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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 20, No. 42): April 19, 1867

Maxham & Wing

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The Boston Markets,  
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DEERING, MILLIKEN & CO.,  
JOBBER OF  
DRY GOODS AND WOOLLENS,  
have removed to their new and spacious store  
50 & 60 Middle, cor. Market St.,  
the site occupied by them previous to the fire.

D. M. & Co. are agents for the State of Maine for the Em-  
pire Sewing Machines.

Ray & Taylor's enameled and cloth imitation paper  
goods.

Selling agents for Farmhouse Manufacturing Co. Pen-  
sanceville Mills, Cumberland Mills, Dixfield Mills, Madison  
Falls Co., and for the Deane & Wren's Banner Mills cotton  
Warp Yarn and Net Tents.

Portland, March 20, 1867.

GROCERIES

The subscriber offers for sale at the stand of  
the late  
MR. BENJ. PLATT,  
HANSOM'S BLOCK,  
A good Stock of Groceries

Containing Tea, Coffee, Molasses, Spices and all varieties  
in this line

Also, Oranges, Figs, Raisins, Currants, and a variety  
of Confectionery.

He hopes by constant attention to business to merit a share  
of patronage. March 21st, 1867.

AMOS C. SPARK

SPECIAL NOTICE.

D. & M. GALLERT

Would respectfully give notice to the public in general, that  
they have marked down their stock of

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods,  
BOOTS, SHOES, AND RUBBERS,  
at retail, lower than they can be bought for at wholesale, for  
the next

THIRTY DAYS.

to make room for their new Spring Stock. We shall sell our  
Goods lower than they are sold at any place on the river. We  
have a full stock of

DOMESTIC GOODS,  
consisting of Brown and Bleached Sheetings, Flannels, &c.,  
HOUSEKEEPING GOODS,  
Such as Linen Table Covers, Towels, Cravats, Napkins,  
Doyles, Bedspreads, &c.,  
DRESS GOODS,  
Alpacas, Delaines, all wool and cotton and wool Poplins, new  
styles Cashmeres, Moulting Goods, Prints, Orlins, &c.,  
also a full assortment of small wares, Hosiery,  
Shirts, Balmain Shirts, Gloves,  
&c., &c., &c.

Boots and shoes of all kinds.

Purchasers have only to call and see for themselves, to be  
convinced that we sell lower than they can be bought for  
everywhere else. Please give us a call before purchasing.

D. & M. GALLERT,  
Opposite the Williams House.

THOROUGHbred STOCK

For Sale.

I now have left for sale 5 pure bred DUR-  
HAM BULLS, from 10 to 25 months old, all  
from superior Dairy Stock, and all vig-  
orous and full of milk. Also a few  
COWS and HEIFERS to calve this Spring,  
by my thoroughbred bull Gen. Smith,  
also a full assortment of small wares, Hosiery,  
Shirts, Balmain Shirts, Gloves,  
&c., &c., &c.

Boots and shoes of all kinds.

Purchasers have only to call and see for themselves, to be  
convinced that we sell lower than they can be bought for  
everywhere else. Please give us a call before purchasing.

D. & M. GALLERT,  
Opposite the Williams House.

7-30'S OF 1864

EXCHANGED FOR  
5-20'S

WITHOUT CHARGE, BY  
KLING & POTTER, BANKERS,  
AUGUSTA, ME.

Dealers in U. S. Bonds.

Bonds Ready for Delivery.

Insurance Office Removed.

L. T. BOOTHBY

Has removed his office from Plummer's Building to the room  
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Where he is prepared, at a short notice, to issue

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On the most favorable terms, and in reliable and well-known  
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&c., &c., of any size and finished with desired ink. Oil or  
Water colors. Prices as low as good work can be afforded,  
and satisfaction given as to quality and price. Samples may  
be seen at the Rooms, and prices obtained.

Printing done to order.

Waterville, Jan. 11, 1867.

FOR SALE, OR TO LET.

ONE undivided half of the place now occupied by  
Dr. A. A. Allen situated at West Waterville. Pos-  
session given the first of May. For further in-  
formation inquire of

J. M. ROBINSON.

Greene, March 26th, 1867.

# Waterville Mail.

VOL. XX.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . . FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1867.

NO. 42.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

BY MRS. S. C. EDGARTON.

I prayed for Beauty—for the magic spell  
That blinks the wisest with its potent thrall,  
And slits the first in the festive hall,  
I would have seen the lordliest bed the knee;  
The loveliest bow, or dazling by the charms;  
While he I long had vainly loved—ah, he,  
Subdued, should fondly clasp me in his arms!

But Beauty o'er my spirit wove her wing,  
Yet shed no brightness on my form or face;  
And passing years but darker shadows fling  
Upon the cheek where care hath left its trace.  
My prayer if heard in heaven, hath been denied;  
No heart bows humbly 'neath my Beauty's sway:  
And he I loved now seeks a fairer bride,  
With brighter blushes and a smile more gay.

I prayed for Riches. O for lavish wealth,  
To pour in golden showers on this I loved!  
I would have gladdened my youth and health,  
Could I, by gifts like these, my love have proved.  
I prayed for riches, that my love should share  
I might with gifts and costly tribute kneel;  
And touch the treasures of Golconda's mine  
Too poor to show the fervor of my zeal.

Ah! wealth came not; and the liberal deeds  
My heart devised, my hand must fain forego;  
And though o'er prostrate truth my spirit bleeds,  
In vain the aid of magic gold I woo.  
The poor may plead to me for daily food,  
And they I love in daily want may pine;  
And while my heart's warm blood, my heart's warm blood,  
But other gifts than this can't ever be mine.

I prayed for Genius—for the power to move  
Hard hearts, and reckless minds, and stubborn wills;  
To execute the deeds of holy love,  
And light a truth fine upon a thousand hills.  
I prayed for Eloquence to plead the cause  
Of human rights and God's eternal grace;  
To cry aloud o'er Mercy's outraged laws,  
And speed the great redemption of my race.

But all in vain. My feeble tongue can breathe  
No portion of the fire that burns within;  
In vain my fancy vivid thoughts may weave  
In scorching flames to vanquish human sin.  
Powerless my words upon the air float by,  
And wrong and crime disdains the weak crusade;  
While vision gleams on me its exultant eye,  
And bids me show the conquest I have made.

I prayed for Peace—for strength to bear  
The agonies of my child's life;  
For patient faith to struggle with despair,  
And shed a brightness o'er my low estate.  
I prayed to be content with humble deeds,  
To follow meekly where my duty leads,  
Through the thorniest of the lowliest life it lies.

