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Maxham & Wing

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WASTED TIME.

Alone in the dark and silent night,
With the heavy thought of a vanished year,
When evil deeds come back to sight,
And good deeds rise with a welcome cheer;
Alone with the specter of the past,
That come with the old year's dying chime,
There glooms one shadow dark and vast,
The shadow of Wasted Time.

The chances of happiness cast away,
The opportunities never sought,
The good resolves that every day
Have died in the impotence of thought;
The slow advance and the backward step
In the rugged path we have striven to climb;
How they furrow the brow and pale the lip,
When we talk with Wasted Time.

What are we now? what had we been
Had we hoarded time as the miser's gold,
Staving our need to win,
Through the summer's heat and the winter's cold;
Shrinking from thought that the world could do;
Fearing thought that the touch of crime,
Languishing, struggling, all seasons through,
And knowing no Wasted Time!

Who shall recall the vanished years?
Who shall hold back this ebbing tide
That leaves us remorse, and shame, and tears,
And wastes away all things beside.
Who shall give us the strength to win now,
To leave forever this holiday rhyme,
To shake off this sloth from heart and brow,
And battle with Wasted Time?

Time years that pass come not again,
The things that life do not renew,
But e'en from the rest of this day's evening chain
A golden truth is glimmering through:
Tant to him who learns from errors past,
And turns away with strength sublime,
And makes each year out of the last,
There is no Wasted Time.

From Harper's Magazine.

FIRST AND LAST.

[CONCLUDED.]

I enjoyed my visit very much, after the pain of my first parting from father and mother had worn away. I had never seen a large city before. You can imagine how wonderful it all was—how I stared at the richly-dressed ladies, the splendid carriages, and the bright silks, soft faces, and marvelous bonnets in the shop windows. Then the concerts, theatres, and operas, the constant round of seeing and hearing and enjoying, quite took my breath away. I thought I had never been so happy. Days and evenings, seemed like a bright, swift, glittering panorama; and nights I was too tired to think. Tom was proud of me, I believe. I had a fresh, unworn face, and a genuine interest in everything, which charmed, perhaps, more than greater beauty and less freshness would have done; and he liked to see opera glasses turned toward me. I began to perceive just what my life would be with him. There would be nothing quiet or domestic about it—no intimate union of our souls—nothing of that sacred oneness which makes of marriage something holy as a sacrament and lasting as eternity; but we should be young and glad and merry together; he would be fond and indulgent. While the sunshine lasted, gayer butterflies would not flutter; how would it be when storms should beat, and our gossamer wings be drenched? But I did not stop to think of that. With the gaiety and the glitter I believed myself content.

And so the weeks went on, and it was almost Christmas. We were to have a family party, a tree, and a festive time. I looked forward to it all with eager, and expectant delight, just touched with one thought of sadness—for it would be the first Christmas I had ever spent away from home. It was Monday the 22d, and through the early winter twilight we sat together—Tom and his sisters and I—talking over the coming Thursday. Then we all went up stairs to dress, for we were going to the opera that night. I had just finished my toilet, I remember, and laid my warm shawl on the bed, and was taking a last look in the glass, when I heard the door-bell ring loudly. I never thought that the summons could have any connection with me, so I went on studying the face which looked out at me from the Psyche mirror. I did not know then that I should never see that face again with such a festive brightness surrounding it as it then wore; but I looked at myself with a happy, girlish delight, innocent vanity. Bright cheeks, coral lips, great dark eyes, heavily drooping hair—they are all changed since, but I remember just how they sparkled then. I had drawn the bunch of scarlet geranium flowers which adorned my braids a little to the left; I was all ready, and began to wonder whether the rest were, when suddenly my door opened without the ceremony of a knock, and a startled face looked in.

"Some one has come for you from home, Miss Frances," said the girl—one of those who had been with the family at Sayville through the summer—"Mr. Coleman. Will you please come down?"

I knew instantly that John Coleman was the messenger of evil tidings. Either my father or mother must be dead, I thought. Somehow I got down stairs. John was alone in the drawing-room; he met me in the door, and made me sit down before he spoke.

"It is not death, Frank, don't tremble so," he said soothingly. "Your mother was struck with paralysis yesterday morning; but there is no immediate danger, and she may live for years. But we knew you would want to come home."

"Oh, yes, yes!" I cried wildly; "when can I go?"

"Why did I ever leave her?"

"You could not have saved her if you had been there. Don't make it harder to bear by self-reproach. You can go to-morrow morning, if you could be ready then. The cars leave at eight. I will come for you."

"I will be ready, never fear," I said cheerily, with a wild longing to start; to be on my way, such as no words could have expressed.

Just then they all came in—Mrs. Esterley, the three sisters, and Tom—the Squire was away on business. I looked at them with a sort of wonder at their mirth and brightness, as if they belonged to a life with which I had no longer anything to do. But they grew sober enough when they saw my face, and John Coleman standing there. John explained—he was careful to spare me every unnecessary word—and then—at once, they were all earnest and eager in their sympathy. Tom came to my side. I think he took my hand, and put his arm around me, but I hardly know. He was like a shadow to me just then. Of course they wanted to send the carriage away, and all to stay at home. But it seemed to me I could not bear that. I longed to be unwatched and alone.

"If they would only go," I sighed.

My lips scarcely formed the words, but John understood them.

"I think," he said quietly, "that she would be more comfortable if you were to go. She will bear it better if she is left alone."

"Oh yes," I found voice to say; "forgive me if I seem ungrateful, but I must be quite by myself. I am, and then my awful grief shook me in its grasp, as a reed shaken by the wind, and I rushed away from them all, and up stairs.

Somehow John settled it, and persuaded them off. I heard the little bustle in the hall, then the carriage drove away, and then I heard a quick, firm step going to his hot. Oh, how thankful I was to be quite alone at last! It seemed as if a hand

which had choked my agony to silence hitherto was taken away. I could grieve now as I chose, and the very violence of my sobs and tears began, after a while, to console me. In an hour the tempest of emotion had spent itself. I grew calm, and began to pack my trunks. Soon I remembered something I had left in the drawing room, and went down to fetch it. There was May alone—her face pale and stained with tears. When she saw me she came and took me in her arms.

"I did not mean to disturb you, Frank," she said. "Mr. Coleman thought it best you should not know any one was here, and I promised to be quite still. I could not go there, among the lights and the music and the gay people, and think of you breaking your heart at home. Shall I trouble you now?"

"Not now, but you cannot know how thankful I was to be by myself at first."

Then she went up stairs with me, and helped me to do everything, just as a sister would. We were scarcely through before we heard the carriage come home, and Tom's step hurrying anxiously up stairs. May went out to him, shutting the door behind her.

"How is she, poor dear?" I heard him ask. "She has been in my mind every moment. Can I see her?"

"Not to-night, I think. We must spare her strength for to-morrow. She must get some rest. We will take breakfast with her, at a quarter before seven in the morning. Poor Frank—it's a terrible blow!"

Then she came back to me.

"Shall I stay with you to-night, or would you prefer to be alone?" she asked, in her gentle, low-toned voice.

"Alone, if you please," I said, "but oh, May, I shall never forget how good you were!"

"It was long before I slept, and I thought at first that I could not close my eyes at all; but I remembered that I must rest, or after my next day's journey I should be useless for her; and somehow my physical being obeyed at last my mind's behest, and I slept until they called me at six the next morning."

All the family were up at breakfast. The old-fashioned, neighborly kindness of other days which, after all, lay deep in their hearts, came to the surface, and I knew their sympathy and interest were genuine.

Breakfast over, my bonnet on, my shawl and bag at hand, Tom came to me where I stood alone at the window watching for John.

"I cannot bear that you should go without me," he said. "I wish I might go with you, but I suppose it would not do now?"

I looked at him a moment then with eyes that seemed, somehow, never to have seen him before. What was there in him on which I could rely in perilous times? Gay, graceful, gallant—what affinity was there between that surface nature and the sober verities of life? I felt instinctively how soon he would tire of grief and its demands. Was he one to share a long vigil over my sick—to mourn with me over my dead? Would he not be totally out of place in the farmhouse kitchen, out of which my mother's room opened? How impossible I felt it to turn to him for sympathy! What had I been going to rely on in the stress and strain of life's great crises, with that man for my husband? I do not mean that all these thoughts were clearly defined, but they all hovered about me, and I felt that my heart was made of strong and lasting. Yet I answered him, quietly:

"You are very kind, but it will not be best that you should go. In a few days you shall hear how she is."

