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The Eastern Mail.

A Family Newspaper.....Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, the Mechanic Arts, and General Intelligence.

VOL. VI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JAN. 6, 1853.

NO. 25

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If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00

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POETRY.

[From the Bangor Mercury.]
"THE FOOLS AINT ALL DEAD."

BY DAVID BARBER, ESQ.
The fools aint all dead 'tis a maxim that's sounded
From grog-shop and tavern, from stable and shed,
And truthfuller adage was never pronounced
Than this modern proverb—"The fools aint all dead."

While Virtue in tatters is shunned and neglected,
And wanders an outcast, forlorn and distressed—
While Vice in its limelight is wooed and respected,
Invited and flattered, esteemed and caressed—

While quackery the practice of science is spunging,
Though science goes hungry while quackery is fed—
While hundreds and thousands are greedily gorging
To swallow a humbug—"The fools aint all dead."

While kinsman with kinsman, or neighbor with neighbor,
For forest of trifles will madly dispute,
And squander the proceeds of twenty years' labor,
To settle the question by reference or suit—

While printers depend for their bread upon patrons,
While men for a ballot will cringingly bow,
While dandies, despite of a life from the matrons,
Will barter their all for a lib'rtine's vow—

While women conjecture that novels before them
Will stamp them forever as ladies of taste,
That man cannot fail to admire and adore them,
For smallness of feet and for horn-like waist—

While fops are esteemed for the starch in the collar,
And bear's oil proffered to the brains in the head—
While merit's outweighed by the 'almighty dollar,'
'Tis plain to be seen that "The fools aint all dead."

The fools aint all dead, and my readers will know it,
For he who can hope to win glory or bread
By leaving the forum and turning to poetry,
Illustrates the fact that "The fools aint all dead."

MISCELLANY.

[From Peterson's Magazine.]
"DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND."

BY CARRY STANLEY.
[CONCLUDED.]

Again the weeks flew by, leaving Florence in a trance of happiness. Her glad laugh was less seldom heard, but her smile was sweeter, if less gay than formerly. Basil Cleaveland was ever by her side, with whispered words in her ears and his dark eyes bent on her, till she felt as if under some mesmerist's spell.

One day, Philip returned from the post-office with a letter, which he handed to his sister, saying—
"Here, Florence, you declared you should die if you did not get to Newport this summer, and mamma, in order to preserve your valuable life, has written to say that if you will go home immediately, she will spend a week or so there, till the season closes."

Florence looked perfectly blank, and replied immediately—
"I do not want to go at all."

A smile of thanks immediately beamed on Basil Cleaveland's face, which, noticing, she continued—
"I have not a dress fit to wear at a place of the kind now, and there would be no time to have any made; for every body will have left Newport, who was worth meeting, by the time I should be ready to go."

Another smile, which puzzled Florence, gleamed from Mr. Cleaveland's eyes.

But now, as time passed, she began to feel less happy than she had been. She missed the whispered words, and the steady looking toward her eyes, which had so enchanted her; till gradually Mr. Cleaveland's manner became as coolly polite as it had been on their first acquaintance.

But Florence Imbrie's pride suffered her to make no change in her demeanor. Her old, gay spirits seemed to have returned, and her manner was as cordial as formerly; there was a laughing defiance in her eye, which seemed to say, "not quite caught yet, you see."

One night, as Florence was about retiring, Anne entered her chamber, saying—
"Coz, if you are not too sleepy, I want to tell you something."

"Never was more awake in my life. Has the Grand Signor asked you to marry him yet?" was the reply.

"If you mean Basil, he says he won't have me, but—"

"But—Phil will, I suppose you mean to say. Well, you will make a dear little sister-in-law, to be sure. Pray, why has your Prince Royal condescended to release you at last?"

"He told me this morning that he feared we loved each other too much as cousins, ever to be happy as husband and wife; but since, as if we did not marry, half of the fortune which Uncle John left us was to go to other heirs, he did not like to break off our engagement, as it would diminish my portion so much; but said that he had thought lately that we should both be happier without the money than with it."

"And Phil thought so too, I suppose. Well, you dear little soul, I am glad of it. You are rich enough yet, in all conscience, even if Philip was not, and he has too much money for his own good."

Florence retired that night with renewed hopes. She now thought that the alteration in Mr. Cleaveland's conduct arose from a doubt as to whether Anne would really release him. There appeared now no obstacles to her love, and with happy dreams of the future, she went to sleep.

But with the morning's dawn the old willfulness returned. She began to consider whether she should not refuse him at first, just to let him see that she was not to be had too easily.

But, alas, for Florence's resolution, a week passed, and Basil Cleaveland's manner never changed from the indifference which had marked it for so long a time.

The green beauty of summer had given way to the gorgeousness of autumn. The ash and the hickory threw out their banners of crimson and gold on the edge of the woods; the many-leaved maple, and the russet-leaved oak tree sent out musical whisperings on the still air. Above the brown fields and gay woods a solitary crow

wheeled and cawed, seeming to add to the quiet which reigned around; and over all came the purple haze, known only to our autumns, which heightens their beauty by partially concealing it.

But not such was the landscape on which Florence Imbrie gazed half abstractedly. The rain came down in heavy, pattering drops, with a ringing, musical sound on the fallen leaves. The wind sighed and moaned through the desolate, empty chambers of the woods, rocking, with a wailing voice, the oriole in its nest, or sending a gust of fine rain tinkling against the window-frame by which Florence leaned. The twilight was fast deepening into darkness, and yet Florence stood, as she had been standing for half an hour, partially concealed by the curtains, her tall, elegant figure looking perfectly statuesque in its immobility.

A well known step at length crossed the room, although she was not conscious that she had been watched for some moments before. The old, defiant light rose to her eyes, which but now were so sad, as she gaily exclaimed, "By the pricking of my thumbs, Something evil this way comes."

