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Maxham & Wing

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LOST AND FOUND.

BY LITIA M. REMO.

Lost, in the river of death,
A maiden with golden hair;
She was borne away on a Summer day,
Oh, who can tell me where?
Away from the light of the shining night,
From all that love and prayer;
Lost, lost, lost, lost,
Oh, who can tell me where?

Eighteen years had the maiden lived;
Shall we see her nevermore?
Oh, look for her long, for the waves are strong,
They may dash her on the shore;
Once clasped to my heart we would never part
Till this troubled life is o'er;
Lost, lost, lost, lost,
Shall we see her nevermore?

Ye will know her quick by her long, bright hair
When she floats up to sight;
Her brow is as fair as snowflake pure,
And her eyes have a tender light;
On the fairest flower of our garden bower
Tell us, the cold, cold light;
Lost, lost, lost, lost,
To my aching, aching sight.

Found, found, by the angels found;
Gave up on the other side;
Forgive me, Lord, but it seems strange,
And the river looks so wide,
This I feared the child in the willows wild
Would sink, for I saw no guide;
But found, found, by the angels found;
She is waiting by his side;
Oh, lost and found,
And forever crowned
Redeemed and sanctified!

[From Harper's Magazine for October.]

OOLIE.

JULY 10.

A whole fortnight has passed without a record, at least on paper. Let me see what was the last entry in this ledger of joys and sorrows. Oh, I remember—we were to raise the kite—Jake and Oolie and I.

The kite-raising was put off. It happened in this way: In pursuance of my fatherly plan I went to the choir meeting with Oolie, though it pained me somewhat to fancy that she did not care for my society. When the singing was over Mr. Lee, a boy of only twenty summers, stepped up to her side and offered his escort homeward, being ignorant probably that I came in that capacity. She stepped a pace aside with him and interchanged whispers, and I distinctly heard her say, "For mother's sake, Arthur." She came close to me, and walked gravely beside me a while. I did not offer her my arm, and was in a savage mood. So we walked a while in silence.

"Miss Oolie"—I had made up my mind to lecture my pupil—"Miss Oolie, permit me to ask you if Mr. Lee's addresses are sanctioned by your parents?"

The girl stopped a moment in mute astonishment, and walked swiftly on without an answer. I repeated the question, and attempted to draw her hand within my arm.

"Mr. Owen" and the eyes flashed in the moonlight like gems—"permit me to ask you what right you have to ask the question? For your great kindness to me and mine I am most truly grateful; but you forget yourself when you speak as now."

She spoke not another word, but drawing her little figure up, walked straight up the little gravel-walk, past the shadow of the porch, where I intended to apologize, on and up to her room out of sight.

When we met the next day she was studiously polite, but made an excuse to avoid her lesson. I felt guilty and miserable, trying in various ways to atone for my misconduct. I gathered the most charming bouquet I could find and left beside her hat in the hall, and she left it to wither there. I bought confectionery, and was obliged to give it to Jake.

Jake and I are great friends, and between that and the bridge building I manage to amuse myself; but I cannot disguise from myself that I was sorely troubled, by the little owl's cold disdain. I know that she is only a pretty country girl, whose frown should be no terror to me. I know that I am no love-sick boy, to break my heart about it; but I know better still that I had no right to speak as I did. If this Arthur Lee loves her, and she cares for him, why, it is no business of mine. I am only a friend, who cares for her very much as the fairest and purest flower that ever bloomed. I would fain apologize, but she gives me no chance. I wonder if she will come out to help us with the kite to-morrow. Jake is to ask her. She would be sure to say to me.

AUGUST 6.

We flew that kite. It seems a long while ago, though, since then. Shall I ever forget it? The cool, fresh breeze of the morning that rising swept over the tree-tops like an autumn wind, and drove the flying clouds above, while their shadows flitted over grain-field and meadow below. Shall I forget the tangled string that little hands released so deftly? Nor how she drew those hands away when I tried to detain her to speak one word of remorseful acknowledgment, and so left Jake and I alone to wander off up the great rock which on this side rose steadily, but shelled straight down, rough and jagged, on the other, over the deepest run of wayward Cress-kill? How the kite caught the wind, and sailing up and out, pulled tightly on the string, while Jake was in an ecstasy of delight over its gambols, and even I felt all a boy's enthusiasm over the successful flight? Oolie was nowhere in sight. Up went the kite, higher and higher, and, following its motions, I stepped back nearer and nearer the fringe of bushes at the summit of Greyrock, while Jake's shout of triumph rent the air.

Then I remember nothing more until I became conscious of a dull pain in my left arm, and half opening my eyes found myself beneath the ledge of rocks from whence I had undoubtedly fallen. Ah! but I bore the pain bravely, and gave no sign of returning life; for I saw my little owl, with her face buried in her hands, not far away. I shut my teeth to prevent a groan or quickened breath, for I heard her footsteps come nearer. Then she tried to raise me up, but the broad shoulders belonging to six feet of humanity were quite too much for her; so she folded the shawl she wore and laid it under my head. Still I didn't move. It was worth some suffering to have those hands passing lightly over my hair, or laid tenderly enough now on mine. Five minutes more and I did not move. Then there came down the softest little kiss on my forehead that ever blessed dreaming man in love.

When I say I kept my eyes shut after that I announce a feat of heroism unparalleled. I heard her retreating footsteps, and her clear voice calling over the hill, "Quick! quicker, father! He does not open his eyes at all. Send Susan for Dr. Mills." I thought I might as well indulge in a groan or two now, for the pain was very great, and I was suffering acutely, as I supposed, from a dislocated shoulder. Mr. Austin and one of the farm hands, summoned by Jake's report, assisted me home to the house, where I did not wait long for Dr. Mills' skillful care. A man of about my own age, with Saxon hair and eye and deep-toned voice, I found Dr. Mills at once a skillful practitioner and an agreeable companion. He was about to leave soon after for a year's service in the hospitals, both for the benefit of himself and suffering

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WATERVILLE, MAINE..... FRIDAY, OCT. 13, 1865.

NO. 15.

And this is why no entry stands upon my journal until to-day. I only see Oolie at rare intervals, and she is as cool as ever. She does not know—the little owl—that I hold the memory of that fluttering kiss. But why can I not lure her to my side again? Mrs. Austin seems more melancholy and retired than I ever, but is most undoubtedly anxious that I should care for Oolie, and perhaps this acting on her sensitive nature makes an involuntary revolt. I hear a troubled remembrance now and then, and afterward my darling child is pale and sorrowful for days. If I dared I would ask her to try to like an old bachelor ever so little, and give him the right to take the little owl to a cozy nest of his own planning.

But all the while I have been lying here she has come and gone unheeded, and more than once I have heard the heavy tones of Arthur's Lee's voice as he said good-night by the gate. I must not write more, for I am feverish, and Dr. Mills forbids excitement.

AUGUST 19.

Am I dreaming, or is it truly so? It seems like a dream that, away off by Cress-kill, on the very spot where I fell not long ago, I found my pupil, with pale face and eyes dim with tears—that, kneeling by her side, I asked for the right to woo and win, and, unrebuked, held Oolie to my heart. It is even so, and the great solemn eyes just glancing up to mine have spoken our betrothal. Pray God I may make her happy.

AUGUST 30.

Strange, dear, bewildering Oolie! Can I ever understand you, with your saddened moods and troubled brow? I fear—yes, sometimes I really think—that her mother has urged her to accept my addresses, knowing that I would be what the world calls a good match. I know Oolie is happiest and brightest when her old father looks so well pleased to see us together. But still I cling to the memory of that kiss, so lightly and tenderly bestowed. I am sure I know her too well to think that, even for her sakes she would give her hand without her heart.

To-night she pleaded a headache, and left me to seek my room and tell my patient journal all my thoughts. And so, with a scholar's shaded lamp throwing its circle of light around my pen and page, while the rest of the room is flooded with moonlight, I dream and write alternately.

But what is that figure doing there by the garden gate? A man stands waiting just within the shadow. But see! A girl's light figure moves out of the side doorway and joins him. A strange calmness comes over me, although I see in the clear moonlight that it is Oolie.

They walk off down the old garden path, and I cannot turn my eyes and ears away if I would. Now she speaks brokenly, and I even hear her say, "It is a living death," and they pass on. I do not hear Arthur Lee's words, deep and full toned as they are. I only hear the sweet, false lips, that—

They are parting. "Tis the very last time, I hear it distinctly in those musical accents that have come to be so dear. And this then is the end of the bright midsummer dream. False and fair, she is lost to me forever."

