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Maxham & Wing

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HAUNTING SEA.

BY WILLIAM B. GLAZIER.

Where, on the iron coast of Maine, the surges,
Beat up and break, beat up and break to-day,
Where my own river flows through granite verges,
Flows with a will as terrible as they:
Where the lone gazer, from the misty highland,
Watches the fisher boats along the lee
Of Penmaquid, their rough, protesting island,
I long to be and bless you, haunting Sea!

What of the scents and sounds in wheat filled valleys!
What of the hills where grows the vagrant vine!
Not there, to-day, my restless memory dilled,
Not there I care to taste the sensuous wine;
But, with the salt sparks fiercely blown from thee,
With the salt sparks fiercely blown from thee,
Let me drink deep the draught for which I've lusted,
Borne in thy brimming beakers, haunting Sea!

Oh, but to stand, as I have stood in summers,
With one who left me naught in life to win,
When Love and Hope, those fair but fleeting comers,
Made tempests tender on thy rocks, Sequin!
Oh, but to look, when the sun's rays were meeting,
Grew dark and drearful on my angry lee,
Oh, but to feel once more that young heart beating,
Heard mid thy wave beats, haunting, haunting Sea!

Ah, idle dreams! long miles we are asunder,
And yet, when midnight pulls the city o'er,
I seem to hear thy surges' sullen thunder
Re-echo sternly on thy off-shore shore;
Again the glorious visions of life's morning
Rise on my heart and make the darkness flee,
Again, with one beloved, at daylight's dawning,
I walk beside thee, haunting, haunting Sea.

—Hallowell Gazette.

LOVE EACH OTHER.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

My mother, on her dying bed,
Said solemnly to me,
"Give to thy brothers care like that
Thy all have had from me."

And since her spirit passed to dwell
In the dear home above,
I've cherished for her soul almost
A mother's yearning love.

I love them in my heart of hearts,
No matter where they roved,
No matter what their errors were,
Still faithfully I loved.

I gave my youth, I gave my prime,
Her wishes to fulfill;
And oh, may my memorial be,
"She did her mother's will."

Oh! Child of God, a mother's love
Is but a feeble sign
Of the pure flame which glows for thee
Within the Heart Divine.

And when the Saviour's parting words
With yearning soul he spoke,
That his should love each other well,
And do it for his sake.

Who took the blessed duty up,
With all its grief and care,
Resolved, for Jesus' sake, to love
His brothers everywhere?

Who giveth all his life and strength
To do the Father's will,
His blood memorial shall be,
"He did the master's will."

MR. GREGORY.

[CONTINUED.]

And so the days went on, with very little to record, and the summer grew apace; the heats waxed fiercer, the showers were rarer, and the city began to feel like a great oven. The long vacation was at hand, and the teachers, and many even of the children, talked constantly of speedy release from confinement, of glad flittings to the sea-shore and the hill-side. There was no such bright prospect for Agnes; and it was hard work to listen with unselfish interest to the gay plans of the rest. Most of the younger teachers had fathers or brothers to assist them in their support; but she was all alone, and her salary had barely sufficed to pay her board. Any thought of green fields or running brooks was therefore utterly vain for her; and when the last day of school came, and gay good-bys were being exchanged, and merry bantering as to who should have the pleasantest vacation, she slipped away from them all, quite sure that she would not be missed, and started off, eager to get home, and grow quiet and contented when alone.

She must go up to the library first, and say good-bye to Mr. Gregory, however; it was the etiquette of the school, and he would be offended, perhaps, if she omitted it. He was alone there, putting away books, and came forward at once to greet her.

"And where are you going for the vacation, Miss Howe?" he asked. "I haven't heard you say a word about it. Are you afraid some of us will intrude upon your retreat?"

"Oh, no!" and her surprise at the idea that any one should care to seek her out was sad enough; "but there has been nothing for you to hear. I am not going out of town at all."

"Not going out of town! Why—?" And then he stopped abruptly, reading the reason in her patient face. "Ah well, you have only been working three or four months; I suppose you do not feel the need of a change as much as we veterans who have had no rest for a year."

Agnes smiled, and her smile was sad as a sigh. "Where do you go, Mr. Gregory?" she asked.

