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Maxham & Wing

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HEART HYMN.

Bear the burden of the present,
Let the morrow bear its own;
If the morning sky be pleasant,
Why the coming night bemoan?

If the darkened heavens lower,
Wrap thy cloak around thy form;
Though the tempest rise in power,
God is mightier than the storm.

Steadfast hope and faith unshaken
Animate the shrunken breast,
Step by step the journey's taken,
Nearer to the land of rest.

All unseen, the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side;
Comfortable words he talketh
While his hands uphold and guide.

Grief, no pain, nor any sorrow
Rends my heart from its unknown;
He to-day, and He to-morrow,
Grace sufficient gives His own.

Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown;
When the evening shadows lengthen
Thou shalt lay this down.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

MISS SUE AND MR. WILLIAM.

[CONTINUED.]

Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we may die, had been the rule of action prescribed by the head of the house; and so they had eaten and drank, but they failed to die when death would so easily have consoled the diseased family pride. Mr. Widdington had presented an exceedingly respectable figure in the house—he was a fine slow-man. He looked well, exceedingly well, among the officers of the Insurance Company. He was perfectly honest, and commanded confidence; by every body except himself, which included his household, he dealt justly. Great was the surprise, accordingly, when he tumbled into ruin. Even his wife Annie, that dear, good, patient, sympathizing, inefficient soul, even she was surprised. It would seem inconceivable, perhaps, that in thirty years she had not discovered that the staff on which she leaned was not a strong staff, but merely a feeble rod; but she had failed to discover it, and but for paralysis and cataract might have lived seventy years with her James without changing her opinion concerning him. Her ignorance was bliss. It is said that a rolling stone gathers no moss. This stone, James Widdington, had not failed of moss because of a rolling tendency. He had merely lived without the wise forethought of the bee and the beaver. And now he was going to end his life in the service which he entered, even as William Carpenter did, a mere lad.

A week, dependent mother, a vain, selfish father, what was to be expected of the Widdington girls? Selfishness and weakness—selfishness and vanity. Cowardly flight in a storm to the first covert that presented itself. We are told that devils are always weakness of some sort. To the great sum of devils how many items were to be added by these girls?

When Miss Sue understood, with that stroke of paralysis, that she and Maria at the ages of eighteen and twenty were thrown upon their own resources, she said to her mother, "I am the oldest. I had better set Maria a good example and teach something." "What can you teach, child?" And that was a question for a New England mother to ask of a New England daughter. Miss Susannah had not been really instructed in any thing. But in the face of necessity this feeling was paramount that something must be done, and by her, and finding that her mother was not likely to suggest any thing, she took the case in her own hands and meditated on it so severely that in less than a week she was sitting before the church organ and practicing some days sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. This not because she had any remarkable love for music, or skill in developing that love, but the Greenland organ was available, and the salary of an organist a sure thing. Mr. Jones gave her a lesson now and then, and assured her that she would soon be able to secure a church in town or out of it.

Well started in this work, the elder sister ventured to ask the younger what she intended to do. The question greatly surprised Maria. Do? She had not thought of doing any thing. Why should she? It was a pity if the world, which owed her a living, could not afford to pay it. She was considerably surprised, and not a little indignant, that Sue should ask the question.

"We can't afford to sit still, I should think you would see. To have father and mother to take care of. We may as well look that fact in the face, for there it is."

Maria burst into tears. It was as if she had been rudely pricked with a pin. There would be some satisfaction in recording this if it could be added that after a reasonable length of time she dried her eyes and began to consider the case which Sue had brought before her, even on her knees, as Sue had already considered it, waiting in that humble posture until some light should rise and shine, and reveal to her a way out of the darkness, as on the mind of Sue the vision of the organist had risen.

On the occasion of that momentous conversation, after the tears, Maria asked, "It is really true that you think we are beggars?"

"Beggars! I should hope not," was the spirited answer. "If we are, who will you beg of, I should like to know?"

"Oh, don't speak so! How dreadful it is! How can you talk that way about it?"

"There are many things I don't intend to die of, if I can help it," said Sue. "One is lethargy—the other's hunger. Somebody says if a man will not work, neither let him eat. I suppose he would have said the same thing about women. I am going in for work, because I'm constructed on principles which seem to make eating necessary."

But to talk about work to Maria was to talk about the chief of horrors. When Susannah urged that she should learn to play the organ, so that they might work together for good when the church choir was secured, she answered,

"You know that I've always considered it a perfect waste of time, and an imposition, to study music and play for folks unless one has a genius for it. I haven't any more than a bat."

"Quite as much as I have."

"Then you've less conscience than I, for I won't make myself a nuisance as an organ grinder."

"I know perfectly well," said Sue, "that I can't keep at a thing sixteen hours out of the twenty-four without succeeding finally. Neither can you. Suppose you begin on the four-hour system and try that till you get up to eight. If you don't improve by that time I'll let you off."

"No."

"What will you do then?"

"Do? Get married I suppose." And Miss Maria laughed.

"To whom, if you please, if you have such a retreat at pleasure?" She was determined to get at the bottom of her sister's thinking, it seemed.

"There are always plenty, if one looks. There's William Carpenter, for instance," answered Maria, coldly enough. "He promises to do very well."

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"To whom does he promise?—You?"

"Every body."

"Then you are going to make use of him to stuff up a gap, because the cold wind blows on you. If Providence has determined that the wind shall come in, you had better not try to keep it out that way. It would be colder when it crept in through a breach stopped so than if it came in full blast, unobstructed, I should think."

"If you only knew how tiresome it was to hear you talk that way, Sue, you'd stop it," said Maria. "Old maiding all the time!"

That talk was in the early spring, while the cold March winds were blowing. As if she had gained a clear perception of the tiresomeness and uselessness of the talk, Sue did not then continue, or at any future time deliberately repeat it. But by the time the trouble began with her father's eyes, suspending the work for the Company which he had performed at home, she had succeeded in securing the control of a church organ in one of the villages which bordered the railroad between Greenland and New York, and for one hundred dollars per annum she engaged to perform on it in aid of Sunday worshippers. Maria thought it highly creditable of Sue, when she saw her setting off, Sunday after Sunday, fair weather and foul, in fulfillment of her contract, and sighing, wished that she had Sue's energy and ability to do something in the helpful way.

The morning that followed Miss Sue's "farewell to William" saw her rising at an earlier hour than usual. She was going to town on the first train; had lain awake half the night in fact, that she might be in season, for the second train would be crowded with gentlemen, and she wished for a quiet half hour to herself by daylight for the uninterrupted consideration of her plans. No place so favorable as on board the flying train.

