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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 32): February 5, 1869

Maxham & Wing

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THE LIGHT AT HOME.

The light at home, how bright it beams  
When evening shades around us fall;  
And from the lattice far it gleams,  
To love and rest and comfort call.  
When weary with the toils of day  
And strive for glory, gold or fame,  
How sweet to seek the quiet way,  
Where loving lips will lay our name  
Around the light at home!

When through the dark and stormy night  
The wayward wanderer homeward flies,  
How cheering is that twinkling light  
Which through the forest gloom he spies,  
It is the light of home. He feels  
That loving hearts will greet him there,  
And safely through his bosom steals  
The joy and love that banish care  
Around the light at home.

The light at home—how still and sweet  
Is peep from yonder cottage door,  
The weary laborer to greet,  
When the rough toils of day are o'er!  
Sad is the soul that does not know  
The blessing that the beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow  
And lighten up the heaviest heart  
Around the light at home.

[From the Galaxy.]

MISS FAITH.

"Our ideals, partially realized, are powers for good in our lives."

Miss Faith Langley, being my ideal woman, was a power in mine. I used to see her, Sunday, when I first became a teacher in the academy at Winton—a lady with delicate features, bright eyes, and sunny-brown hair. I remember I thought the face a grave one, sometimes, when it was lifted in earnest attention; if, after the service, she turned to speak to those about her, it seemed the very brightest and sweetest face in the world.

Sometimes, in my solitary evening walks, I caught a glimpse of her black-robed figure on the street; or, passing at dusk by the great, old-fashioned white house where she lived, saw the red glow of the fire lighting the walls within.

It was a house that seemed to live a cheerful life of its own. It had great windows, made up of a multitude of little panes; a lawless wood-pane over and around four of them, and the rose-venes on either side the door had climbed over, and were peering into them audaciously; two irregular gables jutted out in the shadow of the elms; a spacious "yard" was on one side, with a garden and stables back, and, on the other, a dwarf hedge ran along the fence leaving a narrow space for a straggling colony of irises and English violets that grew under the window.

When I first used to see the house, in the warm spring weather, the great door was usually open, letting one look in on a wide, sunny hall that ran through to the yard behind; the old trees around it were getting their leaves, and the grass was rich with dandelions.

Everybody in Winton knew Miss Langley, and loved her; so I made her acquaintance, through others, before I ever heard her speak. But one morning she came down to the school, bringing two poor children. She was standing in the corridor when I came down, at nine o'clock and they were clinging to her skirts and crying.

"Are you Miss Fletcher?" she asked, looking up at me with a little smile.

"Yes," I said.

"I have brought you two new scholars, and I expect they're going to be the greatest scholars in the school. They have always been my picaninies," she continued, addressing the children more than me; "and they're going to show how much picaninies know. Aren't you, Jule?"

"Yes'm," sobbed the poor little mite at her side, casting a fearful glance at me.

"Won't you go in, then, with the lady and me?" Miss Faith asked, bending down to wipe the tears from the round cheeks. "See, Lizzie is ready."

After some demur, Jule suffered Miss Faith to lead her into the schoolroom, where she and Lizzie gazed about them with awestruck eyes. "May they sit together," asked Miss Langley, "and not have lessons till they get wonded?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "I know how it is with children; they want a day to look about it."

I put them at an empty desk, where they sat, a miserable pair enough, with their odd, Irish faces drawn down dismally.

"I pity them so much," said Miss Langley, when I came back, glancing at me for my sympathy, "the poor, little deserted things! They never have been used to restraint, Miss Fletcher; you won't mind if they are restless, will you?"

"No, certainly," I said, following her to the door. "Restlessness is a disease prevailing among my children."

"I suppose so," she said, laughing. "Shall you be at liberty this evening, Miss Fletcher? I should like to have you take tea with me, and hear about Jule and Lizzie; I think they will interest you, as they do me."

I was only too happy to stop that night at the house that had so often attracted me, instead of going on a lonely pilgrimage over the road beyond to watch the sunset from Brixton Hill. It was a beautiful April evening of warm air and softened sunshine. The lilac hedges in the garden were budding, and the cherry trees were white with bloom.

As I turned in at the gate, I saw Miss Faith pacing back and forth in the hall beside a tiny old lady dressed in stiff, lustrous, black silk. Everything about this lady was dainty, from the ruffle at her throat to the silk gaiters; her white hair was smoothed away under a plain muslin cap, and her slight hands clasped before her. As she came down the length of the hall, she looked like an ancient countess or court-lady, exiled and worn with years; and Miss Langley, walking beside her in her light dress of grey, was like a sister of charity robbed of bloom. The latter hastened forward to meet me with a welcoming smile.

"Thank you for coming, Miss Fletcher," she said. "Walk in. This is Mrs. Wall. We were having our evening promenade."

Mrs. Wall lifted a pair of intensely black eyes a moment, and bent her head haughtily. Miss Faith led me into the parlor.

"Sit down," she said. "Now I am afraid this fire will make you uncomfortable. It's one of my selfish peculiarities. I never can get along without a fire. Shall I raise the window?"

"Not on my account; I like a fire."

Miss Faith laughed.

"Then I am sure you are a hundred spirits, and I congratulate myself on making your acquaintance. It sounds very beautifulish to call one's self a fire-worshiper, Miss Fletcher, but I believe I'm a little of one."

While she was gone with my hat and shawl, I looked about me. It was such a comfortable parlor. Large and lofty, with book-shelves covering one side of it, with a great red-tufted rug before the open fire, and a round table drawn close.

There was a deep, windowed recess on either side of the mantel, and ivy-framed, a quaint picture of the Madonna hanging in one of them.

The room was peopled with pictures, some of them treasures.

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# Waterville Mail.

VOL. XXII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, FEB. 5, 1869.

NO. 32.

alcove at the back, and between the front windows stood a lady's desk and chair. One of the recesses seemed to be Miss Faith's peculiar province, for a light table and chair were placed within it, and the window-ledge was strewn with books and work. She came back presently.

"I told you Jule and Lizzie were some of my picaninies," she said. "That's a queer expression; but see if they're not like picaninies!" And sweeping back a curtain, she let me look out on a plot of green where a crowd of poor children were tumbling and running, shouting and swinging from the branches of a ragged apple tree.

"I don't know if you like children as I do," continued Miss Langley, watching them with her peculiar bright smile; "they are very interesting to me. I make a yearly bargain with my special horde, that they shall let me do what I can for them. They dine with me by three, in turn, and after dinner we have lessons. Jule and Lizzie were so especially bright that I got a notion of educating them for teachers, and I thought the academy would be an improvement on the common schools; but it was a sore trial for them—How have they got through the day?"

"Nicely," I answered. "The scholars have quite patronized them."

"Oh I am very glad!" said Miss Faith. "I was afraid they might be insolent to them. How do you like Winton, Miss Fletcher?"

Mrs. Wall, who had been continually pacing up and down, paused at the door.

"Hear the birds sing, Faith!" she said; "they sing just as they used—as they used so many years ago. I wonder what the reason is?"

"Perhaps they don't learn new songs, dear," said Miss Faith, softly, "their old ones are so pretty!"

"Ah," murmured Mrs. Wall, letting her bright glance wander out of the door, "perhaps it's that! but it frets me—it makes me want to remember, and I never can—I never can!"

Miss Faith went and took her hand gently.

"We shall both remember sometime," she said, in a low voice, "and know what it all meant."

"Perhaps he'll tell me sometime, Faith—the time's so long coming!"

