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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 21, No. 08): August 23, 1867

Maxham & Wing

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## A SUMMER LONGING.

I must away to wooded hills and vales,  
Where broad, slow streams flow cool and silently;  
And idle barges dip their clear sails,  
For me the summer sunset glows and pales,  
And green fields wait for me.

I long for shadowy forests, where the birds  
Twitter and chirp at noon from every tree;  
I long for blossomed leaves and lowing herds;  
And Nature's voices say, in mystic words,  
"The green fields wait for thee."

I dream of uplands, where the primrose shines,  
And waves her yellow lamps above the lea;  
Of tangled copses, swung with trailing vines;  
Of open vistas skirted with tall pines,  
Where green fields wait for me.

I think of long, sweet afternoons when I  
May lie and listen to the distant sea,  
Or hear the breezes in the reeds that sigh,  
Or insect-voices chirping shrill and dry,  
On the green fields that wait for me.

These dreams of summer come to bid me find  
The forest's shade, the wild bird's melody,  
While summer's ray wreaths for me are twined,  
While summer's fragrance lingers on the wind,  
And green fields wait for me.

(From Harper's Magazine for August.)

## MR. GREGORY.

(Continued.)

He rose abruptly and led the way down stairs, and Agnes followed mechanically. "A hundred little girls!" She felt as if a hundred pins and needles had suddenly entered her flesh; but there was no time now for shrinking or quivering. Already the door of the Lower Department was opened, and Mr. Gregory was introducing her to a lady who occupied the chair on the platform. There were two other ladies and a gentleman seated there, evidently visitors to the school, and it seemed that some kind of public exercises were about to be performed for their entertainment, as the classes were not engaged in recitation, but waiting quietly in their seats.

Mr. Gregory drew a chair forward for Agnes, and the trembling girl was glad to sink into it; but he stood up by the desk, square and rigid, his keen eyes looking sharply out from beneath the projecting brows, and taking in at a glance every point of the scene before him.

It would have been a critical eye indeed which would have discovered any thing to find fault with; so perfect was the silence, so motionless the figures that filled those long rows of seats as the lady Principal laid her hand upon the spring of a little bell which stood upon her desk, and held it there for a moment. Not a head moved, not a head or foot stirred, among all those scores of little children; and Agnes involuntarily held her breath, with a nervous fear lest she should move, or cough, or drop something, and thus disturb the statue-like stillness. She started with a sense of relief when a light pressure of the bell sent its clear silver clasp vibrating through the rooms, and at the instant six little monitors, in each of that long vista of apartments, took their places at the glass doors between. Another child, a girl of perhaps twelve years, came quietly forward and seated herself at a piano which stood in front of the Principal's desk. Very soft and sweet were the tones which her light, little fingers woke, and to the slow gliding music the great doors moved noiselessly apart, revealing the same aspect of silent order as the first. It was a beautiful, a wonderful sight, and Agnes thrilled, as one does involuntarily, with a sense of the beautiful, the perfect, wherever found.

As a signal from the Principal the little musician struck a single loud chord, and the whole assemblage of children rose to their feet as if by mechanism, so simultaneous, so noiseless was the movement. Then the little fingers at the instrument flew lightly over the keys in a merry, ringing tone, and all the little heads and hands and feet began to move as lightly to it in perfect rhythm. How prettily the tiny hands went tap, tap, tap above each childish head, now softly as the snowflakes touch in falling, now with a silvery sound as when the waves at play ripple against the beach!—how gracefully the dimpled arms went wreathing, twining in a sort of fairy garland; each saucy chin nodded up and down, each bright head turned to right and left, each playful foot went stamp, stamp, stamp in rhythmic measure, and one would have thought it the whole force of Titania's realm, drawn up in mimic rank and file, and being put through elfin drill by Puck himself. Fast and faster flew the little fingers over the ringing keys, and still the rapid, fairy-like motions kept pace with the changing music; and bright eyes sparkled, red lips smiled, ringlets waved, and cheeks grew rosy with the pretty, healthful exercise, while the delighted guests overwhelmed the teachers with compliments, and Agnes looked on fascinated and wonder-struck, and more than ever appalled at the thought of her own tenuity.

The bell sent forth its silver note again, and swift, silent as the fall of the leaves, the whole dancing, nodding throng was still, and sinking slowly to their seats. A word to the little pianist, and her music changed to a slow and sweet prelude, gliding into the accompaniment of some pretty song, and soon the room was filled with ringing, childish tones, as bird-like and as winsome as had been the airy movements of the moment before.

When the song was ended the visitors made their adieus, and Mr. Gregory, turning to the lady principal, spoke with her in an undertone for a few moments, and then, with a brief nod to Agnes, disappeared likewise. Upon this Miss Gregory took a seat beside the still trembling girl, and began to "make talk" with a kind intention of being civil to a stranger, not unmixed with curiosity to discover what there could be in this quiet-looking girl to induce Mr. Gregory to take such an extraordinary step.

There was but little time to talk, however; brief intermission was soon over, and the throng again marshalled in their places. Agnes' heart beat, almost to suffocation, but she could have read her agitation in her quiet face as she walked down the long aisle, with a Glover and took her place at the vacant seat. To all appearance she was quite at ease, but she was very glad when the great glass doors slowly slid together and she was shut in with her charge.

It would take overmuch time to tell the history of that day. Poor Agnes found it to be a trial indeed; for the children, who had seemed little fairies before, proved themselves to be in reality little imps in their ingenious mimicry for mischief, when removed from the conventional restraint of public assemblage, under the eyes of the whole corps of teachers. Little sprites as they were, they evidently understood the art of taking advantage of a new teacher, and put "Miss Howe" to her end to evade their incessant demands, to turn them in any kind of order, or obtain from any satisfactory attention to study.

Never mind lessons to-day—only make a feel that you can govern them," had been Agnes' suggestion; and so Agnes felt at a loss to devote her time to winning their affection and good-will. She was both gentle and firm; and her own entire interest was in the fact, so it was not strange that she succeeded in taming them; and the class presented such quiet, cheerful, busy aspect, when Mr. Gregory entered it at two o'clock, that his countenance relaxed a little from its usual saturnine expression in involuntary satisfaction at this confirmation of his judgment of the young stranger.

"No, don't rise," he said, looking closely into the face of Agnes—a little tired and nervous, and just now coloring with embarrassment—"pretty hard work, isn't it? but you have got bravely over the worst, and every day will make it easier now—that is, if your star proves propitious, which I trust it may. I have written a line for you, which you can show to each of the trustees, and here are their addresses. I would go to see them this very afternoon: there is nothing like being the first on the ground."

Agnes had only an hour or two to rest, for Mr. Gregory had suggested five o'clock as the best hour at which to call upon Mr. Verplanck, the Chairman of the Committee, as it was his dinner-hour, and she would be likely to find him at home. Even this brief space in which to breathe freely brought back composure and courage; and as the great bell of St. Mark's tolled five Agnes found herself standing in the spacious doorway of a more elegant mansion than she had ever entered before, waiting admission with a trembling but resolute heart.

