



9-27-1867

## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 21, No. 13): September 27, 1867

Maxham & Wing

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville\\_mail](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail)



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 21, No. 13): September 27, 1867" (1867). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 213.

[https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville\\_mail/213](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/213)

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.



BY FELICIA H. ROSS.

The mows are heaped with sweet new-gathered hay,  
It hides the rafter and the swallow's nest;  
Long, waving lines of yellow sunning play  
Across the old man's breast.

Among the shining straw the fingers twist;  
Beneath the grizzled hair his eyes grow bleared;  
So heavily he draws his breath, I wist  
It scarcely stirs his beard.

There is a handbreadth of September sky  
That looks upon him from the broken roof;  
He sees the clouds like ships go sailing by,  
The sunset's rainbow roof.

For him, one star with steady luster burns,  
And nightly shrouds his way-worn feet with light;  
The steel-blue awnings, when the morn returns,  
Toward it bask the light.

Sometimes he hears the feet of autumn rain  
Go up and down, and along the shingles roll;  
He hears the farmer's whistle in the lane,  
The blackbirds on the wood.

Threescore years since life for him began,  
"Threescore," he whispers, "threescore,"  
And has a dream of laughing boys, who ran  
Along a shelly shore.

Fond lips grew tremulous with tender words  
For him, but that was many years ago;  
All day, among his jasmies, humming birds  
Went whirring to and fro.

Ah, well-a-day, then followed sin and shame;  
They fled the peace and glory from his days;  
He fled, to hide him from his evil name  
In dreary country ways.

The bridled heifer stands within her stall  
And watches him with mutely pitying eyes;  
A mournful creak pipes upon the wall;  
How still the old man lies!

The blue-winged jays are singing at the door  
Among the sumach torches, kindling red;  
Still lies his breast beneath the beard so hoar—  
Hush, the old man is dead!

[From Harper's Magazine]

HELD BY A THREAD.

I.

It was a dismal sort of a day; an unbroken, lead-colored sky, and an ooze of rain, which some of the young ladies persisted in calling a sea-fog, though repeatedly informed by such high authority as Captain Jack Steyner, of the gun-boat *Muscatele*, that it was a "stiff land-breeze." But how could they understand about land-breezes and "sou-easters," these girls who spent their lives on croquet-grounds? They were at Newport, and of course it was a sea-fog—one of the famous Newport fogs, which would serve them as a bath of beauty.

"Sea-fogs are so nice for the complexion," lisped Fanny Rowley, with a little ecstatic sigh of satisfaction, right in the face of Captain Steyner and his assertion of land-breezes. Steyner didn't attempt to reassert himself. He wasn't a man to make repetitions, but a little satiric smile stirred the heavy mustache a moment as he listened. And then, when two or three more of these Rowley girls—for half the inmates of the house seemed to be Rowleys—took up the same lisp, "so nice for the complexion, etc.," Captain Steyner thought inwardly: "What fools girls are!"

They couldn't play croquet that morning, on account of the weather, so the pretty white jeweled hands were busied over pretty work of some kind or other. There were heaps of bright wools—all rainbow-tints and sunset-splendors seeming to fuse in their brilliant dyes. There were glistening, flossy silks dripping down from crochet-hooks, and flecking the white bands, with shimmering lusters. There was all that white mystery of countless stitches in braiding and *broderie Anglaise*, and snowy welts of chains and wheels, which make the wonder-world of knitting and netting.

"What's the use of all this?" asked Captain Jack, rather contemptuously, as he paused in his quarter-deck stride up and down the room. "It diverts our minds in a safe and healthy way," answered one of the fair workers, in a demure voice.

If you had been looking, you would have seen Captain Jack turn quickly at this voice and dart a sharp glance at the owner of it. But he was too late to see the little involuntary grimace she had made over his speech, and the twinkling sarcasm in her eyes was hidden by the white drooping lids.

Observe this worker. She is sitting at the left of the great window, slightly apart from the rest of the girls. A sweet yet spirited face, showing capacity for a variety of emotions, shines calmly now beneath that "fawn-silk hair." The head itself would be a study if that hair—curled and frizzed and bowed and banded and puffed, and stuck all over with little quivering bows—didn't so cover and conceal the natural outline that you could make no guess at it. But the firm chin, the full closed lips, that never lol open-mouthed on any occasion of speech or silence, indicates the character you would find under the "fawn silk" fashionable wonder of hair-dressing.

She is the very smartest person in the party—even Margio Rowley, with her thirteen years, outmarches and outweighs her in physical proportion. But when this little creature comes walking down the room there is something imposing about her; something which gives the idea of height. And it is this quality, or this power within her, which makes her presence felt though she sits silent. That charming Mrs. Howard, who talks so animatedly of spheres, etc., would tell you that Miss Erly's magnetism was strong. Whatever it may be, it is very certain that Maud Erly is not a person to be overlooked, or left to bloom unseen. There goes that clear-headed, and some say a little cold-hearted, Captain Steyner now; and, for the life of him, he can't help being stirred with curiosity or interest or some such emotion at this slight remark of Maud Erly's, in reply to his question of use.

