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Maxham & Wing

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THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

FIERCE and faint is the hungry wolf,
And he utters a savage growl,
When forth from his secret lair he starts
Through the forest wilds to pounce;
And the echoes answer the dreary sound
From the lonely rocks and caves around.

Sharp and white are his gleaming teeth;
And his yellow eyeballs glow
Like coals of fire through the darkness round;
And his step is soft and low—
A stealthy step that you scarce can hear
Hath the hungry wolf when he draweth near.

In the silent hours of the night he comes
To the fold where are gathered the sheep;
A famished flock from their hidden lairs,
When the shepherd is fast asleep;
And his faithful dogs are overpowered,
The meek ewes slain, and their lambs devoured.

After where the settler's cabin stands,
On the edge of the forest drear,
When longer hath made the faint wolf bold;
He will oftentimes draw near,
And howl through the long midnight night
For the settler's babes that cry with fright.

Yet not in his distant forest haunts
May the wolf alone be found;
But abroad in the city's crowded streets,
Where fashion and wealth abound,
In the hollow visage, half-starved and lean,
A startling likeness to him is seen.

And the work-girl, high in her garret room,
As she toils with hunched head,
On weary countenance and band and seam,
Thenceforth her needs and dread,
Lest the hungry wolf should come once more
With his stealthy tread to her chamber door.

And the beggar-child in her squalid rage,
And naked, shoeless feet,
Hears the cry of wolf in the sound of wheels
And the clamor of the street;
And at night lies down in a narrow place
In the grim old monster's lean embrace.

Fierce and faint is the hungry wolf,
And he utters a savage growl,
When forth from his secret lair he starts
Through the forest wilds to pounce;
But the other wolf that lurks outside the door
Is the gaunt wolf—Hunger that haunts the poor.

[From the Wolf's Den.]

NO LONGER YOUNG.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

Author of "In Trust."

CHAPTER I.

Oh, youth! for years so many and sweet,
Thy known that thou art no more one;
I'll think it but a fond deceit—
It cannot be that thou art gone.
The vesper bell hath not yet tolled,
And thou wert yet a mackerel bold.

What strange delusion hast thou put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
COLERIDGE.

SHE glanced at herself in the glass—Jessie Throckmorton, in her pale mauve silk, and white, half-bloom buds at her throat, white buds and geranium leaves in her hair, and white gloves—looking pretty enough for the bride; and yet she felt strangely dissatisfied with herself and her dress. No one could question the taste or becomingness; it harmonized with her fairness, her petite figure and gentle grace. She had a certain consciousness of looking well, and another consciousness that was undeniably painful. She had said to herself a hundred times during the past week that it was foolish to rear so constantly to a remark made innocently enough, and coming from one whose love was beyond doubt or question. But it had unheeded a gulf yawning wide before her, and since then she had scarcely raised her eyes from the dark, troubled waters. Don't blame her too severely if she thought gave her a little nameless pain—No longer young.

For youth is so sweet. Disguise it as we may, laugh over it cynically in after life, still it is the Arcadia of existence. No other life is ever quite so bright and fair. No other land abounds in such golden and rose-hued atmospheres. And after we have sailed by the fairy shores, we reach out longing hands vainly for something to take its place. Then too often we fall into the darkness and desert. We come to our senses afterward and are happy, but youth is forever gone. The friend whose face was always sunshine to us, whose voice was always hope. It is not a pleasant thing to grow old.

To Jessie Throckmorton, at thirty it came with a shock. She might have realized it before, but she never had. In her simple, happy life she had taken no note of time. Brothers and sisters had grown up, to be sure; friends had married and duplicated themselves in children; but for her the world had seemed to stand still. Her days had been usefully employed, and few regretful nights marked her pathway. It was like waking up on a chilly autumn morning and finding summer flow without a sign.

The Throckmortons were a solid old family—courteous, affectionate, home-loving, and of strictest integrity, tinged not a little with Scotch staidness and pride. Mr. Throckmorton was a member of the substantial firm of Throckmorton, Walden & Co. He had married a very estimable woman from the only motive on which marriage should be based—love—and they had reared a fine family of children. One little grave marked the path over which they had walked; all the rest was sunshine.

Jessie had been the first-born daughter. Mr. Throckmorton was proud of his two-year-old boy; but this sweet, helpless little piece of feminine babyhood went to his heart with a thrill so exquisitely deep and tender, that nothing ever dimmed its memory. Then came boisterous Harry; another little girl who laid in their arms a brief while before she went to bloom in Heaven; next, Robert and Helen, and, after an interval, Anastasia and Rose.

Stuart, the eldest, grew up into a promising young man, and strayed out of the home nest. Jessie bided into girlhood, blossomed into womanhood—sweet, tender and gracious—her mother's friend and assistant, her father's darling, but all the sweeter for the shy.

She was certainly a most useful little body, invaluable in such a home circle. She always remembered just where everything had been left, and could find it without half the fuss and trouble any other person would have made. Was there a rip in a glove, Jessie's needle was first to be found; was a Congressional debate to be read, Jessie's voice was in proper order, and just then she had nothing to do. The children's lessons, their clothes and their pleasures, were all a source of interest to her. It was good to see her sweet, smiling face, and hear her cheerful tone. She had a most charming temper. I don't want you to think nothing ever troubled or annoyed her, and that she had no petty trials, as we all have; but she bore them with so brave and patient a heart, that no one ever dreamed of them. I think the grand secret of life was no mystery to her. St. Paul's definition of charity must have been her daily text.

Jessie was eighteen when a removal became necessary, as the children were outgrowing the old house. The new one was in a quiet, rather aristocratic neighborhood, and at first Jessie felt as if she had lost all her friends. School-mates, too, were getting married or dispersing themselves, so it was quite like beginning a new life.

Through in the next street, their yards adjoining, resided a family they became most in-

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imate with. Indeed, there was a gulf between the gardens, and Mrs. Hazellhurst was extravagantly fond of flowers. She insisted Jessie in daily to see hers; they compared notes, visited florists, and enjoyed each other's society wonderfully.

Mrs. Hazellhurst was a widow with one child, a son of Jessie's age. He was bashful, blushing as easily as a girl, and always seemed to hover in his mother's vicinity. Harry and Robert Throckmorton laughed about him and at him, and Jessie became his champion.

A peculiar sympathy sprang up between Jessie and Owen Hazellhurst. He liked music and poetry, and they had many similar tastes. She understood and sympathized with him in a subtle way, very grateful to his boyish pride. He liked to lean on something; though nothing could have wrung a confession of such a weakness from him. He liked to have her come and spend a quiet evening with them, he felt so much more free to talk in his own house. And Mrs. Hazellhurst always said—"There are so many at home, they don't miss you, Jessie, and we are always glad to have you."

