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Maxham & Wing

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BY NORMAN MACLEOD.

Courage, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble,
Trust in God, and do the right.

Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
Trust in God, and do the right.

Perils, policy, and cunning,
Perils all that tempt the light,
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.

Trust no party, sect, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But, in every word and action,
Trust in God, and do the right.

Trust no lovely forms of passion;
Friends may look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, shibboleth or fashion,<—
Trust in God, and do the right.

Simple rule, and steadfast guiding,
Forward point and inward light,
Star upon our path abiding,
Trust in God, and do the right.

Sorits will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Thou from them, and look above thee,
Trust in God, and do the right.

[From Arthur's Home Magazine.]

TO GIVE IS TO LIVE.

BY MARY E. COMSTOCK.

"I've lost my situation, Edna," and Hal Blerton came into the room where his sister was coloring photographs, and doffing his cap dolefully, as though the fact announced had a bracing rather than depressing effect.

"Why, Hal!" and a sweet face looked up in surprise, and regarded the frank, handsome countenance inquiringly.

"Yes; Hatherston has a nephew who wants something to do here in town, and the place is to be given to him. I declare, Eddy, I'm stung a little. After all I've done there, too; but never mind that! What's to be done now? What's the question?"

"Doesn't Hatherston offer to procure you another situation?"

"That's not his way, you know. I shall have one before many days, however; there is enough to do in the world!" and he raised his good right arm and twined his cap in the air. A sudden mist came to his eyes, however, big fellow though he was, and he took the nearest seat, as though strength had gone from him.

"I am all right till I think of Alice wearing her life out in the old academy, and that is too much for me," and the clear-toned voice became suddenly unsteady. "I thought I should do so well this year I should be able to persuade her to take a nice long rest, and now—"

"Never mind, Hal; Alice is living."

A startled look came into the boy's face.

"Do you think her so bad, Edna?"

"To give is to live, you know," she rejoined, quickly, with a reassuring smile; "and Alice is giving largely. While we are blessed with activity of faculty we have cause for rejoicing. I hear from every quarter how much good Alice is doing the large class of girls now under her care; how her influence is felt through them in their homes—Alice is happy in her work."

"But she is doing too much. She looks so tired nights; when she comes home. She will have to stop as you did."

"One wiser than we, who has the control of circumstances, is the best judge of that!" The words were spoken as light foam crests, yet exultantly on the low yet joyful tones of loving faith. "Alice and I are happy; you must not be otherwise. Think how much you have done this year."

"Not much, Sis. Only enough to keep these rooms, and no treat but the two pictures which I could not resist buying."

"Ah, but, Hal, what you have done! That is the thing to look at. Don't you remember what father used to say, that 'one of the dear Lord's choicest blessings to a man is to use him,' and you have been able to do a great deal for the Hatherstons beyond strict requirement, besides the help you have given Cousin Fred at night, with his book-keeping. It was needed help, too. Fred can't brook such close confinement. He says your help has been a god-send. He could not have kept up without it."

"But Edna, do you think—do you call such doing, getting along in the world?" The words came hesitatingly, and were much less in themselves than the tone and piquant doubt of facial expression, original variety of which the boy was largely endowed with. "Making one's way, you know," he supplemented, "which is a fellows duty!" and dropping his head and pursing his lips into a comma, interrogation points radiated from very honest, wide-awake eyes.

Edna dropped the photograph she was coloring, and leaning back restfully in the high-backed chair made a very pretty picture, her pure face resting against the crimson cover, while she laughed a happy, amused laugh that seemed to come rippling up from loving depths within.

"Hal, the sight of you does me good; that is a fact. Your comicality keeps a sense of the ludicrous alive in me! But seriously, yes, I do think that doing with one's might, whatever others be to do, independent of stipulated reward, is really getting along in the world: if not exactly in the world's way, yet in the true way. There will always be the two classes, rich and poor, you know. Hal, only the current coin will be of different quality from that now in circulation. I think you've laid up treasure this year."