This prayer was answered; for a peace divine  
Spread through the inmost depths of all my heart;  
I felt that same old love was mine,  
Which fell on her who chose the better part.  
What though the world abroad ne'er hears my name?  
What though no chains upon weak hearts I bind?  
It is a happier lot than wealth or fame  
To do my duty with a willing mind.

### "FOR FATHER'S HONOR."

"So much gone! I might have known how  
it would be!" said Mr. Sterling, looking up  
from the morning paper, with a most unpleas-  
ant expression upon his face.

"What is gone?" asked his wife.

"My money is gone, answered Mr. Sterling,  
fretfully.

"That money I was foolish enough to lend  
Mr. Granger."

"Why do you say that?"

"He's dead," replied Mr. Sterling coldly.

"Dead?" The wife's voice was full of  
surprise and pain. Sorrow overshadowed her  
face.

"Yes, gone, and my tidings with him.  
Here's a notice of his death. I was sure when  
I saw him go away that he'd never come back,  
except in his coffin. Why will doctors send  
their patients from home to die?"

"Poor Mrs. Granger! Poor little orphans!"  
sighed Mrs. Sterling. "What will they do?"

"As well without him as with him," was  
the answer of her husband, who was only  
thinking of the three hundred dollars he had  
been over-persuaded to loan the sick clergy-  
man, in order that he might go South during  
the winter. "He's been more of a burden  
than a support to them these two years."

"Oh, Harry? how can you speak so?" re-  
monstrated Mrs. Sterling. "A kinder man  
in his family was never seen. Poor Mrs.  
Granger! She will be heart-broken."

"Kindness is cheap and easily dispensed,"  
coldly replied Mr. Sterling. "He would be of  
more use to his family if he had fed and  
clothed them better. I reckon they can do  
without him. If I had my three hundred dol-  
lars I wouldn't."

But he checked for shame, not for any bet-  
ter feeling, the almost brutal words his heart  
sent up to his tongue.

Not many yards away from Mr. Sterling's  
handsome residence stood a small plain cottage  
with a garden in front neatly laid out in  
bordered walks, and filled with shrubbery. A  
honey-suckle, twined with a running rose-bush,  
covered the lattice porch, and looked in at the  
chamber windows, giving beauty and sweet-  
ness. The hand of taste was seen everywhere,  
not lavish but discriminating taste. Two years  
before there was not a happier home than this  
in all the pleasant town of C—. Now the  
hand of death was upon it.

"Poor Mrs. Granger! Poor little orphans!"  
Well might Mrs. Sterling pity them. When  
her mercenary husband was signing over the  
loss of three hundred dollars, the young widow  
lay senseless, with her two little ones weep-  
ing over her in childish terror. The news of  
death found her unprepared. Only a week be-  
fore she had received a letter from Mr.  
Granger, in which he talked hopefully of his  
recovery. "I am stronger," he said; "my  
appetite is better; I have gained five pounds  
in flesh since I left home." Three days after  
writing this letter there came a sudden change  
of temperature; he took cold, which was fol-  
lowed by congestion of the lungs, and no medi-  
cal skill was sufficient for the case. His body  
was not sent home for interment. When the  
husband and father went away, two or three  
months before, his beloved ones looked upon  
his face for the last time in this world.

Love and honor made the heart strong.  
Mrs. Granger was a gentle, retiring woman.  
She had leaned upon her husband very heav-  
ily; she had clung to him as a vine. Those  
who knew her best felt most anxious about her.  
"She had no mental stamina," they said; "she  
cannot stand alone."

But they were mistaken. As we have just  
said, love and honor made her heart strong.  
Only a week after Mr. Sterling read the news  
of the young minister's death, he received a  
note from the widow.

"My husband," she said, "was able to go  
South, in the hope of regaining his health,

through your kindness. If he had lived, the  
money you loaned him would have been faith-  
fully returned, for he was a man of honor.  
Dying, he left that honor in my keeping, and  
I will see that debt is paid. But you will have  
to be a little patient with me."

"All very fine," muttered Mr. Sterling, with  
a slightly curling lip. "I've heard of such  
things before—they sound well. People will  
say of Mrs. Granger, 'What a noble woman!  
What a fine sense of honor she has!' But I  
shall never see the three hundred dollars I was  
foolish enough to lend her husband."

Very much to Mr. Sterling's surprise, not a  
little to his pleasure, he discovered about three  
months afterwards, that he was mistaken in his  
estimate of Mrs. Granger. The pale, sad,  
fragile little woman brought him the sum of  
twenty-five dollars. He did not see the tears  
in her eyes as he displayed her husband's note,  
with its dear familiar writing, and made there-  
on, with considerable formality, an endorse-  
ment of the sum paid. She would have given  
many drops of her heart's blood to have been  
able to clutch that document from Mr. Sterling's  
hands. His possession of it seemed like a blot  
on the dear, lost one's memory.

"Katie Granger is the queerest little girl I  
ever knew," said Flora Sterling to her mother,  
on the evening of the very day on which his  
first payment was made. Mr. Sterling heard  
the remark, and letting his eyes drop from the  
newspaper he was reading, turned his ears to  
listen.

"I think her a very nice little girl," replied  
the mother.

"So she is nice," returned the child, "but then  
she is queer."

"Oh, she isn't like the rest of us girls. She  
said the oddest thing to-day—I almost laughed,  
but I'm glad I didn't. Three of us, Katie,  
Lillie Roulford and I, were walking round the  
square at recess time, when Uncle Hiram came  
along, and taking out three bright tea cen-  
t pieces, he said, 'here's a dime for each of you  
girls to buy sugar plums.' Lillie and I scrun-  
tined out, and were starting away for the candy-  
shop in an instant; but Katie stood still, with  
her share of the money in her hand. 'Come along,'  
I cried. She didn't move, but looked strange  
and serious. 'Ain't you going to buy candy  
with it?' I asked. Then she shook her head  
gravely, and put the dime in her pocket, saying  
(I don't think she meant me to hear the words).  
'It's for father's honor!' and leaving us, went  
back to the school-room. What did she mean  
by that, mother? Oh, she is strange."

"Her mother is very poor," you know," re-  
plied Mrs. Sterling, laying up Katie's singular  
remark to be pondered over.

"She must be," said Flora, "for Katie has  
worn the same frock to school every day for  
almost three months."

Mr. Sterling, who did not let a single word  
of this conversation escape him, was far from  
feeling so comfortable under the prospect of  
getting back the money he had loaned Mr.  
Granger, as he had felt an hour before. He  
understood the meaning of Katie's remarks—  
"It's for father's honor," the truth flashing at  
once through his mind.

