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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 44): April 30, 1869

Maxham & Wing

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## BABY POWER.

Six little feet to cover,  
Six little hands to fill,  
Tumbling out in the clover,  
Tumbling over the sill:  
Six little stockings ripping,  
Six little shoes half worn,  
Spots of that precious whiffing,  
Skirts, shirts, and aprons torn!

Bugs and bumblebees catching  
Needles of bits and strings,  
Walls and furniture scratching,  
Twisting off buttons and strings,  
Into sugar and flour,  
Into salt and vinegar,  
Their royal baby power,  
All through the house we feel.

Behind the big stove creeping  
To steal the kindling wood,  
Into the cupboard peeping,  
To hunt for "somesuch doo,"  
The dogs they tease to snarling,  
The chickens know no rest,  
Yet the old man calls them "darling,"  
And loves each one "the best."

Smearing each one's face,  
With smut of blacking brush,  
To frighten things and places,  
Always making a rush,  
Over a chair or table,  
They'll fight and kiss again,  
When told of snarling Abel,  
Of cruel, wicked Cain.

All sorts of mischief trying,  
On sunny days and moonlight,  
And even perversely crying,  
To rush out when it pours;  
A raid on grandma's making,  
In spite of her nice new cap,  
Its strings for bridges taking,  
While riding on her lap.

Three rose-bud months beguiling,  
Prattling the live-long day,  
Six sweet eyes on me smiling,  
In hazel and blue and gray;  
Hazel—with heartless smiling,  
Too happy, we trust, to fiddle—  
Blue—neatly longish darning,  
Like violets in the shade.

Gray—full of earnest meanings,  
A dawning light so fair  
Of woman's life beginning,  
We dread the noon-day glare  
Of earthly strife and passion,  
May spoil its tender glow,  
Change its celestial fashion,  
As earth stains change the snow.

Three little heads all sunny,  
To pillow and kiss at night,  
Riotous Alice and Bonnie,  
Jennie, so bonnie and bright,  
Three souls immortal slumber,  
Crowned by that golden hair,  
When Christ his flock shall number,  
Will all my lambs be there?

Now with the stillness round me,  
I bow my head and pray,  
Since this faint heart has found thee,  
Suffer me not to stray;  
Up to the shining portals,  
Over life's stormy tide,  
Treasures I bring immortal,  
Saviour, be thou my guide."

[From Once a Month for May.]

## A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL.

THE MAN WHO TRIED TO BORROW HIMSELF OUT OF DEBT.

There are a great many difficult, and some impossible things; but no matter how difficult or impossible a thing may be, you will always find people in the world ready to undertake its accomplishment whether it be the discovery of perpetual motion or the equally romantic attempt to get out of debt by borrowing.

Of all the hard work in the world, to live by borrowing is perhaps the hardest, and of all the mean work in the world, that is about the meanest. Pride, independence and self-respect, one after the other, are sacrificed, until the man sinks into contempt.

Peter Ogletrope was not a borrower by profession. He had started in life with a small patrimony, and worked along independently until his fiftieth year, when losses in trade deprived him of the means of paying certain obligations, and he found himself suddenly involved in trouble.

"Mr. Ogletrope," said a man who came into his office morning about this time, "I want you to settle that account."

"It is impossible to do so now, Mr. Spicer—wholly impossible. You have heard of my trouble?" Mr. Ogletrope exhibited both distress and agitation.

"No; I have trouble enough of my own, without looking after that of other people," was rather gruffly answered. He had heard of the trouble, however, and had called among the first to secure his debt if possible.

"I have met heavy losses," said Mr. Ogletrope, "losses that cover more than I am worth." "At a time when I expected to be easy and comfortable, I find myself suddenly thrown to the wall."

"What do you purpose doing?" asked Mr. Spicer, abruptly.

"Doing justly," was answered, with some dignity of manner.

"No one doubts that," said the creditor, softening considerably. "But what are the steps you propose taking?"

"My trouble is so recent," replied Ogletrope, "that I remain undecided as to the best course of action. But of one thing you may be certain—there will be no preference of one over another; all will be treated alike."

"Then you mean to stop payment?"

"If I have lost the means of payment, how am I to pay my obligations?"

"You are evidently putting the worst face upon your affairs, Mr. Ogletrope." The visitor's manner underwent a further change. "Let me suggest a different course of action."

"Say on," Mr. Ogletrope cast his eyes to the floor and bent his head in silent attention.

"Don't think of giving up this way." The tone of Mr. Spicer was insinuating.

"But how am I to go forward?" was the debtor's prompt interrogation. "For instance, I owe you two hundred dollars, and you want the money."

"I do."

"Very well! And what next?"

"Borrow."

"Borrow?"

"Yes. You have many friends who will take pleasure in giving you temporary aid. This disaster may not prove so serious as you imagine, and you may be able to struggle through and recover yourself without a shadow being cast on your good name. If you suffer present obligations to be dishonored, remember that your reputation must receive a stain. This cannot be avoided. There are men who have no word but 'dishonest' with which to designate those who fail to pay what is due, no matter what causes produce the failure. Think of this, Mr. Ogletrope, and weigh well the consequences before you take the doubtful step you have proposed to yourself. You have a family, and for their sakes do not permit this disgrace to come upon you and them."

Mr. Ogletrope was partially stunned by this. He had not thought of disgrace—only of misfortune. He sat for some time like one stupefied.

"Don't give up sir!—don't give up!" Mr. Spicer laid his hand on the arm of Mr. Ogletrope and spoke cheerily. "Never let it be said that you permitted an obligation to remain uncancelled. Put on a brave, cheerful face and you will go through. I can wait until to-morrow for my money. That will give you time to turn around. And whenever you want aid or counsel, remember that Jacob Spicer is your friend."