"And at the very earliest moment possible you must let me come. You must not forget what you are to be to me in the spring."

"No, I shall not forget." I wonder if my voice was as devoid of interest and hope as my heart was?

Just then a carriage stopped, and the bell rang, and we knew it was John Coleman. Then all the family gathered round and bade me good-by hurriedly, but with pitying tenderness. It was almost too much for me, and I was thankful to John for hurrying me away.

What care he took of me in that long day's journey! He seemed to understand every one of my moods and wishes by some mysterious instinct. He did not talk to me, except to answer, always patiently, my too often recurring questions—"Do you think she will know me?" and—"Do you truly believe it is possible that she may live for years?"

At last, when it was almost night, the cars stopped at Sayville station, and I was in a carriage with John beside me driving home. How strange the country stillness seemed after all the whirl of city sights and sounds! A light snow had fallen that morning, and rested motionless on trees and fences. Our feet made tracks in it as we went from the gate to the house. My father opened the door, looking twenty years older for these two days of sorrow.

"How is she?" I asked, eagerly.

"Bad enough," he answered. "One side is paralyzed—she will never use her right arm or her right leg again; but she can speak, thank God, and she will know you. Go right in, she is in a hurry to see you."

I took off bonnet and shawl hastily, and then I went in where she was—my mother who had watched me down the path when I went away, with the November sunshine glinting in her hair, the fond smile on her lips, the hope and the prayer in her eyes. She lay now on her bed, bolstered up with pillows, and again she tried to smile, but the muscles of the right side of her face were powerless, and that one-sided smile was a thing more piteous than tears.

"Oh, my child! my child!" she cried, in her strange, changed voice, "thank God you are come. I did go long for you."

I knelt by her side and pressed my lips to the right hand that lay there so numb and powerless. I kissed it, as the old crusaders used to kiss the cross, making a vow and a pledge, taking up so my life's work. Then I said:

"Yes, mother, here I am; never, please God, to leave you again so long as you need me."

Toward midnight they sent me to my room. Mother was not in pain, needed little care, and father insisted that I should rest.

I put a shawl round me, and drew away the curtain from my window, and sat there, just where I had sat that June afternoon, six months and ten days before. Now how changed my views of life were! I had tested the metal which glittered so that day—shared the gay,

bright, pleasure-seeking life. And now I coveted it no longer. I had come back satisfied. That stately house, on which the winter moonlight shone, could never be the home of my heart. Oh, if God would let me atone to my mother for these past six months of coldness, for my wicked scorn of the dear old works and ways! Somehow I scarcely thought of Tom at all that night. It was only of my mother, and the sad, changed face on the pillows down stairs.

When the doctor made his early visit the next day I managed to see him for a moment alone. He only confirmed what John had said. She might, very possibly, not have another shock for many years; her life was in no present danger—she might even be somewhat stronger and in better health by-and-by—but she could never, never be her old self again. She would be from henceforth as helpless as an infant. So everything combined to make it clear to me what my life-work was. But I said nothing as yet to my mother about my plans and purposes—indeed, I did not talk to her about the future at all. She was in no pain, and I found it interesting and amusing for her to hear about my visit to New York; so I reproduced it for her—told her of all the bright, gay scenes, the music and the merriment. Once she looked up, with such an expression of love struggling through the dumb lineaments of her face, and shining out of her eyes, and said, softly:

"And you left all this to come home to me—good, dear child!"

The next morning after that Christmas—that Christmas I had planned to spend so differently. I wondered if they were keeping high holiday in the house I had left—if the Christmas tree glittered with its costly gifts—if I should be missed. And then, for part answer to my questions, a package came—the Christmas gifts they had previously prepared for me.

There were choice books—a lovely Madonna in a simple frame—and, from Tom, the daintiest of inland writing-desks. With them were two notes—from Tom a little sheet, full of tender phrases, and entreaties that he might come and see me soon—from May a few words of earnest sympathy, and an apology for sending the gifts at such a time, because they had been meant for me, and it would make them all so sad to see them hang unappropriated on the Christmas tree.

I answered both notes—May's briefly, with fond thanks, and assurances of a love that would never change—Tom's more at length, for to him I had much to say. I set my life before him, just as it must be for the future. I told him I would never give my mother up to the care of strangers, for I knew no one else could or would make her as comfortable as I should. Here was my work, and here must be my home—a work and a home which it was contrary to the very nature of things for him to share.

Nor would I for a moment consent to hold him bound to me—to keep him waiting through long years, and losing in such dreary probation the youth and hope of his life. There was only one thing to be done. We must relinquish the engagement, and be friends only hereafter. I wrote firmly, but I mentioned my purposes to no one.

The letter brought him the next week to Sayville, as I had fancied it might. He came full of prayers and protestations, earnestly determined to make me change my mind, strongly entrenched in pretty theories of constancy and romance. I met him on the sober ground of reality. I showed him just what my life would be—just how narrow and homely the range of my duties. I made him fully understand that I had assumed the care of my mother as my work in life, which God had given me to do, and from which I was by no means to be turned away. And then I showed him, what I think he must instinctively have felt, how impossible it would be to him to share such a life—to be happy in such a room, for which neither taste nor habit had fitted him.

He made an attempt or two to persuade me to consent that the engagement should be continued—to let him wait for me. But I was thoroughly determined—I would neither give nor accept any thing short of absolute freedom. Of course, being the stronger-willed of the two, I carried the day. We parted, with pledges of faithful friendship, and with protestations on his part that no one else ever could or should take my place in his heart—protestations in which I have not the slightest doubt he was at the time fully in earnest.

After he was gone I told my mother. At first she protested against accepting such a sacrifice of my future; but when I told her that sacrifice there was none—that anything like love that I had felt for Tom Esterley seemed to me as utterly a thing of the past as yesterday's sunshine, as unreal and vague as last night's dreams, her anxious eyes brightened, and I knew that the prospect of keeping me gladdened her heart. Nor did I tell her anything more than the truth. I could not understand why this breaking the tie that bound me to Tom Esterley had cost me so little pain; but I had not one longing after him. My only regret was for his suffering; and that, I believed, would be short-lived. It seemed to me that what I had felt for him had been the merest bubble on my cup of life, the off-spring solely of girlish vanity, and an idle longing for an easy, luxurious destiny.

One friend, I felt, had a claim to know the truth—a friend proved and tried. The next time I saw John Coleman, I said to him:

"My engagement with Mr. Esterley is at an end. I felt that my duty is here—a duty he could not share—and I would not let him consider himself bound to me any longer."

He answered simply:

"I think you have done right, Frank," and after that the subject was not mentioned between us.

Through the long winter and spring I tended my mother, the most patient and gentle of invalids. There was little change in her condition; that little was for the better, however. She had an invalid chair, in which I used to wheel her to the window, and into the kitchen beyond. I came to her with all my householding difficulties, and we were chatty and cheerful together, in spite of the terrible loss the power of motion was to her, and my own dumb heartache at seeing her so changed.

With June came the Esterleys back again; but without Tom. He was travelling with some friends, May said—he had thought he should suffer too much in coming back to the

old place. Then, as if fearful I should think she was blaming me, she kissed me and said, earnestly:

"I think you did just what was right, Frank. I could not tell you how I honored you for it. You are just as much the dearest of my sisters as if you had been Tom's wife."

Except May—who came to see me often—I saw little of the Esterleys that summer. Their lives and mine ran in very different channels. They were still gayer than of old, for they had city friends staying with them most of the time; and their bright, pleasure-seeking life went on to a merry tune. But I never envied them any more. The enchantment of distance lent no grace to their summer ways. I had tried the whole thing, and, for me, found it wanting.

With the fall rains my father's lungs began to trouble him somewhat, and his health to fail. I think his anxiety and sorrow about my mother had worn on him more than we knew. Not that he was exactly ill, only so far from thoroughly well that it made us anxious. Then it was that, seeing John Coleman, I began to see what unselfish friendship and devotion might be. He made no offers or professions—he just watched for the opportunity to do us service. He was beforehand with every task likely to be too hard for my father; no son could have been more untiringly kind and thoughtful. I began to honor him as I had never honored any man before. Sometimes I thought of the love I believed he had once felt for me with such a sense of love as one might feel who had wantonly thrown away a pearl of great price; but not often, for I felt that it had all been ended when I promised to marry Tom Esterley, and my life was too full of real cares and duties to leave me much time for mere sentimental regrets.

