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Maxham & Wing

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IN THE FIRE-LIGHT.

Often in this winter fire-light
While the shrill-voiced crickets sing,
Slowly rise the quiet beechwoods,
And the world is glad with spring.

Embers shine, and shadows flutter,
But I go the violet grows;
Underfoot the brown leaves linger,
And the white anemones blow.

And my darling, in her coffin,
Lies as in days of yore;
Thirty years have flowered and faded,
But a dead grief lives once more.

Wild-birds call, and May flowers beckon,
And my sweetheart, gone to rest,
Sits beneath the swinging larches,
With the anemones in her breast.

Night-winds sigh, and snow is falling;
But with freight, fancies flow
Back to how we loved and parted,
In the spring-time, years ago.

—Chambers's Journal.

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW.

[CONTINUED.]

Inasmuch as it was fate, I was relieved; inasmuch as the two human agents were concerned, I was provoked almost beyond endurance; nor could I speak a civil word to Gerty all the morning, but buried myself in my traveling novel, only occasionally emerging to arrange mamma's shawl, or hand her a parasol, by way of showing that she was not included in my wrath. Meanwhile my beautiful tormentor sat beaming with good-humor, with an occasional little exasperating smile rippling over her dewy lips, and then chased away lest it should betray her hidden amusement.

Ah well! poor Gerty! I forgave it all after a while, for her time was soon to come, even on this same eventful summer. At first, I am afraid, I rather enjoyed seeing her caught, after so much successful angling on her part. But when I saw how real and deep her feelings were, and how uncertain she was as to whether they were returned; when I saw her cheek pale, and her glance flutter, and heard her heavy sigh when she forgot to check it in time, a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, and I pitied her from my heart, and longed to help her. And nobody was more rejoiced than I when Gerty rushed passionately into my room one day, and, throwing herself on her knees before me, buried her face in my lap and sobbed out her little story.

"Oh, Nell! I am so happy—no, so miserable! He loves me darling!"—here came up the beautiful, radiant face—"but he is going to Oregon for two years!"—here it went down again on my knees—"and he won't—won't—ask me to go with him!"

"I should think not!" I answered, in indignant amusement; "you among the Indians! He is Colonel Fairbanks, I suppose. Well, I am glad, dear, for I was afraid you liked him."

"Liked him! Oh, Helen! why am I so happy? Who could compare with him?" cried Gerty, earnestly.

"How about the country-place, dear, and the saddle-horses, and the Episcopal Church?" Gerty blushed and laughed and sighed.

"What a wretch I was!" she said. "But, Helen, it has all come true. He has a beautiful place on the Hudson—Fairbank is its name—only it has been rented ever since his father died, because it was no use to him—an officer and a bachelor—but really I did not know it until he told me himself this morning! and it is there he means to leave me, I suppose, when he goes off for two years at a time. Helen, I should die!"

"Oh no, you won't die," I answered, liking to tease a little. "You'll get used to it and find it delightful. How about his persuasion, Gerty? You didn't mention, I think, whether he was a hard or soft shell Baptist."

"Helen! as if I could ever have looked at him if he had not been a Churchman! only—" and here Gerty colored and laughed again—"I'm afraid he has one, just one, little fault; he is fearfully Evangelical!"

And therewith I pushed her away, and refused to have my knee made any further support to such benighted bigotry.

Colonel Fairbanks was, and still is, a fine grave, soldierly man, with commanding face and keen eyes. Courteous and polished in manner, to me he seemed a little awful, with his middle-aged wisdom and grand, protective ways. But then, as Gertrude said when I hinted this feeling to her, "I always had a hankering after little boys;" so I was not a fair judge, perhaps. It was pretty to see her with him, so subdued and gentle and dignified; flushing up into a sort of adoring happiness when he spoke to her, calmly content and admiring when he talked to others. It was almost enough to spoil any man to have such a beautiful creature so entirely and obviously devoted to him; but Colonel Fairbanks took it all calmly, and I trust returned it with equal fervor; but, if so, never was so unobtrusive a man. Gerty, however, should know best, and she was entirely satisfied; and I felt, as I saw how love had toned down her saucy brilliancy and given tenderness to her flashing eyes, which now sought his constantly as in mute appeal for counsel and guidance, that he would not only make her happy but keep her in order; and suspected that she was glad to lay down her pretty, fierce, girlish independence at the feet of a master, and enjoyed the unwonted feeling of control.

Gertrude's engagement hurried our return, for Colonel Fairbanks was to leave in three weeks, and papa had yet to make the acquaintance of his future son-in-law. How glad I was to be at home again—to see Doha, my other self, and hear from her every particular about Will, who had sailed only ten days before, and whom she had daily seen and enjoyed to an extent that almost made me jealous! I knew I should miss him, but I little dreamed how all the life and zest of society would be gone with him. Nobody seemed amusing; nobody seemed quite as kind as of old. Mrs. Leslie was going to spend the winter with her sister, a gentle invalid, who required constant care and petting, so we soon lost her.

Tom remained at home keeping bachelor quarters, attentive to us all, watchful of me, and I thought more detestable than ever. He never mentioned his brother's name; and as weeks grew into months I found myself growing sicker and sicker for some word of remembrance, or tidings at least. None came, however, except a line from Mrs. Leslie to mamma, to tell of her sister's state of health, when she wrote "with dear love to Helen and Doha. Will writes every week, but seems a little blue. I fancy he considers himself quite forgotten by his friends in Oldport. What shall I say to cheer him up? However, Tom is a nearer ambassador, and no doubt he tells you everything of interest in the letters."

After that I grew really angry at Tom's silence. It was most marked, most unfriendly! I would not stand it any longer! So, after looking it over until my heart beat thick and my head grew dizzy with nervousness, I spoke at length one day:

"Mr. Leslie, you tell us nothing of your brother. Is he well? Does he like Berlin?"

"Oh! very much so," he answered, politely.

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"He writes frequently, and often asks after his friends here. I believe I conveyed to your mother last week his special regards for this family."

"Thank you," I said. "I was afraid he had quite forgotten his old pupils. Doha and I almost looked for a German letter from him by this time, to test our progress in answer; indeed he threatened as much."

"You are very kind. I will mention it," said Tom, with an almost imperceptible sneer. "By no means, I beg," I answered. "I do not wish to remind him of anything of the kind."

"Oh! I misunderstood," replied the lofty Tom; and I felt that I never had disliked him thoroughly before.

I used to argue with myself: "Why should I get into these gloomy, dull ways? What man is worth so much regret? If Will Leslie has forgotten me already, or if his brother would let him like me in peace, and he is so poor a creature as to yield, surely he is not one to pine for! Time will show; and I won't break my heart at all events." So I steeled myself in indifference, and resolved to enjoy all I could in society, to like every body who was likeable, and get all that was possible in the way of pleasure and amusement.

Gerty was more kind and sympathizing than of old, and papa was especially kind and petting to me; and I used not to fancy myself a favorite with him; so that there was really much to enjoy in life. Then a young nephew of Colonel Fairbanks came to spend the winter in Oldport, and he too was a great element of pleasure. Such a dear, good-humored, handsome, kindly fellow! I soon grew to love him dearly and enjoyed his being like a brother in the house. In my spirit of philosophy I took in this bit of brightness and made the most of it. I perceived with silent amusement that Gertrude and mamma had immediately flown to the conviction that we were born for each other. John Pierpont was never called a boy, a lad, a nice young fellow just out of roundabouts; and yet he was not a day older than Will. But he had not his way to make in the world, and besides was glorified by the reflected splendors of his military uncle, so perhaps there was some excuse for my sister's inconsistency. Besides, as she used to say, she would not do such an unwomanly thing as to be consistent for the world.