A few written words to release her from the weary work that makes this "living death" to her; a straightforward letter to John Austin explaining as well as I may the unfortunate position in which I find myself; a few business arrangements; a check sufficient to cover all expenses connected with my stay and forwarding my effects; a hasty tossing of garments into my trunk, and with the midnight moon low toward the west I bid adieu to Greyrock forever. "Oolie, dear, false angel, good-by!"

IV.

"Dr. Mills, by all that is skillful! I thought I knew that Saxon head as I saw it by the dim light of the swinging lamp last night."

"Ay, ay, Dr. Mills at your service," and a hearty grasp of the hand told how unforgetten had been the incident of two years since when a broken arm was righted by his skill. To-night we meet again on board the transport that brings our poor boys home from Andersonville. I need say no more than that to tell of the long lines of wan and haggard faces, of the gleaming, hungry eyes, the shrunken limbs and broken spirits.

Small skill had I except such help as strong hands and a willing heart could give; but such as it was this had been my work for the past eighteen months. It was good for me to be busy, and so put out of mind the troubled past. I had left all business matters with my lawyer, and had heard nothing whatever from Greyrock since that shining August night when I walked to the station, and was miles away before the dawning. I suppose she is Mrs. Lee by this time. Ah, well!

"Guy Owen I here, if you please. Hold this man still until I can prepare the broth properly. He is raving with fever and will kill himself if left alone." So I came at Dr. Mills' bidding, and clasped the poor thin arms in my grasp, speaking steadily all the while to the wretched creature I held. The soup was gulped down at a swallow, and it was hard to deny him more, but Dr. Mills was imperative. At last, muttering, he dropped to sleep, and an hour after I walked with the Doctor on the narrow space on the upper deck. He stopped midway, and knocking the ashes off his cigar, said,

"That fellow's face is familiar to me in spite of its fearful emaciation. I have seen it somewhere—strange—strange;" and we resumed our walk.

All at once he grasped my arm—"Guy Owen, as sure as you are a living man that is Launt Austin!"

enough to send to his father, and which, no doubt, was false. It almost broke his heart, but he did not tell his wife. She was bad enough without that; but she found it out somehow, and now she is hopelessly given up to the habit."

"What habit?"

"Why, opium. She commenced by quieting her nerves, broken down by Launt's desertion. Many and many a time have I seen that poor girl on her knees begging her mother to give it up, when she had periled her life by an extra dose. And then the wretched woman would promise, and try to keep her word until the demon power grew strong again, and by threats of self-destruction, or appeals to Oolie's tenderness, she would ring from her promise to give her rest and peace on the old farm."

"You could surely see how sad the child was, and what a hopeless look had gathered on John Austin's face?" he went on.

"Can this be so?" And I rubbed my forehead, to make sure that I was sane and wide awake.

"Ay, Guy Owen; were your eyes tight shut that you could not see it? Arthur Lee?" I shivered a little at the name—"Arthur Lee has told me pitiful stories enough of the girl's slender store of pocket-money going through his hands in exchange for the dreadful drug; of her waiting for him on the way, when, worn out, she had yielded to her mother's prayers once more; and her bitter tears, always saying to him, 'Don't let father know.' And so this poor child has passed these weary years since Launt took himself off. I heard all this through Arthur. I suppose you know he will be my brother one of these days. Sister Mary has been engaged to him ever since she left school."

I could not speak. The air seemed to grow bright around me. The transport and its weary freight; the rocking, ceaseless waves; the crouching forms about me passed away; and I was again by the side of Cress-kill with a wounded arm, and Oolie—dear, sorrowful, lost Oolie—was by my side.

"What's the matter, Guy?" said the steady voice of my friend. "Your cigar is out, and your blanket is streaming out like a flag. Have you turned clean daff?"

"I believe I have. Tell me, if you can, what I must do. See if you can prescribe for a man who has been a stupid fool."

"Common disorder, my friend; very common. Don't often prescribe for it, but I'll try."

It was a bright June day when a carriage might have been seen on the old Greyrock turnpike, travelling slowly; for propped up with pillows and shawls, was all that was left of Launt Austin. A pitiful smile gathered on his face as we came in sight of the great rock that could be seen for miles. I sat beside him almost as trembling as himself, for memories came crowding thick and fast.

Dr. Mills travelled on horseback, and now galloped on ahead to break the tidings to the unconscious family. Launt worked his thin fingers nervously together, and looked wistfully at me as he said, "Do you think they will be glad to see me? T'm almost afraid, I've made such lots of trouble."

Dr. Mills must have travelled fast, for see, here are troops of villagers, and here are stout farmers with hard hands outstretched, and husky voices that try to say, "How dy're do?" and fail because of the pity that has sent a great lump in their throats which no gulping will remove. And the old flag that has done service for many a Fourth of July is brought from somewhere, and is borne ahead by the constable, who claimed and kept that right. From the cottages women's faces shine pitying and earnest on the pale boy who had come home again. Past the wood and over the bridge, and so around the road comes the cavalcade. Past the garden and the lilac bush. The double gate was thrown wide open, and beside it stood the old man, with his white head bent down, his lips moving, yet with no sound. Plenty of hands lifted the weak man from his carriage, and he staggered on with help, but stopped one moment by the old man's side, looking wistfully with his hollow eyes.

John Austin lifted his clear eyes to the sky, and his lips were white while his hands lay a moment on the old man's head. "Bless thee, my son. The Lord bless thee and keep thee!"

As they entered the house where his mother waited Launt turned about. "Fall back boys. Nobody but father," and so leaning on the old man's arm, faint and weak though he yet upheld him on his father's shoulder until within the doorway the lookers-on saw a tall and pallid woman take him to her breast, while one thin hand of the soldier rested on a head of golden brocade beside him.

"Three cheers for Launt Austin!" and three times three rung through the air, while Susan swung her turban, shouting "Glory, Hallelujah!" and Jake contributed whoops and yells of different kinds. Then the school-house bell was rung, and Launt, sitting with his mother's hand in his, and those dear eyes of Oolie's looking so lovingly on him, stirred a little from his pillows, and with his smile so ghastly still, he said, "I guess the folks are glad to see me. You see, mother, if I live"—and here he held up the transparent hand to the light—"if I live, I mean to be a better son to you and father. I thought about you, I tell you, and I thought about meetin', and the Bible, and how Oolie and I used to say our prayers together. Yes, I thought about all these things, but I was so awful hungry most of the time that I couldn't think."

What vow went up from his mother's heart I know not, but I can guess. Whatever it was remained unbroken for the short life left her. Launt rallied awhile, but help had come too late, and one October day we laid him in the little church-yard. Before the snow of December fell his mother lay at rest beside him. And then in the glad New Year I took my little owl to my heart.

WOMAN'S FAULTS.—She will go to auction! You can't keep her away—the very rumor of an auction is enough to unsettle her for the day. You wouldn't care if she ever bought anything worth bringing home, but those cheap chairs, that fall to pieces if you look at them, and "great bargains" of moth-eaten flannel, and calico "only a little damaged," which proves more expensive in the long run than costly silks—they don't altogether pay!

She hasn't any financial talent—never knows how much she has spent, or how much she expects to spend. If you foolishly trust her with a hundred dollar bill to buy a spool of cotton, on the express understanding that she was to bring "back the change," she won't come home until she has triumphantly expended it all. While at the same time it will take her twice as long to lay out seventy-five cents to her satisfaction.

She isn't quite truthful—she kisses every woman she meets, and then tells you confidentially how disagreeable they are, and how she can't bear them! A man knocks down the individual whom he does not like—a woman hugs the female whom she detests!

She finds out, with almost miraculous precision, who wears dyed silks, and who "makes over" her last winter's bonnet—and if she can't tell you what everybody in the block is going to have for dinner, she is no genuine daughter of Eve!

She is never ready to go to the cars or to church—there is always a rip in her gloves to be mended, or a bonnet string to be sewed on—and when you are too late for the sermon or the train, she lays the whole blame to you!

She will give you cold dinners on washing-day. She will turn the house upside down, swamp you in a sea of white wash and soft soap twice a year, because her mother did it before her, and she will scold you if you smoke in the parlor!

She never hears you admire a pretty girl without immediately discovering that her nose is too big, and her face too small, and her eyes too blue, and her hair too red—in short, that she is a "perfect fright."

She is a little "on-art" on the subject of tears—cries when you least expect it, and takes refuge behind her pocket handkerchief with a facility which is perfectly incomprehensible to the race of man! However, she generally brightens up again with equal promptitude, and is very lovable (if she has fine eyes) in the transition or rainbow state.