At last, toward March, came a letter from May announcing Tom's engagement to a girl whom he had met last summer—"a darling," the letter said, "and we all love her dearly, but to me she can never be quite what you would have been."

John Coleman brought me the epistle, and when I had read it through I handed it to him with a smile.

"Just read," I said, "and see how constant men are! You wouldn't believe it, but when we parted, a year and two months ago, that youth was sure he should go bereft and unconsoled to the end of his days."

John read the letter, and looked at me with a puzzled face.

"How gaily you take it!" he said. "Don't you care?"

"Yes, in one way I care a great deal. I was so afraid I had made him suffer, and I am thankful beyond measure that he has got over it all so easily."

Just then mother's voice came out of the bedroom. "Children!" she called. It was a way she had of associating us, of which I had scarcely thought before, but now I felt my cheeks growing scarlet, and I knew John was looking at me. We went into the room together.

"Mother," he said, "how would you like me for a son?"

Her face brightened as I had not seen it before since her trouble came.

"You know, John, how I would like it. I think you are my son now."

"Then I wish you would tell Frank how long and well I have loved her, and make her willing I should be your son too. I thought until to-day that she cared for some one else, and I would not pain her by telling her."

I walked straight up to him, and looked in his eyes. I discovered just at that moment that this matter of his love was a matter of life and death to me.

"John," I said, "do you love me just as well as if I had never been engaged to Tom Esterley?"

"Better; for when you broke off that engagement it taught me, as I had never understood before, how much there was of you besides the girlish brightness and prettiness which had won me at first. I'm not eloquent, Frank, but I say the most a man can when I say that I love you."

I did not tell him until after I was his wife the secret I had only learned myself since this trouble came, that even in the old days of foolish vanity I had cared for him, and that I had never really loved any one else. We were married that spring; and he leased his house, dismissed his housekeeper, and came home to us.

That was seventeen years ago—I told you I was a middle-aged woman now. For the last ten years of the time John and I have been quite alone. First, when I had been five years a wife, my father died, and two years afterward my mother followed him. Together we two tended them to the last. Want or pain which either of us could relieve they never knew. My father gave us his blessing the hour his soul passed from earth, and it has rested on us ever since. My mother watched us through long, lingering days, with her fond eyes, and at the very end she found strength to say—

"God will reward you. Good-by, children!"

There are flowers on those graves, watered by the tears of an unforgetful love; but I have never had a sorrow which John did not share—for which I could not find solace, if not altogether consolation, in his strong, true heart!

MISERIES OF A RICH MAN.—Alexander T. Stewart clears \$1000 a day, Sundays excepted, all the year round. Cornelius Vanderbilt pleads guilty to double that sum, while Wm. B. Astor rates his income at \$4380 per day. Sleeping or waking the latter gentleman finds three dollars dropping into his hat every minute of the twenty-four hours. He cannot sit down to talk with his physician without having a little more wealth; if not health; he cannot unbuckle his mind for ten minutes without feeling the burden in his pocket, and he cannot walk Broadway, however the weather may be, without meeting a shower of money. At every turn cash stars in the face in the most insolent manner; banks fling their dividends at his head; ruthless financiers beat him with coupons; emptying and soulless corporations dump their filthy lucre at his door step, and contemptuous bill-stickers plaster his house with greenbacks.

One might inquire what the fellow has done to merit this treatment, and the only charge that can be brought is that he is a rich man's son and therefore must suffer.

CARRYING RELIGION INTO BUSINESS.—Let no calculation of advantage or profit, no keenness of competition, induce the merchant, the manufacturer, or the tradesman, to neglect the indication of right and wrong furnished by the ready application of "The Royal Law" by conscience. You are not mere money-getters or money-worshippers. If gain is to be gotten, it must come with God's blessing, and consistently with the obligations and professions of a disciple of Christ. For the religion of Jesus Christ is not for holy days and holy places only—a few times and seasons and relations and circumstances. A religion based, indeed, upon the most stupendous facts of divine wisdom, power and love; a religion involving sublime truths and propounding loftiest motives, but descending to and embracing—aye, and ennobling and consecrating—life's humblest duties, its most trivial occurrences and occupations. A religion not to be done and doled off at pleasure; not to be reserved for out-of-the-way and exceptional cases, as too sublime, too subtle, too transcendental for daily wear and tear; but a religion to regulate our most secular engagements, and among them the commerce of the merchant prince and the sales of the retail shopkeeper.

The religion of Jesus Christ is a religion for ledgers and counters, no less than for churches and death-beds. And because professors of Christ forget this, they are stumbling-blocks to weak brethren and to a sneering world. The men who brand religion as "cant" and its professors as "puritans" and "saints," are triumphant at the exposure of some petty fraud or wholesale trickery of some loud professor whose religion is too high and transcendental to take cognizance of, or to enter into, his commercial dealings.

A good church-goer this—a strong Sabbatarian, staunch to his protestantism, may be a communicant, well versed in Creeds, and Articles and Confessions of faith, texts at his fingers' ends—quite "made up" on the Calvinistic and Arminian Controversy—knows the pros and cons of the Establishment question—gives his judgment of a sermon, like a theological oracle, as regularly as he hears one. But we leave a bargain to make with him. We stand at his counter to lay out a few shillings.

We must keep our eyes open and have our wits about us. The "Royal Law" has no place here. He has family prayers up stairs. He was demure and sanctimonious even to grimace, as we looked upon him in his pew but yesterday. But he seems to have possessed himself of a dispensation from God, or priest, or minister as to this "Royal Law." He has, it should appear, a plenary indulgence exempting him from the Golden Rule, and allowing him in white lying over his counter. And he will put us off with a packet of adulterated goods, with an unruled conscience and complacent courtesy; and stamp on an inferior article, produced perhaps within his own walls, the name of an eminent manufacturer. Such unsound professors have need to be reminded that neither Calvinism nor any other ism in the head or on the tongue will pass muster. Church membership, household forms, will not prove them Christ's.

"A false balance is an abomination to the Lord, and they that deal truly are his delight." "Shall I count them pure with the unjust balances, and clean with the deceitful weights?" [Sunday Magazine.]

The Cincinnati Commercial advertises an auction sale, by the executors of the democratic party, of the personal and political effects of the deceased, which for the convenience of purchasers have been arranged in lots as follows:—

"One set resolutions that coercion is unconstitutional. (Badly damaged.)"

"One set resolutions that the rebellion can't be put down, *vi et armis*. (Played out last spring.)"

"One set resolutions to compromise with treason. (Worm-eaten.)"

"One set resolutions that 'this war is an abolition war.' Useless to heirs and assigns."

"One set resolutions that the war is a failure. (Purchaser will be paid to take it away.)"

"One half set resolutions of thanks to the army and navy. (Convenient to have in the house.)"

"There will also be disposed of, on terms made known on the day of sale, the following principles, good as new, having been but little used:—

"One resolution approving the policy of reconstruction. (Impaired by conditions.)"

"One resolution indorsing Andrew Johnson as a patriot and statesman. (Value subject to future events.)"

"One resolution that the democratic party is and always has been in favor of the Union, one and indivisible. (Not suitable for a Southern market.)"

"One resolution concerning State sovereignty. (This is a valuable self-adjusting article, capable of expansion or contraction at the pleasure of the owner.)"

RELIGION.—We deem it to be our duty to say to our readers, that the most implicit reliance can be placed in Cough Cough Balm. It will cure your children of croup, and yourself of any cough, cold, sore throat or pulmonary affection. It is the cheapest and best preparation in the market.

The Brandon, (Miss.) Republican says the prettiest girls are in Brandon. An Atlanta editor says the dearest widows are in his neighborhood, and adds that a man with the "pewter" can get married so quick in Atlanta that it will make his head swim.

A person looking over the catalogue of professional gentlemen of the bar, with his pencil wrote against the name of one of the bustling order: "Has been accused of possessing talents." Another seeing it, immediately wrote under: "Has been tried and acquitted."

Lay it down as a rule never to smile, nor in any way show approval or merriment at any trait in a child which you would not wish to grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength.

