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Maxham & Wing

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See the rivers flowing
Downward to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Beautiful and free!
Yet to help their giving
Hidden springs arise;
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies!

Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread,
Load the air with perfume
From their beauty shed;
Yet their lavish spending
Leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished
By their mother earth.

Give thy heart's best treasure—
From fair Nature's store—
Give thy love—and ask not
Wait not, a return!
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store,
With a double bounty,
God will give thee more!

(From the Lady's Friend.)

NO LONGER YOUNG.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.
Author of "In Trust."

CHAPTER VI.
"But we, dear love, have travelled far and late,
And no full youth and youth's high hopes are spent
We find each other. Ah! who would not wait
To gain with love such measureless content?"

Jessie's reflections that night were not comfortable. She wondered just what Mr. Delancy thought about her, and in her innocent heart she would have been utterly astonished if she had known. Perhaps, perhaps, too, she had no right to completely relinquish the idea of any one loving her. And she began to feel that Rose's regard for Mr. Delancy was something beyond a mere passing interest. She had no right to place herself in the way, even if—but it was foolish to indulge in any such suppositions. Only, if he had not asked her, and if she had not offered him. She was so sorry!

Mrs. Whittier called on Thursday afternoon. She chatted familiarly with Mrs. Throckmorton. Jessie and Stacy were present. "You are almost to be married," the visitor exclaimed, presently, "in having so many girls. I think I shall borrow one for a few hours. Miss Jessie, what do you say to a drive? I want to do two or three errands, and then we will go home and have a nice quiet tea with Mr. Whittier."

Jessie expressed her thanks and left them to change her attire. Mrs. Whittier noticed how quickly she did it, and how neat and pretty she looked.

"She is just the one for Rose," the lady thought. "A dawning love would annoy him, and a slattern drive him to distraction. He always did have old bachelor ways."

Jessie stepped lightly in the carriage, quite ignorant that every movement was under inspection. She liked Mrs. Whittier, and could talk freely to her; and when Jessie came out of the shadow of her thirty years, she was still girlishly charming. Mrs. Whittier thought, too, that she was one who would never grow old. She was just the right age for Mr. Delancy.

They had a very enjoyable time together. When they reached home it was almost dusk, but Mr. Whittier had not yet come in. So they went to the drawing-room.

"Suppose you play a little," Mrs. Whittier said. "I like music at this hour. It seems to finish the day so perfectly."

Jessie made no excuse. After some tender old ballads, her fingers wandered into a plaintive air, and her thoughts wandered to Mr. Delancy. "What a pathetic little thing that is—one of Mr. Delancy's favorites. You have heard him play it?"

Only one burner was lighted in the chandelier, and a long gleam fell over Jessie, leaving Mrs. Whittier quite in the shade, but affording her an excellent post for observation. She saw how quickly the color flashed up in Jessie's face.

"Yes, I have heard him," she merely said, and wondered why she had been musing over him so intently.

"I think his love for, and appreciation of music is something remarkable. I believe if he had followed out his first desire, he would have made a musical composer. He inherited the genius from his mother, who was one of the most lovely women I have ever met."

"You knew her then?" Jessie said, pausing, with her hand still on the keys.

"Oh, yes. When I was a growing girl, I used to be at the Delancy's a great deal. Mr. Delancy was a gentleman of the old school, courteous, hospitable, and with an air of grandeur that impressed one very strongly. But Mrs. Delancy was the kind of a woman one loved, although she was very retiring. Rose was a more boy than but he worshipped her. You have doubtless heard him speak of her?"

"Yes," Jessie's face was sweet and expectant. Mrs. Whittier remarked this, and went on.

"When they lost their fortune—Mr. Delancy died suddenly, and was heavily involved in a number of unfortunate speculations—it was a terrible blow to both mother and son. Indeed, she never rallied, and for five years was an invalid. But Rose bore it nobly. I was considerably older, you know, and at that time married; if I had not been, I think I should have fallen in love with him. He was so good, so grand. He took a situation that must have been distasteful to him, for he had never done anything but indulge his refined fancies, and kept her in absolute luxury. She never missed anything. He had some dark hours, however."

Jessie thought of the love that had failed where it should have comforted. Her heart went out towards him very tenderly.

"He used to play so much for his mother. Music was her delight. For nearly three years she was confined to the bed or the sofa, and I always connect music at this hour with them. I can see just how their room used to look, and he—she was quite handsome in those days, sitting at the piano, looking spiritualized and sometimes almost unearthly. Did you ever see any one so sweet and so sad that you wanted to cry over him or her, as the case might be? That was my feeling frequently."

"Then his mother died?" Jessie said softly.

"Yes. In one way, she saved him. If she had died with his father, he would have grown bitter, scornful and hard, become cynical; but she was so patient, so heavenly all through her illness. For if you can understand, Miss Throckmorton, it was a hard thing for such a man to relinquish his position in society, his hopes, his ambitions, his tastes, which had been so highly cultivated, and be cheerful over it all. It was a severe discipline; but he is not the worse for it now."

"What did he do then?" Jessie asked, so absorbed that she did not hesitate to betray her interest.

"He went to China, having been offered a very lucrative position. From thence he has travelled mostly all over the world. But I was so glad to see him come back; indeed he appears almost like a younger brother to me."

Mrs. Whittier rose, for she heard her husband's step. Coming nearer, Jessie's face entirely satisfied her. She drew love him, the lady thought.

Now and then he had related some episode concerning his early life; bits of music that Jessie put together. He had rounded both nature and character into harmony, in spite of harsh incidents that might have wrecked another man.

Mrs. Whittier knew she had said enough. She had no mind to dim the grace of the matter by startling Jessie's fine sense of propriety. Consequently, she started other subjects of conversation; but Jessie's face wore a dreamy expression, as if she was musing over something pleasant in her heart.

She was playing backgammon with Mr. Whittier when Mr. Delancy was announced, but she flushed as if betrayed in an unexpected moment. It was so easy and natural to talk here. She was in no wise constrained, but bright and animated.

"I promised to send you home in the carriage," Mrs. Whittier exclaimed, as she spoke of going, "but I dare say Mr. Delancy will be glad of an opportunity to make himself useful."

Several times a remembrance of the last evening they had spent together, had crossed Jessie's mind. He was cordial and ignored any appearance of past dissatisfaction; but what would happen when they were alone? She almost wished he had not come.

They said their adieus, and went out into the street and the night together. There was no moon, and the change seemed so great from the light and cheerful room. Unconsciously she clung to him, and the gesture, slight as it was, gave him a thrill of pleasure.

When she found that he began to converse on indifferent topics, her courage revived a little. It would have been so like him to speak of the ride immediately, and make her explain just what she had meant. He had a subject of more importance on his mind, however.