"Oh, not very long," Miss Faith answered. "Won't you rest awhile, now?"

"It's a great pity, Bridget is ringing the supper bell," she continued, coming back to me; "there's a glorious sunset; but, as practical folks say, 'supper's necessary and sunsets ain't,' so we'll leave the first. Come, Mrs. Tina!"

A gentleman was standing at one of the windows as we came into the dining-room—somewhat undersized, but ruddy and stoutly made, with strongly marked features, keen blue eyes, and a mass of iron-grey hair swept off his brow. The severe gravity of the face rendered it unattractive to an ordinary observer.

"Miss Faith introduced him simply as Mr. Canby.

When we were seated, he said grace, the shortest and most effective I ever heard uttered.

"Oh God, give us kind hearts; give us thankful and faithful hearts, and bless us."

"Mr. Canby," said Miss Faith, when the meal had commenced, "how has Matthew managed with the tulips?"

"Passably well. He wants experience. I looked to them."

"But I can't have you burdened with the care of my garden. Matthew must learn."

"The burden of a garden!" said Mrs. Wall, suddenly. "What a light burden that must be!"

"The bees carry the most of it," remarked Mr. Canby.

"You remember that little poem you read me?" said Miss Faith. "How, coming from the enchanted garden."

The laden bees dropped sweetness from their wings,  
Upon the scentless flowers.

That is such a pretty fancy! Are you fond of flowers and poetry, Miss Fletcher? I mean are you sentimental?"

"I'm somewhat inclined that way," I admitted.

"Sense and sensibility approach nearly there," observed Mr. Canby.

"Don't they meet?" Miss Faith suggested.

"They never meet. One side or the other, always—and sense pays better."

"Now, that's unjust," said Miss Faith. "I have a mania for beauty myself, but if picaninies Martha was here, she would tell you how extremely practical I can be in case of need."

"You are the exception to all my rules," said Mr. Canby, looking at her with something like reverence; "yet exceptions prove the rule."

"And speaking of picaninies," continued Miss Langley, "I believe they have all gone home. I told Bridget to give them supper, but her life is a catalogue of omissions."

When tea was over, and Miss Faith and I were in the parlor alone, I could not help remarking on the blessedness of silence after the everlasting clatter of school.

"Still one wants the privilege of choosing," Miss Langley said.

"Are you ever lonely?" I asked, in surprise.

"Why, I'm not exactly a 'lone lone cresset,' she laughed; "but I have my blue times, too; now I'm going to tell you about Jule and Lizzie."

It was a simple story—a common one made uncommon by the eloquent telling; a story of drunken parents, a desolate home, and two lives starting all in the dark: then the lives taken and set in the sunlight to learn how to grow.

We sat there in the twilight, and talked a long time; it was nearly eight when I rose hastily, hearing merry voices at the gate.

"Don't hurry," said Miss Faith, "or, if you must go, come to-morrow morning, and let me show you the garden. It's Saturday, isn't it?"

So I went back that night with the prospect of another time of pleasure.

"If you are exiled," I said, laughing, "it is to the land of lilies and clouds."

"Oh, they are great vagabonds, those clouds; they can't go along their streets like decent citizens, but they must straggle about like vagrants. Do you love violets, Miss Fletcher; here are some that camped in the wilderness, away from my flower settlement."

"They are all the sweeter for it," I said, putting them in my belt lovingly. "I shall make them tell me stories all day."

"Don't have them prosy ones," said Miss Faith. "Take some lilies to vary the tales a little. I see Bridget has relented and stopped sweeping."

I went away down the sunny street, and she paced back slowly to the house.

My visits at Miss Langley's were frequent after this. Perhaps she saw that I loved to come, and opened the way; perhaps she had some little liking for me herself. She was always cordial and cheerful, always ready to sympathize, always working for others; so that I sometimes wondered if so unselfish and beautiful a life as hers had ever been lived; but as I knew her better, I found there were two Miss Faiths—one with a sturdy cheer about her, bright and vigorous, the other solitary and gentle, living in a wilderness of fancies.

I went there one summer afternoon, when I was tired with school duties. Miss Faith was not in the parlor, and I sat down to wait for her. Presently, Fanny came in, bringing a dish of flowers.

"Oh, it's you, Miss Fletcher!" she said. "Miss Langley told me to ask you to stay the night if you came. Mrs. Wall's sick."

"Sick?" said I. "What is it?"

"I don't know!" replied Fanny. "Like she always is. She's been pretty bad for a week."

So I took a solitary supper, then went back to the parlor and sat down alone to watch the twilight, thinking, with a strange sense of wonder, how the dark was growing, and a life was growing, the one into night, the other into light.

I passed a lonely evening. The clock was striking ten, and I was getting tired of moonlight and reverie, when I heard steps on the stairs, and Miss Faith came in. The light of the candle she held, showed her face paler than usual, and a slight pained contraction of the brows.

"Marian," she said, speaking rapidly, without any greeting, "I think Mrs. Wall is dying. Are you afraid of death? Can you stay with her ten minutes alone?"

I shivered with the chill the thought of death brings.

"Where are you going?" I faltered.

"To do a little request of hers."

I followed her without more hesitation.

"Don't wonder at anything," she said, hastily. "Only be passive, and humor her."

Mrs. Wall was sitting in the bed, propped by pillows, looking as if with her streaming grey hair and wild eyes. Water and wine on a table beside her, and a pale candle flickered from the bureau beyond.

My eye went over these details as I entered, then was immediately fascinated by a portrait hanging on the opposite wall—the face of a man of twenty-five, full of singular and haughty beauty, like Mrs. Wall, yet strangely unlike her; wonderful eyes that seemed as if they would haunt one forever; an expression that attracted and repelled—half uncanny, half beautiful.

Mrs. Wall's restless glance followed mine to the picture.

"Ah, Miss Fletcher," she said, "Faith sent you, didn't she? My son James, Miss Fletcher—you've never met him, have you? I suppose Faith wanted you for a witness. She's gone to get ready for the wedding; she went once before, I remember, but something happened; what was it, Miss Fletcher?"

"Something?" I said, bewilderedly. "Ask Miss Faith when she comes."

"Yes," said Mrs. Wall. "Faith'll know. Faith'll know. It made me ill then; I shall be well again when they're married. I'm tired now—so tired!"

She fell back on the pillows, and I held the wine to her lips and fanned her. Fifteen minutes she lay thus, scarcely seeming to breathe, while I sat beside her in a sort of terror, afraid to look at the portrait opposite me, afraid of the whisper and stir of the night wind; then the door opened again and Miss Faith entered.

She was dressed in a heavy white silk, that shimmered in the lamp-light and hung in rich folds about her; a white lace veil was flung over her head and confined by a string of pearls; the lines of her face were sternly rigid, and her cheeks whiter than the dress.

"Ah, you have come back!" said Mrs. Wall, with a little spark of returning animation. "How beautiful you are, Faith! but so pale and cold! Your cheeks were like the roses before, and your eyes so bright—but then it's years and years—"

She sank down again, and her breath came heavily.

"Kiss me, Faith," she said, faintly, after a pause, "and then go. You will be my own daughter now—my darling; and we shall be happy after all."

"Her strength seemed to depart with this, and she lay motionless and pallid. Miss Faith, while I crept softly away to the window. The breeze stole in, stirring Miss Faith's filmy veil as she leaned forward with the same fixed face, and fanning my flushed cheeks as I leaned on the sill.

We sat there for a time that seemed an age. The figure on the bed never moved. I heard the clock strike twelve.