But while I was indulging this philosophical train of thought and action, stimulated, no doubt, by much vanity and love of admiration, Tom Leslie grew more moody, gloomy, and fierce than ever. He seemed not to be able to let me alone—sometimes glaring at me in company, when John Pierpont was devoting himself to me in the chivalric manner peculiarly his own, with a look of malignant satisfaction; sometimes with a sneer of comfortable scorn, as having weighed me in the balance and found me wanting, and thereby set his mind at rest. Pleasant for me! and of course it only stimulated me to flirt the more, and to grow harder and colder, until it seemed to myself that my whole nature was changing; and I used to meet Doha's scared eyes of concern at my world-taught remarks, and laugh at her with little mirth in my merriment.

With the returning spring came one bright gleam of comfort. Mrs. Leslie came back, and her sweet face was as welcome to me as flowers in May. But even she seemed a little grave and altered, and looked at me with wistful eyes. After a while it came out:

"Well, Helen, my sweet one! I have you nothing to tell me? I heard of you constantly from Tom, and I fancied you might be willing to confide in me."

"What have I to confide, dear Mrs. Leslie?"

"Well, dear, that is not for me to say. Perhaps you have nothing to confide; I hope in my heart you haven't; but surely every body supposes that you are betrothed to Mr. Pierpont."

"Not at all; please don't think so!" I cried, forgetting in my haste that Gertrude's engagement was still a profound secret. "You know he is nothing but a brother—that is, a nephew."

"Well, my child, what is it—brother, nephew, or lover? I confess the latter seems most probable."

"Oh! then I may as well tell you at once," I said. "Gertrude is engaged to Colonel Fairbanks—his uncle, you know—only it is not to be spoken of at all; though I must say I can not approve of keeping it a secret for two years, for Gerty is so beautiful this year—so softened and sweetened—that she is perfectly irresistible, and I feel as if every body who comes near her ought to be warned."

"Perhaps so; but that is not our affair," said Mrs. Leslie, smiling. "All we have to do is to obey orders." Then, after a little chat *apropos* to Colonel Fairbanks, she added, musingly: "So you are sure, Helen, that John Pierpont belongs to Gerty, not to you?"

"Oh! he is a dear good fellow," I replied. "I don't know what we should have done without him this long dismal winter. He is like a brother to Doha and me."

"Just as my poor Will used to be," said Mrs. Leslie. "You know he talks of staying longer than his first plan; means to go to Egypt next fall; and talks of Athens and St. Petersburg, and Jerusalem, and I don't know what. It will keep him away years if he follows all the plans he sketches in his letters. I wish I could coax the dear boy back again, and get him settled down near home; but travelling gets to be such a mania with young men!"

"Jerusalem, and Madagascar and North and South America!" I quoted, gayly. "Good-by, for I must go, dear Mrs. Leslie; and do remember that nobody is half so glad to get you back as I am."

And I went home, and found myself snubbing John, perfectly hateful to Gerty, and finally, to the consternation of the family bursting into tears when Doha happened to quote a little verse from one of Heine's poems.

Meanwhile Mrs. Leslie's very different manner brought out in stronger light Tom's reluctance to speak to us of his brother. It had been galling, I own, to hear of his various adventures from those who knew him slightly, and upon whom he had no claim of intimacy or friendship. A beautiful photograph of him had been received, handed around, and admired among different and indifferent acquaintances, but we had never seen it. He had had some thrilling adventures among the Swiss mountains; once losing his way in a fog, and wandering for half

a day before regaining the path; once, being with a party of English travelers, only his strength and presence of mind (so admiring Oldport said) had saved a beautiful girl from slipping down a treacherous grassy bank, with a frightful precipice beyond. All these tales trickled into our ears gradually, but it was not until his mother's return that we heard any thing directly.

If Gerty had not been absorbed in her own affairs she would have attacked Tom openly, and insisted upon a friend's right to hear about the absent. But she did not even perceive his silence, and Doha, silently wondering, and indignantly sympathizing, said not a word. But now we heard all from Mrs. Leslie, and the "all" comprised so many references to old times, suggested questions and warm messages, that I was touched to the heart. Little as we had known of him, he had been evidently fully posted up as to all our doings by his faithful correspondent and brother; and when I remembered the jealous watchfulness and malicious satisfaction of the espiot that brother had kept upon me, my heart sank to think of how I appeared in these letters, in what light my portrait was drawn.

The long summer at last wore away. I should have liked to travel, but my dear grandfather, the splendid old Commodore, whom we all loved dearly, was lying for many weeks at death's door. Gertrude, who was his special favorite, watched with him constantly; and when his pain was over, his kind smile faded, his dear eyes closed forever, we all felt a blank in our lives. Gertrude's grief was passionate, while mamma, his only child, mourned him with the deepest regret. His home had been near our own, and our visits to him were among our daily duties. I can see the old man now, sitting on his vine-shaded porch, with his faithful servant a little apart, watchful over the master whom he had loved well and served faithfully for thirty years. How his eyes would brighten up with fond admiration when Gerty came cattering up the road on her spirited mare (his gift), her brilliant beauty heightened by the exercise! They were wonderfully alike, and I think Gerty gave him almost a closer place in her heart than to any of the rest of us. Oldport was much saddened by his death. He had been his hero for many years, and his hospitable home was open to all, young and old. We wore deep mourning, and went out very little; and the winter settled once more upon us with its cold gray clouds and quiet long evenings.

And this winter, with no excitement of society, with my old studies grown wearisome, and the weather shutting me off from much healthful exercise, I seemed to fall gradually into a low state of health. Nothing in particular, but enough to make papa look grave, and mamma talk of tonics, and Gertrude advance her everlasting suggestion of Baltimore climate. Mrs. Leslie, always delicate, was now shut up more than ever, and I used to read to her daily, and feel more cheered and strengthened by her loving presence than any thing else, unless it were John's kind brotherliness. Since I had not been strong he seemed to envelop me in a watchful care, anticipating every want and lightening every burden. Tom Leslie grew more and more gloomy and cold. Evidently he was unhappy; and evidently the cause was unknown to his mother, who was worried, and anxious, and followed him with eyes of wistful sympathy, which seemed only to irritate him. After a while we heard that he had left town; then that he was in Washington, Charleston, Florida; and his mother wondered in silence, and could not read his restlessness.

Little Doha one day confided to me her theory on the subject.

"I think he is in love with you, Helen, and he thinks Will is of the same way of thinking, so he puts himself aside for his brother's sake; but it is a hard struggle. That is what makes him so savage at poor John; and finally he can't stand it any more, and has gone off—"

"Doha! how can you be so absurd? He has never spoken a civil word to me in his life. Instead of loving he very nearly hates me."

"That's the way he shows it," said my babe, wagging her little head wisely. "I'm a close observer, Helen."

I could only laugh. I knew in my heart that she was as far as possible from the truth; and yet nobody could understand what his real feelings and wishes were—not even the mother who bore him.

Well! all things come to an end, even a Southern journey; and one day as I was sitting by Mrs. Leslie's sofa she told me that Tom had come back—looking very ill, she was afraid. And there she stopped, and sighed with the same wistful, puzzled look she had worn before he went. Presently he came in, shook hands rather absently, and sat down. Something had gone out of his face, when his eyes met mine, something which had troubled me long—even the unfriendly, watchful, defiant look. He looked haggard and ill, but subdued and kind enough; and although often relapsing into a fit of sad thoughtfulness, he was softened even to me. I could not help watching furtively his pale face as I sat chatting with his mother. We spoke at last of an engagement which had been a nine days' wonder in Oldport, and it roused him a little.