The Captain didn't stop to analyze the cause of his emotion. Nobody ever does in the first of an acquaintance, for the emotions are involuntary; but he knew that he was not indifferent to Miss Erly's opinion sometimes. When he had said a while before, "What fools girls are!" he didn't mean Maud Erly. He knew very well that she wasn't a fool, though she tortured her hair into all these bows and bands, and frizzes, and was to the full as fashionable as her neighbors—all of which things or tendencies were very distasteful to Captain Steyner. She did worse than this, too, in his eyes. She danced and rode, and report said flirted—but that isn't to be depended upon—with Mark Rowley, the emptiest-headed young dandy of the season. And not only this, but she had some of those curious fashionable faults of evading and ignoring anything which she wished to get over. Sometimes to this stern sailor the things looked like very undignified falsehoods. And yet, notwithstanding all this, Captain Steyner could not help paying a certain deference to Maud Erly. Not because she was pretty; not because she was popular; not because she was bright, and arch, and entertaining in an unusual degree did the man whom other men called cold pay her deference; but because of that mysterious quality or qualities, which you may call character, or magnetism, or what you will, but which is certainly power, and which makes itself felt beneath the most glaring artificial exterior. Character can not hide itself for a length of time. It may be subject to misunderstanding and false judgments, by the

manner of its interpretation through the person, but, given time enough, and the deep underlying truth will inevitably make itself felt. Thus, in spite of himself and his misinterpretations, and his false judgments of Maud Erly in many ways, the corresponding angel in his own soul would not let him go utterly astray from her, nor do her entire injustice. So on this lowering day, as he paced up and down the drawing-room, he felt the light sarcasm of her tones above and beyond all the sweet cooing insipidity of the Rowley girls; and he turned at last shortly about, as if half against his better judgment, and flung himself down into a great Sultana chair, which stood close by the window where she sat. As he did so he gave utterance to one of those hackneyed remarks which serve the brightest as well as the dullest sometimes.

"You are very industrious, Miss Erly."  
"Yes, we women have the advantage of you men in such industry."  
"Why—how?"

The Captain had lost his brusque air, and showed his real interest in her expected reply. She drew out her little black shuttle, with its white web of thread, held it a moment suspended, inactive, as she said:

"Why—how? Because we can thus work off our restlessness of a rainy day at our fingers' ends—harmless, as I said before." And here she laughed up easily in his face.

A flush crossed the Captain's cheek. "You mean a sarcasm of course," he blurted out in his direct, bluff way.

"No—do I?"  
"Do you not?"

"Nay! you have already made the assertion that I do. Prove it, or state it, if you please."

There was a curious pause. In it the Captain looked straight into Miss Erly's eyes for one, two, three moments; and Miss Erly did not flinch from the gaze. One, two, three moments more, and then he exclaimed:

"Miss Erly, why do you tilt your lance so constantly at our sex?"

"I was not aware—"

"I beg your pardon, you—"

"You certainly are, you were about to say, Captain Steyner; you need not have hesitated. But go on; tell me more about myself. I am getting interested in Miss Erly." If she had not spoken in the softest tone, and glanced at him in the gayest manner, there might have been a suggestion of impertinence in her words. Captain Steyner was evidently a little suspicious of this; but after one of those cool, keen glances of his, he answered her by quietly taking up the gauntlet she had so gayly flung down.

"I'll tell you what I know, or, rather, see of Miss Erly. She has, I think, a quick, intuitive mind, which would, I should suppose, lead her to see things and people as they are. Yet, in spite of this, she appears to persistently look upon life in a cynical and distorted manner, seeing things as they are not. This is a bad habit, Miss Erly, though I know it is a fashionable one."

There was a slight curl to Miss Erly's lip, and a little look of disdain in her eyes.

"So you think I affect disbelief and cynicism because it is a fashion?" she asked, in a low, even voice.

"I can not help thinking so; for how should a girl of your age have such bitter knowledge of the world as to tilt her lance from experience against all men?"

"How old is this Miss Erly whom you know, Captain Steyner?"

"Not over twenty, I should say."  
"She is twenty-six, Captain Steyner."  
"It isn't possible!"

"Not only possible, but true. If you are still inclined to doubt, and are sufficiently interested to investigate, we have a family register not quite a hundred miles from here."

Captain Steyner leaned back in his chair without reply to this. There was a little sense of confusion in his mind, a slight tinge of mortification. He had blundered somewhat. This woman of twenty-six, he had treated in some ways like a child, and he felt as if she were laughing at him for it. But immediately following came a feeling of indignation against her. A woman of twenty-six, with a clear and open mind, giving herself up to the falsest follies of the world! So he sat in judgment again. And meanwhile there sat Miss Erly, weaving her little shuttle in and out of the white thread loops with the smallest, whitest fingers, I think, the Captain had ever seen.

But what did he care for white fingers, and all those fairy movements? Character, Principle, Individuality, these were the Captain's hobbies; all else was of little interest to him, he said to himself. Yet why did he keep watch with such fascinated eyes upon those swift flying fingers? Why, when he slept, did those delicate hands haunt his dreams, weaving their snow-white meshes? Why indeed? Do you think the Captain asked himself those questions? Not he.

II.

"We are going to the Glen—a kind of picnic, you know—won't you go with us, Captain Steyner?"

Captain Steyner lifted his hat to Mrs. Macy and her invitation, but declined.

"I don't like your friend Steyner, Tom," she said to her brother just after.

"No—why?"

"He gives himself airs."

"Jack Steyner?"

"Yes, Jack Steyner. He appears to think that all our ways and amusements are greatly beneath his level. I hate such people. They are nothing but whitened sepulchres themselves."

