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Maxham & Wing

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CHANGE.

Who did not fear them once—the dull gray mornings
No chattering birds on our spirits fed,
The long night-watches did not bring us warnings
That we were tenants of a house decayed.
The early snows like dreams to us descended;
The frost did fairly work on yew and hough;
Beauty and power, did wonder have not ended
How is it that we fear the Winters now?

The house-fires fall as bright on hearth and chamber;
Their northern starlight shines as coldly clear;
The woods still keep their holly for December,
The world a welcome yet for the new year.
And far away, in old remembered places,
The snow-drop rises and the robin sings;
The sun and moon look out with loving faces—
Why have our days forgot such goodly things?

Is it that now the north wind finds us shaketh
By tempests fiercer than its blither blast,
Which fair beliefs and friendships, too, have taketh
Away like summer foliage as they pass?
And made life tedious in its pleasant valleys,
Waning the light of promise from our day,
Till mist meet even in the inward palace—
A dimness not, like this, to pass away?

It was not thus when dreams of love and laurels
Gave sunshine to the Winters of our youth;
Before its hopes had fallen in fortune's quarrels,
Or time had bowed them with its heavy truth;
Ere yet the twilight found us strong and lonely,
With shadows coming when the fire burns low,
To tell of distant graves and losses only—
The past that cannot change and will not go.

Alas! dear friends, the Winter is within us;
Hard is the ice that grows about the heart;
For petty cares and vain regrets have won us
From life's true heritage and better part;
And nations toll and tremble on as we,
Hoping for harvests they will never gather,
Feeling the Winters which they may not see.

[From Arthur's Home Magazine.]

LOVE!

"Oh, don't go yet, Ambrose!"
Nettie Harding's face took on such a pretty
pleading expression that the husband of a
month bent for the twentieth time that morning
to kiss it.
"I really cannot stay a moment longer,
dear. Business must be attended to, you
know."

"Business!" Hateful word! You never
mentioned it to me during our courtship. But
now—" Nettie's eyes looked unutterable
reproach.

"But now," said young Harding, taking up
the unfinished sentence, "now that we are a
staid married couple, we must no longer look
at life through the glamour of moonlight and
sentiment, but in a sober, earnest, altogether
matter-of-fact way. In this work-a-day world
I have, you see, my share of labor to perform
with the rest, and, in truth, I like it, little dear.
It makes me feel myself a man among men.
Come, bid me good-by, and be gone."

"Don't go," pleaded Nettie, clinging to his
hand. "What can I do all day? I shall be
so lonesome without you."

"Go learn Longfellow's Psalm of Life; to
repeat to me when my heart-beats low."

"I don't like Psalms," pouted the 'little
dear.' "Am I naughty, that you set me such
a task?"

"Just a trifle, perhaps. One more good-by,
my pet," said Harding, freeing himself from
his wife's detaining hands, and moving towards
the door.

"Stop, Ambrose," commanded Nettie.
The young man turned back with a look of
incipient vexation. "What now, dear?" A
keen ear would have detected a slight im-
patience in his voice.

"I haven't kissed you good-by," said Mrs.
Antoinette, in a tone of grave surprise that so
important a ceremony should have been for-
gotten by her lover husband.

"Oh! Have you not?" He went back to
her side to receive the caress which, from hav-
ing become a thing of such common occurrence,
had materially declined in value.

"Oh! Have you not?" mimicked Nettie,
drawing herself up with sudden dignity. "Do
you think I am going to kiss you after that,
you provoking creature?" Do you hold my fa-
vors so lightly that you cannot even remember
whether they have been bestowed or not?"

"Nay, I did but jest. The kiss, quickly,
sweetheart," he cried, with zest, this unwonted
withholding of the accustomed gift giving it a
keener relish.

"Stand, my liege. I am in no haste," said
Nettie, coolly.

"Fie! What a freakish dame! I'm going,
mistress."

She called him to return. An important
matter was to be decided upon, even the tint
of the new dress she was to purchase that day.
In what color, now, did he think her most
charming?

Well, indeed, that was a very difficult ques-
tion—more perplexing than the knottiest point
in law. Was it really the hue of her robe,
then, that made her so much more charming at
one time than at another? He had not sus-
pected that she owed her fascinations to such
adventitious circumstances.

Nettie pouted. She wouldn't try to look
pretty any more. She would dress like sister
Jane, in solemn dun and sober gray, she said,
nodding towards her stepfather's daughter, who
sat by the window apparently reading, but
quite as much interested in the characters
enacting this simple parting scene as in the
mythical personages that figured on the printed
page before her.

"Is it gray that Jane wears?" Ambrose
asked, viewing the young lady with sudden in-
terest. "I never noticed that before. In look-
ing at her, one sees only Jane, and never the
thing that she has on. By all means let the
new gown be gray, Nettie."

"Never!" cried Nettie, liking this deference
to another's taste extremely ill. "It is a rude,
wintry, desolate, durable color, that nature her-
self seems to use except for rocks and the bark
of trees. I'll none of it. Give me gorgeous
tropical tints, and let me be arrayed—as Solo-
mon, in all his glory never was—like the 'lilies
of the field.'"

"Like Aldrich's 'Tiger Lilies,'" said Am-
brose, with eyes growing suddenly tender and
dreamy. "And now there was no help for it
but the smoky, measured lines must roll from
his tongue—"

"For they are tall and slender,
Their petals are dashed with crimine,
And when the wind sweeps by them,
On their emerald stalks,
They bend so proud and graceful—
They are Cressida's women,
The darlings of the baron
Adorn our garden walks!"

"And when the rain is falling,
I sit beside the window
And watch them glow and glisten,
How they burn and glow!
O for the burning lilies—
The tender Eastern lilies—
The gorgeous tiger-lilies,
That in our garden grow!"

"The kiss, true love, I've won it by this
sweet compliment to your taste."

"And the new dress need not be gray to
please you," said Nettie.

"No, you would be quite characterless and
insipid in such nun-like garb. These bright
tints are all that give you style. Miss Gordon,
there, doesn't need them."

"You'll get no kiss after that, sir!"

"Ah, well, it's more blessed to give than
to receive. I've been taught." And lightly
touching his lips to Nettie's Harding carried

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away, closing his ears to the shower of en-
treances and commands that she sent after him.
"Not another word, my lady. I dare say you
have already cheated me of a good client, and
his rival, Jenkins, has got him," he said, as he
passed the door, and, clearing the steps, two at
a time, walked rapidly down the street.

Nettie ran to the window to look after him.
"Isn't he handsome, Jenny?" she said; with
a little glow of pride.

"Very," answered the young lady, without
lifting her eyes from her book.

"Very!" uttered Nettie, with an exasperated
air. "The word is well enough, but you speak
it in such a way, Jane. I do believe you are
envious."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Miss Gordon, smiling,
and turning a leaf.

"Is that all you've got to say?" asked Net-
tie, tartly.

"Not if you wish for more. I can add that
judging from present omens, I have small
cause to envy you. Six months hence there
will be, I presume, no such pretty parings as
that which has just transpired between you and
Mr. Harding, but his daily departures will be
preceded by frowns, fretful upbraidings, tears
and sharp rebukes, and you will not run to
look after him and exclaim, 'How handsome
he is!' The mood for love-words and caresses
will no doubt return at intervals, but it will be
transitory, passing off spasmodically on the
first occasion for mutual forbearance and con-
cession."

"You croak like an old maid, Jenny Gordon,"
said Nettie, making use of a dreadful com-
parison.

"Jane, if you please," corrected Miss Gor-
don.

"Jane, if you like," retorted Nettie. "That's
another old maid's caprice, to insist upon being
called by such a stiff, prim, old-fashioned name,
when it can so easily be transformed into a
prettier and more graceful one. Now, why do
you think Ambrose and I will not always be
just as loving and content as we are at present?"
"Tell me, evil prophetess."

"Because the fascination of the senses wears
out after a season, and if the soul be untouched,
the feeling that you name love will die. There
will come a time when these pretty, winsome
ways of yours can no longer charm; the sur-
face flash, and foam, and sparkle being drank
off, what remains is tame, spiritless, insipid."