But as she went toward the ticket-office William Carpenter came out, and it was quite evident that this sudden meeting startled both of them, and pleased one still more than it surprised.

"Are you going to town?" said William, with a satisfaction which appeared in his cheerful voice.

"Yes." There was no getting rid of him then. He waited till she had bought her ticket, and then followed her into the car.

"It's a lucky chance that I took this train," said he. "I made up my mind yesterday that I would do it. Walking to the office after the city has been heated up three hours is a thing I don't intend to do again this season. I hoped to see you last evening. Are you always with your father now?"

"We try not to leave him alone; he gets so terribly dull if he is left to himself."

"How sad in his prime, too! They miss him in the insurance office more than they would any other officer."

"How many times had William said this to the various members of the afflicted family! Did he really believe that any place that was ever filled by man can not as well be filled by man again? What he said pleased Miss Sue as if she had never heard it before.

"I shall tell him," she answered. "He is often thinking that he would not be missed any where; that is so sad for a man like him to believe."

"Has he heard the note I left for him last night?"

"I did not dare excite him so much as to read it to him. Mother will read it this morning."

"That ought to convince him that he isn't forgotten, and that he never will be while the Company exists," said William, with much earnestness. "I have no doubt that this expression of esteem will be continued as long as he lives. And it ought to be."

"Perhaps so. I intend to be prepared for the worst, at all events. I am going to town this morning on business, William. I saw the advertisement of a dealer in fancy goods last night; he wants new hands. I am going to see what he will give me to do. Be pleased to say that you do not think me crazy."

"I really can not say that I see any evidence of craziness," said William, elated that Miss Widdington had taken him into her confidence, and building forthwith on that foundation a tower, from the turrets of which he looked into heaven.

"Thank you," she said, so composedly that any other builder would have felt the foundations of the tower tremble.

The conductor stopped for Miss Widdington's ticket on his way down the train, and Mr. Carpenter's eyes wandered round the car. When the conductor went on again he turned toward his companion and saw that she was looking out of the window, but with eyes that saw not even the gray fog which enveloped hills and valleys.

In fifteen minutes they would arrive at the ferry. The important thing he decided to say the instant when emerging from the ticket-office door he saw Miss Widdington on the platform, he now was about to say.

"Miss Widdington," he began, somewhat hurriedly, "I am very glad I happened to meet you this morning. But I wish you had a little more confidence in me, and would ask my advice, or at least would let me give it."

Miss Susannah reflected on that.

"Are you so satisfied that you could counsel wisely?"

"Yes; about this business I could, I do believe."

"Say on."

"I have no doubt whatever that you could do anything that you set out to do, Miss Widdington. But if you must go into business let me be your partner."

"For the sake of having a companion in disgrace, in case of failure?"

"You don't intend to fail."

"Indeed not. But the intention isn't always necessary in order to secure the failure. People do fail without it sometimes."

You must not begin, though, with acknowledging that this is possible."

"True, I shouldn't; but you would not be content with a silent partnership; you would always be having something to say. And we had better not begin with a firm if it is likely to be dissolved."

"Death is the only one who could break the partnership I mean," said William, "and even Death couldn't. Won't you understand me, Miss Widdington? Won't your heart explain my meaning?"

Sue sat still and thought. Was it by provi-

dential arrangement that she had met William Carpenter at the station that morning? Was it ordained that he should find these moments in which to say this thing to her? Perhaps so. But perhaps the providence was but a test. This that he had said she knew he had long desired to say. He had indeed attempted to say it before. And "love feels no burden." It was evident to Miss Sue that he was waiting as if destiny hung on his sword. Her heart did explain to her his meaning, and he saw that it did; but she said, "I am bent on business. I am so ambitious that I haven't a thought for any thing except how I shall succeed. No, William, I must succeed, for my father's and mother's sake."

The engine was shrieking to the Jersey City people that the train it brought was on time; here seemed to be a general revolution of forces; but William's voice, though he spoke in a low tone, was distinctly heard by Miss Sue.

"If I have been made to see in you, Miss Widdington, all that my heart can love, I consider that no mistake has been made any where. I shall hope that I may show that I honor your father and mother—that I should esteem it an honor to—to—" he strove to finish that sentence, but, failing, passed his hand over his face as if his muscles were suddenly working beyond his control. "I shall hope that it is only business that stands between us. Unless you say that I must not think so, and that there is a greater obstacle."

Miss Sue rose quickly from her seat. Three or four school-boys, who sat at the extreme end of the car, had already rushed to the door and thrown it open, and now waited the instant when the train should stop ere they leaped from the steps. Business people usually lost no time on the train; or ferry, and she was a business woman this morning assuredly. William arose also. He, too, never lost time by reading a local newspaper paragraph after the train had stopped.

"Have you your satchel?" he asked. "I came with empty hands, and only one thought in my head," she answered; and the steady light of her eye seemed to assure William that she had but one thought now. It was better to think that than that she had other thoughts.

They crossed the river together, while the fog-bells rang, and they counted the river craft discernable through the haze, and saw some of the things which the great poet, who sings his songs in color, saw when he painted the Hudson off Haverstraw in the morning gray.

"The idea of our consenting to put ourselves on him, a burden four strong," said Miss Sue to herself, as she saw William Carpenter striding toward Trinity, while she went her way up the street. "That kind of business is done often enough. I have not made a mistake. If the worst should come I could not endure to see him weeping of his load. If he took it up he must bear it like a god. Could he? I'll not subject him to that test. He is getting gray already, and not thirty yet."

Why she, who alone of the family would be likely to show so much consideration for another, should have the service of another proffered, was a wonder. Miss Sue actually blushed as she walked on, thinking of what Maria had said about William.

Meanwhile, whereabout between heaven and earth did Mr. Carpenter see Miss Widdington suspended? Hardly within his reach. Yet it might be. He would not let go the responsibility. But when he looked at the clock in the spire of Trinity he was not thinking of Miss Widdington so much as of other persons, and of scenes suggested by her, and of the impossibility of getting through with the prayer he would have made, that her parents might be to him as his own.

The past—what did he see in it? He saw a pale, sad-faced woman, whom misfortune overtook as unexpectedly as his ill-fortune overtook this house of Widdington; and two young girls going helplessly about a house which suddenly had lost its head. He saw in the midst of that troubled circle a lad, who, gazing on the burden Providence had laid before him, refused to take it up. He saw him creep away from it, and leave it there unlifted. The woman and the girls whom he left behind him must get on as best they could with debt and poverty. He heard a clock strike—not that of old Trinity in the spire so near. It was thousands of miles away, but he heard it tick and strike.