You doubtless expect to hear me announce an engagement between those young people. I have nothing of the kind to declare, however. Owen was a mere boy, and developed slowly; Jessie's was the stronger nature, though she always veiled it under that charming tact and deference. Harry called him "Miss Nancy," and laughed at the slightest suspicion of sentiment between them. Jessie grew out of her teens, came into possession of her property, Harry said, at her majority, but seemed the same little girl as at sixteen.

It is a mystery where the years go to! Peaceful ones glide on with scarcely a sign. Summer and winter, day and night, speed by noiselessly. We only know how long and dreary they are when they are called upon to bear burden of suffering. Great agonies are like mile-stones in the way. Great griefs have so dense a shadow, that we can easily find them on looking back. I think some extreme joys have a similar effect; but the quiet years, such as I am describing, pass without any note being made of them.

Jessie's life was like that of most eldest daughters. I suppose she might have had a lover, with a little effort. Young men came to the house, took her to lectures and concerts, or escorted her home from church, and were attentive in various ways. Owen did it sometimes, but he always took his mother along. Indeed, Jessie would have felt lost without Mrs. Hazellhurst.

Jessie was nearly twenty-four when the first event of note occurred in the family. This was Stuart's marriage. He had succeeded wonderfully in Chicago, rises from step to step, and was considered a fine business man for one so young. One of those incidents that send some men so rapidly on the road to fortune, befell him. The senior member of the firm died, and the whole house was remodelled, Stuart being offered an interest. Mr. Throckmorton went to Chicago, learned the business as he had been represented, and advanced the required capital, proud enough of his promising son. That was not all. Stuart had won the heart of his employer's daughter, and Mr. Lee was only waiting for the business to be completed, that he might make ready for her nuptials.

Mr. Throckmorton returned home with pleasant accounts of the new daughter elect. The young couple were to come to New York on their bridal tour. Miss Lee was something of an heiress in her own right, the eldest of a large family. Stuart had certainly made a most fortunate alliance.

Jessie was in a flutter of delight and anticipation. She studied the picture her father had brought home, and wondered if she should be able to give Clara the right measure of love. She arranged and rearranged the room they were to occupy, and made herself nervous in twenty ways, just for the sake, it seemed, of taking herself to task, and administering a little wholesome reproof to Jessie Throckmorton, who of all others needed it least.

They came at length. The new Mrs. Throckmorton was tall and fine-looking, a trifle grave, but very gracious. She had a warm heart, and took in her husband's relatives at once. She said "Mother" with a sweet smile—her own mother had been dead many a year, and a new one in her stead. It took her a day or two to get the children's names in the right places, but they all agreed capitally.

She was twenty-five—a year older than Jessie, though the latter appeared a child beside her. Clara had no sisters old enough for companions, so she took to Jessie at once, and planned a nice visit for her the ensuing winter, as they were to go to housekeeping immediately. The Throckmortons found they had indeed gained a child, and gave her a parent's regard. Friends approved warmly. Invitations were showered upon them, and it was quite a gala time. Jessie thought weddings delightful.

The house seemed strangely lonesome when they went away. Jessie cried a little, and then comforted herself with the thought of the nice long letter she was soon to receive.

A few evenings later she ran through the yard to call on Mrs. Hazellhurst, whom she had quite neglected for the past fortnight. Owen sat on a bench under the grape-vine.

Owen Hazellhurst at twenty-four, was of average height, but slender and boyish looking. Of late he had begun to annoy him. He wanted to be considered a man. He was fair, with light brown eyes and soft brown hair. A little mustache shaded his upper lip, and a peninsula of blonde whisker, as some call it, ran down his cheek; but that was, also, delicate. Altogether he was still effeminate in appearance.

"Oh, here you are," he said. "Just the one I wanted to see."

"And I suppose you would have sat here, waiting, if I had not come," Jessie replied, with a laugh.

"I was thinking of coming in, but one can never find you alone. No, mother is out, so you may as well stay here. I have something to tell you."

He so often had something to tell, that it did not in the least startle Jessie. She sat down beside him, and when he was lapsing into dreamy silence, said, briskly—"Well, what is it?"

"I don't know where to begin. And Jessie, I think you can break it to mother more gently

than I can. I am going away."

"Going away?" she re-echoed in consternation.

"Yes. You remember when Phil Morris went to South America?" Phil was about the only masculine friend Owen ever had.

"He promised if there was any chance, to send for me, and now there is a splendid opening."

"But why do you want to go?"

"To make a fortune. Here I am on a salary of seven hundred, with a prospect of going up to a thousand; but what can a man do on that? I shall be sorry to leave you and mother."

"But every one who goes away does not make a fortune," she suggested.

"This is pretty sure, though. Phil has made money already. And five years or so, isn't a lifetime?"

Jessie gave a gasp. She should be sorry to part with him.

"And now, Jessie, let me tell you the particulars."

For once he was really roused, in earnest. She was surprised to find him so resolved. If it was best, and the whole affair looked very plausible, they might let him go; but a great wave of desolation crept over her.

"Telling mother troubles me the worst of all. If you would only say something to her, Jessie!"

Clear sighted Jessie saw this was no place for her intervention. She was sorry to refuse him anything, but she delicately explained that his mother, despite her pain, would feel more grieved at hearing the first tidings from him. "I'll try to comfort her afterward she appended."

He was a little vexed at her refusal. He had the man-like habit of not wanting to undertake unpleasant things—of shifting all the burdens he could to other shoulders.

"I know she'll say she cannot spare me—that I am all she has," he began disconsolately.

"Which is very true, and very natural for her to say. Yet you can convince her, if you think it best to go and keep to your resolve."

"I believe you consider me a mere child!" he said, pettishly. "I tell you that I am determined to go. Do you think I don't know my own mind?"

"Your mother's sorrow might change it, perhaps."

"And you are not enough interested in my prosperity, to help me through the hardest places. I thought you did care more for me, Jessie."

The tears sprang to her eyes. She felt he was ungenerous. She tried to be sweet and self-sacrificing, even to blaming herself and allowing him to blame her. Such scenes were not new in their friendship. Every now and then they came to rough sailing. But for these little episodes, I think Jessie would have fallen honestly in love with him. This night, however, sorry and sad as she felt at the thought of his departure, his faults and weaknesses grated harshly upon her fine soul.

Presently Mrs. Hazellhurst returned. Jessie tried to get away immediately, but that was not possible. Mrs. Hazellhurst had so much to say about Stuart and his wife; Jessie so much to tell. Owen sat listening, impatiently, thinking neither of them cared much about him and feeling absolutely wronged.