"Jessie," he said, presently, in an almost abrupt manner, "has it occurred to you in the past two months that we might be something dearer than friends—that I loved you?"

Jessie stood quite still from surprise. He knew by the very motion she made, that it never had occurred to her.

"Yes," he went on, "I love you. I wonder if you can bestow upon me a woman's best gift—her heart? You may think me hasty, perhaps, but I want you to know, in order to save any further misunderstanding between us, that if you do not love me yet, I am patient, and can wait for so great a boon."

Jessie was silent. Her mind was in a dense confusion. Because it would be such perfect happiness to love Mr. Delancy, she doubted. Bliss so sweet as this did not seem to belong to her.

"Not a word, Jessie? Am I so much too soon?"

"Oh, I don't know," and she was struggling with blankness, darkness. "I wish you had not said it. I think we had better be only friends."

Patient as he was, this vexed him a little. "Do you know your own heart, Jessie?"

"No, I do not," she told the truth.

He was disappointed. He wanted her to be warm, tender, to evince more interest in what he was saying. He could not dream how she was restrained by a thought of treachery to Rose. But her manner chilled him, dampened his fervor. And the wooing of thirty-seven is not so impatient and impulsive as that of twenty-five.

"I confess you puzzle me in some things. Your nature is certainly frank, yet now and then I come upon a reticence that surprises, almost pains me. Will you learn to trust me in every respect?"

Jessie gasped. A touch of the hand, a turn of the face, or a word would have answered all. Yet she did not know as she had any right to answer.

"Well," he said, wounded more than he cared to show, "I will give you time for your decision. I want you to think it over, and never lose sight of the fact that you can be more to me than any woman in the whole world. And now you know all."

"Thank you," she returned, grateful for the delay; but it sounded oddly to him.

They had just reached her home, and she slipped her hand from his arm. He drew her back one instant, turned her face around and kissed her.

"Remember that I love you—love you; and then let her go. If he had kept her a moment longer he would have carried his point.

She went to the sitting-room, and found Rose alone. Stacy and her admirer had the library to themselves, and Mr. and Mrs. Throckmorton were at Helen's. There had not been a single call for Rose, so she felt envious, and was almost cross.

"Why," she exclaimed, raising her head from the corner of the lodge, "Mrs. Whittier didn't send you home in the carriage. Who came with you?"

Jessie might have evaded; for it was not that Rose was so deeply interested in her sister's escort, only it was a relief to have some one to talk with. But Jessie's impulses are always truthful.

"Mr. Delancy," she answered.

A blue flame flashed up in Rose's eyes. "So you went to meet him," she said, sharply.

"No, I did not. I do not think Mrs. Whittier expected him. He merely happened to call."

It vexed Rose thoroughly that he had not called there instead.

"Why did he not come in?"

"I believe—I didn't ask him," Jessie stammered, thinking what his last words had been.

"I wish I could have a friend to myself once, without every one coming between," Rose said, in a bitter and impatient tone. "You might at least have supposed he did care to meet some one else."

Jessie knelt down by her sister. Her heart was torn with contradictory emotions, and she was resolved to know on what ground they both stood.

She was sobbing hysterically on Jessie's shoulder. The elder put by her own anguish, and comforted her. The course was plain. She could not go to happiness over another's broken heart.

In a few moments they were the best of friends again. These ebullitions of temper and feeling on Rose's part were the exception to the rule, and this evening she had felt especially lively and ill-used. Then Stacy came up, bright and glowing, and Mr. and Mrs. Throckmorton returned, so they all dispersed.

When Jessie laid her throbbing head upon the pillow, she could not think at all. Every pulse beat high to bursting. This was the "cool heart," this thing burning in fiercest flames. Did any one think she could not love, could not suffer, because she was thirty years old? Oh, if she only were marble, or if she could go out of all this, and leave the happiness for some one else. If her spring had borne no blossom, what right had she to take the fragrant flowers from another's brow? Her day was past.

And yet it was very hard. She felt within herself such capabilities for forgetfulness—for loving, even. She was still fervent and warm, rich in all that appertains to heart-life, and this necessity thrust upon her was exceedingly bitter. She knew what she must do, and yet she shrank from it with pain and trembling. How it was to be accomplished, she could not decide now.

The next morning, however, two incidents occurred that seemed ordained by a special and intervening fate. She was going through the hall when the door-bell rang. An errand boy gave her a note for "Miss Jessie Throckmorton." She knew the round, delf hand at a glance, and her heart beat rapidly.

It was quite brief, merely this:

"My DEAREST JESSIE.—I learned half an hour ago that it would be impracticable for me to be absent from the city for a week at least. During that time I want you to think over what I said last night, and be ready with your answer on my return."

"Most fondly yours,
"ROSE DELANCY."

A whole week! She drew a long breath. A little while longer might she dream over the delights of young hearts, before she took the final step. It seemed such a blessed respite.

Then the postman came. A letter from Clara, that would bear perusing in her mother's room; so thither she went. They were all congratulating her, and eager to hear the news.

"Oh, listen to this!" and Jessie read that Stuart was about starting on a tour West, to be gone some weeks, perhaps two months. Clara petitioned on nestly that Jessie would come and spend the time with her, staying as much longer as she could.

"Well," her mother said, "if you care to go, I do not see anything to prevent."

"I think you ought," was Stacy's comment. "We all went off pleasuring in the summer, and it is only fair you should have some enjoyment. And Clara will be delighted. You and she are always such friends."

"I wonder if I could be ready by next Wednesday?"

"So soon!" Mrs. Throckmorton said, in a little consternation. She had hardly expected to be taken so literally at her word.

"I'll help you to the uttermost," exclaimed Rose, energetically.

"And you know Jessie, dear, I would do anything for you. I'll keep you posted on home affairs while you are gone. Not that we shall be glad to do without you, for I think you are missed more than any of us. But we must not be selfish when Jessie is always so good, must we, mamma?"

"Dear, sweet Stacy!" thought Jessie, and her eyes filled with tender tears.

There was much more talk about it, and at night when papa came home he could not do less than consent, Stacy and Rose made the affair look so necessary. Rose might not have been quite single-hearted, but she was very warm and fond. Thursday evening was appointed for the commencement of the journey, and preparations began with alacrity.

Fate was against Jessie, certainly. She accepted her lot with a quiet, dreary resignation. She could see how it would be after her departure. Mr. Delancy would be disappointed at first; she was not sufficiently angelic to pray against this, for the thought was a pleasure. But bright, sunny, beguiling Rose would comfort him. Some way it would all come straight, and she gain a dear brother.

Writing her letter to him was of course the hardest part—harder than she had even dreamed of. The first attempts were all fruitless. One question she had not considered before whether he was not the best judge of his own heart? Was it hers to bestow on whomsoever she listed?

