opinion that the disturbance of the water by steamers did not cause the decrease of fish, as there were rivers where there were plenty of steamers, and fish were as numerous as ever.

CAPTAIN ROBERT SMALL, who it will be remembered, took the rebel steamer Planter, of which he was pilot, out of Charleston harbor in 1862 and surrendered her to Uncle Sam, went back as commander of that same steamer, among the early arrivals in the newly opened port. A correspondent of the Portland Press, who went into the harbor on board of the Planter, makes the following notice of this noble man:—

Small took the boat out, as it will be remembered, under the most hazardous circumstances. Yet a black man was not then thought capable to command or manage a boat, so he was simply paid a small fraction of the worth of the boat he had brought to the government, and was employed as pilot. He distinguished himself afterwards as pilot on the Keokuk, running her nearer to Fort Sumter than any other boat in Dupont's great naval battle. She went to the bottom soon after, but not till she had set an example which, if it had been followed by the rest of the fleet, or encouraged and persisted in by Dupont, would have resulted in the capture of Charleston at that time. All on board the Keokuk escaped, and Small finally returned as pilot to the Planter, after she had been repaired. Here he found another opportunity for distinction.

In running through Folly river with supplies, the Planter came under fire of the rebel batteries at Secessionville, and the white captain became so terrified at the storm of shot and shell that he betook himself in discreditable haste to the coal bunk below. Robert Small stood coolly at the wheel and brought the boat safely through all the critical windings and around the shoals of that most crooked and difficult of streams.

For this act he was promoted to the captaincy of the boat, and hundreds of times has dared those same rebel batteries, as I learn from his own lips. We came up by this identical route, Capt. Small pointing out the spot where the

rebel gunners so often taxed themselves in vain attempts to sink his saucy little craft as she steamed along for a quarter of a mile or more completely within range.

TALK ABOUT WINSLOW.

After Mr. Cushman ceased to labor as a minister, the meeting house remained,—with its naked rafters, unplastered walls, and unpainted pews—occupied in summer by swallows more than by religious worshippers; while the deep snows of winter drifted and piled about the doors, undisturbed till the annual town meeting in March, which was held there. How lonely it must have looked! no other meeting-house in town, and that unoccupied. Perhaps some will ask the reason. It was simply because there was not interest enough among the people, and it was hard for many to pay much towards a minister's support. Their faith was weak, and they forgot, or did not adopt the old maxim, "where there is a will there is a way." But it is not our business to ask such questions; it is sufficient that the above is a historical fact.

Occasionally a missionary would preach, till about 1818, when a church was gathered by Rev. Thomas Adams, who for some time labored one-half the time in Vassalboro', and one-fourth the time in Winslow, and the remainder in Clinton (what is now Benton). A young minister by the name of Danforth had labored with the people, and they felt so much aroused, that in 1826, they decided to repair the meeting-house. Soon after its dedication, Mr. Wm. May of Winthrop was ordained as the pastor. About that time quite an addition was made to the church so that it numbered 36 members. After Mr. May had labored faithfully a few years he asked to be dismissed and afterwards was settled in Strong, where he died.

During Mr. May's pastorate there was no stove in the meeting-house, so that in the winter generally the people met in the school-house for worship. Some of the hardy pioneers (now sleeping in silence) felt so anxious to worship in the meeting-house, that in spite of the cold, they occasionally went there and said they felt comfortable after getting seated and their overcoats well buttoned and their woolen mittens on. Hardly men could endure this; but what did women do, who were so much more thinly clad? The few who went carried foot stoves to keep the feet warm, and bricks to keep the hands comfortable. "Twas a wily sight to see the ladies carrying their stoves into their pews, and at noon going to a neighbors to replenish the stove with coals from the ample fire-place.

Previous to 1828, the church had been a branch of the church in Vassalboro'. It then assumed its independence and has been gradually increasing in numbers to the present time, so that now it numbers about 60 communicants. After Mr. May left there was no stated ministry for some time, though the pulpit was occasionally supplied by the Home Missionary Society.