"I understand your drift, but 'just how,' Eddy? as little Ben says when I try to show him fractions. Just amplify a bit on that text of yours about current coin. My vision is confused between the real article and the metaphorical. Which is one and which is the other? As in the poem that Duryen recites, there's contradiction. One view says—'This is the false and that is the true'; the other—'That is the false and this the true.' How is it, Eddy?"

"Hal, dear, you could tell me better than I that it is what we are, not what we have in outward possession that makes us rich here, or enables us to lay up treasure in the Beyond. Cultivation of the heart and of faculty through active use, is we know, the way to acquire the true wealth that cannot be taken from us."

There was a little silence, during which Edna used her brush.

"You have increased your capital of ability, Hal," resumed his sister. "You can execute quicker. You have confirmed yourself in habits of punctuality, and of tuning readily from one duty to another. Through exercise you have by a sure law strengthened every faculty you have exerted."

"I never should have reckoned it in just that way perhaps; but I certainly have learned the business pretty thoroughly," spoke Hal, at the lengthened period.

"And you have been cultivating a habit of generosity in labor; of doing freely and largely, whatever the moment demanded, whether it were required of you individually or not. This

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has really been of more value to you than the Hatherstons. They have gained in temporal labor done for them; you have gained in spiritual wealth of generous habit, enlarging your whole nature. The action and re-action of this law of active use is perfectly beautiful. I wish I could put it before you just as I see it!" said Edna, looking into his listening eyes; and the spirit that shone through the speaker's delicate features gave so radiant an expression that Hal said, mentally, that which for sound reason he could not say verbally—"I think you are perfectly beautiful!" And he made petition for a direction for "active use" on the spot, in any capacity that might be designated, from feeding sugar to little Paul Julian, who at that moment set up a low, sweet carol, to finishing her work or executing a commission down town.

"If you will kindle the fire on the hearth I'll put up my work, and we will have it bright for Alice," said the sister; and she went to the window and gazed for a moment down the broad, tree-lined street that, despite the many vehicles and pedestrians, looked gloomy enough in the chill gray of November.

Hal opened a door that led where the choice supply of fuel was kept. Big black Beppo thrust his nose in with a low whine of joy, and, as his master gathered up a wad of sticks, proceeded to extend every invitation to a frolic which canine nature is capable of.

The little wood fire was one of the few luxuries the trio allowed themselves. It was indulged in only at the hour of re-union, when the day's severest toil was over. It brightened the room which, gloomy in itself, was yet the only available one for social purposes, and the cheery flame gave ruddy light as well as warmth, sometimes almost producing an illusion of gas-light, and pleasant far. Beppo's first ebullition had sufficiently subsided to allow him to sit in dignified posture and apparent criticism, while sick after sick was added at discretion, as the ruddy tongues of flame ventured to rise from the light kindlings below. With bright, steady eye and intelligent ear, expressing intense satisfaction, he watched till the most artistic arrangement possible had been completed, and the flames crackled their approval of the neatly swept hearth, and then, leaping simultaneously as Hal arose, the game he had waited for began.

The early twilight came on making the bright cheerfulness more apparent, and the game continued until interrupted by Alice's entrance. Edna appeared at the same moment with a pot of steaming cocoa, as one of the crowning temptations to the delicately laid table, inviting with its pure linen and shining silver—mementoes of the dear old home that lived over in the sunny country of heart remembrance.

"Not every lady has a knight in these days," spoke Alice, as Hal sprang to take her wrappings. "I'm glad you're early home to-night." And little Paul struck into the same key the sweet tones suggested, and gave very heart melody of song; and the flame sent up a shower of bright little sparks, and started up into new brilliancy, while Beppo wagged his tail, and gave sidling very moderate leaps, which were only "make-believes" to attract attention.

Alice, who was the taller of the two, dropped a kiss on Edna's forehead as she passed her to put some books on the shelf.