"You don't mean it!" he exclaimed. "Annie Warburton! Charley Grant! I thought she had more sense, and he more conscience. How could he have the face to ask her to devote the best years of her life to a hopeless, lingering engagement?"

I was but nineteen, and this view of the case shocked me. "But, Mr. Leslie," I said, "they are so happy!"

He laughed bitterly.

"I assure you I have thought for months past that they were attached to each other, and now I am so pleased!"

"No doubt!" he answered, in the old voice. "A fool's paradise for a month; then a long waiting, bound and fettered; she losing bloom and fullness, he burdened with a weight beyond his boyish strength; and years hence, when her beauty is faded and his love grown a little weary, they will at last settle down with middle-aged feelings and perplexities—if indeed their constancy survives the time. I wonder at the fellow's conceit almost as much as at his folly."

"Why, Tom! how cynical you are, my son!" exclaimed his mother, surprised.

I was not at all amazed at any amount of cynicism in the world-taught Mr. Leslie; but I felt my heart stirred in its inmost depths by his tone, and while I was musing the fire burned,

and I spoke with my tongue very quietly and low:

"You are wrong in your views, Mr. Leslie. I am much younger than you, but I am sure you are wrong. When two people love each other as they ought it is not in the power of a long engagement to change them like this. I don't suppose it is free from care or trial, or happy like a happy marriage; but I do believe that Annie—that any woman—would rather encounter its cares, whatever they may be, than wear out her life and her heart by an unconfessed attachment, with nothing to quiet the shame and misery which a woman must feel when conscious that she has given her love and uncertain whether it is returned. I should not have respected Charley Grant nearly as much had he not given her the option; had he talked of money and waiting and making his way in the world, instead of telling her his love like a man, and leaving the decision to her. It may be unwisely and unwise, but it was right."

Mrs. Leslie laughed a little at my warmth, and called me romantic, but no doubt agreed with me in her true woman's heart; and Tom looked at me so long and earnestly that I felt myself color, and could hardly keep the tears of angry embarrassment out of my eyes at the thought that he might be making a personal application of the words I had been moved to utter.

"That is the woman's point of view," he said at last, quite gently; "and if you understand woman's feeling perhaps you are right. That way must be right which saves most suffering in the long-run. Only so many fail in the trial that I confess I dread it for any body I love."

And he went out of the room, his face looking worn and ghastly in the dim light. Mrs. Leslie's eyes again followed him with wondering sympathy, but she was too loyal to her son to give any words to her deep sigh.

A month more passed away. The March winds were keen and bitter, and we were shut up enough to account for much depression of health and spirits. I was the subject of plenty of family counsel, and had also to endure much neighborly advice, even a few kindly suggestions from Tom Leslie, when one day he called by his mother's wish, just before leaving town for a week or two, to give us news of his brother. He was to spend the summer in Scotland, Tom said, and was now in England visiting at the country seat of the family whom he had met in Switzerland, and whose daughter he had been fortunate enough to rescue from a grave peril. Afterward he turned to me quite kindly, and remarked that I was not looking well, feared that Oldport winds were too bitter, and spoke of Southern travel. Mamma agreed with him that it would be a good thing, but said that it was difficult to arrange just now. Then added that a little change was good for every body; that we had shut ourselves up from society for a long time, and that she had decided to accept an invitation for us, which had just come, for a small party on the next evening. Gertrude looked hurt. She had no lover grandpapa; and then her heart was no longer in Oldport, and sobriety was not essential to her now.

"Mamma! in our mourning dresses?" she exclaimed. "And Helen's chest is so weak! I should be very much afraid of the night air."

"Certainly not in black," said mamma. "Wear white dresses, of course, without any color. Helen must wear a high-necked waist and dress warmly, and she won't feel the night air, and the change will do her good."

"Is your chest weak?" asked Tom, and he looked so kind and anxious that I was quite touched.

"Oh no! not now; I really feel better. And, mamma, I don't need any change; and would much rather not go."

"My dear, I shall accept the invitation for you and Gertrude," said mamma.

And we had nothing more to say; for mamma was by no means a nineteenth-century parent; and we all, even Gertrude, felt that when she spoke the fiat had gone forth.

NEW EFFORTS DEMANDED.—There is ever was a time when there was a greater call than there is at present for the active personal efforts of the friends of temperance to save the ground which has been already gained by this great moral reform. The result of the legislative election in Massachusetts has given new hopes to the liquor sellers, and is already bearing legitimate fruit in not only increasing the traffic but also increasing drunkenness and its attendant evils in that State. The numerous P. L. L. clubs formed throughout Massachusetts have not only been the means of overturning prohibition, but worse still have been the means of leading thousands of young men into habits of intemperance. All their associations have been painful in the extreme, and it is no wonder that some men who first winked at such secret organizations for political purposes, now repent that they had not warned young men against their danger.

Already these baneful organizations are being started in this State, and their evil influence over the habits, to say nothing of the opinions of the young, should be countermanded by the most active efforts. Every man who feels an interest in the sobriety and good order of the community should speak out. The pulpit should be heard. Public meetings should be held. Papers and tracts pointing out the terrible evils of drunkenness, and setting forth the only sufficient remedy as in total abstinence by the individual and protection from the traffic by the State, should be circulated. Everywhere the public should be aroused to the insidious efforts to turn back the temperance reform, and give us a return of the times of license, when drunkenness and misery overspread the land. And if the enemy, liberally supplied with money by the ramshelling interest, shall continue to organize, let not the friends of temperance depend entirely upon individual effort, but let them also organize, and meet those who would roll in upon us the tide of intemperance, with their own weapons.

[Leviston Journal.]

A WATER-PROOF LEATHER PRESERVATIVE, said to have been in use among the fishermen of New England, and which is highly recommended by a correspondent of the "American Agriculturist," is worthy of a trial:—"Take one pint boiled linseed oil, half a pound mutton suet, six ounces clean bees-wax, and four ounces resin; melt and mix over a fire, and apply while warm, but not hot enough to burn the leather. Lay it on plentifully with a brush, and warm it in."

WHO KILLED TOM ROPER?

Who killed Tom Roper?
Not I, said new Cider,
I couldn't kill a spider;
I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said strong Ale,
I wasn't near such and hale;
I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said Lager beer;
I don't intoxicate. Dye hear?
I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said Bourbon Whisky;
I make sick folks spry and frisky.
The Doctors say so; don't they know
What quickens blood that runs too slow?
I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said sparkling old Champagne;
No poor man e'er by me was slain.
I cheer the rich in lordly halls,
And scorn the place where the drunkard falls.
I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not we, said various other wines;
What! juice of grapes, product of vines,
Kill a man! The Bible tells
That wine all other drink excels.
I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said Holland Gin;
To charge such crime to me is sin.
I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Nor I, said Medford Rum;
He grew too poor to buy me long;
I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said Medford Rum;
He was almost gone before I come;
I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Ha, ha! laughed old Prince Alcohol,
Each struck the blow that made him fall;
And all that helped to make him toper
My agents were, to kill Tom Roper.
—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

CURIOUS THINGS ABOUT FROST.