Mr. Henry C. Jewett was the next minister, who labored faithfully, receiving but a small salary and about half that from the Missionary Society, for a year or more, when Mr. Albert Cole of Cornish was ordained as pastor, and labored to the general acceptance of the people till 1851, when at his request he left and was succeeded by Rev. David Shepley of Yarmouth. Mr. Shepley was not installed but remained as acting pastor till 1862, when Rev. John Dinmore of Northampton, N. H., became his successor and still labors with the same people, though his labors are divided between Winslow and North Vassalboro'.

I believe that in a former letter I spoke of repairing the meeting house in 1826, which caused much disturbance in town, as it was attempted in part at the town's expense, and finally a room for town meeting was imperfectly finished. At that time the house was underpinned, clapboarded and shingled and the bellry built. The inside also was finished. About 1835, one stove was purchased, so that ever since meetings have been held there in winter.

In 1853, the people discovered a very tall pulpit in the meeting-house; and having made this discovery they soon saw other things that were awry, and set themselves about making a thorough repair, which was done by Mr. J. P. Blunt, at an expense of more than a thousand dollars, raised wholly by subscription. The tall pulpit annoys the eyes no more, but its place is occupied by a neat mahogany one, and the many-squared seven by nine windows have given place to larger glass with blinds to exclude the sun's bright rays. The one stove, too, has its mate, so that in all seasons of the year the house is comfortable.

Of those who professed religion and became members at its first organization but one now lives—widow Ruth Howard (wife of the late Ambrose Howard Esq.). Those who were members in 1828, when Mr. May became its pastor have become much thinned by death, so that those constituting the church now are those who have united with it since 1842.

A very good choir of singers is connected with this church led by Mr. Ira E. Getchell. A simple melody is all the musical instrument to assist in church worship. For the support of preaching about \$300 is annually raised by this society independent of donations, which this year amounted to more than \$100, mostly in money.

As I have so little space left I must defer the Sabbath School history to another article as it will occupy considerable space. There are four or five families of the society of Friends in the easterly part of the town, who meet for worship at East Vassalboro'. There was also a few members of the Free Will Baptist church in town, but never a church organization.

I believe the church history of Winslow is

concluded—a town containing nearly 2000 inhabitants, yet having, (as near as I can ascertain) less than 200 regular worshippers, and less than that number of members of churches. Very many, not members of churches contribute for the support of preaching, so that in the whole town probably six or seven hundred dollars are contributed to support preaching, annually.

(For the Mail.)

The Common Cherry Bird.

I noticed a statement in a recent number of the Mail, referring to the "Cherry bird," which has recently been seen at West Waterville, and in this vicinity, and referred to as rare and out of season, an idea which I wish to correct. The common Cherry Bird or Cedar Bird (Ampeles Americana Wils) is well known to all fruit growers, on account of its depredations upon the small cultivated fruits, during their season, they largely subsist upon. Small roving parties are occasionally seen during the winter months, quite far to the northward, they being influenced more by the supply of food than by climate, and therefore it can hardly be said that they are out of season if seen at any time of year.

These birds in their roving over the country often stop for a considerable time, where cedar berries or other small fruits abound, which constitute almost their entire food during the winter months. A small flock of them was seen in Fairfield on the 23d of February, feeding on the barberry. They are abundant in Spring and Summer, and especially in May, at the time the fruit trees are in blossom, and often feed on the petals of the apple blossoms to such an extent that they can scarcely fly. The plumage of this bird is soft and delicate and it is elegant and beautiful in form and coloring.

SUBSCRIBER.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOLDIERS' AID SOCIETY of this village gave an entertainment on Monday evening which drew a crowded house—too large an audience in fact, for comfort; for with the small provision for ventilation, Appleton Hall, crowded full of people, comes nearer to the condition of the famous Black Hole at Calcutta, than our Town Hall even, and that is saying a good deal. The entertainment was under the direction of the young gentlemen of the College, and was decidedly unique, consisting mainly of an exhibition of "Mrs. Jarley's" famous wax figures, with introduction and explanations to match, which produced much merriment. The exercises were varied by the introduction of a charade; a patriotic address, done in a charming childlike way by a little miss; and College songs by the "boys."