"Good-night," he said, at the garden gate, with a kiss.

"Good-night," and she gave the kiss back. It meant nothing.

"Do you wonder why they had not fallen in love, with all this intimacy? They were too nearly of an age, too much alike in some respects, to fall into any strong passion regarding one another. Yet Owen believed he should sometime marry Jessie. Such unions do occur, but I think they are rarely perfect ones."

Jessie went to bed in a strange mood. She wondered, after all, if she was so very sorry to have Owen go? She had a feeling that he was a burden, that he absorbed her too much, and depended too little on himself. To put this into absolute thought would have been treason for so honorable a soul as Jessie's. She did not try to explain or analyze her feelings; morbid self-examination was not one of her characteristics.

Owen's mother had always thought of him first, and he had an idea that every one else must do the same, if they regarded him rightly. He was sensitive, which is too often another term for selfishness. He felt slighted keenly, taking them not unfrequently where they were not meant. Yet he was generous enough with his money, and would take any trouble for a person in sickness or distress. It was the refined type of selfishness; not so much weakness as the habit of always considering himself first, of looking at incidents and events as they affected him, rather than any one else. Jessie felt that to go out and have a good hard fight with the world might improve him immeasurably. And thus consenting, she fell asleep.

The next evening there was another long talk, and in spite of her resolve, Jessie was drawn into promising to break the ground with Mrs. Hazellhurst. She felt keenly the awkward position she had been placed in, sorely against her will. Mrs. Hazellhurst was sure at first it was Jessie's doing. He was too poor for her to marry, and this was her motive. It was most unkind and unjust, to be sure; but the mother's heart was torn with anguish. So she treated Jessie rather coldly at first; but, needing sympathy, she was forced to turn to her again.

Mr. Throckmorton declared it the very best thing the young man could do. He did not take to him very cordially, and saw there was some danger of his fancying himself in love with Jessie. To be thrown on his own resources would make a man of him, if there was any latent manliness to be called out. In the course of a fortnight every one became reconciled, and preparations began. I am not sure but Owen would have backed out at the eleventh hour if it had not been for Jessie. He was ashamed to seem so much weaker than she. Yet those last days were not happy ones. Owen was capricious, exacting, and pained the gentle girl by hasty words, uttered in that state of depression that amounts almost to anger; it is so impatient.

When he asked Jessie to write to him, they strayed almost to the verge of a quarrel. She

wanted to consult her mother, and Owen finally called her a weak baby.

Mrs. Throckmorton made no objection.

"As if any one would have!" was Owen's ungracious comment when Jessie attributed the result.

At last he was safely off. Nothing positive had been said; but Helen rushed into her sister's room one day, fresh from school, breathless, and with suspicious eyes. "Jessie," she began, "will you answer me one question truly? Anne Jarvis said you would not."

"If I can be answered."

"Oh, it can; only Anne said you meant to keep it a secret. Are you engaged to Owen Hazellhurst?"

Jessie's white brows were stained with crimson, but she answered firmly—"No."

"Honor bright?"

"Do you think I would tell you a falsehood?" Jessie asked, indignantly.

"But you will be, when he comes back—don't you think so?"

Another deep painful flush. Jessie shrunk from the eager eyes.

"Don't you mean to be?" continued the pertinacious child.

"It is not right or delicate to discuss such subjects, Helen. A woman has little to do with it." And just then Jessie felt how little.

"When you are older, you will understand these things better."

Helen was a trifle abashed; but summoning her reserved strength, said, with determination—"Well, I think you ought to have a lover. I mean to be married before I am as old as you," and then flew down stairs, swinging her sun-bat by the strings.

Owen's first letter came. It was a love-letter to all intents. He did not ask her to marry him—scarcely said more than he had many times before. But it looked so different in black and white. And to be called his darling, to be longed for—no wonder, she was delighted. He was not here to spoil the effect of his words by some selfish or petulant rejoinder. The consciousness of being loved is sweet to any woman.

But the letter came most unseasonably. Mr. Lee was in the city, armed with special instructions to bring Jessie back with him to Chicago. In these last hours at home it was quite impossible for Jessie to find time to answer. Arrived at her journey's end, fatigue, surprise, and the strange sensations one always experiences in a new place, the thought of being separated from the home circle, the longing to cry, and have a good miserable time, unfitted her for writing. So she missed the steamer. That dimmed the first glaze of it.

Jessie had a great deal of shyness and delicacy where her most sacred feelings were concerned. And then she was not entirely sure she loved Owen. If he had taken forcible possession of her heart she would have been easy enough. It was not her nature to lavish the riches of her soul unbidden. Some men would have liked her the better for it; but Owen was not of that kind. He did not understand her, never would have, had he lived with her for fifty years. He had to be told everything. He could not see with that rapid electric sight vouchsafed to some. He groped along, stumbling over fine diamonds as if they had been common glass. Jessie was too generous to keep his faults and defects in her mind, and so continually believed him better than he was. When they came in contact and clashed, then she felt the difference; but too often she would blame herself for not being more tender and considerate.

When he received her answer, his first homesickness had worn off a little. He was his olden self, earnest and critical. Jessie might have answered his letter before she went to Chicago—she had a whole day and evening. She might have left out all that about her journey, and Stuart's house, and Stuart's wife—it did not interest him. And then—she could not care very much for him, if she could go off and be happy, while he was strange and miserable in his new home, his mother forlornly lonesome in his. Yes, she had failed in her duty, for she must know what he meant.

Did she, really? Some girls would have taken it for granted, and brought about an engagement very simply and naturally. I don't know but that would have suited him the best; but the fine instinct in Jessie refused to be won unsought. However, by the time he was ready to write again his indignation had cooled, though he could not resist the temptation of allowing some of his dissatisfaction to creep out.

Jessie enjoyed her visit—why should she not? Youth and health are powerful auxiliaries. Clara and Stuart did their best to entertain her, and love can find many pleasant ways. There was one episode that almost startled Jessie, and if her sense of honor had not been the very highest, Owen would have lost his correspondent. Clara, with a devotion to matrimony very pardonable in a happy young wife, interested her dearest cousin in Jessie's behalf. Grant Whitney was certainly an attractive man, and had Jessie been fancy free, his manly, generous devotion would have won her. There was nothing narrow or grudging in his soul, and he would have given her the most loyal and tender love. She delicately checked all his advances. She did not consider she had any right at present, to bestow her love upon another; neither would she lead him astray by too kind a reception of his attentions. And so she put that little something in her manner, that said "so much without a word, and presently he understood they could be only friends."