"Oh, to my old father and mother, away up among the rocks and hills of Vermont. Dear old souls, I am their 'boy' still, spite of the wrinkles in my face and the grizzle in my beard. Queer-looking 'boy' are you thinking, Miss Howe?"

He asked this with a quaint, half-comic, half-wistful look, as though he cared for what she thought of him; but Agnes did not smile now. There was the sound of tears in her voice:

"Last August I was among the mountains with my father and mother—" she said, as though she could not help it; and then the rain was coming so fast that she turned away to hide it, and with averted face held out her hand to bid him good-bye. It was taken so quickly, held so strongly, that she could not withdraw it; and Mr. Gregory said, eagerly, hesitatingly:

"The old folks—indeed they are the dearest old people in the world—they would be so glad; and the farm-house is so large and cool—you can hear the wind in the pines, and the water falling over the rocks all day. Will you come?"

He stopped abruptly, for he saw in a moment that Agnes had misunderstood him. She read only pity, charity in his tone. She drew back a little with a look of quiet dignity, and said simply:

"I do not think I heard you rightly, Mr. Gregory. No matter now—I must not keep you longer. Good-bye, Sir."

She held out again the hand he had dropped abruptly, with her old, sweet earnest look, but he would not take it. He had turned his back square upon her, and was pushing books savagely one against another on the crowded shelves.

"Good-bye," he answered gruffly enough, without moving an inch, but Agnes was not content to leave him so. She would not for the world have vexed her first, her faithful friend; and she went shyly up to him and stood by his side. He neither looked nor spoke, and without a word she reached up and laid her little hand on his great one, and with a soft persistence forced her delicate fingers into his. These could not resist the coaxing touch which thrilled them to their very tips, and they closed involuntarily round hers in a quick, close clasp.

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It was loosed in a moment though, and he still stood with his back toward her, so that Agnes had to depart not quite certain whether they were as good friends as before or not, yet feeling as though something had somehow brought them very near together.

He remained, slamming the books about in a manner very unbecoming a dignified Magister, and for which any one of his boys would certainly have received a very sharp rebuke; girding at himself inwardly for having blundered more awkwardly than ever before in his life, quivering with a passionate consciousness of feelings never before acknowledged even to himself, afraid of having destroyed his hope of their ever being reciprocated by his precipitancy, and, in short, being excessively sarcastic toward himself generally.

It is to be supposed, however, that his mood softened as the hour of his departure drew nearer; for certain it is that Agnes, with tears of wonder and gratitude and delight, attributed to him the happy surprise which came to her that very evening. It came through the unromantic medium of an express wagon, but was in itself full enough of tender thought, of delicate sentiment, to envelop the lonely girl's whole being with a rare, sweet sense of sympathy and kindness and delicate care for her happiness. Only some flowers—a white rose-bush in a box, rich already with clusters of fragrant buds; and a green, twining plant, whose latticed frame, hidden in luxuriant foliage, made her recessed window a very bower of shade and perfume. A bird in a wicker cage, to sing amidst the leaves and blossoms; a little fern, scarce a foot square, but with the water none the less bright for its imprisonment, trickling, trickling, and sparkling amidst the pebbles and the bits of shining rock and velvet moss, filling the whole air with its flash of light and its tiny gurgle—and there was at least so much of the country as he could catch and confine for her, within the range of her little cot by twelve attic, notwithstanding her perhaps ungracious refusal of his kindly offer of the whole wide range of hill and dale, of mountain brook, and valley wild-flower.

It was with a very April face that Agnes surveyed her treasures after they were duly arranged: how good it was in him! and how precious they were in themselves! No touch seemed tender enough with which to handle those exquisite blossoms, no tone soft enough with which to woo the shy little songster's frightened notes. The dreariness of the hot and tedious month in her lonely little room was softened and brightened almost before she had had time to anticipate it; and as the long days, garish with blinding sunshine, crept slowly by, she sat with her sewing by the window, all shaded with the twining plants, and breathed the perfume of her roses, and listened to the warbling of her bird, growing gradually to know and love her, and watched the bright drops trickle among shining pebbles and feathery ferns, and a sweet thought kept coolness and greenness forever in her heart.