From the brief report of the Secretary of the Society, read during the evening, we make the following extracts; and our readers will no doubt be as much surprised as we were to learn how much has been done by our young friends:—

"This Society was organized Oct. 26th, 1864, and we called ourselves the Young People's Aid Society, because the society being at first composed wholly of young people, we feared we should accomplish nothing of sufficient importance to entitle us to assume the dignity of being the Young People's Aid Society."

The Society at present contains sixty-six members; nineteen gentlemen and forty-seven ladies. The Society met to sew for the first time Wednesday afternoon Nov. 23d, and since then have met regularly every Wednesday afternoon through much adverse weather, stormy Wednesdays being the rule and pleasant ones the rare exceptions. There have been twenty-one meetings for sewing. Our first work was the preparation of comforters and bandages from cloth sent in to us for that purpose. The society has sent away four pairs, one to the Christian Commission and three to the Hospital at Augusta.

The first box was sent Nov. 27th, and went to the Christian Commission.

Its contents were: 6 comforters; 1 blanket; 2 sheets; 12 cotton pillows for wounded limbs; 20 hop pillows; 21 rolls bandages; 4 flannel shirts; 3 cotton shirts; 18 pairs stockings; 1 pair slippers; 138 magazines; 11 books; 65 handkerchiefs; 50 comfort bags; and a quantity of newspapers.

The Secretary of the Society received from the agent of the Commission in Boston, an acknowledgment of the receipt of this box.

The second box contained about 50 handkerchiefs and a quantity of bags and bandages, and was carried to the hospital at Augusta, by the president of the society.

Learning about the first of the new year, that there was great need at the hospital in Augusta of father packages, and also of bandages and handkerchiefs, we immediately commenced the preparation of these articles, and in January sent to Augusta a box, containing 37 father pillows, and 150 handkerchiefs, which cost \$57.00, and 40 cents for freight.

Our fourth box was sent away March 10th, and went also to Augusta.

Its contents were: 6 packages rags; 68 rolls bandages; 31 handkerchiefs; and a quantity of old magazines and papers.

From the accounts of the Treasurer we find that the Society has received since its organization the sum of \$309.73.

From masquerade party, \$90.80
Lecture by Rev. I. S. Kallach, 26.15
Fair held Dec. 2nd, 105.80
Entertainments in this hall, 80.95
Donations to the Society, 23.00
Membership fees, 33.00

Of this we have sent \$100.00 to the Sanitary Commission to purchase cloth and in return received 84 yds of cotton, and 129 yards of flannel, which we began last week to make into garments.

Besides this we have expended for—
Flannel, \$36.96
Linen, 26.00
Hosiery, 12.80
Feathers, 21.94
Necessary expenses, oil, filling comfort bags, sewing materials, care of hall, &c., 45.55

Total, \$147.77
Sent to Sanitary Commission, 100.00

Total expenses, \$257.45
Balance left in Treasury, \$252.28

With thanks to the many friends who have aided them in their labors the report thus concludes.

We trust we shall none of us be weary in well doing, nor wish to cease our labors till a glorious peace has been achieved by our arms, and they cease their depredations on our shores. We have now on hand \$100 worth of materials which we wish to make into garments and send off as soon as possible.

OUR TABLE.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.—The January number of this able quarterly has the following table of contents:—

Sir T. Palgrave's History of England and Normandy; Dictionaries of the Bible (Smith and Kitto); Life of Sir William Napier; Criminal Law Reform; Lord Derby's Translation of the Iliad; Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction of the Crown; The British American Federation; Gairdner's Memorials of King Henry VII.; Seven per Cent.; The Last Campaign in America.