She returned home the same winsome, happy Jessie. Owen's mother took her back with the old interest. She had no chance to become "blue," though her nature was too evenly balanced for that. Helen was pretty and attractive, and soon proved she did not mean to blush unseemly. Jessie tried to manage the high-spirited girl, and delicately shielded her faults from censure. Then Harry took her into his confidence—he was in love. People like Jessie Throckmorton are always called upon in joy and sorrow.

She had loved bright little Say Fleming from a child. At first Say's mother rather disapproved, she was so young—only seventeen. But somehow Jessie smoothed out all the difficulties, and there was another marriage.

Say cherished a little piquant jealousy of Clara, and insisted that Jessie should love her best. Clara had the first grandson to be sure—a fine, noble fellow—but then Say had twin girls, and as she called one Jessie, that settled

her claim forever, she thought. She did love her husband's sister dearly.

Helen had numerous flirtations, and at length settled down to a steady two years' courtship with Howard Ingersoll. He bought his house and furnished it, then married Helen Throckmorton in church, after the most approved fashion, taking her to Niagara for a wedding tour. On their return they were to have a welcome at "father's." Mr. Throckmorton would not allow it to be called a reception. It was this which had brought the reference to Jessie's age that had so startled her. "Just see what Harry bought me to wear to the wedding-party!" exclaimed Say, displaying a beautiful new dress, blue, over-shot with silver.

"It is lovely, and just your color. How kind of Harry?"

"He's a darling. And it was a perfect surprise. What are you going to have?"

"I have not had time to think of a dress. I've been so busy. There's that India mull I gave you—it is elegant, and I have only worn it once."

"But it is white."

"Yes; I nearly always wear white. Papa likes to see me in it."

"But Rose and Stacy will wear white. It's all very well for such girls, but when one is no longer young—oh, Jessie! I did not mean anything."

"Yes," Jessie said, sootily, with a great pain at her heart, and a shadow before her eyes, "when one is no longer young, one must consult propriety."

"Have I offended you, dear?" and Say's eyes were tearfully penitent.

"Oh, no, no; do not think of it. It cannot make my thirty years any less nor any more," and she smiled sweetly.

"But you don't look it, Jessie. Mrs. Whitford asked at the marriage, if that was the eldest Miss Throckmorton. You don't look a day over twenty-five."

"A silk, you think, would be more becoming?" Jessie said, in a maze, as if she hardly knew herself, and must steer wide of some danger.

"Yes; wouldn't you like it better? Some of those pretty, delicate things. I wish you would let me go out with you to buy it. And are you quite sure you forgive me for saying such a naughty thing? If you were a hundred and white-haired, I should love you just as well."

Jessie did not doubt it, and gave kiss for kiss. Say selected the dress. She was now a pretty matron of twenty-one, and had three children; but she looked fresh and bright as at sixteen.

And this had been Jessie Throckmorton's life. This was why she stood there, looking over her lost girlhood, with a sad, regretful heart. No longer young.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

From Omaha, Nebraska.

What has been Done, and when it will be Finished.

No great enterprise was ever begun about which so little has been said and so much has been done. The public have a vague idea that a railroad is being built from somewhere in the East to somewhere in a farther West. That a railroad track has ever before been laid; but where it begins, or what route it follows, or where it is to end, we venture to assert, not one in a thousand can tell.

For a dozen years we have heard that a great Pacific Railroad was to be built, and a dozen names and a dozen companies and a dozen routes—from the southern boundary of Texas to the northern boundary of Lake Superior—have been urged up in Congress as the greatest and best means for uniting the Atlantic and Pacific shores. Bubble after bubble was blown, and each burst in turn when touched by the sharp point of practical experience.

The absolute necessity for a Pacific Railroad, to retain and bind more closely together the eastern and western extremes of the continent in one great United and Pacific country, the immense cost of government transportation to its frontier and Rocky Mountain posts, and the even greater cost of Indian wars, in a region that nothing but a railroad could civilize, and nothing but civilization could pacify,—the great importance of opening a road to the rich gold and silver mines of the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains, so that the way to the resumption of specie payments might be made shorter and easier,—all these *præterita* reasons finally pressed with such weight upon Congress, that it determined that the road should be made. There were, indeed, many others; two thousand miles of additional territory would be opened for settlement; vast bodies of land now valueless would be made productive; the tide of business and travel that now winds a tedious and dangerous way along the borders of two oceans, would be increased ten-fold; and how would the fathers in the East strike hands with their sons and daughters at the Golden Gate, if they could only be borne on the wings of the locomotive!

The imperative need of the work was admitted, but it was too vast for individual enterprise to attempt. No combination of private capitalists was willing to risk a hundred million dollars for the construction of 2,000 miles of railroad through a wilderness. As the undertaking was strictly national, so no power less than that of the nation was sufficient to accomplish it; and large as the cost necessarily would be, the expenditure would save a much greater cost to the country. But the Government did not wish to enter upon any new system of internal improvements on its own account; and its only alternative was to grant its aid in the most careful manner to such responsible individuals of suitable character and energy as might be willing to risk a portion of their private means in the construction of the road.

THE COMPANY'S CHARTER AND ROUTE.

This charter was granted and perfected by various acts of Congress, and the Company comprises men of the highest reputation for integrity, wealth, and business experience. Among the officers are General John A. Dix,

It has been proved, already, that the entire interest on the fifty millions in bonds advanced by the Government will be saved more than twice over in the consequent diminution of Government expenses in the regions through which the road passes.

President, Thomas C. Durant, Vice-President and Hon. John J. Cisco, late assistant Treasurer of the U. S. Treasury.

The Capital authorized by the Charter is One Hundred Million Dollars, of which it is estimated that not exceeding Twenty-Five Millions will be required, and of which Five Millions have already been paid in.

Surveying parties were at once pushed out in various directions across the continent to find and locate the best available line between the Missouri River and the Pacific ocean. This was established at Omaha, in Nebraska, on the east, and will finally be at San Francisco, in California, on the west,—a distance of nearly 1,900 miles. The Chicago and North Western Railroad is now completed from Chicago to Omaha, a distance of 492 miles; and several other roads are rapidly building to unite with the Union Pacific at the same point; so that its western connections will be numerous and complete.

The general line of the road from Omaha is west up the Valley of the Great Platte, and thence across the plains a distance of 517 miles, to the Black Hills, or easterly spur of the Rocky Mountains. Col. Seymour, the Consulting Engineer, reports that the grade is much more favorable than was anticipated—the maximum to the Rocky Mountains not exceeding 30 feet to the mile, and from that point to the summit, or divide of the continent, it will not exceed 80 feet to the mile. From the Rocky Mountains, the best practicable route will be taken to Great Salt Lake City, and thence by the Valley of the Humboldt River to the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The Central Pacific Railroad is now being rapidly built east from Sacramento, Cal., and is already completed about 100 miles, and will connect with the Union Pacific.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE AND ITS COST.