What is the difference between a honeycomb and a honeymoon? A honeycomb consists of a number of small cells, and a honeymoon consists of one great cell.

Mr. Beecher on Work. Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent speech, delivered the following just and spirited sentiments:

"If the people of the South do not work they cannot eat. I do not think it is well for a man to have many at work for him. If it is ever brought to pass that the young mothers of this day shall be as those of the days gone by, who did not consider it inconsistent with an cultivated lady's position to work her full share in the household, working mornings and till after the noonday meal, then changing her garments and resorting to social enjoyment and recreation, it will be more creditable to us. Instead, therefore, of sympathizing with those at the South who complain that their slaves have left them and that they are obliged to do their own work, I am very glad of it. I am very glad of anything that teaches persons that they are able to work, and compels them to work if they are not inclined to do it. I like to see a man carry his own bundles; I like to see a man trundle his own wheelbarrow; I like to see a woman tend her own garden; I like to see the economy of the house carried on by mother and daughter, as well as by father and son; and it is a better state of society in which there is some work for every man's leisure, and some leisure for every man's work. I am rejoiced to see that after all the suffering that has been undergone, there is coming to be a healthier state of things—a better condition in society. The first thing that Southern society wants is work and respect for work. If you want a man to respect work, make him work. And when he has wrought, and eaten the bread that tastes never so sweet as when he wipes the sweat from his brow, conscious that he is depend-

THE CHOLERA.—The following statement by Dr. Jacob Bigelow, embodies the results arrived at by Boston physicians, after careful investigation and full discussion of the nature of that dreaded scourge, the cholera:—

1. I do not believe that cholera has hitherto shown itself to be a contagious disease.

2. I do not believe in the efficacy of quarantine or any species of non-intercourse, to avert the disease.

3. From our past observations, I do not believe that cholera should reappear in this country, will be so likely to trouble New England as it is to visit the malarious regions of the South and West.

4. I believe that the best prophylactics against this disease are strict temperance, wholesome food and clothing, uncrowded residences and lodgings, and avoidance of excesses of all kinds.

5. I believe that cleanliness, good drainage, and an abatement of nuisances are essential to the comfort and health of all cities. Their specific influence upon cholera may be assumed to be as great as that upon influenza, scarlet fever, small pox and other epidemics, but not greater.

THE WAY TO HAVE SOMETHING TO GIVE.—

"Have some Bean Porridge?" This was said by the waiting maid at the Indian Head House in Nashua last Saturday evening, where by the way there are always a variety and plenty of good things upon the table, and what is very desirable for travelers, at a moderate fare. It was a strange question for the time, and at a hotel. But I said Yes. The little bowl of porridge was evidently intended as the first plate for supper. I called for the second bowl. There was nothing on the table I desired so much. I knew by experience that it was good and substantial food. It suggested thoughts pleasant, and I hope profitable. It reminded me of the days of childhood, when we had "bean porridge" hot and bean por

dent upon nobody, he respects work and workmen. Now, it is on this wonderful power of work for the black man and for the white man in the South that I build my hopes for the future."

Waterville Mail.

RPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . DEC. 15, 1865.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
S. M. PETERGILL & 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 and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.
S. R. NILES, Newspaper Advertising Agent, No. 1 Beal's Building, Court street, Boston, is authorized to receive advertisements at the same rates as required by us.
Advertisers abroad are referred to the agents named above.

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

OUR SCHOOLS.

The public schools in this village, as we are informed, began their winter term, Monday, the fourth instant; and we believe that several also in other parts of the town, were re-opened on that day. All of them doubtless will soon be commenced; and we trust that the combined efforts of agents, school committees, teachers and parents, will be steadily put forth to ensure for them, during the coming season, when the attendance of pupils is known to be the greatest, the utmost efficiency and usefulness. It will be remembered by our citizens, that the interest of the town in these institutions was emphatically declared at the last annual town meeting, by the unusually large appropriation, which was made for them; and it will therefore be a source of deep regret to very many, if any of the schools should fail to meet the just expectations of their friends.

We understand that the School Committee, to whom it belongs to determine what books shall be used in the schools of the town, have for some time had in consideration the propriety of making a change in the work on English Grammar, for the double purpose of securing uniformity in all the schools, and of introducing what they deem a much better treatise on this subject, than any which has heretofore been in use. After long deliberation on this question, they have unanimously concluded to adopt, henceforward, as the work to be used, "Ker's Common-School Grammar." This work had previously been introduced by Mr. Hanson, the Principal of Waterville Academy, as the required text-book on English Grammar; and this fact, viewed in connection with the intrinsic merits of the work, was a reason with the School Committee, for giving it a preference to any other work within their knowledge.

We are requested to state, for the information of the schools throughout the town, that an arrangement has been effected with the publishers of Ker's Grammars, whereby they will be afforded, in exchange for other grammars, (and probably also in other cases), at a considerably reduced price; and that the Rev. Mr. Kelton, a member of the School Committee, has consented, in behalf of the committee, to take upon himself the charge of visiting the different schools for the purpose of furnishing the books to such pupils as need them.

THE LINCOLN TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION, on Monday evening amended their pledge, which now reads as follows:—

"We the undersigned, hereby pledge ourselves that we will neither make, buy, sell, use, nor give to others as a beverage, any intoxicating drinks."

The object of this organization, as we have already stated, is to suppress intemperance in our vicinity; and to become a member one has only to sign the Constitution and Pledge. Those friends of temperance, who, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, have declined to join either of the so-called secret societies, in our village, can now have the opportunity they have long coveted of laboring together in the good cause in their own way. Much has been done here, and our village stands well comparatively; but we have much more to do before we may safely fold our hands and relax our efforts.

THE FENIANS are in a quarrel among themselves. The Senate has deposed O'Mahoney, the President of the Order in America, for perfidy and maleficence in office, and the members are taking sides in what bids fair to become a lively row.

REV. DR. SHELDON, by invitation, will deliver his Thanksgiving sermon, on "The Law of Solidarity," in the Universalist church, West Waterville, next Sabbath.

ACCIDENT.—A little boy five years old, son of Mr. E. M. Patterson, of Winslow, had his arm broken both above and below the elbow, on Wednesday, by having his mitten caught in the crank of a grindstone. He attempted to seize the crank while in motion.

A New York despatch says General Robert Mitchell of West Virginia has been appointed Minister to Mexico.

PETROLEUM IN CANADA WEST.

Bothwell, C. W. Dec. 9, 1865.

To the Editors of the Mail:—

The knowledge of the oil-bearing lands of this country is not of recent date, although the first well sunk was in 1857, on the shores of Lake Huron, but was not fully worked for reasons unknown to me. The oil was first discovered here by the Indians, and used by them as a liniment for rheumatism, sprains, etc., and also to mix their paint. I think it has been introduced into the market under the name of Seneca oil. The oil bearing territory of this Province embraces an area of six or seven thousand square miles. The wells here find oil in what is termed the coniferous formation, while those of Pennsylvania find it in the next group above. The formation of Western Canada, according to the geological theory, lies south and west of a curved line running from the foot of Lake Erie, through Stratford, to some point on Lake Huron, which includes one of the principal cities of Canada West, namely, London, situated on the Thames river, forty-two miles from here, on the line of the Great Western Railway. On either shore of the river, for the entire distance from here to London, the banks are dotted here and there with test wells.

Bothwell, since last March, has increased rapidly in population; at that time no trains except the freight stopped here unless signalled, but now it is considered one of the principal stations on the road; in fact, business has increased to such an extent that the Company are building a new passenger depot, which is nearly finished.

The place contains two churches, a school-house, four hotels, beside one new one nearly finished, and of larger "calibre" than the others, machine-shop—bakery, and several stores, both dry goods and grocery. If the progress of building continues as rapidly as it has for the past three months, we shall soon have a very respectable city.

I learn from several eastern people that the reports from here are greatly exaggerated as to the quantity of oil found; that is, giving one well credit for more than it really pumps, and assigning another less. For the benefit of all concerned, and those who wish to be, I will state the true facts as briefly as possible.