The foreign reviews, we are pleased to see, are coming round to better thoughts on American affairs, the result, no doubt, of our recent military successes. For a long time, they sneered at our army and its leaders; but they need no longer, they begin to respect. The last article enumerated above concludes as follows:—

"If a general's perfect adaptation of given means to a required end—if careful thought in design, with a just mixture of audacity and caution in execution—may fairly challenge our admiration; Sherman's campaign in 1864, and those of Grant and Lee in the preceding years, seem not unworthy to be classed with the highest achievements which the annals of modern warfare record."

For 1863 the American publishers printed an extra edition of the four British Reviews, and they will supply a few full sets at half price; \$4 for the entire sets.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co., 25 Walker st., New York. Terms of Subscription: For any one of the four Reviews \$4 per annum; any two Reviews \$7; any three Reviews \$10; all four Reviews \$12; Blackwood's Magazine \$4; Blackwood and three Reviews \$13; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$16—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates, will be but 56 cents a year.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for April contains a fine steel engraving, "The Young Photographer," a colored fashion plate, a coral slipper pattern, a wood engraving of the Haunted Manor House, and a host of patterns and designs. The number is full of good stories, including continuations of several novelets.

Published by Chas. J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

The Baptist Society gave their annual levee complimentary to their choir at the vestry on Wednesday evening. The weather and walking were both unpropitious, but there was a good attendance, and the occasion was apparently one of unalloyed pleasure to all—about equal contribution to the entertainment being made by the choir and people, the former with good music, and the latter with well laden tables. The reluctance of the company to separate, and the late hour at which they finally adjourned, should admonish those interested to have more of these pleasant gatherings. Social contact imparts life and energy to a society and increases its power and usefulness.

REV. FRANK MAGUIRE, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who recently filled the pulpit at the Universalist Church in this village for two Sabbath days, was unable to fulfil his engagement to return, having been caught in the draft. He has put in a substitute, however, and will be here in season to preach the first sabbath in April, with the understanding that he is to remain a year or more.

REV. DR. EDGAR H. GRAY, who was recently chosen chaplain of the U. S. Senate, is pastor of the F. Street Baptist church in Washington. He is a printer by trade, and graduated at Waterville College in 1833, with Ben. Butler. He was for several years pastor of a church at Shelburne Falls, Mass.

CATERPILLARS—Now is a good opportunity to destroy the eggs of the caterpillar, and a few hours properly employed will do more for the protection of trees than days devoted to the destruction of the full grown insect. A dozen and a half of these collections of eggs were found on a few trees in a village garden, always well watched; and it can easily be seen that the number must be legion in a large orchard that has been neglected. Look after them at once, and save your trees and fruit.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Rev. Calvin Gardner, a well known clergyman, long resident here, and for many years pastor of the Universalist Society in this village, dropped dead in the store of Tozer & Daughton, on Thursday morning of this week. His death was no doubt the result of heart disease, his health having become somewhat impaired during the winter, with indications pointing in that direction. He leaves a wife and two daughters; the oldest of which is the wife of William Cutler, Esq., and resides in Milwaukee. His age was 66 years.—
Funeral on Sunday.

ENGLISH PRAISE OF OUR GENERALS.—From depreciating our English cousins have taken to praising Union generals, and they now begin to manifest a due appreciation of the skill of our officers and the magnitude of their achievements. The last number of the Edinburgh Review compliments Sherman's military correspondence, which it says "will certainly bear comparison with anything of its class which modern military literature can produce," while other generals are not far behind him. Of Grant and the Vicksburg campaign, the writer remarks:—

"Meanwhile, another and a surer path to power in this great contest lay before Sherman and his chief in the West. The sword of victory which Grant waved over Vicksburg was destined to win him triumphs before the year should close, and to give him the unchallenged position of the first soldier of the Union. His late campaign had shown a well-planned strategy triumphing over great natural difficulties and elaborate defenses by the bold execution of his march upon the enemy's rear, and his patient watching. His next was to prove him the ever ready general who, at close distance, can search out the points of his enemy's position, and use his own forces with tactical dexterity to pierce them."