"Don't stay," Miss Faith said, softly. "I am not afraid to be alone."

But I kept my place and said nothing more. The night hours went on. A faint grey was in the east when the feeble voice murmured again, "so happy!" and the lips put on a smile and closed forever.

Then the watcher laid the hand back reverently, and hiding her face, burst into tears.

"Dear Miss Faith," I cried, kneeling at her side; "don't weep for her? I'm sure it is better so!"

"Yes," said Miss Faith, simply and sadly, lifting her face again; "a great deal better. The tears were for this side of death."

They were falling thickly, while she spoke, over the little withered hand she had taken again in hers.

"Oh, my poor dear!" she said, "if ever she wronged me, surely I can forgive her now! So death is kind to me."

She closed the eyes tenderly, smoothed the hair, and turned to me, saying, "We will go now."

It was late the next morning, when I stole up stairs to Mrs. Wall's chamber, carrying some flowers in my hands. Miss Faith was there. I laid down the blossoms, and was retreating hastily; but she called me back.

"Marian," she said, "I owe you an explanation of what you saw last night; and I want to thank you."

"I am glad to do anything for you, Miss Faith."

She seated herself at the table, and leaned her head a moment on her hand.

"The story of my life," she said, slowly, "is a sad story—not a fit story for a young girl to hear."

Her eyes wandered to the portrait, hanging above her, with the morning light upon it.

"Don't tell me," I said, "I know; he was your lover, and he is dead."

"No," she answered, "not dead."

"False, then," I thought; but, as if she guessed this, she concluded,

"Nor unworthy."

"He bears the burden of his father's sins," she went on, speaking in a strange, calm way. "It's the hand of fate. I looked at that face—as it is now—not three months ago. He is a maniac, as she has been half her life."

I could not suppress a cry of horror.

"I don't wonder it shocks you," she said gently. "I have lived with the thought till it has grown familiar. It is a form of death. He has been in heaven for years. I think of him there, and I am glad knowing his mother has joined him. What is on earth is only a body—to be regarded because it once belonged to him—that is all."

"I cannot tell you the story, Marian. I do not think of it in detail; I just know I had great light, then great darkness that I thought would never end. But God showed me another world to live for; and a dear friend, whom you have known, showed me how to live for it. So the sun came out broad again, and it has shone ever since."

"And I thought you had always been so happy!" I said.

"I am happy," she answered. "I think I am happier every day I live. Why should any one be unhappy in this world? I want you to think of me always as being glad, Marian. Forget all about this other person, who might be gloomy, and let me be the old Miss Faith again."

We had come out of the chamber while she spoke, and I said "Yes," with all my heart.

"An ancient, maiden lady," she said, pausing on the staircase to smile back at me, "just as merry as the birds and flowers—just as contented as everything God has made ought to be."

DRY EARTH SYSTEM.—Rev. Henry Moul, of England, has written a pamphlet upon what he calls the "dry earth system" which is attracting much attention. The Canadian government has recently put in circulation a large edition of it. It is a plan for disposing of the filth of large towns and cities, or of any single dwelling in city or country, without emptying it into bays and rivers, or leaving it where it will produce disease. Suitable receptacles called earth-closets, are prepared for it where it is decorated by mixing with it dry earth or ashes. The advantages are claimed to be two-fold—a more perfect way of disposing of the filth, so that it may work no injury to the public health, and an immense saving of wealth in the shape of manure for the land. The idea here embodied is common enough, but the value of the invention is, in making the idea a practical one.

TOO MUCH LAND.—How many of our farmers would be benefited by selling one half of their land, and applying the proceeds to the improvement of the remaining half. A farm of sufficient size to deserve the name, can hardly be too small. An acre of land well tilled, and with plenty of manure, will produce more than four of poor land, and takes less labor. A small tract takes less fence—and hence they can be better made, which keeps out breechy cattle, effecting another saving. All the labor on a small farm is accomplished with a saving of time—and he who saves time, saves money also. The going and returning from work, the hauling of manure and produce—each and all is quicker done. The owner can see over his place very quickly, and his hat in the field will sometimes do more good than both his hands. No greater mistake can be made, and perhaps no one often as we think, than that of buying too much land.

The returns of the emigrants from the Mersey, of which we gave an abstract a few days ago, showed a decrease of Irish, and an increase of English and Germans, especially the latter. The statistics of immigration at New York indicate this fact still more clearly. The number of German arrivals was more than double those of the Irish, the figures in round numbers being 101,000 and 47,000. England, which used to send a mere handful in comparison with Ireland, was but slightly behind in 1868, and the indications are that the Green Isle will soon fall behind England in the number sent to settle among us. The city and State of New York retained 67,714 of the whole number who arrived; Illinois, which took 34,625, being the second favorite.

Dark dyes for the hair are generally composed of acetate of lead and sulphur, and consequently cause paralysis. Almost the only, if not the only innocuous dark dye, is a weak solution of acetate of iron, mixed with glycerine, which writers on those subjects say gradually darkens the hair, and has no effect except as a slight tonic. There is no more objection to hair dye than to wig; but those who want one should consult chemists, and not hairdressers.

A Boston exchange says that a Mormon preacher, Elder Sessions, is laboring in Mexico, Oxford county, Maine, and he writes to Utah that he is having good success. Three families will leave for Salt Lake City next spring. The Elder writes to Utah glowing accounts of his success. It is a little singular that the proselyting of a Mormon preacher has never found its way into a Maine paper.

OUR TABLE.

PACKARD'S MONTHLY.—The February number of this vigorous monthly, mainly designed for young men, contains among other attractive articles, "A Woman's Reply to Olive Logan," by Kate Keat; "Education as it should be," by Horace Greeley; "Lovers' Quarrels and Suicides," by Oliver Dyer; "Breathing a Living Soul into a Dead Language," by Elihu Burritt, &c., &c.

Published by S. S. Packard, New York, at \$1 a year.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE.—"A Rough and Ready, or Life among New York Newsboys," by Horatio Alger, Jr., is continued in the February number of this nice juvenile magazine, in which will also be found much excellent reading, including more of "Travels among the Mountains of Massachusetts," with illustrations, a Declaration, a Dialogue, etc.

Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston, at \$1.50 per annum.

ONCE A MONTH.—The February number of this new publication of T. S. Arthur & Sons, of Philadelphia, contains two more chapters of an original story, entitled "The Mills of Tuxbury;" the continuation of "Major Parfifer;" "Unopened Parcels;" "Legends of the Black Forest;" the conclusion of "Nonpareil;" a graphic picture of experience in the printing houses of Boston, by a female compositor, etc., etc. This magazine furnishes in compact and convenient form, the finest productions of the best writers on both sides of the Atlantic. A number is a capital companion for a railroad ride.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Sons, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year, and sold by all periodical dealers.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.—Among the good things in the February number of this old favorite with the young folks are—The Legend of the Chapel Mountain; The Skating Match at Aldersville; Pictures from French History; Famous Dogs; How to Write a Letter; the story of Hollywood, continued; The Rat-Panic at Number Eighty-Eight, as reported by Tabby, Captain of Police, a funny article, &c., &c. Many of the articles are accompanied by very neat and expressive illustrations.

Published by H. B. Fuller, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE.—"Our Boys and Girls," keeps on the even tenor of its way—growing better, perhaps, as it grows older. It suits all the boys and is equally the favorite of the girls. Oliver was lately the recipient of a fine large trout, sent by some one of his down-east admirers, and now the boys and girls of Bangor have sent him a little frolicsome black bear.