"It is dreary out to-night, and oh, so good to come into such a sweet, bright home!" she said. "I believe I have the very best brother and sister in the world; don't you, little Paul?" and she raised her face to the cage with a low chirrup on her lips, which the bird answered in prolonged, repeated notes of corresponding tone and inviting tenderness.

Hal had unfolded the evening paper, and was in the midst of the "foreign news" column, when the tea things had been restored to order; and Alice had just interrupted him by a comment, when a tap at the door announced Neighbor Litchfield, who limped and had a cough, and kept the little variety shop around the corner. No man more ready to do a kind act than he; no man more anxious to yield to all their dues in whatever department. He had come for some medicine, such as Miss Ellerton once let him have before. "He could not get it by that name at the drugist's and it had helped Mrs. Litchfield so much he could not forbear troubling Miss Ellerton once more."

"It is of home manufacture," said Edna, "and I shall be only too glad to furnish you with a new supply whenever and as often as you require it."

"My wife said yesterday, after you called, she should not have any hesitation in asking you for it if I couldn't get it at Stearns's. She said you did not seem like a stranger, though she had never seen you before." And Neighbor Litchfield, who looked weary when he first came in, seemed to gather animation each moment from the cheerful home surroundings. "I have made up my mind to give up the shop till she is better," continued he, in reply to some inquiries from Alice, while Edna was preparing the medicine. "It troubles her to have me leave the business, but no one who has not been with her in these attacks can do for her all that needs to be done, however willing. I have left her too much, I fear; but I shut up yesterday, and shall not open doors again till she is better."

"I'll stay in your shop a few days for you," said Hal. "I'm out of a situation, and would like to do it."

"Perhaps Litchfield caught the quiet surprise of Alice's look, she not yet having been apprized of the breaking up of the connection with the Hatherstons.

"You're too good, sir, I'm sure," spoke Neighbor Litchfield, "to be willing to take a place in my little shop at all. I'm very thankful for your willingness. I should have tried to get some one before, but I'm not able to pay anybody even for a few days," and a fit of coughing interrupted him. "My business is merely an experiment. My goods are mostly on commission, and I cannot incur even a small expense if it can be avoided. All the same is my obligation to you, however. You're very good, I'm sure."

"My coming to you for a bit won't be any expense to you, Mr. Litchfield. I can stay there while I am waiting for employment as well as to be doing nothing. I can be making inquiries, you know. You had better let me come."

And Mr. Litchfield, between coughing and expressing his gratefulness, neither accepted or

declined, but went home feeling wonderfully warmed and strengthened in the inner man; and his brightened look was almost as good for the sick wife as the medicine, which came accompanied with a kind yet playful message from Edna regarding the mode of administering.

"Don't you approve, Alice?" asked Hal, after telling the personal news he would not intrude on the pleasant tea and reading hour, and closing with, "I know I shall have work soon, and perhaps this is just to give an opportunity to help Litchfield. He is one of the worthiest men alive. Benton, who helps him to his goods, told me all about him. That's an awful cough he's got." And with one of his quick changes of expression, Hal shook his head ominously, and looked sympathizing.

So the next morning, Mr. Litchfield had a clerk. Information and directions were asked in the most respectful manner, and had all Hal's future depended upon winning the approbation of the proprietor, the business of the day could not have been more scrupulously transacted. He made one business call that day on his own account, but the firm to which he applied were not in need of further help, and gave him no encouragement. The second day Hal was quite by himself, except an occasional customer. He knocked twice at the door of the living room behind the shop, and each time the message was that the sufferer was no better. Litchfield looked haggard. He had scarcely slept for two nights. When Hal came down from his own dinner, he brought him delicious soup of Edna's preparing, and a message from a neighbor that she would watch that night if desired.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon of the third day that Jonas Wing came in, remembering, when he was alone home, that he had promised his little girl a toy that night.

"Why, my son, what are you doing here?" he exclaimed, as Hal came forward to wait upon him.