What will you have to give your husband
when he comes home wearied with business
cares, a little dispirited, and a good deal vexed
with much that has gone amiss? Why, if you
chance to feel in good humor, the same fantas-
tic tricks of speech and manner that caught his
fancy in the wooing—the pretty pout of the lips,
the shrug of the dimpled shoulders, the arch
side glances, the coquettish turn of the head,
the pert, piquant reply, and the light, empty
caress that has no soul in it, no whisper of sym-
pathy in troubles that if told, would be but
vaguely understood. What will you say when
the pretty love triflings that charmed him in
the brief days of courtship and honeymoon are
grown stale and distasteful to him, and in the
evening dusk he rises from your side, dons his
hat and tells you, not with intentional reproach,
but by way of apology for his nightly deserta-
tions, that in his leisure hours a man must seek
intelligent companionship to brighten up his
ideas, and exercise his conversational powers?
Why, likely you will burst upon him a storm
of reproaches, complaints and accusations, which
he may bear patiently, or at least calmly for
awhile, but, being only a man, and no Socrates
at that, he will doubtless hurl at you a thun-
derbolt at last that will dissolve you in tears,
and leave you to nurse the wretched fancy that
you are the most neglected and abused of wives.
Will you have any one but yourself to blame
for it if he does seek society more agreeable
than yours? How do you expect to retain his
affection when the charms by which you allured
him are perished, clean gone forever? When the
rose in your cheek is faded, and the light in
your eyes is dimmed, and your hair is streaked
with silver, and your brow is crossed with
frowns, and your ripe red lips are shriveled,
and your form is bowed and shrunken, and you
are a withered old woman, Antoine, in whom
the pretty coquettish airs that sit so gracefully
on you now would be simply ridiculous and
disgusting?"

"Upon my word, a charming picture you
make of me!" cried Nettie, half crying with
vexation. "Are you trying purposely to hurt
my feelings, Jane Gordon?"

"Better than that. I am trying to prick
you to some nobler resolve, to spur you to
loftier purpose and worthier action. You know
that Ambrose thinks you less frivolous and
shallow than you appear. This light trifling
humor of yours he imagines but the surface
froth and sparkle of a nature that has some
deep undercurrent of thought and feeling, else
would it be without fascination for him. There
is a shadow of seriousness on his face, there is
a touch of earnestness in his voice when he
speaks to you sometimes, that seems to plead
for a response, and almost to force upon you
a recognition of the graver and weightier mat-
ters of life, for he grows dimly conscious that
he needs no barren beauty to pet and fondle,
but a true, brave, earnest helpmeet (study the
word, Nettie) who will enter with keen sym-
pathy into all his plans and purposes, and share
with him his labor and his hope. Your trivial
talk begins to weary, almost vex him at times;
once or twice I have seen him look at you with
some vague doubt or trouble in his eyes, as if
he were, asking himself if his fancy had not
tricked him—if he had not taken too much on
trust—but the thought barely assumes shape in
his mind ere he banishes it with a glow of shame
for his injustice towards his young wife, and he
says in his heart, 'The occasion will bring forth
the pure ore; the earnest, thoughtful woman
will appear at my need.' It may be that Am-
brose is deeper versed in the lore of books than
in human nature, especially woman nature.
Coming from the solitude of study, his senses
were suddenly carried captive by the thousand
and one little feminine arts which you know so
well how to exercise, and his lofty conceptions
of womanhood took mortal shape in you, and
all that was wanting his active imagination sup-
plied. Do you think the witchery will last for-
ever? Believe it, the spell already begins to
break, and the rough tests of everyday life will
soon reveal you in your true quality to the
man who has promised to love and honor, not
you, but the woman that he fancied you to be.
I ask you, can you hope to retain the love and

respect of your husband if you do not seek to
realize his ideal by cultivating the graces of
mind and heart as well as of person?"

"Dear me, Jane! You make much ado
about nothing," said Nettie, pettishly. "Am-
brose has taken me for better or for worse, and
I dare say he is well enough satisfied, and al-
ways will be; or if he isn't, I don't know how
he is going to help himself. You've got a
wrong idea about him. He doesn't want the
sort of wife that you fancy, and no other man
does. What men like in women is beauty,
grace, and a charming confidence and child-
like dependence; but intellect they consider
quite superfluous, extremely disagreeable, and
rather an encumbrance on their own dimities.
The woman who 'cultivates her mind' (haugh!
how I hate the phrase!) doesn't get paid for
her labor. And I tell you, my lady, (as some
slight return for your kind consideration of my
case this morning,) that if you do not materially
change your tactics you'll never get married.
You do not try to make yourself fit all pretty
or agreeable to your gentleman acquaintances,
and do not show the least partiality for any of
them (which you might on the sly) unless it be
Grandmother Merkle in his big-bowed specta-
cles and horrid wig. I'm afraid you're a bit
strong-minded, Jane, and, if you are, you'll
atone for it by living an old maid all the days
of your life."

"Heaven's will be done," responded the
young lady, resignedly. "Better an old maid
than an unworthy wife. I do not feel in duty
bound to make any extra exertions to render
myself pretty and agreeable in the eyes of
my gentleman acquaintances; neither do I find
occasion to treat any uncourtiously and with
disrespect. As regards the matter of marriage,
it is one upon which I do not consider myself
called to take any present action, and one that
does not in the least trouble my thoughts. My
life is planned without reference to any such
contingency. But I frankly assure you that if
the man who loved me, and whom I love,
should come to me, free and without reproach,
and ask to plan my life anew, he could not be
refused; yet I would scorn to use the smallest
art to win him—of his own free will should he
come."

"And if, not liking such majestic indiffer-
ence, he should fix his choice upon some other,"
suggested Nettie, maliciously.

"Well and good. The old path that I
marked for my feet would remain, and I should
walk straight on in it the same as if he had
never crossed it," returned the philosophic lady,
with composure. "But we are not arguing
my chances of getting a husband, but yours of
keeping the husband already won. Now if, as
you allege, mind is a superfluity in woman, and
doesn't reward the labor of cultivation, it is ab-
solutely certain that she must defer to man's
judgment in all matters, and never presume to
act except except under his direction. And you,
my pretty dear, with that charming confi-
dence and 'child-like dependence' of yours,
why you ought not, consistently with those
qualities, ever to oppose the will of your hus-
band, nor think whether it be good or ill,
your business being solely to render implicit
and unquestioning obedience, which he, owning
the whole stock of mind in the conjugal part-
nership, has an undoubted right to exact of you.
Upon such grounds you might escape moral
accountability, as you could hardly be called
'responsible,' having only half the powers of a
human being."

"It would suit me excellently to escape all
responsibility," confessed Nettie. "Ambrose
may bear that in welcome, but I will have my
way. It's a woman's right, you know."

"Nay it. If a woman is a child in un-
derstanding, she must submit to be governed
as a child."

"But I tell you I won't," asserted Nettie,
stoutly, disliking exceedingly this view of the
matter. "My husband may have all the knowl-
edge and wisdom, but I—I will have my own
sweet will."

"And what, then, becomes of your 'charm-
ing confidence and childlike dependence'?"
When it is most essential that you should dis-
play those qualities they will be found want-
ing. The child proper is eager to learn and
know, teachable and of a compliant spirit, easily
guided when love is the master; but the grown
up child is of the nature of a fool—obsti-
nate, irrational, self-willed, self-inflated, and
lacking in the homely virtue of common sense.
Now a reasonably intelligent woman, trained
to habits of observation and reflection, might
possibly be convinced that her own sweet will
and way were not of a necessity always
right, and would be willing to concede some-
thing, everything but truth and honor, for
peace's sake; but one who takes the ground
that you do, and glories in ignorance as a femi-
nine virtue, will be selfish, exacting and un-
reasonable under all circumstances, and might
try the temper of a saint compelled to live with
her. If you and Ambrose have trouble in your
wedded lives, you may look to yourself
for the causes. Your business is to obey him."

"I have heard you argue very differently
from this, you contradictory creature," cried
Nettie, indignantly.

"Admitting woman to be a reasonable being,
I could do so now," returned Miss Gordon,
picking up her book and resuming her inter-
rupted reading.

"I know one thing," said she, vehemently,
"if there is one thing I hate it is a woman with
reason."

Five years later, Jane received the following
letter:—

"MY DEAR MRS. PERCY:—I write you in
reference to a matter which lies so near my
heart that I must come to it at once without
preliminaries. The favor I would ask of you
is very great—exceeding, perhaps, the claims
I have upon your friendship. It is that you
will take my little Ruth into your home, and
see what, by healthful influences and pure in-
structions, can be done towards eradicating the
taints of selfishness and vanity that already be-
gin to thrive in her young heart, and which, if
no effort be made to check their growth, must
destroy all foundation for a true and noble woman-
hood."

"I am well aware that in making a request
of this nature I am casting some reflections on
her who should be a sufficient guide and coun-
sellor to her daughter, but it is a case that will
not permit me to indulge in any delicate scru-

ples of hotfoot. Where the well-being of my
child is concerned, I must not hesitate to act,
even though to do so may show a want of re-
spect for the woman whom, in the relation that
she stands to me, I should honor and confide
in above all others. Let me utter no vain la-
mentations for the error that it is now too late
to amend. I hold no one but myself responsi-
ble for my domestic infelicity. My choice was a
voluntary one, and whatever I may suffer as a
consequence is a matter that must be hidden
in my own breast. Nettie is blameless. It is
not her fault that she is unlike my ideal wife,
and that the home she makes for me is unlike
the home of which I used to dream. I cannot
reproach myself. She did not deceive me, I de-
ceived myself. There may have been a time
when I found solace in the thought that her
heart would set itself on higher things when
child-chips called her by that most sacred name
that we can bear, but that hope is over. Of
brambles I do not look to gather grapes."