But then Rose was so young—she so old, it seemed just then. In a few years silvery threads would steal into her hair, wrinkles come in the corners of her eyes, and across her smooth brow. Mr. Delancy's wife should have a long summer before her, for his sake, and her summer was almost gone.

Last of all, Rose loved him. That made her brave. She had, perhaps, come between them. It was better then for her to go into exile.

The letter was long, and though she did not infrequently turned away her head, a few tears fell upon it. What she wrote she could not afterwards recall. It appeared to her at the time, calm, forcible and true. She tried to put herself out of the question.

Then she sealed it, and mailed it quietly, giving a long, lingering look at it before she dropped it into the box. It was over. She had given up all, and was now content to be "no longer young."

The good-byes were fond enough. Rose was especially tender. During the last few days she had been, as it were, trying to make amends for any past coldness or petulance. Jessie's heart was so generous not to respond. I think she loved Rose more deeply than ever before, and was more willing to sacrifice everything to her.

It was not until after the journey, when Jessie found herself domesticated with Clara, that she began to understand what she had done, and feel the reaction that necessarily follows any great mental exertion. Her spirits drooped perceptibly. There were hours when she felt so utterly desolate, that life appeared well nigh insupportable. The years that stretched out before her looked so dark and dreary. She wondered how she was ever to go through with them.

part of the conversation; for like Stacy and Helen, just now her thoughts were centered on her husband. But Jessie was very dear to her, and presently she began to notice the effort with which she listened, the listless air and drooping face. Once aroused, her suspicions were vigilant, though not obtrusive. She soon learned that nothing had occurred at home to render her unhappy. What then had so depressed the gentle girl?

It was not that Jessie was low-spirited in the ordinary use of the term. But the sunshine that had always been a part of her, was dimmed, and it made one sad to miss so sweet a thing. There was a wistful look in her eyes, a melancholy quite new, as if in the distance lay some hope or joy that could never be attained. What was it?

Watching her, Clara's heart grew more than solicitous. It gave her courage to speak.

"Jessie," she said, "are you quite well and happy—not homesick?"

"Why, no," and Jessie smiled. When roused, she was like her old self.

"I am afraid I shall be dull without Stuart, and it made one sad to miss so sweet a thing."

"No, no; do not fear that," and Jessie gave an uncontrollable laugh.

"You are not happy dear; I can see it. And though I don't want to pain you, and shall not ask for any confidence, I only wish I knew some way to make you bright again."

"I believe I am dull," Jessie said, with a little sigh. "But perhaps it is only natural as one grows older. One comes to take graver views of life, you know."

"In some things. Hearts should never grow old, and it always seemed to me yours held the secret of youth."

"At thirty-one the fountain may not bubble up so gaily; and I shall be that in a few days."

"And I am past thirty-two; yet I confess I do not feel at all old."

"It is different with you," Jessie said, dreamily.

"Oh, you do not mean because I am married, and see life over the tops of children's heads?" and Clara smiled. "Jessie, marriage is not all to life."

"I was not thinking of that when I spoke. But does it not seem to you single people grow old faster than married ones? And after awhile one becomes dull."

"You must not do it, Jessie," and Clara fancied she had made an easy discovery. "I never expected you, of all others, to fall into such foolish notions. Shall I scold you out of them?"

"A good scolding might be beneficial."

"You have been overworked and are tired," Clara said, consolingly. "Now I mean we shall be real gay. Father will escort us anywhere we choose, and we will ask in some visitors. I cannot have you growing blue, and moping."

"And I will not," Jessie returned, brightening up. "I'll forget that ghost of years, with white hair and spectacles."

"You are a darling!" Clara said. Presently the conversation languished again, and the sad expression stole up into Jessie's eyes. No, she had not learned the true cause, but she was too wise to pursue it farther just now.

Mr. Delancy had returned to the city, and found among the many letters awaiting him, a long, closely-written one from Jessie. Its commencement, "Dear Friend," was all he had time for then; so it was evening, and he was alone in his room when he read it—the room hallowed by so many dreams of the woman he hoped to win—who was, indeed, won already.

He went through it at one eager perusal. He studied the signature, and told into a strange reverie. Had he been too cold a wooer, not given sufficient expression to the ardent love he really felt? Or had he so fatally misunderstood Jessie—taken that for love which meant only simple friendship? He could recall so many times when she seemed to blossom into more vivid life at his coming, grow animated, tender, and listen with that confiding air so dear to him. Oh, no; he surely could not be mistaken. So he read the letter over again, slowly. What was it he came upon that thrilled him with inexplicable emotion?—Traces of tears, words crossed out as if in some doubt or hesitation. If she felt it was right to reject him, she was brave enough and true enough to do it without any specious reasoning. All this appeared so unlike the Jessie he knew. She was very humble, certainly; he frowned a little over that. If he had asked her to marry him, that was sufficient proof he thought her the right woman. The youth or beauty, or any other grace she lacked, was as nothing in his eyes. He wanted her just as she was. And this ideal woman she pictured so glowingly for him, never touched his heart at all. He only smiled a little over her foolishness in presuming to read him in such a fashion. She did not say once she had not or could not love him. It seemed rather as if she tried to conceal it—as if she had schooled her heart for the sacrifice. But why should she? That puzzled him so much, and generally his eyes were very clear and penetrating. He could judge almost as well from what was withheld as from what was given. And now he set himself to study Jessie. He went carefully over every interview, from the first time he had met her. The only satisfactory and thoroughly enjoyable ones were those during the weeks in which she had been at home alone.

Ah, he had it at last. The talk about his taking Rose with them driving, explained all. How blind he had been, not to see before. She, and perhaps Rose, had misconstrued his attentions. He bethought himself now that he had been familiar with Rose; but he was more than double her age, and had given her a brotherly, almost fatherly regard. Some men might have been flattered by the preference of so young a woman, and dazzled into a tenderer passion. His heart had made its election, though, and no other face haunted him, no desire divided or weakened Jessie's claim. This childish fancy would not be the love of Rose's life. She would come to an ocean so much deeper and broader, that this would seem only a shallow little stream. She did not know her own heart and mind; at least, not as it would be in the days of her royal, blossoming maturity. And although he was sorry such a mistake had been made, its consequences were not by any means fatal.

But what about Jessie? He gave her letter

a third perusal. A satisfied expression rested on his face long after he had folded it and sat in dreamy quiet. The way was easy enough. It would end just as he had planned.

A younger man would have dared his fate immediately. Mr. Delancy was wiser. He knew Jessie's courage and resolve would carry her bravely through these first days. He could wait until the hour of weakness and dependence came, when loneliness overtook her, and she longed for what she had relinquished. She would love him then, in spite of all efforts to the contrary. Struggle as she might, he felt he held her captive. A sweet, dainty prisoner who would never chafe again at the chain.