In a moment after, she was joined by Basil Cleaveland, who said,

"Positively, Miss Florence, you are growing sentimental, latterly; what is the matter? I have always observed that only young ladies in love have such intense liking, as you seem to have, for dreary, rainy days; it is so conducive to reverie, you know. And there was a 'mocking devil' in his tone, that almost made the proud girl stamp her foot with anger."

"Judging by myself, Mr. Cleaveland, your observations are correct, for I am not in love, and I assure you that I cordially dislike these Indian ink landscapes. I was just wondering when Philip would get over his intoxication enough to leave Anne, for the country is getting disagreeably cool."

"Yes, so much so, that I intend starting for the South in a few days. I really do not know how I am to bring my mind to coming North, to Anne's wedding, in January."

"Well, I suppose Mr. Newton will not refuse to marry her, because you are not here to give your consent," replied Florence, steadily.

Basil Cleaveland darted a quick glance at the speaker, but the twilight had deepened so much that he could not see whether there were any traces of emotion on her face, although she still leaned against the window. There was a moment's silence, when Florence, having put out her hand to draw a larger chair toward her, the curtain as she turned brushed a cluster of splendid crimson samaras leaves from her hair. They fell at Cleaveland's feet, who picked them up, but instead of returning them to her, he said,

"Will you not let me keep these, Miss Florence? I should like a memento of you that has some sentiment in it. I want to remember you in your subdued mood, you know; and again that light, self-collected, mocking tone fell upon her ear."

"Of course," was the reply, in a voice in which not a trace of wounded pride or affection could be recognized. "Of course, I could not refuse to so intimate an acquaintance as yourself what I have granted to some dozens of others."

"Well," exclaimed Cleaveland, gaily, twirling the leaves in his hand, "this has been a pleasant flirtation after all, Miss Florence. What a pity it was only a flirtation!" And with his rich, mellow voice, he repeated Miss Landon's lines.

"But yet the dream was pleasant, though it hath vanished now,
Like shaking down loose blossoms from off the careless bough;
They never came to fruit, and their short lives soon were o'er,
But we passed an hour beneath them, and we never No vows were ever plighted, we had no farewell to say;
Gay were we when we met at first, and we parted just as gay."

There was little to remember, and nothing to regret. Love touches not the flatterer, love chains not the coquette.

It was well for Florence that the quotation was long, for it gave her time to recover the firmness of her voice to reply,

"I never knew before, Mr. Cleaveland, how good an elocutionist you were. 'Tis a pity I have missed so much, for I should have tried to have got you to read aloud to Anne and myself, during these hot summer mornings, when we could not stir out of the house."

The next day, Florence found her cluster of samaras leaves on the floor, by the chair in which Basil Cleaveland had been sitting, having been carelessly dropped and trodden upon.

During the rest of Cleaveland's stay, Florence's manner never varied toward him. There was no blushing cheek nor drooping lid, no unnatural gaze to hide wounded love. She never avoided his company, never seemed to wish to hurry her own departure or delay it after him; and as he was descending the steps of the piazza, she called out to him in a most acquaintance-like way, "be sure to come back to the wedding, Mr. Cleaveland."

The early part of the winter passed in a series of brilliant triumphs to Florence. The same gay old smile was on her lip, and at times the same saucy sparkle in her eyes, but, though none knew why, all felt that her manner was not the same. Irresistible young dandies were not quite so sure of her favor as formerly; those who had sought her before to bandy jests with her, now felt the sting of her biting sarcasm at times; and the base, who had liked her for her sparkling freshness of manner, now declared that she had grown suddenly old.

The time for Anne's wedding was now drawing near, and the middle of January found Florence at Ashley, deep in all the mysteries of satin, lace and orange-flowers.

One afternoon, as Florence stood at the window, watching the falling snow, Frank exclaimed—

"Cousin Flor, do let's go out, and have a run, won't you? Come, we'll snow-ball each other, and then go and see Mrs. Willets."

Florence immediately acceded to the child's request, for her mother and aunt were holding consultations on the cake, Mr. Ashley was taking his after dinner nap in the library, Anne and Philip seemed to be rehearsing the marriage ceremony, and being left to her own resources was not particularly agreeable to her.

The visit to Mrs. Willets detained them till the fast-falling snow and night were coming down together, and by the time Florence had changed her dress and entered the drawing-room, nothing could be seen from the windows

but the lawn and fields, enveloped in one vast sheet of white, and the parlor itself was lighted only by the large, bright fire in the grate. This threw out a warm, glowing light over the room, leaving only the large bay window at the further end, shaded by heavy curtains, in shadow.

"Oh, this is delightful after the storm without," exclaimed Florence, just as her aunt was leaving the room; and approaching the fire, she placed one foot on the low fender, and leaning her head against the mantel-piece, she gazed into it abstractedly. Her reverie ended, with an audible "heigh-ho," and going to the piano she sat down and commenced playing. At first, she ran her fingers listlessly over the keys, as if half unconsciously. Then one song followed another, all mournfully sad, and her voice rose in the quiet room appealingly, almost wailingly in its sorrowfulness.

The curtains by the front bay window moved, and as Florence was sitting with her back to it she knew not that the room had another occupant, till a well-known voice whispered in her ear, "Florence."

The piano gave a groan, as Florence placed her hand on the keys in her fright, but as she was not a young lady who was given to fainting, she only said,

"Bless my heart, Mr. Cleaveland, how you frightened me. Why, I thought you were in Florida; but I am really glad to see you."

Basil Cleaveland would have been just as well satisfied if she had not expressed her pleasure quite so freely.

"Why, we had given up all expectation of seeing you now, it is so much later than you had promised to be here," continued Florence.

"I came to see you, Florence, rather than to Anne's wedding," was the reply.

"You are very kind, I am sure I appreciate the compliment, Mr. Cleaveland; and a gay laugh ended the sentence."

"Florence, will you never have done with this coquetry?" he said. "You know that I love you," and his voice grew thrillingly low as he took her hand. "Will you be my wife, Florence?"