"But while I can, in myself suffer, uncom-
plainingly the consequences of my error, I cannot
endure to see it perpetuated in the life of my
child. It cuts me to the soul to think the
fantastic tricks the young thing has already ac-
quired, the sly arts, the petty deceptions that
she practices to gain her ends, and which might
provoke a smile if I did not know—if I had not
had experience in the sort of womanhood of
which they are at once a reflection and a prophe-
cy."

"Ah, you should see my miniature woman
prink and practice before the glass, trying the
effect of this and that bit of finery pilfered from
the mother's wardrobe, turning her head criti-
cally from side to side, and laughing gleefully
—the pretty jackanapes—at the peculiarly sat-
isfactory results of her fanciful decorations."

Already the momentous matter of dress weighs
heavily on the little one's mind. She folds her
hands demurely and descends learnedly on the
"latest styles," while she views with great com-
placency her own pretty attire, feeling deeply
aggrieved if it elicits no admiring remarks from
her playfellows, elevating her infantile nose in
extreme contempt of those less daintily ap-
pareled, but quite overwhelmed with mortifica-
tion and jealousy if she finds her splendors
eclipsed by any of her juvenile acquaintances.

"And never mind," comforts the weak mamma on
such occasions, "my little pet shall have a finer
costume than any of them. She shall not be out-
shone."

"Ah, me! these things vex me and they
grieve me too. They are the disappointment of
my sweetest hopes. My heart aches under my
little girl's pretty caressings, and I sigh
wearily, thinking of the empty, vain, and frivo-
lous life that she is being trained to live."

"Don't smile when I tell you that young la-
dylhood has grown to be a deeply interesting
study to me. I, a grave, preoccupied man, go-
ing and coming from my place of business, or
acting the smiling martyr at my wife's recep-
tions, find myself abstractedly turning to gaze
after or listen to the light, volatile, voluble
creatures that fit past me and around me—a
dreary vacuity echoing behind their fair, smooth
brows—a well of selfishness, deep and never-
failing, in their soft white bosoms—a stream of
sentiment and silliness, which no earnest thought
ever dams, pouring ceaselessly through the
never-closed gates of their lips—and I question
my heart sadly, could I wish my daughter—
my little Ruth—like one of these? Heaven is
my witness, I would rather see her in her baby
purity and unconsciousness of sin, lying in the
white vesture of the grave, than living to be-
come one of these vain, silly things—one of
these gay painted butterflies of fashion, flut-
tering and darting giddily after every false light,
thoughtless, purposeless, and worse than use-
less."

"But what can I do? Except by removing
her from present influences I know not how I
can ever hope to rescue my darling from a life
that would grieve me more than her death."

My leisure hours are few, and the very little
that I can do towards instilling right principles,
and fostering generous feelings in the heart of
my child, is counteracted under the tutelage of
the presiding genius of my home. And, some-
how, in the little one's plastic mind the bad im-
pression seems much more enduring than the
good.

"I have written very plainly to you, my
friend; in truth, to speak so freely of interior
disturbances is not common with me, but in
asking of you the favor that I have, I feel that
you will require to know the causes that neces-
sitate it. Once more, I entreat you, if the
trouble and care will not prove too great for
you, receive my little girl into your heart and
home, and teach her how to become a true and
noble woman; for here she will never be any-
thing other than one of those chattering, fan-
tastically bedizened monkeys, such as it re-
quires an extreme effort in a sensible man to
avoid despising. I was not 'sensible' once,
you think? Ah, well, time and experience
work many revolutions in our opinions. Of
this, no more. I await your decision."

"Respectfully yours,
"A. HARDING."

The answer.

"MY DEAR BROTHER:—I will receive Ruth
very gladly, though I feel by no means con-
fident that the results of my management will
meet your expectations, and still less that I
shall be able to discharge the duties of my new
office entirely to my own satisfaction. I could
wish also for Nettie's consent to the measure,
as without it I should regard myself guilty of
an officious interference with her rights. How-
ever ill-fitted she may be to have the sole di-
rection of her little girl I feel that nothing
short of the absolute certainty that her man-
agement would prove an abiding injury to the
child, could justify a forcible separation."

Very truly,
JANE PERCY."

From Nettie to Jane.

"What an insufferably long day Sunday al-
ways is, Sister Jane. I verily believe there
are more hours in it than in all the rest of the
week. I have just been making an arithmeti-
cal calculation of the time upon such premises,
and do but witness the result! Four hundred
and twenty seconds in a minute, four hundred
and twenty minutes in an hour, one hundred
and sixty-eight hours in a day! Bless my
soul, the thought is perfectly appalling! Talk
about 'killing time,' of a Sunday! It's just
like cutting off the heads of that awful Hydra
of mythological renown. Of course I attend

church. I wouldn't have you suppose me a
heathen. I never fail to go; firstly, because
it is a pious duty; secondly, because there's
no where else to go; and thirdly, because I
find it rather interesting, especially when the
new styles are coming out. Then, too, I
usually take a practice of reading a little in
some pious book, for I don't forget that I have
a soul to save, though for that matter I think
it's a great trouble to have a soul; it is always
interfering with a body's pleasure. But to-day,
having attended to these spiritual matters, and
slept off the fatigue of it, I still found a sur-
plus of time which I was at my wits' end to
know what to do with, till suddenly I bent
me of letters to write, and that seeming a
sufficiently disagreeable penance even for this
day of penances, I felt to it at once."

"I cannot tell you how relieved I feel since
you have taken charge of Natalie, (I will not
call the dear by that contrived name, Ruth—
that's one of Ambrose's queer whims, he thinks
it a sweet, womanly name—pish—I wonder
he did not call her Jane!) I don't think you
counted the trouble she will be to you. Such
an intolerable tease! such an incessant ques-
tioner! Dear me! it is enough to worry the
life out of one. I dare say, though, you will
have more patience with her than I had. You
are more fond of children than I, not that I re-
gard them as positive afflictions either—indeed,
if they were only always such nice, well-be-
haved creatures as one reads about, I should
like them extremely well, but even then I
wouldn't want to be pestered by them when I
wasn't in the mood for it. That was the trouble
with Natalie, you see; she couldn't have the
sense to perceive that when I was not in the
humor to pet and talk with her she must not
disturb me. It was a bright thought in Am-
brose to send her to you. (I suspect he got
the idea from one of the advocates of women's
rights, who has written a novel in which she
takes occasion to remark that parents are unfit
to have the care and government of their chil-
dren, a sentiment to which I cordially respond,
though I solemnly assure you, in other respects
I am not in the least 'strong minded.') For the
most part Ambrose is very kind indeed, though
he is so incessantly occupied with business
that he hasn't much time to devote to me.
Of this I cannot complain, however, as I very
freely enjoy the fruits of his industry, which
after all, (perhaps I oughtn't to confess it,) is
more satisfactory than his society would be."

Not that I don't love him, indeed I'm a most
affectionate wife, but then one's husband isn't
like one's lover any way. I found that out be-
fore I had been married three months, and it
was some time ere I could grow quite recon-
ciled to the fact. It's a common experience, I
suppose, though I don't know how it is with
you, I'm sure. You are peculiar, and I dare
say your courtship was conducted in such a
humdrum sort of a way that matrimony couldn't
prove over a step from the romantic to the com-
mon-place—I had almost said from the sub-
lime to the ridiculous—as it is in most cases.
Well, at any rate, I have my own way, and
that's better than love and kisses. My husband
has found out that I will do as I please, and
he doesn't often try to oppose me. I'd advise
you to begin the same way, Jane; there's noth-
ing like beginning right. Just let your hus-
band know that you must be humored, or—
there will be a fuss, and men will do most any-
thing to avoid that, at least Ambrose will—
But what's the use in talking to you? You
always were such a queer creature, in some
things so awfully independent, and in others
meek as a lamb. I never did understand you."

NETTIE.

"P. S. Isn't the new style of bonnets per-
fectly charming? I have such a love, and it is
so extremely becoming. Of course hubby
doesn't see it; he's much too abstracted for that,
but there are others not so blind. I haven't
faded a bit, Jane—indeed, I am told that I'm
growing lovelier."

"P. S. Be particular to keep Natalie snugly
dressed so as to insure a trim, slight form when
she is grown; she is inclined to stoutness, which
I abhor. Above all, don't let her play out of
doors much, for her complexion is spoiled for
a week by an hour in the sunshine."

"P. S. Ambrose is talked of for Repre-
sentative. I really hope it will amount to some-
thing more than talk. I would so like to spend
my winters at the Capital."