"Well, that may be about 'such people,' but Jack isn't one of those 'people,' Katie. He hasn't much *savoir faire*, perhaps, and all that sort of thing, but he's a thoroughly good fellow. He's been in the service, you know, a long while, knocking about at sea half the time, and I dare say he's a little rough with women."

"I don't care for his roughness. He's a superior air. That's always so disagreeable."

Tom laughed, and attempted no further vindication. "It was of no use," he always said, "trying to overcome a woman's prejudice."

Mrs. Macy went down the piazza after this talk, and joined the party waiting in the carriage drive. There were all sorts of turn-outs, from a barouche in an English dog-cart; red wheels and yellow wheels; and gold and silver mountings glistened gayly in the sunlight. Maud Erly stood drawing on her gloves with an absent, waiting air, as Mrs. Macy came along.

"Are you going with the Rowleys, Maud?"

"Yes. I can't think what keeps them; they are usually very prompt."

At this moment a footman in livery approached, and touched his hat to Miss Erly, offering at the same time a note to her. She ran her eye over it hastily, and then commenced drawing off her gloves.

"What is it—anything the matter, Maud?" questioned Mrs. Macy.

"They have had a telegram from Baltimore. James Rowley is dead."

"Bless my soul! Uncle James Rowley! as Lou calls him. The only one of the family who has any brains—I beg your pardon, Maud."

"What for?"

"Well, you are intimate there, and—and—there is Mark—"

"Well, what of Mark?"

Maud Erly was so cool and unemphatically that it was rather hard upon Mrs. Macy.

"Well, I don't know; but you have been riding with him a good deal, and people will talk, and some have said—that—"

"You needn't hesitate, Mrs. Macy. Some have said that I was engaged to Mark Rowley. I am not. But I don't despise him, though he may not have 'much brains,' as the saying is, for he has what is better, though he is a dandy—a kind heart. Don't repeat my long speech, Mrs. Macy."

"No, I won't. Maud. But you must forgive my light way about the brains. I don't know the Rowleys as well as you do."

"Oh, you are quite in the right about it, in one way; but I don't think so much of mere intellect as I used, Mrs. Macy; a kind heart is better than intellect."

"But where they are united, Maud, it is better still; and that isn't unusual, certainly."

"Well, perhaps not; but sometimes I have thought the intellect was a snare to pervert the heart."

Mrs. Macy looked at Maud Erly curiously. It was queer, this little grave, metaphysical outbreak upon this occasion, but then Maud was queer. She never looked nor talked as she was expected to do. As Mrs. Macy pondered this up came her brother Tom.

"Ready, Kate? Where are you going, Miss Erly?" to Maud, who was turning away.

"Aren't you of the party?"

"I was, but the Rowleys can't go."

"Oh, yes, I heard. But it's too bad not to have you with us. I wish our carriage wasn't full."

"So do I," spoke up Mrs. Macy, cordially.

"What's that—you're not going, Miss Erly?" inquired some one else. "It's a shame!"

Captain Steyner here presented himself, half in hand, with a slight look of half haughty embarrassment, which wasn't unbecoming.

"If Miss Erly will allow me, I should be happy to drive her to the Glen."

Miss Erly lifted a face of quick amazement. There was a momentary pause of surprise and indecision, and the next moment he was handing her into a dark green landau.

"Well, I never!" began Mrs. Macy.

"What now? interrupted her brother.

"What's up? You never what?"

"I never knew any thing so strange as this sudden move, Tom. Fifteen minutes ago he refused my invitation flatly, with one of his grand airs. And suddenly he appears, like the Prince in the fairy tale. Where did he get his carriage, I should like to know?"

"Softly, Kate; you're getting into an awful boggle. I dare say he refused your invitation fifteen minutes ago. But five minutes ago he came up and found the fairy Princess in a fix, and his gallantry came to the rescue. Don't you see?"

"I see that, but I don't see where the carriage came from. Did he transform a pumpkin—old style?"

"He did better. With what you would call one of his grand airs, perhaps, but which I call his alert, decisive way merely, he negotiated in two or three words with East-tace, who had just come driving down from the avenue. East-tace was very glad to oblige him, for he's fond of Steyner, as you are not, Mistress Kate."

"No, but I rather like this new move of his, however. I've got a clew, Tom. Drive fast, I want to follow it out."

"Sit still, Kate, or you'll be out of the carriage as we turn these corners."

The green landau came whirling in, just as they entered the grounds, and Captain Steyner, assisted Miss Erly to alight with as matter-of-fact an air as if he had been accustomed to the courtesy for a score of years.

Nobody could have been more astonished than Maud Erly at the turn of affairs; but she kept all sight of it out of sight, after the first amazed glance, and was as much at her ease, and wore as matter-of-fact an air as her companions; so, if Mrs. Macy thought to follow her clew through any sentimental windings, she was mistaken this time.

It was a perfect day, not a cloud in the sky, and a breeze that was the breath of Heaven. On the soft sward strolled or reclined the party, pictures of idle happy ease. Only Maud Erly was employed. That "everlasting tattling," as one of the Rowley girls had it, kept her hands in that swift noiseless movement.

"It's all an affectation," sneered one of the women who didn't like Maud Erly.

"She is quite aware of the fact that her hands look never so fascinating as when using that little black shuttle."