There was another period of three months,  
and Mrs. Granger called again upon Mr. Ster-  
ling, and gave him twenty-five dollars more.  
The pale, thin face made a strong impres-  
sion on him: it troubled him to take the money  
from her small fingers, in which the blue veins  
shone through the transparent skin, as it was  
counted out. He wished she had sent the  
money instead of calling. It was on his lips to  
remark, "Do not trouble or pinch yourself to  
pay faster than is convenient, Mrs. Granger,"  
but civility whispered that she might take ad-  
vantage of his considerate kindness, and so he  
kept silent.

"No dear, it's for father's honor," I can't  
spend it."

Mr. Sterling was passing a fruit shop, where  
two children were looking in at the window,  
when this sentence struck upon his ears.

"An apple won't cost but a penny, Katie,"  
and I want two so badly," answered the younger  
of the two children; a little girl not five years  
of age.

"Come away, Maggie," said the other, draw-  
ing her sister back from the window. "Don't  
think about them, sister Katie," pleaded the  
child.

It was more than Mr. Sterling could stand.  
Every word of his own children was supplied.  
He bought fruit by the barrel. And here was  
a little child pleading for an apple, which cost  
only a cent! but the apple was denied, because  
the penny must be saved to make good the dead  
father's honor. Who held that honor in pledge?  
Who took the sum total of these pennies saved  
in the self denial of little children, and added  
them to his already brimming coffers? A feel-  
ing of shame burned the cheeks of Mr. Ster-  
ling.

"Here, little ones," he called, as the two  
children went slowly away from the shop win-  
dow. He was touched with the sober look in  
their sweet young faces as they turned at his  
invitation.

"Come in, and I'll get you some apples," he  
replied.

Katie held back, but Maggie drew out her  
hand to accept the offer, for she was longing  
for the fruit.

"Come," repeated Mr. Sterling, speaking  
very kindly.

The children then followed him into the  
shop, and he filled their aprons with apples and  
oranges. Their thankful eyes and happy faces  
were in his memory all day. This was his re-  
ward, and it was sweet.

Three months more, and again Mr. Sterling  
had a visit from the pale young widow. This  
time she had only twenty dollars. It was all  
she had been able to save, she said; but she  
made no excuse and uttered no complaint.  
Mr. Sterling took the money and counted it  
over in a hesitating way. The touch thereof  
was pleasant to his fingers, for he loved money.  
But the vision of sober child faces was before  
his eyes, and the sound of pleading child voices  
in his ears. Through over-taxing toil and the  
denial of herself and little ones, the poor widow  
had gathered this small sum, and was now pay-  
ing it into his hands, to make good the hono-  
rable contract of her dead husband. He hesitated,  
ruffling in a half absent way the edges of a little  
pile of bills that lay under his fingers. One  
thing was clear to him—he never would take  
anything more from the widow. The balance  
of the debt must be forgiven. People would

not understand the widow's case; they would  
hear of her self-denial, and that of her children,  
in order to pay the husband's and father's debt,  
in order to keep pure his honor; and they  
would ask—naturally—why was the exacting  
creditor? This thought affected him deeply.

Slowly, as one in whose mind doubt still  
went on, Mr. Sterling took from his desk a  
large pocket-book, and selected from one of the  
compartments the note on which Mrs. Granger  
had now made three payments; for some mo-  
ments he held it in his hands, looking at the  
face thereof. He saw written down in clear  
figures the sum, \$300. Seven of this had  
been paid. If he gave up the slip of paper, he  
would lose two hundred and thirty dollars.  
It was something of a trial for one who loved  
money so well, to come up squarely to the issue.  
Something fell in between his eyes and the note  
of hand. He did not see the writing and fig-  
ures of the obligation, but a sad, pleading little  
face, and with the vision of this came to his  
ears the sentence—"No, dear, it's for father's  
honor."

The debate in Mr. Sterling's mind was over.  
Taking up a pen he wrote across the face of  
Mr. Granger's note the word "cancelled," and  
then handed it to the widow.

"What does this mean?" she asked, looking  
bewildered.

"It means," said Mr. Sterling, "that I hold  
no obligations against you or husband."

Some moments went by ere Mrs. Granger's  
thoughts became clear enough to comprehend  
it all. Then she replied, as she reached back  
the note:—

"I thank you for your generous kindness—  
but he left his honor in my keeping, and I must  
maintain it spotless."

"That you have already done," answered  
Mr. Sterling, speaking through emotions that  
were new to him; "it is as white as snow."

"In he thrust upon her the twenty dollars  
she had just paid him."

"No, Mr. Sterling," the widow said.

"It shall be as I will!" was the response.

"I would rather touch fire than your money.  
Every dollar would burn upon my conscience  
like living coals!"

"But keep this last payment," urged the  
widow; "I shall feel better."

"No, madam! Would you throw fire upon  
my conscience? Your husband's honor never  
had a stain. All men knew him to be pure  
and upright. When God took him, He as-  
sumed his earthly debts, and did not leave upon  
your heavy burden of their payment. But he  
left with you another and most sacred obli-  
gation, which you have overlooked in part."

"What?" asked the widow, in an almost  
startled voice.

"To minister to the wants of your children,  
whom you have pinched and denied in their  
tender years—giving of their meat to earn an  
obligation which death had paid. And you  
made me a party in the wrong to them. Ah,  
madam!"—Mr. Sterling's voice softened very  
much—"if we could all see right in the right  
time, and do right at the right time, how much  
of wrong and suffering might be saved! I  
honor your true-hearted self-devotion; but I  
shall be no party to its continuance. As it is,  
I am your debtor in the sum of fifty dollars, and  
will repay it in my own way and time."

Mr. Sterling made good his word. Under  
Providence, this circumstance was the means  
of breaking through the hard crust of self-  
denial and cupidity which had formed around his  
heart.

He was not only generous to the widow in  
after years, but a doer of many deeds of kind-  
ness and humanity to which he had been in  
other times a stranger.

ENGLISH CHILDREN.—Let us take a drive  
through some of the streets of London: As  
we stand waiting in the hall for a cab the gov-  
erness passes us with her charge. She is a  
bonny-looking, lady-like girl, neatly dressed in  
drab-colored merino, and by the clatter they  
all make, the troupe is well supplied with  
thick-soled, heavy boots. They are going out  
for their three or four mile walk. There is a  
park opposite where they might ramble and  
play; but as the father says they must get out  
of sight of the house, out of the way of fa-  
miliar surroundings; so twice a day they are  
sent off, and never do less than their two miles  
except in rainy weather. There's the kind of  
training to make bluish roses bloom on each  
hearty, healthy face. No wonder Englishmen  
and English women look ruddy and strong, in  
spite of their ale, when one sees such founda-  
tions laid.