As we remarked before, there has been very little talk, and a great deal of work. Almost before the public were aware, it had been begun. On the first of January, 1867, the Union Pacific Railroad was finished for 305 miles west from Omaha, and fully equipped with Locomotives, Rolling Stock, Repair Shops, Depots, Stations, &c.—and the Company have on hand Iron, Ties, and other materials, sufficient to finish the road to the Rocky Mountains, or 517 miles from Omaha, by the first of September, 1867. It is expected

Waterville Mail.

ED. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, JUNE 7, 1867.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York. S. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. F. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 25 Congress Street, Boston, and 28 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 are published in the paper.

Advertisements are referred to the Agents named above.

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

SHEARING FESTIVAL.—The annual Shearing Festival of the No. Ken. Wool Growers' Association, on Tuesday, proved more than was looked for, considering the previous rainy weather. It was one of the few sunny days that had been seen for many weeks, and was consequently appreciated. Farmers came in liberally, notwithstanding the pressing calls of seed-time; though their various localities were too much confined to the county to favor the organization of a State society. The number of sheep presented was probably reduced by the rain of Monday; though, considering the number of shears, there was no lack. They were all of the fine wool class except two—a noble Cotswold buck, presented by C. P. Church, Esq., of East Bradford, and a beautiful crossbred ewe, of the same breed, owned by Mr. Wm. J. Morrill, of this village. The fleece of the latter, as will be seen, was the heaviest washed, the ewe now. No other washed sheep were sheared, though many of the Merinos had doubtless lost something in weight of fleece by exposure to soaking rains. We thought this was the case with a very good Vermont two-year-old presented by Mr. Sawtelle, of Waterville. A three-year-old of the same class, presented by Peter W. Ayer, Esq., of Freedom, was very much admired for good freedom; and if the farmers of his vicinity do not show their appreciation of the advantage offered by his introduction, the flock of Mr. Ayer will very soon show them "where they missed it."

But we cannot detail the merits of the many fine sheep presented, especially as most of them were exhibited last year, and are well known to farmers in this vicinity. Only three of the Merino bucks were new comers, those of Messrs. Ayer, Freeman and Blaisdell—all very fine animals of their class. Of the others there was a uniform reduction of fleece from last year, except that of "Green Mountain Boy," which has gained a little over three pounds. Even this is a little less than the usual gain from the first to second fleece, in this class of sheep.

The following is the report of the committee, which consisted of Messrs. W. A. P. Dillingham of Waterville Dr. Cates of Vassalboro', and C. P. Church of Bradford.

INDIAN HOSTILITIES.—New York June 4.—A despatch dated Omaha today says the Indians made a raid 20 miles west of Julesburg, yesterday morning, and took 25 head of stock from parties on J. H. Lacy's portion of the Union Pacific grading. A variety of rumors are afloat today of a terrible massacre of a coach-load of passengers on Sunday morning between Julesburg and Junction. The most trustworthy report is that received by the military authorities of Omaha, from which it seems that the coach was attacked near Fairview station, which was lately burnt. Two drivers were on the coach. One of them was killed near Killbuck, and the other was seriously injured, but escaped. The coach left Denver May 28. Three horses were taken and a general rummaging of the coach took place. Generals Sherman and Angur have arrived at the scene of these outrages. A general panic exists on the plains.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.—The Kennebec Journal states that on the 13th day of April last, Mrs. Roxanna P. Church, wife of Charles R. Church of Augusta, left Portland for the purpose, as she stated in a letter, of visiting her friends in Lewiston, previous to returning to this city from Minnesota where she and her husband had spent the winter. She had with her two very large trunks. She was conveyed, so the back driver states, to the Western depot in Portland, to take the Boston & Maine cars, since which no trace of her can be found, although diligent search has been made. Great anxiety is felt by the friends of Mrs. Church, and any information regarding her safety or abode would be thankfully received. —Maine Farmer.

The Waterville Mail is entitled to the thanks of the returned soldiers for its advocacy of the claims of Maj. A. R. Small for the office of register of deeds for Kennebec County. The Mail pertinently remarks:—

"Much has been said, though but little done, about rewarding some of our worthy soldiers with civil offices. Here is an opportunity to begin in this county—for thus far we hardly know an instance of this kind of justice."

Major Small is a gentleman, a good soldier, and possessed of every requisite for fulfilling well the office of register. It would please much his old comrades in this section to hear that the office had been bestowed upon him.—[Bangor Times.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Somerset & Kennebec Railroad Company held in Augusta on Wednesday, the following board of directors was chosen: Abner Coburn, Samuel Robinson, Ezra Totman, Charles Eaton, J. D. Lang, G. W. Stanley, R. D. Rice, J. W. Bradbury and L. M. Morrill. No other business was transacted. At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Hon. Abner Coburn was chosen President.

The election in Washington has resulted in the choice of a majority of republicans in both branches of the city government and for all the offices on the general ticket. Never has there been an election conducted in a more quiet and orderly manner.

ONE MORE RALLY.—There will be another Water Power Meeting at Town Hall, Thursday evening, and we hope that no citizen will fail to attend, for a final effort will then be made to complete the subscription, which now lacks only about fifteen thousand dollars of the required amount. Let those who have neglected to subscribe come forward at that time and do their duty; while those who have already done well must be ready to do still better, for it would be shameful to have the enterprise fail when success is apparently so near. It is expected that Mr. J. D. Lang, a gentleman of large experience in manufacturing enterprises, will be present and address the meeting.

Come, and bring your neighbor.

JOTTINGS.—There was a very cheerful but rather "gassy" social interview, on Wednesday evening, at the pleasant rooms of Messrs. Barrett & Hathaway, dentists, on Main-st. The young folks were curious to aid an ordinary good time with a few personal experiments with the "laughing gas," which those young gentlemen use in some of the painful operations of their profession. It was found that when separated from toothache and the cracking of nerves and jaw bones, and closely limited to its aesthetical department, it was by no means "bad to take." There was a fine merry-making over its effects, and a young lady was heard to declare that she would "go right away and catch the toothache so as to take the gas and have a tooth pulled." [We are glad to hear report say that Messrs. B. & H. are securing good patronage and pleasing their customers with excellent work. We can very confidently add that they are worthy of it.]

We would call attention to the very interesting account of the Union Pacific Railway on the first page of this paper as well as to the advertisement of the bonds of the company in the proper place. The security afforded by these bonds is undoubted and the bankers who have them for sale being among the most respectable in the country, Mr. Ciseo having for many years been Assistant Treasurer of the United States for New York.