Captain Steyner overheard this remark without recognizing it as a woman's spite. And looking at the dainty little figure, thronged like Titania in the mossy cleft of a tree, laughing, chatting, or listening, with a smiling face, to a court of admirers, while those fairy fingers, jewel-touched, here and there, flew fleetly backward and forward, like coquetish beckonings of some elfin wood-nymph—looking at all this, his old suspicion of her sprang up afresh. With all her intellect she was full of artifice and deceit; a vain and heartless woman doubtless, ambitious of a worldly marriage with such a man as Mark Rowley. He ground his teeth at these thoughts, and called himself a fool for his pains that day. Yet spite of such judgment he somehow found himself in her vicinity very often.

"Courtsey demanded it," he would have told you, "as her attendant cavalier." And in this vicinity he could not, I suppose, keep his eyes from following those flying fingers, though bent, as he suspected, on vain display.

"What quantities of this stuff you must make, Miss Erly," remarked Mrs. Macy's brother, as he too watched the flying fingers.

Miss Erly smiled assent.

"Such industry would achieve great results on great objects," growled the Captain.

"It does, Captain Steyner," responded Miss Erly, with an inscrutable smile.

"Yes, yes," laughed one of the court of gentlemen; "the achievement is our enslavement. Don't you see it is witch-work—only an excuse to make magnetic passes at us? Here we are, all lured on by a thread!"

The rest, all but Captain Steyner, applauded this ingenious gallantry of young Halford's. Steyner thought: "So this is part of her work. She shall not lure me on." And directly he made one of his satiric speeches at her, which apparently did him much good.

"What ails Steyner? he's as sharp as a needle and as rough as a chestnut-burr with Miss Erly," asked and commented young Halford of Tom Blanchard.

"Well, you must ask Steyner himself, Halford. I don't pretend to understand him or his moods," Tom answered, guardedly. But riding home with his sister he was more confidential of his thought when she put the same question: "What does ails Steyner to be so snappish to Maud Erly? I think he's the rudest man I ever met."

"Kate, you women don't half understand men although you think you do. I suspect that the old ailment of Love affects our friend Steyner, though he probably doesn't know it."

"Well, I wouldn't evince my love if I was he by striking a woman in the face like a big bully."

"Sh—, Kate, how you talk! Don't you see that a man in love is like a woman in love? If there is the shadow of a chance to get suspicious and jealous they'll improve it, because, with the one just as with the other, when an object becomes valuable in our eyes the imagination very often becomes morbid, and creates doubts and fears unknown in a calmer state. You women make the great mistake of thinking that men can do anything they wish to do. You are all wrong. We wait and doubt, and hesitate and question, fearing all the time that we are being fooled."

"I don't believe a word of it, Tom."

"Well, it's true, if you don't."

"Where did you learn all this, pray, Master Tom?"

"Oh, I've been through the fire, Kate, though I didn't cry out at the time," laughed Tom.

"Did the fire burn deep?"

"It left a scar, Kate, which we won't discuss now;" and Tom Blanchard turned his kind, bright face toward his sister with a graver look than was usual, and the next moment he was chaffing her in the gayest manner about her "glower" at Steyner, as he called it. And the next moment they were at the hotel, and there was Steyner smoking furiously as he paced the piazza.

"In love!" flung out Mrs. Macy, disdainfully. "Nice lover that. He's driven her home like a whirlwind that he might puff at that nasty pipe."

"Here, don't you go to abusing pipes now, Mrs. Macy," said Tom, laughing at her vehemence. But Mrs. Macy abused every thing connected with Captain Steyner. She couldn't bear him, she said, "he put on such airs."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ASCENDING MONT BLANC.—A St. Louis gentleman, Mr. S. H. Leathe, has this year ascended to the top of Mont Blanc. He was two days in accomplishing the feat, having been driven back the first day to a point half way up the mountain by a blinding snow-storm. He thus describes his sensations when on the top-most peak:—

"My first feeling was disappointment that it was not higher. I had not realized we were so near the top until within ten steps of the highest point. I stood for a few moments gazing at the magnificent view spread out on all sides. All fatigue was forgotten in the excitement; in fact, I never felt lower in my life; never cheered louder or jumped higher. If there had been a good hotel, should probably have remained for the season. The day was glorious; bright sunshine without a cloud, except low down in the valleys. On the Swiss side the view is uninterrupted from the Mediterranean to the Rhine, embracing all the Swiss and Italian mountains, with lakes and rivers. None of my guides had ever seen so fine a view from the summit. The wind was bitter cold and fearfully strong. Two of my guides suffered a great deal from the cold. One had two fingers frozen, and another was as black in the face as a negro. The blood seemed ready to burst through the pores of his skin. We stepped down a few paces under shelter, and the guides removed their packs to prepare a lunch, but found everything frozen solid except a bottle of brandy and a flask of sherry. Claret and champagne were so frozen that we were obliged to break the bottles and eat the wine. I had intended making a sherry colbert at the summit, but the water and lemons refused to 'cobble,' and I drank the sherry without them. A bottle of coffee, which one of my guides carried for me in a pocket next his breast, was frozen solid. Pretty cold weather for the season, July 20th. Wonder what it is in January!"

HOME GUARDS.—During the last stage of the war, says the Richmond Enquirer, while the Confederate army was returning through South Carolina, Sergeant McD—, of Western North Carolina, was sent on detail to the town of M—, where a regiment of home guards was stationed. These valorous heroes, seeing a soldier from the front, gathered around him, eagerly inquiring the news.