"Keeping shop for the proprietor, sir."

"You have not left the Hatherstons?"

"Yes, sir, I left them three days since."

"Why, I'd made up my mind you'd be a fixture there. Would you think it strange if a friend of your father's should ask why you left there?"

"Not at all. Fred Hagar, a nephew of Mr. Hatherston's wanted the place, and they gave it to him."

"And you are here!"

The conversation had been carried on in the intervals of the purchase, and Hal answered—"Yes, sir," so pending further words to bite off a string.

"Does it pay a young man of your capabilities?"

"Yes, sir, it pays for the time. I cannot afford to stay here longer than till I can find a situation. Mr. Litchfield has been unfortunate, and his wife is very ill; he is a neighbor of ours, and I am glad to have the privilege of helping him a bit. I am looking out for a chance for myself all the time."

"Come into my store," said Mr. Wing, of the large wholesale house of Wing, Rich & Co., and he named promptly a salary in advance of that the Hatherstons had paid. "Come to-morrow, if you like; and if Mr. Low, whom you will probably see, tells you we do not want any more help, tell him you have an engagement with me."

That night when Hal went home, it was with the announcement—"Another friend of father's has turned up, Edna!"

"Is he coming here, Hal?"

It cannot be denied that there was a slight shade of anxiety on the sister's face. Within the past six months two gentlemen, strangers to them, but designating themselves friends of her father, had, being in town, come and taken up an abode with them. The second had brought his little boy with him, was himself an invalid, and Edna's kind heart could not see him suffer without taking active measures for his relief. He prolonged his stay some time after making the discovery that Hal was giving up his own bed to him and sleeping in a closet, also that Edna, whose failing health would not allow her to continue teaching, did all the work for their little household, having held only one day in the week from old Margaret. It is hoped that, under the circumstances, the reader will not form an erroneous idea of Edna's hospitality, if a slightly anxious tone was betrayed in the interrogation.

"A new kind of friend, Eddy," rejoined Hal. "Offers me a situation, and a hundred dollars more than the Hatherstons gave me. Says I can come to-morrow, but was willing I should stay and help Mr. Litchfield the week out. Mrs. Litchfield is better to-day. She sent word for me to come to the door, she wanted to thank me for bringing the geraniums you sent. She is a pleasant speaking little woman. I declare it makes me feel bad, Eddy, to have them so grateful for the little I've done. It seems as though they were not used to kindness. They have done so much for others, too. Benton told me about it."

"Hal," spoke Edna, as he was vanishing through a door.

"Did you speak to me?"

"You did not tell me where you are going—the new friend's name."

"Did I not? It's a good name, Eddy. Jonas Wing."

"Of the firm of Wing, Rich & Co.?"

"Exactly."

"Why, that is a much larger, older house than the Hatherstons, even."

"It is indeed. I never should have thought of asking employment there unless I wanted the experience as initiatory to office-seeking in Washington. There is about as much red tape ceremony in one instance as in the other. Always a host of applicants."

And Alice came, and though the loss of the old situation, like all unpleasant subjects, had been banished her first recreating hours, not so the gain of the new, which was discussed with happy hopefulness, while Hal busied himself in his usual little attentions to his sister's comfort, and Edna fitted her and there cheerfully busy with the tea arrangements.

The next morning a conversation occurred between Jonas Wing and Mr. Low.

"I have engaged a new man; a young fellow, Ellerton. Has been at Hatherston's till within a few days. He comes Monday. Make note of it; that he does not get turned off."