The proud girl withdrew her hand, and had not her head been turned away, Basil Cleaveland might have discovered a gleam of triumph in the flashing eyes, as she haughtily answered—

"If you are serious, sir, I shall be under the necessity of declining the honor which you intend me."

She arose from her seat, just as Frank came bounding into the parlor with the intelligence that the mice had been eating the fruit cake, and that as no one could be married without that, he supposed the wedding would be deferred till some more was made.

Florence left the room, saying to herself, "I have had my revenge now; and if an unwelcome gaiety, during the evening, was any indication of her real feelings, she enjoyed it exceedingly."

But as the days passed on, she began to wonder whether it had afforded her the pleasure which she had anticipated. Mr. Cleaveland made no effort to renew the subject; and when on the night of Anne's wedding he watched her, with her heavy black hair banded so smoothly over her calm brow, and the unflinching gaze of her dark eyes into his, he inwardly vowed her to be the most finished coquette he had ever known.

A week after the wedding had passed, and Florence had maintained her old manner toward Cleaveland, with the exception of a little more reserve when alone with him.

The night before the departure of the bridal party for their homes had come, and Florence stood at the familiar bay-window, gazing out on the moonlight as it bathed the cold, shrouded fields, and lighted up the dark evergreens as they bent beneath the snow-wreaths.

"Your thoughts must be among the stars, Miss Florence," said Cleaveland, approaching.

"No, I was only wondering where we should all be this time next year—a common-place thought enough, you see," was the answer.

"Philip and Anne will scarcely have done cooling by that time, and you, I suppose, will be smiling on some dozens of cavaliers," replied he, bitterly. "As for myself, I may be on the top of one of the pyramids, or sledding with some Russian beauties, down the ice-hills of St. Petersburg."

"Oh! I almost envy you your visit to Europe. I see no chance of getting there myself, for Philip and Anne have been once, you know, and it would be cruel to take mamma flying over the world to please me."

A pause in the conversation ensued for a few moments, when Cleaveland said,

"Miss Imbrie, after to-morrow we may not see each other again for years, perhaps never; and I wish to explain to you what you may have considered ungentlemanly in my behavior. Do you remember our conversation at this window, that rainy twilight, some months since? I commenced it with the full determination of offering myself to you, for I loved you then, Florence; but on the day of my arrival here, I heard you declare to Anne your determination to flit with me, and I vowed to meet you with your own weapons. I thought I at length discovered that you loved me, but I was ungenerous enough to wish to have a full revenge, though I was totally foiled by your self-possessed manner on that evening. I then determined that you should not see your power over me, so I jested on. During my absence at the South, the hope that you loved me again returned, and it was that, rather than Anne's wedding, which brought me here. I have been convinced of my mistake, and can only crave your forgiveness for having troubled you."

"I, surely, have nothing to forgive. My girlish vanity led to all this," answered Florence.

Again there was a pause, broken by Cleaveland, who said,

"You will at least think of me kindly, Florence, when I am away?"

But no answer came; for his listener would not trust her voice, and her eyes were full of tears.

"Will you not think of me, Florence?" and Cleaveland took one of her hands in his own, and found it trembled violently.

A whispered "yes" was the reply. It was very low, but it made the heart of Basil Cleaveland leap for joy. The hand was still retained, without an effort on the part of Florence, to withdraw it, and an arm stole around her waist.

"Will you not be my wife, Florence? Must I go alone?" said Cleaveland.

We never heard precisely what reply was

made, but we judge that it was not "no," for when Philip and Anne entered the room an hour afterward, they heard Florence say,

"Well, we outwitted ourselves as well as each other, for it was 'diamond cut diamond,' after all, Basil."

And a few months afterward, in the list of passengers in the "Atlantic" for Europe, we saw the names of "Mr. Basil Cleaveland and lady."

Aunt Keziah's School Master.
"I say I'll believe my child before all the young ones in the school and the master too."

These words were uttered in no gentle tone, by Keziah Chase, the wife and mother of Edward Chase, saddler, in Allensborough, commonly called Aunt Keziah—that is, the woman was so called—Mr. Chase commonly enjoyed the honorable appellation of "Aunt Keziah's man." The above sentence was addressed to a long-legged, intelligent and benevolent looking Yankee named Job Champlin, who had been conversing for some time with the aforesaid Aunt Keziah. His object was to pacify the wrath of the dame, whose child had been punished by the schoolmaster for the offence of profanity.

"And do you believe," continued she, "that I shall let that college rascal whip my child? No, I'll warrant—I'll see if such things are allowed." And forthwith she proceeded to array herself in her red cloak and hood for an obnoxious tour. "Why," said Mr. Champlin, "you whip your child yourself, don't you?"

"Well, what if I do?"

"You whipped him last night—might I ask you what for?"

"It's none of your business—it was because he told me a lie, if you must know."

"Well, then, how do you know that he has told you a lie in this affair? You had better be certain before you set the town in a blaze."

"I say I know he hasn't, and that is enough, and I'll see who is going to be master."

"Well, well, it's no use arguing, and so we must lose the best schoolmaster we have had in five years all for that"—we don't know what either he was about to bestow, for he suppressed it, with his habitual caution. Aunt Keziah had in the mean time begun her travels. The wind was high and her motion against it rapid; for a time her cloak "streamed like a meteor," but ere long the look gave way, and it was wasted into an adjoining swamp. An exclamation was uttered, as Keziah only might utter, or rather a malediction on the head of the poor pedagogue, as though he had been in league with the power of the air. In her climbing the fence to recover the cloak, certain other disarrangements were made in her wardrobe, which rendered it unnecessary for her further to nurse her wrath—it was boiling of itself. The cloak was at length recovered, and the needful adjustments made, and again the movement was onwards. She soon reached the abode of Mrs. Shutes, who was the mother of four white-headed, dirty-faced, bad-tempered young ones, who uniformly attended indifferently well the winter school, until some of the number suffered some penalty of the law, when they were simultaneously withdrawn for the season. Their education remained in statu quo till the commencement of another school. One schoolmaster who reigned for a number of years, getting knowledge of this fact, used to flog some one of them the first day of their appearance, and so gained a riddance for the season.