"Mr. Verplanck is at dinner," said the servant who opened the door; and Agnes, asking permission to wait, was shown into a stately room, whose magnificence at first dazzled her novice eyes, and was there left to her own devices. The first half-hour was made quite tolerable by the novelty of being surrounded by such unaccustomed splendor; but as the slow moments crept by she began to grow nervous and anxious, doubtful of her fate, and impatient to have it settled one way or the other. The sound of approaching steps at last was a real relief, and it was with a now-it-will-soon-be-over feeling that she rose to meet the gentleman who entered and silently placed in his hand Mr. Gregory's note. He was a tall, grave man, with a cold, unapproachable countenance, but yet a look which inspired one involuntarily with the feeling that his decisions would yet be given strictly according to his conscience. He took the note also silently and read it slowly and carefully through; then he refolded it leisurely, regarding Agnes meanwhile with a thoughtful, examining look. At last he spoke, almost more to himself than to her, and using very deliberate, measured tones:

"Mr. Gregory is an excellent man—a very excellent and a very clear-sighted man; and I hold that, when the principal of a school is such a man, he is the best judge as to the teachers who are to work with him. I see no reason to dissent from the opinion he has expressed here, young lady, as to your suitability for this vacancy; and I am glad he has made it unnecessary for me to enter into any examination, for my time is very much occupied, and I have an engagement immediately. If neither of my colleagues have any superior claims to urge in behalf of any other applicant, I shall be pleased to be able to ratify Mr. Gregory's judgment. That is all, I believe; good-evening."

This indeed was good fortune, and Agnes started off toward her next destination with a light step and a confident heart. "No. 101 Blank Street," that was not very far off; and a few minutes' rapid walk brought her to the door of a dingy red brick house which bore that number.

"Does Mr. McCormick live here? and is he at home?" she asked, doubtfully, of the girl who answered her ring.

"Shure an' he doz. Ye'll find him in here, I guess; just open the door, and help yerself, please."

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WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, AUG. 23, 1867.

NO. 8.

## Waterville Mail.

pleasant-looking house, where resided the third and last member of the committee, and pulled the bell.

"Yes, Mr. Rushton was in—would she walk into the library?" was the servant's answer to her query; and as Agnes sat waiting in the pretty little room, looking wearily at the tempting rows of volumes in the book-cases, and the well-chosen pictures on the walls, cheerful household sounds reached her through the half-open door; a child's merry laugh and eager plea to be tossed up just once more; the father's deeper but as playful tones, and then the mother's gentle voice restoring quiet as the servant appeared with her message.

In a very few moments there was a quick, mainly tread in the hall, and a pleasant voice saying: "No, no, Robbie, wait till papa comes back;" and then the door opened, and Agnes's next trial was near at hand.

Not a very hard one, she felt sure, as soon as she had looked up into that pleasant, kindly face, and heard the tones of that frank, genial voice; and, while she had fled from the mere prospect of Mr. McCormick's scrutiny, she bore very quietly the look with which this man regarded her as he refolded the Principal's note. Agnes could not but feel sure not only of courtesy but appreciation, and lifted her look to his, with this intuitive trust showing out very plainly amidst all its agitation and weariness.

"No other candidate has applied to me," he said; and then he asked a great many questions, kindly and delicate, but still close and scrutinizing, as he felt was his duty before deciding a matter of importance; and Agnes answered freely.

"I will see Verplanck myself to-morrow," he said, at last, "and McCormick can do nothing against us together. You may consider your appointment certain if you pass the Superintendent's examination; and I wish you all manner of success in your new vocation."

There was but one more ordeal now for Agnes to pass—the examination by the Superintendent of the Schools—and this proved no half so terrible as she had expected. When she left him on the next afternoon she held in her hand not only the usual certificate, but a note containing a simple but strong expression of more than ordinary approval.

So now it was all settled, and she had had "wonderful luck," as some of the teachers a little enviously remarked, when, on the next Monday, she was regularly installed among their number. The class, tired of the capricious rule of monitors, welcomed her back with childish eagerness; and she entered upon her duties with every thing combining to make them as pleasant as they could be made. This she felt deep down in her grateful heart; and weariness as the monotonous routine often proved, the children restless or idle, the noise and heat distressing, and though the sad loneliness of her desolate home sent no cheering influence with her to sustain her through the day, her patience and courage rarely failed her. Her scholars loved her, and grew daily more gentle and obedient under her harmonizing power; and though she was not gay and brilliant enough ever to become "popular" in the school, "that quiet Miss Howe" made no enemies, even if she drew toward her no ardent young lady friendships.

She saw Mr. Gregory three or four times a week, as he made the tour of the different departments, and these brief visits always made bright spots in the day for Agnes. She wondered how the other teachers could dislike him, as they almost unanimously did; they rendered an involuntary respect to his position and to his sterling, straightforward character, but they pronounced him as rugged in manner as in look, as sharp of tongue as of eye, and "Ursa Major" had been adopted as their regular pseudonym for him.

Agnes could not but acknowledge to herself that she too should begin to fear him—she did not think she could ever dislike one who had proved her first friend—had she half seen the strange look, critical, sure, self-contemptuous, bent upon her, with which she had seen him regard some "Miss Mulligan," or "Miss Kelly," when they turned to him on entering their often tumultuous class-rooms, with voluble explanations or apologies. But to her there had never been any thing but kindness even in criticism; a manner brief and abrupt, often enough, but never wanting in respect; and sometimes a rested look, as though it were a real refreshment to come to her ever quiet, busy class, and herself always simple, earnest, and sweet, after the many vexations and disappointing experiences of inefficient teachers and unsatisfactory classes which each day brought him.

Agnes was far too humble to realize all this; she only had a comforted feeling that he approved her work; but there was never a word or look to imply that she herself ever entered his thoughts. He never lingered in her room longer than in another, or sought opportunities to speak with her; and she felt a little wistful sometimes that the real friendship she had hoped might grow up between them was no nearer at hand than on the first day when he took her by the hand and promised to help her.

Only once it seemed a little more like it. She had remained after school to do some necessary writing; and he, looking in at the door of each department, as was his custom before leaving the building each day, saw her seated alone at her desk far down the deep school-room, strode leisurely along the aisle, and threw himself with a wearied air upon one of the children's low iron seats. She would have put up her writing at once, but he bade her go on; and as she obeyed, a little unwillingly, the timid color mounting her cheek, he sat there, leaning his elbow on the desk, and his massive head upon his hand, and looked at her, taking in every point of the picture; the figure graceful even in its weariness; the bending head from the low, sweet brow, and behind the delicate ear; the creamy cheek, like a tea-rose now, with that soft, shy color stealing upon its rich paleness, the heavy-lashed lids dropping over the gray, deep eyes; the girlish hand tracing free, graceful characters on the white paper; a flush reddening his own swardly cheek meanwhile, and a glow coming into his own stern eyes, which was not the effect of the hot summer afternoon, nor yet of bending down to write. On and on he wrote, filling up one blank "Report" after another, her fingers moving the more rapidly because of her nervousness; and still he sat and watched her, until, at length the last of the pile was duly written out, folded, and laid in her desk, and the desk locked. All being thus ready for her departure, she lifted her head, and looked at him with a face very quiet still in spite of its fluttering color, as though awaiting some move from him.

"Humph!" said he, "that look means, I suppose, that it's time for me to take myself off. Well, what are you waiting for? I have my hat, don't you see? Why don't you get yours?"