The little children are only manly, only  
womanly, so-called, in one thing; and that is  
politeness. Well-bred children in England  
may well be termed little ladies and gentlemen.  
"I beg your pardon," and "I am giving you  
too much trouble, I fear," are so ready on their  
little six-year-old tongues! They express  
themselves so well and so gracefully! I im-  
agine they are taught more reverence for their  
elders than is customary in other countries.  
They are never shamefaced or skulking, and  
their wholesome countenances are as good to  
look at as pictures.—[Watchman and Reflector.

How stealthily the years creep upon us, one  
by one, until we are startled to find ourselves  
old! It is curious to see what different esti-  
mates people put upon old age at different peri-  
ods of their own lives. To the youth in his  
teens the man of middle age appears quite an-  
tiquated, but when he himself arrives at forty  
years he can scarce believe he is no longer  
young, and he is astonished to see so many who  
were but infants the other day now jostling  
him as full grown men in the race of life.  
Said one gentleman to another once in our  
hearing, "What has become of all the old men?  
When you and I were boys there were many old  
gentlemen about, but they seem to be gone."

"Ah," said his friend, with a smile, "ask these  
youngsters where the old men are. They'll tell  
you—and you will find yourself among them!"  
—[Portland Transcript.

MILEAGE TICKETS.—Tickets for 500 miles at  
81-2 cents per mile are now sold on the Portland  
and Kennebec road. These are good at any  
time for any distance on the road, and only  
cost about one half the regular fare. Thus, if  
one has one of these tickets and wishes to go  
to Richmond, the conductor cuts out ten miles  
and it costs the passenger twenty-five cents.  
They are very handy for those who travel a  
good deal.—[Gard. Journal.

## OUR TABLE.

### A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By Charles Dickens. With Sixty-Four original Illustrations  
from designs by John McLenan. Author's Ameri-  
can Edition Philadelphia: F. B. Rothman & Poth-  
ers.

A Tale of fearful and thrilling interest, is this "Tale  
of Two Cities," bringing into startling relief some of the  
best and some of the best traits in human nature; and  
forming a great contrast in its seriousness, to the first  
work of Dickens, "The Pickwick Papers." In this  
edition, the publishers present it on a broad page of fine  
paper, handsomely printed; profusely illustrated, and  
with an elegant binding of green morocco cloth, em-  
bellished by a gilt title and a medallion portrait of Dick-  
ens, making the volume ornamental as well as useful.  
To show how liberally these publishers deal with the  
author, we copy the following from the Philadelphia  
Review Telegraph:

How LIBERALLY PAYS.—We have grown so accus-  
tomed to listening to the denunciations from British au-  
thors on the pirate publishers of America, we are in-  
clined to accept as true their bill of grievances. The  
fact is, however, that many of the most respectable pub-  
lishing houses always pay authors most liberally for  
their works. Let us instance the case of Charles Dick-  
ens. Since the appearance of the "Pickwick Papers" Mr.  
Dickens has always paid to Mr. Dickens a large sum  
in gold for the privilege of publishing in advance  
the various tales of that author in a serial form. After  
they have been completed, F. B. Rothman & Bros., of  
Philadelphia, by repaying to Harper half the total ex-  
pense, (besides the completed stories, and issues them in book  
form. To show that the amounts paid were not paltry,  
we find that he was paid for "The Tale of Two Cities,"  
\$1000 for "Great Expectations," \$1250 and for "Our  
Mutual Friend" another \$1000, making a grand total  
for three works of over \$16,000 in gold, or \$24,000 in  
greenbacks. The total amount paid for his various  
works by Harper and Peterson exceeds \$60,000. We  
noticed that Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have also sent him  
a sum for the Portland Edition of £300.

The price of this edition is very low—\$1.25 per vol-  
ume in elegant binding, or in handsome paper cover for  
\$1.00. Sent free on receipt



# Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, APR. 19, 1867.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PRATTEN & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 22 South Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 23 Congress Street, Boston, and 58 Cedar Street, New York, and T. C. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

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

## OUR WATER POWER.

### WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH IT?

This is a question which our citizens are now called upon to answer; and that they may be prepared to do it understandingly, a meeting will be held at Town Hall, next Monday evening, at which full statements of the present condition of the enterprise will be submitted by the officers of the Ticonic Water Power Company.

Of the value and importance of this water power to our town not a word need be said at this time; it has been our pride and boast time out of mind; and it has always been confidently pointed to as the sure source of our growth and prosperity in a brighter future. Confident of its value to others as well as to ourselves, we have waited, idly and all too patiently, for the coming of wealthy capitalists from abroad, who were to grow richer by its improvement, and bring in a flow of wealth of which we could all quaff our fill. But we have waited for this Herculean Crusade in vain, while the business of our village has been slowly drying up, and wisdom would now seem to counsel that we put our own shoulders to the wheel.

The individuals composing the Ticonic Water Power Company have obtained a charter, and bought or bonded all the property needed for the development of our magnificent water power on a large scale; surmounting many obstacles formerly in the way and getting a control of the territory never before obtained, and which, if this opportunity is lost, will probably never be had again. In fulfillment of an implied contract, and like honorable men as they are, they now offer to their fellow citizens the advantage of all their labors, content to have the work pressed with vigor from where they leave it. Shall we accept this offer, and, taking this great enterprise into our own hands, manage it wisely for our best good? or shall we fail to secure this vantage ground, and either let the whole thing fall through, or see it surrendered to those who, in the self-interest of human nature, will narrowly improve it for their private benefit, leaving the broad public interest to follow only incidentally, if at all?

Think over the whole matter, and come out on Monday evening and let us reason together. If we accept the offer made us, very well; if we do not, no matter what course is pursued, we are to forever after hold our peace.

Remember—Monday evening next, at 7 o'clock, at Town Hall—and we hope to see a large number of our Winslow neighbors, whose interest in this enterprise is identical with ours.

A correspondent of the Portland Press makes very just and pleasant notice of Mr. Hathaway's shirt manufactory, in this place. He says "all dealers in first class ready made clothing know of 'Hathaway's Shirts,'" and he might have added, that while these shirts give the highest satisfaction to a large and very discriminating class of customers, they also give profitable and honorable employment to a large number of worthy women and girls in this and neighboring towns. Mr. Hathaway's establishment is a pattern of neatness and good order, and well calculated to promote the interests of our village. It is one of the few manufacturing enterprises of our village that are not overlooked in our longings and efforts for larger ones.

DR. TRUE gave it as his opinion that no coal would ever be found in Maine; but one of our citizens, who for years has been sanguinely hunting for hidden mineral treasures in this vicinity, is now engaged in boring for coal on the Hayward lot on Silver Street. On the rear of this lot, close to the waters of the Messalonskee, he has penetrated about eighty feet, and thus far he reports the indications all favorable; but we do not learn that the neighboring proprietors as yet share his confidence to the extent of a speculative rise in the price of their property.