But there were cares and anxieties pressing upon the young girl's spirits. After the summer the winter, and with it new needs, new expenses, warmer clothing, fire and light for the long, cold evenings—and where was the money to come from to pay for these? Sad with such thoughts as these, and memories sadder still, she sat one evening by her window, leaning out from its green curtaining vines to catch a breath of the evening wind. The bird was asleep on its perch; she was all alone, save for the young moon that looked in with a bright, sympathetic glance, but was very silent. There was not a sound to rouse her from her mournful reverie, and she sat as if spell-bound, listening to the voices of the Past, and sending vague, troubled questionings into the dim and shadowy Future.

Thus it happened that she did not hear, or hearing, took no note of a strong masculine tread ascending the stair, advancing through the narrow third-story hall, and pausing at her door. She did not hear the knock which requested admission, nor was it until the door was clumsily opened and her name called that she became conscious of something unusual going on; and rising hastily and coming forward she saw, to her consternation, the tall, square form of Mr. Gregory looming up in the twilight.

"Don't be startled, Miss Howe," he said. "I had no intention of forcing myself upon you in the dark in this rude fashion, but that stupid girl marched me right up, and I was only too glad of the chance of seeing you alone. Now I am here, forgive me, won't you, and say you are glad to see me?"

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Gregory," she said, and he knew it, as, holding her by her two hands, he looked down into her face, which was as if moon and stars had suddenly risen upon a clouded and rain-fallen sky. "See!" she went on, stirred to girlish playfulness by her sudden glad delight; "see how welcome I will make you to my rustic bower! You shall have my own seat under my own vine and fig-tree; you shall smell my roses, and hear the water among the rocks, and if I could bear to wake Hattie out of his first nap, you should be charmed also with the singing of birds! What do you think of my little Eden? Do you pretend to say you have found any thing half so pretty way up in Vermont?" and her eyes grew more and more like deep wells, in which the pure water lay far down, shaded and dark; and her voice trembled as she said, "I can not thank you for your kindness—I can only feel it!"

"If any thanks were needed for such poor offerings as mine, the care you have taken of them would be their best expression. Why, your rose-bush threatens to become a tree!"

And then came a few questions as to how the time had gone with her since school closed, and a little talk about his own home-staying at the old farm-house; then they were quiet for a while, and presently he took up the book which lay upon the window.

"Jean Ingelow has been my companion too, all these weeks," said he. "It was among the rocks, on the shore of one of our mountain lakes, whose waters were quite blue and billowy enough to let me imagine myself by the sea, that I read her 'Brothers and a Sermon.' Is it not grand?"

"I have not read it yet—I only got the book yesterday—read it to me, please," she said, and would have risen to make a light, but he stayed her with his hand.

"By no means," he said; "there is no poetry in gas, besides, it is quite light still."

He held the book near the window and began to read. His voice was low and deep, with a certain ruggedness which only made its rare sympathetic quality more touching, and he read as one who felt and loved what he read. And Agnes listened to the poem, which none but a woman could have written. It was as if a tender and skillful physician had laid open a deep and burning wound, only to pour in the softest balm of healing; and Agnes felt the solace not only of the rich humanity, the world-wide sympathy of the la ge-souled, tender-hearted poet, but a nearer comfort, in the kindness of the friend, who had chosen that poem, she knew, only that through it he might utter his own sympathy more unobtrusively than in words of his own.

Touched to tenderest, most grateful tears, by all the rare sweet kindness which had come to her like an angel unawares, she sat, her head leaning against the wall, the moonlight falling on her half-averted face, and he watched in silence. How he longed to banish the shade from that sweet brow, to call up the sunshine of happiness into those twilight eyes, to bring the freedom, the joyousness of girlhood to that drooping form, to kindle the pure flame of love on the altar of that vestal heart!

But could he? He, old enough to be her father, and rugged, and plain, and stern! He remembered the repulse she had given him in the library on the day school closed, and did not dare to try just yet; and besides, he would not take advantage of a mood softened and made yielding by the pressure of loneliness, the sweetness of sudden sympathy.

He shut the book and rose.

"Get your hat," he said, "and come out for a little while; I have a business matter to talk over with you."

She rose at once, choking back the sob that had risen to her throat, and accompanied him into the street. They wandered up and down the quiet streets, where the shadows of the foliage lay in fantastic garlands in the moonlight, and when he saw she was quite herself again he spoke of what had been the real object of his visit.