The magazine is published weekly by Lee & Shepard, at \$2.50 a year.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL makes its appearance every month full freighted with good reading for the instruction and amusement of youthful readers. In the February number we notice "Billy Murdock's Nugget," "A Year at Riverside Farm," "Curious Things in Colgan," "The Dakota Indians," &c.; but the funniest article is "Thanksgiving in Cricket Country," by Lucia Chase Bell, which will not fail to please all the little folks.

Published by Alfred L. Sewell & Co., Chicago, at \$1 a year.

HOW FATHERS MAY SAVE SONS.—Fathers complain that their sons desire to escape them, are anxious to follow in ruinous ways and seek the pestilential company of the bad. We say to all fathers, make companions of your sons, or more justly, make yourselves companions of your sons. Enter into their interests, their pastimes. Give them an occasional suggestion of interest. Seek to interest them. Watch the bent of their inclinations, their likes and dislikes, and seek to direct them aright. Use as much more care in developing your sons than you would in developing a fine colt, as your sons exceed the colt in value. Do not siffle but encourage in them the love of the beautiful. If they love reading, furnish it them. Reading money is cheaper than grog money, as thousands of fathers can testify. Be careful how you foster a love of fast nags, as they lead to the waste of much time and the formation of bad habits. Two-forty nags make market for two-forty whiskey. It is seldom that a young man of correct habits becomes the trainer of fast nags. Interest your sons in their improvement of your farm, not only where the severest labor comes in, but in improvements for ornament and pleasure. A very little done in this way to interest your boys and neighboring boys, will bind the whole to you in links of adamant. You will not only be the hero of your own family, but of the neighborhood.

If your sons love flowers, which pray God they may, then encourage the love. Cultivate it as carefully as you do your best paying crops. Feed it with horticultural, pomological, and floricultural literature. Cheat them out of their grog money by giving it to them in books which will increase their love of God's beauties and goodness—the annual, untranslated language of heaven written all over the broad expanse of earth for man to see and believe but not read—not yet—until he adorns through God's own planting the paradise of eternity. Do not expect your boys to love what you take no sort of interest in. Do not be disappointed if they do love what you love, dislike what you dislike, and hate what you hate. Hence what you desire to cultivate in the boy cultivate in yourself.

We know that boys can be thus reared to love home—love the father, love the farm, and love to embellish and adorn and make beautiful the farm home.

A boy will take an interest in a farm in the crops and income of which he is interested. A farmer's boy is as willing to have a little spending money of his own as any boy. We knew a father out West whose orchard (young and thrifty) was injured by rabbits frequently. He offered his boys fifteen cents each for killing rabbits. The boys cleared the woods of the pests and had a little money of their own. The father interested the sons in using their money for good purposes, and good resulted all around. Fathers, if you want good boys be good old boys yourselves.

There was a number of shawls which cost from \$300 to \$800 each, worn at a recent fashionable ball in Albany. The estimated value of diamonds, emeralds, and rubies on exhibition on the same occasion was \$50,000. Text for young marriageable ladies, who don't care about being old maids.—Why the deuce don't our young men marry?—So much we find in an exchange, and we suggest as a counter query: How much attention did the plainly dressed girls at that ball receive from the virtuous young men who "can't afford to marry, because women are so extravagant?" Of all the canis that are canted in this canting world there is none more absurd than the



## Waterville Mail.

BEN MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . FEB. 5, 1869.



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Advertisements abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS relating either to the business or editorial departments of the paper, should be addressed to 'MAXHAM & WING, OF WATERTVILLE MAIL OFFICE.'

**RECIPROCITY.**—The subject of free trade with Canada is exciting earnest discussion at Augusta. Bangor and Portland seem to entertain opposite views of the matter; each no doubt looking at different interests. Bangor sells lumber and Portland buys. Potatoes and coarse wool are the farmer's argument, and of course are very likely to be neglected. The Canadians are pretty generally agreed in desiring a free trade to our markets. The result will depend somewhat on the price of votes at Washington.

A drunken fellow who returned from California after his death appeared in print, explained by saying that "another fellow died and laid it to him." If the man so often mentioned as a "Washington Correspondent" is in possession of as good an apology as this for the thousand and one lies told in his name he had better bring it forward. Nothing renders an item of Washington news so apocryphal as the endorsement of this notorious liar. If he says Dr. Howe is to be our minister to Athens, we are sorry to hear the Doctor's chance is so poor; and his constant assurances touching Mr. Blaine and the speakership are the chief sources of alarm to that gentleman's friends, who think his chance too good to need that equivocal kind of help. Somebody ought to tell the reading public, in plain English, that not one in ten of these "Washington correspondents" ever saw the national capital. They are only sprites that creep in sly corners of printing offices, and places where political wires have hinges to be oiled. Of course the "associated press" are not in this secret, and pay for no such telegrams. Of course these writers of "fidelity" work for nothing, and nobody is paying them at that; but they are generating a sad nausea towards the class of bogus news items imputed to them, and will in time render the "big papers," like the N. Y. Herald, and World, and Tribune, as odious in respect to veracity as most people are now convinced they ought to be—in this respect.

The difference between one square mile and one mile square is just nothing; but the man who bargains for a piece of land ten miles square, and is turned off with but ten square miles, gets but one-tenth of what he bargained for. The papers are passing round a paragraph giving the size, in miles, of the various tracts of lumber in Canada, in which this blunder is unnoticed. They say the Ottawa Valley tract is 87,000 miles square, without noticing the obvious fact that a globe but 8,000 miles in its diameter would crowd this lumber so closely together that the edge of an axe could not find the way in. If this paragraph passes without correction it will bring the price of lumber so low that reciprocity with Canada will be of no consequence to either party.

**A MODEST JURY.** Thomas McCann, an old Irish bruiser and drunkard in Portland, was found dead a few days ago, soon after having been seen to swallow a full "tumbler" of rum and several glasses of ale; and the verdict of the jury of inquest, after considering the probable effect of such potation was, that the man died of "an affection of the heart," which affection was rendered fatal by "a violent state of excitement into which deceased was thrown about the time of his death." Very kind jury that, to suspect a man of getting "excited" on a half-pint of raw "dead-shot" and a quart of ale! They ought to have added an admonition to the deceased to keep cool hereafter.

**Rum keeps adding to its victims.** Mr. Wm. B. Richards, who kept a harness shop on Middle-st., Portland, was found dead Monday morning. He slept in his store, and had been attended from the Albion House to his store Sunday evening, where he was left sitting on the bed. The case was too plain to demand an inquest. The Press says, "he was a quiet, peaceable man, always attending to his own business"—but it does not say that there is only one "gilded serpent" in Portland, and that the Albion is not that one. They have a curious way of playing temperance in Portland.

**FOR FARMERS.**—The Board of Agriculture adopted the following resolution on Saturday: Resolved, That the several agricultural societies be, and are hereby required to offer in premiums for the culture of wheat a sum not

less than one quarter of the bounty received of the State during the present year, and the two succeeding years; provided, that if the legislature should offer a bounty on the culture of wheat during either of the years above named, then for such year or years the above mentioned requirement shall be null and void.

Judge Goddard, of Portland, has recently recovered a verdict of \$1,860 of the Grand Trunk Railroad, for personal abuse received from a conductor named Jackson. The abuse grew out of a dispute in regard to the Judge's ticket, and consisted of coarse and profane language, with threats of personal injury. Judge Goddard protested at head-quarters, but got no apology, except, after some months, the promotion of the conductor to a higher post. A suit was then brought, with the above result. Jurors are no doubt ready enough to apply a remedy in all such cases.