NETTIE.

A GOOD WHITEWASH. At this season peo-
ple generally set their houses in order and pre-
pare for the hot weather. As whitewash is in
great request it may not be inappropriate to
publish the following recipe. It is intended for
buildings or out door use but is also adapted for
walls. Let us say here that we have never
found anything equal to glue for fixing lime
on the walls. It should be liberally applied,
say half a pound to a wash tub full of white-
wash, and if well stirred in will never fail.
There is no greater nuisance than whitewash
that rubs off on everything that touches it.

—We quote from the Chemical Gazette.

"Take a clean water tight barrel, or some
suitable cask, and put into it a half bushel of
lime. Slack it by pouring boiling water over it,
and in sufficient quantity to cover five inches
deep, stirring it briskly till thoroughly slacked.
When slacking has been effected, dissolve in
water and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc
and one of common salt. These will cause the
wash to harden and prevent it cracking, which
gives an uneven appearance to the work. If
desirable a beautiful cream color may be com-
municated to the above wash, by adding three
pounds of yellow ochre. This wash may be
applied with a common whitewash brush, and
will be found much superior, both in appear-
ance and durability, to common whitewash."

Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE, MAY 25, 1866.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PATTENBURY & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 37 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 "MAXIM & WING, or 'WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE'."

BURGLAR.—On Thursday morning, about 2 o'clock, the house of Homer Percival, Esq., cashier of the People's National Bank, was entered by burglars—one or more—who were induced to turn and flee by an unexpected alarm. The nurse of a sick daughter of Mr. P. was lying on a lounge in the sitting-room, and the invalid slept in an adjoining bed-room. The burglar entered the front door, which was locked, with the key inside, and was first discovered entering the sitting-room, which was dimly lighted. He was masked, and otherwise disguised, and as he advanced towards the bedroom door he was boldly confronted by the watchman; when a scream from the invalid, that was promptly responded to by Mr. Percival, from a chamber close by, induced him to turn and escape. He did this so quickly that he found time to lock the door on the outside before Mr. P. reached it. Alarm was given from a window, and a neighbor promptly responded, but no discovery was made. The lady watchman thinks she saw another man in the hall, but is not sure.

It is surmised the object was to get possession of the keys of the bank; and we hear it said that Mr. P. had been accustomed to sleep in the bed-room towards which the burglar was aiming.

Signs were discovered at the residence of E. L. Getchell, Esq., Cashier of Waterville Nat'l Bank, that during the same night his premises were explored with the design of breaking in. We trust the prowling villains have passed along towards Bangor, where their calling is more popular; but we advise those who don't like burglars to keep a sharp lookout by way of locks, bolts and revelers.

"SHEEP SHEARING."—Bear in mind, ye farmers who are about shearing your flocks, to save one, two or more of your best, to be sheared at the festival on the 6th of June. No entries with the secretary are necessary, and no expense incurred. Good grade sheep are as much wanted at the shearing as more costly animals. There will be good representatives from the best flocks in this and neighboring towns. Among those who have promised to contribute in this way to this first festival of the N. K. Wool Growers Association, are Samuel Taylor, Dr. Bates, Dr. Boutelle, Jos. Percival, Eph. Maxham, Seth Wentworth, Joshua Nye, W. A. P. Dillingham, H. G. Abbott, I. W. Britton;—and many others. All classes of sheep should be represented, but especially our common "natives" and grades. It is as necessary to know what we have got, as what we can get—if we want to. There will no doubt be a liberal gathering of those interested in raising sheep; and as this festival is an experiment in this section, farmers and others concerned for its success are urged to be present—on Wednesday, June 6th, at 8 o'clock A. M., at Town Hall Common. The shear is set thus early in order that the shearing may be accomplished in season for a late dinner, so that the association may transact some business in the hall.

CHOICE PIGS.—Mr. Jona. Garland, of Winslow, recently sold a pig three weeks and two days old, weighing 21 pounds, for \$8.—Another of the same litter, at four weeks old, weighing 23 pounds, sold for the same price. Ten dollars was refused for a third, at five weeks old. The mother, which is a very choice animal, had a litter of seven, but lost three. Another sow, and some think a better one, has now a litter of eight, about a week old, which will no doubt find purchasers. They are a cross with a large and very fine breed kept by landlord Brown, of the Continental House.

RISE IN BUTTER.—Two cows belonging to Daniel McFadden were killed on the track of the S. & K. Railroad last week. The owner was the loser—so they say. If this should be urged as a reason for a rise of five or ten cents on butter, let nobody object, as poorer apologies than this are made for double the amount on flour, cotton, and a score of other things in which men speculate.

A valuable family horse, belonging to H. D. L. Milliken, had his leg broken by stepping into a hole in the stable floor, on Sunday last. A fine colt, owned by J. L. Sawney, Esq., came near bleeding to death, recently, after the operation of opening a small sore on its jaw. The operation probably cut a vein.

LETTER FROM HON. W. A. P. DILLINGHAM.

The political friends of Gen. Chamberlain, among whom, since Mr. Dillingham withdraws, are proud to be reckoned, should read the following letter with sentiments worthy of the frank, manly and patriotic spirit which dictated it. It makes no concealment of an honest intention to do them good.

Waterville, May 23, 1866.

To the Editors of the Waterville Mail.

GENTLEMEN:—Considerations of a public and of a personal nature induce me to ask the indulgence of your columns for a brief communication to the people of our State, and especially to those personal and political friends who have endeavored to give a determination of public sentiment favorable to my political advancement, in anticipation of the Union Convention at Bangor, when will be selected a candidate for the next Governor of Maine.

With becoming regard for the preference of friends, and with a grateful appreciation of their valuable offices, I have made up my mind to withdraw my name as a candidate for gubernatorial nomination, as in opposition to the gallant and well-deserving soldier, Gen. J. L. Chamberlain.

A few reasons may be stated in justification of this decision. There has been no change of principles; and there is no reluctance for a legitimate contest for honors.

But in this stage of national affairs, when a combination is forming to defraud the loyal millions, North and South, of the fruits of military victory, through the policy and effrontery of ambitious politicians, it is a time for thoughtful and truly earnest men to waive matters of personal aggrandizement, to subordinate every thing of a selfish character, and to postpone rivalries which propose only to elevate one man or another equally entitled to confidence.

Since the outbreak of the Rebellion there has been no more critical period in our political history than is furnished by the present time, extending onward to include the important elections to occur during the autumn of 1866. There is an unfinished work in the hands of the true men of the country. State governments based on sound republican principles should be continued and fortified by increased majorities, if possible, over those of last year. Men should be selected as standard-bearers of the party, whose honorable connection with the war, or whose ardent love of the "rights of human nature" will command the confidence and support of the greatest numbers.

The present Congress of the United States, for the passage of the "Civil Rights Bill" and for the wisdom and dignity displayed in standing on its own ground, and doing the will of the loyal States, and of the loyal people, deserves an emphatic endorsement at the next election of Governor and Representatives in Congress for the State of Maine.

Let the emulation of these days be that of striving to serve best the vital interests of the nation, to be true to the fundamental principles of republican government, thus securing personal elevation by maintenance of the Equal Rights of Man before the law.

Since the publication of Gen. Chamberlain's letter to Gen. C. H. Smith, of Eastport, in which he states his political views and principles so clearly and satisfactorily, and indicates his ability to grasp and handle the questions now before the country, there has been a marked growth of public favor towards him, as the man whom the people of Maine may be pleased to elect to the chief magistracy of the State.

In the lustrous annals of the war, more than thirty regiments of Maine volunteers find a well-earned chapter, both private and officers; and therein Gen. Chamberlain stands as a representative soldier, whom Maine sent out to the grand army of Freedom,—skilled and vigorous with sword and pen, whose voice and inspiring presence in front of battalions carried the national ensign on to victory; and whose elegant diction and oratory now captivate the most appreciative intelligence of the State.

His entrance into the rotunda of the State Capitol would make the old tattered battle-flags, that stand sentinel-like around its columns, start as if they heard the bugle call, and wave a touching, eloquent salutation at the memory of the hardships and struggles of the thirty thousand strong who went forth, but some of whom came back; and his induction to the chair of state be near the crimson canopy and conquering eagle would contribute to make the occasion, the circumstances of the hour, all a symbol of the public regard for those who, in the darkest days of the Republic, went to the front, leaving home, courting danger, braving death, to save a common country, that its territory, laws and institutions might be set apart forever to the freedom and progress of man.

Believing such considerations should have weight, I do most heartily and entirely accept Gen. J. L. Chamberlain as the man eminently qualified to become the next Governor of Maine.

Yours very sincerely,

W. A. P. DILLINGHAM.

NARROW DODGE.—Benj. Davis, a brakeman on the M. C. Railroad, had a very narrow escape, a few days ago, in a collision between his head and a bridge over the road. The head got a bad mark near the apex, but the bridge stood the blow. It was probably one of Dea. Scammon's building. Benjamin promises to try one of Dea's next time, and thinks he can "put it through."