As he turned the corner of the street he said to himself, "It is now seventeen years, and here I am, to be shamed by the woman I love. She scorned to escape; and I—chose to escape. I ran from the sinking ship; she stands by it, and prefers to go down if she can not bring it into port, rather than use my life-preserver."

He could not long endure the contempt of himself which her words and her conduct inspired. He began first to attempt justification, but before the day ended he had addressed a letter to his mother across the sea.

THE BORROWING NUISANCE.—My neighbor wanted to borrow my shovel—would return it in the evening. Evening came, but no shovel. "The next evening it was quietly returned to its accustomed hook in the wood-house; the blade covered over one half its surface with a coating of dry mortar. I pride myself on my clean and bright shovels and hoes. Half an hour's work with an old knife-blade, and use of a sheet of sandpaper, restored it."

Another time he was building a pig pen. The posts were too long, and they were very hard, and his saw very dull. Of course he borrowed mine, and he sawed off a nail with it—the posts had been used before. He sent his little boy to return the saw with the message—"Pa would a" sent it and got it filed, but he knewed you allus filed your own saw, and it wouldn't take but a few minutes to sharp it again."

Another neighbor "borrows" the privilege of getting water at my well. The well is deep and we draw with a windlass. It is hard for my wife to draw up a bucketful for she is feeble, and to save her, I usually fill the bucket before going away to my business. As the well is in an out kitchen, I leave the filled bucket hanging in the curb. My neighbor sneaks in, empties the bucket, and is mean enough to go away without refilling it. Wife and I conclude it is better to suffer wrong than to have a difficulty with a near neighbor, and so for the sake of peace, we submit to this wear and tear of soul and body. When the same person borrows

flour, for the best article a poor one is returned. Eggs, matches, "a drawin' o' tea," are never returned.

I might increase to great length a record of these examples, but my object is only to illustrate the position taken, that the habitual borrower's code is a lax one. This may be partially accounted for by the fact that the independent, self-reliant portion of the community seldom borrow, and the practice is mostly left to people of the opposite kind. The unscrupulous borrower usually belongs to one of two classes: The easy, shiftless sluggard, or the greedy, grasping victim of avarice. The first borrows with a dim expectation of paying some time, and the hope that he may be able to do so, the other borrows with a full design never to make an honest return if he can avoid it so. Both are knaves, and unreliable in all matters of trust.

Among honest men, borrowing may be made a convenience, and mutually beneficial. Yet I think the question is worth considering, whether it does not demoralize a man—weakens his self-reliance. We get to relying on our neighbors more and more, for the thing ourselves ought to procure. On the whole my advice is, to borrow only in cases of great need, when you cannot get along without doing so.—[North-Western Farmer.

OLD TIGE AND OTHER HORSES.

I went home in the crowded Madison Street car of our city, the other night. At the grade by the bridge, the third horse came around, took his place and began to pull. With all his might, quite as though he knew as much of his duty as the boy who led him.

"That horse understands his work," said a man who stood beside me looking out at the front door.

"Yes," said I, "but where is Old Tige?" Now Old Tige, you must know, is a famous horse that has for several years been kept by the West St. R. Co. to help heavy cars up the grade. He is a sorrel horse, not very tall, and not very long, but with heavy body, broad breast and hips and a wide forehead; what is called a "powerfully built" horse, and, besides uncommon strength, he has uncommon sagacity. He is well known to West side passengers. My question waked up my unknown companion and I found him a great lover of horses.

"Old Tige," said he, "is the most knowing horse I ever knew. I saw him once when he had just helped a car up and was coming down. He met two young fellows in a buggy who undertook to have some fun with him. They lifted the whip to tease him. He saw what they meant to do, and at once turned square across them. They tried to rein out one side and then the other to get along side of him; but Tige would stop forward or backward just so as to keep all the time in front of them and out of the reach of their whip. He knew what he was about as well as they did. The folks all began to laugh at the young fellows so completely outwitted were they, and finally they gave up and laid down the whip. Then he turned to one side and let them pass."

Tige's business was only to draw the car up the grade and not to cross the bridge. He would always stop and turn off as soon as the car reached the summit. Some of the boys laid a wager, at one time, that he could be made to draw the car over. They tried it, but Tige wasn't going to be fooled with. He knew his help wasn't needed on the bridge, and he would not go.

"I used to admire the horses in the army. Well trained cavalry horses would always understand the bugle, and never make mistakes. The men were sometimes confused and would rein the horses the wrong way. I have seen horses rear straight up rather than obey the rein against the bugle. Turn the horses loose without riders and at the sound of the bugle they would form themselves into line and go through their parade."

"At the battle near Corinth I watched the artillery horses. They came up on a swift run drawing a thirty two pounder, and on the instant the signal was given they wheeled, the piece was unlimbered in a moment, and then, at another signal, they were away again on a run. The gun was in good position and did good execution. But the rebels flanked us, and we were compelled to leave the gun and fall back eighty rods. There we re-formed in good order and with fixed bayonets charged back on the rebels. They were in disorder and fled. We took the gun again, but knowing that we could not long hold the ground, our object was to bring off the gun. So we opened right and left and the bugle sounded for the horses. They came dashing up again on the run till they reached the gun, they wheeled, waited a moment to be hitched, and then whirled it away in no time and saved it. I stood there though the bullets were whizzing around me, and looked in perfect admiration at those horses."

"Had they no riders to guide them?"

"Yes, but they obeyed the bugle. Their riders could not control them."

I have charge now of an establishment where we keep a great many horses. A colored man takes charge of them. One of the horses has been named "Andy" and the negro thinks the name has put a bad spirit into him, for he has declared war against the negro and will not let him come near. Like his namesake "Andy," he too, swings around the circle, as the boys laughingly say, whenever anything displeases him; for he will stop in the road and wheel round and round in spite of all that can be done. He backed off of his stall one day when a man had slipped off his halter to put on the harness, and when out in the yard would let no man come near him. But a little girl four or five years old went out to the yard, and "Andy" immediately went and put his nose down to her as quiet as a lamb. The men handed her the halter, and he let her put it on without objection.

"I tell you, sir, horses know a great deal; but I must get off here."

He opened the door and went out. I went home and told my children all I could remember of his stories. The next morning they said to me: "If you see that man again want you ask him for some more stories about horses? Then I thought, perhaps the young readers of THE ADVANCE would like these stories as well as my children. So here you have them.—[The Advance.

INFLUENCE OF NEWSPAPERS ON CHILDREN.