Again, of Grant's campaign at Chattanooga, it is said:—

"The surprise of the river passage near Bragg's centre by Smith, and the maneuvering by which the Confederate lines were forced by Grant a month later, at the battle of Chattanooga, are, as tactical achievements, far fitter to be classed with the best feats of Napoleon and Wellington than any advantage won by a European General since the days of those giants of war. We assert this without fear of any contradiction from those who examine the

subject with care and give their verdict with candor. They will find in the well prepared and thoroughly executed details of these affairs none of the blind, uncertain striking which won the Alma and Magenta."

CATTLE MARKETS.

The number of cattle at market last week was small, about four hundred less than the previous, and the quality being good, prices advanced and trade was brisk. The number of sheep was larger by about ten hundred, but the demand was good and prices remained about the same. For particulars we are indebted, as usual, to the Boston Daily Advertiser:—

BEEF CATTLE.—Prices on total weight of hide, tallow and bone: A few single pairs of extra and premium, 18 cents per lb.; that commonly called extra, 16 to 17 cts.; First quality, good oxen, best steers, &c., 15 to 16 3-4 cts.; Second quality, or good fair beef, 14 to 15 cts.; Third quality, lighter, young cattle, cows, &c., 12 to 13 cts.; poorest grade of coarse cows, bulls, &c., 11 cts.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Prices 8 to 10c. for ordinary and fair lots; 11 to 12 1-2c. for better lots; by the head, all the way from \$4 to \$35 each.

STONE CATTLE.—Working oxen \$120 to \$200; handy steers, \$80 to \$150, or much according to value as best Milch cows, \$45 to \$75; extra, \$80 to \$100; farrow, &c., \$28 to \$40.

The number of working oxen from Maine is not large, but the trade is fair. There are more cows than at any other market for several weeks. Mr. Remick and Mr. Frazier had a full cartload each, and Mr. Sablin had about half a car of cows. Mr. Sablin had some very good ones. At about four o'clock he said he had sold just one, and that at home cost, and should be glad to dispose of others on the same terms. The dealers all represented the market as dull on milkers. Fodder is very high, prices generally appear to be coming down, and many are afraid to buy on a falling market. One 4-year old springer was sold for \$25, and from that up to \$95, which was the highest sale we witnessed.

VEAL CALVES.—Veal calves begin to come in—a few being seen, or heard, in many cars of cattle and sheep. They are sold by the head, so that it is difficult to give any better idea of the market than can be gathered from that they are sold all the way from \$5 to \$20 each, according to age and quality.

MISCELLANEOUS PRICES.—Shotes—to peddle, 13c; retail, 14 to 15 c; fat hogs, none. Hides, Brighton, 10 to 12 1-2 c per lb.; country lot 9 to 12 1-2 c; tallow, 10 to 12 c per lb.; calf skins, 15 to 20c; pelts, \$3 to \$3.50; country lots of July, Aug. and Sept. \$2; those of Oct. Nov. and Dec. \$3 each. The market for hides and tallow is unsettled, prices fluctuating, and sales dull, with a downward look.

The market this week is reported overstocked, with a decline of prices, to the amount of from 1-2 to 1 cent on beef.

CHOICE STOCK FOR SALE.—The advertisement of Mr. T. S. Lang, in another column, shows that he offers his large and choice collection of stock for sale. While Mr. Lang's stock is all good, he has some of the best and most valuable animals to be found in the country; and an opportunity is here afforded for the purchase of pure blood, of which stock breeders will no doubt eagerly avail themselves.

LARGE HOG.—On the 20th inst., Charles A. Morrill of Fairfield, slaughtered a hog, seven-eighths Chester breed, twenty-three months old, which weighed 744 lbs. This hog was purchased by Clark & Gifford of this village for the moderate price of twenty-three cts. per pound, being probably the largest sum ever realized from the sale of a single hog in the State. The pork measured fourteen inches through the shoulder and six inches through the brisket.