THE RENO TIMES, a paper which has been published at Reno, Penn., for about six months, has just been discontinued for lack of patronage. Its only fault, we judge, was that it was altogether too good a paper and too expensive for its location. Let its editor try his hand in some larger center of a higher civilization, and he will not fail.

OUR TABLE.

BRAVE OLD SALT; or Life on the Quarter Deck.—Story of the Rebellion. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

No books for juveniles are more eagerly sought for or more extensively read than Oliver Optic's stories, and the last always seems the best. The "Army and Navy Stories," of which the present volume is the sixth, are filled with incidents of the late war, and in themselves furnish a good history of the rebellion. They are excellent books, too, enforcing lessons of virtue and patriotism, and will do good service in moulding aright the character of the youth of our country.

For sale by C. A. Hendrickson, at the New Bookstore, with all the works of Oliver Optic, and all the publications of Lee & Shepard.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for June, which completes a volume, is an unusually brilliant number even for this able monthly. A city daily thus enumerates and characterizes its contents:—

Mr. Longfellow has a sonnet, "Glottio's Tower," Mr. Whittier a ballad, "The Dead Ship of Harpersburg," and Mr. E. C. Steedman is the author of the verses, "The Mountain." Miss Field's third paper of reminiscences of Lincoln completes the series. Mr. Mitchell's novel, "Dr. John," is gracefully brought to a conclusion; the second half of "Griffith Gaunt" is begun; Mrs. Stowe turns her attention to new fields in the sixth number of her "Crimson Corner" series; and the entries quoted from Hawthorne's notes books are like the last instalment, those made at Brook Farm. The number begins with a short story, "Quickhands," by Mrs. C. A. Hopkins; Mr. John Burroughs contributes another of his readable budgets of facts about birds, under the heading, "In the Hemlocks"; Mr. C. J. Sprague has a conversational essay, "Tied to a Rope," "A Pioneer Editor," the only anonymous paper in the number, is a biography of Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, of the National Era; "Bad Symptoms," the concluding essay, is by Edmund Spenser. The literary notices treat of recent books on croquet, Mr. White's "Poetry of the War," "The Story of Kennett," "The South Since the War," and other recent books.

THE ATLANTIC is still without a rival in its peculiar province, and there is no abatement of energy on the part of its enterprising publishers.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$4 a year, and sold by periodical dealers everywhere.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for June is a capital number. It opens with the first instalment of Colonel Strotter's "Personal Recollections of the War," profusely illustrated, and all will acknowledge that Fort Crayon is as handy with pen and pencil as before the rebellion. This is followed by one of J. Ross Browne's characteristic articles, "The Reese River Country," with his own illustrations; and the number also contains an illustrated astronomical essay, and a portrait accompanying a biography of Dr. Barth, the African traveller. "Armada!" is concluded, and among the miscellaneous papers will be found one on "American Studies in Rome and Florence," a description from an inside point of view of "The Fall of Richmond," one on "Gladstone as Leader of the Commons," and the usual variety of verse and stories, with Monthly Record, special Editorial departments, etc.

Published by Harper Brothers, New York, at \$4 a year, and sold by all periodical dealers.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for April has the following table of contents:—

Railway Reform; The Royal Hospital of Bethlehem; The Situation in Austria; French Opinions of the English; The United States Constitution and the Secession; Paul Louis Courier; Commons round London; H. Taine on Art and Italy; Contemporary Literature.

It is a good number, and the articles on the Situation in Austria and on American affairs will be found especially interesting.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly, are promptly issued by L. Scott & Co. 38 Walker St., New York. Terms of Subscription: For any one of the four Reviews \$10 per annum; any two Reviews \$17; any three Reviews \$24; all four Reviews \$32; Blackwood's Magazine \$4; Blackwood and three Reviews \$18; Blackwood and the four Reviews \$25—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

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

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.

BEADLE'S MONTHLY, a Magazine of "Today."—The June number, which closes the first volume of this magazine, contains much good reading. The opening article on "Colorado," by Mr. Richardson, is very interesting, and the illustrations give it additional value. "The Dead Letter," an exciting story, is continued. Some of the other articles are—Our Entrance into Richmond; Personal Recollections of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz; The Story of a Night; A Flight into the Sky; Assassins and their Work—The Gunpowder Plot; Farmer Hope's Trouble; Pio Nono and Antongelli; His Wife about Him; Art Lines—Realistic Art; Snakes; My Every-Day Paths; with two poems by Alice Carey and John Neal.

This work has gained rapidly in popular favor in the short period of its existence, and its publishers promise there shall be no abatement of interest in the future.

Published by Beadle & Company, New York, at \$3 a year, and sold by all periodical dealers.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—The June number has two very fine pictures—"A Happy Party," and "The Future President," with patterns and designs, as usual, and a piece of music. The reading matter, which is always good, includes several stories, one of which will be found on our first page, "Petroleum," by Miss V. E. Tawessand, is continued, and "The Wrecked Household," by T. S. Arthur, is concluded.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—The embellishments in the June number are a steel engraving entitled "The Alphabet Lesson," a double-page colored fashion plate; "When the Cat's away, the Mice will play," an interesting domestic scene; and numerous smaller fashion engravings. There is a piece of music, and the number is full of good stories, including the commencement of "The Old Mill of Amoskeag," by the author of "Say I Love," and the continuation of "The Soldier's Orphans," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

Published by Charles J. Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for June has a dozen capital articles, in prose and poetry, for the little folks, with nice illustrations for each. Among them is a poem by Whittier; a charming story by Mrs. Stowe, entitled "Mother Magpie's Mystery," the third number of "The Four Seasons" series, by Miss Hall, teaching first lessons in botany in a very pleasant way; a good story by Trowbridge, etc. etc. This excellent work enlarges its circle of young readers with each succeeding issue.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$2 a year.

ANOTHER OLD LANDMARK GONE.—The old square-roof building south of "Ticonic Row," at the foot of Main St., which was built for the accommodation of the first bank established here, has been removed to north end, to be converted into a dwelling house in that section of the suburbs known as Dunnville, nearly opposite the College.

THE PRESIDENTIAL SERENADE, so long advertised, came off on Wednesday evening. Secretary Stanton was the only one who spoke at length; and he administered but cold comfort to the democrats and the ardent advocates of "my policy."

BISHOP BURGESS, of Gardiner, who had been in the West Indies during the winter, on account of ill health, died on board of a vessel for his location. Let its editor try his hand in some larger center of a higher civilization, and he will not fail.

GEN. HOWARD AND THE NEW CHURCH AT WASHINGTON.—At the meeting of the Congregational Union in Brooklyn last week, Gen. Howard begged for the proposed Congregational Church in Washington in the following style:—

"We must have this Washington church.—We are poor. I believe I am the richest member of the congregation, and I recently had to borrow money to buy a house, which cost \$8000, and when I subscribed \$1000 for this church I did not know how I was to pay for it. I went off to see my old mother, and while I was gone I lectured every night, and made money enough to pay my subscription. You'll notice that I am egotistical. I am also jealous to a certain extent. I am jealous of my military reputation, and when that is assailed I want some friend to defend me. Now I don't think the public has used me just right. Here in New York you have presented Gen. Grant with \$100,000, and Philadelphia has given him a house and lot, Gen. Meade has been presented with a house and lot, and Sherman and Sheridan have had valuable presents. Now I want a present. I have refused one or two, but now I want \$50,000 to build this Washington church, and I promise you that every cent you subscribe to me I'll give to the Lord Jesus Christ." The sum of \$5500 was subscribed on the spot.

WATERVILLE COLLEGE.—We learn that Mr. Esay, an eminent architect of Boston, is preparing the design of a building, which, it is hoped, will meet the desires of all the friends of this institution. It is to embrace a room for a chapel about 60 feet by 40, with an Alumni and Memorial Hall of the same over it, and a library projecting on the back side. It is intended to be placed south of the present college buildings, on a line with the others, and to terminate with a tower and entrance at the south end. The estimated cost is about \$30,000.

[Portland Press.]

The erection of such a building has been determined upon, we learn, and the plan is an excellent one, for while no better memorial could be devised, it will at the same time furnish a handsome building much needed on the College premises. The necessary funds must, however, first be raised, which the friends of the movement are confident can be easily done.

WATERVILLE ENGINE CO. No. 3.—The following is a list of the officers chosen at the recent meeting:—

J. P. Hill, Foreman.
Geo. Jewell, 1st Assistant.
E. F. Webb, 2d.
G. B. Broad, Clerk.
S. Keith, Asst. Clerk.
C. E. Williams, Foreman of Hose.
Standing Committee.—E. G. Meader, Geo. Jewell, C. R. McFadden.