HEARD FROM.—"Maine boys," and especially "Waterville boys," who go out to the western field, are very likely to be heard from in an honorable way, though in some cases the delay may be long. Here we find one very promptly reported in the Omaha (Nebraska) Herald. Mr. Geo. C. Hopkins graduated at Waterville College in the Class of '63; studied law, married an accomplished young lady of our village, and went west. In the late exciting trial of Otway G. Baker, at Omaha, for murder, arson, and robbery, Mr. Hopkins is mentioned as counsel for the prisoner. The Herald says:

"Mr. Hopkins agreeably disappointed us in his elaborate, graphic, and earnest address, replete of brilliant ideas and good research. He has, by this eloquent and forcible address, created many friends among such of our community as knew him but faintly, and those who saw in him evidence of legal talent became sanguine of his growing success as an advocate. He spoke fully three hours and a half."

BURGLARY.—On Monday night last the "Town Agency," kept at the store opposite the Mail office, in care of the selectmen, was broken open by persons at present unknown, and liquors destroyed to the amount of about one thousand dollars. The faucets of the various barrels and kegs were turned and the contents left to run out at leisure. The operation was complete in most cases, though in one or two small kegs the want of ventilation prevented a free flow of the contents. The selectmen have offered a reward of three hundred dollars for the detection of the burglars; and though the latter seem to find aid and comfort among a class of men who have heretofore been counted in better company, there is some reason to hope for their arrest, if not their conviction.

The Bangor Times says—"The Waterville Mail is hard to please." If the Times will try as hard to please the Mail as it does to please both sides in the liquor question, we warrant it success. Having discovered, as it proclaims, that "the turkey cock cannot perform the feats of the lion," will it now try the experiment of doling the lion's skin, and see whether the result will be a roar or a bray?

STRANGE!—The Augusta Standard, in reporting the burglary at the Waterville agency, says, "We most emphatically condemn this lawless proceeding." How is this, when so many of the temperance men (?) of Waterville approve it? Which party is taking the part of "Poor Tray?"

Look out, gentlemen, or you may be induced, on both sides, to offer the same prayer, "Save us from our friends!"

BASE BALL has become a permanent and lively attraction at the College grounds, where "Delphic Club" displays its skill to a good audience each Saturday afternoon.

CIRCUS.—Of the half dozen or more circus companies advertised for exhibition in Maine, there is reason to believe that of Stone, Ross-ton & Murray, advertised on our paper today, takes the lead. The press uniformly commends it in high and honest terms. The Bangor Times pronounces it "the best circus in America." Its attractions are in great variety, and each of the very highest excellence—so reported. It is said to possess the very desirable qualities of originality, and novelty, so obviously lacking in many other companies. We think it safe to advise such as intend to make one circus answer them for the season, to select this as the one most likely to give them satisfaction. But they, and all others, may read the advertisement and judge for themselves.

General Sheridan has removed Governor Wells of Louisiana and appointed Mr. Thomas J. Durant to succeed him.

OUR TABLE.

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

Court Bonaparte's Memoirs; Archaeology of North America; The Prussian Campaign of 1806; Pasture on Spontaneous Generation; Life and Works of Hans Holbein; Titian; The Reign of Louis XV.; Correspondence of William IV. with Earl Grey; Fatal Accidents in Coal Mines; Told on Parliamentary Government.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 38 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any of the two Reviews, \$7; any of the three Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$13; for Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—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 in the new rates will be but 56 cents a year.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE AND FLORIST'S COMPANION for June has the following table of contents:—

Western Orchards; Cypripedium; Forget-me-nots; The Concord Grape; Iowa and Delaware; Garden Architecture and Landscape Gardening; The Magnolia; Summer Fencing of the Grape; Bottle Greening; The Pyramids of Egypt; Culture of Herbs; Calceolarias; Vegetables; with a score of pages full of valuable and interesting Notes and Gleanings, etc.

This monthly is elegantly printed on fine, white, thick paper, and the embellishments, which are numerous, will not fail to satisfy the most critical. A new volume will begin with the next number, and as this is a first class work of its kind there ought to be a large addition made to its subscription list.

Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year, with liberal premiums to clubs.

NEW MUSIC.—The following pieces of new music come to us from Oliver Dill and Co., the well known Boston publishers:—

Alce Galt, For Piano. By A. Manotta. "Tell me, darling, that you love me." Serenade and chorus. "A Twinkling Star." Poetry and music by John P. Ordway, M. D.

"Something Telling." Ballad. By Louise Gray.

"Come, darling, come to the Spirit Land." Song and chorus. Poetry and music by John P. Ordway, M. D.

"If I were a Voice." Song. Music by Richard King.

Fairy Land Polka. For Piano. By Laura Hastings Hatch.

Sold by music dealers everywhere.

OUR SCHOOL-AGE VISITOR.—The June number of this illustrated magazine for young people is full of useful and entertaining reading, with a brief dialogue, and a full puzzle and mathematical department. To those who desire it, the work is now in use in colored parts, with a handsome cover printed in quarters, making it an ornament for the center table.

Published by J. W. Dagobert & Co., 424 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, at \$1.25 a year, with liberal discount to clubs, and valuable premiums to clubs and those who get them up.

YOUTH'S CASSET AND PLAYMATE.—This magazine for Boys and Girls is always full of entertaining and instructive reading, and the April number, which has just come to hand, is no exception.

Published by William Guild & Co., Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.—"The Young Foragers," a group of "cunning" little chickens, and a portrait of Mrs. Sarah Wesley, the excellent wife of Charles Wesley, are the two pictures in the June number, which is filled with excellent reading for the family.

Published under the auspices of the M. E. Church, by Poe & Hitchcock, Cincinnati, at \$3 a year.

BEADLE'S MONTHLY closes the publication of this excellent magazine, and the publishers announce that subscribers who have balances due will have their money returned.

EVERY SATURDAY for June 8th has an article on the "Elasticity of Time," from the Saturday Review; "Names," from the Happy Hours; "Rhetorical Literature," from the London Review; "Yachting and Yacht Sailing," from Colburn's New Monthly Magazine; and other articles equally good, perhaps, but too numerous to mention.

Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$5 a year.

MIRROR NO 5.

"\$300 REWARD!"

Melancholy reflection! Because so much good liquor has been lost? No; but that hearts can be so base as to vent their spite in this unlawful way against a cause in favor of the best interests of man.

Good liquor! Some love it, doctors prescribe it; but alas for the good!

Physicians, and beer, cider and ale sellers, are doing more to promote intemperance in the community than all other influences combined.

So long as physicians recommend the use of ale, &c., intemperance will prevail. And so of the training of the young to the use of the lighter intoxicating drinks.

Where one person is benefited in sickness by the use of such stimulants, doubtless ten are injured in present health, besides the dangerous influence in promoting habits of intemperance.