In fact, she is the most satisfactory, provoking, troublesome, not-to-be-got-along-without creature known in Natural History! How she doctors your colds, and honey-and-boreholes your sore throat, and brushes your coat, and patches your trousers, and surprises you with favorite dishes, and burns her face connecting pet puddings, and fires up if any one presumes to find fault with you, and trots to market in your behalf, and teases you, and aggravates you and makes you miserable, and sail-fied, and cross, and pleased, and desperate and delighted in the same breath. Bless her! She's better than a prize in a lottery, and a piano-forte, and a fast horse, all put together! She may have faults—Eve had, we believe, almost by all accounts she was a pretty smart specimen of the female sex—but we love her, faults and all. We don't know many things that we like better, on the whole, than a real live woman!

REGRET AND REPENTANCE.—Every temptation is a sophism, for it sets before us the pleasures of sinning in an exaggerated light, and hides the pain in the dim distance, or places it entirely out of sight. Many have driven the tempter back by reflecting on the miserable feeling of remorse and degradation which they are sure, from experience, will follow the momentary gratification of a sinful act. When sin has been committed, we may be sorry for it, grieving as the son grieves who feels that he has behaved unworthily and offended a good and noble father; or we may be sorry with that feeling of regret which causes us to be chagrined and indignant only because pride, vain glory and conceit are called in as mourners over the fall of self. Nature leads us to regret: that Religion teaches us to repent. Repentance is a process of "reparation by which the sinner turns his fault to advantage. Not stopping to grieve and chafe over his fall, he manfully acknowledges the wrong done, and sets about discovering the causes of his error in the past, so as to avoid committing it in the future. He thus rises vice in the only service it can render—to virtue, making error serve as a warning against itself, and an incentive to greater care and watchfulness in the steady performance of duty.

THE FREE LABOR MOVEMENT.—A correspondent of the Boston Advertiser, writing from Charleston, S. C., devotes some space to a consideration of the free labor movement in the South. We copy the following:

"As to the free labor problem in this part of the country, the difficulty rests in a far higher degree with the whites than with the blacks. As long as the military authority of the government rules here, everything will go comparatively well. Under the present circumstances, no other tribunal could decide differences between blacks and whites to my own satisfaction, and I doubt whether the decisions of any other tribunal would by both parties be acquiesced in. The whites have vague apprehensions of negro insurrections, which sometimes give rise to ridiculous local panics, and they look to our forces for protection, while the blacks have full confidence in our officers and soldiers as their natural friends. Thus the military power of the United States gives a feeling of security to both.

"But what will happen if our troops be once withdrawn? And they cannot stay here and govern the State eternally. What would happen if the troops were all withdrawn to-day it is not difficult to say, and everybody here feels it; a number of little collisions which, in a short time, might ripen into a great one. The reason is not that anybody desires it—neither the whites nor the blacks, and least of all the true friends of the blacks; for it is impossible that such a collision, while it would bring with it great calamities to the whites, should not result in greater and more permanent disasters to the colored race. But the distrust between the whites and blacks is so great, and the ill will with which the free negro is looked upon by the whites so apparent, that it requires the presence of the troops to prevent explosions.

"At present, it is well for the people to understand that the free labor experiment, in this part of the country, is in so precarious a condition as to call for continuous attention and protective care on the part of the government. Time will do away with many of the more threatening difficulties, provided it be well employed. The elements of a great and lasting success are there; they will bear good fruit unless the government withdraw its fostering and protecting care before they are ripened into independent vitality."

PREPARING FOR FUTURE CONFLICTS.—It is clear as noonday that partisan politicians, South and North, are striving to bring about a reconstruction which will enable them hereafter to bring into dispute all the results to obtain which the loyalty of the country has endured the horrors of war, and which the loyalty of the country has regarded as surely crowning its victories in the field. No more of the heresy State Sovereignty is to be abandoned, no more of the abolition of the peculiar dogmas and spirit of the peculiar institution is to be conceded, no more repudiation of the temper, false reasoning, and arrogant sectionalism of the rebellion is to be professed, than may be necessary to squeeze a strictly Southern representation, as nearly as possible after the old pattern, into Congress.

This accomplished, the fight that failed in the field is to be renewed at the Capitol and in the electioneering campaigns. With all the caution and concealment practiced, all the plausible sophistry employed, sufficient already appears to show that this is the scheme by which it is hoped to recover for the natural leaders of the South and their friends of the North, the power that was wrested from their hands by the blundering madness of over-hasty fire eaters. The people should be alive to this possible peril, watch the designing aiders and abettors of it, and those who unintentionally may be strengthening their hands for future mischief. With the secret history laid open of the treasonable plottings, through a score of years, which brought on the conflict of arms just ended, it were little short of insanity, not to watch those who had a part in these plottings, and those who at the present time, endorse a greater or less extent the spirit that animated them and the ends they contemplated.

There is yet to appear any thoroughly trustworthy evidence that the South, thus far, honestly, cordially, without mental reservation, means to accept the facts of an undivided and indivisible nationality, of free labor and free democratic institutions. On the other hand, there is proof that the South, presuming upon the placability of the North and the servility and political venality of its copperhead allies, intend to come back into the Union, to renew its old antagonism with the fundamental principles and the organic law of the republic as interpreted in the interests of freedom. This being the state of affairs, if the people do not intend to be once more cheated and vexed for years by hot and perilous controversies—dead controversies galvanized to new life for merely party purposes and merely local objects,—they must be awake and resist beginnings.

[Boston Transcript.]

FASHION.—Madame Demorest in her Mirror of Fashion says:—It is quite impossible that fashion can always be restricted to what is beautiful or what is becoming. In the first place, there are as many opinions on these points, as there are people to hold them; and in the second, the demand for the pretty is quite secondary to the demand for the new.

The passion for novelty rages paramount in the hearts of all women at the present time, and absolutely blinds them to the true motive and object of dress, which is to render the person attractive as far as it can be done in accordance with health, convenience and comfort.

When ladies go off on shopping expeditions, they rarely inquire for the most useful, or even for the most beautiful; it is always for something entirely "new." The most graceful design, the loveliest trim, the most exquisite workmanship, lose all charm after the gloss of novelty has worn off, and the universal feeling is one of weariness, and desire for something, no matter what, that is startling, original, and absolutely and entirely new; as if there could be anything new under the sun; as if all our ideas in fashion as well as philosophy, were not simply the revival of something known, and even lost, forgotten, or discarded, centuries ago.

SCENE IN COURT.—Lawyer—But you paid the money at your door, and it was dark. But can you tell that it was not a two dollar bill?

Witness—I stepped back to the light, and saw that it was a ten dollar bill of the Vezzie Bank.

Lawyer—Might it not have been twenty dollars?

Witness—It might have been twenty.

Lawyer—You have sworn positively, Mr. Witness, that it was a ten dollar bill of the Vezzie Bank. Now, sir, will you be so generous as to tell us how it might have been twenty dollars?

Witness—It might have been two tens stuck together.

[Bangor Times.]

REPOSE OF MANNER.—Gentleness in the gait is what simplicity is in the dress. Violent gestures of quick movements inspires involuntary disrespect. One looks for moment at a cascade; but one sits for hours, lost in thought gazing upon the still waters of a lake. A deliberate gait, gentle manner, and a gracious tone of voice—all of which may be acquired—give a mediocre man an immense advantage over those vastly superior to him. To be bodily tranquil, and to speak little, and to digest without effort, are absolutely necessary to grandeur of mind or of presence, or to proper development of genius.

The following are Spanish proverbs:—Since I wronged you, I have never liked you. The day I did not sweep the house there came to it one I did not expect. Never speak of a rope in the house of a man that was hanged. If you want to beat a dog, say he ate your iron. The gallows was made for the unlucky. To be a merchant, the art consists more in getting paid than in making sales.

Fine words butter no parsnips.

Reports of Committees.

BUTTER, CHEESE, BREAD, ETC.

Your committee have long been of the opinion that persevering effort in any laudable direction was sure to find its reward. We have for several years looked wishfully over that picket fence, while performing humbler duties; serving as committee upon pigs and pumpkins; hens, hoes, and miscellaneous things, thinking that our turn would come to taste, and it has come. The fact shows that your trustees understand upon which side the society's bread is buttered; your interests are safe in their hands, if your bread and butter is not in ours.

Beside the few who exhibit Butter here, and our own wives, there are not many good butter makers in this vicinity. We must say it, the butter which is brought into our markets, as a general thing, is of poor quality. Too much buttermilk is left in it, for the lack, we suppose, of elbow grease to work it out, and too much salt is worked in, either because it is cheap or because it is thought necessary in order to make the butter keep, in spite of the deleterious effects of the buttermilk. If care is exercised to conduct the whole process of butter-making with neatness, if the cream or milk is not allowed to stand too long before churning, and if the buttermilk is thoroughly worked out of the butter, it will be sweet and keep for any reasonable length of time without over salting.