"Allow me to suggest, sir, that first vacancies have been promised to—"

"That's not the point," interrupted Mr. Wing. "There is no vacancy, but I've had my eye on Ellerton some time, and I want him. Perhaps you remember that little matter I had with the Hatherstons. I couldn't get it put in shape. At length I went myself. Don't think they knew me. I explained what I wanted. Pierson was out; couldn't get anything done. I noticed Ellerton overheard and paid attention to the conversation. Next time I went with the same result. They're getting very slack over there. Pierson was out again. Ellerton stepped forward; not obtrusively, however. 'I know what this gentleman wants. I can do it myself if you will trust me.' His tone spoke capability. 'Let him try,' said I. And I never saw better business capacity evinced by so young a man. He ferreted out the tangle like a lawyer, and it was not in his department, either. Used to know his father. I like his mettle. Let him come.' And turning to his letters, the interview was signified to be concluded."

Saturday night came, and Edna asked Alice: "What think you Mr. Hatherston wanted with Hal to-day?"

"No trouble on foot, I hope. Hal is late to-night."

Hal was late. With the insight he had obtained into business done on a larger scale, suggestions of improvements in Mr. Litchfield's small department were constantly occurring to him; and in giving account of the week to the proprietor that night, he was able in a modest way to impart as much information as a year of experience would have given that gentleman, to whom the business was still comparatively new. And time passed while they talked. Hal sped away at last from too many thanks, while the proprietor of the variety shop entered the little living room with praises of "that most noble young man."

"Mr. Horace Hatherston has been here to inquire for you this afternoon," said Edna, as her brother entered.

"So he told me."

"Nothing wrong, is there, Hal?" asked Edna, looking up from a pile of compositions she was correcting.

"No and yes. They want me back there. I was surprised, I assure you. I like Mr. Horace, and am sorry I can not do as he wishes. He says it was all a mistake, my leaving them. He was absent at the time. Says Fred can have a place if he wants, but is not ready by a year or two to take him."

"Well?"

"He said something about seeing Mr. Wing; but they are not on very good terms just now, and I know he would not ask a favor there. My engagement was unconditional, and stands, of course, and I go to Mr. Wing Monday morning just the same. And he snapped his finger at Beppo, who accepted the challenge delightedly."

When Hal had said good night, and little Paul Julian had made a small yellow ball of himself, with his head tucked under his wing, and only flickering light played out from the embers, the sisters sat and took counsel together as they had many a time before.

"All things work together for good, do they not, Eddy dear?" and Alice laid her cheek on the brown of Edna's hair. "The circles are too large for us to see around, or even to guess their curve, many times, but this one week of Hal's is an illustration in miniature."

"Yes," said Edna, "it is just as father used to say, 'wherever we can be of most immediate use, wherever we are most needed, lies the true life path.' And it is in activity that blesses others that a blessing for self is found. It was in Simon Litchfield's shop that the best situation in the city came and found Hal. It was in seeking another's that he found his own. It is a temporal illustration of a spiritual truth."

"And no more true in this instance of Hal's," rejoined Alice, "than where life circles are so large that, as in many lives, the rewards stretch into eternity. If only," she added, after a little pause, "everybody would have faith, and do their duty, and just believe all will be right whatever happens." And with a peculiar childlikeness of expression, which was characteristic, she resumed, "For the good Lord does so surely take the note of everything, does so surely love every one of His children. I wish they would all believe it in their hearts, Eddy, even if the circle does sometimes reach a great way round."

It was very still there in the home room; white ashes, pure as snowflakes, gathered over the living coals; Beppo moved without the door, where he lay stretched on guard; the measured tick of the clock in the distant corner asserted itself with new distinctness. It was difficult when the last words had been spoken to have told which were the loveliest, the divine creations of Raphael, which shone on from where Hal had placed them, star-like among the shadows; or the two living faces of the sisters, so different in feature, yet alike in the soft glow of rapt faith and love.

Our fathers believed in special answers to prayer. They were not stumbled by the inflexibility of the laws of nature; because they had the idea that, when the Creator of the world promised to answer human prayers, He probably understood the laws of nature as well as they did. At any rate, the laws of nature were his affairs, and not theirs. They were men, very apt, as the Duke of Wellington said, to "look to their marching orders"—which, being found to read, "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God," they did it. "They looked unto Him and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed."