One morning in October I found all the tomato and pumpkin vines used up and killed by frost. But the bean vines, the potatoes and the cabbages in my garden were in fine growing order still. Three weeks afterwards frost came again, and not finding any more tomatoes and pumpkins, he hid hold of my beans and potatoes. They turned black and died, as if strangled. An old farmer said that it is frost that killed my potatoes "a real black frost."

"Ha!" said I, "black frost, white frost—do they ever mix?"

"You watch and you'll see the difference," said the farmer.

And I began to watch. The cabbages in my garden were not killed yet. The chickens have a wonderful good time nipping off the thick edges of the big tough leaves. Well, I watched to see what the frost would do next. One morning I noticed that the bridges and board walks were white as snow, but the dirt roads, gravel walks and stone sidewalks could not show a single fleck of frost. And I saw that there was no frost on or near the spikes in the board walks, but there were spots instead.

Yet I remember, one winter day about noon, when things were thawing a little, that the board walks all dried off, leaving a spot of frost on every spike, and all the stone walks and dirt roads were cold and hard as ever with snow and ice. Every fall the boards are frosty, while the spikes and stones are warm and wet. Every spring the boards are warm and wet, while the spikes and stones are frosty!—Funny frost!

One day the good woman who cooks for us made some doughnuts—some folks call them fried cakes—they are good, no matter what they call them—and when she had done frying them she set the hot hard out at the door, along side of a basin of water, to cool. The hard and the water both froze solid that night, and next morning I saw that the frost had made a hollow in the hard and a hump on the water. Frozen hard shrinks!—frozen water swells! Funny frost, how you do act! And out in the barn on a beam I had one bottle with castor oil, to oil my carriage wheels, another with neat-foot oil, for my harnesses, and another bottle half full of water. They all froze up solid, one cold night, and the water bottle split! But the others did not.

Off the coast of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, sailors often meet icebergs a hundred feet high, and all the books say there is nearly six times as much ice under water as there is above. But when I went skating on our canal the ice lay all of it on top of the water, and none of it, that I saw, was under water at all. And yet when I break off a piece of ice and put it in a pitcher of water, it floats just like an iceberg, six times as much under water as above it.

An Indian was found dead by the roadside, one very cold morning, with an empty rum bottle beside him. He was frozen stiff. The wise Indians came and examined to learn what killed him. They decided that there had been too much water in his rum, and the water had frozen and killed him. Rum never freezes; but men with rum in them freeze more easily than other men who drink cold water only. Queer, funny frost!

These are only a few of the curious things that frost has set me to thinking of. If any of the readers can explain all these curious things they will be wiser than some professors in the colleges—and they are the wisest people that I know of.—T. K. BEECHER.

AN EXCELLENT OINTMENT for chapped lips and hands, and the "American Agriculturist," for dry sores, for burns, for sore nose, for softening corns on the feet, for piles, in short for any diseased surface where a soft protecting coating is required, is what is called "Glycerine Ointment." This can be readily prepared by any druggist, by simply rubbing into what is termed "cold cream" a little glycerine—just enough to give it a soft, lard-like consistency. More glycerine can be added in winter than in summer. A drop or two of oil of roses stirred in, gives it an agreeable perfume. It should be kept well corked, and be made fresh every month or two. When the hands become chapped or roughened by cold weather smear them with a little of the glycerine ointment at night, rubbing it in, and then wipe off all that will soil the clothing, and the skin will usually be soft and pliable in the morning.

A correspondent of the New England Farmer says he cleared his premises of rats by catching one, smearing him with kerosene oil, and then letting him go. How he caught the rat he does not say. Daubing the entrance to their holes with tar is a sure way to give offence to rats, and they are pretty apt to turn up their noses and leave.

SLIVERS OF THOUGHT BY JOSIE BILLINGS.—The heart of a true friend is like a mirror; if you look into it you see yourself there.

Wisdom that don't make us happier aint worth plying for.

I am duffer fond uv melody; and a banjo, with a nigger hung tew-it, will knock more sense out uv me in one nite, than I can get back in 2 weeks.

It is a good thing tew know menny people but let only a few know you.

I hav no more respect for those who cater to my imaginashun, than I hev for the man who fust invented gingerpp.

I never knu a man uv much wisdom who could sing a song well, or play a fiddle.

I dont care how much a man talks if he says it in a few words.

Reverds-deferd makes us miserable; it is jis so with punishments. When I was a boy I had rather be likd twice than to be postponed onct.

Thar is one thing certain; reason iz more than master uv the passhuns. If this is probably so a man must be a phool who aint boss uv himself.

I thing it reduces the stomick-ake tew holler, so I think it lessons awl kinds uv anguish, jist as it does sin, by owning tew it.

We are willin tew pay more for being amuzed than instructed.

How many folks du u suppoze thar iz in this world, who are satisfied with things as they hev got? Not more than 6 I'll bet. This looks rather dusty for the rest uv the tribe.

Thar aint no general rule for happiness. A man hev to be measured for his happiness, jist as he does for his burs, and even then he don't git a good fit.

Joy will make a man change ends quicker than sorrow.

If a young man kant find any thing else he iz fit for, I like to see him carry a gold headed cane.

The top rounds uv a ladder are always the most dangerous.

I believe in the final salvashun uv men, but I want the privilage uv picking the men.

Here is jist the difference between a success and a failure—1-4 uv an inch.

It is a grate deal easier tew beat nature than tew equal her—so it is easier to bile an egg tew much than jist enough.

HARD JOKE.—An Ohio paper relates an incident that lately occurred in Muskingum Co., which illustrates as clearly as possible the absurdity of color legislation. Among a large number of colored persons in that county, who form a well-to-do community by themselves, is one mulatto whose children bear no outward resemblance to the descendants of the patriarch whom Noah cursed. As these people paid a large amount of taxes for the support of schools without enjoying any of the benefits, the mulatto determined to test the question by sending his children to school. Of course there was great indignation in the village, and a committee of the school directors of the county was sent to the school to expel the intruders. The teacher refused to point out the individuals who had disturbed the peace of the school by their unwelcome presence. She had on complaints to make against them, and was willing they should remain. The committee selected three who, they thought, bore the strongest evidence of belonging to the proscribed race, and ignominiously expelled them. The scandal was great when it was discovered on the next day that the children of three of the wealthiest white men were the victims of the movement against negroes. The ludicrous result of the raid was the establishment of schools for "colored" children, and the exemption of the wealthy negroes from further contribution to the education of their poor white neighbors.

MILTON'S LINE. "They also serve who only stand and wait," recently received a new illustration. Company K, 24th United States Infantry, garrisoned Pass Christian, Mississippi. The yellow fever raged among them with great violence. The captain died very suddenly, and then the other officers, until the company had not one commissioned officer. Yet not a man flinched or deserted; quietly their duty was performed, and when a nurse went down another man would step forward and volunteer. Such heroism in a situation more trying to the nerves than facing cannon, when day by day new victims fall before the pestilence, but when not a man lost his presence of mind or wavered in his work, called forth from Gen. Ord his warmest commendation in a general order.—The General says:—

Nothing more could be desired to attest the character and discipline of the men and the quality of the officers. The simple, unpretending devotion to duty shown is highly creditable to all, officers and men alike, and is worthy the same praise universally accorded to gallant conduct in battle. Should any portion of this command hereafter be unfortunately surrounded by similar trying circumstances, the General commanding hopes and trusts it will emulate the bright example set by Company K, 24th United States Infantry.—[Watchman and Re-flector

Waterville Mail.

E. B. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, JAN. 3, 1868.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 35 Congress Street, Boston, and 68 Cedar Street, New York; and T. C. 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 the office.