He evidently intended to go out with her; so Agnes went without a word, but with a little thrill, half of pleasure half of shyness, and a sudden deepening of the ten-rose to the blush-rose color, put on her hat and mantle, and then walked quietly, as if it were a matter of course, out into the street with him. It was a very pleasant walk, though the sun was hot and the streets dusty, and her companion spoke but little.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How to Train Boys.—"E. A. Arr." in writing to the Springfield Republican, gives some sensible remarks in training up a boy in the way he should go. She says:

"Hosts of selfish, thoughtless mothers send upon another generation of listless, rapid sons, open to temptation. Years ago, a son of my own was the object of pleasant theories and plans. An unerring teacher took him hence; yet have I learned through him to look with loving eyes on other women's sons, and think what I would do for them. O mothers! hunt out the soft, tender, genial side of your boys, nature. Make the most of any gentle tastes or comely propensities. Encourage him to love flowers, pictures, and all the beautiful things which God has made. Talk with them, read to them, go out with them into the fields with holy memories. A daily ministrations to their unfurnished hungry minds, a daily touch to their unformed taste, shall make them more comely than costly garments. They will ever bear you witness in their character and conduct, where your faces and embroideries will crumble to dust. Why don't mothers teach their children more, and dress them less?"

The New York Post, after supporting the President until at one time it almost forfeited its claim to fellowship with the Republican party, has given up and declares for impeachment in the following terms:—

He keeps the country in a turmoil; he discourages and disheartens the honest and patriotic men in the Southern States who seek to lead public opinion aright. He purposely and with an insane obstinacy stands between the country and peace; and if he persists in his efforts to defeat the laws, Congress, as soon as it meets, will have to impeach and remove him. By his own fault, that will be the only remedy.

The Democratic papers are endeavoring to make the people believe that the money used to maintain the constabulary force is worse than thrown away, but they say nothing about the fact that for every dollar thus paid out, two dollars are saved in another direction. Our jails do not contain one twentieth the usual number of occupants placed there for drunkenness, or for crimes committed while under the influence of intoxicating liquor. Thus heavy jail expenses are saved in all the counties. The criminal court dockets are not crowded as formerly, with cases growing out of drunkenness, and immense costs in the courts are consequently saved. A thorough, impartial examination of the subject will show, we believe, that the constabulary force is proving the best economizer ever instituted in the State, to say nothing about the benefits resulting from sobriety. A much larger sum of money will be actually saved than is required to pay the salaries of the thirty constables—when that number is appointed. The Democrats don't feel inclined to talk about only one side of the subject.—[Hall Gazette.]

At the camp meeting at Sing Sing, a wandering individual, whose business has been of late to teach the freedmen, entertained a crowd of sweltering humanity for over an hour, in a discourse of which the following is a good sample: "I tell you what it is, I know I am rambling from my text. I don't stick to one thing long at a time. I am like a wagon wheel that's a little loose, and keeps going so, and then so, but at the same time when it is out of the track it may run over a snake. A crooked stick will pull out more harm than a straight one, and that is just what I am good for."

AN EDITOR'S PORTMONNAIE.—Geo. S. Rowell, editor in charge of the Presque Isle Pioneer, thus announces a serious loss:—

If any one finds a wallet containing a torn three cent scrip, two postage stamps that have been used but once, a confederate one dollar bill and other things less valuable but more numerous, they will confer a favor by leaving it at this office.

Whitewash, as ordinarily made, rubs off the walls after it becomes dry, soiling clothes and everything coming in contact with it. This may be obtained by slaking the lime in boiling water, stirring it meanwhile, and then applying, after dissolving in water, white vitrol (sulphate of zinc) in the proportion of four pounds to a barrel of whitewash, making it the consistency of rich milk. A pound of white salt should be thrown into it.

COMFORTING.—The Boston Post is inclined to take a cheerful view of things. It says:—

"The social evil" is thought to be on the increase in Boston. So, too, is social good. We grow in all directions. People given to feeling bad about this matter should widen their range a little. There are fifty saints among us to every Magdalen."

An Irishman's friend having fallen into a slough, the Irishman called loudly to another for assistance. The latter, who was busily engaged in cutting a log, and wished to procrastinate, inquired, "How deep is the gentleman in?" "Up to his ankles," "Then there is plenty of time," said the other. "No there's not," rejoined the first: "I forgot tell you he's in head first."

Probably the reason why the way of the transgressor is hard is, that it is so much travelled.

## OUR TABLE.

DICKENS'S WORKS.—Of the Globe Edition, published by Hurl & Houghton, of New York, and to be completed in thirteen volumes) there have already been issued six volumes, as follows:—Martin Chuzzlewit; Oliver Twist, and Great Expectations; Old Curiosity Shop, and Sketches, part 1; Barnaby Rudge, and Sketches, part 2; Nicholas Nickleby; Donkey and Son. These volumes are printed in the plain type that makes this edition so valuable, and embellished with the beautiful steel engravings, from designs by Gilbert and Darkey, which adorn the more costly Riverside Edition. Bookellers say that there is no edition of Dickens for which the demand is more steady than for the Globe; its cheapness, legibility, the substantial style of the volume, and the superior beauty and finish of its illustrations, combining to make it a favorite.

Hurl & Houghton publish several editions of this author's works, in various styles and at different prices. Of two of these the Brooklyn Union says:—"The Globe" is the best ordinary, and the "Riverside" is incomparably the most attractive and useful for the library—this edition surpasses all that we have seen."

The Globe Edition is substantially and handsomely bound, and the price is only \$1.50 per volume. Sold by booksellers every where.

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE, for September has, for a frontispiece, a fine illustration of that nursery classic—"Pussy sits behind the log," by H. L. Stephens. The contents of the number are as follows:—Six Little Princesses, and what they turned into; A Day with the Rose Family; A Bed on a Whistle; How George got the Oysters; The Land of Pluck; The Little Bachelor; Michael Michaelvitch; A Little Fish; The Tale of Terra Nova, or, a Life in Newfoundland; Among the Trees—September; Bert and Belling—Part I; "Once Upon a Time Club;" A Song of the Wind; What I used to do when I was a Little Girl; Books for Young People; 72 queries for Young Sages.

The numbers contain numerous illustrations. Another Shakespeare story will be given in the October number.

Published by Hurl & Houghton, New York, at \$2.50 a year.

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

The Early Administration of George III.; Agriculture and Prices in England (1250–1400); Professor Ferri's Philosophical Remains; The Council of Constantinople; Indian Customs and Textile Fabrics; Life and Speeches of Lord Plunket; Wine and the Wine Trade; Josiah Wedgwood; Barton's History of Scotland; The Military Institutions of France.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for July contains the following articles:—

Mimicry, and other Protective Resemblances among Animals; Lucius Annus Seneca; The Last Great Monopoly; Lyric Feuds; The Future of Reform; Judaism; The Religious Side of the Human Question, and the usual very full Review of Contemporary Literature.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 35 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For one volume 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 discounts to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 60 cents a year.

YOUTH'S CASKET AND PLAYMATE.—The May and June numbers, which come under one cover, are full of good reading, including many fine stories, some nice poetry, a dialogue or two, etc. A new volume of this magazine for boys and girls will begin with the next number.