The "Pepper" or "Boston" well, having just been cleaned out, is now doing finely, pumping about seventy-five barrels per day. The "Coos" (N. H.) owing to some mismanagement, is not pumping as well as she ought, but will soon be in perfect working order. It bids fair to be an A. 1. well. I understand that some of the stock is owned in Waterville. The "White" or "Gorham" well, on the same farm, (Pepper) struck a vein of oil at the depth of only two hundred and thirty-two feet, but owing to the scanty supply of water with it, have gone deeper, and have recently struck again. The other wells, to the number of thirty, on the Pepper farm, are not yet down to a sufficient depth to expect oil, yet the "Auburn" struck a small vein recently, but not large enough to pay for pumping. It will be at a sufficient depth by Christmas to expect the oleaginous matter, which will be a very acceptable gift to the stock holders—not coming like all Christmas gifts, down the chimney, but up a pipe from the lower regions. I speak of this well in particular, because it is partly owned in Waterville; all of the wells have had "shows" of oil. The "Victoria" well, on the farm adjoining, is doing finely; being furnished with large machinery it has a superior advantage over smaller engines. The "Pope," near at hand, is doing finely. The old established wells—the "Lick," "Colville," "Old Company," "Maple Leaf," "Smith," "Reid," "Benjamin" and "Chambers," are pumping as usual, with the exception of the "Lick," which met with a mishap recently, by breaking one of the valves of the pump. Its machinery is the largest of any employed, the capacity of the engine being two hundred and sixteen barrels per day; but owing to the oil and water being struck together, and the water being the larger body, the quantity of oil produced is only about fifty barrels; but after matters are once more arranged, it will, after exhausting the water, produce much more. The "Wood" well, about two miles below the "Lick," struck oil last Monday, causing great excitement as it is so far up the river, pumping, as was stated at the time, sixty barrels per day, but in reality, about twenty. The owners of land in the vicinity of pumping wells, seem to think that by exaggerating the amount of oil produced they will increase the value of their property, when in reality it acts disastrously, not only upon others, but upon themselves.

The best well here at present, is the "Lester," on the opposite, or south side of the river, which at the depth of two hundred and fifty feet struck a vein of oil, and commenced pumping, yielding at first about five barrels, increasing from day to day till now its production is estimated from one hundred to one hundred and fifty barrels per day. The engineer of the well has offered to stake five hundred dollars that he can pump three hundred barrels in twenty-four hours. It is decidedly the well of the district.

The "Prince" well, a short distance from it, was the first flowing well struck; a good quantity of oil was lost before tanks could be procured. It is now pumping.

The Scotch Co.'s well, "No. 15," situated in the village—two miles from the river on perfectly level land—has recently struck oil, and is pumping from eight to ten barrels per day; also "No. 7," which will be pumping to day.

The most encouraging feature of this oil district is that every well thus far, that has gone to a sufficient depth, has struck oil in paying quantities, which demonstrate the fact that there is oil here, but whether all of the wells will get it in paying quantities remains to be proved

which will be done by early spring, as by that time there will be about two hundred wells down to a sufficient depth.

In Pennsylvania, when a well is struck, it is generally a large one, but it doesn't happen as often as some might wish; whereas here there are more wells get oil, but not in so large quantities; but even a small yielding well pays now, oil being worth \$11.25 per barrel in gold at the tanks, and as one barrel will more than pay the running expenses, it leaves a good profit to the owners. The demand is greater than the supply, so the prospect is that it will be higher. I am inclined to think that by early spring the excitement will be greater here than in Pennsylvania. Lands at this time are comparatively cheap to what they will be, so now is a good time to invest. The climate is very mild—have but very little snow during the winter. The land is level for miles, and Bothwell itself is well adapted for a town or city, being in the finest agricultural district in the Province.

The New England States are well represented, New Hampshire, Vermont and Maine taking the lead. The eastern part of Maine however, is not yet fully represented. As soon as navigation closes an influx of Western men is expected. Below I give a summary of wells pumping:—

Pepper, 75 barrels per day; Coos, 15; Victoria, 15; Pope, 10; Lick, —; Old Company, 6; Colville, —; Maple Leaf, 15; Reid, 6; Benjamin, 5; Lester, 100; Prince, 10; Wood, 20; No. 15, Scotch Co., 10; No. 7, Scotch Co., —; Chambers, 6; Smith, 15.

The "Pepper" for six hours pumped at the rate of twenty-four barrels. Above is the average of all.

Yours truly,

MAINE BOY.

MR. CALVIN P. BODFISH, youngest son of the late Capt. Wm. Bodfish of Kendall's Mills, and formerly well known here, died at Boise City, Idaho Territory, on the 7th of November last. One of the papers of that city thus speaks of the deceased:—

Mr. Bodfish was aged a little more than forty-three years, a native of the State of Maine, whence he went to Australia in 1858. Upon the discovery of the mines of Idaho he was one of the first to arrive here, where he has made his home ever since. He was chosen one of the members of the first legislature of the Territory from Boise county, in which body he wielded more than an average share of influence, and acquitted himself honorably. He has held the office of Assessor of Internal Revenue since last spring. He was one of the first to locate at Boise City, now a little more than two years ago, and in the formation of parties and society here has wielded as much influence as any other man, perhaps more. But it gives us most pleasure to attest his unflinching adherence to the national cause during the darkest hours of the war. No reverses ever shook his confidence in the final triumph of the national arms, and when the enemies of the Republic were most defiant and jubilant, and guerrilla war likely at any hour to be precipitated upon the people of Idaho, his voice was only heard in favor of law and order, the Union and the old flag. He will long be remembered by the people of Boise City as the kindest of neighbors and friends, and as one who treated even his enemies with more generosity than bitterness, and whose faults "even leaned to virtue's side."

HUMBLED.—The world is full of them, and a few doubtless are advertised in the newspapers. The "Lincoln Watch," an advertisement of which came to us in a long list from a Boston agent, is thus noticed by a correspondent of the Belfast Age:—

I have had the good fortune to see one of the (un)famous "Lincoln watches," and I consider it an insult to the whole family to have the article called by that name. It is destitute of face, hands, or wheels, and comes about as near a watch as the turnip did which the fellow carried in his pocket to deceive a friend, with this difference in favor of the turnip—the turnip being worth the most. It is a round piece of lead, somewhat resembling a watch in shape, hollow, and the inside filled with some kind of scented grease, plugged up with a cork stopper, the whole weighing about two and a half ounces, and cost the person that sent for it seventy-eight cents; actual value, its weight in lead, perhaps one cent. My advice to all is, beware of the "Lincoln watch."

Another humbug is thus shown up by the American Agriculturist, a paper that is after this sort of gentry with a sharp stick, every month:—

"REV. EDWARD WILSON."—This man keeps on advertising, and of course gets patronage to pay for it. If any of our readers patronize him after the repeated notices he has had in this journal, they deserve what they get. Those who want to see his recipe will find it in the Agriculturist for July, 1859. He then advertised himself as a member of the New Haven Methodist Conference, but on being told in the Agriculturist that there was no such Conference, he transferred his "church relationship" to the New England Conference. Will he please tell how he got in or out? As he appears to be poorly read up in church matters we will kindly inform him that his present residence is in the bounds of the New York East Conference.

PRICES.—A slight decline in gold, resulting apparently from the sale of a large quantity of that article by the government, is perhaps the main cause of considerable decline in some of the leading staples. Pork and lard take the lead, the former coming down to \$29 per bbl. and the latter to 15 to 16 cents the pound, in New York; beef \$11 to 14; Havana sugar 10 cents; Laguayra coffee 22 cents. Hogs are quoted at \$8.75 to 9.50 at Cincinnati. Cotton is steadily declining.

THE Catholics of Portland have taken their children out of the public schools and are sending them to schools provided by their church, as we learn from the Transcript; while in Bangor, we notice, an effort is making to get Protestant children into the newly established convent, under the plea that the early home training is never overcome by after teaching, and that children never turn from the faith of their parents.

OUR TABLE.

WORK AND WIN, or Noddy Newman on a Cruise. A Story for Young People. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

In this volume, says the author, "is delineated the progress of a boy whose education had been neglected, and whose moral attributes were of the lowest order, from vice and indifference to the development of a high moral and religious principle in the heart, which is the rule and guide of a pure and true life. The incidents which make up the story are introduced to illustrate the moral status of the youth, at the beginning, and to develop the influences from which proceeded a gentle and Christian character."

We have no need to say that, with this end in view, Oliver Optic, one of our best writers for youth, has made an interesting book, that will do good.