BIG ANKLES.—It is a curious fact that all men of general good taste, whose wives, sisters, mothers or sweethearts have big, clumsy ankles, are in favor of long trailing dresses. [The Lewiston Journal is opposed to the approaching fashion of short dresses.]

Mr. Wm. J. Brown, of Clinton, had a valuable sorrel horse, 13 years old, stolen from his stable on Tuesday night last.

LEGAL JOKES.—Mr. Revenue Collector Webb, of Waterville, who has a good deal of practice at the Augusta bar, (court bar,) lately used a halter as testimony in a horse suit. Recollecting, on his arrival home, that the halter had been left in a table drawer, he dropped a line to the clerk of the Court to see to it. He got the following rather choking reply:

"Your communication pertaining to the halter was referred to the messenger, as I had no key to that drawer. He reports that he looked for it and can not find it—he thinks your client took it. I think you may be quite easy on the subject; a halter is a thing not very likely to escape you."

DICKENS'S WORKS.—In addition to several elegant and high priced editions of the works of Charles Dickens, published by Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, of New York, they will immediately issue another edition, which, they feel confident, will satisfy a want long felt by the public; for, to be more explicit, while externally it shall be worthy of the author's reputation, from its cheapness it will be within the reach of all classes. With this view they will publish immediately the *Globe Edition* of Dickens's works, in 13 volumes, price \$1.50 each. This, the lowest price possible, has not been adopted at the cost of beauty or convenience in the volumes; which will be 16mo. in size, of handy thickness, and printed on fine paper, in large clear type (long primer). They will also be adorned with all the fine designs by Darley and Gilbert, which were published in the Household Edition. The *Globe Edition* will commence with *NICHOLAS NICKLEBY*, which is now nearly ready, and which will be followed, at monthly intervals, by other works. We shall have more to say of this edition, of course, after we have seen a specimen volume.

THE PORTLAND STEAMERS have changed the time of leaving Boston from five to seven o'clock, P. M. This is a cheap and commodious route, and the large business done on it shows that the travelling public have found it out.

THOMAS H. HOWARD, the gentlemanly conductor on the P. & K. railroad, has been presented with a splendid meerschaum pipe by those under his charge on the train. Of course we are sorry to hear that friend Howard smokes, but if he must indulge we are pleased to know that he will hereafter be able to burn the vile weed in an elegant pipe.

NEW DEPOTS.—passenger and freight—will be erected at this place by the P. & K. railroad company, early this season. They will be located farther up the track, on the east side of Front Street, the company having purchased the Appleton lot and all below to Temple Street. The lot is a good one; and the company will probably erect upon it buildings better suited to the business at this point than the old one, which has always been a matter of reproach.

MAINE OXEN.—Stillman Fletcher Esq., the well known reporter of the Brighton and Cambridge cattle markets, discourses as follows, in a recent number of the Boston Daily Advertiser;—

The demand which has lately arisen in New York for working oxen from Maine, has considerably agitated the hitherto quiet waters of this branch of the market. Years ago, old market men say, the cattle from Maine were generally quite small and inferior. But of late there has been great improvement made by the introduction of some of the best English blood. Durham, Hereford and Devon bulls in particular have been introduced by public spirited individuals and societies, and so great a change effected in the stock of certain localities of the Pine Tree State that its reputation for producing animals suitable for the yoke and for the feeder's stalls has passed the boundaries of New England, and created a demand for this stock in the valley of the Hudson as well as in that of the Connecticut. How much the breeders of blooded cattle in Maine may be indebted to the modern style of reporting the Brighton market, for the wide extension of the well deserved reputation of their improved "store" cattle, it may not become us to express an opinion. Very justly the New York Tribune reporter remarks, that farmers in want of oxen are getting as particular about "style" as those buying horses. They don't want the homely looking animals at a much less price, though equally good to work. We are very much of that mind, too; for ought not a man to be paid something for having to look at and handle an ungainly pair of cattle during their natural lives? We mentioned a week or two ago the sale of a pair of four-year-old steers raised by Mr. Burleigh of Maine, but we did not learn the buyer's name at that time. We are now happy to make the record. They were bought by Daniel S. Wood, a farmer of Tewksbury, Mass. for \$411, and every week we see similar evidences of a growing taste for beautiful oxen. We rejoice that it is so. The sculptor's art has ever been highly honored. What is the skillful breeder but an artist—not in cold stone or dead paint, but in living, breathing, conscious, intelligent and plastic nature? The modern farmer may aspire to more noble honors than ever wreathed the brow or immortalized the names of ancient painters or sculptors. And would it not be well for the agricultural papers of our country to adopt as a motto the sentiment of Webster expressed to the foreman of his farm, when he wrote:—"Hereafter let our talk be of oxen?" Not only honor, but money, urges improvement in farm stock.

GOOD PENS.—Rev. W. H. Kelton, of the West village, has put into our hands samples of a variety of Payson, Danton & Scribner's Steel Pens, with which we are much pleased. Friend Kelton is agent for the sale of these pens, and in the great variety is able to suit everybody in style and price.

The Central Homeopathic Medical Association held their annual meeting at Waterville on the 16th inst., and made choice of the following officers:

Dr. William E. Payne, of Bath, President. Drs. Pulsifer of Waterville, and Bradford of Lewiston, Vice Presidents; Dr. Bell, of Augusta, Secretary; Dr. Thompson, of Augusta, Treasurer.

THE CENTRAL HOMEOPATHIC MEDICAL ASSOCIATION held their annual meeting at Waterville on the 16th inst., and made choice of the following officers:

Dr. William E. Payne, of Bath, President. Drs. Pulsifer of Waterville, and Bradford of Lewiston, Vice Presidents; Dr. Bell, of Augusta, Secretary; Dr. Thompson, of Augusta, Treasurer.

## OUR TABLE.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By Charles Dickens. With Original Illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This is the second of the series known as the Diamond Edition; and like its predecessor, is a gem of neatness and beauty. The type of this edition is small, as it must needs be to pack so much reading into the limited space, but the printing is so clear and well executed that the page is easily read; and the elegant binding of these diminutive volumes justifies the appellation of "little beauties," which we often hear bestowed upon them. The illustrations are full of character, and give great additional value to the work. This volume contains the following:

The First of Prev, The Venerable Diner; Mr. and Mrs. Boffin; The Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters; Mr. Webb and Mr. Venus in Consultation; Podsnappery; Mrs. Higden, Soppy and the Innocent; Bradley Headstone and Clara's Hexam; The Person of the House; and the Bad Child; Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lamble; Fledgling and Rishi; Rogue Riderhood and Miss Pleasant at Home; John Harmon; Wrayburn and Lightwood; The Cherub and the Lovely Woman; Mrs. Wilfer, Miss Lavinia, and Mr. George Sampson.