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

THE LADY'S FRIEND.—"The Village Doctor," an expressive picture, is the title of the Steel Engraving in the September number of this popular magazine. A beautiful Steel Fashion Plate, with numerous other Engravings of the Fashions, follow, and the usual piece of popular Music, worth of itself the price of the number. Among the literary matter, we have an article on "Skeleton Leaves, or the Phantom Bouquet," a fine story by Louise Chandler Moulton, "How a Woman Hired Her Way," "Orville College," "Dora Castal," "How to make Wax Flowers," etc.

Published by Deane & Peterson, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, at \$2.00 a year.

DEMOREST'S "YOUNG AMERICA."—Young America has really found a representative in this brilliant little periodical, which is as full of stories, pictures, puzzles, toys, and fun as any little boy or girl could desire. It is, moreover, not only entertaining, but instructive; containing hints and information on all sorts of subjects, and capital suggestions, introduced in a way to interest children, and make them follow up the subject or themselves. Parents will find it a valuable auxiliary to their efforts for home amusements and education.

Published by W. Jennings Demorest, 478 Broadway, New York, at \$1.50 a year.

THE LITTLE CORPORA FOR August contains Chapter 2 of "Camp Bruce," a splendid story, by Mrs. Miller, the associate editor; No. 1 of "The Chicken Little Stories," by Edward Eggleston; "Science for Children," by Prof. Hooker, of Yale College; Music, by the famous Geo. F. Root; and a large number of other articles by the best writers.

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

NECROLOGY FOR PAST YEAR.

At the late festival of the Alumni the Necrology for the year was presented by Prof. C. E. Hamlin, as follows:—

The number of deaths that are known to have occurred among the alumni during the year is four.

Of the class of 1828, HERMON STEVENS died in Waterville, March 15, 1867, aged 61 years. He was the second son of Isaac and Lois (Low) Stevens, and was born in Waterville, 1806. His father was one of the earliest settlers and his mother one of the first natives of the town. Mr. Stevens was fitted for college in what was called the "Grammar School" which was held at the college and taught successively by several of the early graduates. This school was discontinued when the Academy was opened, under Henry W. Paine as Principal, about the year 1830.

Among his surviving classmates are Hon. James Brooks of the city of New York, Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Chaplin of New Orleans, Rev. Dr. E. E. Cummings of Concord, N. H., and Hon. Abraham Sanborn of Bangor.

After graduating he became a student at law with Hon. Timothy Boutelle of Waterville. He commenced practice at Rockland (then East Thomaston) where he remained for more

than thirty years, and until the malady which terminated his life compelled him to retire from his profession. He then returned to his native town, where he spent the last two or three years of his life at the old homestead, under the care of a devoted sister. The cause of his death was a cancerous affection, of which his father and two sisters previously died. Mr. Stevens was never married.

Of the class of 1849, THOMAS FLINT BARTON, died in Oldtown, 7 Feb., 1867, aged 41 years. He was the eldest son of Crosby and Sybil Ware (Patten) Barton, and was born in Sidney, 13 Dec., 1825. He fitted for college chiefly at the district school of his father's neighborhood. He was one of the first scholars of a very able and studious class, and took a high rank in all the studies of the course, but had a special love and aptitude for the classics. He studied medicine, after graduating, with Dr. N. R. Boutelle of Waterville and Dr. Asa Danforth of Norway, attending his first course of lectures at the medical school connected with Dartmouth College, and a second course at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, where he took the degree of Doctor of Medicine on the 6th of March, 1852. In August of the same year he began to practice his profession at Jefferson in this State, where he lived till January 1865, when he removed to Oldtown. Through the whole of his college course and all the years of his professional life, he was so delicate in health that it was only by the utmost prudence and regularity in his mode of living that he was able to do his daily duties, which, however, were always performed with the most scrupulous exactness and fidelity. But with all his judicious self-management, the frail constitution prematurely gave way, and he died of pulmonary consumption, which seems to have been inherited from his mother, who with three of her four children died of that disease.

He married Nov. 24, 1859, Mary A., daughter of Hon. Henry Richardson of Oldtown. She, with one of the two children, survives him.

The writer would do injustice to his own feelings were he to make this notice of a dear friend of his youth the mere record of facts and dates, to which needful limits and propriety alike restrict his necrological notes in general.

Dr. Barton's mind was clear, comprehensive and well-balanced. Perhaps its most striking trait was a certain calm and, so to speak, judicial fairness, that was remarkable in degree. The moral character was a fit counterpart of the mental. Says a brother alumnus who knew him from childhood: "he was the purest boy—youth—man that I ever knew." He was thoroughly honest and one could not but doubt whether this honesty was more the necessary outgrowth of his intellectual constitution or of his moral convictions. His opinions, general scholarship, professional knowledge—in fact every feature of the outer and inner man—bore the stamp of genuine honesty. Men hastened to bestow their confidence upon a character that was recognized at a glance as truly noble. And it needs hardly to be said that in a profession to which society commits so many sacred trusts and where so much depends upon soundness of heart and head in the practitioner, such a man was eminently successful. The call for his services far outdrew his physical ability to respond; and his removal from Jefferson was felt as a bereavement by the citizens. The high esteem accorded to this quiet, unobtrusive nature was the spontaneous tribute to solid worth.

Feeble as he was in body, he yet kept up his youthful studies purely from the love of them; the Greek Testament was his constant companion.

His friend and classmate, Rev. Mr. Small of Bangor, states that "during his last months his religious experience was remarkably interesting." The last letter he ever wrote expressed to the writer most clearly the Christian's hope and trust.

Of the class of 1853, FRANK PLUMER died of cholera, in the city of Davenport, Iowa, 11 Sept. 1866, aged 39 years and 6 months. He was the son of Henry J. and Rebecca (Vose) Plumer, and was born in Goffstown, N. H., in 1827. He prosecuted his preparatory studies under Mr. Chadlin, principal of the institution at New Hampton, N. H. After leaving college he began to study law with Messrs. Foster and Ayer of Manchester, but removing to Davenport in Jan., 1853, he there completed his legal studies with Mr. Geo. S. C. Dow, formerly of Waterville, and commenced practice, in which he continued till his death.

He married, 2 Dec., 1855, Sarah A. Plumer, who, with their three children, died some years before his decease.

Of the class of 1852, ARETUS GUSTAVUS BAKER died in Ellingham, N. H., 11 April, 1867, in the 32d year of his age. He was the son of John and Selina D. (Little) Barker, and was born in Lovell, Maine, 23 Oct., 1835. He completed his preparation for college under the instruction of Mr. Isaac Hambleton, principal of the Waterville Academy. He was a very faithful student, of highly respectable scholarship, exemplary in character, and of very modest deportment. Soon after graduating he took charge of the "New England Masonic Charitable Institute" at Ellingham where he labored successfully as an instructor till his death. He died, according to the statement of his friends, of "tuberculous deposit on the brain," accompanied by paralysis.

He married, 20 Aug., 1864, Eva L. Drake of Ellingham, who, with their infant child, is now living at her former home.