"News!" said Mack, solemnly: "I believe there is none. Yes, there is a little, too, but it's not of much importance; old Hardee burnt up a regiment of home guards at Florence the other day, to keep them from falling into the enemy's hands." Mack walked coolly on, and no more questions were asked.

HON. WOODBURY DAVIS, in a letter to the Bangor Whig says:—

"I do not believe the liquor interest is to rule this State. But if it must be so, my choice would be the Democratic party, rather than the Republican, because the instrument by which such a work should be done."

JOHN BROWN.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, writing from the Catskills, relates the following anecdote of John Brown:—

There happened to be at the Mountain House a gentleman who had known John Brown, many years ago, and who told this anecdote: When I was a young man, the gentleman in substance, said, I was brought into certain business relations with John Brown. The first meeting with him I shall never forget. We came together at dinner at the same farm house. I had been taking lessons in scientific boxing, and prided myself on my skill in the noble art of pugilism. John Brown came to

the table a plain, rough man, quiet of speech, without a coat, and with sleeves rolled up, showing a brawny arm. It occurred to me that here was an excellent chance for me to show the superiority of science over brute force, or perhaps I ought to say, of art over muscle, and I began to try to pick a quarrel with the fellow. I alluded to the vulgarity of coming to a table in one's shirt sleeves. I made sharp hits at his awkwardness; but failing to provoke my quiet victim into any excitement, I finally challenged him outright for an amicable fight with our fists. Promptly he accepted the challenge and added: "Young man, there is no better time for anything than now; let us go into the back yard and have it out."

So we went, and I had just posed myself in the best pugilistic attitude for either defence or offence, and was thinking, "What an admirable attitude I have, and it won't be long before I shall get in a blow which will settle this man," when something struck me between the eyes, which I had just the merest point of time to think was the blunt end of an iron pump handle. The next I was conscious of was an effort to open my eyes, and I found myself supported on the arm of a brown-faced man, with his best sleeves rolled up, who said, "My friend, the best thing to be done for this is to lay a piece of raw beef upon it."

DEATH INDOORS.—Multitudes of persons have a great horror of going out of doors for fear of taking cold; if it is a little damp, or a little windy, or a little cold, they wait, and wait, and wait; meanwhile, weeks and even months pass away, and they never, during that whole time, breathe a single breath of pure air. The result is, they become so enfeebled that their constitutions have no power of resistance; the least thing in the world gives them a cold; even going from one room to another, and before they know it they have a cold all the time, and this is nothing more or less than consumption; whereas, if an opposite practice had been followed of going out for an hour or two every day, regardless of the weather, so it is not actually falling rain, a very different result would have taken place. The truth is, the more a person is out of doors the less easily does he take cold. It is a widely known fact that persons who camp out every night, or sleep under a tree for weeks together, seldom take cold at all.

The truth is, many of our ailments, and those of a most fatal form, are taken in the house, and not out of doors; taken by removing parts of clothing too soon after coming into the house, or lying down on a bed or sofa when in a tired or exhausted condition from having engaged too vigorously in domestic employments. Many a pie has cost an industrious man a hundred dollars. A human life has many a time paid for an apple dumpling.

When our wives get to work they become so interested in it that they find themselves in an utterly exhausted condition; their ambition to complete a thing, to do some work well, sustains them until it is completed. The mental and physical condition is one of exhaustion, when a breath of air will give a cold, to settle in the joints to wake up next day with inflammatory rheumatism, or with a feeling of stiffness or soreness, as if they had been pounded in a bag; or a sore throat to worry and trouble them for months; or lung fever to put them in the grave in less than a week.

Our wives should work by the day, if they must work at all, and not by the job; it is more economical in the end to see how little work they can do in an hour instead of how much. It is slow, steady, continuous labor which brings health, and strength, and a good digestion. Fitful labor is ruinous to health.

[Hall's Journal of Health.]

GREATNESS OF HEART.—In the "Women of the War" we are told that one day as Mrs. Isabella Fogg, of Maine, one of the heroines of the war, was passing a wounded young soldier, who was sitting alone by the wayside, she said, "You have been left, poor boy!" He looked up and answered, "Don't call me poor; I have laid one arm on the altar of my country and am ready to sacrifice the other also." A woman at Gettysburg, who had fed all the soldiers in her power, when "pay was offered, replied, "Take pay! no! I would not wish to have that sin on my soul when the war is over."

Alas! how many very "heavily laden" sinners could be found among us, judging by the standard of that noble woman's sentiment.

[Watchman and Reflector.]

SEVERAL letters from boys at watering places have been published this year. Here is another, which gives good arguments for a paternal visit:—

"Dear Pa: Things are bully here. I chase ground squirrels every day in what they call the glen. Yesterday I saw one coming out of an old stump which I didn't think was safe for him, and making for the rocks. I put straight after him, you bet. While I was running close by the creek Bill put out his foot and tripped me up. I went plump into the water, and got my breeches soaking wet. The squirrel went on into the rocks. When we got back to the hotel, ma licked us both. I think she is getting too tight on us. I wish you'd come and help us out."

"Your affectionate son, R. F. S."

A MODERATE PETITION.—A gentleman, who had been long attached to Cardinal Mazarin, and much esteemed by that great minister, but little assisted in his finances by courts favor, one day told Mazarin of



## Waterville Mail.

E. M. MAXHAM, DAN L. E. WING.  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... SEPT. 27, 1867.



**AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.**  
R. M. FITZGERALD & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 23 Congress Street, Boston, and 68 Cedar Street, New York; and T. E. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERTOWN MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required at this office.  
A. WALL & CO., Advertising Agents, 174 Middle Street, Portland, are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us.  
Advertisers abroad 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, OF WATERTOWN MAIL OFFICE."