—A school teacher who had enjoyed the benefit of a long practice of his profession, and had watched closely the influence of newspapers upon the minds of a family of children, states as the result of his observation that, without exception, those scholars of both sexes and all ages who have access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not are:

1. Better readers, excellent in pronunciation, and consequently read more understandingly.

2. They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy.

3. They obtain partial knowledge in geography, in almost half the time it requires others, as the newspaper has made them familiar with the location of important places and nations, their governments and doings.

4. They are better grammarians; for, having become familiar with every variety of style in the newspaper, from commonplace advertisements to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the text, and consequently analyze its construction with accuracy.

They write better compositions, using better language, containing more thoughts, still more clearly expressed.

From these simple facts three important things can be deduced:

1. The responsibility of the press in supplying literature which shall be both healthful in tone and likewise understandingly expressed.

2. The absolute necessity of personal supervision of a child's reading by his parents.

3. Having once got a good, able paper, no matter what the price, don't begrudge it a hearty support.

SENSELESS.—The Irish Republic of Chicago, is the most emphatic and determined of the Fenian journals; and that paper, its senses quickened by the great cause of liberty to which it is devoted, never fails to comprehend the full meaning of partisan movements here at home. In its last number, it strikes at the root of the present difficulty and danger thus, in a sledge-hammer blow. It says, "Nominally there are two parties to the contest which has raged in the national capital during the greater part of the period which has elapsed since Abraham Lincoln died by the bullet of an assassin. These are, the Congress on the one hand, and Andrew Johnson and his advisers on the other. But in point of fact and reality, these are not the visible champions of principles which lie at the very foundation of all human government, and of interests which extend over the entire length and breadth of the United States. The godlike principle of man's right to be free, and the devilish principle of man's power to enslave, lie right to them. The Independent of last week reports 16,940 conversions, since its last report, 11,000 of them among the Methodist; and for this week the same paper reports 7,700. Of these, about 1,100 are among the Presbyterians, as many among the Baptists and 1,500 among the United Brethren."

STEWED OYSTERS. We take from an exchange the following, which is worthy of trial: We suppose that nine out of ten housekeepers will contradict us point blank in a statement that nine out of ten of them do not know how to stew a dish of oysters. By the ordinary routine, that nearly every one follows, either the oysters are stewed and shelled, out of all semblance of themselves in shape, size and flavor, or else the soup and "thickening" has a raw taste that spoils it. Here is the right method. Try it once, and we'll warrant you won't need telling the second time. Pick the oysters out of the juice with a fork, as dry as possible; stew the juice, thickening milk or water, of which the soup is to be made, until thoroughly cooked; then drop the oysters in, and just as the cooled soup begins to show signs of simmering empty out altogether, and you will have rich soup and plump oysters, luscious enough to make you think you never tasted real oysters before.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.—It is the belief of certain well-meaning men, who were not born in Constantinople, that if the American girl were called on to meet a proportion of her expenses by her own labor, she would be publicly a greater blessing, and personally healthier, wiser, and happier. It is even believed that her outlay, instead of increasing, would diminish. Practised in the mystery of keeping accounts, aware by experience of the difficulty of earning money, she would be clever enough to save it. With something to do, she would put less mind, time and purse into the pursuit of pleasure. Mated at last with a poor man (so many are incorrigibly vicious that way!) she would share his burden rather than cruse him with it. If all women now were thus, we would have no cause to cry, as we are sometimes tempted to do. Oh, for the slow but cheap girl of thirty years since! Whether democracy is capable of some such self-saving miracle as we have indicated, remains to be seen.

FORGOT TO LOOK UP.—I have somewhere seen the story of a man who went one evening to steal corn from his neighbor's field. He took his little boy with him to sit on the fence to keep a lookout, so as to give warning in case any one should come along. The man jumped over the fence with a large bag on his arm, and, before commencing to take the corn he looked all around, first one way and then the other, and not seeing any person, he was just about to fill his bag. Then the little fellow his son—a good little fellow he was, too—cried out:

"Father, there is one way you haven't looked yet!"

The father was startled and supposed that some one was coming. He asked his son which way he meant.

"Why," said the little boy, "you forgot to look up."

The father was conscious stricken; he came back over the fence, took his little boy by the hand, and hurried quietly home without the corn which he had designed to take. The little boy had reminded him that the eyes of God were upon him.

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

EXCELLENT WHITEWASH.—As the house cleaning time will soon be here, it may not be amiss to say a few words in regard to whitewashing. There are many recipes published, but we believe the following to be the best that can be. White chalk is the best substitute for lime as a wash. A very fine and brilliant whitewash preparation of chalk is called "Paris White." This we buy at the paint stores for three cents a pound, retail. For each sixteen pounds of Paris White we procure half a pound of the white transparent glue, costing twenty-five cents (fifty cents a pound). The sixteen pounds of Paris White is about as much as a

person will use in a day. It is prepared as follows: The glue is covered with cold water at night and in the morning is carefully heated, without scorching, until dissolved. The Paris White is stirred in with hot water enough to give it the proper milky consistency for applying to the walls, and the dissolved glue is then added and thoroughly mixed. It is then applied with a brush like the common lime whitewash. Except on very dark and smoky walls and ceilings, a single coat is sufficient. It is nearly equal in brilliancy to "zinc white," a far more expensive article.

HINTS TO POULTEERS.—1. Secure your fowls by keeping no more stock than you can feed and care for in the best manner, and make choice of the best stock.

2. Keep Brahmas, Dorkings, or Boltons.

3. Feed your grain or vegetables hot.

4. Be sure the fowls have gravel and shells, and the shells half burnt are better than raw. One hundred fowls will consume a peck a week.

5. Feed meat, if possible, it being very natural.

6. Choose perfect eggs for breeding purposes.

7. Let your hands be free from grease while handling eggs to be set. An egg smeared with broken yolk will not hatch.

8. Put a newspaper in the bottom of the nest designed for setting eggs; chaff or fine straw on top.

9. Brahmas chickens need but little care; Dorkings, Boltons or Creoles most.

10. When the sides and breast of the old mother with oil, composed of half whale and petroleum; do this the first night after leaving the nest. This is a prevention for all the ill chickens are heir to.

11. Give clean water and small sized grain (excepting rye).—G. A. L. in Rural New Yorker.

HOW TO CURE A COLD.—Dr. Hall (*Journal of health*) says: The moment a man is satisfied he has taken cold, let him do three things: First, eat nothing; second, go to bed, cover up in a warm room; third, drink as much cold water as he can or as he wants, or as much hot herb tea as he can, and in three cases out of four, he will be well in thirty-six hours. The neglect of a cold for forty-eight hours, after the cough commences, is to place himself beyond a cure, until the cold has run its course, of about a fortnight. Warmth and abstinence are safe and certain cures, when applied early.

Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE, APR. 10, 1868.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 South Street, Boston; Geo. F. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, 2 Congress Street, Boston, and 68 Cedar Street, New York; T. C. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston; and Agents for the Waterville Mail, at the same rates as required at this office.

ATWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, 7 Middle Street, Portland, authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required at this 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 "MAILMAN & WING, or 'WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE'."

High Prices.—It is reported that the brick and stone masons of Portland, have fixed their prices at four dollars a day. How does this high price agree with the estimate of the N. Y. World that there are now 10,000 laborers of various classes out of employment in Maine?

The same paper estimates 50,000 in N. York city; 20,000 in N. Hampshire; 30,000 in Conn. and 100,000 in Massachusetts. This want of employment is imputed to the extreme depression in all departments of business. Does anybody believe the estimate?—and if so, how are such extraordinary prices as four dollars a day to be maintained. How many of the ten thousand laborers out of employment in Maine will go to work on the farm, and thus help to modify the high prices that must in time starve them? It is one of the strange things, that so many able bodied men and women live on the borders of starvation, rather than go to work on a farm, where wages are good and bread and meat plenty.

WATER POWER CO.—The annual meeting of Ticonic Water Power Co. took place at Town Hall Monday evening, the report of the Treasurer showing that \$81,000 of the stock had been taken.

Most of the stock has already been invested in real estate. But little business was transacted—and the meeting adjourned for two weeks, at the same place.

HELP FOR THE CRETANS.—Liberal efforts are in very successful operation in Boston and N. York to raise means for the relief of the Cretans. Upwards of thirty-seven thousand dollars, and more than ten thousand garments, have already been secured. Vigorous means are also in progress to awaken a public sentiment that shall induce such interference on the part of the government of Christian nations, as shall put a stop to the inhuman war now waging against the Cretans. No doubt the highest spirit of Christianity dictates such intervention, and the best impulses of human nature cry out for it.

REUNION.—On Wednesday morning, an inconsiderate horse belonging to Mr. E. C. Lowe, feeling the inspiration of the fresh supply of snow, and forgetting that the sleigh was freighted with two precious little daughters of his owner, took it into his head to run a race on his own hook. Starting at a point in Maine Street, where he soon left one of his passengers, he made his best speed with the other to the foot of Sherwin Hill. Here his little driver was able, with the advantage of the steep ascent, to bring him to a reasonable rate of speed, and to make him retrace his steps in a decent and safe way.

A NEW MONITOR PASSENGER CAR, recently completed at the shops of the Portland and Kennebec Company, at Augusta, has just been put upon the track and will hereafter run regularly with the passenger train. It is the first engine car of the kind ever manufactured by the company, and from the elaborate description of it in the Kennebec Journal, we judge it to be something of which the workmen and the company may well feel proud. The painting, which is highly praised, was done under the direction of Mr. Joseph Hill, Jr., formerly of our village.

BUTTER AND CHEESE.—Estimates of the highest authority set the quantity of cheese made in this country last year at 215,000,000 lbs. Of this quantity 53,600,000 lbs. goes to England, against 46,000,000 sent last year. A very large portion of this cheese was made at the cheese factories, which are springing into existence in all parts of the country. Great complaint is made of depression in the cheese market; an excessive manufacture of cheese producing, no doubt, the great scarcity of butter. Let our Maine farmers take the hint, and turn their best energies to supply the market with butter.

The Supreme Court, by a recent decision, sustained John Holmes conductor of the Dummy Train on the P. & K. railroad, for rejecting a disorderly passenger from the car for the use of profane and boisterous language.

"THE KNOX AND LINCOLN PATRIOT," is the name of a large and handsome paper, the first number of which comes to us from Rockland. It is democratic in its politics, and is published by William Noyes and Son, inst.

Winslow, April 7, 1868.
Messrs. Editors:—
Please send the following, in the next issue of the Mail, if you think it will interest or benefit the public, or a certain individual, which I will call

Another "Word with Farmers."

Last Feb. I noticed in the Mail a statement made, or signed, by Mr. Hiram Cornforth, of the cost of raising, harvesting, husking and shelling 92 bushels of corn on an acre. I did not doubt his raising 92 bushels of corn from an acre; but I did differ from him in determining the cost; accordingly in your issue of the 26th of March I replied, and stated in part what I thought the cost was, and concluded by saying, "if farmers attempt to give facts, let us have facts." Mr. Cornforth, in your last number, seems to be somewhat disturbed in his mind—thinking I presume that I doubted his raising so famous a crop; as he quotes very freely from Agricultural Reports—in each case showing that as large, larger and nearly as large crops as his have been raised before. I am much obliged for his quotations. He commences with a doubt that I am a farmer. Now I will try and undeceive him, and say that I was bred a farmer and have always followed farming; doing with my own hands every kind of labor on a farm.

One of our Generals in the Revolution ordered his soldiers to reserve their fire (when the enemy were advancing towards them in the trenches) till they saw "the white of their eyes." Didn't Mr. Cornforth forget that when he wrote that of April 3, and fire a little too soon?—or like one whose gun was well charged,

"Whether aimed at duck or plover,
Was fired full and knocked the owner over?"

Besides, he is so anxious to secure a copy of my Biography that he offers the extravagant sum of \$12.00 for it. O, the little I think, to induce any one to take the life of a Brother Farmer. If he wishes a copy of my *Auto-biography*, I can without much trouble give it to him, for I am in the habit of using my pen occasionally, and twelve dollars would pay a man for a few days labor. Perhaps he will visit me some afternoon, (if he is not too much engaged with "Don Quixotte," whose heroes he thinks "lud better look after him," and I can give him my history, and we will measure the land for a city."

I am highly gratified to be brought before the public by so distinguished a brother farmer, in order that my genius may be appreciated. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher must feel badly when this intelligence reaches him!

But enough of this; let us deal with facts. Mr. Cornforth says his estimate was from "actual cost; not what it might cost." I suppose according to that, a man's labor on a farm is worth just 76 cts a day, if half the days are stormy—just as much a full day as a fair one on a farm. Before he concludes he says he would like to engage my services in making his next report, "but as he figures I am sure the crop will not pay the cost of raising it." Let us estimate together; farmers won't quarrel. And first I will set down Mr. Cornforth's, which he says was changed in one particular by the printer, making it read \$1.00 when I meant only \$1.00. He says the whole cost was \$32.60; and he is so particular as to give the fractional part of a cord of manure, therefrom correct.