THE NEW YORK EXCISE.—A good deal has been said against the excise law of New York, and this fact makes it all the more interesting to learn what can be said in its favor. The Evening Post furnishes some valuable statistics on this head. "Under the old law in 1864 there were 9250 liquor shops in the metropolitan district, and in that year only \$12,450 was received for licenses. Under the new law last year there were 6779 licenses granted, for which the handsome sum received was \$1,283,854, while fines received under prosecutions amounted to \$11,594 more. Thus it is assumed that the new law is a handsome source of revenue, New York city alone receiving \$800,000 last year to be applied to pay her municipal debt—a sum very welcome to heavily-burdened taxpayers. And not only this; but the decrease in drunkenness and all its attendant crime and poverty lessens the expenses of the city as much as is gained directly in income.

Whatever complaint the suburbs may make concerning the Sunday section of the law, it seems to be certain that intoxication and disorderly conduct in the city proper have greatly diminished. Thus on four Sundays in May, 1866, under the old law, five hundred and three arrests were made, and in May, 186

## Waterville Mail.

LPH MAXHAM, & DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, AUG. 23, 1867.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PATTEN, GILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 30 State street, Boston, and 57 Park Row, New York; S. B. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 23 Congress Street, Boston, and 58 Cedar Street, New York; and T. G. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.

AT WELLS & CO., Advertising Agents, 174 Middle Street, Portland, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required by law.

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.

## UNION NOMINATIONS.

## FOR GOVERNOR,

Joshua L. Chamberlain.

## Keenough County Nomination.

Senators—JOSEPH T. WOODWARD,  
JOHN L. STEPHENS,  
WILLIAM B. SNELL.  
Co. Atty.—SAMUEL C. HARLEY.  
Co. Treas.—DANIEL PIKE.  
Co. Com'r.—NATHANIEL GRAVES.  
Reg'r of Deeds—ARCHIBALD CLARK.

**DAMP.** The weather continues rainy, foggy and very particularly damp on an average. Nobody complains, for that is neither right or expedient—simply because it is supposed to make the matter worse. Men look at each other, and to each other, as though there was a touch of half-subdued profanity in the background; but you only hear, "Looks bad for potatoes!" Now and then a plain-spoken man with large agricultural expectations makes a clean breast of it, and mutters, "Looks bad for everything!" He don't expect potatoes, that always want so much moisture. Pastures, he says, are none the better for bearing a burden of grass with no substance in it. Cows don't make butter of it; sheep don't fat on it; horses and oxen can't work on it. And what is to become of the oats and barley if they can't be harvested? Hay is immense in quantity, he says, but much of it poor stuff and badly cured. It may spend well, like salt butter, but it won't make big steers or fat sheep. So he goes on, just like some of our rich farmers out on the Neck. There may be some truth in it, but he and his kind should be admonished. It is too much like heresy.

**PICKPOCKETS.** The Circus, on Wednesday, was attended by a liberal sprinkling of pickpockets; and judging from their success they must have been men of considerable skill in their popular profession. Mr. John H. Nye, of Kendall's Mills, was one of the earliest victims, to the tune of \$300. Mr. A. Hunter, of Clinton, was enlightened \$400 worth. Albert Shurtleff, of Winslow, was wise enough to put them off with a V; and Mr. John Hunt, a kind old gentleman in poor health, contributed only 82 cents for some assistance in getting up to the ticket office. Report has named a much larger sum for Mr. Hunt, but he assures us that this is the extent of his loss. The effect of these unmanly abstractions was unprofitable to the Circus in the direct way of business, for in the evening, after everybody had taken the hint, there was not money enough in the pockets of the audience to buy the songs of the clown or a handful of peanuts.

It is worthy of note that in an audience of some two thousand persons at the Circus in the evening, not one was seen sufficiently intoxicated to attract attention. Only one man was arrested during the day. It was a common remark that it was the most quiet circus day ever witnessed here. The manager said to a gentleman of our village that he rarely had a day so quiet, and nowhere but in Maine; that without other evidence he could tell when he came within the boundary of Maine by the absence of drunkenness in the audience, and among his men.

**ACCIDENT.**—Mr. Rowland Eaton, of Winslow, met with a serious accident at Augusta on Monday. In attempting to get upon the wood train, to return home, his foot slipped upon the track, and the train being in motion a wheel passed over it and crushed it badly. Dr. Hill was called, and report says he expressed hope of avoiding amputation, though the result was doubtful.

**COMING ELECTORS.**—The first State election will take place in Vermont, Sept. 3. On the 9th Maine will speak. Pennsylvania, Indiana and Ohio, Oct. 8. Nov. 5th will come N. York, N. Jersey, Delaware, Massachusetts, Maryland, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois, Kansas, Missouri and Nevada. We had nearly forgotten far-off California and her little neighbors, which vote Sept. 4.

**SALE.**—Mr. Jacob Peavey has bought the residence of the late Mrs. Mathews, on Silver street. Price \$2,250.

**EXTRAVAGANCE!**—The editor of the Gardiner Journal is luxuriating at Harpswell!

## CLEAN UP.

Messrs. Editors.—As the time for bowel diseases and fevers is upon us, I wish to suggest to your readers the importance of removing from about their dwellings all decomposing vegetable matter and other filth, which will have a tendency to breed diseases. People who know the importance of these things are apt to be negligent about them; and behind many a house, the inmates of which are otherwise neat and particular, may be found a sink hole or waste place where slops and refuse vegetables are thrown to lay exposed and throw off vile odors. Privies, too, are often neglected until they become very offensive to all except those who from constant proximity to them fail to realize their bad condition. Cellars, also, are sometimes neglected to be cleaned and aired in spring, and remain closed until hot weather, with fruits and vegetables left in them to decay.

Now I believe that a little care in these matters would save much sickness. Sink holes should be thoroughly cleaned out in spring. Cellars should be ventilated by removing the windows as early as April, and all refuse matter removed to the compost heap or buried in the garden. It is a good plan to have a cask of plaster (gypsum) setting in the out buildings, so that a little may be thrown into the privy vault every few days in summer, and scattered over the sink drains, and places where the family waste is thrown. Or, if this is not to be had conveniently, saw dust, or even garden loam, or common earth, will act as disinfectants upon all such places by spreading a thin layer of them once or twice a week. And these last are so cheap, and require so little time for their application, that no householder can be excusable for neglecting to cover up, at least, any such breeding holes of disease as he may have about his premises.

There is another advantage in the use of some one or more of the substances named, which, though of minor consequence, may serve as an additional inducement to their use—they would add so much in bulk to the supply of compost for enriching the garden.

But, especially let every one regard it as a duty which he owes to his family and to the community in which he lives to remove from his own premises all such unnecessary causes of sickness as those of which I have spoken.

Dog days are sufficiently trying to the health of the people where everything is kept clean and sweet.

C. C.

**"LOOKING FOR JO."**—A drunken man in the streets of Waterville is a rare sight—not seen once a month. When it does happen the subject is said to be "Looking for Jo." The phrase came in this way:—A Frenchman named Jo—who had been peddling rum from his pocket to a low class of patrons, was put in the lockup without having time to bid his customers good-bye. One of these, who had come in from the rural districts, and had taken a taste from Jo's pocket, found himself hankering for another drink, and started out to find the friend who had so kindly made him half drunk for a quarter of a dollar. Being partially a stranger on Main Street, he accosted the first man he met with

"Mister—hic—Mister, can you—hic—"  
"What do you want, sir?" says Constable Nye, very blandly—for he is always all attention to this class of men.

"I'm lookin'—hic—lookin' for Jo."  
"Ah, looking for Jo," says the State Constable; "well, step across the street with me and I'll show him to you."