I would say, then, let the poison that fills the air around the "town agency" never enter and defile the homes of the people through advice of any friend of his race. Nor let any thing be so guiltless in the sight of God who helps to lend the young astray. X.

According to the Kennebec Journal, Marshal Jones reports but three cases of drunkenness before the Police Court in Augusta for six weeks, and of these, he says two procured their liquor at the agency in Hallowell, and one at the agency in Gardiner. Now if the police were impartial and could see any other "drunk" as quick as an "agency drunk"—(are they not all honorable men?)—and if their weak kneed victims told the truth, as they always do, of course, except when called upon to testify against a hardened rumseller, then Spragueville must be rapidly ripening for the millennium.

ANOTHER FAILURE.—Encouraged by the conviction of a man for selling sweet cider, the Temperance Judges at Augusta prosecuted P. J. Weeks of that city for selling hop beer; and though one witness swore that he and a friend became intoxicated by swilling a gallon of it, yet Judge True refused to convict. What a straining at gnats and swallowing of camels at the capital.

"TELL CHAPMAN TO CROW."—Mr. Nathan Perry brings us an egg that measures 6 1-4 inches smallest circumference by 8 inches largest. We shall be very glad to receive a larger one, some time, when we have visitors

The great interest now manifested in Life Assurance, and the vast increase in numbers and amounts insured last year above any previous year, show conclusively that this method of securing competence to dependent families, and investing funds in the most convenient, safe, and profitable manner is taking strong hold of the sympathy and judgment of our people; and must exert a controlling influence on our social and financial life.

Our well known fellow citizen, J. B. BRADBURY Esq., whose large experience has given him a thorough knowledge of both the theory and practice of Life Assurance, has recently accepted a General Agency for one of the best and most successful Companies in the United States. He proposes to introduce it thoroughly to the people of this part of our State that they may be able to avail themselves of the best methods while so many companies are soliciting their patronage. His advertisement and the prospectus of his favorite company may be found in another column. While it gives us pleasure to commend Mr. B. to the confidence of those disposed to secure life assurance, we earnestly urge upon all classes of persons—but especially those of small means—the expediency of investing so nothing in this best of all financial securities. To a very large extent shrewd and careful men are pursuing this course; and just in proportion as the subject secures investigation the number will increase.

The Vote on Monday was light, of course—probably about 25,000 affirmatives to 3000 negatives. Waterville threw 226 yeas to 12 nays.

The Governor of Massachusetts has vetoed the Roxbury annexation bill. The Senate passed the bill over the veto—the House standing 121 to 83, not a two-thirds vote. A new bill was immediately submitted, providing for submitting the question to the people of the two cities.

The Baptist Convention of the State of Maine will hold its 43rd Annual Meeting with the First Baptist Church, Rockland, on Tuesday, June 18th, 1867, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M. Annual sermon by Rev. A. R. Crane.

The Baptist Kennebec S. S. Convention will hold their annual gathering at South Norridgewood, on Tuesday, June 11th. It is desirable that the Schools connected with the Convention should be represented in full numbers. Services to commence at 10 o'clock.

The State Constables have been cleaning out the Club Houses in Boston, much to the disgust of their inmates. The Marlboro Hotel has suffered a similar fate. Legal gentlemen had given an opinion these club houses could not be touched, and it is said the question will be soon tested.

COUNTERFEIT.—A splendidly executed counterfeit ten dollar note on the Third National Bank of Philadelphia is in circulation. It is in all respects a perfect *fac simile* of the genuine issue, even to the signatures, which are executed with a pen. The public can judge of the dangerous character of this note from the fact that it passed through the Mechanics' and Farmers' Bank of Rochester without detection and safety can only be found in the refusal to take any note of the same bank of that denomination.

The recent colored Convention in Alabama issued a very wise and pertinent address to the colored people of that State. After giving conclusive reasons for their adherence to the Republican party, the author of the address says:

"But although we have planted ourselves immovably upon the Republican platform, it is our earnest desire to remain upon good terms with our political opponents. It is our intention to use the power we may obtain for the benefit of the entire community; to give justice to others as well as to exact it for ourselves. We know of no reason why those who differ with us and vote for different men should insist upon warring against us for acting according to the dictates of our judgment, and we are certain that there will be no difficulty in the community unless our opponents begin it. To live peacefully with all men is our earnest desire, and we pledge ourselves to use no improper means to carry our points. Will the opposition meet us in the same spirit? If they do, all will be well; the asperities of the past will be softened, and peace and prosperity pervade the land."

ONE OF THE OLD PATRIOTS.—In renewing the subscription for the Whig of William Bryant, Esq., of Kendall's Mills, a friend says: "Mr. Bryant is now 90 years of age, but still likes to read for himself what is going on. He sailed in the old Constitution the first trip he ever made out of Boston. She was commanded at that time by Commodore Nickerson; and the afterwards famous Commodore Hull was then a Second Lieutenant aboard of her. Mr. Bryant relates many interesting incidents which transpired aboard of her at that time. I may mention, also, that Mr. B. is the grandfather, on the mother's side, of our much esteemed and brave soldier, General Connor, and that the General is recovering slowly from the effects of his accidents and wounds. He is up and dressed nearly every day, and walks about his room with assistance from one crutch and from his father. He does not dare to trust himself alone on crutches at present. He thinks, however, he may be able to ride, and even walk out during the summer. We sincerely hope and trust that he will."—[Bangor Courier.

JEFF DAVIS IN CLOVER.—THE SOUTH STARVING.—There is more truth than poetry in the following from the New York Herald. While the North is paying the enormous public debt that has accumulated in the effort to prove that there is such a thing as treason, while from all parts of the South misery has stretched its gaunt hands towards us to beg for support, while we have freely opened our treasure to prevent their starving, we see but little inclination on the part of the leading Southern people to make an equal effort. On the contrary, fifty thousand dollars has been presented to Jeff Davis, which he is about to invest in a summer residence near Montreal, where he can coolly watch the follies of the Northern people and ponder over the fact that in the great republic there is no such crime as treason.

It seems after all the contradictions that President Johnson will probably visit Boston at the time of the Masonic Festival.

Many years ago, when most of the North River sloops came in at Coonties Slip, the *Levant*, a packet, from Fishkill, anchored off the Battery, to wait for change of tide. A passenger, who for the first time had been on a sailing-vessel, and who during the trip down had been anxious to steer the craft, not noticing the helm. Greenhorn obeyed, the captain cautioning him, as he went below, to keep clear of other vessels. The tide went rushing by causing the "helmsman" to believe that the boat was making prodigious headway. After a while the captain thrust his head out of his cabin-door, and inquired how he was getting on? "Firsrate by water," was the reply; but very slow by the land!"