Indications at Washington are not as favorable for annexation schemes in general as they appeared before the Alaska purchase. Some intelligent men even think we have territory enough already, especially if the population is either Indians or negroes. The proposed annexation of St. Domingo is laden with the odium of having originated with Mr. Seward, and will of course fail unless it takes some less questionable shape. No doubt that little empire is waiting to be adopted by some power strong enough to protect it from enemies both at home and abroad.

Mr. J. W. Drummond, of Winslow, who lost a harness and three sleigh robes by thieves, as we stated last week, offers in hand-bills a reward of \$100 for the property and thieves, or in proportion for either. He finds on further examination that his loss embraces a chest of joiner tools worth a hundred dollars at least, most of which bore his name or initials. Thus far he gets no track of the robbers.

The too frequent compromises with this class of criminals, of which we often hear, is tending to increase their number. By giving up stolen property, and in many cases, no doubt, giving the officer such fees as suit his conscience, the thief is encouraged to try the game again. A case of this kind recently occurred at Augusta, in which the thief was caught near Thomaston, and after disgorging a large amount of livery stable property, set at liberty. It is thought quite probable that the same villain robbed Mr. Drummond. We hear that a pair of counterfeiters who passed a large number of spurious bills among the farmers in China, were at first hotly pursued, but ultimately permitted to freedom the counterfeiters and go free. This is bad management, tending to increase crime; and those who participate in it, officially or otherwise, should be held legally and morally accountable.

**ONWARD!**—The famous "Home" insurance company, of which Mr. L. T. Boothby is the Waterville agent, has increased its assets during the past year to \$3,966,282 30, being a gain of \$449,876 30. The "Phoenix" has gained \$212,640 60 in the same time, and the "Security" \$206,611 91 in the past six months. Mr. Boothby has also the agency of these two companies—making as good a list, no doubt, as the world affords,—and to which he is fully competent for good service.

The Senate have reported in favor of a pension to Mrs. Lincoln. Very well—but let it be a moderate one, and adapted to circumstances. The foolish scheme of building a new house for the president may yet have to be provided for; and even if not, the present rate of fraud upon the national income is enough to suggest economy in pretty strong terms.

**SETTLED!**—The "Associated Press," after amusing themselves with a dubious variety of reports in regard to president Grant's cabinet, have mutually agreed to settle down upon the following announcement:

"Gen. Grant has made up his mind in regard to his cabinet, but has communicated their names to no one."

No—not even to the associated press! What a free-mason the General must be; not to tell even them, who so rarely tell of anything they know!

The following patents were issued to inventors Feb. 21: B. F. Adams, Bangor, Fly Screens; T. S. Coffin, Harrington, Scythe Snaths; Geo. Webb, Lewiston, Fence Posts; John Johnson, Saco, "Collecting Extradable Products."

High Street Church, Portland, was fired by an incendiary on Tuesday noon, and injured some \$3,000. Insured.

The young ladies who performed the pretty opera, "Pepita," some months ago, are preparing to repeat that pleasant exhibition, in a few weeks. It is said that the young ladies give this entertainment a relish at Waterville that it don't have elsewhere.

**"KNOX."**—Mr. J. H. Getchell, at Somerset Mills, recently sold to Amos F. Gerald, Kendall's Mills, a colt of the stock of "Gilbreth's Knox," for \$200. It was but 7-1/2 months old, 14 hands and 1 inch high, and weighed 650 lbs.

Gov. Wise, in one of his recent long-winded letters on the late Rebellion, Reconstruction, &c., offers the following, which is not bad considering its source:

For myself I praise God for the war every day notwithstanding its disaster and deaths, as a special providence, indispensable to free me and my heirs forever from the weakness if not wickedness of African slavery.

The Baptist Sabbath School of this village, in addition to their regular contribution for the improvement of their library, have assumed the support of Ardistan, a native colporter in India.

## OUR TABLE.

**ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE** for February, like all its predecessors, is full of good reading for the family, and contains a variety of attractive engravings, including patterns and designs. This is one of the safe magazines, that purifies and elevates wherever introduced.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year.

**THE CHILDREN'S HOUR**, as we have often said, is one of the most charming juvenile monthlies published. It is always full of the choicest reading for the little folks, accompanied by chaste and spirited engravings. Put it into the hands of your children and you will be well rewarded.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Sons, Philadelphia, at \$1.25 a year.

"**HERALD OF PEACE**," is the title of a semi-monthly, devoted to the Cause of Peace, and general religious improvement, which comes to us from Chicago. It is published in quarto form, a dozen pages to a number, by the Herald Co., at \$1.60 a year. It is full of good reading, and we desire more of its acquaintance. W. E. Hathaway and Willett Dorland are its editors.

**OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR** for February, published by Daughaday & Becker, 424 Walnut St., Philadelphia, comes to us brighter than ever, and seemingly more than ever encouraged by its New Year's success. We would urge our young folks to send for a sample number, and become acquainted at once with this cheerful monthly. It offers a magnificent steel plate premium engraving for every subscriber, as well as valuable prizes for clubs. Price of magazine, \$1.35 a year; of magazine and engraving, \$1.50 a year.

"**BOYHOOD OF LINCOLN**."—We invite attention to this last beautiful chromo of L. Prang & Co. of Boston, which will be found with all picture dealers. We know it will please all lovers of the true and the beautiful, and all who hold our late President in kindly and reverential remembrance. Hang up the charming picture as a touching memento of the past and an impressive lesson for your children.

**WE HAVE NO ILL** of any account, and thus time with us passes in a monotonous way, with scarcely one pleasant ripple of excitement for the winter, for we have no first class entertainments of any kind, literary or musical, and no exhibition of any merit tarries here even for a single night. Our neighbors at Skowhegan have their large and beautiful Coburn Hall, and are favored accordingly. David Barker has just been there and read his "First Courtship," etc.; Gov. Chamberlain will tell them about "Little Round Top," next Wednesday evening; Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby, "which is Postmaster, at Confederate X Roads," is to be there on the 22d; and every little while Arnold gets up a mammoth musical entertainment which attracts people from all parts of the State. When are we to have a hall?

**CATTLE MARKETS.**—At Cambridge and Brighton, this week, the supply of cattle of extra quality was light, and prices ruled high; but for all other qualities the market was dull and prices fell off from last week. The sheep trade was also dull. A good deal of frozen beef from Chicago was in the market at very low prices. The Boston Advertiser says:—

The Maine cattle mostly arrived this week on Tuesday, and trade at the Eastern yards has been unusually dull and prices unsatisfactory to drovers, one of whom said, as an illustration of the state of the trade that for one pair of oxen for which he was offered 12 1-2c by a home butcher, dressed weight, he had been offered 11c per lb. with a liberal shrink, by a buyer who never made "mean bids." Working oxen are not in demand, partly perhaps in consequence of the storm on Wednesday, which may have kept many farmers at home. The drovers were in bad humor as well as wet coats. They were scolding about the storm, about trade, and about the killing reports of the newspapers which gave prices that they could not realize. The sale of Western steers that have lived not only "in clover" but in corn fields till they are so fat that they can hardly see out of their eyes, or a premium pair from the Connecticut River who think more of fat bullocks than of their children, every farmer who has an ox whose hide can be got off without soaking thinks it ought to bring about the same price on home weight. Your reports, Uncle Fletcher, kill us, and do the farmer no good, as they lead him to over-estimate the value of his stock. This ought not to be so when we report, as we do this week, lots of Western steers at 11 to 12c per lb. The Eastern drovers find prices lower than last week.