For sale at the new bookstore of C. A. Henrickson, opposite the Post office.

BEADLE'S MONTHLY, a Magazine of To-Day, is the title of a new literary periodical, one number only of which has yet seen the light. In the initial number, which is certainly handsomely printed and well-filled, the publishers say:—

"Our aim is to give the reading public a magazine neither overburdened with romance nor too weighty with thoughtful papers upon weighty themes; but to maintain that 'happy mean,' which shall render it readable, enjoyable, and useful. Having many facilities for procuring a good illustration, we shall bring them all into requisition, and feel that we cannot fail to present, with each issue, a periodical which shall be welcomed and anticipated with pleasure."

John Neal, we notice, in the Portland Press, goes into ecstasies over an illustrated poem in the number, entitled "Ball's Bluff," and says he knows of nothing finer in the whole range of his reading than the following verse:—

"But from the night fogs glancing,
Our banners broke like day;
Our ranks like blue waves dancing,
Flung on their banners spray;
And the brave tide advancing
Glittered through shadows gray."

Published by Beadle & Co., New York, at \$3 a year; six copies for \$15; eleven for \$25.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—The November number of this magazine has the following table of contents:—

A Fenian Document; Miss Majoribanks—Part X.; Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women, and Other Things in General—Part XVII.; Memoirs of the Confederate War for Independence, by Helos Von Boreke, Chief of Staff to General J. E. B. Stuart.—Part III.; Sir Brook Fosslock—Part VI.—French Periodical Literature; Lord Palmerston.
The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 38 Walker street, 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 66 cents a year.

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 LADY'S FRIEND.—The publishers of this beautiful magazine have issued a magnificent number for January. The leading steel engraving, "The Forest Glen," is a gem of beauty. Then we have a colored plate, "The Hand Banner Screen in Chertle or Velvet," which the ladies say is magnificent. The large double colored Steel Fashion Plate is as usual superb. Another engraving, called "Stephen Wharton's Will," which illustrates a fine story, is very suggestive. Then we have a beautiful plate of Children's Skating, intended to illustrate the winter styles of children's clothing; with numerous other plates illustrating Hair Nets, Winter Dresses, Borders for Jackets, various new styles of Bonnets, Winter Casques, Paletots, Jackets, Embroidery, Chemises, Night Dress, Ancient Head-Dresses, Patchwork, etc., etc. The literary matter is of the usual excellence, and embraces many good stories. The prospectus of this magazine for next year embodies a fine list of contributors.

Published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year; two copies 4.00; eight copies (and one gratis) 16.00.

LECTURES ON GEOLOGY.—Owing to the illness of Prof. Gunning, the lecture for Wednesday last was postponed one week. Next Wednesday evening, therefore, the course will commence, and the prospect is good for paying houses. Buy a ticket and attend, and you will be instructed and entertained.

SHARP.—Frederick Douglass recently lectured at Lewiston, and made some sharp hits at the president's message. Liberty for the negro, says the president, is an experiment. "Not so," says Douglass—"Slavery was the experiment; liberty is law." "What shall I say of Johnson?" he queries, "if, after all the evils of the war, he shall have transmitted to posterity another rebellion and a horrible assassination? Better for him if a mill-stone had been hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea." We can tolerate in Douglass a liberal measure of jealousy of any man who was ever a slaveholder. "Were I a preacher," he said, "I should preach on the text, 'Remember Lot's wife,' till reconstruction was completed."

A HINT.—One day last week a friend of ours missed from his finger a valuable gold ring. How or where, was a mystery; and very likely he was on the point of informing the lady donor that the loss of the cherished keepsake boded some terrible calamity—when he happened to recollect that a short time previous he had purchased a pair of gloves; and hastening to the store where the purchase was made, he found his lost treasure in the finger of a glove he had tried on. No doubt, ladies often lose rings in the same way.

THE Farmington Chronicle says that Rev. Mr. Howard, of that place, spoke one hour, Sabbath evening, to the children of the Free Will Baptist Sabbath School! Poor little things!—how indignant their parents must have been! We only wish he would try a one-hour sermon with the old folks.

HO, BARNUM!—Since the burning of Barnum's "Happy Family," we have seen no opportunity to repair the loss, till the Augusta Banner announces that in that city three ministers, Congregationalist, Unitarian and Episcopalian, are boarding in the same house, with a life-long Unitarianist for a landlord.

THE principal building of Chas. M. Bailey, used for the manufacture of oil cloths, at East Winthrop, was destroyed by fire on Sunday morning last.

STEPHENS, the Fenian Head Centre, who escaped so mysteriously from prison, has reached Paris in safety.

[For the Mail.]

Elementary Principles in Finance.

Messrs. Editors:—While I have been waiting patiently for help from the Dr. to make my first lesson in finance a little plainer, a Senior has come forward with a display of zeal for his teacher which is certainly very commendable in a pupil, and throws down a "Nut for Tyro to Crack," in the following words:—"The gold necessary to effect the exchange of any article with its price, of course. Hence the amount necessary to effect the exchange of the products of a day's work with, is the price of those products. How absurd, then, to say that it is worth twice those products. This is a first lesson in finance with a vengeance." This commendable zeal which Senior displays in coming forward as the champion of a highly esteemed teacher, seems to me to have led him to overlook a fact of some importance, namely, that his "nut to crack," if it has anything to do with that part of the Dr.'s article referred to in my appeal for help, rather militates against the Dr.'s teaching. Let us see.

In speaking of the difficulty a man might experience in effecting exchanges in the absence of a circulating medium, the Dr. says:—"To exchange to his liking a bushel of corn, for instance, will cost him as much labor as to raise it. If now, he can find anything which every one wants and will take in exchange for any article; and hence will enable him to make the exchange without loss of time or labor, the possession of enough of this article to effect the exchange with, will save a day's labor, and hence be worth a day's labor to him."

Now if I understand this language, it means that "enough of this article to effect the exchange with," which we will call a dollar, "is worth to him a day's labor," because it saves him a day's labor; which is equivalent to saying that a dollar, in any man's hands; is worth to him just what it will save him in effecting exchanges. That this must be his meaning is shown from such passages as these:—"Since, then, a dollar in gold will always, on the average, save a day's work in making exchanges; and again—For \$4 dollars are so plenty and so easily obtained that they no longer save a day's work in exchange, men will not give a day's work for a dollar," &c. This settles the Dr.'s teaching as to the worth of a dollar. Now let us turn to Senior's "Nut for Tyro to Crack," and see what that involves.

If we examine the language of Senior, as quoted above, we come to the conclusion that if it means anything, except perhaps a mere gag to stop Tyro's mouth, it means that it is absurd to say the gold for which I exchange an article is worth any more than the article exchanged, because the gold is the price of the article. Hence we see, that while the Dr. makes the worth of the dollar equal to what it saves a man in effecting exchanges, and hence makes its value vary with the circumstances of the individual, Senior makes its value always equal to that of the article exchanged for it; that is, always equal to what it costs. The "old impression," of which I spoke as still clinging to me, simply puts these values together, and makes a dollar in my hands worth to me, both what I give for it, and what it saves me in exchange.

To illustrate these two views and the impression of a Tyro, suppose A. has a bushel of corn which he wants to exchange for a bushel of salt. His neighbor, B., has salt to exchange, but does not want A's corn. C, living twenty miles off, has salt, which he will exchange for corn, bushel for bushel. But to effect the exchange in this way, will cost A. another bushel of corn; that is, a bushel of salt, procured in this way, would cost A. two bushels of corn. But B. will take a dollar for a bushel of his salt, and leave the salt at A's door. D. comes to A's door and pays him a dollar for his corn. A. hands the dollar to B. and takes the bushel of salt. In this case the Dr. says the dollar is worth to A. a bushel of corn, because it saves him a bushel of corn in effecting the exchange. Senior says the dollar is worth a bushel of corn, because it cost him a bushel of corn. A Tyro, before reading the Dr.'s article, would have said the dollar is worth to A. two bushels of corn, because it brings him, without expense of time or labor, what two bushels of corn would have brought him.