We believe our climate and soil are both favorable for making good butter, and with the necessary amount of care and painstaking on the part of our butter makers we should see but little poor butter in our markets. If any of our lady friends are disposed to take exceptions to these remarks, we assure them that they are not personal, but are designed to be as general as the evil of which we complain.

Similar things might be said with truth in regard to cheese-making, but as this is less generally carried on by our dairymen than butter-making, the evil of producing a poor article is much less generally felt.

Of the small quantity of butter and cheese produced in our county, in proportion to the number of cows kept, we have something to say, but here it is the farmers rather than the farmers' wives with whom we have to find fault. We have no statistical facts in regard to the matter, but from a somewhat extended observation we are of the opinion that the yield of butter or cheese per cow, upon the average, hereabout, is much less than it should be. The fact, as it seems to us, is that our farmers, for the last twenty years, have been sacrificing the dairy qualities of their cows in their endeavors to raise large and easy fattening stock. They have raised splendid oxen, and we cannot say but they have found greater profit in this than they would have found in giving more attention to the dairy qualities of their stock, but we are led to believe that a course of breeding which should have aimed at producing good dairy stock, combined with sufficient size and a fair tendency to lay on flesh, without carrying these last to an extreme would have been practicable, and at the same time better adapted to our climate and upon the whole more profitable. It is safe to say that the dairy properties of stock should have received more attention than it has, for it is certain that we now have, as a whole, an inferior stock of cows for dairy purposes. But if errors have been committed in this regard for the past, all we can now do is to set ourselves to work more wisely in the future. The question as to how we can improve our dairy stock is not an easy one to answer. From our knowledge of breeds we do not suppose that the introduction of any new variety of cows would accomplish all that we might desire in this respect, and yet something might be done as a help to improve our cows by drawing more or less from such breeds or stocks of animals as have been bred for a long series of years with special reference to milking qualities, and there are such, as for instance, the Ayrshire, the Jersey, and some families of the short horn breeds, though these are, as a general thing, only to be had at an expensive rate. We would recommend for immediate practice, and as a safe and economical course, one which would give considerable promise of improvement at little expense, is to select for raising, heifers from the very best cows among us, breeding from the best milking stock within reach, on both sides, of whatever blood it might be, and rejecting as unfit for rearing all calves from poor or ordinary cows. In this way, much, we think, might be accomplished in a few years.

But we are reminded that we were not appointed as judges of neat stock, or to write a treatise upon breeding of good dairy cows, so we forbear to pursue this subject further.

The importance of good and wholesome bread in every family can hardly be overrated, and though we think most families have good bread, yet there is undoubtedly a great deal of poor bread consumed, greatly to the damage of those who eat it. We are not prepared to give any direction for making bread, but will refer those desirous of learning how to make good bread to the lady members of our committee. We believe it is not greatly more difficult to make good bread than it is to make that which is fit to eat. Having good materials, we think most housekeepers can uniformly furnish their families with good bread by taking pains to do so. There is a slowness and carelessness about cooking on the part of too many cooks which is wholly incompatible with good living, and is wholly inexcusable.

In concluding this subject, we can only urge upon all those engaged in the culinary department of this society, young and old, to give great diligence to become good cooks, and especially good bread makers.

We think it wise to offer premiums for bread made by young girls, and should be glad to see more competition for those premiums. Girls should understand that they are not F. W.—that is fit for wives—until they can make good bread.

Premiums.

In the matter of premiums and commendations your committee have endeavored to do simple justice, but it must be remembered that taste has much to do with the decisions of a committee upon eatables, and in the hands of another committee some lots of butter and cheese might have taken the premiums which failed to do so with us, though in justice to ourselves and to those who take our premiums we ought to say that our decisions were very unanimous. We need not speak of the difficulty of selecting the best butter from sixteen lots, nearly all very good, nor of deciding which is the best cheese among many. This will be understood.

We give the first premium on butter to Mrs. W. E. Drummond of Winslow. This was packed butter and very nice. Second premium to Mrs. Edwin Spring of Winslow, in balls. A gratuity to Mrs. David McCrellis of Waterville, of \$1. A gratuity to Mrs. Increase Chase, of Waterville, of \$1. This last was made from a grade Jersey cow and had the peculiarly rich yellow color said to belong to butter made from cows of that breed. Its own

Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE . . . OCT. 13, 1865.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required at this office.

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

WATERVILLE HORSE FAIR.

The third annual Fair of the Waterville Horse Association terminated on Thursday with three very successful days—except that it rained on Thursday morning, so that trotting was adjourned till afternoon. Tuesday and Wednesday were enlivened by several very exciting trotting matches, prominent among which were two trials between Doolittle's Ticonic and Shaw's Dirigo; in both of which Ticonic won in three straight heats.

Thursday was set for the great attraction of the trot between Mr. Lang's Gen. Knox, and Mr. Shaw's Gen. McClellan; but the accident to Mr. Palmer, the driver of Knox, compelled a postponement of the trial to some time yet to be fixed. Both horses were shown on the track, and bets were free for both; and but for the storm of the morning, which rendered postponement probable, the number of visitors would have been immense, and the financial success of the festival satisfactory.

The management of Mr. Doolittle, and the general good order preserved by Marshal Judkins, and his assistants, as well as our police, are mentioned in terms of praise by all.

A GOOD LOAD.—One day last week we saw farmer T—unloading some barrels of apples at a store opposite our office. He had five barrels, each of which brought him a five dollar greenback. He had also some bags of oats, which he had contracted for sixty cents per bushel. His team was one horse, such as a good farmer generally keeps, and a wagon of proportionate strength. He brought his load some two or three miles, and pocketed in exchange fifty-two dollars cash! The apples were Baldwin's, a hundred barrels of which would have been taken on the spot at the same price. In reply to inquiry for more, he said these were picked from "three or four trees," nearly all he had. Wonder if the twenty-five dollars will pay him for keeping the worms off three or four trees! And now, as we call no names, we may add, that he said he was in debt about a thousand dollars, when the war commenced, all of which he had paid from the proceeds of his farm, without reduction of stock or tools. He added, that he did not grant about the little tax he had to pay, and only regretted that his townsmen were not agreed in paying off their debt immediately—probably concluding that if this is a good time for individuals to get out of debt, it is a good time for towns to do the same thing. And why not?

DISTURBING SCHOOLS.—A case of violation of the Statutes protecting schools from disturbance, which recently occurred in this village, deserves notice for the information it conveys to those who do not know how far their rights extend in this direction. The mother of a miss in one of our schools—Miss Nye's—felt grieved by reports she had heard relative to the teacher's treatment of her child, and entering the school while in session, she "freed her mind," in good round terms, such as most women who had entered upon such a job would be in danger of using before they got through. No words passed between her and the teacher, and the offender claims that she addressed her speech only to the pupils, and retired quietly when she had "said her say." The offence was reported to the committee, who addressed to her a note demanding such a written apology as would admit a violation of the rights of the school. She replied in terms that aggravated rather than mended the offence; and the case was given to the grand jury, and by them to the S. J. Court, at their late session in August. With the best legal counsel she could procure, the offender was advised to plead guilty; the Court judged her to pay a fine and costs of suit.

This ends the controversy, but thus should not end the lesson. These disturbances, and others of various character, are too frequent in our common schools, and the injury done is important. They should never be suffered to pass without proper rebuke; and our committee have set a good example.

WATERVILLE THREE ENGINE HOUSE is to be immediately enlarged and improved, to meet the needs of the company and properly accommodate their renovated machine. It is proposed to bring the present building nine feet nearer to the street, adding six feet to the rear, and building a hose tower beyond that. The building will also be raised, giving greater height to both stories.

ACCIDENT AT THE PARK.—On Wednesday, as a field of four horses were on the track, and near the end of a heat, the third horse came in collision with the second, throwing its own driver to the ground and clearing itself from his control. Dashing past the second, it struck the forward horse, driven by Mr. Palmer, throwing him to the ground. Palmer lost the reins of his own horse, which dashed wildly onward; while he seized the other, which had been thrown by the collision, and held it down. Palmer's horse, caused a great panic while dashing about the grounds, but finally brought up among some carriages without hurting anybody. Mr. Palmer, who is the well known driver of Knox, was badly bruised, but had no bones broken.

MR. MAURICE BLUMENTHAL, a dry goods dealer in our village, left on a visit to Germany, his native country, a few weeks ago, and recently his friends here were shocked to learn of his sudden death at Frankfort-on-the-Main, on the 5th ult. He was to have been married the same day. Mr. Blumenthal was a warm-hearted, genial man, respected and esteemed by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and sorrow for his untimely death is by no means confined to his relatives.