We will look at his own figures, as follows:

Plowing one day \$3.50

9 107-128 cts barn-yard manure 49.14

Ashes and Plaster 1.35

Carting and applying the same 6.03

Harrowing 3.00

Purrowing 4.00

Cultivating twice .30

Hoeing twice, 3 days 5.00

Harvesting 4.00

Husking and shelling 12.00

Twelve qts. seed .60

Total cost \$92.60

But he says the printer put 4 where he put 1; deduct \$1 having \$89.60.

He must have added correctly, so that \$39.60 should read \$32.60. But will some one add this correctly, and it will make according to his figures minus \$3.00 \$37.09. According to my estimate the cost would be \$97.44.

My first object in writing was to call the attention of farmers to this subject, as I believe in many cases the cost is a guess, and I extraordinary crops are almost an accident—though good tillage will insure a good crop generally.

A BROTHER FARMER.

P. S.—Mr. C. says by my figures it will not pay for raising a crop. But I will agree with him, and leave it for him to deduct accurately \$97.44—the cost of raising—from \$295.37.

THIRD DISTRICT CONVENTION.—The Union Republicans of this district are to meet in convention at Augusta on Thursday, May 7, to nominate a candidate for representative to congress, and for elector of president and vice-president; also to select two delegates and two alternates to the Chicago convention, May 20th. Each city, town and plantation will be entitled to one delegate, and an additional one for every hundred votes cast for Gov. Chamberlain in '66. This gives Waterville 7, Winslow 3, Fairfield 5, Belgrade 3, Benton 3, Clinton 3, Vassalboro' 6, Sidney 3, Rome 2, Smithfield 2, Skowhegan 7, Norridgewock 4, Augusta 10, Albion 3, China 4, Canaan 2.

SNOW STORM.—It commenced snowing at Waterville about 11 o'clock Tuesday forenoon, and the fair sunshine of Wednesday morning found nearly a foot of snow—though blown in all directions and drifted to various heights. Up to this time we have the best of sleighing, that promises to remain for some days at least.

OFFICERS OF WATERVILLE SECTION, No. 5 Cadets of Temperance.

F. H. Caffrey 1st Asst. Patron.

Ned Meader 2nd.

Willie H. Kelley. W. A.

Henry W. Rounds. V. A.

Stephen Bran S.

Henry S. Gethell A. S.

Eddie J. Low T.

Fred M. Britt A. T.

Fred H. Hill P. W. A.

Charles E. Williams. Chaplain

Nellie G. Irish 1st visitor.

Josie G. Scribner 2nd.

Eddie D. Boothby Guide.

Frank W. Downer Usher.

J. Everett Town W.

John S. Seales S.

The grand Division of the Sons of Temperance will hold its next quarterly session in Rockland, commencing on Wednesday, 22nd inst.

OUR TABLE.

THE NORTHERN MONTHLY, for April has the following table of contents:—"The Thief in the Night," by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford; "Experience of a Military Missionary in Virginia," by Col. T. M. Anderson; "Brook's Law," by W. J. Winsor; "Forty-four Guns," by Henry Morford; "A Plea for Good Reading," by Major-General Kilpatrick; "A B. Thorpe, morton;" "Stranded, not Wrecked," Some Brooklyn and New York Pulpits," by Whittemore Tufts; "The Delusions and Decays of Dress," by Julius Wilcox; Editorial Department. A very good number. The present number closes the first year of this live work, and the self-gratulations of the proprietors are fully justified by their success. A contemporary says, with truth, "The Northern has from the first shown vigor and individuality. It is not a slavish copy of other magazines, but has its own chosen field, to fill which acceptably no efforts have been spared. It has deserved to succeed, and we are happy to perceive the evidences that it is doing so."

Published by M. R. Dennis and Co., Newark, N. J., at \$3 a year.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW, for March, has come to hand? The following is its table contents: Trade Unions; French Criticisms; The Financial Relations of England and India; Recent Spanish Romances; Popular Philosophy in its Relations to Life; Mont Alambert Monks of the West; The Queens Highland Journal; The Atomic Theory of Lucretius; Ireland.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 38 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$7; any three of the Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$13; Blackwood and all four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage of the whole five works under the new rates will be but 50 cents a year.

MERRY'S MYSTERY for April contains another chapter of "The Loggins, or Six Months in the Forest of Maine," which will of course have a special interest for readers in this section. Among the other stories are—"The Dolls Masquerade, our Little Newboy;" chapter 2 of Little Pearls; Will's Wonder Book, set with a well filled Puzzle Department; Monthly Chat, etc. Published by H. B. Fuller, Boston, at \$4.50 a year.

OUR SCHOOL-BOY VISITOR, an Illustrated Magazine for Young People, for April has a continuation of the "Adventure of Tom Roper;" the interesting and instructive story of Fairy Justice; G. S. Burleigh; "Whittier the Newboy;" two nice little stories in verse, "The Little Samuritan" and "Story of a Blackbird;" The Quarrelsome Gander; with much other good reading, including a lively dialogue, a mathematical and puzzle department, a piece of music, etc. The number contains several illustrations. Published by J. W. Daugherty and Co., Philadelphia, at \$1.25 a year.

A WATERVILLE BOY.—The N. Y. Tribune has the following item. Those who remember young Blanchard, son of P. B. Blanchard, Esq., will see that the man retains some of the features of his boyhood.

About 5 o'clock a. m. of Saturday, a canal boat, moored at the end of the bulkhead of the draw in Harlem Railroad bridge, at Spuyten Duyvil, was swamped and sunk by the heavy seas. The captain and his wife were the only ones on board.

The former grasped his wife, and with a rope succeeded in lashing her to a spile; then placing himself to windward of her, so as to break the force of the driving snow and the waves which alternately dashed over them, there clung for five successive hours, refusing to leave her and save himself, which he could easily have done by swimming. About daylight they were discovered in their perilous position. It was impossible to reach them by way of the pier, it being entirely submerged by the unusual tide. No boat being within reach which could live in the heavy sea when running, a shad boat was brought from a distance, and attempts made to reach them. Several times the boat was forced out to within a few feet of the sufferers, and the man as often stretched out his arm to grasp it; but each time it was hurled back by the tremendous seas, and the brave fellow in charge of her became almost discouraged. About 9 o'clock a young gentleman, a resident of Spuyten Duyvil, Mr. N. S. Blanchard, appeared on the scene of action, and immediately comprehending the situation, coolly tied a rope about his waist, and started to wade out on the submerged pier. He had gone but a few steps when the heavy waves dashed him from his footing into the deep water beyond. Instead of attempting to regain the pier, he bravely struck out for the spile to which the unfortunate were clinging, and at length succeeded in reaching them. Then securely tying the rope to the spile, the men in charge of the boat were enabled to draw it within reach of the sufferers, who were at once lifted in and carried to the shore, where every means were taken to recover them from their fearful state of numbness and exhaustion.