"Well," said Aunt Keziah, "it's fine times when our children are beat and banged about by every body that comes along."

"It beats him, I do say," responded Mrs. Shutes, "that a body can't help themselves in this country. I say to my children every year, do you go to school and learn your books, but as soon as the master touches you do you come home. I suppose you can keep your children at home as well as I."

"Keeping them at home ain't the thing. I'm not a going to lose my part of the school money by keeping my children at home, and in the way too. I say we ought to have a master that won't whip."

"That is what I've always said, but nobody would join me."

"Won't your husband vote to turn the master away?"

"Yes, indeed, he will, if other folks do, I'll see to that."

"Well, I'm going round to see what I can do. I'll let these starved collectors know that they are not to whip my boys for nothing."

"What did the boy do?"

"Nothing at all. They said he swore, but he said he didn't, and I'll believe him before all the rest of the young ones that the master has set against him."

"So I guess I would," said Mrs. Shutes, but adding after Mrs. C's departure, "Satan never had a servant that would lie and swear worse than that brat of hers. But let her turn this master away I say."

Aunt Keziah was connected in some way of blood or marriage with half the families in the town. This affinity of families is often found in Yankee land. This, together with certain qualities of character, gave her a great influence in the town, and especially in the district. In consequence, in the course of the day she had raised a powerful party against master Leach, sufficient in her opinion to effect his overthrow. In her movements she followed merely the impulse of her feelings, without any regular plan; still the wisdom or cunning with which she moved was such as led more than one to suspect that a certain personage of much experience in mischief making was on this, as on other occasions, her counsellor and guide.

Having thus learned her strength, Aunt Keziah resolved to show her courage and gratify her vengeance by bearding the lion in his den. Accordingly on the next morning she set out for the school house, with her hopeful son before her. The classes had read before her arrival, and master Leach was employed in the task of setting copies and making pens, where-with divers characters were to be made. This was the season of stolen whispers, paper shots, felonious abstraction of hairs, and display of polished earn, &c., inasmuch as the attention of the rigid master was necessarily withdrawn. At this season the door was thrown open, and Aunt Keziah entered, with her hopeful son in the van. Master Leach raised his head, and steadfastly gazed on her glowing countenance, and wisely resolved to give her the privilege of making him her wishes.

"I've brought back my boy to see if you dare strike him—there, sit down," pointing the culprit to a seat, and raising her voice—"now

let me see you strike him,"—here her warmth exploded in a fit of coughing.

"Certainly," said master Leach, "you shall see me whip him if it will be any gratification to you. I promised him I should punish him the next time he came." Accordingly taking his birch, he applied it in good earnest.

"Stop, stop, you rascal," said Aunt Keziah, rushing forward—but she was not brought to a stand but a fall, by the protrusion of the feet of one of the larger boys, who was no admirer of Keziah. A prominent member of her countenance manifested its dislike of such proceedings by a copious discharge of scarlet fluid, and her cloak from red began evidently to sympathize with the sabbleness of the floor. She arose, and with increased fury, proceeded not directly to the throne of the pedagogue, but the fireplace, to secure the tongs, which have been deemed a woman's peculiar weapon; but as is common in school-houses, their temperature was not far from 200 degrees. Of course, they were not long retained, and the shriek that accompanied their relinquishment had something apparently equivocal in its character, judging from its opposite effects; as it produced coughing on the part of some, and tears on the part of others. An immediate retreat was the consequence, when master Leach calmly resumed his writing.

Aunt Keziah now started on another tour, and found her bloody nose and blistered hands effective arguments. The precise nature of the commentaries she read thereon we know not, but as she was never noted for strict adherence to truth, we may suppose they were adapted to the end in view.

At any rate, uncles, cousins, nieces, half sisters, and sisters-in-law, were led to believe that the said master Leach was a monster of cruelty, and the universal wonder was that their children and pets were in the land of the living at the present time.

The next day the school house was deserted save by the families of the minister and Judge Wickes. Silence reigned in the deserted hall, and the master, though not afraid of Aunt Keziah, began to feel lonesome. The usual duties, however, performed.

In the evening he visited the worthy minister of the parish and detailed the history of affairs. The minister absolved him from blame but doubted if things could go on unless there was a reconciliation with Aunt Keziah, which he did by no means advise. Another day passed as did the former. Leach determined not to give up the ship, but regularly to spend the appointed hours in the schoolhouse.

After a week's silence a school-meeting, as it is called, was appointed for the purpose of taking into consideration the state of the school. Master Leach thought himself well qualified to give any information on that subject, and hence that he was a suitable person to attend the meeting. He was therefore present, which was very embarrassing to these sage and independent personages whom Aunt Keziah had moved to manage the cause of school district No. 9, alias Aunt Keziah versus Eben Leach. Some time was passed in silence and such profound meditation as occupies the minds of such assemblies for purposes of which they are ignorant. Finally, one remarked that "something must be done for the school, or it would run down, or if nothing could be done, it had better stop." In venturing thus far, Aunt Keziah's mouth piece thought it necessary to conciliate by lauding the excellency of the school as taught by the aforesaid Leach—yet highly as they valued his services, it was to be feared the school could not be continued. A number expressed themselves to the same effect, whereupon Mr. Leach rose and remarked, that if parents who wished their children to learn, and had as high an opinion of the school as they had pretended, could not send their children through fear of a termagant wife, it was not reasonable to suppose that he should release them from their engagements. He was, he said, hired to teach for three months—it was agreed that he kept a good school—but if they saw fit to dispense with one third of his services, he was content, only his wages must be paid. This was a poser. Yankees never like to pay their money for nothing, and not often for a fair equivalent. However, as the decree had gone forth from Aunt Keziah that another pedagogue should reign in his stead, his demands were paid and he was permitted to depart. He was however in no hurry to depart, as the vacation was not ended, and his friends were at too great a distance to visit. Perhaps it was because he wished to see what would take place—perhaps he was attached to Judge Wickes' daughter, for he afterwards married her—though we would by no means as a general thing infer the former from the latter.