He took matters very coolly for the next week. True, he could not resist the temptation of stopping into Mrs. Whittier's. He wanted to hear some one speak of Jessie.

"She did presently. 'So Miss Throckmorton has gone to Chicago for the winter?'" she said.

"Has she?" there was an odd little smile in the corner of his eye.

"Didn't you know it? Oh, you did. What happened between you?"

"She rejected me." He uttered the words most gravely.

"Jessie Throckmorton! Then it was your own fault. Re-see, for I know she loves you. How could you be so foolish?"

"Yes, I think she loves me."

"What then?"

"Why, I shall go out to Chicago for her, that is all."

"You are curious. I wish you did not mind telling me."

"Confessing that I had been foolish, as you said? But when a man of nearly forty falls in love, he is not expected to be very wise. I think I shall improve, however."

"Do you mean to marry her?"

"Yes."

"Then I can wait."

She comforted him with many little things as dear to a lover, and he confessed within himself it was almost like a glimpse of Jessie. But after her talk with Clara, Jessie sat silent, unconscious of all this. The day had been rather dull, and now far over the lake she saw a gray mist rising, dull and cold. It was like her life. There would be sunshine again, happiness in her future; but at present she must abide the storm. She must carry a smoky face, too—one of the misfortunes of a lost youth was this habit of wearing a mask. How many things she had learned in this year that she had never dreamed of before. No wonder she trembled and shrank back. Oh, that sweet, vanished time!

"There's a gentleman in the drawing-room who wishes to see you, Miss Throckmorton," the servant announced, breaking up her somber reverie.

"Who is it, Margaret?"

"How odd," said Clara. "Some one from home."

Jessie was a little startled, and went down immediately. The apartment was not very light. Just as she opened the door, she thought of another day and another man who had risen from the corner of the sofa in a shady room, as this one did. He turned slowly, giving her time to face him.

"Oh!," she exclaimed, with a cry of surprise. "Mr. Delancy!"

He took both hands in his. They trembled violently, and in that half light he could see her paleness.

"How are they at home?" she stammered, at length.

"Well, or were yesterday. I saw your father."

"Then no one is ill?" Her tone was full of relief.

"Did you think that? I surprised you then?" He was looking steadily at her in his gravest fashion. It seemed as if he must know every thought in her heart.

"Yes," she answered, faintly.

He sat down and drew her to a seat beside him, still holding her hands.

"You do not ask about me," he said. "Is it of no consequence to you whether I am well or ill?"

She was so lost in confusion that she could not answer at all.

"Jessie"—there was something in his tone that commanded her direct attention—"Jessie, you must know what I came for. I received your letter the day I returned, and I confess, its contents surprised me. I want you to tell me frankly, whether you love me. It must be yes, or no."

Oh, what could she say? It was not possible to tell a falsehood against her own soul. Rose's face flashed before her and the sacrifice that she had told herself hundreds of times was complete.

"Yes."

"Do you know you have been a very foolish little body? If you were not so entirely sweet, and sorry I should sell you; but I think you have worked yourself sufficient pain. Why did you do it?"

Some sob that would find a way out, were her only answer.

"I think I can tell you. I want to, so there may be no misgivings in the future. You believed Rose loved me. You fancied her freshness and beauty better than anything you could give."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, her face a crimson glow of shame for Rose.

He understood her wounded delicacy.

"Yes," he went on, "in your heart you know that I am right. And now let us examine Rose's penchant. She is hardly seventeen, and has a young girl's fancy for a man much older than herself. If I asked her, she might possibly consent to an engagement. She would want to attend all kinds of gayeties, which is but right and natural; and then she would learn how little they were to my

must meet it. There is deep discontent among the masses, and they will shortly demand that their condition be made more comfortable both in this country and England. There is a restlessness, a feverish excitement, a discontentedness with their lot among the poor classes to which we cannot disregard. The people want more recreation—more enjoyment. They are casting about for relief from their monotonous and half-starved condition, and they will have it. Mr. Greely is a wise man. He has done some very foolish things, but he perhaps has more knowledge on all subjects than any other in this country. I think well of his plan, and the idea of cooperation, if carried out among the working classes, will do much to ameliorate their condition. Mr. Wade went on to show how, in Cincinnati, New York, Boston and other places, workmen had combined, started manufacturing, and were doing well.—[New York Herald.]

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, JULY 12, 1867.



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ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS relating either to the business or editorial departments of this paper, should be addressed to MAXHAM & WING, at "Waterville Mail Office."

JAIL BREAKERS.—The escape of five prisoners from the jail at Augusta, on Sunday night, has produced considerable excitement in this vicinity, on account of efforts made to arrest them. They had been sent there temporarily from the State prison, while repairs were made. They broke into a store at Bacon's Corner, Sidney, the same night, and provided themselves with a lunch of doughnuts, and several pairs of shoes. They concealed themselves in the vicinity during the day Monday, and in the night proceeded towards West Waterville village. Officers in search had prepared to meet them there with suitable forces, as they thought, to secure them. At a late hour they passed a squad of men who had concealed themselves out beyond the house of Mr. Sanford Pullen; but taking alarm from a light seen there, they jumped over a wall into a field of grain and lay still. The squad who had allowed them to pass thus far, were by arrangement to follow carefully behind them till they arrived near the bridge, where others were to aid in their arrest. Missing their game, they looked cautiously over the wall, and were at once confronted by the five convicts. There was a reasonable amount of mutual surprise, when the latter took to their heels in a hurry, followed by several bullets and one or two percussion caps—so reported.

They were supposed to conceal themselves in the adjacent woods; and on the following day a large party gathered from different directions in the vicinity and scoured various clusters of bushes and other safe and suspicious places, but without any other discoveries than indications that they had crossed the pond during the night. At night pickets were stationed at various points along the Kennebec, and at other places where they were likely to pass, but no discoveries were made.

On Wednesday a dispatch from Augusta announced that one of the convicts had been arrested the previous evening, at the house of Mr. John Rogers, in Belgrade, where he had hired himself out for a job at haying. Hunger and sore feet had compelled him to run a risk that proved fatal. He had exchanged his prison pants with a neighboring scare-crow, and got so bad a bargain as to excite suspicion. He was roused from his first nap, and taken back to Augusta.

Later—Friday Noon. We hear that another of the convicts was secured yesterday, just at night, in Mercer. The four crossed the bridge at Chandler's Mills, Belgrade, the night before, at midnight, by permission of a strong and well-armed guard, who suffered them to escape rather than shoot them. They ran in various directions, and during the night broke into the store of Rev. James Tibbets, in Rome, where they got something to eat, and proceeded to Mercer, where one was discovered and literally run down by a multitude of pursuers. At last accounts the other three were surrounded by a competent multitude, in a piece of woods between Mercer village and Sandy River.