Among the sales reported in the Advertiser we notice that D. R. Wells sold one pair, 6 ft 7 in, \$195; and J. W. Withee sold one pair, 7 ft 2 in, for \$260; 2 pairs 7 ft, \$230 per pair; and one pair at 12c per lb for beef.

Of the mutton trade, the Advertiser says:—It will have been noticed by those who read our reports of the market that the great State of Maine has sent very few live sheep to this market since lamb-time. Individuals in Portland and at other central points have learned a better way—that of slaughtering them at home and sending the meat dressed to the commission houses in Boston, who have the free use of sale stands outside of Faneuil Hall in addition to such rooms in the immediate vicinity of the market as they please to hire or purchase. Last fall large numbers of sheep were dressed in Maine and the meat carefully frozen up and protected by the non-conducting properties of the pelts. By the use of the telegraph and railroads, and the knowledge of these resident commission dealers, the holders of this frozen meat and of the live stock are able to take advantage of the state of the market and send a supply at any time. In this way a large loss by the shrinkage consequent on the transportation of live animals is saved. In warm weather the meat reaches the market by rail or steamboat in fine condition,—better, we have been told, than when the animals have been subject to the fatigue of transportation alive. This explanation seems necessary to account for the unsatisfactory trade in ordinary lots of sheep, of which the drovers complain this week.

**THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE**, in Waterville, we are told, will hereafter be kept open a portion of the Sabbath, and from nine to ten o'clock A. M. messages may be sent over the wires. It is again positively asserted that the negro Harris is to be hung, the warrant being in the hands of Sheriff Gross. The execution will be on the 12th inst., and will be private.

## W. Waterville, Jan. 30, 1869.

## AID TO RAILROADS.

To the Editors of the Waterville Mail.

Of late we have seen a great deal in the newspapers in regard to the discontinuance of National aid to various Railroads—by way of land grants, subsidies, &c. As one who is not interested directly or indirectly in any railroad in the world, (except a deal of good will to all,) I think the subject should be looked at in a liberal spirit by all classes. Every one who is at all conversant with the history and growth of the West the last twenty years, knows that this nation has developed its resources to a greater extent than was ever experienced by any nation on the face of the globe. How has it been done?

Take the state of Illinois as an example. The United States gave the Corporation of the Ill. Cent. R. R., alternate sections of land. The railroad Co. is immensely rich in landed property, and the United States has sold land which would not have been had it not developed by that railroad and its branches. This enterprise has placed that state millions in advance of what she would have been but for this great help from the nation; and all this, too, without one cent of detriment to the country. On the contrary Uncle Sam is as much richer as the State has added to its wealth. No enterprise can be started in the west without some gain to the east. What is true of that State will be as true of every railroad into our territories yet undeveloped—if the route traverses arable land, or reaches directly or indirectly agricultural or mineral land. (The latter interest is only a helper, although on any of the great routes to the Pacific it is an important interest.)

Look at any map of our Territories and any one can see that a vast amount of our domain cannot be reckoned as available resources unless it is developed by Railroads; and as I look upon it, individuals will not put out their money unless extra inducements are held out to them. Government can grant these helps without any injury to itself. Withholding help at the present time looks very much as though some one had been subsidized by other lines that have been started. I should say, help all the great thorough lines, if any part goes through rich land—There will be heavy through business on all the lines, but through business will not help the country like local growth. We all know what the Me. Central has done for this State, and it has hardly commenced doing. Some of us know what the Great Canal and the N. Y. Central have done for the Empire State. The Canal would never have been built if the State had not taken hold of it; and now it is a source of great revenue to the State, and will continue to be, notwithstanding the many jobs at Albany. I believe the same result will attend our great National enterprises, whether North or South, if there is any country to develop. It will be a very short time before the Pacific States will demand another or more thorough route to the Atlantic States, and Congress should anticipate their wishes by looking out for more than one corporation, (which, unless restrained by law, will be exorbitant in its charges,) if it can do so where there are any natural advantages that can be enhanced. In development the North should not be selfish towards the South, and vice versa. The various sections cannot be improved without advantages to the whole.

My attention was called directly to this question by the following article from a Memphis paper:

**DISCONTINUANCE OF A CORPORATION.**—A strong disposition is evinced in Congress to prevent the construction of a Southern Pacific railroad. A Southern company line might lessen the value of that which almost belts the continent. Many months each year the Northern Pacific road will prove useless, and at any season the Southern route, except from cold northern blasts that sweep down from Alaska and now and then freeze the blood of Texas, would attract all travel and trade. The owners of the Northern line, unless suffered to control that of the temperate region, will oppose the Southward route to prevent any concession of land or bonds to the Memphis, El Paso and Pacific road. It is the Northern Pacific company which declares that under the next administration neither land nor bonds shall be granted to railroads, and it is needless to deny that the richest corporation in the new world ever saw has power to inject its will into the policy of the Federal Government. The utter pitiable helplessness of the South was never more strongly illustrated than when a mighty Northern corporation defies the wishes not only of the South, but of all the middle States, and declares that the Union shall not construct another trans-continental railroad. (Memphis Daily Sun, Jan. 24, '69.)

There is danger of such a corporation's controlling the legislation of the country, and this should be one reason for building another through line. I don't know as there is danger of detentions from snow, although the sheds were many of them broken last winter; yet I hold that as profit to the nation competing lines should be built.

While I do not know what is the best route, such knowledge as I can gather leads me to judge that the route from Memphis via El-Paso, would go through a very fertile and largely mineral country. This, with a branch from Berwick Bay (or Galveston Bay) to some convenient point, would open up a great country, which never can be developed unless a railroad is built. It will be a healthy belt and with a good railroad may become what it was at some period of the world's history—a populous region. (Traces of large towns now extinct mark the whole of that region.)

Every generous lover of his country desires that the Govt. takes no back tracks in any of the great improvements of the age. There are many reasons why competing railroad lines should be built, other than those mentioned. Among them and prominent is this: that there is nothing that tends to connect this or any other nation like these iron bands. It tends to mingle all interests. As a means of transportation in war nothing is so cheap or reliable—there is nothing that will settle our Indian troubles so quickly as railroads—civilization follows the rail—and extermination follows as certainly. (There is no honor in this reason for a railroad, and it should, I suppose, be the last mentioned.)

Let us encourage all measures that must strengthen us as a nation; and there is no one thing that can be compared to the building of three (at least three) railroads to the Pacific—if placed far enough apart that the local trade will not conflict the one with the other.

Yours, PROGRESS.

We congratulate the Lewiston Journal on the unexpected settlement of that divorce case. Whew!—umph!

**THE SOLDIER'S MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.**—The storm made it necessary to postpone the meeting of this association to next Wednesday evening. Let all bear it in mind and be present.

**WILLIAM CONNER** was re-elected as director of People's Bank, and not Simon, as we had it two weeks ago.

The seed of the sunflower is said to be the best remedy for the cure of founder in horses. Immediately on discovering that your horse is foundered, mix about a pint of the whole seed in his food.

## LEGISLATURE OF MAINE.

On Friday, Jan. 29, in the Senate, Mr. Lang presented bill an act to incorporate the Winslow Mill Co.; Mr. Bolster presented the remonstrance of Jonas Greene et al., against petitions of various literary institutions for appropriations from the State, which was referred to the Committee on Education.