A new master was engaged to keep the remaining time. He was a student at another college, a native of another part of the township. He had desired the school from the first but had been less esteemed by the trustees than master Leach. This man's name was Salmon. He avowed his belief in the veracity of Aunt Keziah's darling, and the bad effects of flogging on either extremity. He was in consequence speedily inducted into office. He resolved not to split on the rock of his predecessor, and therefore lost no time in making known his pacific intentions. They were announced on the first day of his reign, in expectation of securing a capital stock of popularity. The effect was sudden and striking. A laudable emulation to see who could go farthest from established usages arose—instantly were overturned, ears violently elongated, and voluntary and involuntary falls from benches were made; these were a few out of the many exploits that whitened away the time and broke the monotony of study. In the afternoon a few slyly withdrew, locked the door, ascended the house and placed a board over the top of the chimneys, saluted the house with a volley of stones, gave three cheers for the master that would not whip and departed.—[Selections from the writings of Andrew Robinson, published in the Boston Traveller.]

A LETTER THAT IS A LETTER.—Mr. Jeremiah Wardwell, of Bucksport, writes to us: "I am going to California, but with this I send you five dollars, in payment for the Republican Journal. Now, that is the way to start for California. We shall send Mr. Wardwell a printed receipt with our own sign-manual at the bottom, which will be not only a certificate of character, but a talisman which shall protect against all robbers, villains and Indian savages. In the cool of the evening when Mr. W. goes from his labor to his sleep, it will be sound and sweet, for his conscience will commend his act; and in the freshness of morning

he will shoulder his implements of toil, with confidence and joy, for gold is for the honest laborers. And the companions of Mr. W. who have not paid the printer shall lament—for their 'holes' shall be filled with water, and the earth shall yield them no ore. Mr. Wardwell starts for California right. He might have gone off, and we been no wiser, but poorer.—Therefore we predict for him great success.—We will set his accumulation at twenty thousand dollars for four years. To some hundreds who may go to California, and who are owing us, we point the example of Mr. Wardwell, and add the scriptural injunction, 'Go and do likewise.'—[Republican Journal.]

Legal Disabilities of Wives.

Lucy Stone, in one of her addresses in the Syracuse Convention, (as reported in the Cleveland True Democrat,) gave some graphic illustrations of the workings of the laws, in many of the States, in regard to woman. Among others, she mentioned a case in Boston, of a young lady who married, bringing to her husband several thousand dollars. He died four weeks after the marriage, and his relatives came down from the country, entered their claim, and secured two-thirds of her property.

Another, of a mother, who had labored with all a true woman's self-sacrificing devotion to accumulate a sum sufficient to carry her only child, an invalid, to the sea-shore, as a last chance of a restoration, when the hard-hearted husband and father, learning the place of deposit of this invaluable treasure, (seized it, you know it was not stealing, under the law, it was his, because the woman was his, he owned her) appropriated it to pay old debts, and left his child to die, and his wife to weep unavailing tears, and suffer untold miseries.

Another still, where a young man, not long married, was sinking into the grave, leaving a wife and daughter. A brother of his, long married, and childless, wished greatly to obtain the child as his own, and, by continued persuasions, succeeded in securing an article making her over to himself, upon the death of his brother. He afterwards persuaded the mother to consent to her return with him to his home, for a mere visit, but when, upon the death of the father, the mother wrote for her return, she was informed it was no longer hers, but his, and when in her desolation and anguish of soul she set off for the place, and sought legal advice, was shown, as beyond appeal, the document in the tremulous hand of the sick husband, making over his own child to another.

You will say, added Miss S., that these were all very mean men. Yes, but remember just as mean as the law allows them to be.

A Merited Rebuke.

A correspondent of the New York Times writing from Boston, gives the following incident, in his travels to that place:

Among the crowd in the cars, as we came up from Fall River, was an old man, an original. I must tell you something of him, for he is of a type which you would find nowhere except in America. A Lynn shoemaker once, with a most simple air and stupid Yankee drawl, but the sharpest wit under it. As Hawthorne says, "There are no rustics now in New England," they are all cynics and philosophers.

Some young gentlemen in the car thought they would have fun out of the old Yankee; they commenced by asking him impudent questions, and he answered in his simple, drawing way, and they were led on, until at length it began to appear they had got hold of a Tartar. They tried

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

Senator Cass has made a speech, denouncing the filibusters. He would be willing to purchase Cuba; but he believes in public as well as private morality, and values the honor of his country at too high a price to come to any scheme of aggrandizement.

Comer hither, Sir John, my picture is here? What think you my love, don't it strike you? I can't say it does, just at present, my dear, but I think it soon will, it's so like you.

Raisey, get up and get me something to eat. Why, John, there's nothing to cook. Nothing at all? No, Will, get up and get a clean knife and fork—I'll go through the motions any way.

CALIFORNIA RELIGION. A letter from San Francisco, published in the Gospel Messenger, says: To give you some idea of the church expenses here, Miss C., one of the prima donnas of our choir, Trinity Church, I understand, receives \$1200 a year for her singing. We have morning services at 11 A. M., and evening services at 7 P. M. And for church is out Miss C. goes and sings at the theater.

It is an editor's duty always to tell the truth. (Washington Union.) Ah, but that's specific duty, and you know that the Democrats are opposed to specific duty.

Beware of the recoil of sinful indulgences; we may break our necks over the orange peel of our own throwing down.

Dobb says there is advantage about plaid trousers—every time he gets asleep, the boarders roll him over and play checkers on his back.

John, did you find any eggs in the old hen's nest, this morning? No, sir. The old hen laid any, she mislaid them.

Jokes, to be appreciated, should not be written, but told. Catch the sparkling foam of the sea and bottle it, and what was a moment ago living pearls dressed in sunshine, is now a bad sample of pork pickle.