SPRING HAS COME! that season for renovating and improving the house, and to enable you to do it nicely Henriksen has just got in a large stock of Paper Hangings—new and beautiful styles, and wonderfully cheap. Drop in and look at them.

THE SEWING GUIDE, noticed in our column of "New Ads" this week, is a neat and very useful and convenient article for all who use a needle, especially for young ones, whose fingers are not calloused. The exclamation of all, after trying it, is, "Now isn't that cute?"

AN EXTRA SURET, containing the laws passed by the last legislature of Maine, will be found enclosed in our paper this week.

Dr. Sheldon, continuing the subject of his last Lecture, will preach next Sunday evening on "the forgiveness of sins."

CORRECTION.—In Mr. Cornforth's article, last week, read \$83.69 instead of " \$88.69," in 5th paragraph.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE will be sold at auction, at Kendall's Mills on Wednesday, April 22d. See advertisement in another column.

Look over the column of "New Advertisements," in this week's paper. You will hardly fail to find something in which you are specially interested.

Among the rarities of the season, the "Leap Year Ball," last week, at the Continental House, shared its glory with the snow storm, that so furiously whirled outside. So genial and merry went the dance, in the management of the ladies, that only the hackman eared for the storm raging without.

SCHOOL NOTICE.

The Village schools in District Number 1, will commence next Monday.

REV. J. H. MOORE, who has been preaching to the Methodist Society in this village, for a year past, is to leave immediately, and his friends propose to make him a parting call at the house of Mr. P. Osgood, Pleasant Street on Monday evening next, carrying with them it is to be hoped, some suitable tokens of their appreciation of his labors. If Monday evening should prove stormy, the call will be made upon the following evening, and all are invited to attend.

A UNION MEETING will be held at the Baptist Church to-morrow (Saturday) evening.

COUNTERFEIT FIVES.—Either there are two dangerous counterfeits of this denomination affixed, or the description which we copied last week is erroneous, for we have been shown one in which the word "This," at the top of the bill, in the line, "This note is secured," &c., commences about the centre of the letter "N," in the word "United," underneath, while in the genuine the same word commences at the left corner of the letter "L."

A LEVEE for the benefit of Waterville Classical Institute, to occupy two evenings of next week, (probably Thursday and Friday), is sharing very liberally the preparatory labors and other contributions of our citizens. It promises to be very emphatically a "Union Levee," and to secure a broad-gauge patronage. It will probably be the last one of the season; and as the object is a good one, everybody will be there.

Articles for the fancy table, we are requested to state, will be very acceptable if brought in on Thursday.

REMEMBER! Prof. Frenz is proceeding with his highly interesting course of lectures, at Town Hall—giving very marked satisfaction.

Among the exciting topics of the Institute levee will be an elegant dress suit, provided by Messrs. Gardner and Watson, (see their advertisement,) to be bestowed by vote to one of the several clergymen of the village. It will be a present worth contending for.

FOUND—a wash-leather purse, containing a little scrip, which the owner can have by applying at this office.

A letter from Cincinnati dated 7th inst. says that Dr. Potter, formerly of Waterville, died at that place on the 5th of heart disease.

CATTLE MARKETS.—Of the markets this week the Boston Advertiser says:—"Cattle brought higher prices than they had done since 1865. The quality was not equal to the demand, and prices have advanced from 50 to 75 cents per hundred pounds. There is an improvement also in the sheep trade, but with a smaller advance in prices. The market was quick, and the butchers left the yards, as physiologists advise us to leave the table, with a good appetite."

J. A. Judkins sold 1 Maine oxen 6 of 1546 lbs, at 15 1-2c, and 3 of 1598 lbs each, at 15c, 35 sk.

Of working oxen, J. A. Judkins sold one pair 7 ft 2 in, home measure, for \$280, and two pairs 7 ft at \$280, per pair.

The Skowhegan Clarion says that Gen. Selden Conner, has continued to gain strength very slowly, and on Friday of last week went out of doors, for the first time in two years. The writer says: "He can be seen on almost any pleasant day, escorted by a loving sister walking to and from his father's house to the corner of High Street, a distance of some ten rods, on a broad plank walk laid for his special use. During the last two years, there have been seven places around the wound where the dead and decaying bone has discharged, two of these have now healed. Thinking his numerous friends would be glad to know of his improving condition, I have penned these few lines, for of the many who know him, none, whether citizen or soldier, ever mention his name save in the highest terms of praise. In person, he is tall and commanding, of great physical activity and endurance, and in war full of soldierly enthusiasm. His outward bearing and appearance are no less winning than his noble qualities of mind and heart. May he long live as a blessing to his many friends, and an honor to his country which he has sacrificed so much to save."

SAFETY OF DR. LIVINGSTONE ASSURED.—All doubts of the safety of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, are dispelled. Sir Rodrick Murchison has received a letter from the distinguished traveller, which came via Zanzibar. "Dr. Livingstone writes that he is in good health. His journey of exploration has been successful, and he will soon return to England."

An indignant citizen of Frankfort-on-the-Main, has commenced proceedings against the Prince of Wales for the seduction of his daughter. The Prince, ruined the young girl last fall, during his presence in Germany.

THE WESTERN WHEAT CROP.—The Chicago Journal says that from the southern and central portions of the State the reports are almost without exception that the winter wheat passed through the cold weather successfully and promises an unprecedented harvest. The farmers all over the West are taking advantage of the unusually early opening of the season to sow their grain, and if summer be anything like as favorable as the spring is, the Northwest will astonish the world with the extent of its crop this year.

There seems to be no reason to doubt that the new constitution of Michigan has been rejected. The latest returns show a majority of 10,653 votes against it. There is some doubt whether the article on prohibition has been carried or not. In the municipal elections there is no special change from last year.

William Smythe, D. D., who has been a professor in Bowdoin College for forty years, died suddenly in Brunswick last Saturday afternoon. He was a native of Maine and graduated in 1822 at the head of his class.

London despatches correct the late reports regarding the Paraguayan war; the fortifications at Humaita have not yet been captured by the allies, although it must eventually fall into their hands. This event, should it take place, will virtually terminate the war.

A MAINE MAN ROBBED—FIENDISH CONDUCT OF THE ROBBERS.—One Charles Smith, a Maine farmer, who has been stopping in Providence, was attacked by three roughs in that city on Tuesday evening. The rascals knocked Smith down senseless, robbed him of \$40, and dragged him on to the railroad track and left him, just before the time for the 10 o'clock train from Boston. Smith, fortunately, recovered consciousness and crawled on to the bank before the train came thundering by, cutting off the rim of the poor fellow's hat as a reminder of the narrow escape he had had from an awful death. Two of the would-be-murderers have been arrested.