BANGOR COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, advertised in our columns, no doubt furnishes an excellent opportunity for young men to qualify themselves for all departments of business.

THEATRE.—Wil-on & Cole's Theatrical Troupe, from the Augusta Opera House, will favor the citizens of Waterville with exhibitions at Town Hall on three evenings of this week—Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Good reports of the performances of this company at the Capital have come to us, and their success there during the winter is a guaranty that those who attend their exhibitions here will get the full worth of their money. Their bill for this evening includes the choice Comedy, entitled "Wild Duck," and the Farce called a "Hole in the Wall." Go and see BROWN!

PETERSON'S COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR, which contains all the latest intelligence in relation to failures of banks, counterfeiters, altered notes, etc., is almost an indispensable article on the desk of every business man, in these times when bogus money is so plentiful. Its market quotations, financial news with full information on commerce, money, stocks, bonds, banks, railroads, insurance, etc., are reliable and give it an increased value. Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$1.50 for the monthly edition, or \$3.00 for the semi-monthly.

The snow is disappearing rapidly and wheels are taking the place of runners. The river has risen considerably and is open above the falls, but the ice in the bay, though broken up has not yet taken its departure.

TENNESSEE IS A FREE STATE—the constitution prohibiting slavery and repudiating secession having been adopted, by a nearly unanimous vote. Parson Brownlow and the other Union candidates were elected by an overwhelming vote.

S. OF T.—We learn from the Gardner Journal that the order of the Sons of Temperance in this State, is looking up; five new divisions have been chartered the present quarter.

THE DRAFT has commenced in this district, but we get no particulars. Our town, we hope, is out of the ring.

MAJ. LITTLE, Assistant Provost Marshal General for Maine, is after the substitute brokers with a sharp stick, and several of them have recently been arrested.

THE YOUTH'S TEMPERANCE VISITOR, a semi-monthly pictorial paper for youth is published at Rockland, by Z. Pope Vose. The price for a single copy is only fifty cents a year, and to clubs of twenty it is sent for thirty-five cents each. Its circulation of 7,000 copies should be doubled, for it is doing much good.

Four blockade runners recently ran out of Charleston, S. C., not having heard of the change of flags there, and were captured.

War of Redemption.

The reported victory of Hampton over Kilpatrick turns out substantially a Union victory, as we supposed it would. Kilpatrick's headquarters were captured and nearly all his staff, but he himself escaped, re-formed his men, and drove the enemy with great loss, recapturing about all that had been taken from him.

Sherman is reported at Goldsboro', the rebels having evacuated, retiring toward Virginia. The forces of Sherman and Schofield have united and can easily push Johnston, Hardee and Bragg back upon Lee. The rebel force in North Carolina is diminishing rapidly by desertion.

Gen. Sheridan finished his raid in safety, losing only about fifty men and two officers. He entered our lines at White House, bringing about two hundred negroes, all he could feed and protect. His object being the destruction of rebel lines of communication, he could not encumber himself with prisoners, and he was obliged to parole many, but he brought in several hundred. He is reported off again in another direction.

We have no reliable intelligence that the army of the Potomac has moved, though everything indicates the speedy resumption of offensive operations. No passes are now granted to civilians to visit the army, and many of the sutlers have been sent away. The roads are drying up, and the troops, confident and eager for the fray, only wait the word to advance upon the last stronghold of the rebels. By many it is expected that Lee will speedily evacuate Richmond, but Sheridan may have upset that scheme by destroying the railroads and canals in his rear. Panic reigns in the rebel capital, every one seeming to be aware of the utter hopelessness of a farther prosecution of the war. There is an effort to enlist the negroes; but they have called upon the slave too late, if indeed they could have ever done so with hope of relief.

The attack upon Mobile is said to have already commenced, and the monitors, at last accounts, had silenced two rebel batteries.