The whole set will comprise twenty of thirteen volumes, which are sold for \$1.95 plain, or \$1.50 illustrated. They may be found at C. K. Mathews's and C. A. Bantickson's, Waterville, and with booksellers everywhere.

HOURS AT HOME.—We feel under great obligation to the publishers of this excellent magazine of religious and useful literature for the February and March numbers, mailed and just forwarded to us. They are full of good reading, but we wanted them particularly for the continuations of the series of papers on the "Moral Uses of Dark Things," by Dr. Bushnell; the story of "Marcella of Rome," by Frances Eastwood; "De Rebus Ruris," by Mr. Marvel's entertaining series of agricultural papers; the story of "Storm-Cliff," by Miss S. J. Pritchard, etc. This is a sterling work, which ought to be more widely known, though we are glad to learn that it is rapidly making its way to popular favor. It is a good safe family magazine, and that is saying much in these days of sensational literature. Published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York; at \$3 a year.

EVERY SATURDAY for April 20th, finishes "Black Sheep" and continues Kingsley's story of "Silence of Silences." Its Selections are "Modern Beau Brummellism," and "Les Jeux Athletiques," from London Society; "Don Giovanni Scotty," from Le Monde; "The Left Flipper," from Happy Hours; "Fleschi and the Infernal Machine," from All the Year Round; and "Originality," from the Saturday Review.

THE PNEUMOLOGICAL JOURNAL for May contains—Franklin and Jackson, the Man of Thought and the Man of Action, with portraits; Karl Lemon, of London Punch; Portraits of Nineteen Kings and Queens of Sweden; Alfred Arnold, Poetess; A Cherokee Legend; The Origin of the Human face, of Gane and Indian Corn; by E. G. Spenser; Pneumatology in Schools; The Metric System; Tight Lacing, illustrated; Muscular Power; Effects of a Bad Dream; National Salutations; Shopping; by Mrs. W. J. Charity; by Hope Arlington; Total Depravity of Infants; The Active and the Passive; Origin of Life; Pope's Essay on Man.

Published by Fowler & Wells, 389 Broadway, New York, at \$2 a year, or 20 cents a number.

"LITTLE BLUE BELL."—This is the title of a neat little paper issued from the Little Blue Family School for Boys, at Farmington, and which it is proposed to continue monthly. It is probably under the supervision of the principal, with the following editorial assistants among the pupils:—J. W. Bradbury, Julius S. Kiano, Wm. H. Wood, H. A. Covill, and J. L. Lombard. Jacob Abbott is a contributor.

THE TIGER INVALIDS were so unruly, last week, that Gen. Everett was compelled to knock one drunken fellow down and then to send for a guard from the Arsenal at Augusta to protect the institution. Cause—rum, bought at Augusta.

A young lady of Saco, who took passage at New York on the steamer for Boston, is missing, and foul play is suspected.

CHANGE OF TIME.—The cars on both railroads now leave at 10 o'clock in the morning and arrive at 19 minutes past five P. M.

ELDER B. D. PECK, of notorious memory, is editing the *Republican*, the copper-Johnson organ in Washington.

VANDALISM.—In the town of Win-low opposite the charming village of Waterville, on a point of land near the Sebastieok, and within a few rods of the track of the Kennebec railroad, stands an old wooden structure, originally a fort. It was built about the middle of the last century, at an early period of the French and Indian war. At a trifling cost it might have been—indeed, it still might be preserved, and it is certainly an interesting memorial of the dangers and the struggles of those who in that early time were instrumental in laying the foundations of our present prosperity and safety. But so far from any effort having been made to preserve it, it has not even been left to the slow influences of neglect. It has been used alternately as a boat-house, a store house for farm-tools, a cow-house and a hen-coop, and it is now, a correspondent informs us, in a tumble down and particularly disagreeable condition.

This is the very stupidity of vandalism; we wish we could say that it is not also very characteristic of our communities. But there is a general indifference in relation to the preservation of interesting relics of the past. The few yet existing memorials of those by-gone days, with all the historical and romantic associations which naturally cluster about them, are in every instance suffered to perish. By and by, when they are all gone, their value will be better recognized, and the most universal negligence will be a subject of unavailing regret. This old fort has a history which should be preserved, and if the people of that section would bestir themselves and do what should be done in the present, they will deserve well of the future. [Portland Press.]

Now hear the cold-blooded, matter-of-fact critic of the Kennebec Journal:—

A suggestion has been made, that the remains of the old French Fort opposite Waterville should be protected. That dilapidated piece of furniture of the past has long been held as private property, and in the progressive spirit of the present time the real monuments of the people are yet to be built. The printed pages of history will serve all the purposes of that crumbling, tiny little pen which served as a Block House in the long time ago.

FOURTH OF JULY.—The York Times takes the new land purchase very pleasantly. It says:—

"We fancy that our Fourth of July orators would almost be willing to pay out of their own pockets the seven millions that Russian America costs for the new and splendid opportunity it gives them for rhetorical embellishment."

With what new energy they can dilate upon the vastness of our country! How they can start the "bird of freedom" from the Gulf of Mexico and send it flying and screaming clear up to the North Pole! How they can descant upon the tropical groves of Florida, and the ice fields of the Arctic, and show that the universal Yankee lords it over all! The glory of such a prospect cannot be exaggerated, and in view of it, we must say that Sitka is cheap."

## CIRCULAR.

The New-England Commissioners of River Fisheries wish to bespeak the attention and the assistance of all persons who are interested in the retreating of our fresh waters with valuable fish, such as the salmon, shad, herring, alewife, trout, black bass, striped bass, and lamprey eel. These fish, half a century ago, furnished abundant and wholesome food to the people; but, by the erection of impassable dams, the needless pollution of ponds and rivers, and by reckless fishing in all ways and at all times, our streams and lakes have been pretty much depopulated. Luckily, the immense natural increase of fishes opens a way to their restoration. We have only to remove the causes of their destruction, and they will multiply enormously, without any care at all.

The causes of destruction are chiefly as follows:—

1. Impassable dams. Over these, fish-ways may be built with little waste of water.
2. Pollution of water by lime, dyes, soap, sawdust, and other mill refuse. Much of this should not be thrown at all into the water. As to the dirty water from wool or cloth washing it may be confined to one side of the river by a plank screen placed opposite the raceway.
3. Destruction of young fish by mill-wheels, which may be avoided by a lattice placed across the mouth of the mill canal.
4. Destructive modes of fishing, among which we may include gill-nets, weirs, very long seines, and fire-fishing.