"Do you think you are able—would you like to undertake any more work than that which your present duties at school demand?" he asked.

Agnes looked up inquiringly. "I am well and strong enough if that is what you mean," she said; "and I would be glad of more work if it was what I could do; I need it, you know."

"Yes, I know. Well, there are opened every fall evening schools, and I could probably, through Mr. Rashdon, secure you a place in one of those, perhaps in my own, for I have had charge of one a great many winters; I have nothing better to do with my evenings, you know! Don't fancy it would be very pleasant work for you. Indeed, I would never propose it if I knew of anything better suited to you. The pupils belong to the very lowest class of respectable society; and of course, the association is not what I—what a friend—would choose for you, but—"

"But," she interrupted, "the work will be all the nobler. I do not see how association with those who set such a true value on knowledge can be bad."

Mr. Gregory smiled at her half-indignant enthusiasm. "You don't exactly know," he said, "what you are talking about; but I shan't take the edge off your enthusiasm. One thing is very certain"—and here his tone became grave and earnest—"if I were not sure there was no possibility of contamination for you, I would never suffer you to undertake this new work. But I know I can trust you. We will consider it settled then," he said, presently, "that you are to take charge of a class, if I can get one for you. Remember you will have a friend near at hand, and your own brave spirit will do the rest. Of course we shall meet at school, and have time to talk this all over again before you begin. Meanwhile, here we are at your door. Good-night."

They stopped, and he stood and looked at her, as she said a moment. He longed to gather that slight form to his bosom, and put his strong arm forever between her and the cards and toils of life! But he dared not venture yet; he wanted her love. Nothing else would satisfy him; and that, he felt, if it existed at all, was as yet such a new-born, fragile creature that a rude or hasty grasp would crush it. So he stood passive and waiting, this strong stern man, upon the motion of this frail girl.

Agnes looked up at last, and caught a glimpse of his face. His expression startled her. The thanks which she had been gathering strength to utter died upon her lips. She only put out her hand hastily, and taking it back, red and aching with the pressure he gave it, made her escape to the house, and threw herself, bewildered, frightened, enraptured, upon her bed.

The next day a small parcel was brought up to her room. She could only gaze silently at the exquisite offering, and thrill with gratitude, and blush with very humility to feel herself thus delicately and loftily appreciated. For it was that loveliest thought of a poet, wrought out so fittingly in purest marble, by the sympathetic hand of a kindred genius, the typical Una, emblem of womanly purity and trustfulness through all time, the fierce lion, subdued to softest gentleness by his self-assumed protectorship. Silent and lifeless as it was, chiseled in cold and voiceless marble, the little group had more than one meaning whisper for her, told of more, as she studied it, spell-bound, than merely his faith in her power to pass any ordeal unscathed; and her cheek grew crimson and her heart beat fast as she pressed her hands upon it, and fairly commanded the daring thought which would force itself upon her, to go back, back! and wait at least until some plainer word had given it permission to leap forth to the light!

More like an "Eden" now than ever was the poor little chamber with its new treasure—a living, blissful hope, embodied in fairest marble, forever in her sight; and the last days of the vacation—hot, dry, stifling as they were—glided by in a sweet, bewildering dream, from which the return to school was only an awakening to more actual happiness; for was not her friend there, ever near her?

The teachers rallied her on her improved looks; not one of them had brought back such bloom, such brightness, from mountain or seaside; not one of them returned to her work with such glad good will. The Principal noticed it too; how could he help it, when the rose in her cheek always deepened to carnation at his approach, when he could see that his

coming always brought the sunshine into her face? Was it because he was the only friend she had—and the foolish child prized kindness so very much—or was it truly that she—? But no, he did not dare; this girl had made a coward of him who never quailed before, and he must wait on still.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

North Kennebec Agricultural Society.
PREMIUM LIST FOR 1867.

The Trustees of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society offer the following premiums, to be awarded at their next Show and Fair, to be held in Waterville, on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 1st and 2d.

HORSES.

For best Sallion, which has been kept one service season within the limits of the Society, \$10; second do., 5; third do. 3; fourth do., Vol. Reports.

Best Breeding Mare, \$5; second do., 3; third do., 2; fourth, Vol. Reports.

Best pair of Matched Horses, \$3; second, Vol. Reports.