FEMALE LABOR.—One business reason why women's labor is cheaper than men's is the always impending possibility of marriage, which removes her from her post, but not the gain. Another is found in the fact that few avenues of employment are open to women, and that the supply of female labor is in excess of the demand. They can be had cheaper, and so long as this is the case will be paid so. But the great burden which weighs down the working-women is the social discrimination which exists against her, and for that her own sex is responsible. Every man in this country worthy of consideration is a workingman. No woman is allowed by society to work. It is not respectable. Many women of otherwise common sense pretend to deny the fact that they manage their own households, or do any-

thing towards increasing the comforts of lessening the expenses of their husbands and fathers. Perhaps the bulk of young women in what is called good society attempt to create the impression that their time is purely and wholly spent in doing nothing. Outside of home, the demands of respectability are still more exacting and arbitrary. Work, clerical or banking, or gibbon and crinoline selling, which would be perfectly respectable for a brother, would ostracize his sister from every parlor and sitting room in the country. The laws of society are enacted and enforced by women, and when they bear hard on her the battle must be inside her own sex. [Philadelphia Express.]

(From Frang's Journal.)

Frang's Illuminated Publications.

In addition to chromos and half-chromos, we issue a series of illuminated publications, notably: "Day-school room Cards," "Sunday-schoolroom Cards," "The Beatitudes of our Lord," "Rewards of Merit," "Marriage Certificates," "Illuminated Crosses," "Illuminated Bible and Prayer-Book Marks," "Illuminated Scripture Texts," and "Illuminated Picture-Cards." A complete list of these publications will be found in the first number of this Journal.

The "Illuminated Sunday-schoolroom Cards" are particularly designed to ornament the walls in Sunday-school rooms. They consist of Scripture mottoes illuminated in the most gorgeous and elegant style, equal to the best that are painted by hand, which are sold for \$10.00 each and upwards. They are printed on heavy plate-paper, and are mostly in type large enough to be read across the largest schoolroom. They cost from \$0.65 to \$1.25 each. Of these cards, "The Penn. School Journal" says, "A single one of these cards would be greatly enjoyed in the schoolroom; and a half dozen or dozen of them would form a collection as well worth the money as anything published. Neatly framed, they will last for many years, always beautiful, always suggestive of good thoughts; while, at the same time, they give a quiet air of refinement to the schoolroom, felt alike by pupil and teacher. Wherever a flourishing Sunday school exists, these cards are gladly welcomed. But why the Sunday school only, when the day school may be benefited even in a more marked degree, and may obtain them with equal readiness?"

"The Beatitudes of our Lord," twelve plates, 11x14 inches each, are after original designs by Miss Jennie Lee. This series constitutes one of the richest illuminated publications ever issued in print. Every plate is equally meritorious in design and illumination. These twelve plates are put up in one elegant portfolio, and the whole forms a most select and rich subject for a holiday gift. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe says of them, that their execution filled her with patriotic pride, that there was nothing superior to them in the publications of the Arnold Society, and that "Sunday-schools might be beautifully and appropriately ornamented by these 'Beatitudes' in panel frames around the room."

Rev. D. A. Whedon, in "The Northern Christian Advocate," expresses the same views. He says—

"Why not hang them in our Sunday-school rooms? We once had only the cheap card to place on our walls, and it served its day; but art now gives us something better. Art sanctifies itself in the production of such cards, on which the eye never tires of gazing, and which cease not to preach to us the blessed word. I believe in making the church and Sunday-school room the most attractive places on earth, especially for children. I would almost risk the coarsest and rudest class in the presence of these works of beauty; for, prone as we will about plainness, we cannot ignore the law of human nature, that education is given largely through the eye. Let our plain, unadorned, but attractive rooms be made up of beauty, and the precious lessons of the gospel will be taught to large numbers, and more successfully."