Advertisements are referred to the Agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

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

The Legislature met and organized on Wednesday. Josiah Crosby, of Dexter, was elected president of the senate, 24 to 2. Thos. P. Cleaves, of Brownville, secretary, and G. W. Lane, Augusta, assistant.

In the House, Theodore C. Woodman, of Bucksport, was elected speaker over Henry R. Bradbury, of Hollis, 104 to 42. By about the same vote, S. J. Chadbourn, of Dixmont, and C. E. Nash, of Hallowell, were elected clerk and ass't clerk.

The nomination of W. P. Frye of Lewiston for attorney general, J. C. Caldwell adj't general, and P. P. Burleigh, land agent, secures their election by about a party vote.

F. M. Drew was nominated for secretary of state, over John J. Perry, both republicans, by a vote of 83 to 43.

The following councillors were nominated by the governor—

- 1st district, Henry C. Reed, of Norway.
- 2d, G. W. Randall, of Freeport.
- 3d, Dan'l Holland, of Lewiston.
- 4th, J. A. Sanborn, of Readfield.
- 5th, Elias Milliken, of Burnham.
- 6th, Eph. Flint, of Dover.
- 7th, D. R. Hobart, of Dennysville.

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE, which was delivered at the opening of the session, we give to our readers today in an extra sheet. It is a long and able document, which the reader will no doubt approve if he is a loyal man. We have no time for comments.

A State temperance convention of "those in favor of maintaining our present prohibitory legislation," is to assemble at Augusta on Tuesday, the 14th inst. The call is, numerously signed by prominent republican leaders, and indicates a full determination to hold the state in its present improved and wholesome condition, instead of repealing it back into licensed rum-selling.

R. H. EDDY, ESQ., BOSTON, SOLICITOR OF PATENTS.—We take pleasure in calling the attention of inventors and others to the well conducted Agency for securing Patents. There is no man who is more acquainted with the innumerable patents granted, their condition and value, from the formation of the Government to the present time. Mr. Eddy also procures patents in foreign countries, and executes all documents necessary to secure the rights of inventors. He may be relied upon as highly honorable, prompt, and entirely devoted to the interests of his clients. His success in securing patents after all others have failed, is well known. The advertisement in another column gives full particulars, and we recommend all who are in any way interested in patents and inventions to give it a careful perusal.

MURDER.—The Lewiston Journal says that in an affray Saturday evening, at Bucksfield, between Thomas S. Bridgman and his uncle, Michael Bridgman, the nephew drew a pistol and shot his uncle dead. He claims to have acted in self defence, and says he meant only to disable him.

Don't be cheated—ye who want a little pure currant or elderberry wine in case of sickness—into the belief that it is easy to obtain a pure article of either kind. Most persons flavor with a little alcohol or other spirits, so that you don't know what you are drinking. Ask the doctor if it is not so. Mr. J. B. Rhodes, of Winslow, is the most reliable maker of pure elderberry and currant wines, designed only for sickness, that we know of.

The 22d of January has been designated as the time for the election of four delegates at large to the Chicago convention for the nomination of a presidential candidate—or rather to enact the nomination of Gen. Grant, who is to be president Grant if he lives.

The papers are saying, on the authority of Samuel Thorne, the great stock breeder, that steers may be cured of being breechy by cutting off the eyelashes of the under lids. We shall believe it after we prove it—and prove it after we see any sense in it, if at all.

SAMUEL JUDKINS, Esq., well known as one of the most active business men at Kendall's Mills, a few years ago, was taken to the Insane Hospital last week. It is thought that he will not survive long.

A VERY PLEASANT SURPRISE PARTY was held at the house of Rev. B. F. Shaw, the pastor of the Baptist Church in this village, on the evening of New Years Day. Notwithstanding the storm, his parishioners gathered in large numbers, to extend to him the congratulations of the season and present some testimonials of their regard and esteem. They took with them all the materials for a rousing house warming, and pastor and people joined in making the occasion very pleasant and profitable for all concerned.

MISS NELLIE DOWNER, who for a year or more, has sung at the Baptist Church in this village very acceptably, has been engaged at a liberal salary to sing for a Congregational Church in Auburn.

STEPHEN KENDALL Esq., an old and well known resident of—Kendall's Mills,—son of Gen. Kendall, one of the first settlers—died on Thursday last, in his 87th year. A correspondent of the Bangor Whig, who states that while representing the Pittsfield district he was a member of the convention that framed the constitution of Maine, gives his oft-quoted reply to the waiter at the Brunswick dinner, when asked what he would have:—"An average lot, and a pretty good bunch." When the men of the present day were boys, "Uncle Steve," as he was familiarly called, was a character and a great favorite on our street, where he made a good deal of harmless amusement by his quaint remarks and jingling rhymes, many of which live in the memory and are often quoted.

SLEIGHING was renewed and made as near perfect as possible by the snowstorm of Tuesday night and Wednesday; and to make assurance doubly sure, a sprinkle of rain gave the guarantee against disturbing winds. Now for business; and firstly, we shall get the word one of our good friends promised us; secondly the nice apples we are waiting for; thirdly some better potatoes than these we are trying to live on; and fourthly our share of the comforts and blessings that good sleighing distributes among all classes of people.

EYES.—We refer with pleasure to the card of Dr. Whitman, in another column. He was a Waterville boy, of very commendable stamp, before an experience of some fifteen years in Boston gave him a good reputation for skill in the leading specialty of eye, ear and throat diseases. His well known success, secured without resorting to the clap-traps of the day, is his best recommendation.

WOOL.—The New England Farmer, which is good authority, says there is a decided improvement, noting specially the finer grades. "It is safe to say," it adds, "that the favorable reaction, so long deferred and so anxiously looked for, has at length set in. All the great distributing markets in the country have lately shown increased activity and firmness."

Among the causes for this improvement the same paper suggests the disposition shown by congress to stop the currency contraction; the fact that manufacturers find their yearly settlements better than they expected; the general conviction that prices have touched bottom; the short supplies in the hands of manufacturers; and the prospect of an immediate rise in woolens.

Stocks of fine wool, throughout the country, are largely in the hands of the growers, who are both determined and able to hold for a rise. The sales of the week foot over a million and a quarter pounds, mostly fine; one lot of 40,000 lbs. Ohio bringing 62 cts.; tub washed coarse and medium 35 to 40. There were no sales of foreign wools of any consequence.

Reports that Mr. Lang's horse, "Gen. Knox," is to go west the coming season are without foundation. Offers have been made to effect this, but none that are likely to be accepted. Mr. Lang's noted Dutch bull is to go out of the State, to Mr. Monroe, of Belmont, Mass.

"THE SPARE HOUR," is the name of a small but handsomely printed and well filled paper, published monthly, in San Francisco, California. It is edited by Rev. H. A. Sawtelle, originally of this vicinity, an open communion Baptist, and is designed to aid him in the dissemination of his peculiar religious opinions.

A VERY SICK WIFE.—A man in Oxford county who would have made a very good mate for the famous Mrs. Partington, had a wife whom he loved dearly and who one night was suddenly taken very ill. Partington got out his old mare quick as possible and without stopping to saddle put off as fast as she would go. Arriving at Dr. Tripp's, horse and man out of breath, he screamed out as loud as he could.

"Doctor! Doctor Tripp, I want you to post-pone my house with all possible delay: My wife is irrecoverable from head to foot and I don't expect her to live from one end to tother."

—[Eastern Argus.]