THE SEVEN-THIRTIES, it is now said, will all be sold within a week, so that those who would secure a share must speak quick.

Destructive freshets are reported in Connecticut, New York, and Pennsylvania.

THE Unitarian church in Charleston, S. C. was not injured by the fire; and it is mentioned to the credit of this denomination that, since the death of Rev. Samuel Gilman, D. D., in 1853, this church has been without a pastor, as no Unitarian clergyman could be found sufficiently pro-slavery for the service.

FOREIGN ITEMS.—The London Times is of the opinion that the rebellion is about suppressed and that the last scene will shortly appear. It says that the United States will, if it has any prospect of success in such an undertaking, at once commence war upon Great Britain, to enforce claims that it will not grant, and urges British statesmen to have matters in dispute brought to an issue at once, before America has time to recuperate. The London Star does not believe that any war will take place. M. de Monthon has been appointed by the French Emperor, Minister to Washington.

The London Times says: "The influence of success at Charleston can hardly be exaggerated, and its moral effects cannot but be most powerful on the conduct of the war. It is seen that the population of the southeastern States are not able to oppose the march of the Federal armies. The advance from Savannah to Charleston seems to have been as easy as the march from Atlanta to Savannah."

The London Star regards the Fall of Charleston premonitory of the utter overthrow of the rebellion.

The President has appointed John Bigelow Chargé des Affaires at Paris, Envoy extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the French Court.

The rapid decline of gold produced almost a panic in New York. Prices of goods went down rapidly, and several failures occurred. Gold is now quoted at 150.

An enthusiastic Union meeting was recently held in Wilmington, N. C., and everything looks hopeful in that quarter.

Those heralds of Spring, the robins, made their appearance here last Friday morning.

At the beginning of the winter sixty-seven negro soldiers were confined at Danville. At the close of last month only seven were living to be exchanged.

A correspondent with Sherman's army says that coffee and sugar were the chief ration issued during the march; most of the rest was foraged off the country. He adds: "The army is in excellent health, all feathered out below the knee, from having lived so constantly on turkeys, chickens and game."

We learn from the Hallowell Gazette that Rev. Mr. Fuller, of the Congregational Church, and Rev. Mr. Grant of the Baptist Church, will spend six or seven weeks in the service of the Christian Commission.

A somewhat large number of mechanics, Farmers and business men have recently left the valley of the Kennebec to look out chances for engaging in business in the State of Maryland, says the Kennebec Farmer.

The Farmer says the monthly pay roll on the F. & E. R. R. is \$18,000. The bridge over the Kennebec at Augusta is to be repaired, as well as several other bridges. The new depot will be erected at Augusta before another winter. In addition to the above improvements, the new track leading from Westbrook into Portland is to be built.

An old man came to Albany from Saratoga, to witness the inauguration of Gov. Fenton. "Why do you come," asked Senator Cooley, "you know there will be a crowd, and there is little to be seen; the ceremony is nothing." "I come," answered the old man, "to see the State of New York enter the Union again."

Some men nobly serve their country by dying upon the battlefield. Others can serve it by dying anywhere.

ITOH! ITOH! ITOH!

SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!

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PIANOS.

ATTERTSON & STANWOOD,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN PIANOS,
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LARGE and well selected stock of PIANOS, from the best makers in Boston and New York, constantly on hand, and for sale, at the lowest cash prices. Persons at a distance, desiring to purchase Pianos, can by communicating by letter, do as well as by personal consultation. Every instrument fully warranted for five years, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.

sturing furnished at one dollar per week. Stabling at
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The following premiums are offered at the Annual Show of the
 KENTVILLE HORSE ASSOCIATION, viz.:—
 To BE SHOWN TO HALTER.
 \$10 00 for best Knox Sucker, either sex.
 5 00 " 2d best Knox Sucker, either sex.
 15 00 " best Knox Yearling Colt.
 20 00 " 2d best Knox Yearling Colt.
 10 00 " 2d best Knox two years old Colt.
 25 00 " best Knox three years old Colt.
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 To BE SHOWN TO HARNESS.
 \$30 00 for best Knox four years old Colt.
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THOS. S. LANG.