THE WAY TO DO.—Mr. Obed Emery, of Fairfield, who last year obtained at this office, from the secretary of the agricultural society, some of the white sweet corn distributed from the patent office, has left a quantity of his crop with us to be distributed to those who want to try it.

See advertisement of Portland Steam Packet Co., for reduction of fare and other Summer arrangements. This is now a very convenient, pleasant and economical conveyance between Portland and Boston.

Rev. Clarence Fowler will preach in the Universalist Church at Kendall's Mill, next Sabbath morning and afternoon.

Gen. Geo. O. S. Ferry, the republican candidate, was elected U. S. Senator from Connecticut, on Wednesday.

It is expected that Rev. Mr. Stoddard, Missionary from Assam, will preach at the Baptist Church in this village, on Sabbath afternoon.

The European news is decidedly warlike. If fighting is once commenced, it will be on a gigantic scale; and when it is concluded some changes will have to be made on the map, and it is to be hoped that the people will have come into possession of rights now denied them.

The Fenians are fooling again on the border, and recently landed on Indian Island, and exchanged shots with the troops stationed there. The approach of a British steamer induced them to leave in a hurry.

There is a financial flurry, not in this country, as Johnny Bull sagely predicted, but in England, and those who fattened on our misfortunes, by blockade running and financial speculations, are rapidly coming to grief.

"THE PEOPLE" is the title of a large-sized, handsomely printed illustrated quarto paper, just started in New York. It is devoted to Literature, News, and the Industrial Interests of the people, and the numbers we have seen are well filled. Published by the People Publishing Company, No. 5, Frankfort St., New York, at \$2.50 a year.

BOMBARDMENT OF CALLAO.—By recent arrivals from Panama, we have news of the bombardment of Callao by the Spanish fleet as follows:—

On the 2d inst., at noon, the action commenced from the shore batteries. The fire was returned by the Berenguel, Villa de Madrid and Blanca on the Northern side, Munanca Resolution and Alhambra on the South.

The Villa de Madrid and Berenguela were so badly damaged early in the fight that they were obliged to withdraw to San Lorenzo and were afterwards followed by the Munanca and the rest of the fleet, all more or less damaged. The Spanish Admiral Nunez is said to have been badly wounded during the engagement. Senor Galvez, Secretary of war, was killed by the explosion of a battery. The fight lasted until 4 P. M. when it terminated by the withdrawal of the Spanish fleet. Very little damage was done to Callao, only a few hundred dollars worth of property being destroyed.

Exclusive of what the batteries suffered, ten Peruvians are reported killed and twenty wounded. Nothing reliable has been heard of the Spanish loss, but it is supposed to be very heavy. Owing to the short time which elapsed between the termination of the engagement and

the departure of the Vanderbilt, that vessel brings no further intelligence, nor was it known whether the Spaniards intended to renew the attack, but it is supposed they will not.

GEN. GRANT'S OPINIONS.—The editor of the Lewiston Journal has been favored with an interview with Gen. Grant at Washington, and sends to his paper some notes of the conversation which occurred. Gen. Grant recognizes the presence of disloyal sentiment in the South:—

"A year ago," said he, "they were willing to do anything; now they regard themselves as masters of the situation." "Some of the rebel generals," he added, "are behaving nobly, and doing all they can to induce the people to throw aside their old prejudices and to conform their course to the changed condition of things. Johnston and Dick Taylor particularly are exercising a good influence; but Lee is behaving badly. He is conducting himself very differently from what I had reason, from what he said at the time of the surrender, to suppose he would. No man at the South is capable of exercising a tenth part of the influence for good that he is, but instead of using it he is setting an example of forced acquiescence so grudging and pernicious in its effects as to be hardly realized."

The General expressed his opinion that the tone of "certain men and certain papers" at the North is doing incalculable mischief "in making the late rebels believe that they are just as much entitled to rule as ever, and that if they will only stand by what they are pleased to call their 'rights,' they will have help from the North," and reiterated his wish, expressed some time ago, that "the New York Daily News and kindred sheets" might be summarily suppressed. He expressed the same views given in his lately published letter, as to the needed immediate increase in the regular army, and casually remarked that he thought Sheridan, with two thousand American soldiers and plenty of American officers, could "clean out Maximilian" in six months, with the co-operation of the Mexicans.

Lemuel Cook, a soldier of the revolution, died on Sunday night at Clarendon, Orleans County, N. Y., aged 102 years.

Cholera, Dysentery, Coughs, Colds and Rheumatism are quickly cured by "American Life Drops."

The Hair Restorer that gives the best satisfaction is Pechaline. Used and sold everywhere.

THE LIQUOR LAW IN PORTLAND.—We see by the Portland papers that the authorities of that city have notified all places where liquors are kept for sale, including landlords of hotels, to close their bars or the penalties of the law would be inflicted. The Mayor says so long as he is in office and the liquor law is on the statute book he shall enforce the law without distinction. The Press says: "The police are very busy lately making seizures. Hardly a day passes but that some one or more places where liquors are sold are visited by the officers, seizures are made, and the penalty of \$20 and costs recovered, in the Municipal Court."

The would-be assassin of the Russian Emperor turns out to be one of a large band of conspirators who have been plotting his death ever since his act of emancipating the serfs.—Stringent measures are being taken for the apprehension of the aristocratic ruffians.

Our advertisements are worth reading.—Don't miss them, and do not scold and say, "I like your paper but there are too many advertisements." Your paper costs you two cents, which leaves only two cents for doing all the work to complete it. Now then, 50,000 small pieces of type have been picked up by nimble fingers and put in the right place to make up the reading part of the paper. All this will have to be thrown back into the cases, to finish the labor of one small paper—all this for two cents a paper! Where is the margin for profit?—[Ellsworth American.]

A call was made from the rooms of the American Missionary Association, March 22d, for funds to establish a colored orphan asylum at Wilmington, N. C. By the 10th of April \$1600 were pledged, when an individual donor came forward and asked the privilege of sustaining the whole cost of the enterprise.

A writer in the May number of "Good Words," in an article entitled "Quaker Philanthropy," among other things, shows what the Quakers of England have been doing for the freedmen in this country. From the year 1863, up to June, 1865, they had raised for this purpose not far from \$78,000, and the enterprise is still going forward. The money thus raised is forwarded to different associations in this country.

The Union State Convention of Virginia, in session at Alexandria, composed of ninety-five members, representing ten counties, adopted resolutions organizing themselves as the Union Republican party of Virginia, appointing a State Central Committee of nine members and giving them authority to form Central County Committees as they may deem expedient; regretting the want of harmony between Congress and the President; declaring that they will do all they can to bring about the mutual wish of both of initiating State action in favor of impartial qualified suffrage; expressing the opinion that all the members of a community are entitled to a voice in its elections, and strongly advocating a system of free schools.

The bill amendatory of the postal laws, provides that, after June 1st, 1866, prepaid and free letters shall be forwarded at the request of the party addressed, from one post office to another without additional postage charge, and returned dead letters shall be restored to the writers thereof free of charge, as shall also letters indorsed with a request to be returned to their writers; that money orders may hereafter be issued as high as \$50; that money orders shall be valid and payable when presented within one year after its date, but for no longer period; and in case of the loss of a money order, a duplicate thereof shall be issued without charge; and, finally, that persons willfully and maliciously injuring, or defacing, or destroying mail matter, shall be fined not more than \$500, or imprisoned not more than three years.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.—An exchange paper, among other suggestions which will enable a person to avoid the cholera, says: "Endeavor if possible, to keep a clear conscience, and two or three clean shirts. Rise with the lark, but avoid larks in the evening. Be above ground in all your dwellings, and above board in all your dealings. Love your neighbors as yourself, but don't have too many of them in the same house with you."

Commander Rogers writes to the Navy Department that the number of guns brought into action by the Spanish fleet at Callao was 240, mostly 32 and 68 pounders, while the Peruvians had but forty-five in all their batteries, five of which were Blakely's, four Armstrongs, and the remainder 32 pounders. He says that the fleet only withdrew from the action when their ammunition was exhausted, although the vessels were seriously damaged.

A petition from a "Soldier of the Union" was presented in the Senate by Mr. Sumner, asking that Jefferson Davis may be tried by court martial, and if found guilty that he be shot on the 4th of July next. Mr. Sumner took the occasion to say that the trial of Davis at Richmond, at this time, by jury, would be one of those comedies which would hereafter excite the derision of mankind.

APPROPRIATIONS FOR FORTS.—The fortification bill which has passed the Senate, and had previously passed the House, contained the following items: For Fort Popham, \$50,000; Fort Scammel, \$85,000; Fort George, \$50,000; Fort Constitution, Portsmouth, \$75,000. The appropriation for Fort Popham was inserted as an amendment by the Senate.