In the House, the Committee on legal Reform were directed to inquire into the expediency of providing by law against unjust and oppressive rates of transportation upon certain articles of freight by Railroad Corporations, and especially upon such merchandise as is now virtually prohibited from transportation over most if not all the railroads in this State by reason of excessive freight charges; the Joint Standing Com. were directed to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for the taxation of real and personal property of Railroad Corporations, other than that now exempted from taxation; the Committee on Military Affairs were instructed to inquire into the expediency of amending an act of the public laws approved Feb. 24th 1868, entitled an act authorizing a testimonial of honor to be prepared and presented to all honorably discharged soldiers who served in the war of '61, so as to extend the benefit of said act to such soldiers and mariners as served in the war of '61 and were credited on the quotas of Maine; bill an act to present the manufacture and sale of poisonous liquors was referred to special com. on Prohibitory Liquor Law; petition for division of the town of Rowe was presented and referred.

On Saturday, in the Senate, bill an act to increase the pay of the County Commissioners of the County of Kennebec, indefinitely postponed.

In the House, the Com. on the Prohibitory Liquor Law and Constabulary Act were instructed to inquire into the expediency of so amending the statutes as to abolish the State Agency and all town agencies for the sale of spirituous liquors.

On Monday, in Senate, report of the Commissioners of Fisheries was presented, and twenty-five hundred copies ordered to be printed; the Committee on Agriculture were instructed to inquire into the propriety of appointing an inspector of commercial fertilizers offered for sale within the limits of this State.

In the House, petition for permission to free the Hallowell was presented and referred.

On Tuesday, in the Senate, the Committee on Agriculture were instructed to inquire into the expediency of a legislative enactment creating some connection between the Board of Agriculture and the State college of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts; a joint special com. of seven was appointed to if any measure should be adopted which shall conduce or tend to a more speedy settlement of the unoccupied public lands and uninhabited township and diminish emigration from the State; bill on act to incorporate the West Waterville Savings Bank passed to be enacted; the usury bill was debated and laid on the table; a remonstrance against abolishing the death penalty in extreme cases was presented; Mr. Blaisdell presented bill an act to incorporate the Ticonic Mills.

On Wednesday, in the Senate, petitions for reduction of poll tax had leave to be withdrawn and legislature was reported inexpedient bill an act to incorporate W. Waterville Savings Bank passed to be enacted.

In the House, the Committee on legal reform were directed to inquire into the expediency of so altering the laws regulating elections that no man shall be allowed to vote in any State or Presidential election until he shall have paid his poll tax; petition for authority to improve the Kennebec river above Carratunk Falls, was referred to next Legislature; usury act was further debated; Mr. Blaisdell presented bill an act to authorize Ticonic Village Corporation to raise money for certain purposes by tax, which was referred.

On Thursday, in the House, after an animated discussion, the bill allowing parties to fix any rate of interest to which they might agree as a legal rate, was refused a passage.

**RUM WORK.**—It was reported here on Saturday last week, that on the previous evening a drunken carouse took place among the workmen on the railroad near Ten Lots, from which a man named Cochrane was carried home in a stupor from which he was not likely to awake. It was afterwards said he was dead, and coroner McFadden, of this village, went out on Friday to look an inquest. Cochrane had died at his house in the west village, on Wednesday morning, supposed from bad liquor. A post-mortem examination revealed the fact, not before suspected, that Cochrane came to his death from a severe fracture of the skull; and a witness testified to having seen an Irishman deal the fatal blow with a stick of wood. Measures were at once taken to secure the criminal,—but to the present time we have not heard of his arrest.

After the blow Cochrane chased the fellow several rods, and then went into his father's house, near by, and lay down; continuing insensible till his death,—though taken from there to his own home Saturday night.

The following item from our West Waterville correspondent probably has some relation to the above melancholy affair, though written before the inquest:

The authorities are taking measures whereby liquor selling in this place and vicinity must be stopped. Two cases, parties named Ellis and Cochrane, have been held for trial at Augusta, and people here generally hope they cannot get bonds, and will have to board at the jail till trial, at least. Aside from the pocket trade, these are the only dealers in this place—a place that has not allowed the sale of liquors for the last twenty-five years.

**MORE JERSEYS.**—Ten Jersey cows came over in the Hibernian, which arrived at Portland on Thursday.

At a hotel dinner a gentleman observed a person who sat opposite use a tooth-pick which had just done the same service to his neighbor. Wishing to apprise him of his mistake he said "I beg your pardon, Sir, but you are using Mr. —'s tooth-pick." "I know I am. Do you think that I am not going to return it?"

Observations upon the duration of earthquakes are not very trustworthy. The personal equation of fright comes in to modify the apparent length of time. They rarely continue more than a few seconds; but the imagination of the observer magnifies the time a good many fold.

Snow has fallen more than a foot deep, and heavy at that, within the last few days.

The Californians look with contempt upon the new velocipede. "They will do very well," says an editor, "for Paris, where many people cannot afford to keep horses, and could not ride them very well if they did; but they will never do in California, where boys of ten years of age ride full grown horses at the top of their speed around the streets. How would a man who has felt his blood stirred by a ten mile dash in a California saddle feel on finding himself trundling himself through the streets like a schoolboy? We would as soon think of riding a broom-handle, or a rocking hobby horse."

The tobacco antidote, so extensively sold now, is simply gentian root, coarsely ground. If chewed, and the juice swallowed, it will cure the appetite for tobacco.

A member of the Missouri legislature wishes a law passed by the State to provide for the analysis of patent medicines and the prohibition of the sale of such as are condemned by the faculty. The gentleman is a physician of the "old school."

The English government has refused to interfere in the case of Whalen, the murderer of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and he will accordingly be executed on the 7th instant. It is expected that he will make a confession.

The Grand Army "boys" of Maine are going to Washington to see their old commander, Grant, inaugurated. The price of transportation to and from Washington, and subsistence while there, is said, will not exceed twenty-five dollars. Soldiers and sailors wishing to join the excursionists should send their names to H. A. Shorey, Bath, at an early day.

The Portland Press learns that Messrs. Ramsey & Wheeler, of the Falmouth Hotel, closed their bar on Friday. The same paper further learns that the proprietors of the Freble and United States Hotel have also done the same, though of the truth of the latter the Press is not so sure.

The Advertiser's special says Gen. Grant, in conversation Tuesday morning, took square ground in favor of the principle of impartial suffrage. He seemed to have some doubt about the power of Congress to regulate suffrage by law, but said that there could be no sound objection to submitting a constitutional amendment to the people. He spoke of the one passed by the House on Saturday as embodying the right idea, but expressed no opinion on the language therein chosen. He said explicitly that the principle of impartial suffrage is right in itself, and added that as we have, through a reconstruction act, imposed negro suffrage on the southern States, it is only fair that the northern States should give the ballot to their own colored citizens. He thought the question at issue had better be disposed of as soon as possible, so as to take a disturbing element out of our own affairs, and indicated a hope that the amendment would be passed by Congress before the end of the present session.

## FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

An attempt was made to break into Swan's jewelry store, in Augusta, Monday night, but was frustrated by the police officers, who fired two shots at the scoundrels. The menals escaped.

The lightning Thursday morning smashed several poles of the International Telegraph line between Gardiner and Wiscasset. One of the wires was burned out in the Gardiner office.

"Papa," said Tommy the other day, "Is it a sin to change one's mind?" "Well, no, my boy; why do you ask?" "Oh, you know," replied the five year old, "I was to be a doctor." "Oh yes, I remember," said the father, "what then?" "Well, if you please, I think now that I'd rather be a candy store!"

A wise old gentleman, who knew all about it, on retiring from business, gave the following sage advice to his son and successor:

"Common sense, my son, is valuable in all kinds of business—except love-making."