Steading him a little as he went, in a polite way, the Constable helped him to take the few steps that led to the lockup; and opening the door, introduced him to Jo, and turned the key again. The next day Justice Drummond held him to a moderate fine and costs, which he paid, and left, apparently satisfied he had found Jo!

"A gang of rowdies from Waterville, the head quarters of State Constable Nye, passed through this village Sunday eve. 't was as a cup." Where's State Constable Nye? Better regulate your own town before regulating the affairs of your neighbors."—Anson Ad.

The truth is, Mr. Advocate, (of rum,) our rowdies, if we have any, are in a dry place, so that when they want a "tight" they have to go abroad for it; and as you have advocated rum and rowdism they thought you must have made your village, by this time, a good place to try it on. So a few young "Huckleberries" from a section a little west of our village had a mind to give you a taste of our own medicine. Can't take it, eh? Then why not turn round and advocate sobriety and good order, and let rum go to a worse place than your teachings would make Anson? We are sorry to have our young men find out that what is an offence against decency at home is popular at Anson.

**TORNADO.**—A very severe tornado passed over a portion of Pittsfield on Monday. With the combined force of wind and rain a great deal of damage was done. A new house and all belonging to Mr. Melvin Blackwell, and a cottage and all of Obed Foss, were demolished, and a new store blown over. The kiln-house of Hathorn's brick yard was blown down while seven men were at work in it; only one of whom was seriously bruised.

The Unitarians have a vacation, congregation and Sabbath School, of three or four weeks, notice to be given of the time of resuming the usual exercises.

The details of the annual excursion of Waterville Parish Association to North Pond make too long a chapter for this week. Next week must answer.

Several cases of cholera have been reported in New York city.

## LOCALS.

"**DOMBEY AND SON**" is the sixth volume of the beautiful diamond edition of Dickens's Works, published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. The illustrations, which are numerous and spirited, will be found admirable portraits of old favorites by the admirer of Dickens—Capt. Cuttle, Jack Bunsby, Joe Bagstock, Susan Nipper, Toots, Paul and Florence Dombey, and other prominent actors in this delightful story. Of this edition the Hartford Courant truthfully says:—

"The volumes are of such shape that they can be put into the pocket, taken into the cars, or carried into the country. They are of the right size to be perused on a summer day under a shady tree—to be read in an afternoon on the breezy porch of a country-house. The illustrations, too, are fresh and striking. The type is small, but so wonderfully clear, and impressed upon paper of so soft a tone that he whose eyes are injured thereby, must be already far on the road to blindness. It is no slight satisfaction, moreover, to know that a portion of the proceeds of this edition goes to the author, giving the reader the comfortable feeling that while he is enjoying the writer's mazy plot and charming style, he is not at the same time an accomplice in a theft."

With the illustrations these volumes are sold for \$1.50; plain, \$1.25. They will be found with all book-sellers.

**GOOD STORIES.**—Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have issued the initial number of "Good Stories," under which title they propose to publish, in cheap and attractive form, a valuable collection of Short Stories, Tales, and Sketches. It is not intended to limit this collection to English literature. It will embrace, by competent translations, the best and most characteristic short stories of all languages. Each number is a small quarto, appropriately illustrated and easy to the hand; the stories are choice, and demand not too continuous attention. The first number contains six stories and the list of authors represented is a guarantee of good reading. They are: "The Quincey Hawthorne" by Theodore Winthrop, Thomas Hood, Herbert Vaughan and Henry Spill, "A Wife by Water," by E. H. House; "The Jesuits in North America," by George H. Ellis; "The Blue and the Gray," by F. M. Finch; and "Fugitives from London."

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

**THE GALAXY** for September contains some "Reminiscences of Dr. Anthon," the late distinguished classical scholar and teacher, by Dr. Robert Nesmith; "A Carol of Harvest, for 1867," by Walt Whitman; "Jean Ingelow's New Volume," by Harriet Prescott Spofford; "The Ladies of Llangollen," by Rev. W. R. Alger; "Brigham Young and Mormonism," by E. M. Tallidge, a Mormon Elder; "Aunt Madeline's Trial," a Short Story, by F. L. Curtis; "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," by Mrs. Edwards; "Waiting for the Verdict," by Mrs. R. H. Davis; and "Nebula," by the Editor.

Published by W. C. & F. P. Church, New York, at \$3.50 a year.

**GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK** for September has among its contents the usual excellent variety. The frontispiece, entitled "A Rustic Scene," is capital, both in design and execution. The fashions are well set forth in the double page engraving, the music is very good, the stories interesting, summer reading, and the recipes valuable. Godey's is constantly gaining in reputation and circulation.

Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3.50 a year.

**FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE** for August failed to reach us, and we would expect it a favor if the publisher would send it. The September number of this "Queen of the Monthlies" presents a brilliant array of fashion engravings, plain and colored, accompanied with a very full report and directions. The miscellaneous department is very interesting and includes many good stories, profusely illustrated. No periodical gives more reading for the amount of money than this, and no one is a more general favorite.

Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3.50 a year, and sold by all periodical dealers.

**A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.**—Everybody in this vicinity has heard old Dr. Chaplin's significant pulpit announcement—"Rev. Mr. Drew will preach in this house this afternoon. At the same time the gospel will be preached in the yellow school house." A fair offset to this was told by Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Chaplain, son of the good old President, who occupied the desk of the Baptist Church in this village, last Sabbath, and made an appeal for a contribution in aid of the Colored Ministerial Institute of New Orleans of which he has charge. Some of the colored preachers have a prejudice against an educated ministry; but he said it was paralleled during the early days of Maine, in illustration of which he quoted the following announcement made in a town in our vicinity soon after the establishment of the college here:—

"Rev. Mr. —, a preacher from Waterville College, will speak in this house next Sabbath forenoon; in the afternoon, the pulpit will be occupied by a preacher from the Lord."

**CONVENIENT FOR DROVERS.**—The Eastern Railroad is taking great pains to accommodate drovers. A train leaves Portland every Monday night regularly, and other nights specially when needed, which goes through to Somerville without stopping, and with no other freight. It arrives between 5 and 7 in the morning, where good yards, with water and other conveniences, are found in the best condition. With this train is an elegant sleeping car 44 feet long, furnished with lounges, easy chairs, and everything for the comfort of men in charge. Drovers in this section, Messrs. Wells, Judkins and others, are patronizing this conveyance for their stock. A comfortable night's sleep is an object to a man who has got a drove of cattle to salt next day. The Eastern Railroad is daily gaining public favor by its efforts to accommodate all classes.

A writer who knows the state of feeling in Mexico says of Maximilian's execution:—

By this execution Juarez has lost a great opportunity of clemency, which would have won him the regard of Europe, but it must be borne in mind that this act of clemency would not have saved Maximilian's life, and would have jeopardized his own. No one who knows Mexico and the passions of that country, wrought to their present pitch of paroxysm can entertain a doubt of that.

A. H. Abbott, Esq., of South China, who has just returned from Europe, informs the editor of the Maine Farmer that the health of Thomas S. Lang, Esq., has so far improved that he will return home in the steamer which sails from Liverpool on the 28th inst.

## WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

Leavenworth—Crops in Kansas and Missouri—An Accident—A Citizen of Waterville—A Jacksonville, Ill.—The Tomb of President Lincoln—Oak Ridge Cemetery.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Aug. 14, 1867.

**Dear Mail:**—The good citizens of your beautiful town—dear to every one who has ever visited it, but to me especially as the home of my childhood—although not so much interested in that undefined country, "out West," as are those of us who live upon its boundless prairies, will yet, I am sure, be pleased to hear something of its present condition and prospects. I therefore send you these few "notes by the way," gathered while journeying hither from the "Central State."

I left Leavenworth last Friday morning, at 7 o'clock, by the Pacific Railroad of Missouri, whose Kansas branch has now been in operation to that place a little more than a year.

## THE CITY OF LEAVENWORTH

is one of the marvels of western enterprise and progress. But little more than ten years old, it now has a population of upwards of twenty thousand; its streets are broad and well macadamized, and the number of substantial warehouses which already grace them, together with the large number of elegant buildings now in process of construction, and the fine private residences in the suburbs, are almost without parallel, when it is considered how many and how great have been the disadvantages under which Kansas as a State, and this city as its metropolis, have labored ever since they had their existence. The majority of her business men are men of energy and integrity, elements so essential to commercial success, and which have here been in many instances rewarded by the rapid accumulation of immense fortunes; and Leavenworth to-day numbers among her merchants some of the heaviest capitalists of the West—so that her past, though one of unparalleled prosperity, is destined to be eclipsed only by her more rapid strides in the future.

## THE CONDITION OF THE CROPS.

throughout the State of Kansas, and in the great and now—heaven be praised!—free State of Missouri, particularly along the line of the Pacific Railroad, is such as to give every reason to believe that they will afford a most bounteous harvest. The corn crop is especially large; and while there is, in both of these States, an increased acreage, compared with previous years, there will be an increased yield over former years of at least fourfold. The wheat crop, too, has been unusually prosperous, and the whole country must rejoice that the great prairies of the west are so extraordinarily productive. Its effects upon all the various interests of the country will be stimulating; and the fear, which has so generally obtained, of a commercial panic, must subside. With a bounteous harvest, and a superinduced plenty and cheapness of the great staples of food, all danger is averted.

## AN ACCIDENT.

By the untimely breaking of a crank—railroad men will, we presume, know what this means—our train did not reach St. Louis sufficiently early Saturday morning to make eastern connections; and a careful survey of "the situation" revealed the—to me—somewhat lugubrious prospect of spending the Sabbath at St. Louis. But a moment's thought, and a little consultation of my Railroad "Guide"—an article, by the way, about as indispensable to the traveller as his wits—revealed to me the fact that a short ride on another railroad would bring me to Jacksonville, Illinois, and enable me to spend the Sabbath with the family of

## A CITIZEN OF WATERVILLE.

"that used to be." I refer to one, so long and so favorably known among you, and so much beloved and respected by all who knew him, particularly by those who were associated with him in the management of the Maine Central—C. M. Morse, Esq., the now popular Superintendent of the St. Louis, Jacksonville and Chicago Railroad. And when, after a short ride, I found myself at Jacksonville, on Saturday evening, and receiving the hearty welcome of himself and family at their beautiful residence on College Avenue, I need not say that I felt the force of that old proverb, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." My loss at St. Louis, in failing to "make connections," was more than made up by my gain here. Some of your readers will perhaps feel interested to know what sort of a place this

## CITY OF JACKSONVILLE

is. And I can no better describe it than by saying that, if Waterville is beautiful for its scenery and its foliage, Jacksonville is infinitely more so; and besides, there is here all of that bustle and busy activity which so characterize the cities of the West. It has about fifteen thousand inhabitants, and located as it is at the junction of three of the most important railroads of the West, it is destined at no distant day to become one of the largest and most prosperous points in this State. Mr. Morse and his family reside at the "west end" of the city, and are, if possible, more pleasantly situated here than they were at Waterville.

Another short ride on the Toledo, Wabash and Western Railway, brought me to this place yesterday, whence I am now writing you. As the theatre of the early history and achievements of our martyred President,

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

but particularly as the last resting place of all that remains of him whom a nation is now so ready to acknowledge as the "Saviour of his Country," this place must always have a mournful, peculiar and hallowed interest. The patriot, as he comes here, will be both to depart until he has visited the tomb of that great and good man, so dear to every patriot's heart.

## OAK RIDGE CEMETERY

is distant about a mile and a half from the city,

and is a retired and beautiful spot. I visited it this afternoon in company with a friend, a prominent member of the Governor's staff. I shall never forget the visit. The tomb, which is a very plain structure, is near and to the left of the main entrance to the cemetery. It bears upon it the plain name—LINCOLN. It is a spot about which the traveller lingers with continually increasing interest. There is a peculiar appropriateness in the surroundings of the place. Modest, unassuming, symmetrical in his life, Mr. Lincoln sleeps here in the same retirement, eloquent in death.

But I must bring this already too long letter to a close. I go from here to Chicago, whence, if time allows, I shall write you again next week. Meantime I sign myself

VIATOR.

## THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

## Open 425 Miles.

A FEW weeks since we noticed the opening of the Union Pacific Railroad to Julesburg, 337 miles west of Omaha, and we now have to report its completion to Crow Creek, a point 48 miles further west, making a total of 425 miles. Fifty miles of track in addition are graded ready for the iron, and there is no doubt of the completion of the road to the base of the Rocky Mountains early in the fall. The Company are confident that the whole line to the Pacific will be open for business in 1870. The Indians have annoyed the surveying parties and tie-cutters, who are many hundred miles in advance of the work; but they have a wholesome fear of the population that a railroad carries with it, and all trains run without interruption.

The business of the Company has been most flattering. The earnings for the quarter ending August 1st, were about \$700,000; but as the report for the last week in July has not been received, the exact fraction cannot be given. These earnings accrued from operating an average of not more than 350 miles of road, and after deducting operating expenses, the balance is far in excess of the interest obligations of the Company on the amount of bonds they can issue on that distance. It should be remembered that this result is from a way business alone, through a new country, and is not to be compared with the vast through business that must follow the opening of the whole line to the Pacific. The success of the enterprise seems to be thoroughly assured, and we can see no reason why the First Mortgage Bonds are not entitled to rank among the best securities. The daily sales are now so large, that the Company already entertain the idea of advancing the price.

**A CHALLENGE.**—By an advertisement in the Maine Standard we learn that Henry Taylor, Esq., of Waterville, has challenged Mr. A. S. Pease to trot his horse, He drick Hudson, with Taylor's horse, Don Juan, at Waterville, in the month of October, for \$200; to which Pease replies that as soon as his horse can be put into suitable condition, he will trot him with Don Juan, at Gardiner, for \$500, "the winner to divide the amount equally between the Sanitary Commission and the State Constabulary."

"**THE ANDROSCOGGIN HERALD**" is the name of our friend Moody's new paper, published at Mechanic Falls. It is not like his other paper, the *Winthrop Gazette*, a neutral, but has a soul of its own. Says the editor:—"We have taken an independent instead of a neutral stand in regard to politics, and shall speak when we please in favor of Temperance, Freedom and Equal Rights." We trust that by this change of location and the character of his sheet, our friend will enlarge his sphere of usefulness and increase his chances for business prosperity.