Best Family Horse, \$3; second, Vol. Reports.

Best Saddle Horse, \$3; second, Vol. Reports.

COLTS.

Best three year old, \$3; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best two year old, \$3; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best one year old, \$3; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best Sucker, \$2; second 1; third, Vol. Reports.

Com.—Cheston Drummond, Winslow; Levi A. Dow, Waterville; Benjamin F. Otis, Waterville.

BULLS.

For best thoroughbred Durham, Hereford, Devon, Ayrshire, or Jersey Bull, \$5; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best Grade Bull, \$3; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best thoroughbred Bull Calf, \$3; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best Grade Bull Calf, 2; second, 1; third, Vol. Reports.

Certificates of pedigree on thoroughbreds will be required in all cases.

Com.—H. C. Burleigh, Fairfield; Albert Clifford, Benton; Benj. Mitchell, Waterville.

COWS.

Best Dairy Cow, of any breed, \$5; second, 3; third, Vol. Reports.

Best Stock Cow—some of her stock to be shown as proof of her qualifications—\$3; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best Cow for all purposes, \$5; second, 3; third, Vol. Reports.

Best three or more Cows from one farm, \$5; second, 3; third, 1; fourth, Vol. Reports.

Persons entering Dairy Cows and Cows for all purposes, will be required to furnish to the Committee written statements of yield of milk and butter for some ten days, during the preceding year, with the nature of their feed during the trial.

Com.—Daniel Holway, Vassalboro'; Wm. Balentine, Waterville; C. C. Stratton, Winslow.

HEIFERS.

Best thoroughbred Heifer, of any breed, three years old, \$3; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best two year old do., \$2; second, 1; third, Vol. Reports.

Best one year old do., \$2; second, 1; third, Vol. Reports.

Best Grade Heifer, three years old, \$2; second, 1; third, Vol. Reports.

Best do., two years old, \$2; second, 1; third, Vol. Reports.

Best do., one year old, \$1; second, Vol. Reports.

Best Heifer Calf, Vol. Reports.

Com.—Watson Jones, Fairfield; W. E. Drummond, Winslow; James Flagg, Benton.

OXEN.

Best pair Matched Oxen, five years old and upwards, \$6; second, 4; third, 2; fourth, Vol. Reports.

Best pair four years old, \$5; second, 3; third, 2; fourth, Vol. Reports.

Com.—Gideon Wells, Clinton; Stephen Cannon, Fairfield; Thomas Gage, Benton.

DRAWING OXEN.

Best pair Drawing Oxen, \$3; second, \$2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best pair under five years old, \$2; second, 1; third, Vol. Reports.

Best exhibition of Oxen on a cart, \$3; second, 2.

Exhibitors will be required to put their oxen on the cart tongue, first from the 'near' side, then from the 'off' side, then to back them on, then to back a load, the teamster standing by his oxen, then to exhibit the training of the oxen, the teamster standing behind the cart. What is wanted is the training, and not the strength of the oxen.

This committee will be authorized to rule off the ground any driver exercising cruelty or using profanity while driving, and this rule will be rigidly enforced.

Com.—Nathan Perry, Waterville; Elihu Lawrence, Fairfield; George Rice, Waterville.

STEERS.

Best pair Steers, three years old, \$3; second, Vol. Reports.

Best pair Steers, two years old, \$2; second, Vol. Reports.

Best pair Steers, one year old, \$2; second, Vol. Reports.

Best pair Steer Calves, \$1; second, Vol. Reports.

Best Trained Steers, by boy—training to be shown on dry or cart—\$5; second, 4; third, 3; fourth, 2; fifth, 1.

Com.—A. W. Lowe, Fairfield; Elijah Mitchell, Waterville; George Goodwin, Benton.

SHEEP.

Best flock, ten or more, Fine Wool Sheep, from one farm, \$4; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best flock, ten or more, Medium Wool, from one farm, \$4; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best flock, ten or more, Long Wool Sheep, from one farm, \$4; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best thoroughbred Merino Buck, \$5; second, 3; third, 2.

Best thoroughbred Long Wool Buck, \$5; second, 3; third, 2.

Best Medium Wool Buck, \$3; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best six or more Fine Wool Ewe Lambs, \$2; second, 1; third, Vol. Reports.