The drum is a paradox of parchment; for the best drums are, of course, those which cannot be beaten.

An Iowa editor takes pains to tell his readers that he has had an introduction to a young lady from Ohio, whom he mentions by name, and says she "is all sorts of a dear, and happy as a frothy morning, full of tricks as a deer, and happy as a whole flock of snow birds. Welcome!"

A three-year old youngster saw a drunken man "lucking" through the street. "Mother," said he, "did God make that man?" She replied in the affirmative. The little fellow saw a moment, and then exclaimed: "wouldn't he have done it!"

Gen. Rawlings recently dined with a man who partook of wine rather freely, and became talkative. Finally the latter said, speaking of somebody "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!" "Your enemy," said Rawlings, pointing to the bottle, "don't write books."

There are two inconsistencies in this world that are hard to understand. Everybody is anxious to get to heaven, but no one is in a hurry about it.

Hon. J. H. Drummond, and Hon. F. G. Messer, are named as prominent candidates for Mayor of Portland.

**DRYING KO KNOW.**—A lady said to Gen. Grant a day or two ago, "I'm just dying to know who are to compose your cabinet." "To which he replied, "So is my wife."

Rev. Mr. Kelley of Machias baptized six persons by immersion one day last week. The weather was very cold and the ice required much cutting to secure a space of open water sufficient for the work.

The literary editor of a south-western paper judges from the criticisms bestowed upon a forthcoming novel that it will be "a fine hit" and "a flop" side.

The North Portland Agricultural and Horticultural Society, have voted to give no more prizes for trotting.

It is considered cool to take a man's hat with his name written in it, simply because you want his autograph.

The Dakota Legislature did not finally pass the bill giving suffrage to woman, as has been erroneously reported.

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has declined the liberal invitation of a publishing house to write a life of Christ, saying "He has and only life of Christ worth a cent is in the New Testament."

The Second Universalist church of Portland has extended a unanimous call to Rev. Mr. R. A. Hamsford of Hingham, Mass., to become its pastor.

The motion for a new trial in the Twitchell murder case at Philadelphia, has been refused by the judges of the Court of Oyer and Terminer, and the sentence of death pronounced on Saturday.

A crippled soldier was found dead on Friday morning last in front of a Newark, New Jersey, grocery, and it having been shown that the proprietor of the store put Butler out after he had drunk several times, the coroner held him in \$500 bail.

The Galveston Bulletin hopes for the credit of the State that the evidence of disorders there may not be published, but says that it more than bears out the worst reports that have been made of the anarchy that prevails.

## Velocipedes!

## Velocipedes!!

## C. P. KIMBALL &amp; LARKINS' Carriage Manufactory, Preble st., Portland, Me.

THEY



## West Waterville Adv'ts

**B A R G A I N S**  
FOR CASH ONLY.

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**DRY GOODS, FURNISHING GOODS**  
AND  
**READY MADE CLOTHING.**

For sale cheap at the Bargain Store of  
Jos. H. HATCH & Co.

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**WILL BE FOUND AT THE**  
**BARGAIN STORE**

<b>Westbrook All-Wool Blankets, 10-4, at</b>	<b>\$6.00</b>
<b>Ladies' Vests, very fine and heavy,</b>	<b>1.10</b>
<b>Dates Gingham, for 16 cents.</b>	
<b>Linon Handkerchiefs, for 10, 12, 16, and 20 cents.</b>	
<b>Duck Overalls,</b>	<b>1.10</b>
<b>Winter Socks,</b>	<b>2.00</b>
<b>Good Prints, 9, 19, 11, and 12 1/2 cents.</b>	
<b>Silk Neck Ties, 16 cents. Pins, 6 cents.</b>	

**BUY THE BEST.**

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**Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines**  
**WITH THE NEW "SILENT FEEDER."**

Are superior to all others.—For sale by  
 Jos. H. HATCH & Co., Agents  
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(ONE DOOR NORTH OF THE POST OFFICE)  
Will be found a large and well selected stock of

**MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS**  
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**ALL NEW AND POPULAR WORKS**

ALL KINDS OF SCHOOL BOOKS.  
In use in common schools, academies, and Colleges, with  
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**Blank Books, Diaries, Stationery,  
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including Chronos on Steel Engravings, Card Photographs,  
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All of which will be sold as low as can be purchased  
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High priced and low priced; Paper Curtains; Curtains Shade  
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ONE DOOR NORTH OF P. O.

TERMS....\$2.00 per; \$1.25 for 6 mo.; .75 c. for 3 m  
10 c. a week.

☐ A deposit required of strangers.

The Library opens at 8 o'clock A.M., and closes  
at 8 P.M.



**I M P O R T A N T**  
**AND**  
**Special Notice**  
**To those afflicted with**

**Defective Eyesight.**

Messrs. LAZARUS & MORRIS,

OCULISTS AND OPTICIANS

OF HARTFORD CONN.

Respectfully announce to the citizens of this place and vicinity, that they have appointed

**ALDEN BROTHERS,**  
Watchmakers and Jewellers,  
**MAIN STREET,**  
**WATERVILLE, ME.,**  
Sole Agents for

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**PERFECTED  
S P E C T A C L E S**

*UNEQUALLED BY ANY*

*For their strength and preserving qualities. Too much can  
not be said of their superiority over the ordinary glasses worn*


**THERE IS NO GLIMMERING,  
NO WAVERING OF THE SIGHT,  
NO DIZZINESS, OR  
OTHER UNPLEASANT SENSATION**

But on the contrary, from the peculiar construction of the  
Lenses, they are soothing and pleasant, causing a feeling  
relief to the wearer, and

**Producing a Clear and Distinct Vision,**  
in the natural healthy sight.

They are the only Spectacles that preserve a  
well as assist the sight.

**E. H. EVANS,**  
DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,  
is Agent for Kendall's & Co.

 We employ no Peddlers. ly—44

**STATEMENT**  
**OF THE**  
**Security Ins. Co.,**  
119 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

**JANUARY 1st, 1869.**

CASHED \$1,000,000.00

SURPLUS,	706,611 91
TOTAL ASSETS,	81,706,611 91
ASSETS.	

and on hand, and in Bank,	\$105,941.61
Office of Agents, and in course of trans- mission,	150,000.00
Call Loans on Government Securities, exclusively,	120,000.00
United States Stocks (Bank Value),	150,000.00
Loans on Bond and Mortgage (on Real Estate worth \$1,165,000)	450,000.00
United States Bonds (Bank Value),	17,747.00
Other Property—Miscellaneous (Marked Value),	138,420.70
Real Estate in New York City,	100,000.00
Fire and Inland Premiums due New York Office,	20,370.97
and in other States, &c.,	11,522.81
<b>LIABILITIES, \$114,521.00</b>	<b>\$1,705,611.01</b>
A. F. HASTING, President.	
W. B. BUCHHEIT, Vice-President.	
FRANK W. BALLARD, Secretary.	
NATHAN HANSEN, Asst. Secy.	
L. T. BOOTHBY, Agent.	
Office, Eastern Express Office, Main Street, Wilmington, Mo.	

## ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the Estate of JOHN H. MILL, late of Waterville, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, and he, the said Administrator, do hereby giving bond to the said Estate, in the sum of \$10,000, to the said Estate, do hereby certify that the said decedent is dead, and that the estate of said decedent are devoted to exhibit the same to the said Administrator, and all indebted to said estate are required to make the said payment to

January 25, 1890. EDWIN P. BLAISDELL