Why do the ladies like the north-east wind? Because it brings the eggs to their lips.

What is the letter D like a squalling brat? Because it makes the mother cry.

Teacher—How many points of the compass are there? Boy Two: east and west. There used to be four; but as Mr. Webster said he didn't know any north or south, I suppose there is none. Teacher—Correct—go up to the head.

What is next to an oyster? The shell. A hard case that.

SOUND DOCKERS. The Boston Times very sensibly says there is no reason in requiring the post office department to pay its own expenses, than there would be in requiring our Mediterranean fleet to pay its own expenses by bringing home raisins from Malaga and figs from Smyrna.

How FOLKS DIFFER. We chew tobacco, the Hindoo takes it whole, while the Patagonian finds contentment in a bite of guano. The children of this country delight in candy, those of Africa in rock salt. A Frenchman goes high with rice for food, while an Esquimaux, in his stunted, stunted candle the climax of dainties. The South Sea Islanders differ from all these, their favorite dish being boiled clergymen, or a roasted missionary.

Dr. Cartwright, the distinguished physician of Natchez, asserts from personal experience, that a few hours' confinement to a sugar water bath, with the addition of a certain cure for consumption.

FILLED AND SUNK. So poor Mrs. Prim is dead, at last. O yes, poor critter, she couldn't bear to hear how Doctor Squibbs was sliding over a When Wimple was the last filled with grief and sunk under it—she died.

Poor unfortunate creature. How does my new cap look? Boyish. A boy in the country writes to another in the city to come and visit him. He proposes to him to get his father's consent, and says it might be done. In this way I ask your sister to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come.

The young lady who entertained a mortal aversion to flattery, has consented to attend divine service for a year without a new bonnet, and acknowledging her entire indifference to a pale faced youth living across the street, who quotes poetry and plays upon the guitar on moonlight nights. She is a model for her sex, indeed.

When you get sick by over-eating, send for the doctor. He will send you. Then take a dose of physic: This will relieve much of the pain. Line kind words with much food, they're so much easier. Then you can go on with your dying. (Water Cure Journal.)

RECIPE FOR JOINING GLASS. Melt a little singeing in spirits of wine, and add a small quantity of water. Warm the mixture over a fire, and when it is melted, add a little oil of turpentine, and it will form glue perfectly transparent, and which will re-unite broken glass so nicely and firmly that the joining will scarcely be perceptible to the casual eye. Line kind words with much food, they're so much easier. Then you can go on with your dying. (Water Cure Journal.)

That the use of tobacco is a violation of nature, is evident from the difficulty experienced by the novice in acquiring this accomplishment. Nature cries out against the abuse, and her repugnance can only be overcome by persevering efforts. Read a child's history, and you will find that the use of tobacco is repulsive with disgust. The same is true of an adult, until he has learned to conquer his prejudices. Give it to pigs, and they will say, as well as they can, that it is not fit for them.

CHOLERA IN NEW ORLEANS. The cholera still lingers in New Orleans, by which means the Board of Health report 144 deaths in the city during the week ending December 18, nineteen of which were from cholera.

Western editor requests those of his subscribers who own him more than six years' subscription, to send him a lock of their hair, that he may know they are still living. To the late Lawrenceburg, Indiana, Register says, "It all our subscribers, and we are glad to hear that we could make money by carrying on the wig business."

An old sailor, at the theater, said he supposed that dancing-girls wore their dresses at half-mast as a mark of respect to departed modesty.

DEATH BY LIGHTNING. The pleasant mode of death yet discovered is said to be, by those who have tried it, being killed by lightning with the telegraph. The Vice President elect is the last one who has been killed in this way, and he was killed by lightning.

LITERARY AND THEOLOGICAL. An old clergyman, more remarkable for the earnestness of his exhortations, than for his knowledge of the English, undefined, arose and announced the following: "The shall come in the last days 'pollutions times.' Like Sydney Smyth's reviewer, who was horrified at the dreadful images suggested by the unchristianized 'times,' and the preacher with his fearful emphasis upon the unchristianized 'pollutions times,' yes, pollutions times are coming. Just then a more erudite brother, sitting behind him in the desk, interrupted the orator with, Brother, the 'times' are here. He looked at the passage intently—Oh, ah, yes, pollutions. Sinners was and was.

After a careful examination of the matter, Dobb has come to the conclusion that there are only two kinds of children in a large city, one of which has just escaped from the wheel of an omnibus, while the other is just getting under them.

The New York Mirror says very properly, that any man who will buy by nomination, or his election to Congress, will sell his vote to the highest bidder when he gets there.

WHO IS FRANKLIN PIERCE? The Cleveland Plain Dealer, having been thus interrogated, refers to the table of votes to which his Whig inquirer thus rejoins: "For the sake of information we made the civil inquiry. Who is Franklin Pierce? That you have pondered the question with commendable promptness, I admit; but it is futile to answer a civil question so thundering loud."

It is astonishing what opposite effects will be produced by the same cause. As, for instance, suppose a blustering, self-principled, pompous man, in the effort, when applied to books, is apparent in the cracking of the leather, and in the opening of fissures admitting the free passage of water; when applied to man, in quantity, the same fluid has the effect of making him tight.

Horace Mann in his lecture on Women says, "I see but one reason why woman should not preach the gospel, and that reason is, that it is ten thousand times better to go about preaching the gospel, than even to get into it."

Counterfeit \$5 bills of the Union Bank, Brunswick, Maine, are in circulation in Boston.

Rev. Henry Giles failed to deliver his lecture at Gloucester, Mass., last week, because some one stole his trunk containing that and other manuscripts of value.

A THIEF. The following trade is said to have taken place in our town: I'll trade an unicorn to a man, here's that gun. Does, was the reply.

The trade was made, and the parties started off in different directions, when the boy suddenly stopped, put his hand in his pocket, and said, "Oh, look here, Pete—here's a watch, that belongs to the watch—you might need it!"