## PICNIC RIDE TO SKOWHEGAN.

"Killing two birds with one stone," and "making one hand wash the other," are Yankee lessons that have been studied in a great many Waterville schools—omitting the mention of neighboring towns. Here are half a dozen car loads of women and children, with misses and chaps, and doughnuts and cheese, all reflecting honor upon the Christian world's great Sabbath School enterprise, located at Waterville. That little four-year-old in the corner of the hind car has no thought but the roll of bunting under his arm, with its trine "U. S. S." carries the whole history of the whole day and the whole company. Whether the U stands for Unitarian or Universalist, or even whether Baptist may not begin with U under the rule of some "new school," are great moral questions toward which the totting theology does not yet aspire. Next to the bunting, in his opinion, the Luther at the left hand of Calvin is the dinner basket in his mother's lap. To this basket, in a shady spot, with clean napkins, and green grass, and buttered fingers, he looks for the reward of six months attendance at Sabbath School.

But the other "bird," and the hand that is to "wash t' other,"—who are these grey-headed men, a dozen in each car—holding no little ones by the hand, and carrying nobody's basket? And who are the full-bearded, fastish-looking, middle aged, bachelor-cut ones, here and there looking over the heads of the crowd, as if they saw something in the distance, and were listening for the—can anybody tell whose class these belong to, or what young lady is their teacher? If they study the Word it must be the word "go!" But, our word for it, this car is out of the bag! and here's a mutual washing of hands that would make clean Bar-nam's eight-fisted baby. This train may not carry "Caesar and his fortunes," but it has on board a whole cattle show! Look there—the president of the North Kennebec! and here on the left, as though the climax should have a cap, is our modest Junior, the life-long secretary of the same society! Hum! he is wont to Skowhegan but ten days ago, with an orthodox picnic, and here he is knee-deep in Unitarians. No wonder he ate slop-choop from the same porringer with Moses! Yonder is his predecessor in office, who will doubtless precede him to the trotting park after we reach the depot—though he was never a fast man, like our Junior. Over yonder, bearded, bold and basketless, is a former president. A few premiums on cows gave him a hankering for cattle shows, and we wager a dime his picnic ticket will pass at the park gate. The bearded men we mentioned are not many, and this is the first time we ever met them at sabbath school. It's a good "pool" for their money. Wonder if they will return by the picnic train? There is our neighbor Hereford, and here Mr. Durham,—there is Don John somebody, and here Green Mountain something. How wonderfully a picnic party helps a cattle show! and how pleasantly the interests of sabbath schools harmonize with those of agriculture!

An hour later, and one of the bloods has taken us, at "easy two-orty," through every street of the city—that is to be. If this courtesy had not come to us at the hands of a Waterville man we should count it an expedient to turn our attention from the sidewalks, which are shamefully ragged. Even the splendor of the great "Brewster House" could not conceal this fact, which in literal Yankee, "stuck out" in too many directions to be ignored. But the beauty of the residences, which suggests better things in due time, is ample atonement to those who only see the fault. Many of these are really charming, so that if we could name the streets it would be pleasant to point them out. They so combine comfort with refined taste as to suggest a good moral and social as well as financial condition; for it is a truth, though with many exceptions, that the owner of a beautiful house is a good citizen. By this rule we should mark Skowhegan as a good place for social life; and though her new hotel and town hall, with their incidental blocks of stores, might be honey to Waterville financiers, we may add, a good place for trade and taxation. But we see all this more surely in her elegant private residences than in the extravagances alluded to. Those stores will need whitewash-

ing before the mayor and aldermen convene overhead. But here we are at 12 o'clock, and not a dinner basket in sight. The modest little Elm House, crouching under the proud eaves of the "Brewster" like a pigmy kneeling to a giant is our resort. A good dinner, with little ceremony and no pretension to style, makes the Elm an attraction to honest men who want time and room to eat the worth of their money. At the fair grounds there is a good display of neat stock, and but very little of anything else. Half a dozen sheep, all but one of mongrel breed, constitute this department. With good grade Merino flocks all around, and such fine wool fanciers as postmaster Philbrick on the committee, we were surprised at this, and regretted that our "G. M. B." did not wear the U. S. S. In all parts of the grounds, even where the horses are trotting, we meet our friends of the agricultural sabbath school picnic, and taking the hint of one of them, we return to the vicinity of the depot.

Carrying home empty baskets, and talking over by-gones,—praising one thing, finding fault with another, and tendering thanks for a third—all these are common-places to the homeward-bound. But those who were kindly invited to spread their napkins at the vestry of the new and elegant Methodist church, specially desire to record their thanks.

## BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

Boston, Sept. 18, 1867.

**Messrs. Editors:**—By the annexation of Roxbury, Boston obtains 2,100 acres, making her total area 5,370 acres. The area of the city of New York is 14,502 acres; that of Philadelphia 82,560; and that of London 74,070. The population of Boston—without reference to the late acquisition of territory—to the square acre, is 59; that of New York 56; of Philadelphia, 7; and of London, 40. The population of Boston in 1865 was 192,317, having increased within the ten years immediately preceding at the rate of 19.83 per cent.