Doubtless commiserating the unfortunate condition of the College boys, who were supposed to be too much engaged in their studies to visit the Trotting Park, two gentlemen of the turf trotted their nags on College street today. Time? Oh, well, it was a great time, quite a crowd was in attendance, and these who "bet their money on the bay" went off feeling well.

The show of Fruit at the Hall last week, whenever we take into account its excellence and variety, was never excelled at any of our Fairs. Mr. Joseph Taylor, of Belgrade, formerly an active and interested member of the Society, was present after six years absence, with a very fine display of apples and pears, tastefully arranged, and crowned with a beautiful bouquet of autumn leaves. His contribution attracted much attention and admiration. He presented twenty-five varieties of grafted fruit, many of them choice and rare; fifteen varieties of seedling apples, and seven varieties of pears. Of apples he had the Northern Spy, Bayberry, Columbus, Dirigo, Round-top, Ipsy Sweeting, Sweet Greening, Pique, Winter Porter, Nodhead, Winthrop Greening, Golden Russet, Baldwin, Roxbury Russet, Rome, Queen's Pocket Apple, Arbor, Nodhead, Belle-fleur, Ribston, Pippin, Jasper, Lemon Porter, Pennamont, Franklin Sweeting, Sweet Russet, Greening, Freeman, etc. To Mr. Taylor was very properly awarded the first premium on apples of all kinds. He also took the first premium on pears and grapes.

Mr. Wm. E. Burgess, of Fairfield, who presented seventeen varieties of apples, choice and handsome, was awarded the second premium. We cannot give a list of these.

To Mr. Josiah Morrill, of Waterville, was awarded the third premium. He presented fourteen varieties, as follows:—

Baldwin, Rhode Island Greening, Tolman Sweet, Hubbardston Non-such, Golden Russet, Roxbury Russet, Stonington Russet, Nodhead, Porter, Ribston Pippin, Holmes Apple, Rock Apple, Royal Pearmain, Soft Greening.

Handsome displays of Winter fruit were made by H. P. Carr, of China, who presented twelve choice varieties; and by I. R. Clifford, of Waterville, nine varieties. Geo. W. Hubbard, of Waterville, took the first premium on Fall Fruit. We have no list of the different varieties presented by these gentlemen. There were other contributors, also, who helped to swell the show of fruit in this year of scarcity.

In addition to the grapes entered for premium, C. M. Morse, Esq. presented five varieties for exhibition, which we know were delicious, for we had the eating of a liberal share.

DEMOCRATS everywhere rejoice over the defeat of the negro suffrage amendment in Connecticut, and claim it as a victory of their party. The secessionists and negro haters of the South are also exulting over the same event.

FIRE IN FAIRFIELD.—A house and barn on the Ridge road in Fairfield, belonging to Mr. Calvin Atwood, were burned on Sunday night. The house was occupied by French families, and the fire took in the shed. In the barn was a quantity of hay, about twenty tons. There was no insurance.

It is claimed that the gelding "Dexter" has done a mile on the Fashion Course in 2:18 1-4, beating any recorded time. Of course the honesty of the timekeepers or the measurement of the track cannot be questioned, for any not the managers of these matters all honorable men?

FATHER KEAR'S "OLD FOLKS" sing at Town Hall to-morrow evening. Go early, if you wish to secure a seat, for, of course, there will be a crowd.

DR. MUND, one of the assassination conspirators, recently attempted to escape from the Dry Tortugas, but was discovered. The Quartermaster of the vessel, who was aiding him, was immediately sentenced to keep him company for six years.

NEW BOOKS AT CARTER'S.—See advertisement.

Attention is invited to a column and more of Boston advertisements, containing matter of interest to all.

The report of the committee on Fine Arts will appear hereafter.

The jury in the Sanders kidnapping case, at Montreal, disagreed and have been discharged.

recommend a gratuity of three dollars to Mr. Burrill on his title.

First premium we award to Chas. L. Cannon; second premium to Anna E. Shores; third premium to Crowell Bickford.

Under five years of age—First premium to J. Athern; second—premium to G. E. Shores; third premium to Fessenden Colcord.

ROBT. R. DRUMMOND, for Com.

TOWN TEAMS.

The first premium was awarded to Fairfield, from which town ten pairs were entered, the average girth of which was seven feet and four inches. To Waterville was awarded the second premium on ten pairs, the average girth of which was seven feet and three inches.

DANIEL JONES, for Com.

SWINE.

This department was light. There were several entries, but only one lot appeared upon the Ground. We do not know there are as fine hogs within the limits of this Society, as in New England, of the Suffolk, Chester, and common breeds; and are surprised that there is not public spirit enough among the farmers, to bring them on the Ground for exhibition.

Those shown were from the farm of Henry Taylor, Esq. The Boar is of the kind called Prince Albert, and a fair specimen of that breed; to him we award the Society's first premium. There were not enough in the other class to comply with the requirements of the Society, and therefore we could not award the prize.

L. A. Dow, for Com.

SHEEP.

The Committee on Sheep having attended to the duty assigned them, have made the following award of prizes:—

For the best Flock of twenty-five or more Fine Wool Sheep, from one farm. First prize to Joseph Nye, Jr.; second prize to J. Athern; third prize to N. R. Boutelle.

Best Flock of twenty-five or more Long Wool Sheep from one farm. First prize to Jos. Percival; second prize to G. W. Hubbard; third prize to H. G. Abbott.

Fine Wool Bucks. First prize to Joshua Nye; second prize to N. R. Boutelle; third prize to Joseph Nye, Jr.

Long Wool Bucks. First prize to Jos. Percival; second prize to H. G. Abbott.

Best Flock of ten or more Fine Wool Ewe Lambs. First prize to N. R. Boutelle; second prize to John Matthews.

Best Flock of ten or more Long Wool Ewe Lambs. First prize to H. G. Abbott; second prize to G. W. Hubbard; third prize to Jos. Percival.

Best two or more Fine Wool Buck Lambs. First prize to Joseph Nye, Jr.; second prize to N. R. Boutelle.

Best two or more Long Wool Buck Lambs. First prize to Jos. Percival.

Best ten Fat Sheep. First prize to G. W. Hubbard; second prize to Jos. Percival.

A lot of full blood Spanish Merino Sheep and Lambs, exhibited by Joshua Nye, but not entered for the Society's premium, are worthy of special mention. Also a Fine Wool Buck, exhibited by Albert Bowman.

A fine lot of Grade Merino Sheep—being a cross between a three-fourth Spanish Merino Buck, and native Sheep—were exhibited by H. G. Abbott, but not entered for premium.

ASHER H. BARTON, for Com.

FARM STOCK.

But two entries were made for premiums, one by Reuben Moor, of Waterville, consisting of eleven animals, and among them, a fine full blood Ayrshire Heifer. To Mr. Moor we award the Society's first premium.

The other entry, by Wm. Nowell, of Fairfield, consisted of nine animals, among them a splendid pair of four year old Steers; Grade Durham, seven feet and nine inches in girth; for which Mr. Nowell found a willing purchaser on the Ground. We award him your second premium.

In respect to the milking, and Stock properties of the Cows, belonging to the above herds, we have no information.

CROWELL BICKFORD, for Com.

MATCHED OXEN.

Your Committee award the Society's first premium to W. Jones, of Fairfield; second premium to Wm. Nowell of Fairfield; third premium, to G. E. Shores.

G. E. Shores, for Com.

POULTRY.

We are gratified to find thirteen entries, embracing hens, turkeys, geese and ducks—either lot of which are worthy of premium. We award as follows, in accordance with a promise lately made in the Mail and trust that the liberality shown to the exhibitors will increase their number next year.

First prize on hens to Hiram Cousins, for Black Spanish and Brahmas; second to B. F. Stevens, for Leghorns; third to N. Stiles, for Brahmas and White Dorkings; fourth, to W. H. Parsons, for Black Spanish and others.

First premium on Turkeys to G. W. Simpson; second, to W. B. Hamlin; third, to G. W. Hubbard; fourth to W. H. Pearson; fifth to E. E. Galusha; sixth to G. H. Hamlin.

First prize on geese, to Eben Galusha.

A cage of very pretty ducks, by G. W. Hubbard, were much admired, and worthy of thanks.

[More extended remarks on poultry, in reference to the particular kinds here exhibited, are intended for the Mail as soon as leisure offers. It is time to call attention to the feathered, in rivalry with the haired and bristled classes of farm stock. Justice and good taste, as well as good economy, demand it.]