Oh, come, now, Mr. Eastern Argus, that man is no Oxford-bear, but has always lived at Kendall's Mills. He is the same individual who once rushed into a druggist's shop here with the inquiry—"Mr. Doctor Appleton, have you any bumsquintum for to buy?" "No," said he, "but I have some to sell." "Well, that's just what I want it for."

A severe famine is prevailing in Sweden and three hundred thousand people are represented to be on the verge of starvation. An urgent appeal is made for their relief.

The republican state committee have organized by choosing congressman Blaine chairman; J. B. Butler, of Biddeford, secretary; and L. P. Strickland, Bangor, treasurer.

A HANDSOME CALENDAR for 1868 comes to us from Bailey & Noyes, Booksellers, Portland.

FINANCE NO. 3.

RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENT.

Without attempting to fix the time at which specie payment should be resumed, it is obvious that this is the most important question connected with our financial situation.

In the first place, this alone will regulate the currency. Gold and silver have a real value, and may always be exchanged for other products which one needs, at the relative rates of the cost of production. Hence they are universally sought, and have become the established medium of exchange. Paper money is but a promise to pay in coin, and can be kept at par only when those who hold these promises can obtain the coin for them on demand. The government may enact that the paper promises to pay shall be taken for pay; but no enactment can make them equal in value to coin, nor make the people think so. If, indeed, there should be but just enough paper dollars issued to transact the business of the country conveniently with them, they would, for this purpose, be as valuable as gold. But as all the real cost of these promises is in the printing, such moderation in their issue cannot be relied upon. Besides, the demands of the business of a community for money vary in different years and at different times in the same year. The only reliable regulator, then, of the amount of currency needed in a community is, its capability of being turned into coin on demand. In this case, if there be at any time more paper dollars than are needed, they will be returned to the banks and the coin taken in their stead.

Here then, is an infallible test of the amount of currency needed in the country, which we challenge those who are contending that our present issue is not in excess to apply in the case. What would inevitably be the result of such a test? Would not one half of it, at least, disappear like the morning mist? Indeed, without such a test, nothing is more useless than the talk about the amount of currency required by the business of the country. As the value of paper money decreases as its volume increases, it follows that a million of dollars would be just as efficient in effecting exchanges as a billion, and hence, that the money market would be just as likely to be "tight" in the one case as in the other. Indeed, the very plentifulness of dollars, though comparatively valueless, would make men feel that they had more capital than they really had, and hence increase speculation, and hence, again, tend to produce crises in the money market. Let us, then, have no more nonsense about the amount of currency needed to do the business of the country with, but rather, lend all our energies to restore the only reliable test of this question—specie payment.

Again, the resumption of specie payments would settle that dangerous question now agitated, as to whether the bonds of the U. S. shall be paid in coin or in paper money. Dangerous, I say, because it is of the nature of repudiation, and one step in that direction, to advocate their payment in promises to pay, and not in real values. And yet, such are the temptations to this course, while paper is worth so much less than coin, that unless they are soon restored more nearly to an equality in value, there is great ground to fear that it will be followed. And, indeed, should there be, as many seem to desire, a further expansion, and hence, depreciation of the currency, it would be a great stride towards a general repudiation. It would, at least, be a virtual abandonment of all purpose of paying our obligations in real values. It is the duty of every patriot, therefore, to set his face, like a flint, against any further expansion of our currency. On the contrary, he should persistently advocate a steady contraction, in order that it may be possible, at no distant day, to resume specie payment, and thus do away with the temptation to repudiation.

Once more, the resumption of specie payments alone will restore the business of the country to a healthy condition. The process of reaching specie payment may be painful; but not, I am satisfied, so painful as many suppose. Let it once be established that it is to be the policy of the government, to return gradually but steadily to the point of resumption, and confidence will at once be restored. The business of the country will immediately adapt itself to the prospective state of things. The money, which is now inactive from the want of confidence and a settled policy, will come forth into use, and throw itself with new energy into the channels of business. At the same time, it would be constantly appreciating in value, and hence would generally be employed in legitimate business and not in speculation. There would be more working of the mint, and less hawking around of mining stocks, more wool raised and less bragging on Cotswood and Marino bucks, more production and less importation, more work, more economy, and hence more profit. And such being the case, there need be no fear for the revenue of the government, which some profess to feel in case there be a return to specie payment. It is production that pays the revenue, and not talk, swagging, or speculation. There is everything to hope therefore, and nothing to fear, from a return to specie payment at the earliest practicable moment. Every thing points to it as the most important question now before the American people. May wisdom and firmness be given to our Congress that they may be able to solve it aright!

The alert and witty "In General," of the Boston Daily Advertiser, says that "Within convenient distance of a popular railroad in New York one man has raised a ton of pop corn. It will of course make several tons when popped." Is that a joke, of which we cannot see the point? or has the cute "city feller," mistaking weight for bulk, put his foot in it?

EASTERN ARGUS.—Attention is invited to the advertisement of this old democratic bruiser, in another column. The Argus is a good paper for news, and though its politics are bad enough, in all conscience, yet there are papers in the State, of the same party, that are a great deal worse in this respect.

JUDGE BUSTED, of the United States District Court, was recently assaulted in Mobile, by a man named Martin, who had been indicted by the U. S. Grand Jury for revenue frauds and extortions. The Judge received two shots, one below the breast bone and one in the right leg. Martin has been arrested.

It proves that there were no "compromise" cars attached to the train which suffered the terrible disaster at Angola, New York, and that there was no broken wheel. The real trouble was that the axle of one of the cars was sprung so that the wheels were thrown an inch and a half out of their proper position.

OUR TABLE.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE begins the new year with an excellent number, the following being a list of the contents:—Old and New Homes; President Perry; Portulaca; Grape-Vines; Woodpaths; Rhododendrons; Cherries at the West; Raising Seedling Lilliums; The Sarah Perry; The Knox Fruit-Farm; Winter Pears; Coolidge's Favorite; Keeping Fruit; The Profitableness of Fruit-Culture; Rogers' 16; June Grass, or Kentucky Blue Grass; Weeping Trees; Premiums for Grapes; The Confederate Potato; Dwarfs among Standards; with about a dozen pages of "Notes and Gleanings" and "Editor's Letter Box," filled with short, spicy articles of great interest. The engravings are—The President's Pear, a Rhododendron, The Sarah Perry, June Grass, Prize Silver Ware, The Confederate Potato, Grapes on a Trellis, etc. This Monthly stands at the head of works of its class, and has already, though but a year old, attained a large circulation. As for the mechanical execution of the magazine, no publication of its kind in this country has ever equalled or even approached it. The paper and type are admirable, and the illustrations with which every number abounds are always excellent, and often in the highest perfection in the art of wood engraving. Published by Tilton & Co., Boston, at \$5 per annum, with liberal discount to clubs.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for January appears with a new cover, and opens with the beginning of "A Holiday Romance," by Charles Dickens, which is exceedingly funny. "Cast Away in the Cold" is continued; and without making any further enumeration we may say that the number is well filled, and handsomely illustrated, the frontispiece being a portrait of Charles Dickens. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$2 a year.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.—According to promise, the January number appears with some type, graphical improvements and sixteen additional pages, making eight in all. The embellishments are—Rock-land on the Hudson, Pass Hunting, and a sheet of beautiful Microscopic Crystals, this last with a curiously interesting history. No magazine displays better pictures than this. The literary contents are pure and wholesome, and the promise of the publishers is amply redeemed, that, "with the enlarged room, and increased facilities we believe the editor will place the Repository in a high position among our best periodicals." It is an excellent Christian family magazine. Published by Poe and Hittcock, Cincinnati, at \$3.50 a year.