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The January number of this favorite is out, brimful with things 'rich and strange,' a choice few of which we shall present our readers next week. We are happy to learn, that since the reduction of price, the circulation of this work has largely increased in this State. It can be had at J. G. Moody's, Hamsom's Block, Waterville.

FORRESTER'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE.—The December number, which has just come to hand, is the first of a new volume, so that now is the time to subscribe, and make glad the hearts of the little ones for a while and year to come. We find but one fault in this little work for children, which is, that our old friend Mark does not always talk small enough for the comprehension of his readers. Published by Wm. Guild & Co., 120 Washington st., Boston, at \$1 a year—the postage being but six cents.

GEORGE'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION. This brilliantly illustrated weekly journal has just commenced a new volume, and is certainly a most popular and elegant affair, in the way of literature and art.

With all its array of attractive illustrations, or brilliant literary matter and vast improvement generally, the price of the Pictorial is greatly reduced. The terms per annum are \$3. Single copies, six cents each. For sale at all the periodical Depots in the United States.

The Lyceum—Mr. Hitchcock's Lecture.

"The Human Races," was the subject of Prof. Hitchcock's lecture on Wednesday evening last. His introductory remarks indicated the boldness and liberality of the true christian and scholar—resting with full confidence upon the truth of divine revelation, yet inviting the sharpest investigation of science, and waiting confidently for the harmony for which true faith in God always looks. For the christian, the scholar, or the man, it was an honorable effort. Though we could not fairly see our way to the same conclusion with the speaker, we could not deny the fairness and candor of the argument by which he reached it.

To-morrow evening, Friday, lecture by Rev. C. F. Allen, Bath. Wednesday following, by Rev. E. B. Webb, Augusta. Third week in January, Wednesday eve, by Prof. Champlin, of Waterville. Fourth week in January, Tuesday eve, by Prof. Shepard, Bangor.

Lectures are also expected from Rev. Dr. Sheldon, Rev. S. Allen, and Rev. R. B. Thurston, of this place; Rev. Dr. Neale, of Boston Judge Tenny, of Norridgewock, and other gentlemen from abroad; though the above are the only definite appointments made thus far.

To Correspondents.

We are falling behind-hand with our correspondents. 'Teetotal' on tobacco, must have his turn, though we hardly relish his manner of trumpeting his own shame. It may do good to somebody.

'Ida' shall be heard for her good sense—though patience may become one of her virtues before her turn comes.

'O weep not for the dead,' 'The forsaken,' and 'A Dream' are each on file for insertion.

A pretty piece from Mrs. Addams, the actress, 'A Fairy's Lament,' will be found in another column.

The letter of our Cincinnati correspondent—for which we tender our thanks—was by some means delayed till its news became old.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January reaches us promptly from Fretledge & Co., through the hands of Moody & Co., agents. It contains another chapter of Abbott's Napoleon, with the usual choice variety of other reading. It will be seen that the price is reduced to such a boy of the agent. Harper's is certainly the cheapest, as it is the most valuable, of the magazines.

STREET SIGNS.—Our streets are now 'done up and labelled' in good order—stone posts marking the boundaries, and signs at the corners giving the names of the various streets. This indicates progress. How long before the doors will be numbered?

FROM THE CITY OF ST. DOMINGO.—The brig Suteiff, Capt. Coffin, from St. Domingo City, Dec. 6th, arrived in Boston on Monday. Capt. Coffin reports that the black vomit, or yellow fever was still committing ravages there, and many of the crews of foreign vessels had died.

The disease was also quite fatal on shore. Among others who had died was the French Consul. The American Consul had also been sick, but was recovering.

Capt. Coffin reports that during the month or more that he was in port at St. Domingo, he heard nothing of the occupation of the peninsula of Samana by the French, and thinks that the story must be incorrect.

THE FRENCH PARTY IN SONORA.—Late accounts from Mexico announce the death of the French Count de Rousset, the leader of the enterprise at Sonora, and the defeat and submission of his whole party.

IMPORTANT VERDICT IN AN ADVERTISING CASE.—In a suit in the Supreme Court yesterday, before Judge Oakley, brought by the proprietors of the Courier and Enquirer against Henry I. Ibbotson, for advertising, the jury rendered a verdict for plaintiff of \$318.89, the amount claimed with interest. It appears that when the advertisement was taken to the Courier office, there was some misunderstanding respecting the number of insertions. It was, however, put in, led and displayed, and remained so for 150 days, at two dollars for each insertion. The defence set up was chiefly that Mr. Ibbotson's orders in respect to the advertisement were not carried out. However, he took the Courier and Enquirer daily, and as was presumed by the Court, saw the advertisement in question, and should have notified the editor to alter or discontinue it. The Court ruled that he should have given this notice, and not have expected to enjoy the benefit of the advertisement without paying for it.

PUTTING-DOWN THE BIBLE IN LONDON.—The Roman correspondent of the London Daily News writes as follows:

"The vigorous searches of the Roman authorities after Bibles within the limits of the eternal city have now extended beyond the place of Christianity and the Jewish quarter has been subjected to a strict perquisition by the police agents. One would imagine that with respect to the Old Testament, at any rate, the Jews might be allowed to judge whether the translation of Diodotus was sufficiently correct for their persons; but it appears that the cardinal view, under whose especial surveillance the Hebrew community are placed, knows better than their own rabbi what is fit for them to read, and has, therefore, confiscated the forbidden books, together with many of their own

editions—which, upon their complaining of the loss, they have been advised to grant and ask for again at the police office. It is really astonishing that, in the so-called centre of Christianity, the dissemination of the Bible should be looked upon by the ecclesiastical authorities with as much horror as the circulation of the most atheistical productions.

SOME folks have luck even in their sickness. We know a lady who loses her health just sufficiently early in June to be ordered by her physician to seek Saratoga in July. She 'regains her strength' about the first of September, but, we regret to say, it is completely prostrated again as the season of 'house cleaning' approaches in October.

Notices.