E. MAGHAM, for Com.

TROTTING HORSES.

The track being in miserable condition, and the time made being no indication of the capacity of the horses, we shall not report it. In the first class, "Ticonic" and "Draco" trotted around the track twice, for the gratification of the spectators, who were anxious to see these celebrated horses in motion, but it was not regarded as a race.

In the second class—"Fanny Fern," entered by C. H. Davis, of Waterville, took the first premium; "Young Witherell," entered by R. Howard, of Waterville, took the second; and "Jenny," entered by C. W. Hussey, took the third.

In the fourth class—J. W. Hersom's "Lucknow" took the first premium, and A. Rollin's "Lady Butler" took the second.

On Sunday last the people of San Francisco were terrified by two of the severest shocks of an earthquake ever experienced there. Buildings rocked, walls cracked, and cornices, and in some instances, chimneys fell. The entire population left their houses and ran into the streets. In the churches where religious services were at the time in progress the utmost consternation prevailed. The shocks were severely felt in Sacramento, Stockton and San Jose, and in Santa Cruz two buildings were destroyed.

they awarded the first premium on Three-year-olds, to J. H. Gilbreth, for his Knox colt, and the second to Geo. Richardson, for his Blackhawk. On Two-year-olds, we gave the first premium to Alpheus Crosby, and the second to Wm. H. Pearson. On one-year-olds, we awarded the first premium to B. F. Hersom, and the second to J. L. Seavey.

J. W. WITHEE, for Com.

HORSES.

On Stallions—First premium to "Don Juan," presented by Henry Taylor, of Waterville; second to "Green Mountain," by J. L. Webster, of Vassalboro; third to "Witherell Messenger," by Cornelius Nye, of Fairfield.

On Breeding Mares—First premium to Moses H. Alexander, of Belgrade; second to J. L. Seavey, of Waterville; third to Alfred Crosby, of Albion.

On Matched Horses—First premium to J. D. Pullen, of Waterville; second to Henry Perry, of Waterville; third to J. D. Steadwell, of Winslow.

On Family Horses—First premium to J. L. Seavey; second to J. C. Gifford.

COWS.

There were but two entries of Dairy Cows, one by Wm. Nowell, and one by J. Athern, both of them evidently superior Dairy Cows, but both were ruled out for want of the statements required by the Society.

There were five entries of Stock Cows, all good ones; but we were limited to three premiums, which we awarded as follows:—First, to Galen Hoxie, for his Roan Cow with a splendid Bull calf by her side. Second, to Wm. Nowell for his red Cow, with a superb Steer as her stock. Third, to J. Athern for his red Cow with a very fine yearling Steer by her side. Mr. Nye presented a very nice Cow, also Mr. Moor a very fine pure bred Durham Heifer, from the farm of Henry Taylor; but our premiums had run out, and their cows will undoubtedly pay a premium to their owners.

There was but one entry of Cows for all purposes, viz: by Wm. Nowell; undoubtedly a very valuable Cow for all purposes, but we felt compelled to rule her out for want of the required statements.

Wm. Nowell made the only entry of Cows as the three best Cows from one farm. We most cheerfully award to Mr. Nowell the First premium; we also decide, that four better Cows, or even as good, from one farm, would be hard to find.

We hope that Mr. Nowell, and all others, in future, will be careful to prepare the required statements, for we feel confident that any man who owns such Cows as were presented, can well afford to prepare statements for Committees; and Committee men ought to be, and must be governed by the rules of the Society. We regretted exceedingly to rule out any Cows, but felt that what is worth doing at all, is worth doing right.

In looking at the Cows generally, we were gratified to discover a few cream-pots in the shape of Jersey Heifers; one splendid Heifer owned by S. K. Smith, and a superb Bull and Heifer owned by Dr. Boutelle, and one grade yearling Heifer—a little beauty—owned by Wm. Dyer. We feel quite sure that professional men, as well as farmers, know which side their bread is buttered on, and are learning where to get their rich cream and butter from at a small cost. Also a number of grades owned by Joshua Nye, very fine specimens. Also a grade Cow owned by I. R. Chase, evidently a superior Cow.

W. PERCIVAL.

HEIFERS.

Thoroughbreds.—There were no Three-year-olds entered.

Two years old.—One by C. B. Gilman, Devon; the only entry was entitled to the first premium.

One year old.—One Jersey, by N. R. Boutelle; one Durham, by J. Athern; two Jerseys, by J. Nye. We award the first premium to J. Nye.

Grades.—Three years old—none entered. Two years old.—One Grade Jersey, by I. Chase; one Grade Hereford, by C. B. Gilman; two Grade Durham, by H. C. Burleigh. We award the first premium to H. C. Burleigh; the second to C. B. Gilman.

One year old.—One Grade Durham, by Wm. Nowell; three Grade Durham, by W. H. Pearson. All good and hard to decide. We award the first premium to Wm. Nowell; the second, to W. H. Pearson.

WM. NOWELL, for Com.

STEERS.

In this department the display has seldom, if ever, been excelled.

Three years old.—One pair entered measured seven feet; one pair six feet and eleven inches, and one pair six feet and six inches. To Gustavus Parker we award the first premium.

Two years old.—There were entered one pair measuring six feet four inches, two pairs six feet three inches, one pair six feet two inches, one pair five feet nine inches, one pair five feet eight inches. To Wm. Nowell we award the first premium, and to George Rice the second.

In this class the animals were so nearly matched that it was with much difficulty that your Committee came to a satisfactory conclusion to themselves. The Steers of Mr. J. S. Gifford and Edward S. Crosby were very fine animals, particularly Mr. Gifford's.

One year olds.—We award the first prize to Benj. Burrill; second to J. S. Gifford. The first prize on Steer Calves to a pretty pair of yours, presented by Masters Henry and George Wentworth.

On trained Steers there was a fine exhibition. We award the first premium to W. Simon; the second to Master A. Rice; the third to C. Crosby; the fourth to A. Rice.

BULLS.

The Committee report that they were very much disappointed in the appearance of the animals presented for their inspection, and had they the peculiar gift required for so delicate an operation, feel that they should be fully justified in giving the exhibitors what, in vulgar parlance is called a good "blowing up;" but being full of the milk of human kindness, we leave them to the condemnation of their own consciences, hoping their animals may exhibit proofs of better feeding another year.

We have awarded your first premium on Thoroughbred Durham Bulls to Levi A. Dow, of Waterville; second premium to Warren Percival, of Vassalboro. First on Jerseys, to N. R. Boutelle, of Waterville.

Grades.—First premium to Galen Hoxie, of Fairfield; second premium to Sanford Pullen, of Waterville. H. JAQUITH, for Com.

DRAWING OXEN.

There were nine pairs over and four pairs under five years of age, entered, and nearly all presented showing great strength and good training. After some hesitancy we decide to

our tanneries are noted for the good qualities of their stock, in the great trading marts of New England. Many of our shrewdest and most enterprising men are engaged in the business, among them, one of our own highly respected citizens, the Hon. D. L. Miliken, well known for his perseverance, shrewdness and sagacity, as well as one of the largest sole leather tanners in Maine. In the manufacture of boots and shoes, the town of Auburn bears no small comparison to the towns of Lynn, Milford, Woburn, Randolph and Natick, in Massachusetts; and there is no country or nation that can successfully compete with us, as regards the quality, or prices of their goods.

Your Committee award the Society's premium of one dollar to Hiram Pishon, on twelve sides of upper leather of excellent manufacture, possessing all the qualities of workmanship in its finish.

On Boots and Shoes, we award the premium of one dollar to Wm. Maxwell, on two pairs of calf-skin Boots manufactured by him. Mr. Maxwell has had large experience in his business, and it may be very properly said, stands at the head of his profession in manufacturing fine calf-skin Boots, and of making an excellent setting and easy Boot.

Also your Committee recommend a gratuity of one dollar to Wm. Maxwell for his contribution of ladies' and children's Shoes, some of which were very nice and fine.

ALFRED WINSLOW.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Committee find a small variety of "odds and ends," with little affinity, considerable contrast, and a good degree of merit, when found out by careful investigation. Obeying the injunction to "despise not the day of small things," they are resolved to make the most they can of the opportunity given them for distributing the Society's money.

An Ottoman, by Mrs. Stiles, and two others by Mrs. Stark, were quitted in their rivalry by an award of 50 cents each.

A Sofa Pillow, by Miss Louisa E. Blaisdell, only twelve years of age, very ingenious and pretty—50 cents.

A bouquet of natural flowers, in good taste, by Mrs. W. H. Pearson.—50 cents.