Fishing too much, and at wrong seasons. For migratory fish, certain days in each week should be "closed"—that is to say, no fishing should then be allowed; and the taking of trout on their spawning beds should be rigorously interdicted.

Massachusetts and New Hampshire have already passed laws for the opening of the Merrimack and the Connecticut to sea fish, and for the encouragement of the breeding of valuable fresh-water fish. Fishways have been erected upon the Merrimack, and many thousands of salmon eggs have been planted in its upper waters. By the interest and the assistance of the people at large, these cheap and important reforms may be carried through.

Signed by the Commissioners of all the N. E. States.

The Democrats of Tennessee are biding high for the negro vote. A speaker at one of their recent conventions said that "if the negroes were good enough to vote they were good enough to be voted for, and he for one, if he thought that a colored man could fulfill the duties of the office better than a white man, would give him his suffrage for Governor."

The London Spectator sums up the present condition of Europe, which is what Mr. Carlyle would describe as "growing electric;"—in an article from which we make the following extract:—

"Napoleon cannot be to be always baffled; the American complication is over; the French are in a dangerous mood which the idea that their influence is waning always inspires; England paralyzed by internal dissensions, and ill-disposed in any event to interfere with France; Germany is exalted till it will bear no more; the East is stirring and heaving with excitement; all things point to that greatest of earthly calamities—a general European war. We have still three months, for Napoleon must give the signal, and the exhibition does not close till August; but if he lives, and this 'unforeseen' does not arrive, Germany will yet be welded into a harder unity by blows from the outside. Already the mere rumor of menace is doing Count Von Bismark's work, the federal draft is passing as rapidly as if the North German Parliament were filled with soldiers, and when it is proclaimed, the King of Prussia is Emperor of Germany, with a military dictatorship for three years."

PARAGUAY.—We read with surprise in a leading New York paper that during the South American war "the sympathy of most Americans has been with Paraguay." We suspect that among the very few Americans who are enough interested in the war to understand it (the feeling has been exactly the reverse. We have hoped that the allies would be successful and that the most rigorous despotism upon the American continent might be broken down.

There is nothing in the condition of Paraguay which can command the sympathy of an American, except its military efficiency. The whole region, in fact, is but the plantation and camp of Lopez, who is absolute dictator, even to the price of produce. If an American man-of-war has been sent to the Parana River, as is alleged, for the purpose of negotiation, we hope sincerely that the mediation may end in opening Paraguay to the light of civilization. [Harper's Weekly.]

THE SPRAGUE PURCHASE.—We understand that since the transfer of property to the A. & W. Sprague Manufacturing Company, on the 30th of March last, additional land and buildings to the amount of seventy to eighty thousand dollars have been purchased by the Company, and city bonds at par taken in payment. The whole amount of property thus far conveyed to the new Company is nearly \$450,000.

We do not know that any immediate movement is making for the improvement of the water power, except to put the existing machinery in thorough repair and to keep it in good running order for present use. The cotton factory is now running, under the direction of the new proprietors, and the saw mills and machine shops on the dam have been rented to the former occupants at a considerable advance over previous years. [Maine Farmer.]

It is reported that Rev. Dr. Anderson, President of the University of Rochester, has been offered the Presidency of Brown University, in place of Dr. Barnes Sears, who has resigned. Dr. A. is a native of Bath, son of the late Deacon Anderson of that city, and a graduate of Waterville College.

CATTLE MARKETS.—About twice as many cattle were reported at market this week as were present at the previous market, and nearly a thousand more sheep. The market was slightly easier for the buyer, closing a little sticky for the seller. Extra beef is quoted by the Boston Advertiser at 14 to 14 1/2 c.; first quality, 13 1/2 to 13 3/4 c.; second do., 13 to 13 1/4 c.; third do., 12 to 12 c.; sheep were quoted at 7 to 9 c.; extra 9 1/2 to 10 c.; shorn, 4 3/4 to 6 c., or about the same as last week. Veal calves were sold, without weighing, at from \$7 to \$10.

The Skat Factory at Skowhegan, owned by C. A. Williams & Co., was burned Tuesday. Three girls who worked in the factory were badly burned, others slightly. Insured for \$6000. From 75 to 100 persons are thus thrown out of employment.

The Baptism, announced for next Sabbath morning, we are requested to say, is deferred to another time.

Frost's Scriptural Allegory and TABLEAU will be exhibited at the Town Hall Friday and Saturday evenings, May 3d and 4th. The scenes are from the life of Christ, and have been received by crowded houses in very many places. Tickets 25 cts.; children 15 cents. Reserved seats 35 cents.

EUROPEAN NEWS.—Despatches have been received in Vienna stating that Omer Pacha, with ships of war and a large number of troops, has left Turkey for the purpose of joining in the movement to suppress the insurrection in Crete. The mail steamer from Rio Janeiro, at Lisbon, reports a rumor prevalent in Rio Janeiro that the mediation proffered by the United States had been summarily rejected by Paraguay.

The London Times speaking of the Alabama claims, says "there is no longer any obstacle on the British side to an amicable compromise. Great Britain is ready to balance accounts with the United States, and to pay the compensation, if any, which an impartial umpire may find to be due from her. She has consented to waive the reasons alleged by Lord Russell against a judicial revision of imperial acts, and complied, so far, with Mr. Seward's original proposal. There never can be a serious rupture between the United States and England unless it be the will of the American people, and the good understanding between the American people and the English people lies deeper than mere politicians are aware."

BEECHER ON EATING &c.—I have been asked, sometimes, how I could perform so large an amount of work with apparently so little diminution of strength. I attribute my power of endurance to a long formed habit of observing, every day of my life, the simple laws of health—and none more than the laws of eating. It ceases any longer to be a matter of self-denial. It is almost like an instinct. If I have a severe tax on my brain in the morning, I cannot eat heartily any breakfast. If the whole day is to be one of exertion, I eat very little till the exertion is over. I know that two forces cannot be concentrated in activity at the same time in the body. I know then when the brain works the stomach must rest.

If I am going to be moving about out of doors a good deal I can give a fuller swing to my appetite—which is never exceedingly bad. But if I am engaged actively, and necessarily in manual labor, I cannot eat much. And I have made eating with regularity and with a reference to what I have to do, a habit so long that it ceases any longer to be a subject of thought. It almost takes care of itself. I attribute much of my ability to endure work to good habits of eating, constant attention to the laws of sleep, physical exercise, and general cheerfulness.