Counterfeit \$20 notes of the First National Bank of Boston are in circulation—a close imitation of the genuine notes, and well calculated to deceive. The back of the bill is rather coarse. The plate is liable to be altered to any of the national banks.

The Skowhegan Clarion says that Mr. Geo. Ladd, of Starks, sheared his Spanish Buck last week, and his fleece weighed (unwashed) 27 1/4 pounds. It was the growth of not quite a year.

THE CHOLERA SHIP ENGLAND.—Unexpected Revelations. The sinking of many barrels of "rinderpest" beef by the officers of the cholera ship England, in order to avoid a detection of its real character by the health officers at the New York quarantine, is asserted by many of the passengers who have escaped alive from that floating pest house and arrived at Middleton, Ct. These emigrants assert that they were fed on this distasteful beef; that, in their opinion, occasioned the cholera which swept off so many of her unfortunate passengers.

George Delany, now in State Prison at Concord, N. H., sentenced by a military commission to ten years imprisonment and a fine of forty-five thousand dollars for defrauding the government at Augusta, Maine, has applied to the Judge of the U. S. Circuit Court to be released from prison. The prisoner claims that under a late decision of the U. S. Supreme Court in the Indiana case he is illegally held.

Department commands in the South are generally issuing an order forbidding all persons engaged in the cultivation of land upon which the graves of United States soldiers may be located, to mutilate or obliterate the traces of such graves by plowing, or otherwise, or to disturb the head-boards, stones or fences around them, or by which they are marked.

General Neal Dow has gone to Europe to talk temperance and recruit his health. He is invited by sons of temperance in Great Britain to urge upon the people there the importance to their welfare of passing a prohibitory law or permissive bill.

The President has ordered the arrest and trial by court martial of all officers of the Freedman's Bureau in South Carolina who are engaged, or pecuniarily interested in, the cultivation of plantations, and General Strong has been sent to execute the order.

A fire in Bangor on Sunday morning destroyed four stores in the Emerson Block, Broad Street, occupied for manufacturing purposes by George W. Merrill, O. P. Merryman, C. T. Holland and Mr. Peavey. The whole loss is \$25,000 to \$30,000.

The Round Table gives Mr. Carlyle a round turn in criticising his University address, and ends with the following twist:—"The subject-matter is exceedingly common place, and only redeemed from stupidity by tricks of use of language which have originated, and it is hoped, will end with himself. And had the address appeared anonymously on this side of the water, we can recall no name which the public would be so apt to connect it with as that of George Francis Train."

Some people are as careful of their troubles as mothers are of their babies; they cuddle them, and rock them, and hug them, and cry over them, and fly into a passion if you try to take them away from them; they want you to fret with them, and to help them to believe that they have been worse treated than anybody else. If they could, they would have a picture of their grief in a gold frame hung over the mantle-shelf for everybody to look at. And their grief makes them ordinarily selfish—they think more of their dear little grief in the basket and in the cradle than they do of all the world beside; and they say you are hard-hearted if you say "don't fret." "Ah! you don't understand me—you don't know me—you can't enter into my trials."

Gen. Devens, commanding at Charleston, S. C., has received orders to muster out all white volunteers in that department, among them the 15th and 29th Maine and the 80th Mass.

WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS must be true, is an old proverb. And it is a fact beyond dispute that all tell one story about the almost miraculous cures performed by Cod's Dyspepsia Cure. Chronic and obstinate cases of Dyspepsia of long standing will surely give way to its curative powers. Indigestion, sick headache, heartburn, cramps, pains and colic, in either stomach or bowels, souring and rising of food, constipation, general debility, flatulency, cannot exist when Cod's Dyspepsia Cure is used. We beg of the afflicted to make the experiment; it can be found at all drugg stores.

There is but one standard perfume in America—Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus." All the foreign extracts have been ruled out of the market by the present tariff. This is not regretted, however, the "Night-Blooming Cereus" being superior to them all. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Secretary Seward has been making a speech to his townsmen at Auburn, N. Y. He is as smooth as oil, and makes everything wear a roseate

OPENING.

C. E. WILLIAMS

Respectfully informs his former customers and the public generally, that he has opened a

NEW SALOON
Corner of Main and Temple Streets.

is now open for the reception of visitors. Having fitted up his room in the best style, he will keep constantly supplied with the choicest quality of

Fruit, Confectionery, Pastry, Cakes, ICE CREAMS, &c.

embracing all the variety common to a first class Saloon. Parties supplied either at his rooms or at private residences, where short notice.

Pledging his best efforts to give satisfaction, he cordially hopes for liberal patronage.

C. E. WILLIAMS,
Corner Main and Temple Sts.
Waterville, Dec. 21, 1885.

NEW SKIRT FOR 1886.

The Great Invention of the Age in

HOOP SKIRTS.

THE INVOLVABLE

THE INVOLVABLE

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FIRE INSURANCE

Meader & Phillips,

AGENTS,
WATERVILLE.

Offer Insurance in the following companies—

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
OF HARTFORD, CONN.,

Incorporated in 1810, with perpetual charter.
Capital and Surplus, \$1,683,163.62.

ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY,
HARTFORD, CONN.,

Incorporated in 1819
Capital and Assets, \$3,860,651.78.
Losses paid in 45 years, \$17,485,804.71.

CITY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF HARTFORD,

Assets, July 1, 1884, \$405,656.63.

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

Apply to
MEADER & PHILLIPS,
Waterville, Me.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!
ARE YOU INSURED!

Having the Agency for the following well-known and reliable Fire Insurance Companies, I am prepared to issue policies on Manufacturing Establishments, Stores, Merchandise, etc., on the most favorable terms.

Village and Farm dwellings with their outbuildings, Furniture, Live Stock, Hay and Grain, insured as CHEAP as can be done elsewhere.

Apply to
MEADER & PHILLIPS,
Waterville, Me.

Home Insurance Company, New York,
Assets, \$7,144,060.00

Metropolitan Insurance Company, N. York,
Assets, \$1,044,148.48

Security Insurance Company, New York,
Assets, \$1,002,600.24

Niagara Fire Insurance Company, N. York,
Assets, \$1,246,831.30

Springfield Fire and Marine Ins. Co., Mass.,
Assets, \$535,784.40

Dirigo Insurance Company, Portland, Me.,
Cash Capital, \$200,000.00

N. E. Fire Ins. Co., Hartford, Conn.,
Ass. is, \$244,078.15

Travelers Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.,
Capital, \$500,000.00

Insures against Accidents of every Description.

This Agency affords a good opportunity, if you are not insured, to protect your property; and is not your duty thus to secure, perhaps your only, from being swept away in a single hour? Remember, "DEATH AND DANGER" are everywhere, and should have a lesson from the recent destructive fires in Augusta and Belfast.

The Maine Central Railroad, the Dunn Edge Tool Co., and College Buildings are insured at this Agency.

L. T. BOWTHY, Agent,
52 OFFICE—over Lowe's Drug Store, Main Street

MANLEY & TOZER

Having taken the store lately occupied by

N. S. EMERY,
corner of Main and Temple Streets, will keep constantly on hand a good assortment of

Groceries, West India Goods, FRESH MEATS AND FISH.

Which they propose to sell for CASH DOWN, as the credit system is detrimental to both buyer and seller; therefore they will adhere strictly to the "No Credit System."

CASH paid for most kinds of Produce.
Waterville, March 14th, 1886.

HOWE'S IMPROVED
Standard Platform and Counter Scales.

WARRANTED equal to any in use. For sale by
G. L. ROBINSON & CO., Agents.

A. F. CLARK,
DEALER IN

Groceries, Flour and Provisions,
Lime, Cement, Wooden Ware, — Fruit and Confectionery, — Tobacco and Cigars, — Meat and Fish Market.

Also Agent for
COE'S (Bradley's Patent) SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

All for sale on the most reasonable Terms.
Call and see.
Kendall's Mills, March 27th, 1886.

TRUCKING.
The old Team in New Hands.

HAVING purchased the Trucking establishment lately owned by E. L. Laundy and Son, the subscriber is ready to execute all orders for Trucking, of any kind or short notice and in good order. Orders may be left with Ira H. Lord.

REUBEN EMERY.

DENTISTRY.
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 in accordance with the latest improvements, is now prepared to receive his patients.

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

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. 18th, 1885.

LEAVITT SEWING MACHINES.

WE would call the attention of the people of Waterville and vicinity to the Leavitt Sewing Machine which we feel warranted in recommending as unsurpassed. It is the result of twenty years' experience, and combines many valuable improvements. It performs the full range of family sewing, and is extremely simple and durable in its construction. We would invite those who are in want of a superior Machine to call before purchasing.

Manufacturing Machines also for sale.
Rooms over Taylor & Marston's Clothing Store.

MRS. H. B. HASKELL, Acting Agent.