**RUFUS HORTON**—a well known business man of Portland, and for many years one of the Directors of the Androscoggin and Kennebec Railroad Co.—died very suddenly on the 19th inst., at the residence of Friend Samuel Taylor, of Fairfield, of hemorrhage of the lungs. His age was 72 years.

"**BROADWAY MAGAZINE**" is the title of a new magazine, just started in New York. We have not seen it, but it is well spoken of in the papers.

**CATTLE MARKETS.**—The number of cattle at market this week was about 500 less than last week, and the number of sheep was about the same. The market was reported a little firmer. Extra beef was quoted by the Boston Advertiser at 13 cts.; first quality, 12 1/2 to 12 3/4; second quality, 11 to 12; third quality, 10 to 10 3/4. There were nearly 100 from Maine, part beef, and part working oxen, cows and young cattle. Mr. Gileon Wells sold beef oxen, at 12c per lb., and working oxen at from \$150 to \$240 per pair.

**BAD LUCK.**—The day before Commencement Constable Nye got track of a quantity of liquors that had been started somewhere down the river and smuggled along against tide and current as far as the Plain, at the lower part of the village. The scent was so well taken that "the critter" was speedily held under a feather bed, and dug out by legal process, to the great disgust of a large number of sympathizing friends. Worst of all, (?) the supposed owner, Peter Lashus, was held at the same time, and persecuted under the present law to the extent of \$20 fine and 30 days imprisonment; against which cruelty he protested by appeal to higher authority. The more justice Peter gets the longer he will lay in jail—when he gets there.

The severe storm, with wind and lightning, that did considerable damage to crops in this vicinity on Sunday night, came by the way of Lewiston and Winthrop, doing its mischief all the way along. Monday was a day to lay in stores of cooking apples, so many had been blown off. Now and then a tree was prostrated, and many branches were broken. Barley, oats and corn were badly beaten down, so that considerable damage will result.

Reuben Foster, Esq., of our village, was elected a member of the Maine Historical Society, at its late meeting.

**A lively sale of Dress Goods** and other dry goods, specially attractive to ladies,—with any amount of Yankee notions and other articles of men's wear—is progressing daily at the Dow Store, next to the Williams House. Twenty thousand dollars worth are to be rushed off in the quickest way, under assignees' sale. Great bargains are found there if anywhere.

It is considered worthy of a distinct paragraph going the rounds of the press, that "at Malden, Mass., Rev. Mr. Hamilton, of the Methodist church, recently preached from the steps of the Congregational church—to an outdoor audience." It is equally true, and perhaps equally worthy of a paragraph, that Baptist, Christian, Universalist, and Swedenborgian clergymen have repeatedly preached in the pulpit of the Unitarian church in Waterville, by invitation of the pastor. Exchanges among other churches, differing in faith and order, are a common occurrence here. Let this also be told with the Malden case, to show that the world moves.

**THE NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN** will begin their Fifth Annual Term, of 20 weeks, at the College in 12th Street, two doors east of Fourth Avenue, the first Monday in November. Address the Dean, Mrs. C. S. Lozier, M. D., 361 West 34th Street, N. Y., or the Secretary, Mrs. C. F. Wells, care of Fowler and Wells, N. Y.

**EGG-TRAFFIC!**—Mr. Elhanan Cook sends us a nest of hens' eggs that make a better argument for selling eggs by the pound than any we have seen. One of them, a little more ponderous than any of the rest, weighs a full quarter of a pound. Six others weigh one pound. We are thankful for the present, and our friends are welcome to look at them till we get hungry.

**THE POPHAM ANNIVERSARY.**—The orator for the occasion being unable to keep his appointment, the anniversary will be celebrated by a picnic and clam bake on the 29th inst. Gov. Chamberlain will preside and speeches will be made by several distinguished gentlemen.

In the storm of last week, damage to the amount of \$500 was done in Lewiston, by the destruction of unburnt bricks in the yards and kilns.

## OFFICERS OF Waterville Lodge I. O. of G.

T. for the ensuing quarter—  
J. Nye, W. C. T.  
Charlotte Chase, W. V. T.  
Mary Wentworth, W. S.  
R. T. Beasley, W. F. S.  
A. Eldridge, W. T.  
E. H. Chase, W. M.  
H. Richardson, W. C.  
Emma Tobey, W. I. G.  
Geo. Osborne, W. O. G.  
Nancy Lowe, R. H. S.  
Charlotte Bird, L. H. S.  
J. L. Town, W. A. S.  
Harriet S. Clay, W. D. M.

See the notice, in another column, of a Musical Convention in Waterville. The gentlemen engaged are a guaranty of an interesting and successful festival.

The President has finally removed Mr. Stanton from the office of Secretary of War, and appointed Gen. Grant in his place. Mr. Stanton surrendered the office under protest, on the ground that the president was not authorized to make the removal.

**CLASSICAL INSTITUTE.**—Persons desiring to take boarders, or let rooms are requested to make known the fact to J. H. Hanson.

Dickens is coming to this country, and while here will give readings from his own works.

That big red tomato, on our table, looking so ripe and tempting, and weighing twenty-five ounces, came from the nice garden of our friend L. T. Boothby, Pleasant-st.

**CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE.**—In a letter to a friend, Chief Justice Chase says:—

I don't want to be represented as particularly poor or particularly disinterested. I think I am now worth about one hundred thousand dollars; I should at any rate be quite willing to take that sum in five twenties, and make a clear conveyance of any I have in the world to any one who will pay my debts. I would willingly be worth more if I knew of an honest way to get more. All that the people are interested in knowing is that I have not a cent which of right belongs to them. I didn't serve them to make money out of them, but to save money for them; and I really feel that the rascals who are slandering me ought to be denounced, and the mean attempt to injure me in public esteem exposed. It is much more important to the people than it is to me that those who have served them faithfully shall fully and generally sustained, otherwise really will be at premium, and those who are trying to make them suspect me will run the arms to their shoulders in their money-bags.

A Washington correspondent says that he speaks by authority in saying that Mr. Stanton would not have left the War Office without exhausting all legal means of resistance had a Grant excepted the position *ad interim*. The matter was fully discussed between them before hand.

**THE INDIAN TROUBLES.**—A special dispatch to the New York Times from Fort Hay Aug. 20, says the Indians are very troublesome. Work has been stopped on the railroad beyond this point for the last week. The Indians have been firing at everybody venturing beyond the fort, and have succeeded in taking a great deal of stock. Today a strong expedition left the fort against them, composed of men of the volunteer Kansas cavalry and the regular troops, Captain Ames. The expedition designs striking some Indian village on the Saline river, ten days' march from here. No wages are taken and the troops go prepared to move rapidly. More troops are demanded here or the territory will have to be abandoned. The commanding officer of this fort is completely crippled, being surrounded by savages and having hardly a corporal's guard of men.

## WATERVILLE MAIL.

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

Published on Friday, by

MAXHAM &amp; WING,

Editors and Proprietors.

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

R. H. MAXHAM. DANIEL R. WING.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.

Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.  
No paper discontinued until arrangements are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POST OFFICE NOTICE—WATERVILLE.

DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

Western Mail leaves daily at 10 A.M.	Closes at 9.45 A.M.
August 23	10
September 1	5.30 P.M.
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