KENDALL'S MILLS ADVERTISEMENTS.—These will hereafter be found in a separate column in our paper, and we hope to enlarge the list immediately, for we trust that Messrs. J. H. Gilbreth, Benj. Bunker & Co., and Dr. Pinkham are not the only gentlemen in that smart village who are alive to the advantages of advertising.

The inhabitants on our western frontier are organizing for defence against the Indians, government furnishing the necessary arms. In the company of riflemen, recently formed at Yankton, Dakota, we notice that Charles B. Wing, a Waterville boy, holds the office of 2d Lieutenant.

BOOTHBAY.

Our State is becoming a common resort for the seekers of health and pleasure in summer, and it has always been a very safe State to leave in the winter, because it would never spoil in our absence; and there are many places to go to, on the sea shore as well as inland, but where is the best chance, is an enquiry we often hear made—where can we find most comfort and enjoyment and the health they bring, for reasonable pay? I have made some observations and will try to answer that question so far at least, as the people of this vicinity are concerned. There is no place by the sea side so convenient to get to from the Kennebec towns, as Boothbay Harbor. Taking the forenoon train on the P. & K. railroad for \$2.40 you will be landed at Bath at 11-2 o'clock P. M., where you will be very likely to find the "Rival," with her unrivalled owner, Capt. Perkins, waiting for you, with the wind and tide always in his favor; or, at any rate, with a buxom little sloop that sails well against both; or wait till four o'clock and take the Steamer Spray; either will land you at the harbor in about two hours; and this any day in the week.

There is but one Hotel at the harbor—the Boothbay House—but that is a good one for the place; not altogether metropolitan in its style, and especially in its surroundings; not one of those "fashionable resorts," or where the "gentlemanly caterer tickles the plates of his guests with the choicest viands of the season;" that is, there is nothing fictitious about it, but a good comfortable and wholesome house to live in, a table supplied with all that reasonable people would desire or ought to indulge in. A landlady that seems to know when her house is in order, and especially how to season the chowders (and I will stake my reputation there are no such chowders anywhere else) all under the administration of honest Jacob Lowell, an old Kennebecer, whom every body is supposed to know between the Forks and Fiddler's Reach. He sticks to the old rule, to give honest fare for honest prices. But I advise all the Flora McFlimsey's and all the second rate Snobs, whether from up river or down river Snobdom, who claim gentility by "false pretences," and go to "summer resorts," to have a jig strut upon a small capital either of money, character, or good sense, to go somewhere else. Jacob hates all "them kind"—and all sensible people will like him the better for it.

But after all, the chief attraction is the magnificent Bay and Harbor, for sailing or fishing upon our whole coast, it is said, there is no better. Women and children of delicate stomachs, sail in the harbor and catch pollock and eunners. Men and brave boys go further out, according to their constitutions, and cruise among the islands.

"The stately ship may venture more, but little crafts must keep the shore."

The little harbor on Damascoo island is a curiosity worth going to see. It is an inlet of about 40 rods into the southerly end of the island, which is of granite formation, just wide and deep enough for vessels to go in and turn, and safe in any storm. I don't know how it came there but I suppose it grew there. I am sure man could not make such a place and nature could only do it in one of her freaks. But it must be allowed that in this case she employed her eccentricity to a useful purpose.

I am told that fishing parties rarely fail of good hauls. I suppose the fish would bite well if only to keep up the attractions of their harbor. Do they try to imitate the amenities of their banded neighbors on shore? It is not claimed that there are any sea serpents at Boothbay, but I have seen quite a number of mermaids and some beautiful specimens, too, that is, sea maids or maids who dwell by the sea—and they "sing upon the rocks," if they sing at all, for there is nothing else to sing on; and from what I have seen, I don't think it would be safe for any young man to expose himself to their "charms" who is not ready to be caved. If I make any more observations I will let you know. X. X.

We invite attention to Mrs. Phillips' notice of the commencement of her writing class. We are glad to learn that her services as a resident teacher are appreciated by our citizens. We know her penmanship to be very fine, and her uniform success in giving instruction is demonstrated with her pupils. She ought to have a large class.

"No BLAME."—Of course nobody blames the jailer at Augusta for the escape of the five prisoners, as a correspondent of the Portland Star asserts. But, as the Bath Times adds, "before that statement can be fully credited his explanation of the manner of their escape will need to be very much explained." When prisoners escape from "our beautiful jail" by the use of a spoon and a needle-full of thread, the normal condition of that institution is liable to be suspected, at least in some of its organs.

If the blame rests upon the architect Mr. Lewis will be able to show it, if upon the prisoners, let the rascals bear it.

Needless than seven reconstruction bills have been offered in Congress already, that presented by Senator Trumbull having probably the best choice of a passage. That, or any other, will have to go over the President's head, for he will feel it to be his duty to interpose his veto.

There was an exciting and well-contested race at Portland, on the fourth, between the Gladiator, entered and driven by F. S. Palmer, of Portland, and "Little Fred," entered and driven by A. M. Savage, of Waterville. Both horses behaved well, and the match was a very even one, but it was finally won by "Little Fred." Time: 2:27; 2:39; 2:40. The Argus speaks in high terms of the training and driving of both horses.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WATERVILLE CLASSICAL INSTITUTE. Last week, was an occasion of very marked interest in the history of that venerable school. The audience filled the Baptist church; and though the programme had the fault of providing entertainment until full midnight, it was so pleasantly arranged that the affliction was borne with most cheerful patience. In the several departments of speaking, reading and composition, there was a pointed rivalry that made everybody anxious to hear the award of prizes. This rivalry was forcibly expressed by the committee on compositions, who reported that "no two of them coincided in their first opinions as to the compositions which should be put either in the first or second place;" but that their final agreement was the result of "some waiving of preferences."

The following was the programme:—

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Music—Duet. Fascination Gallop. Misses Parlin and Blunt.

PART I.—PRIZE DECLARATIONS.

1—Abraham Lincoln. Albert W. Philbrick.

2—Knowledge vs. Gold. Edward S. Sheldon.

3—The Polish Boy. Augustus H. Kelly.

4—The Dying Alchemist. Washington W. Perry.

Music—"Nightingale's Trill." Mrs. Marriner.

5—Edinburgh after Floods. Fred Wilson.

6—Extract from Vergil. Delwin A. Hamlin.

7—Return of Regulus to Carthage. Albion T. Stinson.

8—Spartacus to the Gladiators. Fred H. Caffrey.

Music—Piano Solo. Miss Jennie Taylor.

9—Extract from James Otis. Thomas M. Dillingham.

10—Make way for Liberty. Lewis A. Wheeler.

11—The Western Yacht. George B. Faine.

12—The Bell. James Pierce.