"The 'Illuminated Scripture Texts' are Bible verses, in various styles, all elegant and artistic, printed on cards of album size, which are assorted, and sold at from fifteen cents to forty cents per set. The Boston Transcript" says of these cards, "No child can grow up coarse and gross; if a love for the beautiful and the holy be thus early implanted in him. All who are interested in the moral and religious education of children in Sunday schools and elsewhere, should examine these singularly beautiful and instructive texts."

Our other card publications are all attractive and popular; but our space does not merit us to describe them.

We also publish a series of illuminated books for young folks, various devices and valentines as gifts to ladies, albums, album cards, crayon pictures and portraits, monumental designs, and souvenirs of the War for the Union. Send for catalogue, which will be forwarded on receipt of a postage stamp. By L. Frang and Co., Boston.

We advise our readers to send for a copy of this interesting little paper.

Appropos of a remark that Russians are absolutely incapable of understanding or appreciating a joke, this story is related:

"An Englishman was relating to a Russian friend that he had once seen on a country road a post with this inscription:—'This road leads to the town; all persons who cannot read this may apply to the blacksmith.' To the great anguish of the narrator, his friend remained perfectly composed, and thanked him for the story with a studied politeness, which showed that he had not understood it in the least. But the next morning the Russian burst into his friend's room in convulsions of laughter, exclaiming, 'My friend, I do understand it now!—I feel that I was not so stupid of it. Alas! the blacksmith might not be away from home!'"

At a recent meeting at the Bowdoin College Memorial Hall committee, Hon. S. F. Benson was elected to fill the place of the late Prof. Wm. Smythe as collector of funds. Mr. Benson has always been an ardent friend of the college, and will undoubtedly successfully complete the work so ably begun by Professor Smyth. \$30,000 have already been collected, and a large amount still remains upon the subscription list, the most of which can be collected without difficulty.

STORY OF A DOG.—Many people laugh at the idea of being careful of a dog's feelings, as if it were the height of absurdity; and yet it is a fact that some dogs are so exquisitely sensitive to pain, shame and mortification, as any human being. See when a dog is spoken of as being over him. His head and ears stick, his tail drops and slinks between his legs, and his whole air seems to say, "I wish I could sink into the earth to hide myself."

Prince's young master, without knowing it, was the means of inflicting the most terrible mortification on him at the time. It was very hot weather and Prince, being a shaggy dog, lay panting and lolling his tongue out, apparently suffering from the heat.

"I declare," says the young Master George, "I do believe Prince would be more comfortable for being shaggy." And so forthwith he took him and began dressing him of his coat. Prince took it all very obediently; but when he appeared without his usual attire every one saluted him with roars of laughter, and Prince was dreadfully mortified. He broke away from his master, and scampered off home at a desperate pace, fell down collar and disappeared from view. His young master was quite distressed that Prince took the matter so to heart; he followed him in vain, calling "Prince, Prince!" No Prince appeared. He lighted a candle and searched the cellar, and found the poor creature, cowering away in the darkest nook under the stairs. Prince was not to be comforted; he hid deeper and deeper into the darkness, and crouched on the ground when he saw his master, and for a long time refused to take food. The family all visited and cooed with him, and finally his sorrows were somewhat abated; but he would not be persuaded to leave the cellar for nearly a week. Perhaps by that time he indulged the hope that the hair was beginning to grow again, and all were careful not to destroy the illusion by any jests or comments on his appearance. [Queer Little People, by Mrs. Stowe.]