HOURLY AT HOME for January has the conclusion of the Story Christy, several chapters of "The Chapter of Pearls," and the Chicken Folio, for fiction. Dr. Bushnell's paper this month is on Physical Danger. Prof. Tyler treats of Roma as one of the Representative Cities, and there are several poems, sketches and essays besides these we have named. Published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York, at \$3 a year.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADIES' MAGAZINE for January is as gay as a butterfly, with brilliant new cover, a splendid show of fashion plates, colored and plain a host of minor engravings of dresses, caps, bonnets, paretots, hair dressing, a full size pattern, for cutting, of the mantlet paretot, etc., etc., with full descriptions and directions. In this department Frank Leslie excels all competitors, at least so say the ladies, and surely they know. In addition to this full report of the fashions, there is more interesting miscellaneous reading than many magazines can boast even where there is nothing else. This includes numerous exciting stories, among which, in this number, is a continuation of "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," by Rebecca Harding Davis. This magazine is a great favorite. Published by Frank Leslie, New York, at \$3.50 a year.

YOUTH'S CASKET AND PLAYMATE.—The January number commences a story for the new year, entitled "Jennant the Babbler," which the little folks will pronounce good; and the opening chapter of another, "Step by Step," will receive the same endorsement. There is much other interesting reading, and several pages of lively "Chat with Readers and Correspondents." It is the design of the publishers to furnish the young folks with new and interesting articles upon the various branches of useful knowledge, carefully selected, and calculated to generate in the mind-taste for pure literature, and to make each reader nobler, wiser, better.

EVERY SATURDAY for Jan. 4th, has the first instalment of a new story called "Fool Play," written by Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault. It bids fair to be one of the most entertaining stories of the year. This number also contains a Story by Rev. Norman Macleod, an essay on "Family Ghosts" by James Hannay, "An Old Wife's Song," by Jean Ingelow, and several other stories and essays from foreign periodicals. "Every Saturday" aims to give its readers the best and most readable papers that appear in European Magazines and Reviews, and is almost indispensable to every intelligent American. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston, at \$5 a year, or 10 cents a number.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—This old favorite among the juveniles has been removed to Boston, and the January number comes to us enlarged and very much improved in all its appointments. We will not enumerate the contents, but the following we know will please all readers:—"Tilly's Christmas," Two Ways of being Manly; "Little Pearl," "About some Boys in the Queen's Dominions," "Grandmother's Speech," "What Polly Found in her Stockings," "The Adventures of a Worsted Boy," and "The Loggers, or Six Months in the Forests of Maine." Of this last the writer says, "I have taken great pains to make it exact in every particular—forest, lake and river; hauling, fishing, are all perfectly described. Boundaries, Indian localities and habits are actual; and not a tree or a shrub is mentioned that I have not seen." The number is handsomely illustrated. Published by H. B. Fuller, Boston, at \$1.50 per annum, with liberal discount to clubs.

NEW MUSIC.—The following pieces have recently been issued by Oliver Ditson & Co., the well known Boston publishers:—Mill Stream Mazurka. By B. W. Hoffman, Jr., author of Rippling Brook Mazurka. Tell Me, Darling Polka. Composed and arranged by John P. Ordway, M. D. My Own. A Ballad, written by Grace Horv; composed by James Ernest Ferring. Olivia Polka. By L. T. Planel.

What North Said, or the Reply of North O'Neal. Sung by Mr. Edw. Kelly of Kelly & Leon's Minstrels. Poetry by Arthur Mathewson; music by W. J. Willman. Merry Bells. Morceau de Salon. By G. D. Wilson. For sale by all music dealers, or sent by the publishers through the mail on receipt of price.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.—The number of Oliver Optic's magazine, for Saturday, January 4th, commences a new year, and a new story by Oliver Optic, entitled "Freaks of Fortune; or Half Round the World," illustrated. This magazine publishes the most of the works of this favorite author, and his works alone, published in this magazine in a year, are worth more the whole cost of the magazine. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, at \$2.50 a year.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND FLORAL GUIDE for 1868 is at hand, with all the novelties of the season, with directions for cultivation, etc. Copies can be had of that veteran seedsman, James Vick, Rochester, New York, for 10 cents.

A re-issue of patent has been granted B. B. Dunn of Waterville, and John C. Flint of Bangor, assignees by mesne arrangement of Albion Webb, for "Improvement in Horse Hoe Cultivator," patented Aug. 8th, 1865.

[For the Waterville Mail.]

HOW IT IS—AND HAS BEEN.

It is a common saying with people, "I never knew it so wet!"—"I never knew it so dry!"—"I never knew winter to commence so early before!" &c. &c.

Now, if they will only consult the writings of Solomon, they will find something like the following—"There is nothing new under the sun!"—"Whatever is, has been!" &c. In relation to seasons and the weather, if we only consult records we shall find as early seasons, as wet seasons, as dry seasons, and as early and as late winters. We are apt to forget, without there is some circumstance to fix the fact in the memory. Since the 16th of November much has been said about the snow; some declaring they never knew winter to begin so early before; others predicting that it would go off again soon because the streams were so low. Who walked up Main-street any time in November without hearing some one prophesy that the severe weather would give way soon, unless it turned out different from what they had ever known?

Now, for the gratification of such forgetful persons, I make a few extracts from my journal, beginning with 1851.

Oct. 27, there fell about 5 inches of snow, which made sleighing the most of the next day. The most of that snow went off; but on the 11th of November enough fell to make good sleighing, that continued, with a few days exception, till the 5th of April.

The fall of 1852 was nearly snowless, and scarce any snow fell till the 1st of January.

Sleighing commenced Nov. 18, 1853, and continued good most of the time till April 10th following.

Sleighing commenced Dec. 15, 1855—Nov. 30, 1856—Dec. 23, 1857—Nov. 24, 1858—Nov. 23, 1859—Dec. 11, 1860—Nov. 29, 1861. This continued but a few days, and we did not have sleighing till Dec. 24. Nov. 26, 1862—Dec. 19, 1863—Dec. 11, 1864—Dec. 25, 1865—Dec. 27, 1866—Nov. 16, 1867.

The above dates are very nearly correct. Generally the snow fell the day before the date, and in some instances snow enough fell several weeks before there was sleighing; but it blew in heaps, and in a few days went off by rain. It will be noticed that in 1851 it was good sleighing five days earlier than this year, and in 1853 it was only two days later; while both winters were long enough for all lovers of snow.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The supply of cattle and sheep at Cambridge and Brighton, this week, says the Boston Advertiser, was light, with some improvement in prices. Poor cattle, however, went begging for purchasers as they always do, and quite a number were unsold at the close.

J. W. Withee sold 5 Maine oxen at 12 1-2 cts., 37 sk.; and 7 at 12 1-2 cts. on dressed weight. Gideon Wells sold 9 cattle at 9 cts., 40 sk., about 1000 lbs. each live weight; one pair of oxen, 1445 lbs. each, for 11 cts., 38 sk.; and one pair 11 3-4, 36 sk. D. Wells sold 3 pair of oxen, averaging 3800 lbs., at 13 1-2 cts., dressed; one pair, 3100 lbs., at 12c.; and one pair at 11 1-2 cts.

SIMMONS'S colossal statue of the Union Soldier, the first bronze statue to be erected in Maine, has arrived in Lewiston, and will be unveiled in the public park, for which it is designed, at an early day.