Again: suppose A. and B. are neighbors as before, the one having corn and the other salt, but C, instead of living twenty miles off, lives only twenty rods from A. and B.; so that to effect the exchange directly, in this case, would cost A. only one hour's labor, equal in value to one-tenth of a bushel of corn. Now if A. sells to C. and buys of B. as before, the Dr. would say the dollar is worth to A. one-tenth of a bushel of corn, because it saves him one-tenth of a bushel in exchange; Senior would say, the dollar is worth to A. a bushel of corn, because it costs him a bushel of corn; Tyro would have said, the dollar is worth to A. one and one-tenth bushels of corn, because it does for him what one and one-tenth bushels would have done.

Once more: suppose C. lives equally distant from A. and B., so that the exchange may be effected either way with the same expense of time or labor. In this case the Dr. would say the dollar is worth nothing to A. because it saves him nothing in effecting the exchange; Senior would say it is worth a bushel of corn to him, because it costs him a bushel of corn; Tyro would have said it is worth to him a bushel of corn, because it does for him what a bushel of corn would have done.

These examples sufficiently illustrate the different views taken by the Dr. and his pupil, Senior. But what still puzzles me is, why won't a man give a day's labor for a dollar; unless it will save him a day's labor in effecting exchanges? In the second case supposed above, why won't A. give a day's work, or is equivalent, a bushel of corn, for a dollar, when the dollar will do for him what one and one-tenth bushels would do for him, even though it will save him, in effecting the exchange, only one-tenth of a bushel?

Hoping still to hear from the Dr. himself, I am trying to avail myself of such ordinary helps as come within my reach.

TRN.

THE MAINE FARMER.—One of the best agricultural papers in the country—is out with a new dress, which it well deserves, and which it can do without well afford, as it has a large circulation. The Farmer is in good hands and is well managed.

SOCIABLES.—The Unitarian and Baptist societies of this place are each having a series of sociables, for the joint purpose of social culture and pecuniary crops. In both respects both are successful thus far,—and of course are well attended.

Since the meeting of the National Unitarian Convention in New York, last spring, twenty-nine new Unitarian societies have been formed in different parts of the country.

CATTLE MARKETS.

About seven hundred more cattle were reported this week than last, while the number of sheep was increased about seven hundred. The Boston Advertiser reports little change in prices, although for the lower qualities the market was dull and some were left over. The sheep trade was quick and prices a little higher. The reporter thus sums up at the close:—

While some drovers were trying hard to close out, others were making arrangements for keeping over to next week what remained unsold. But still beef is not very cheap this week, especially that of fair quality. With the poorer grades the market appears to be overstocked, and while the drovers find it difficult to sell what they have, the butchers have trouble to buy what they want. With the exception of a single pair or two, we have heard of no sales over 14c.

BEEF CATTLE.—Prices on total weight of hide, tallow and beef: A few lots of extra Western, — to — cts. per lb.; That commonly called extra, 13 1/2 to 14 cts. per lb.; First quality, good oxen best steers, &c., 12 1/2 to 13 cts.; Second quality, or good fair beef, 11 to 12 cts.; Third quality, lighter young cattle, cows, &c., 10 to 11 cts.; Foremost grade of coarse cows, bulls, &c., 8 to 9 cts.

Glendon Wells sold 20 oxen at 13 1/2 to 37 cts.; 7 at 13 1/2 cts., 36 cts.; 25 at 12c; 40 sk; 22 good beef cows at 11c, 40 sk, and said he hoped we should be able to let the people who were at home, dry shod, and dreaming of only good markets, know that market is not so overstocked, and while the drovers find it difficult to sell what they have, the butchers have trouble to buy what they want. With the exception of a single pair or two, we have heard of no sales over 14c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Prices for Sheep and Lambs, a 12 to 17 1/2 cts. per lb.; 12 to 13 cts. per lb.; 13 to 14 cts. per lb.; 14 to 15 cts. per lb.; 15 to 16 cts. per lb.; 16 to 17 cts. per lb.; 17 to 18 cts. per lb.; 18 to 19 cts. per lb.; 19 to 20 cts. per lb.; 20 to 21 cts. per lb.; 21 to 22 cts. per lb.; 22 to 23 cts. per lb.; 23 to 24 cts. per lb.; 24 to 25 cts. per lb.; 25 to 26 cts. per lb.; 26 to 27 cts. per lb.; 27 to 28 cts. per lb.; 28 to 29 cts. per lb.; 29 to 30 cts. per lb.; 30 to 31 cts. per lb.; 31 to 32 cts. per lb.; 32 to 33 cts. per lb.; 33 to 34 cts. per lb.; 34 to 35 cts. per lb.; 35 to 36 cts. per lb.; 36 to 37 cts. per lb.; 37 to 38 cts. per lb.; 38 to 39 cts. per lb.; 39 to 40 cts. per lb.; 40 to 41 cts. per lb.; 41 to 42 cts. per lb.; 42 to 43 cts. per lb.; 43 to 44 cts. per lb.; 44 to 45 cts. per lb.; 45 to 46 cts. per lb.; 46 to 47 cts. per lb.; 47 to 48 cts. per lb.; 48 to 49 cts. per lb.; 49 to 50 cts. per lb.; 50 to 51 cts. per lb.; 51 to 52 cts. per lb.; 52 to 53 cts. per lb.; 53 to 54 cts. per lb.; 54 to 55 cts. per lb.; 55 to 56 cts. per lb.; 56 to 57 cts. per lb.; 57 to 58 cts. per lb.; 58 to 59 cts. per lb.; 59 to 60 cts. per lb.; 60 to 61 cts. per lb.; 61 to 62 cts. per lb.; 62 to 63 cts. per lb.; 63 to 64 cts. per lb.; 64 to 65 cts. per lb.; 65 to 66 cts. per lb.; 66 to 67 cts. per lb.; 67 to 68 cts. per lb.; 68 to 69 cts. per lb.; 69 to 70 cts. per lb.; 70 to 71 cts. per lb.; 71 to 72 cts. per lb.; 72 to 73 cts. per lb.; 73 to 74 cts. per lb.; 74 to 75 cts. per lb.; 75 to 76 cts. per lb.; 76 to 77 cts. per lb.; 77 to 78 cts. per lb.; 78 to 79 cts. per lb.; 79 to 80 cts. per lb.; 80 to 81 cts. per lb.; 81 to 82 cts. per lb.; 82 to 83 cts. per lb.; 83 to 84 cts. per lb.; 84 to 85 cts. per lb.; 85 to 86 cts. per lb.; 86 to 87 cts. per lb.; 87 to 88 cts. per lb.; 88 to 89 cts. per lb.; 89 to 90 cts. per lb.; 90 to 91 cts. per lb.; 91 to 92 cts. per lb.; 92 to 93 cts. per lb.; 93 to 94 cts. per lb.; 94 to 95 cts. per lb.; 95 to 96 cts. per lb.; 96 to 97 cts. per lb.; 97 to 98 cts. per lb.; 98 to 99 cts. per lb.; 99 to 100 cts. per lb.; 100 to 101 cts. per lb.; 101 to 102 cts. per lb.; 102 to 103 cts. per lb.; 103 to 104 cts. per lb.; 104 to 105 cts. per lb.; 105 to 106 cts. per lb.; 106 to 107 cts. per lb.; 107 to 108 cts. per lb.; 108 to 109 cts. per lb.; 109 to 110 cts. per lb.; 110 to 111 cts. per lb.; 111 to 112 cts. per lb.; 112 to 113 cts. per lb.; 113 to 114 cts. per lb.; 114 to 115 cts. per lb.; 115 to 116 cts. per lb.; 116 to 117 cts. per lb.; 117 to 118 cts. per lb.; 118 to 119 cts. per lb.; 119 to 120 cts. per lb.; 120 to 121 cts. per lb.; 121 to 122 cts. per lb.; 122 to 123 cts. per lb.; 123 to 124 cts. per lb.; 124 to 125 cts. per lb.; 125 to 126 cts. per lb.; 126 to 127 cts. per lb.; 127 to 128 cts. per lb.; 128 to 129 cts. per lb.; 129 to 130 cts. per lb.; 130 to 131 cts. per lb.; 131 to 132 cts. per lb.; 132 to 133 cts. per lb.; 133 to 134 cts. per lb.; 134 to 13

MISCELLANY.

WEARING OF THE GREEN.

[The following is the celebrated song which created such intense excitement throughout Great Britain, and for the incorporation of which in his piece, Mr. Macdonald's play of "Arrah-na-Pogue" had to be withdrawn from the London stage.]