CATTLE MARKETS.—The drovers had another hard market last week, as appears by the following extract from the Boston Advertiser:

"The tendencies of the market are decidedly in favor of the buyer, and we think the average of prices allowing for more liberal estimates, and the larger shrinkage which always accompanies a decline in prices, is 1-2c per lb. lower than last week. If our list of prices do not show that amount of decline, the reason may be found in the fact that by far fewer cattle were sold at the higher figures this week than last. A few head were sold this week at 13 to 15-1-2c, consequently these sales must be noted, though a much larger number are sold at 14 to 14-1-2c, that would have brought 15 to 15-1-2c at the previous market. Many drovers, whose stock may be rated as fair to good, place the decline at 1-2 to 3-4c per lb, and the most of the drovers allow 1-2. The receipts of cattle from Maine are only 29 this week. Some 35 were kept over from last week. A part of these 64, were sold as beef, leaving but a small number of store cattle. Several of the pairs from Maine were large oxen and in beef condition. J. A. Jenkins sold two pairs, 7 & 8 in, for \$900, or about 14-1-2c per lb; one pair 7 & 8, 1300; one pair 6 & 7 and 8 in \$355; J. A. Jenkins sold 2 cows and calves for \$180."

SUNDAY REST NECESSARY.—A distinguished physician says, without reference at all to the theological question, "Although the right equals the circulation well, it does not sufficiently restore its balance for the attainment of a long life. Hence, one day in seven by the bounty of Providence, is thrown in as a day of compensation, to perfect by its repose the animal system. You may easily determine this question by trying it on beasts of burden. Take the horse, and work him to the full extent of his power every day of the week, or give him rest one day in seven, and you will soon perceive, by the superior vigor with which he performs on the other six days, that his rest is necessary to his well-being. Man, possessing a superior nature, is borne along by the very vigor of his mind, so that the injury of continued diurnal exertion and excitement in his animal system is not so apparent as it is in the brute; but in the long run it breaks down more suddenly; it abridges the length of his life and that vigor of his old age, which (as to mere animal power) ought to be the object of his preservation."

MYSTERIOUS DEATH AND ARREST OF SUSPECTED PAINTERS.—A Skowhegan correspondent of the Lewiston (Me.) Journal says that some time during the past winter an old gentleman by the name of Fletcher died quite suddenly at the house of Benjamin Hurd at that place. Mr. Fletcher was reported to have had a large amount of property (\$20,000) in bonds, which the relations of Mr. Fletcher were unable to get any trace of. Since the death of Mr. Fletcher, his relatives have been quietly watching for any development which might be made, till last Wednesday, when they made a formal search of Hurd's house, which resulted in the recovery of about \$2500 worth of missing property, and a partial confession of Hurd, Hurd and Mrs. Loring, his housekeeper, were arrested, and after examination Hurd was ordered to recognize in the sum of \$3000, and Mrs. Loring in the sum of \$2000, for their appearance at the next term of the Supreme Judicial Court.

The Rev. Dr. N. M. Wood preached his farewell sermon to the Baptist society and congregation in Thomaston last Sunday afternoon, and has left for upper Alton, Illinois, to which place he lately received a very urgent call. He is well known in this State as a man of chaffardier and ability, and his departure is regretted. He has been settled at Waterville, Skowhegan, and also at Lewiston.

DRINK IN BARRICA.—If there be anything frightful, if there exist a reality that surpasses dreaming, it is this: to live, to see, the sun; to be in full possession of manly vigor; to have health and joy; to laugh valiantly; to run towards a glory glittering before you; to feel in your chest, lungs that breathe; a heart that beats, and a will that reasons; to speak to think; to hope; to love; to have a mother, a wife, and children; to have light, and then suddenly, before there is time for a cry, to be hurled into an abyss; to fall, roll, crash, and be crushed; to see constellations, dawns, dawns, and branches; and to be unable to hold on to anything; to feel your sabre useless, and under you and horses over you; to struggle in vain; to have your ribs fractured by some kick in the gloom; to feel a heel on your eyes; to bite with rage the horse's bit; to strive to yell, to write; to be underneath, and to say to yourself, "A moment ago I was a living man!"

Dr. Fayer sends the New York Evening Post the following remedy for gastric troubles: hydropate of potash, one ounce and a half; water, one pint; to be given in doses of one tablespoonful two or three times a day. It may be mixed with meal, or put into a pill of water. This is probably the best remedy known.