Best six or more Medium Wool Lambs, \$2; second, 1; third, Vol. Reports.

Best six or more Long Wool Lambs, \$2; second, 1; third, Vol. Reports.

Best two or more thoroughbred Merino Buck Lambs, 2; second, 1; third, Vol. Reports.

Best two or more Medium Wool Buck Lambs, \$2; second, 1; third, Vol. Reports.

Best two or more Long Wool Buck Lambs, \$2; second, 1; third, Vol. Reports.

Best ten Fat Sheep, \$3; second, 2.

Best flock, any kind, ten or more in number, that shall yield the largest profit, \$3; second, 2. Sheep to be shown at the October Fair, and the premium awarded at the annual meeting.

Com.—I. W. Britton, Winslow; J. F. Hunnewell, China; W. B. Hamlin, Sidney.

OX TEAMS.

Best Team of Oxen, from one town, ten or more pairs, \$8; second, 6.

Best Team of Steers, from one town, ten or more pairs, \$6; second, 4.

Com.—Daniel R. McFadden, Vassalboro'; William Hodges, Winslow; Silas Hoxie, Fairfield.

SWINE.

Best Boar, \$2; second, Vol. Reports.

Best Breeding Sow, 2; second, Vol. Reports.

Best Litter of Pig, five or more, \$2; second, Vol. Reports.

Com.—C. C. Hayden, Winslow; Comfort Morse, Waterville; Charles Blaisdell, Sidney.

FARM STOCK.

Best herd, thoroughbreds, not less than eight animals, from any one farm, \$3; second, \$5; third, 3.

Best herd of eight cattle, including all grades, \$5; second, 3; third, Vol. Reports.

Com.—Josiah Morrill, Waterville; Hosca Blaisdell, Waterville; William Jones, Fairfield.

TROTTING HORSES.

For Fastest Trotting Stallion, \$10; second, 6; third, 3.

For Fastest Trotting Mare or Gelding, \$8; second, 4; third, 2.

For Fastest Trotting Mare or Gelding, five years old, which has never trotted a mile in less than three minutes, \$5; second, 2.

For Fastest Trotting Mare or Gelding, under five years old, \$5; second, 2.

The trotting is to be in harness; and that of the first two classes must be inside of three minutes and a quarter, and the last in less than three and a half, to take even the smallest premium.

Com.—James Withee, Winslow; Nahum Tozier, Fairfield; John H. Nye, Fairfield.

PLOWING.

For best Plowing, with four or more oxen, \$6; second, 4; third, 2.

Com.—The

with the Secretary before the first Monday in November; and the statements required by law must be furnished before any awards will be made.

All manufactured articles must be produced within the limits of the Society to entitle them to the premiums; but any article deemed worthy, though of foreign production, will receive the attention and commendation of the Committee.

No person will be allowed to draw a premium on animals not his own, nor if misrepresentations are made in regard to age, etc.

The attention of competitors is invited to the following requirement of the law:—"It shall be the duty of every society applying for the bounty of the State to require of all competitors for premiums, either upon animals, crops, dairy products, improvement of soils or manures, a full and accurate statement of the process or method of rearing, managing, producing and accomplishing the same, together with its cost and value, with a view of showing the profits and benefits derived or expected therefrom."

In addition to the above premiums, liberal notices and gratuities will be given for any article, implement, or machine that will facilitate and lessen the labor of the farmer, or that of his wife and family.

Hay will be furnished for the stock on the Show Ground.

All committees on Stock are requested to report themselves promptly to the Trustees or Marshals, who will show them the animals to be examined. The Committees on Articles at the Hall will be in session at 9 o'clock forenoon of Wednesday, and close their examination at noon.

Committees will understand that although an article or an animal may be the best offered, it is not to have a premium unless it is worthy; and it is recommended that all entries receive suitable notice even if not entitled to a premium.

Dinner will be provided for the committees on the Grounds on Tuesday, and on Wednesday for those serving at the Hall.

All committees who do not previously decline, will be expected to appear and serve on the occasion.

Arrangements have been made with the Ticonic, Winslow and Fairfield Bridges, for the passage of stock, and one driver with each lot.