Music—"Dublin Bay." W. G. Campbell.

13—The Raven. Samuel B. Glazier.

14—The Widow of Olencoe. John D. Smith.

15—The Traitor's Death. Edwin B. Jose.

Music—Piano Solo. Frank Jewell.

PART II.—PRIZE READINGS.

1—Fashionable Parties in New Netherlands. Ella B. Stinson.

2—Claribel's Prayer. Thalia S. Howard.

3—Order for a Picture. Mary E. Wheelwright.

4—Lecture on Lending Umbrellas. Adelle F. Blunt.

Music—"Miller's Daughter." Mrs. Marriner.

5—The Changed Cross. Mary A. Townsend.

6—Extract from Freeman's Address. Emily S. Phillips.

7—The Rhyme of Jennie Eagleheart. Mary C. Low.

8—Mother and Poet. Ada B. Stevens.

Music—Piano Solo. Miss Jennie Taylor.

PART III.—PRIZE COMPOSITIONS.

1—Life's Work. Nellie M. Stuart.

2—Over the Sea. Carrie E. Barton.

3—The Hand. Julia B. Rideout.

4—Heroism. Mary C. Low.

Music—Song. Mrs. Marriner.

5—Unwritten History. Emma F. Parlin.

6—Nature's Teachings. Lizzie J. Rideout.

7—Rocks. Laura J. Parlin.

8—Shadows. Abbie J. Flagg.

Music—"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." W. C. Campbell.

The first prize in composition was awarded to Miss Lizzie J. Rideout, of Cumberland;

and the second to Miss Abbie J. Flagg, of Benton.

The first prize in reading was awarded to Miss Mary C. Low, of Waterville.

The first prize in speaking was awarded to Fred H. Caffrey, of Waterville; and the second to Samuel B. Glazier, of Gardner.

Mrs. Marriner and Mr. Campbell, who had been engaged in the benefit concert the previous evening, gave great interest to the exercises by singing several beautiful pieces, in the inimitable style of each. An introductory piano duet, by Misses Parlin and Blunt, was heartily applauded; as were also a beautiful piece by Miss Jennie Taylor, and the "Mocking Bird" by Master Frank Jewell. The musical performances of the pupils, though limited, were highly creditable to the teacher in that department.

As a whole—and as was generally expected—the anniversary was one of uncommon interest, and indicated in a marked degree the elements of enduring prosperity in this venerable institution.

BASE BALL.—The following is the score of the match game between the Sheridan Base Ball Club, of Norridgewock, and the Delphic Club, of Waterville, played July 5th, the Sheridans being the challenging party:—

Sheridans. Runs Outs. Delphics. Runs Outs.

Allen, S. S. 2 4 Warren, C. 7 4

Eaton, C. Capt. 4 3 Dunn, K. 6 4

Sawtelle, B. B. 5 1 Bangs, 11. Capt. 9 1

Manley, P. 5 2 Glazier, 2 B. 9 2

Whiting, C. F. 2 5 Wilson, S. B. 4 4

Vaughn K. F. 2 4 Daniels, S. S. 5 1

Watts, 1 B. 3 2 Eddy, L. F. 4 6

Bunker, L. F. 1 4 Rawson, C. F. 8 2

Stone, 2 B. 2 2 Woodman, R. F. 7 3

Total. 26 27 Total. 59 27

Innings. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

Delphics. 5, 3, 0, 0, 7, 6, 9, 59.

Sheridans. 5, 3, 0, 4, 11, 0, 0, 2, 0.—26

Home Runs, Delphics, Bangs, 2.

Left on bases, Sheridans, Vaughn, 1, Watts, 1, Stone, 1—4. Delphics, Dunn, 1, Bangs, 1, Wilson, 2, Daniels, 4—8.

Fly caught, Sheridans, Watts, 4, Stone, 2, Manley, 2, Whiting, 2, Vaughn, 1—11. Delphics, Glazier, 3, Daniels, 2, Rawson, 1, Dunn, 1, Bangs, 1—8.

Passed Balls, Eaton, 10; Warren 6.

Struck out, Sheridans, Allen, 1; Manley, 1. Delphics, Eddy, 4.

Umpire, A. G. Blunt, of the Athletic club of Portland.

Scorers, for the Sheridans, Huzzey; for the Delphics, E. F. Merriam.

Time of game, 2h. 50m.

Where all played so well we cannot make comparisons. The fine home runs made by Bangs, called forth the applause of the spectators, as did the fine fly catches of Watts of the Sheridans. There were many good points made in the game, and the interest was kept up to the close.

MEXICO.—The city of Vera Cruz fell on the 27th ult., and it is reported that Santa Anna was shot on the 26th at Sisal. It is stated that Juarez intends to convene a Congress and to tender his resignation of the Presidency.

DR. C. B. LINTHILL'S second professional visit to Waterville will take place on Thursday July 18th, and he can be consulted at the Williams House on that day only.

DR. G. F. WATERS, formerly of this place, has become the successor in business of the late distinguished Dr. Nichols of 54 Bowdoin Street, Boston.

OUR TABLE.

CO-OPERATIVE STORES, their History, Organization, and Management. Based on the recent work of Eugene Richter. With annotations and amendments rendering the work specially adapted for use in the United States. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

This full text sufficiently explains the character of the work which we commend to working men generally. It is in co-operative societies, we believe, and not in strikes, that the laboring man everywhere is to find a remedy for his burdens.

For sale at Herrickson's.

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST.—The opening article in the July number is an interesting paper on "The Sea-horse and its young," with a description of this creature's unique mode of reproduction, by Samuel Lookwood.

This is followed by the conclusion of Mr. Hart's observations on "The Recent Bird Tracks of the Basin of Minas;" "Something about Jelly-fishes," with a fine steel engraving, by Mr. E. S. Morse; "The Agency of Insects in Fertilizing Plants," by W. J. Bealy.

Ice-marks and Ancient Glaciers in the White Mountains; by Dr. Packard; and the usual variety of interesting Natural History Miscellany.

The *Naturalist* is a valuable addition to our list of periodicals, and can hardly fail to be well supported.

Published by the Essex Institute, Salem, Mass., at \$3 a year.

THE MAINE NORMAL for July has a continuation of Jacob Abbott's article on the Early development of the Imagination; some suggestions about "Impugnability;" a plea for object-teaching in primary schools, by A. P. S.; a class poem, read at the graduation exercises of the Normal School, Farmington, by Miss Jessie M. Dyer; etc., etc. There is also a full report of the late anniversary of the State Normal School.

We learn from the editorial notes, that a committee, consisting of Messrs. Geo. M. Gage, of the Normal School; A. P. Stone, of Portland; J. S. Barrel, of Lewiston; E. Ballard, of Brunswick; H. Woodbury, of Sweden; J. H. Hanson, of Waterville; M. Littlefield, of Bangor; and Geo. T. Fletcher, of Augusta, has been appointed to arrange for and call a State convention of the teachers of Maine.