"DAILY JOURNAL."—This good sized and handsome sheet, issued from the office of the Kennebec Journal, will give full reports of the doings of the legislature, the news of the day, latest telegraphic dispatches, &c.—in fact, do all that is expected of a first class daily paper, earnestly enlisted in the advocacy of true republican principles.

THE MAINE STANDARD, the new democratic paper at Augusta, has passed into the hands of E. F. Pillsbury and Wm. R. Smith. Mr. S. was the former proprietor of the Age.

WELCOME RETURN.—Our readers will no doubt be pleased to learn that Dr. C. B. LIGHTHILL, so eminently successful in treating and curing Catarrh, Deafness, and all diseases of the head, throat, and lungs, has returned to the Mansion House, Augusta, where he can now be consulted. In our "Extra" which we issued last week will be found numerous testimonials, and also the symptoms of the various diseases.

Remember the meeting of the Agricultural Society, on Tuesday next. Some important questions are to be settled, and every member should be present.

BUTTER.—In Waterville it retails at the stores for 40 cts.; in Bangor for 35; in Portland 35 to 40; in Lewiston 40.

The Augusta correspondent of the Portland Star says the indications are that president Johnson will appoint Geo. C. Getchell, of Anson, assessor of this district, in place of the late assessor Wilcox, but suggests that the confirmation will of course be refused, in which case the general sentiment will be for E. F. Webb, of Waterville. Mr. Webb's experience as assistant assessor for the last six years, seems to suggest him for the office, almost as a matter of course; and we predict that the Star will find itself mistaken in looking for the nomination of Mr. Getchell.

KING THEODORE, of Abyssinia, it is said, ascertaining the extent and power of the measures taken for the liberation of the English captives, has voluntarily released them.

An intelligent correspondent at the South says that the terror of public opinion in deterring white men from coming forward in support of reconstruction, can hardly be understood at the North. He blames the Southern press for the chief agency in this pernicious work. To his positive knowledge, some of the hitherto most respected and useful citizens of Mobile have had their business completely broken up and their families thrown into social ostracism, all because they had taken open sides with the Republican party.

Senator Howard, of the Senate Military Committee, is preparing an elaborate report on the case of ex-Secretary Stanton, in which he will defend the latter from the charges preferred against him by the President. It will be presented to the Senate next week.

SCIENTIFIC OBSERVATIONS IN ALASKA.—Professor Davidson, Chief of the Coast Surveying Expedition to Alaska, recently lectured in San Francisco on the geological, climatic and geographical peculiarities of that newly acquired territory. According to a report in the Bulletin:

He said that in the latitude of the Aleutians and of Sitka, this warm water current encounters and is under-run by the cold current from the Arctic seas, causing the great condensation and rainfall noticeable at Sitka and at other points in the new territory. During observations at Sitka for fourteen years the average fall of rain each year was eighty-four inches. There are to be found but few valleys in the country, and they are all covered by a mossy carpet one to two feet thick. There is heavy timber in the vicinity of Sitka; trees one hundred and fifty feet high, and four to five feet in diameter. He described a yellow cedar which grows there, and said he was taking home a piece obtained from the hull of a vessel built in the country thirty-two years ago; but the wood is still as sound as it was when first cut. There is no wood on the coast equal to it, the rest being of little note. There are no signs of hard wood in the country.

Little patches of ground in the interior are cultivated by the Indians, but not a valley of one hundred acres can be found on the whole coast. To show how humid the atmosphere of the country always remains, he mentioned the fact that at no place except Chitchee could they find where fire had raged in the woods. The best island on the coast is Kodiack. There are hills and vales with green herbage; thousands of acres covered by green grass two and three feet high, affording abundant pasturage and excellent hay for use in winter. There is sufficient clear weather to admit of the curing of hay for stock. The waters of the archipelago abound in cod, halibut and salmon, the latter being particularly abundant. In some of the small streams inland the progress of boats is frequently impeded by them, and millions are thrown on lee shores in banks two or three feet deep, where they lie. Many of the best fishing banks between Omakasa and Kodiack are kept secret by the fishers as a legitimate advantage in their business.

He said that geological matters pertaining to the country still remain, to a great extent, a mystery. The expedition could not make any extensive surveys. He believed, however, that they succeeded in finding the locality of extensive deposits of bituminous coal, and he thought the government would fit out an expedition to explore it thoroughly, the yield of coal alone would more than pay for the territory. Much of the coal in the territory is lignite, but all of it is easily obtained from places contiguous to harbors. Copper exists there in native form.

He has seen plates of that metal kept by the Indians as heirlooms, inscribed with certain records and traditions. The copper comes from a point on Copper River, about twenty-five miles from its mouth. He had no hesitation, however, in saying that the deposits of gold and copper sink into insignificance when compared with the coal measures and fishing banks, on which latter the whole value of the country depends.

RIGHTS OF MARRIED WOMEN.—In the Court of appeals at Louisville, an important decision has just been made affecting the marital rights of women, and holding that a husband cannot control or open a wife's private correspondence. The following is part of the decision:

"Nor would we admit that in this age and country a husband's rightful authority gives him during marriage, dominion over his wife's chaste and friendly conversation—not affecting his rights; nor that in all plenitude of his marital power he could, without her free consent, take from her or destroy or in any way control the possession or gifts of such letters. Any such ungracious interference with her confidential correspondence would impair social confidence and disturb domestic peace, and ought not to be encouraged by the judiciary, especially as it could do him no other good than to gratify a jealous and prying curiosity."

"According to befitting decorum, and in every valuable sense, such letters, written to her to keep and read, and cherish, are hers; and if she, for reasons satisfactory to her own taste and judgment, chose not to give or show them to her husband, she has a right to keep them to herself as her own inviolable property—and a confiding wife will never withhold from a true husband confidential letters without a good and sufficient reason. The existing code of both British and American law recognizes the personal individuality and moral responsibility of wives, and consequently guarantees their freedom of thought and interchange of sentiment. Their ideas are their own, their emotions their own, and their affections their own. Here and now a husband must not be a tyrant, and ought not to be a spy on his wife, who is neither his slave nor his mistress, but should always be his free and equal companion."

ADJECTIVES WANTED.—Reporters who have to visit about forty or fifty fairs every year, are desirous that somebody should invent a few more adjectives for special use on such occasions. Suppose, says the Hartford Times, that one is passing through a hall, in which are the usual variety of articles seen in public exhibitions at fairs; he desires to make notice of a few things; he must do it in this way:

"Jacob Barker exhibits a fine pair of shoe-buckles, very handsomely finished."

"Mrs. McDougall shows an elegant spread, beautifully wrought in colors."

"John Wilkins exhibits a magnificent work-box, with a splendid cover inlaid with pearl."

All that a fellow can say after this is merely to repeat what he has said. If Miss Bliffkins has an Afghan on exhibition it must either be handsome, elegant, beautiful, magnificent or splendid; and where there are at least twenty-five exhibitors to be mentioned, the repetition is annoying. Now if somebody will only give us a few more descriptive words we will be all right. If that cannot be done, why will not the public tolerate a little infringement upon the English, for the sake of the reporters?—for instance, let Smith, of the Bangor-ton Bogus, having exhausted the regular vocabulary, proceed in his report something after the following fashion:

"Squiggins, of Podunk, had a big basket of the bluest pink-eye potatoes we ever saw."

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S. L. GIBBELL, Cashier.

Waterville, Nov. 30th, 1867.

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