There is one thing more to be said in this connection. It is not a matter of epicureanism that a man should be dainty concerning the food he eats. On the contrary I hold that a civilized man ought to be civilized in his cookery. I suppose one of the infallible signs of the millennium will be a better regulated kitchen—a kitchen that will not make Christian men sick.

The new hotel in Skowhegan will be an extensive and elegant affair for a place of that size—150 by 125 feet—three stories high above the basement in which are to be six first class stores. To be finished early in the fall. Thomas Holt has taken the building contract.

Portland is agitated with a railroad question. The Grand Trunk proving inefficient to meet with reasonable dispatch the business requirements of Portland, the city is looking round to see where matters can be mended. The plan now is, to extend the York and Cumberland Railroad into New Hampshire and Vermont, giving the name of the Portland & Rochester R. R., and the proposition is made for the city to loan its credit in aid of the enterprise, to the amount of \$700,000, and the city is to vote upon the question on the 23d inst.

The first arrest under the new liquor law was made by City Marshal Jones on Tuesday of this week, who arrested J. M. Plummer for selling cider. He pleads that it was done in ignorance of the law, but will have a fine of some \$13 to pay for gaining the information. [Maine Farmer.]

## FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

At no moment of difficulty does a husband, knowing his own utter helplessness, draw so closely to his wife's side for comfort and assistance, as when he wants a button sewed on his shirt collar.

"I saw a lady wrapped up in a mantle that she said she wouldn't take six hundred dollars for," said Smith to Jones. "I can beat that all hollow," retorted Jones. "For I saw a lady that was wrapped up in her baby that she wouldn't have taken six hundred thousand dollars for."

Dickens is really coming to this country towards the close of the summer months, and will remain for five or six months, giving public readings in the principal cities.

One of the best of our extemporaneous preachers affirms that he sometimes, in his best hours, loses all conscious hold upon his mind and speech, and while perfectly sure that all is going on well in his attic, it seems to him that somebody is talking up there; and he catches himself wondering who under the sun that fellow is who is driving on at such a rate.

The Bangor Whig says the public houses of that city stopped the sale of liquors on Wednesday night last, in accordance with a notification from the City Marshal, made two weeks since. Liquor is not now sold in any hotel.

The locomotive now runs four hundred and fifty miles west of St. Louis, and the track is being laid at the rate of a mile every day.

A requisite for a colored man to vote in New York is the ownership of \$250 worth of property. Ignorant and worthless Irishmen had in New York one hour and vote the best hour.

Hon. Mark H. Dunnell, well and favorably known in this State, now resides in Winona, Minn., and has recently been appointed by the Governor as Superintendent of Public Instruction for that State. He was for five years Superintendent of Public Schools in this State.

ANAGRAMMATIC.—A friend has called our attention to the fact that the name of Hamilton—first Vice President under the lamented martyr President—is found without transposition of letters or change of syllables, within the name of the lamented patriot, shown thus—Alma-ham Lin-coli—[Portland Press.]

Mr. St. Elias, in Russian America, the highest peak in North America, is necessary to us as a perch for the American Eagle.

If a raft of lumber contains several thousand feet, how many wooden legs will it produce?

Old maid like cats because they give out "sparks" when they are rubbed.

Believe twice as much as you hear of a lady's age.

A bishop, who was fond of shooting, in one of his excursions met with a friend's game-keeper, whom he sharply reproved for inattention to his religious duties, exhorting him strenuously to "go to church and read his Bible." The keeper, in an angry mood, responded, "Why, I do read my Bible; Sir; but I don't find in it any mention of the apostles, going a-shooting." "No, my good man, you are right," said the bishop; "the shooting was very bad in Palestine, so they went fishing instead."

We hear that when the Indian (lodged in the watch house last evening) was pressed to inform where he got his liquor, he replied with great emphasis: "Injun drink, but no squeamish!"—[Bangor Times.]

## LOCALS.

WOOL GROWERS' FESTIVAL.—The annual "Shearing Festival" of the North Kennebec Wool Growers' Association will take place at Waterville, on Tuesday, June 4.

In connection with this festival, the Trustees take the liberty to call a meeting of all interested, for the purpose organizing a State Wool Growers' Association—in which measure they invite the co-operation of the wool growers and farmers of Maine generally.

EPH. MAXHAM, Sec. No. Ken W. G. Ass'n. April 17, 1867.

We are glad to learn that Messrs. Barrett & Hathaway, Dentists, are meeting with good success. They understand their profession and deserve the patronage of our citizens.

SELLING OFF.—On account of the sale of the Mail office building, Col. Marston is forced to rush off his stock of Groceries previous to the 6th of May. This opens a good opportunity for great bargains, as he will sell at very low prices. His entire stock can be bought considerably below cost. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

REDUCTION OF HOTEL PRICES.—We are informed that the proprietor of POWERS' HOTEL, PARK ROW, N. Y., directly opposite the Astor House, have reduced their rate from \$3 to \$2.50 per day. This hotel is situated in the best locality for Merchants and business men, and is very desirable in every way. Our readers will do well to bear this in mind on their business trips to the metropolis, as it offers greater inducements for less money, than any other hotel in New York.

A DISTRESSING COUGH, causes the friends of the sufferer almost as much pain as the sufferer himself, and should receive immediate attention. DR. WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY speedily cures coughs, colds, influenza, sore throat, &c. It will always relieve consumption, and in many well attested cases it has effected a perfect cure.

Honiton hoes, India muslins, and articles of that description, should, in washing, be subjected to the action of the STEAM REFINED SOAP. The studs of no other possess an equally detergent quality.

The attention of our readers is called to the Advertisements in another column of Messrs. BERGER, SHUTTS & Co., Chemists, Troy, N. Y. They are manufacturers of, and agents for, some of the most valuable Toilet preparations in use. By their use all may possess a clear, smooth skin, or a healthy and luxuriant growth of hair upon the head or face. Those of our readers having use for anything of the kind, would do well to patronize them.

MESSRS. CLARK & Co., Chemists, Syracuse, N. Y., would call attention to their advertisements in another column, headed "Reparator Capilli," "Crisper Coma," and "Circassian Balm." These, undoubtedly, are the most perfect and efficacious articles of the kind ever offered the American Public. To unbelievers, we would say, "try them and be convinced."

## NEW CARPETS!

Just received, and now opening at J. F. ELDEN'S.

Consisting in part of Tapestries, Three Pile, Ingrains, Oilcloths, Stair Carpets, Hemp and Straw Mattings.

WINDOW SHADES! New and desirable styles, also, CURTAIN FIXTURES, Tassels, &c., at J. F. ELDEN'S.

FEATHER DUSTERS, all sizes and kinds, at J. F. ELDEN'S.

A FINE assortment of LAMPS, at J. F. ELDEN'S.

CROCKERY