O Paddy, dear, and did you hear
The song that was sung
The Shamrock is forbidden by law
To grow on Irish ground
No more St. Patrick's day we'll keep
My by the land
For there's a bloody law against the
Wearing of the green
I met with Nanny Landon, and he took
My by the land
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland"
And how does she stand?
She's the most distressed country that
Ever you have seen
They're hanging men and women there for
Wearing of the green!

Then, since the color we must wear is
England's cruel red
Sure Ireland's sons will never forget the
Blood that's on the red
You may take the Shamrock from your hat
And cast it on the sod
It will take root and flourish there,
Though under foot lies dead
When the law can keep the blades of grass
From growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer time
Their verdure show,
Then will I change the color,
I wear in my cap;
But till that day, please God, I'll stick
To wearing of the green!

But if at last the color should
Be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons with shame and sorrow from
The dear old soil will part
I've heard whispers of a country
That lies beyond the sea
Where rich and poor are equal in
The light of freedom's day
O Erin, must we leave you driven
By the tyrant's hand?
Must we seek a home elsewhere
Where the cruel cross of England
Thru'd never shall be seen
And where, thank God, we'll live and die
Still wearing of the green!

FIRE INSURANCE

Meader & Phillips,
AGENTS,
WATERVILLE.

Offer Insurance to the following companies—
HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
OF HARTFORD, CONN.,
Incorporated in 1810, with perpetual charter.
Capital and Surplus, \$1,683,168 62.

ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY,
HARTFORD, CONN.,
Incorporated in 1819
Capital and Assets, \$2,560,551 75.
Losses paid in 45 years—\$17,485,894 71.

CITY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF HARTFORD,
Assets, July 1, 1864, ... \$408,686 63.

These Companies have been long before the public, and the extent of their business and resources is so well known, that commendation is unnecessary.

Applicants to MEADER & PHILLIPS, Waterville, Me.

DENTISTRY.—REMOVAL.

Dr. E. Dunbar
RESPECTFULLY informs his patrons and the public that he has taken the building lately occupied by Dr. Waters and having fitted it up neatly upon the late "Parlor Shoe Store" lot.

Opposite Boutelle Block.
Is prepared with convenient rooms and apparatus for all classes of Dental operation. He will use either the BATTERY when desired.

Teeth set on Rubber, Gold or Silver, and the most complete satisfaction given. Teeth FILLED with gold or other material, as warranted.

He respectfully invites his former customers, and all in want of his services, to call at his rooms.

Waterville, Aug. 15th, 1865.

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,
as, as the season admits.

CASH paid for Poultry, Butter, Cheese, and the various articles in which he deals.

Cor. Main and Temple Sts., Waterville.

TRUCKING.

The old Team in New Hands.
H. V. FOLSOM, of Waterville, has purchased the Trucking establishment lately owned by E. C. Lord and Son, the subscriber is ready to execute all orders for Trucking, of any kind, and at the lowest price. Orders may be left with Ira H. Lord.

REUBEN EMERY.

Dining and Tea Sets.

A variety of patterns.
At J. F. ELLEN'S.

Patent Salt Sprinklers.
A new thing, and see them at J. F. ELLEN'S.

THE PLACE TO BUY

FURBISH & PITMAN'S, Main Street.

New Goods at Reduced Prices!!

J. F. ELLEN
Would respectfully inform the citizens of Waterville and vicinity that he has just returned from Boston with a large and well selected stock of

Carpets, Feathers, Crockery and Glass Ware,
also a new assortment of
Window Shades, Curtain Pictures,
Curtain Rods, and Fancy Goods.
All of which he offers at greatly reduced prices.

FOR SALE

At Low Prices.
ONE FURNISHED PEW in the Congregational Church—
Waterville.

Also, One Shilling Top Buggy—Kimball's make—One of Brown's best 1865 Harnesses. For further particulars, inquire of J. F. ELLEN.

FOR SALE

The Brick Building House &c., lately occupied by Wm. G. Olin, on College Street, in Waterville, Maine. This is an excellent house, two stories high, well finished, and in one of the most desirable localities in that village, and will be sold at a bargain. For price and terms enquire of the subscriber, or of E. L. DRUMMOND, Waterville, Me.

ELEAZER OTIS.

AGENTS WANTED.

A DAY EASY MADE.
My selling Engravings, Card Photographs and Stationery. Our Engravings, Cards, etc., are all new, each Package containing a full set of Engravings, and a Silver Watch for \$17. We also publish splendid Engravings, and sell them at a low price. For particulars, inquire of J. F. ELLEN.

WHITE LEAD!

JOHN T. LEWIS'S celebrated White Lead, for sale at AKNOLD & MEADERS.

NEW STORE! NEW GOODS!

No. 2, Boutelle Block,
J. F. ELLEN'S,

Carpet and Crockery Store

J. F. ELLEN would respectfully inform the citizens of Waterville 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 Baskets,
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.

TRUE & MANLEY,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Corner of Bridge and Water Streets,
AUGUSTA, ME.

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

VINELAND.

FARM AND FRUITLAND, in a mild and healthy climate. Thirty miles south of Philadelphia by Railroad, in New Jersey, on the same line of latitude as Baltimore, Md. The soil is rich and productive, yielding a crop of a steady land, suitable for Wheat, Grass, Corn, Fruit and Vegetables. The land is already planted out by experienced fruit-growers. Grapes, Peaches, Apples, &c., produce immense profits. Vineyard is already one of the most beautiful places in the United States. The land is only sold to actual settlers with provision for public sale. The place on account of its great fertility, as well as other advantages, has become the resort of people of taste. It has increased five thousand people within the past three years. Churches, Schools, Academies, Societies of Art and Learning and other places of refinement and culture have been introduced. Hundreds of people are constantly settling. Handsome lots of new houses are being constructed. Five of Farm land, twenty acre lots and upwards, \$25 per acre. Pile and ten acre and Village lots for sale.

Fruit and Vegetables ripen earlier. In this district than in any other locality north of Norfolk, Va. Improved places for sale.

(Springing for all kinds of business, Lumber Yard, Manufacturers, Foundries, Stores, and the like; and Steam Power with iron, can be erected.)

For persons who desire mild winters, a beautiful climate, and a good soil, in a country beautifully improved, abounding in fruit and vegetables, and all other advantages, this is the place. It is worth a visit.

Literature and the Vineyard Manual, a paper giving full information and containing colored plates, is published, sent to applicants.

Send to CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineyard P. O., Landis Town, ship, New Jersey.

From Reports of Solon Robinson, Agricultural Editor of the Tribune: "It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position and suitable condition for planting farming that we know of this side of the Western Plains."

THE GREAT CONSUMPTIVE REMEDY!

DR. LAROKKAH'S
Indian Vegetable Pulmonic Syrup.

The best Preparation ever made for the following Complaints—

Colds, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Spitting Blood, Pain in the Side, Night Sweats, Humors, 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 season, seldom if ever fails to effect a speedy cure of all the above complaints. Those who have not already made use of this never failing Remedy, I have only to refer to the written testimonials of hundreds of our most distinguished citizens (Physicians, Doctors, Congressmen, Lawyers, Ministers, and Public Speakers, and last but not least, many hundreds of private individuals) who have been cured of their various ailments, when all expectation of being cured was given up, and all remedies had failed.

Dr. J. C. Ingalls, of Melrose, Mass., says: "I have used Dr. Larokkah's Pulmonic Syrup, and it has cured me of my chronic cough, and I have been able to breathe freely, and I feel as well as ever."

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DR. MATTISON'S SURE REMEDIES

FOR SPECIAL DISEASES.

INDIAN EMENAGOGUE.

Prepared expressly for Ladies, and the superior of all other remedies for regulating the system in cases of obstruction from whatever cause, and is therefore of the greatest value to those who may wish to avoid the evils which they are liable. If taken as directed, it will cure any case, curable by medicine, and is also perfectly safe. Full directions are company each bottle. Price \$1.00. (7-2) R. B. MEMBER.

INDIAN EMENAGOGUE, or the Indian's Own Remedy, is a medicine of the kind which has failed to cure also that it is warranted to cure. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is also perfectly safe. Full directions are company each bottle. Price \$1.00. (7-2) R. B. MEMBER.

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