In Georgia instead of blowing up their opponents with wind as the Confederates in this region do, they use gunpowder. A keg was found under the chairman's desk at a Republican meeting last week.

The La Crosse Democrat has a financial policy which is at least intelligible. The Democrat says, "This financial problem is too big a thing to be handled, except in one way. This whole debt has got to be sponged out."

A philosophical correspondent suggests that since it has been proved that no really pure wine is either manufactured or imported, our Western and Pacific vineyards being the scene of as flagrant adulteration as is practiced in Europe, it is time that the phrase *in vino veritas* should pass into disuse.

The Maine Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church will hold their annual session this year at Brunswick, commencing on Wednesday of next week, and continuing a week or more. Bishop Simpson will preside.

MURDER OF D'ARCY MCGEE.—Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee was shot through the head and was instantly killed early Thursday morning in Ottawa. He was returning from the Parliament house at half-past two o'clock, and just as he was entering his lodging house, a pistol was fired so close to his head as to singe his hair. The ball passed through his head and lodged in the door of the house. The sound was heard by a boy, and when he reached the spot, Mr. McGee was dead upon the pavement, his brain exuding from the wound. The assassin is said to have been a Fenian from New York, but this, so far as we know, is merely a conjecture. Although large rewards have been offered no clew has been obtained to the murderers. His assassination has excited universal horror throughout Canada, and the expressions of respect and sympathy are general in all quarters.

CONNECTICUT.—Complete returns from the election of Monday in Connecticut give Governor English a majority of 1571. The aggregate vote will foot up 99,011, against 94,143, the vote of last year, and exceeds the largest vote ever before polled in the state. The Senate will consist of 12 republicans and 9 democrats, and the House of Representatives stands 130 republicans to 108 democrats. This secures to the republicans the gain of a U. S. Senator.

THE KUK-KLUX KLAN TO BE SUPPRESSED. Montgomery, Ala., April 6.—General Shepard, commanding the sub district of Alabama, to-day issued an order in relation to the Kuk-Klux Klan, and ordering that the various officers, majors, marshals, magistrates, constables, chiefs of police and police will be held accountable by the post commanders over their respective districts for the suppression of this iniquitous organization, and the apprehension of its members wherever found; when apprehensions are made, and the code of Alabama is silent on the subject of the offence for which the prisoners are charged, they will be turned over to the commander of the proper military post, with a written statement of the offence, giving dates, places and witnesses, with a view to trial by a military commission. All placards and newspaper cards of the Kuk-Klux Klan are prohibited, and ignorance of their existence will not be held as an adequate excuse, it being the business of the civil and military officers to know what appertains to their duty. Citizens not holding office likewise will not be held guiltless. Further outrages will be viewed as evidences of neglect of duty.

A cook at one of the Lewiston hotels, on April Fool day, says the Journal, tried a new experiment in the culinary department by frying some cotton doughnuts, much to the disgust of some of the boarders, who could not appreciate the joke.

One Chauncey, of Kittery, assistant keeper of Whites Beach light-house in Portsmouth harbor, has been arrested for fiendish assault on the daughter of Gilbert Amee, keeper of the light—a girl aged 14. Chauncey is 60 years of age.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—A convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of this State will be held at the rooms of the Portland Association in that city on the 28th and 29th inst. All proposing to attend should notify the President of the Portland Association, Mr. Andrew J. Chase, before the 22d inst. Free return tickets over the various railroads of the State, will probably be furnished to all those attending the convention.

THE PARAGUAYAN WAR.—Advices from South America by mail to Lisbon and thence by the Atlantic cable say that the allies had carried the redoubt at Humaita, after a short struggle, capturing 15 guns, a large quantity of stores and ammunition. The fleet also passed and reached Asencion, but that city was burned and deserted by the troops and citizens.

General Flores, President of Uruguay, has been murdered at Montevideo. He had recently returned from the seat of war on the Rio Parana for the purpose of resigning the dictatorial power which he seized about a year ago. Colonel Lorenzo Batlle, Minister of war, has been elected President of Uruguay, in the place of the deceased General Flores.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

Indian way of spelling Kennebec—Kenne-nob-e-cho (Long-water-place).

Dr. Bancroft's Hair Dressing is an invaluable article for the toilet, sold every where.

A Cornet Band has been formed in Hallowell, and a new set of instruments has been purchased, costing \$542, of which sum the citizens donated \$275, the balance being raised by the gentlemen composing the Band.

Dr. Bancroft's Hair Dressing improves the hair wonderfully. Sold by all druggists.

A riot among miners in Idaho, which threatened serious results, has been suppressed by the United States Marshal.

Have you made a trial of that wonderful article for the Toilet, Dr. Bancroft's Hair Dressing?

Twenty-five divorces were granted by Judge Dickson at the recent term of the Supreme Court in Knox County.

The town of Brunswick has voted to allow firemen fifty cents per hour for services at fires, and twenty-five cents per hour at meetings.

Dr. Bancroft's Hair Dressing keeps the hair clean, moist and beautiful. Sold by all druggists.

Gov. Chamberlain has appointed Albert W. Paine, esq., of Bangor, examiner of banks and insurance companies under the law of last winter.

Dr. Bancroft's Hair Dressing supplies nutrition to the hair. Ask your druggist for it.

Twenty-five libels for divorce were entered at the Supreme Judicial Court for Somerset county.

A New England gentleman on a visit to Paris says: "Dr. Bancroft's Hair Dressing promotes the growth of the hair. Ask your druggist for it."

"The first night I wanted hot water, and the maid could not understand my French, until in humorous despair I exclaimed, 'Oh, le chaud!' when she at once laughed and said, 'Eau chaude, monsieur?' Out, out, I replied, and in a minute had my hot water."

Dr. Bancroft's Hair Dressing makes the hair beautifully soft. Ask your druggist for it.

The La Crosse Democrat has a financial policy which is at least intelligible. The Democrat says, "This financial problem is too big a thing to be handled, except in one way. This whole debt has got to be sponged out."

Dr. Bancroft's Hair Dressing preserves the natural hair through life. Sold every where.

More Economical. REMARKABLE CERTAINTY of prompt action in every emergency is guaranteed for Mrs. S. A. ALLEN'S IMPROVED (new style) HAIR RESTORER OR DRESSING, (in one bottle.) Every Druggist sells it. Price one Dollar.