Published by J. Weston Swift & Co., Farmington, at \$1.50 a year.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.—This well known "Journal of Practical Information, Art, Science, Mechanics, Chemistry, and Manufactures," by far the best publication of the kind in this country, entered upon a new volume on the 6th inst. Within a year or two it has been enlarged and improved, and now a large sheet, handsomely printed and illustrated, and filled with able articles scientific and practical.

Mechanics, Inventors, Engineers, Chemists, Manufacturers, Agriculturists, and people in every profession of life, will find the *Scientific American* to be of great value in their respective callings. Its contents and suggestions will save them hundreds of dollars annually, besides affording them a continual source of knowledge, the value of which is beyond pecuniary estimate. An official list of all Patents granted, together with the claims thereof, is published weekly.

Published weekly, by Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, N. Y., at \$3 a year, \$1.50 half year, 10 copies for one year \$22. Specimen copies sent gratis.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—The July number of this illustrated Monthly for All our Boys and Girls has a continuation of Horatio Alger's interesting story of "Ragged Dick, or Street Life in New York," and much other entertaining and instructive reading, with a piece for declamation, a dialogue, "Tangled Threads," etc.

Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

NEW ENGLAND FARMER.—Ordinarily the monthly edition of this excellent agricultural periodical contains forty-eight pages of reading matter, of a character specially interesting to every farmer and horticulturist; till the July number has the liberal allowance of fifty pages of good reading, with some nice illustrations. That portion of the original articles on Domestic Economy devoted to house plants, is concluded, and the next chapter will treat of Gardening, or woman's share of it more particularly.

The Farmer is published by R. P. Eaton & Co., Boston, at \$1.50 for the monthly edition, and \$2.50 for the weekly.

SAD.—Mr. Charles Lewis—formerly employed on the P. and K. Railroad, but for a year past, Conductor on the Panama Railroad, and who returned to his labors on the Isthmus a few weeks ago, after a brief absence home—writes to his friends here that his wife, who returned with him, died of fever at Aspinwall, on the 22d ult. By her amiable qualities Mrs. L. (formerly Miss Vesta A. Stevens, of Solon) had endeared herself to a large circle of friends here, to whom this is sad news; and upon the bereaved husband, left alone in a strange land, the blow must have fallen with desolating effect. Mrs. L.'s age was about twenty-seven years.

WATERVILLE CLASSICAL INSTITUTE.—A newly printed catalogue of this school has just appeared which shows this institution to be in a flourishing condition—the number of pupils during the past year in the classical department being 249. The following is a list of the Instructors:—

James H. Hanson, A. M., Principal, Teacher of Greek and Latin Languages, Eloquence, and Natural Sciences; Mrs. M. E. Hanson, Principal of Ladies' Department, Teacher of History and French; Miss Sarah R. Ricker, Teacher of Mathematics and German; Miss Annie E. Patten, Teacher of Reading, Rhetoric, and Botany; Miss Lizzie J. Rideout, Miss Emma E. Parlin, Assistant Teachers; Miss Lydia M. Follansbee, Teacher of Music; Miss Sarah H. Allen, Teacher of Drawing and Painting.

The Institute building is altogether inadequate for the proper accommodation of the large number of pupils in attendance, and the friends of the school are making an effort for its enlargement.

VERY JUST.—A friend who writes us from Jacksonville, Illinois—the seat of a flourishing seminary—takes occasion to say:—"Miss Mary Dyer has won golden opinions here as an artist, as well as a teacher and a lady. She commenced in September last as an entire stranger, and under considerable embarrassment, but overcame all obstacles, and proved herself just what I (and you) knew her to be—a true artist."

Judge Walton on Monday overruled the motion to set aside the verdict in the Verrill murder trial, and the case goes up to the full Court, where the exceptions will be argued next week. Harris has been sentenced to be hung.

The news of the execution of Maximilian produced in Europe a feeling of profound sorrow and regret, and everywhere the action of the Mexicans is regarded with horror and disgust, and a suspension of diplomatic relations is proposed by several governments. An Austrian fleet was to be at once dispatched for the body of the late Archduke.

CARRIAGES.—Is Waterville coming again to its old glory?

In ancient days, when Dea Stillson was known to millions who rode in all kinds of wheeled machines—to say nothing of "runners," that were then as numerous as now—half the business of the village was done in carriage shops. Now, as will be seen among our advertisements, Francis Kenrick, Esq., a modern graduate of the same school, comes here to supply the surrounding world with carriages. We heartily wish him any degree of success; and hope that the premature spasms in the department of rents will not choke his plans till our "dam enterprise" begins to do somebody some good.

CROPS AT THE WEST.

An old friend in Illinois—not long since a highly esteemed resident of Waterville—in a recent letter to us says:—

How I should like to spend a week, busy as I am, in showing you these grand prairies of ours just now, while the wheat harvest is going on. You could then safely say, as I do now, speculators cannot prevent cheap bread this year, if appearances are worth anything. You hazard nothing in saying that the price of wheat will be lower this year than last. Farmers are contracting their crops at \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel, being 50 cts. to \$1.00 less than in July 1866. It is all safe if there is good weather for two or three weeks, to come, and that we expect because of the abundance of rain in May and early June. The weather is certainly all that can be desired now—dry and hot. Corn is backward, but the promise is good for an average crop.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.

The following is a list of officers, for the current quarter, of Waterville Section, No. 5:—

Robert Keith, W. A.

Ned Meader, V. A.

W. Henry Wentworth, S.

Charlie Follansbee, A. S.

Emma L. Crowell, T.

George E. Page, A. T.

Emma R. Wescott, Chaplain.

Fred W. Downer, P. W. A.

Fannie Low, 1st Visitor.

Ella F. Bradford, 2d Visitor.

Geo. K. Wentworth, Guide.

Henry W. Rannels, Usher.

Edie D. Boothby, W.

Bertie Gatchell, S.

CATTLE MARKETS.

A moderate supply is reported this week, with no change in prices.

A HOAX.—That newly discovered island in the Pacific, of which such strange stories were told, cannot be found. A wicked sell, evidently, by some graceless mariner.

THE FAILURE OF HIRAM KEENE.—An extensive country store keeper and dealer in produce, in Canaan, is announced in the papers. Liabilities said to be near \$50,000. He had just bought very largely in Portland, with the aid of an endorser—so says the *Star*.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.—THE AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY OF WALTHAM, MASS.

Our readers know that the best mechanism of the best manufacturers

THE subscriber would inform the citizens of Waterville and vicinity that he has taken the store lately occupied by J. Mason & Co. and purchased his stock of

FLOUR AND GROCERIES.

and making large additions thereto, and will be happy to renew their business acquaintance, and respectfully solicit care of their patronage.