Arrangements will be made at the town Hall, for the exhibition of manufactured and such other articles as may be presented; and a competent committee will have charge of them to take proper care and arrange them in the best manner for exhibition; and all articles entered for premium or exhibition, must be in the hands of the committee at the Hall at or before 2 o'clock of the first day of the Show, and must remain in their places until 4 o'clock of the second, and must be exhibited without the name of the owner. At the time of making the entry, the Secretary will furnish a number for each article, which must be permanently attached.

The Hall will be opened to the public at 7 o'clock on Tuesday evening with a Farmers' Lecture—with instrumental and vocal music, and a pleasant social time, and also at 8 o'clock on Wednesday morning and continue open through the day.

Wednesday afternoon the adjudging committees will report their awards, and such other business will be transacted as may properly come before the society.

The payment of one dollar constitutes a person a member of the Society, and entitles him to all its privileges, which are—a free ticket to the Show and Fair for himself, his wife and minor children, and the use of the library for one year.

Tickets of admission, to persons not members, to the Show Ground, 25 cents, and to the Fair 15 cents. Ladies and carriages free to Show Ground.

License for the occupancy of land, for the sale of merchandise or refreshments, two dollars for each square rod.

DANIEL R. WING, Secretary.

THE REVENUE derived from the Income Tax in this district, for 1866, was \$12,831.70, showing a great falling off from the previous year when the amount assessed was \$29,740.41. We copy from the *Maine Farmer* the names of those tax payers in this vicinity with the statement of that paper that "It embraces all persons who have returned an income exceeding \$1,000 for the year, and the sums set against their names represent an assessment of five per cent. upon the amount returned above that sum. It is proper to remark that the statement does not in all cases show the full income of the individual assessed, nor the amount which he pays to the Government, inasmuch as the tax on bank shares, manufacturing and railroad stock and bonds is paid annually by those corporations and deducted from the dividends. The tax on the salaries of Government officers is also deducted in the settlement of their accounts, and therefore does not appear in the list."

WATERVILLE.			
S. Appleton,	\$23.85	G. W. Keely,	\$14.15
N. B. Boutelle,	38.75	E. C. Lowe,	15.00
C. M. Barrall,	60.75	Moses Lyford,	40.85
E. Blumenthal,	21.69	D. L. Milken,	115.00
J. T. Campbell,	28.70	E. G. Mearns,	14.00
H. H. Campbell,	11.75	L. E. Noyes,	135.20
W. M. Dyer,	21.29	J. N. Noyes,	135.20
E. B. Drummond,	25.00	M. J. Plunkett,	94.70
E. B. Dunn,	82.50	Jacob Tenney,	20.40
J. B. Foster,	16.80	N. G. H. Puffer,	22.50
E. L. Getchell,	3.20	J. W. Philbrick,	28.83
J. P. Gray,	13.40	W. A. F. Stevens,	15.00
C. F. Halloway,	100.00	S. W. K. Smith,	7.00
J. H. Hanson,	42.40	S. H. Willard,	1.45
F. P. Haviland,	22.10	D. R. Wing,	4.35
C. E. Hamlen,	6.70	John Webster,	44.85
Wm. Jordan,	7.50	E. F. Webb,	10.90

BENTON.

A. H. Barton,	\$21.80	A. Crosby,	17.80
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FAIRFIELD.

Wm. Conner,	\$24.70	Silas Bates,	\$50.00
Edw. Toman,	14.30	Sam'l Gibson,	30.50
Nahum Totman,	12.05	G. H. Newhall,	18.25
David Wing,	55.00		

THE TWENTIETH THOUSAND OF "NED NEVINS."—The sixteenth thousand of Rev. Henry Margan's book, "Ned Nevins, the Newsboy, or Street-Boy in Boston," is already issued, and the twentieth thousand is in the press. Its popularity is unprecedented. Though but a few months before the public, it has become a rally cry for the oppressed and a synonym for reform. A story founded on fact, it is as exciting as any novel. Agents wishing territory can apply to the author at Boston. [Boston Transcript.]

No medicine ever appeared with stronger vouchers for its general and substantial excellence than the *Peruvian Syrup*. Invalids, especially those suffering from dyspepsia or debility, should send to J. P. Dinmore, 36 Day Street, New York, for a pamphlet (sent free,) concerning this remarkable remedy.

Waterville Mail

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