The Temperance Convention, held at Worcester on the 17th inst., embodied its sentiments in a series of resolutions to the number of fourteen, I believe, which give forth no uncertain sound. Two hundred and seventy-seven towns were represented by more than fifteen hundred delegates. Hon. Henry Wilson was among the speakers, and took unequivocal ground in favor of prohibition and against license.

One of the members of the convention said that it was the determination of the State Temperance Alliance to thoroughly canvass the State. Speakers would be furnished to every town, and no compensation required except defraying their travelling expenses. Fifty able men were ready and would go where wanted. On the whole, the temperance contest promises to be spirited and earnest. The advocates of the license system will strain every nerve to have the present stringent prohibitory statute superseded by a license law. They are well organized and have money in abundance. Nothing which they can do to gain their ends will be left undone. Their opponents are well aware of this fact, and will meet them without flinching.

Rev. Gilbert Haven, in the convention, declared that he was in favor of a law by Congress, which should forbid entirely the importation of intoxicating liquors. And it seems to me that temperance men, if they would be consistent, must adopt this position; for how else can complete success be attained? How is it possible to put an end to the retail of intoxicating liquors while the law allows wholesaleers to carry on their business unmolested?

Again, is not this idea of Mr. Haven a reasonable one? If it is a crime to sell liquor by the single glass, is it not a still greater one to sell it by the quart and gallon? In Boston, at the present time, any man can purchase rum in demijohns, carry it home and drink it as he pleases. But things are progressing. Temperance men must advance to the position of Mr. Haven, or they will be driven back and discouraged.

Last Sunday was an interesting day for the Catholics of Boston and vicinity. It was the occasion of laying the corner stone of a large Catholic cathedral on Washington street, which is to be second in size to only one in the country. The building will cover 55,000 square feet, and is to be built in the decorative style of Gothic architecture, common in the Thirteenth Century. The edifice will present a front on Washington Street of 150 feet. It is to have two towers, which will be respectively two and three hundred feet high, including spires, which are to be surmounted by gilded crosses. The towers will be at opposite corners facing the building, and in the larger one, situated at the right, a chime of bells. The towers will be—the smaller 30 feet square at the buttresses, the other 48. The Cathedral will not be finished much before 1870, and together with the land on which it stands, will cost about a million and a half dollars. The material of the walls will be Roxbury pudding stone, trimmed with granite and freestone, and it is intended to make the structure a substantial thing in every part.

There are other things of which I meant to write, but I have not the space in this letter. H. RATUS.

For "Oct. 8" read Oct. 7, in advertisement of Waterville Bank, on 4th page.

**THE KENNEBEC ASSOCIATION** of Universalists will meet in Gardiner on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 9th and 10th.

Mr. Plummer, who was accidentally shot in Augusta recently, is recovering, the ball not being lodged in the lung as was supposed.

**NORTH KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY** will hold its annual Show and Fair for 1867 in our village on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week. The first day, as usual, will be devoted to the exhibition of stock of all kinds at the Society's grounds, with the display of trained steers and a drawing match in the afternoon. On Tuesday evening the Fair at Town Hall will open with a social levee and good time generally, with vocal and instrumental music, etc. On Wednesday there will be trotting at the grounds, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., and the Hall will be open during the whole day. In the afternoon, the committees will report their awards at Town Hall, and it is to be hoped that this will be the most interesting and attractive part of the festival. All the members of committees, both at the grounds and hall, will be furnished with a free dinner, and we hope they will be prompt in the discharge of duty and ready to report when called upon.

FARMERS, we trust, will need no urging to attend the cattle show and fair next week; and we hope that all will bring something to add to the attraction. It has not been the best season for all kinds of stock, we know; but bring the animals along to help swell the show; and where all have fared alike, you stand as good chance to secure the premiums as your neighbors.

THE FAIR at the Hall may very easily be made very attractive, if each one interested will do a little, even; and we hope that while the farmers and their wives see that departments of butter, cheese, fruit, vegetables, domestic manufactures, &c., are well filled, our village residents will look well to the ornamental. Our traders and mechanics will find their interest in making a liberal display of their wares; and every one having anything curious or pretty will confer a favor upon the Society, and give pleasure to those who will attend, by sending it to the Hall. Our display this year ought to eclipse any previous one.

BE CAREFUL WHAT OIL YOU BUY.—On Saturday, 17th, during the burning of a building at Gloucester, Mass., a can of naphtha ignited and exploded, blowing the roof entirely off. Fortunately, at the time of the explosion the doors of the building were open, thus preventing the death of four or five men who were in the same.

The loss was \$3000, and several valuable buildings barely escaped destruction. This explosion should induce caution, as a great deal of naphtha is sold, under one name and another, as a burning fluid.

On the same evening, as Mr. Nathan Todd and wife, of Rowley, Mass., were retiring, the latter attempted to blow out the light, which immediately communicated with the kerosene, causing an explosion. Both Mr. Todd and his wife were very badly burned, in extinguishing the flames. The facts we gather from the Newburyport Herald; but we venture to assert, that the kerosene used was not that manufactured by the Portland Kerosene Oil Company; it was doubtless one of the many counterfeits sold.

A writer who kept a record, states that during 1866, 200 lives were lost, and six millions of property destroyed, by kerosene explosions.

**POPULAR FALLACIES ABOUT CHARLES DICKENS.**—That he is a spendthrift; that his health is broken down; that he has abused America in his "American Notes"; that he has lately spoken bitter words against American publishers; that he has denied receiving any emolument from American publishers till recently. A correspondent of the Boston Advertiser explodes them all.