North Vassalboro', Feb. 6th, 1864. 3241

THE MOST POPULAR BOOK
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PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION
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RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD,
Having a regular sale of
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OLIVER DITSON, & Co.,
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VAGE, ATHERTON & COUSINS,
the old Swansea stand, on Silver Street, are prepared to
do **HORSE-SHOEING** in a good and substantial manner,
neatness and dispatch
SAVAGE, T. ATHERTON,
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STRAW WADDLE!
TWENTY DOLLARS per ton paid for Ost. Ry. and Har-
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cars for Wheat Straw.
R. F. COUSINS, Agent.

50 TONS
FRESH GROUND PLASTER,
In Casks,
Just received by
TOZER & DOOLITTLE.

Bulls for Sale.

LE Subscriber now offers for sale several young BULLS

of his best stock of various ages. Among them is the

"MATADORE."
 Killed at the last fair of the North Kennebec Agricultural as-
 sociation, at Waterville, Me., Sept. 10, 1895.
 T. S. LANG,
 527

Durham Bull Charleton,
 Selected from the Herd of the cele-
 brated breeder, H. A. ALEXANDER, of
 WOODBURY CO., KENTUCKY, by Winthrop
 W. Cheney, Esq., of the Highland Stock
 Farm, Belmont, Mass., may be found for
 sale at

**BROOK FARM, ON RIVER ROAD,
 leading from Waterville to Kendall's Mills.**

Charleton was got by "Duke of Aldridge." Dam, "Laura
 F." Pedigree and other particulars of this valuable par-
 ticle see "Horton Cultivator," Aug. 23, 1895. Terms Cash.
 See Farmer copy, and send bill to this office e. 25—3m.


A New Programme.
S. T. MAXWELL
 prepared to manufacture CALF BOOTS at prices to suit
 customers, from Six Dollars upwards; also Sewed Calf
 at fair prices, and the best of material.

Repairing Done at Short Notice,
at as low prices as any one in town. Tapping done from

to \$1.20 to suit customers; good stock and in good style,
and sale to all and for yourselves,
on 24, 1857. 30

BLACKSMITHING.

Who subscriber takes the opportunity to inform the public
that he has taken this shop formerly occupied by J. P.
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ON MAIN STREET 

Opposite the "Mail" Office, and having secured
A Good Workman,

and carrying on
Blacksmithing in its Various Branches.

DESK SHOEING done to order, with care.

He hopes, by faithfulness and punctuality, to merit a
share of public patronage. M. WESCOTT.

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N. W. MERRILL,
No. 2, MERCHANTS ROW,
a few doors south of the Williams House.

is constantly on hand a well selected stock of

W. I. Goods, Groceries, and Provisions,
 which he will sell at the lowest market prices.
 Choice brands of **FLOUR** at the lowest market rates.
 And, and the highest price paid for country produce.
 Give me a call and see if I do not give you satisfaction.
 N. W. MERRILL.
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GROCERIES, MEATS, &c.

Tozier & Doolittle,
 at the store formerly occupied by
 S. DOOLITTLE,
 on Main Street,
 Keep constantly on hand,
 a Stock of choice

Groceries, Meats, and Fish of all kinds.
 They also keep a good stock of
Salt, Lime, Plaster, and Cement,

who are in want of any goods in our line are respectfully

ed to call.
G. TOZIER, IHA R. DOOLITTLE.
CASH and the best prices paid for Hides and Skins,
Poultry, Country Produce, &c.
Waterville, Dec. 6, 1894. 23

Meerschraum Pipes.
NICE lot of Meerschraum and Briar Wood Pipes at
J. F. ELDER'S.
ALLIBUT FINS, for sale at
N-W MERRILL'S.
Iron, Copper, and Chain Pumps, at
ARNOLD & MEADES.