He will pay cash and the highest market price for all kinds of farm produce.

JOSEPH PERKINS.

Waterville, Dec. 1863.

24

CAUTION
To Females in Delicate Health

H. DOW, Physician and Surgeon, No. 6 Endicot Street Boston, is consulted daily for all diseases incident to the female system. Prolapsus Uteri or Falling of the Womb, Leucorrhoea, Menstrual Disorders, and all other derangements arising upon new pathological principles and speedily re-equilibrated in a very few days. So invariably certain it is in the new mode of treatment, that most obstinate complaints are cured, and the afflicted person soon rejoices in perfect health.

Dr. Dow has no doubt had greater experience in the cure of diseases of women than any other physician in Boston. He has cured more than 10,000 cases of Prolapsus Uteri, in Boston a few days under his treatment.

Dr. Dow, since 1846, having confined his whole attention to the office practice for the cure of Private Diseases and Femal diseases, has no competitors in the United States.

N. B.—All letters must contain one dollar, or they will not be answered.

Business hours from 8 A. M. to 9 P. M.
Boston, July 26, 1866. 1v6

Removal—Special Notice.

MRS. BRADBURY

Has the pleasure to announce that she now occupies her
New and Commodious Place of Business,
in the third building south of that occupied by her for
many years.

Mrs. B. returns thanks for her long continued and generous
patronage, and pledges her best efforts to offer a complete
Stock of

Millinery and Fancy Goods

ND
SMALL WARES,

that shall meet the wants of the community in variety, quality and price.

Special attention will be given to furnishing articles for MOURNING and FUNERAL occasions.

A continuance of public patronage is respectfully solicited.
Waterville, Feb. 1st, 1865.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.
R. H. EDDY,
SOLICITOR OF PATENTS,
Late Agent of U. S. Patent Office, Washington.

State Agent of U. S. Patent Office at Washington, under the Act of 1892.)

78 State Street, opposite Kirby Street,
BOSTON.

AFTER an extensive practice of upwards of twenty years, continues to secure Patents in the United States; also in Great Britain, France, and other foreign countries. Claims, Specifications, Bonds, Assignments, and all Papers on Drawing for Patents, in relation to Inventions, and with dispatch, research, made into American or Foreign works, to determine the validity or utility of Patents or Inventions; and send Copies of the claims of any Patent furnished by remitting One Dollar. Assignments recorded.

No Agency in the United States possesses superior facilities for obtaining Patents, or ascertaining the

patentability of an invention.

During eight months the subscriber, in the course of his large practice, made up twice rejected applications, SIX (6) times; and, again, every one of which was decided in his FAVOR by the Commissioner of Patents.

TESTIMONIALS.

As to regard Mr. Edgely's course of the MOST CAPABLE AND SUCCESSFUL practitioners with whom he has had official intercourse.

CHARLES MASON,
Commissioner of Patents

"I have no hesitation in assuring inventors that they cannot employ a person more competent and trustworthy, and more capable of putting their applications in a form so secure for them an early and favorable consideration at the Patent Office.

EDMUND BURKE,
Late Commissioner of Patents

tion and a copy has made for the THIRTIETH applica-
 tion all but 23 of which patents have been granted and
 that is now pending. Such unshakable proof of great
 talent and ability on his part induce me to recommend all
 inventors to apply to him to procure their patents, as they
 may be sure of having the most faithful attention bestowed
 on their case, and at very reasonable charge."
 JOHN TAGGART.
 Boston, Jan. 1. 1867. 1yr26

SMOLANDER'S EXTRACT BUCHU
 CURES
 ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
 AND
 RHEUMATIC DIFFICULTIES

Price \$1. Sold everywhere.

J. A. BURKITT, Wholesale Druggist, Boston, Gen'l Agent
6m-57

NICKAWA.

THIS animal will stand for service at my stable in
North Vassaboro', the ensuing season.

I have been induced to purchase this horse by the repeated
inquiries of farmers for a larger Stock horse than those gen-
erally used. I have endeavored to select one whose pedigree,
style, color, and size would give promise of valuable stock,
provided they did not trot fast. In addition I may say, that
this horse, now new to us, is a fast horse and of frothing
blood on both sides (being his brother to Commodore Van-
derbilt, Donner's Lady Woodruff, Rose Washington, and many
other fast horses).

horses are fitted to examine at their convenience.
 NKA A pair of beautiful chestnut color, 16 hands high
 and weighs 1200 pounds
 TERMS—\$15 for Season Service; \$20 to warrant
 Season from May 15 to Sept.
 42 T. S. LANG.

Fast Driving.

SEC. 5th of Art. 5th of the By-Laws of the Town of
 Waterville reads as follows:—
 "BE IT further ordered, That no person shall drive or
 ride any horse through or in any street or public place, so
 said Village, on the run, or at an immoderate pace, dangerous
 to the safety of the persons passing or being thereon, or the
 property of any person, except in cases of urgent necessity,
 under penalty of one dollar."

 This By Law will be enforced after this date.
J NYE, Insp. Police.
Waterville, March 18, 1897. 37



**Blandys' Portable Steam En-
gines & Saw Mills.**

Engines of all sizes, and Saw Mills either
single or double. Both easily transported
from place to place on stout wagons. All

machinery warranted, and guaranteed to cut from six to ten thousand feet per day. These Engines and Mills are used in every State in the Union and almost every country in the world, and are everywhere pronounced THE BEST.

For illustrated circulars, with descriptions, prices, and reports of operators, Address the Manufacturers:

H. & F. BLANDY,
Rancocasville, O., or Newark, O.

Please state in what paper you saw this notice.

Rocky Mountains!

MESSRS. CURTIS & BOYNTON,
No. 35 North Street,—Boston,
MANUFACTURE A SOAP as good as can be imagined
or described. One trial convinces the most skeptical of
its merits. Dirt vanishes under its application like frost un-
der noonday sun.
Merchants can be supplied with it on reasonable terms,
either directly from the manufacturers or from the Agent for
this State, at near No. 74 Exchange Street, Bangor.
Try a single bar and you will be unwilling to continue
household cleaning with any other soap. It is good for
PAINT, PITCH, WHEEL GREASE, TAR and doing any and every
kind of washing. It contains nothing that will injure the
finest of cloths. Also, toilet use. Not used by anything
but the hands.

June 18th, 1894

Pure Bred Jersey Bull.

RAISED in Massachusetts from Stock imported in 1860.
This animal is two years old, and has my place in W.
42 W. A. P. DILLINGHAM.

TURKIS Island and Liverpool Salt, at

Choice Syrup, \$1.00, at

**C. H. REDINGTON'S
REDINGTON**