The Emperors of France and Russia, it is understood, have adopted a plan for settling the Cretan question, which is to be submitted to the other European powers, and it is hoped, urged on the Sultan.

Private advices from San Luis Potosi, received in Galveston a day or two ago, state that Maximilian was expected at San Luis, and that he would probably soon cross into the United States on his way to Austria.

Eminent men of Science have discovered that electricity and magnetism are developed in the system from the iron in the blood. This accounts for the debility, low spirits and lack of energy a person feels when this vital element becomes reduced. The Puruvian Syrup, a protoxide of iron, supplies the blood with its iron element and in the only form in which it is possible for it to enter the circulation.

DEAFNESS, BLINDNESS AND CATARRH.—Dr. C. B. Lighthill, of New York, will visit Waterville, Maine, on Thursday and Friday, June 13th and 14th, 1867, where he can be consulted on all diseases of the Eye, Ear, Throat and Lungs, at the Williams House.

Dr. C. B. Lighthill, induced by numerous applications from parties unable to come to Augusta for the purpose of obtaining his services, will visit a few central places in the vicinity, making Augusta, Me., his headquarters, where during the months of June, July and August people from all parts of the country, may be sure of finding Dr. Lighthill at the Mansion House, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday, of each and every week.

Will be at the Williams House, Waterville, Me., June 13th and 14th, 1867.

Lucius M. Sargent, whose "Temperance Tales," published many years ago, have been household words in every family, died at his residence in West Roxbury last Sunday.

The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal takes ground against fine-print editions of popular books. It maintains there is an increase of near-eightiness in consequence.

The Kennebec Journal says that the A. & W. Sprague Manufacturing Company have laid out and are grading a large back-yard on the west side of the river above the Dam where they are to manufacture bricks by water power, to be used in the construction of mills hereafter to be built.

The judiciary committee has closed its investigations in the impeachment inquiry for the present. A vote was taken, when taken it appeared that four favored impeachment and five opposed it. Another vote was taken in which seven voted that the acts of the President deserve the severest condemnation.

Col. Frank L. Jones, of Portland, has been appointed Mail Agent on the route from Portland to Bangor. He was a Captain in the 30th Maine, and has recently employed as a compositor on the Portland Press.

J. B. BRADBURY.

OFFICE, MAIN STREET, WATERVILLE, ME.

Respectfully offers his services to the public as

LIFE ASSURANCE AGENT.

Wishing to extend the benefits of Life Assurance, he will cheerfully afford all information and every facility in his power, and invites careful attention to the following facts:

THE EQUITABLE

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

92 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

grants to policy-holders every benefit which can possibly result from the benign principles of mutual life insurance.

The cash assets of this Society amount to over THREE AND ONE-HALF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS. Its annual cash income exceeds TWO AND ONE-HALF MILLIONS. It is purely mutual in its character, dividing its surplus of profits among the assn of every year, on the 1st of February. Profits may be applied to the reduction of future premiums, to increasing the sum assured, or to limiting the number of years during which the premiums are to be paid. When policies become paid-up by the latter plan, they realize to the holders an annual cash income.

The Society conducts its business strictly on the CASI PLAN. Its dividends also being available in cash, its premiums are gradually reduced each year, instead of being increased by reason of annual interest, as is the case in Note Companies.

The following is an example, showing the rate of its last dividend, on policies in force, for a single year: Age of the Assured 33 years.—Life policy—Amount Assured \$15,000.—Annual Premium \$378 15 (only one Premium paid). Cash reduction from second Annual premium \$116 34. Permanent addition to policy, on which no additional premiums are required, \$346 95. These dividends increase with the age of the policy.

In 1866 the Society issued policies to the amount of THIRTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS. Just and liberal dealing towards its policy-holders—promptness in the payment of losses—guarantee its continued unexampled success.

WILLIAM C. ALEXANDER, PRESIDENT.
HENRY B. HYDE, VICE PRESIDENT.
GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, ACTUARY.
JAMES W. ALEXANDER, SECRETARY.

J. B. BRADBURY, Agent.

MAIN STREET, WATERVILLE, ME.

WATERVILLE MAIL.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE UNION.

Published on Friday, by MAXHAM & WING, Editors and Proprietors.

At Fry's Building, Main-St., Waterville.

TERMS: TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.

POST OFFICE NOTICE-WATERVILLE.

DEPARTURE OF MAIL.

Western Mail leaves daily at 10 A.M.

LOCALS.

LADIES, Bloom of the Lotus will give you a clear and beautiful complexion.

The public is rent into contending and bitterly hostile sects and factions, so that the newspapers read like the manifestos of opposing armies!

NOTICES.

Important to Females.

The celebrated DR. DOW continues to devote his entire time to the treatment of all diseases incident to the female system.

WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY.

W. is this article is known it is a work of an erogenous to one word in its favor, so well it is established as an unfailing remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, diseases of the Throat, Chest, and Lungs, as well as that most dreaded of all diseases, Consumption, which high medical authority has pronounced to be a curable disease.

Prepared by SEYMOUR W. FOWLE, 18 Tremont St., Boston, and for sale by Druggists generally.

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, &c.

It is well known that the benefits derived from drinking of the CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, &c.

Dr. H. Anderson's Iodine Water

contains Iodine in the purest state, that it is fitted in these spring waters, but over 200 per cent. more in quantity, containing as it does 14 grains to each fluid ounce, dissolved in pure water.

Dr. H. Anderson's Iodine Water

No. 1.

Dr. Schenck on Dyspepsia.

SYMPTOMS, CAUSES, AND REMEDY.

Symptoms of Dyspepsia. A sense of fullness, tightness, and weight in the stomach, together with flatulence, acidity, sour, offensive belching of wind, water-brash, and vomiting.

Dr. Schenck on Dyspepsia.

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Dr. Schenck on Dyspepsia.

Deafness, Blindness and Catarrh.

DR. C. B. LIGHTHILL, OF NEW YORK.

WATERVILLE, ME.

Thursday and Friday.

JUNE 13TH AND 14TH, 1867.

Where he can be consulted on all Diseases of the

EYE, EAR, THROAT and LUNGS,

AT THE WILLIAMS HOUSE.

DR. C. B. LIGHTHILL, induced by numerous applications from parties unable to come to Augusta, for the purpose of obtaining his services, will visit a few central places in the vicinity, making Augusta, Me., his headquarters, where during the months of June, July and August, people from all parts of the country may be sure of finding Dr. Lighthill at the Mansion House, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday, of each and every week.

Will be at the Williams House, Waterville, Me., June 13th and 14th, 1867.

HELMHOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU.

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