All kinds of STITCHING done in a thorough and satisfactory manner.
Waterville, Feb. 28th, 1886.

HOTEL FOR SALE.

THE well known WILLIAMS HOUSE, situated in the most desirable part of Waterville, is now for sale. It is a first class Hotel. The Stable will accommodate thirty or forty horses, with ample sheds and a convenient yard. An aqueduct from a spring belonging to the premises supplies the house and stable with water. The house is so generally known and patronized by the travelling community that a further description in an advertisement would be unnecessary.

Further particulars, if desired, can be obtained of
ISAAC W. BRITTON, Winslow,
or H. G. ABBOTT, North Vassalboro'.

FIVE DOLLARS REWARD!

THE above will be paid for evidence, in any case, that will lead to the conviction of any person for a violation of the Maine Law, within the limits of the town, after this date.
WATERVILLE, Oct. 19th, 1885.

GOLD MEDAL.
HERRICK ALLEN'S Gold Medal Saleratus, at CHITMAN'S.

Warranted Boots and Shoes.
A NEW invoice of WARRANTED Boots and Shoes for Ladies wear, received Thursday, at HASKELL'S New Boot and Shoe Store, opposite the Post Office. Give him a call.

Woodard & Chase's Patent Paste
FOR all purposes where paste or mucilage is needed. Better and cheaper than anything else of the kind.
At G. L. ROBINSON & CO'S.

FLOUR, of all grades, very low.
At I. R. DOOLITTLE & CO'S.

CHOICE BUTTER, of all grades, very low.
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W. A. CAFFEY,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

FURNITURE,

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Looking Glasses, Spring Beds, Mattresses, Children's Carriages, Willow Ware, Picture Frames &c.

Rosewood, Mahogany, and Walnut Burial Caskets.

Black Walnut, Mahogany, Birch and Pine Coffins, constantly on hand.

Cabinet Furniture manufactured or repaired to order.
Waterville, May 25, 1885.

ARNOLD & MEADER,
Successors to
ELDEN & ARNOLD,

Dealers in
Hardware, Cutlery, and Saddlery,

Iron, Steel, Springs, Axes, Anvils, and Vices,
Saw Plates, Bolts, Hubs, Bands, Dasher Rods, and Malleable Castings—Harness, Kannel and Dasher Leather—

BUILDING MATERIALS, in great variety.
Including Ger. and Am. Glass, Palate, Oils, Varnishes, &c., Carpenters' and Machine Tools—Carriage Trimmings; and a large stock of

Cook & Parlor Stoves, Furnaces, Registers, &c.
Only agents for the celebrated

WHITE MOUNTAIN COOKING STOVE.
All kinds of Tin and Sheet Iron Work made and repaired.

W. B. ARNOLD, N. MEADER,
No. 4, Boutelle Block, . . . Waterville, Me.

Some Folks Can't Sleep Nights!
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., S. BURR & CO., and WEEKS & POTTER, Wholesale Druggists, Boston, and DEWAS BARNES & CO., Wholesale Druggists, New York,

Are now prepared to supply Hospitals, Physicians, and the trade, with the standard and infallible remedy,
DOVE'S NERVE.

This article surpasses all known preparations for the Cure of all forms of

NERVOUSNESS!
It is rapidly expelling all preparations of Opium and Valerian—the well known result of which is to produce Costiveness and other ailments. It is the best remedy for all forms of Nervousness, and Spasms, and induces regular action of the bowels and secretory organs.

It is not a habit forming medicine, and is not so steadily, or not with any inferior approval. For Fits, Sleeplessness, Loss of energy, Peculiar Female Weaknesses and Irregularities of the Menstrual System, it is the best remedy known. It is the best remedy known to science. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢.

H. B. STORER & CO., Proprietors,
75 Fulton Street, New York.

THE TRAVELLER.
The shades of night were falling fast
As through an eastern city passed
A youth who bore a mild and sweet
And handsome face, and in his eye
A gleam of intellect and soul.

WING'S ANTI-BILIOUS FAMILY PILLS!
None are speaking and all are blind.
"Will they cure the sick and blind?"
Then from that eastern city clear
The words were heard, "WING'S PILLS!"
"WING'S PILLS! WING'S PILLS!"

Wing's Vegetable Family Pills!
This youth proved his assertion true by introducing a few of the many genuine testimonials in his possession, to wit:

SUFFERERS! READ THIS!
GARDNER, June 1st, 1883.

Dr. WING—Dear Sir: It is a pleasure to inform you of the great benefit received from the use of your Pills, which were obtained from you by mail some months since. I had been suffering for several years with Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, etc., and from the sickness and general debility suffered in consequence of the same, I was unable to do any kind of work. At last I had found all efforts for a cure to prove unavailing, until I had concluded there was no cure for me, and that I must submit to bear disease as patiently as possible, and probably should never have been induced to try your Pills, had I not seen the best reputation for the cure of Dyspepsia, I consented to try them, and finding myself so rapidly cured of what I considered a very dangerous case of Dyspepsia, I gave my confidence to continue their use, and such a cure has been effected for me that I consider them all they are recommended to be.

And then, both for myself and family, superior to any medicine we ever used. They have a large sale in this place, and I have enjoyed extensively of their use, and find that those who have bought them say again: that they are the most general satisfaction of any medicine ever introduced to my knowledge.

Proprietor of the Kennebec House, Gardiner, Me.

Dr. ANDERSON & SON, of Bath, know the medicinal properties of these pills and commend them in all cases of Biliousness, Sick-Headache, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Piles, etc.

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, &c.
For the good of the afflicted, I would say that I have been afflicted for over forty years with pain in my side, indigestion, and frequent vomiting, and my system was so debilitated that I was unable to do any kind of work. I have tried many remedies, but have found the skill of physicians. I have received a permanent cure, by the use of some three boxes of Wing's Pills. I have not recovered the same since I was cured.

FARMINGTON, ME.
A Mistake.

Mr. Charles White, a respectable citizen of Richmond, Me., says: "A man from out of town called on me for one box of Wing's Pills for himself and one box of another kind (do not like to call names) for a lady. Through mistake I gave him two boxes of Wing's Pills. The lady on receiving the Pills readily recovered the same night, and she is now well. She wanted her old favorite pill. But the mistake could not be readily rectified, and being sick and compelled to take something, she finally decided to try them, and found to her surprise that they did her more good than any other medicine she had taken, and sent me for three boxes more."

Sold by all medicine dealers.
1y—39

Soldiers of 1861, 1862 and 1863.
By the provisions of a law before Congress, you will be entitled to a LAND WARRANT.

Having unusual facilities, by reason of long experience in the business, I can procure these Warrants at a much lower rate than any other agent in Washington or Maine. I shall attend to their presentation personally, and can obtain a prompt settlement of the cases entrusted to my charge.

Land Warrants, when obtained, purchased at the highest market value.

Application will be made on receipt of your discharge, for which a receipt will be returned to you, and your discharge forwarded when desired.

No charge unless successful.
Direct,
H. W. TRUE,
Augusta, Me.

Refer for experience and responsibility, to Hon. Samuel Cony, Gov. of Me.; Hon. J. H. Smith, U. S. Senator; J. L. Hodson, Adm'l Gen'l; Hon. J. G. Blaine, M. C.; Col. F. M. Smith, Paymaster U. S. A.; Capt. A. O. Holmes, A. A. M. Gen'l; Major Col. J. H. Smith, U. S. Vols., and Officers and Soldiers in every Maine Organization.

West India Goods and Groceries,
(Late J. P. Hill's, in Fry's Building, under the Mail Office.)

RESPECTFULLY informs the public that he has bought the stock in trade of Mr. J. P. Hill, and proposes to keep constantly on hand a full assortment of first class West India Goods and Groceries—consisting of

Flour, Corn, Meal, Codfish, Tobacco, Teas, Sugars, Molasses, Coffee, &c., &c.

Embracing a vast variety, such as will meet the wants of all classes of customers.

With the best efforts to give satisfaction, both in the quality and price of his goods, he respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.
Waterville, Dec. 5, 1885.

THE PLACE TO BUY
THE Patent Milk Pan, and Tin Ware of all kinds, at G. L. ROBINSON & CO'S, Main Street.

Insurance Agency, at Kendall's Mills.
J. H. GILBRETH

Agent for the following companies—
Travelers Insurance Company, of Hartford, Insures against accidents of all kinds, at home and abroad. Capital \$600,000.

Somerset Mutual Fire Insurance Company, at Showegon.
Bangor Mutual Fire Insurance Company, of Bangor. Capital \$100,000.

Home, N. Y. Insurance Company, Capital \$2,000,000.

CHOCOLATE, for wrapping.
At ARNOLD & MEADER'S.

TEN DOLLAR EXCHANGE, for sale at Reduced Prices.
At ARNOLD & MEADER'S.

CHOCOLATE, for wrapping.
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