Cash Notice. Notice is hereby given to all who are indebted to either of the terms of Dow and Nye, or Pearson and Nye, that the books are to be found at my Store, in Waterville, until the 10th day of January next. Those who wish to avoid cost will please call and pay their demands before that time. JAMES PEARSON. Waterville, Dec. 20, 1882.

We advise our friends who are desirous of purchasing DRY GOODS at prices than ever heard of before in Waterville, to read E. T. ELDEN & CO.'s advertisements, to be found in another column, and give them an early call; as nothing can exceed in quality, styles and prices, the inducements which they offer. They are opening up a splendid assortment of Fall and Winter Dress Goods, consisting of all the latest and most choice patterns.

Only 1.25—For ladies' fine thick sole Gaiter Boots, at WHEELERS.

DINN ELDEN & CO. are now prepared to offer to their old and new customers a large stock of goods, for their excellence of operation, beauty of design, or durability. They have just added to their stock some thirty different kinds of Clocks and Parlor Clocks, of new and original patterns, which are worthy the attention of purchasers.

Dr. Weaver's Medicine—Their effects on Canker and Salt Rheum. Paw Paw, Mich., Nov. 8, 1881. Messrs S. A. Weaver & Co.:—Dear Sirs: My daughter has been troubled with Canker and Salt Rheum for the last year. I have tried every remedy that I could find, but nothing did her any good. I have tried your medicine, and she is now cured. I have tried your medicine, and she is now cured. I have tried your medicine, and she is now cured.

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FURNITURE WARE-ROOM.

J. P. CAFFEY & CO. At their old Stand, corner of Temple and Main streets. Now offer for sale a complete assortment of Cabinet Furniture and Chairs.

embracing Sofa, card, center, and common Tables, of various patterns, Bedsteads, Tables, Washstands, Chamber Sinks, Toilet-Tables, Light-Stands, Trunks, &c.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT of Mahogany Stuffed Chairs.

Mahogany and cane-back, Rocking Chairs, cane and wood-seat, of various patterns, Children's chairs, &c., &c.

Thin, Cotton, and Spiral Spring Mattresses. Together with the best assortment and the largest sized to be found in town.

LOOKING GLASSES. Channeled, Plain, and Ornamented.

CHAMBER-SUITS. N. B. All kinds of Cabinet Furniture manufactured to order, at the lowest prices, at the Kennebec. Waterville, Dec. 1, 1882.

WE ARE SOUGHT AFTER BY ALL WHO WISH TO CLEAR THE TRACK! J. G. MOODY & CO.'S BOOKSTORE, HANSON'S BLOCK, Main St., where can be found

CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS, ANNUALS AND JUVENILES.

together with a large supply of Gift Books. Poetry, and Books, generally suitable for Presents, Bibles of all kinds, in Gift, Trunks, and various patterns, Bedsteads, Tables, Washstands, Chamber Sinks, Toilet-Tables, Light-Stands, Trunks, &c.

TOYS! TOYS! TOYS! A new stock of Toys and Fancy Goods for NEW YEARS.

Gilt Dolls, Pearl and Ivory Dolls, Pocket Knives, Backgammon Boards, Billiard Balls, and various patterns, Bedsteads, Tables, Washstands, Chamber Sinks, Toilet-Tables, Light-Stands, Trunks, &c.

PERFUMERY. Just received, a fine assortment of Perfumery of all kinds, viz.: Lubin's Extracts, essences, Harrison's Oil for Hair, Cologne, Florida Water, &c., &c.

TOILET. A full supply of all the popular Music of the day, and order from Waterville twice a week.

SELLING OUT FOR SIXTY DAYS. E. T. ELDEN & CO. At No. 3 BOUTELLE BLOCK, now either at wholesale or retail, their entire stock of FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, Carpets, Fenders, Crochery & Glass Ware.

AT LESS PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE HEARD OF IN WATERVILLE. All who are in want of any of the above named goods, will find it to their advantage to give us an early call, as we have decided to close out our present stock, in order to make new arrangements for the coming year.

Monochromatic Board. C. Stump, Black and Chalk Crayons, French Paint Crayons, &c. For sale by J. G. MOODY & CO.

TEAS. JUST RECEIVED, a fresh lot of TEAS from Mr. A. Shaw, a native of China, and formerly Tea Merchant in Canton. Warned, and sold by W. H. WILSON in Waterville.

Dyer's Vegetable Bitter Syrup HAS been in use ten years, and has been proved to be a safe and effective remedy in many cases of liver complaint, jaundice and bilious affections, loss of appetite, indigestion, and other disagreeable symptoms incident to the sudden and severe changes of weather so often experienced. Undoubted certificates of its efficiency might be obtained and presented, but the proprietor is willing to place it upon its own merits. Manufactured and for sale by WILLIAM DYER, Apothecary and Druggist, WATERVILLE, ME.

SLEIGHS FOR SALE. THE Subscriber has on hand a large number of beautiful sleighs, which he will sell at wholesale or retail to suit customers, on the most reasonable terms, for cash or approved credit.

Waterville, Nov. 31, 1882. JOSEPH MARSTON.

A. WITHAM & CO., Wholesale Dealers in Groceries, Feeds, and Domestic Fruit, Cigars, &c.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED FOR SALE AT No. 192 FINE STREET, PORTLAND, 120 boxes Tea, various qualities; 200 boxes New York Cheese; 50 boxes Early Potatoes; 200 boxes Pollock Fish; 20 boxes H. Sugar; 20 boxes Raisins; 20 boxes Apples; 20 boxes Canned Fruit; 20 boxes Canned Meat; 20 boxes Canned Fish; 20 boxes Canned Vegetables; 20 boxes Canned Fruit; 20 boxes Canned Meat; 20 boxes Canned Fish; 20 boxes Canned Vegetables; 20 boxes Canned Fruit; 20 boxes Canned Meat; 20 boxes Canned Fish; 20 boxes Canned Vegetables; 20 boxes Canned Fruit; 20 boxes Canned Meat