Two ties, one by Miss Lucy Carroll, and the other by Miss Ellen Percival, very nicely done.—50 cents each.

Best display of fancy goods, by Mrs. Hobart, the premium of \$1, which it well deserved.

Two very nice ties, by Miss Sarah Randall.—75 cents.

A good piece of netting, by Miss Dunbar, 50 cents.

A knit woolen shawl, by Mrs. Heywood.—50 cents. "Not gaudy, but good."

A pair of slippers, by Mrs. Daniel Moor.—50 cents. Very nicely wrought.

A neatly stitched patent leather card basket.—50 cents.

Very ingenious wooden picture frames, by Master Spaulding.—50 cents.

Velvet pin cushion, very prettily wrought, by Mrs. Samuel Hutchings.—50 cents.

Best display of millinery, the Society's premium of \$1, to Misses Fisher, of Waterville.

Best display of D. nistry, the Society's premium of \$1, to Dr. E. J. Roberts, of Waterville.

E. MAGHAM, for Com.

FRUIT.

We give the awards of the Committee on Fruit, but the chairman promises to write out a full report for publication hereafter.

On apples of all kinds—First premium to Joseph Taylor, of Belgrade; second premium to W. E. Burgess, of Fairfield; third premium to Josiah Morrill, of Waterville.

On Fall Fruit—First premium to Geo. W. Hubbard.

On Winter Fruit—First premium to H. P. Carr, of China; second premium to I. R. Clifford, of Waterville.

On Grapes—First premium to Joseph Taylor.

On Pears—First premium to Joseph Taylor; second premium to Hiram Cornforth.

GRAIN, ROOTS AND VEGETABLES.

There were eight entries of Corn, which were all very good. No. 15 Dutton, we think the best, and award to it the first premium.

A couple of traces of King Philip Corn, we would commend to a gratuity of a volume of Reports.

No. 23 was a trace of Snap Corn, which can not be beaten, and to it we would award a premium.

No. 14, Sample Beets, is entitled to a premium.

No. 24, a Turnip Beet of prodigious size, showing that Maine can compete with any other State in producing vegetables.

There were three lots of Pumpkins, two of which were entered for a premium, and a premium is awarded to No. 17, although the lot not entered were by far the best; and the owner is entitled to the pleasure of raising the largest pumpkins on the Ground.

No. 26 was one half dozen the finest Hubbard Squashes your Committee ever saw, and are entitled to the first premium.

No. 9 was four fine Squashes worthy the consideration and esteem of all Squash eaters. A bushel of Silver Skin Onions were on exhibition, and though not entered for premium, were well worthy of one, and we would enquire of the owner, Mr. Cyrus Wheeler, of West Waterville, if he has any more of the same sort.

No. 16 was a specimen of Spring Wheat. Entitled to a premium.

No. 25, Winter Wheat. A good specimen, and to it we award a premium.

No. 28, Winter Rye, as good as the best.

No. 27 was a Mammoth Turnip, the largest in the world, and your Committee would enquire where a kettle can be found sufficiently large to cook it in; it is, however, entitled to a premium.

No. 6 was Specimen Cabbages, and a premium is awarded to them.

No. 8 was a lot of Rice Pop Corn, which is a one.

No. 13, French Pear, entitled to the first premium.

A Black Eyed Pea was entered, which we recommend as a field pea in preference to any others.

No. 23, Ball Peppers, which were very fine, and well worthy of a premium if any had been offered by the Trustee.

No. 2 was a Water Melon of good size, and entitled to a premium.

No. 3 was a lot of White Winter Wheat, as handsome as the world affords, and your Committee would award to it the first premium.

No. 4 was a lot of Winter Rye, raised by the same individual, and would recommend a gratuity of a volume of Reports.

H. P. CARR, for Com.

COLTS.

The number of good colts on the Ground was large, and it was no easy task for the Committee to make up their mind as to which they deemed best; but after careful examination

ly fault was in being slightly over salted. No. 6 was nice butter. Nos. 3, 7, 13, 15 and 16 were good butter—a part of them a little too salt, and this last was the fault of some other lots. The show of butter, as a whole, we consider a good one. We didn't know there was so much butter in the county. Those of us who have to buy are encouraged to believe that we may not be forced to pay over a dollar a pound for butter for some time to come.

Nine lots of cheese were entered, and eight exhibited. Our difficulty was to decide between Nos. 1

lug when they may be used, and explaining when and why they should not, nor could not be used without producing effects contrary to nature's chosen laws, will be found carefully folded around each bottle, with the written signature of JOHN L. LEON, without which none are genuine.

Prepared by Dr. JOHN L. LEON, 95 Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn., who can be consulted at his personal or by mail, (on paying stamp), concerning all private diseases and female weaknesses.

C. G. CLARK, & CO.
Sole Agents for U.S. and Canada

MR. A. E. CROSBY
WILL give instruction in FRENCH to beginners, and those more advanced. For particulars address **BOX 121, Waterville, Oct. 5, 1865.** 8w-14"

\$2000 A YEAH made by anyone with 15—Stencil Tools. No experience necessary. The President, Cashiers, and Treasurers of 3 Banks indorse the circular. Sent free with samples.—Address the American Stencil Tool Works, Springfield, Vermont. 8w-14

HOUSE FOR SALE,
On Silver Street.
THE dwelling house known as the Dr. Chase House is offered
for sale on favorable terms. For particulars inquire of
JAMES STACPOLE.
Waterville, Sept. 12th, 1885. 11-4

FRUIT CANS,
Both Glass and Tin, with patent tops, nice for preserving
cut, &c., for sale at
VUNDERBILT & FITMAN.

118 MILK STREET,
BOSTON.
FAIRBANKS, BROWN & CO.

A LADY who has been cured of great nervous debility after many years of illness, desires to make known to all, to suffer the same means of relief.

Address, enclosing a stamp, **MRS. M. MERIST, Box 368, Boston,** and the prescription will be sent free by return mail.

erty packed and sent by express or otherwise, as directed by the owner. Tickets sent to any address on receipt of the price.

As many tickets in the Enterprise which was to have been drawn Oct. 16th, were by the recent fire in Augusta destroyed, the drawing will not take place. All persons therefore having tickets in said Enterprise can, by presenting them to the persons in charge of the lottery, obtain new tickets in exchange for the Enterprise above represented. All orders for tickets or applications for agency should be made to

J. T. PATTERSON, *General Agent,*
Augusta, Maine.

00 BBS. COARSE SALT, white and clean,
by HOUGHTON BROS.
Sept. 1, 1905. Sw-10*

SH CRANBERRIES, received daily, at
HILL'S

ET POTATOES,
at HILL'S.

T "Japan Tea."
at HILL'S

MISCELLANY.

THE DEAD LINE.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Fire up the shanty engine!
Grasp the bar and let her go!
While we dash along we'll cheer:
Flood the engine, rusty boiler!
What a human life or so?

Creak and jolt—and now the giant
Rumbles o'er the rotten road;
Just around the curving ridge
Yawn the open jaws of bridges!
Take aboard another load!

Tell you now, the travel's fine!
All aboard the Dead Line!
You'll see, the crimson pennon
Waves a warning far ahead:
Fools are to head or fear it,
While we flash along we'll cheer it—
Mighty symbol of the dead!

Hark! the weird and shrieking whistle;
(Water's running rather low!)
Faster now to make the time up!
Reach the rope and keep the chime up!
How we're rocking to and fro!

Tell you now, the travel's fine,
All aboard the Dead Line!
Puff, puff, short, snort, snort,
Downward, snort another train!
Man the breaks it very odd is!
Clear away the bleeding bodies!
Fire the engine up again!

Tell you now, the travel's fine,
All aboard the Dead Line!
Puff, puff, short, snort, snort,
Downward, snort another train!
Man the breaks it very odd is!
Clear away the bleeding bodies!
Fire the engine up again!

FRESH STOCK OF GOODS.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he has
purchased the stock in trade of Mr. W. L. Leslie, on Main
Street—under the office, to which he has added a

FRESH STOCK OF

West India Goods and Groceries.

Purchased for cash at late prices; and which he intends to
sell at the lowest rates. His stock consists of

Choice brands of Flour, Corn, Meal, Sugars,
Teas, Coffee, &c., comprising the
largest variety common to a
country retail store.

Cash and the highest prices paid for butter, cheese, grain
eggs, and most articles of country produce.

JAMES P. HILL.

MEAT AND VEGETABLE MARKET

Corner of Main and Temple Sts.

N. S. EMERY

Respectfully informs the public that he has taken the
stand recently occupied by
CLARK & GIFFORD,
where he will keep a choice
variety of

MEAT AND FISH,
with such articles in
VEGETABLES, BUTTER, CHEESE,
&c., as the season admits.