A GOOD CHARITY SERMON was once preached by a colored brother, according to Dr. Eddy. One of the propositions was "that many churches have very little spiritual life and power, because they do not give as much as they ought to give." In elaborating this thought, the colored preacher said:

"I see know many a church to die cause it didn't gibe enough, but I nebbet knowd a church to die cause it gibe too much. Dey don't die dat way. Bredren, has any ob you knowd a church dat died cause it gibe too much? If you do, jest let me know, and I'll make a pilgrimage to dat church, and I'll climb up by de soft light ob de moon to its moss covered roof, and I'll stand dar and lift up my hands to hebbet and say, 'Blessed are de dead dat die in de Lord.'"

SHERIDAN, Sickles and Hancock had a hearty welcome demonstration in Washington, on Monday night. The crowd numbered at least six thousand, and their cheers could be heard at the White House.

JOSH BILLINGS, who has lately attended an agricultural fair, gives the following account of the last day's proceedings:

It rained again harder than ever, and the day was spent in betting on the wait or horses.

There were several good horse swaps also made.

One man swapped two horses for one; this struck me as a bulky good thing, but everybody else said it was soft.

At the end of the fifth day I come away. I got so full or boss that I ever since when I had I kant keep from whinnying.

The fare was kept up 10 days, and some red hot time was made. I think 2 minits and 10 seconds was made (if my memory serves me rite, and I think she duz).

I forgot to say that there was tew yoke of oxen on the ground, besides several yokes of sheep, and a pile ov carrots, and some worsted work, but they didn't seem to attract enny sympathy.

The people hanker for pure agricultural hosi-trots.

The Third Annual Horse Fair will be held at Penobscot County Fair Grounds in Bangor next week, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

## OUR TABLE.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY** for October contains Part X. of Oliver Wendell Holmes's story, "The Guardian Angel"; "The Theistologist," a poem, by William Everett; a biographical and critical sketch of "Ben Jonson," by the essayist, E. P. Whipple; "Uncharitableness," the first section of a story of New England seaport life, "The Rose Rollins," by Alice Cary; "International Copyright," a vigorous and unanswerable plea for the protection of authors, and thus for the best interests of literature, by James Parton; "The Flight of the Goddess," a poem, by T. B. Aldrich; "The Throne of the Golden Foot," by J. W. Palmer; Part I. of "The Autobiography of a Quack," by T. Adolphus Trollope; by H. T. Tuckerman; "A Native of Borneo," a sketch of a colored linguist found in South Carolina by a Massachusetts officer; "By-Ways of Europe—From Perpignan to Montserrat," by Bayard Taylor; "Dinner Speaking," by Edward Everett Hale, author of "A Man without a Country"; "How Mr. Frye would have preached it," etc.; Reviews and Literary Notices. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$4 a year.

**THE GALAXY**, for October, contains "On Fortune-Hunting," by W. H. Whitmore; "Paris and the Parisians," by Eugene Benson; "John," by Bertha S. Seranton; "The Poor Whites of the South," by E. B. Seabrook; "Mexican Armies and Generals," by A. Conquest Clarke; "In the Enemy's Lines," by James Franklin Pitts; "American Cookery," by Pierre Blot; "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," by Mrs. Edwards; "Waiting for the Verdict," by Mrs. R. H. Davis; and "Nebulae," by the Editor. Published by W. C. & F. P. Church, New York, at \$5.50 a year.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE** for October contains the conclusion of the amusing adventures of the "Dodge Club," and the entertaining satirical fairy story of "Robinette Berlops," and the instructive one of "Little Ravages," all family illustrated. The other illustrated article is the first instalment (which is also the last) of "Rides through Montana," by the late Col. Thomas Francis Meagher. There are many good stories in this number; an appreciative notice of "Queen Victoria's Life of Prince Albert, with two portraits; several well written miscellaneous articles, well filled Easy Chair, spicy Editor's Drawer, etc. Published by Harper Brothers, New York, at \$4 a year.

**THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE**. The October number of this charming juvenile has for a frontispiece one of Stephen's characteristic illustrations of nursery rhymes—"A Cat came fiddling out of a barn," and there are numerous other spirited engravings. "A Bed on a Whale" is concluded, and so is Hazeltine's story of "The Once Upon a Time Club"; and we have continued "Six Little Princesses and what they turned into," and "Terra Nova, or Coast Life in Newfoundland," and Jacob Abbott gives us the second chapter of "Bets and Betting." The Wonderful Adventures of Pericles, Prince of Tyre, is the story from Shakespeare, and the regular bi-monthly lesson, by Mary Lorimer, leads us "Among the Trees" of October. The other articles, which are all good, we will not enumerate.

Of the next issue the publishers say:—"The number for November will bear Thanksgiving in mind. Alas! we will sit down to a full dinner, and learn how his grandfather once sat down. 'Jack's Chickens,' by Mary N. Prescott, will be fed for the occasion, and an extra full-page illustration, by E. B. Russell, will picture the lively scene of 'Husking.' Another of Courtland Hoppii's amusing silhouette pages will be given, appropriate to the season. 'Terra Nova,' which has interested readers for the past six months, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. 'Dory and Dora,' given in the November number, will be suspended for the present, but more stories of Newfoundland may be expected from the same author in our next volume. The last article in the series 'Among the Trees,' will be given in the November number. '