CASH paid for Potatoes, Butter, Cheese, and the various ar-
ticles in which he deals, by

N. S. EMERY.

Cor. Main and Temple Sts., Waterville, Me.

"DON JUAN"

MAY be found for service at any STA-
ble.

North of Williams House, on

Main Street, Waterville, Me.

TERMS:
Single Service, \$10 00
As long as the animal is wanted, \$15 00 above, and will
Warrant, 25 00

Season to commence May 1st, ending Aug. 15.

Note or money required at time of service. He was
driven by the "Old Brown Horse," in ten years old, Color, Jet
Black, weight 1700 lbs.

"Don Juan" trotted a half mile at the last exhibition of
the Northern Amateur Society in 1 min. 10 sec., re-
ceiving the Society's prize for the best stock horse.
He was kept in the stable at Waterville.

HENRY TAYLOR.

Waterville, Me., April, 1865.

DRACO

THIS celebrated Cough Horse will stand at the subscriber's
stable for service, commencing August 15th.

For Pedigree and Terms apply to

IRA R. DOOLITTLE.

Waterville, Aug. 10, 1865.

Keep Your Feet Dry.

CONKLIN'S

Water-Proof Sole Leather

Is positively a non-conductor of water, and will wear twice as
long as the common sole leather. It is warranted above, and will
make good every failure.

CONKLIN'S WATER-PROOF TAPS put on at MAXWELL'S
at \$125 per pair, or for \$150 at 75 cents a pair.

Quarterly Report

WATERVILLE NATIONAL BANK

OCT. 2, 1865

RESOURCES.

| | |
|--|--------------|
| Notes discounted, | \$ 7,916 00 |
| Real Estate and other Cash Items, | 7,493 25 |
| Due from National Banks, | 9,584 69 |
| Due from State Banks deposited with U. S. Treasurer, | 125 00 |
| On hand, | 25,450 00 |
| Cash on hand in Notes of other Nat'l Banks, | 900 00 |
| Due from State Banks, | 1,380 00 |
| Legal Tender Notes, | 4,000 00 |
| Compound Interest Notes, | \$203,719 72 |

LIABILITIES

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Capital Stock paid in, | \$125,000 00 |
| Circulating Notes from Controller, \$100,000 00 | 95,837 00 |
| Amount on hand, | 14,002 13 |
| Deposits, | 25,508 92 |
| Due from National Banks, | 4,653 77 |
| Profit and Loss, | \$203,719 72 |

Sworn to before

D. L. MILLIKEN, Justice of the Peace.

Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly
appointed Administrator on the estate of DANIEL H.
BROWN, late of Clinton, in the County of Kennebec, deceased,
and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the
law directs. All persons, therefore, having demands against
the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for
settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to
make immediate payment to

ELKANAH W. McFADDEN.

September 27, 1865.

AMERICAN BANK.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscribers have been ap-
pointed by the Supreme Judicial Court, Receivers of the
American Bank in Waterville, and have been qualified accord-
ing to law. Six months from the twelfth day of September
instant are allowed to the creditors of said Bank to present
and prove their claims. Claimants will be required when
demanded necessary, to verify their claims by oath or affirm-
ation. The Receivers will be in session at the office of H. K.
BAKER, Esq., in Waterville, on Saturday of each week in Octo-
ber, November and December, 1865, and on the first Saturday
in January, February and March, 1866, to receive and exam-
ine the claims of bill holders and others against said Bank.

H. K. BAKER, Receiver.

S. H. BAKER, Receiver.

Waterville, Sept. 26, 1865.

NOTICE.

MY wife, Mary Jane Rider, having left my bed and board,
without my consent, I hereby forbid her from incurring any
debts on my account as I shall pay no debts so incurred, or
contracting, or otherwise.

J. H. RIDER.

Fairfield, Oct. 24, 1865.

Dining and Tea Sets.

A variety of patterns,

At J. F. ELDER'S.

Patent Salt Sprinklers.

A new thing, call and see them, at

J. F. ELDER'S.

WHITE LEAD!

JOHN T. LEWIS'S celebrated Pure White Lead, for sale at

ARNOLD & MEADER'S.

THE PLACE TO BUY

THE Patent Milk Pan, and Tin Ware of all kinds, at

FURBISH & PITMAN'S,

Main Street.

NEW FALL HATS.

ROCKY POINT, Plain Turban, Scotch Cap,

this day received by

E. B. FISHER.

FRESH LAMBS,

at HILL'S.

THE NEW PARLOR SHOE STORE.

S. LOMBARD

WOULD respectfully announce to the ladies and gentlemen
of Waterville and vicinity that he has opened the store
on the corner of M. Blumenthal & Co.'s, for the manufac-

Ladies' and Gents' Boots and Shoes

of all kinds. Having engaged the services of Mr. E. D. RAN-
DALL, formerly with G. A. L. Merrifield, and so well known
as one of the best workmen in the city, he is enabled to make good work,
and cheap as any one on the river. Particular attention
paid to the manufacture of

GENIE'S FINE CALF BOOTS,

every pair warranted. Repairing of all kinds done in the
very best manner, at cheap rates.
Waterville, March 26, 1865.

New Goods at Reduced Prices!

J. F. ELDER

Would respectfully inform the citizens of Waterville and vic-
inity that he has just returned from Boston, with a large
and well selected stock of

Carpet, Feathers, Crockery and Glass Ware,

also a fine assortment of

Window Shades, Curtain Fittings,

Cutlery, and Fancy Goods.

All of which he offers at greatly reduced prices.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

No. 2, Boutelle Block,

J. F. ELDER'S,

Carpet and Crockery Store

J. F. ELDER would respectfully inform the citizens of Wa-

terville and vicinity, that he has taken the store formerly
known as

E. T. Elden & Co.'s Carpet and Crockery Store,

No. 2, BOUTELLE BLOCK,

where he will keep constantly on hand a large assortment of

New and choice Styles Carpets, Crockery

and Glass Ware, Britannia Ware,

Cutlery and Feathers.

A full assortment of Kerosene Lamps and Fixtures; also a

well selected stock of Fancy Articles, including

Ladies' Work and Travelling Trunks,

Vases, Giltware, Children's Toys, &c., &c.

He would respectfully invite the public to call and examine

his stock of goods, and he will endeavor to sell at prices to

suit purchasers.

BOSTON POST.

Price Reduced to

CENTS PER COPY.

Furnished by newsmen by the week or month, or subscrip-
tions received at the office of publication at \$2.00 per quarter.

Newsmen supplied at Two Dollars per Hundred.

The Boston Post is the largest daily paper published in

Boston, and no express is spared to make it best.

*Advertisements in the Boston Post are published at

DEALS, GREEN & CO.,

60 and 42 Congress St., Boston.

TRUE & MANLEY,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,

Corner of Bridge and Water Streets,

AUGUSTA, ME.

H. W. TRUE, J. H. MANLEY.

Particular attention paid to the COLLECTION OF DEMANDS.

6m-24

THE GREAT

CONSUMPTIVE REMEDY!

DR. LAROOKAH'S

Indian Vegetable Pulmonic Syrup,

The best Preparation ever made for the following Com-
plaints—

Colds, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma,

Catarrh, Bronchitis, Spitting Blood,

Pain in the Side, Night Sweats, Hy-
mors, General Debility, Liver

Complaints, and all Throat

and Lung Complaints

tending to Consumption.

This well-known remedy is offered to the public, sanctioned by

the experience of many years, and when resorted to in re-
sponse of any disease, it is guaranteed to cure. It is com-
posed of the most valuable and purest ingredients, and is
entirely free from any deleterious or poisonous elements. It is
the most perfect remedy for all the above complaints, and is
the only one that can be relied upon for a permanent cure.

Rev. J. W. Gooch, Minister of Congress from Massa-
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DR. MATTISON'S SURE REMEDIES

SPECIAL DISEASES.

INDIAN EMENAGOGUE.

Prepared expressly for LAMBS, and is
superior to anything else for regulating the
system in cases of obstruction from whatever
cause, and is the most valuable remedy for
those who wish to avoid an evil to
which they are liable. If taken as directed, it
will cure any case curable by medicine, and
it is also perfectly safe. Full directions ac-
company each bottle. Price \$1.00. KE-
MENDER'S—This medicine is designed ex-
pressly for OBSTINATE CASES which all
QUIET remedies of the kind have failed to
cure, also that it is warranted as represented
in EVERY RESPECT, or the price will be re-
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It is a sure cure for all cases of
INDIAN FEVER, or the price will be re-
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