VOL. XXII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.....FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1869.

NO. 44.

## Waterville Mail.

The creditor's counsels prevailed. Mr. Ogletrope, instead of standing up bravely and meeting his trouble face to face, began the hopeless task of borrowing himself out of debt. He was involved beyond his means of payment about five thousand dollars. His business yielded him a little over twenty-five hundred dollars a year in net profits; and as his family expenses never exceeded fifteen hundred dollars, he was simply in a condition to pay up in full at the end of five years. To do this, however, a flint arrangement with all his creditors was necessary, and all would have to make concessions in his favor. Strict attention to business was also requisite. Such an arrangement could have been made, and all would have come out right in the end. But unwise counsel prevailed.

On the day following Mr. Spicer's visit that gentleman received his two hundred dollars, which Mr. Ogletrope borrowed from a friend, under promise of repayment on the day after. Another friend furnished the money to make this loan good, and a third supplied the means of taking up a small note that fell due in the mean time. By the end of a week or two, Mr. Ogletrope was fairly indebted into the mysteries and miseries of borrowing. His line of accommodation in this direction had already reached the sum of two thousand dollars, a part of which had been received from a professional lender, who charged the moderate interest of half per cent a day. To keep this large accumulation ahead of him was no easy task, and our borrower found but little time on his hands for the ordinary duties required in business. Steadily this accumulation went on, until it reached the full sum of his losses, and steadily it increased by the addition of excessive interest while the poor man's income decreased in consequence of his neglect of business.

Jacob Spicer never loaned Mr. Ogletrope a single dollar. His advice had been given selfishly and heartlessly. To get the whole of a small claim, he had been willing to lead an honest but not clear-sighted man into a wrong way that led to certain worldly ruin. Many times, in cases of extremity, had Mr. Ogletrope called upon Spicer, but always the same cold refusal met his applications. The shrewd, unscrupulous man knew that the end must come; that, sooner or later, Ogletrope must be driven under, and he was not going to have even a trifling risk in so leaky a ship.

One day, it was over a year from the time Mr. Ogletrope began his up hill work, the embarrassed man found himself in more than usual trouble. There were notes to pay and sums of borrowed money to return, making an aggregate that exceeded two thousand dollars. With feelings scarcely more pleasant than the criminal's on his way to trial, Mr. Ogletrope entered his place of business, and without even glancing over the morning paper, sat down at his desk and began to figure up the day's payments. A sigh that almost betrayed itself in a groan gave painful evidence that the result had been reached.

"Twenty-three hundred!" he said to himself, and his heart sank within him. "Where so large an amount is to come from is beyond my skill to guess. Ah me! this matter is growing worse and worse. The night gets darker and darker. My feet are more entangled to day than they were six months ago. Instead of finding my way out of this labyrinth of embarrassment, I am getting more involved, and I fear even the clew is lost. All my time is spent in money-raising, to the neglect of business and its consequent decline. Heaven help me! I fear the case is hopeless."

The unhappy man sat in this gloomy state for some time, then aroused himself and started forth on his daily round of solicitation. He had twenty-three hundred dollars to raise, and must be active if he expected to get through. It is not our purpose to follow him step by step. Almost any reader can imagine the trials, disappointments and humiliation attendant on the work he had taken in hand. At two o'clock, Mr. Ogletrope found himself still short of about five hundred dollars. Where was the amount to come from? He had exhausted every resource within reach, and in order to collect his thoughts had returned to his place of business. Weary, wretched and sick in body and mind, was the poor, harassed, almost broken-down borrower. Thought turned everywhere, but could discover no new resource.

"Perhaps something might be obtained from Spicer," was at last suggested. But the suggestion was thrown aside as soon as offered. It came up again, was revolved for a moment or two and again dismissed.

"It will never do to give up!" A feeling of desperation caused Mr. Ogletrope to start to his feet as he said this. "Something must be done. I will see Spicer. He can help me, and he must."

And without waiting for reconsideration he started forth again. A rapid walk brought him in a few minutes to the store of Mr. Spicer.

"Went home an hour ago," was the answer which met his inquiry.

"Do you expect him to return before three o'clock?"

"No; he is unwell, and said on leaving that he would not be at the store again to-day."

Miserable Mr. Ogletrope turned slowly away.

"It is my last chance," said he to himself as he gained the street. "This man must be seen or all is lost."

And so he went to the house of Mr. Spicer. "Who wants to see me?" He heard this interrogation made in no amiable tone as the servant who had answered the bell went back to announce the visitor. To the servant's reply came this further question:

"Did you say I was in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Confound him! What does he come bothering me here for? Show him in!"

It was too late for retreat. Feeling like a culprit, poor Ogletrope, with a forlorn aspect entered the room where Spicer awaited him.

"Well sir! What's wanted?" roughly interrogated the bear in his den.

come, and the quicker it comes the better for you and all miserable fools like you."

"Sir!" This outrage penetrated beyond the borrower and reached the man. Ogletrope's bristling manner gave way to an erecter attitude, and his face of depressed solicitation changed its look to one of indignant feeling.

"Sir, this is mean as well as cruel," he said with a sternness of tone that added anger to the other's ill-nature, and made him still more reckless of speech.

"The truth may always be spoken, and if it hurts it is because it tells home," retorted Spicer, with increasing asperity of manner.

"You are a miserable fool, and have been playing the fool for over a year, as all other men do who start upon that worst of all fool's errands—borrowing themselves out of debt; a man may work himself out of debt, but he might as well try to empty the ocean with an oyster shell as to borrow himself out of debt. There you have my sentiments, and I hope they will do you good."

Without a word of reply, Mr. Ogletrope turned away and left the house. The truth which came from the lips of Spicer was a sharp sword that cut awfully down into the heart of the borrower.

"Yes; I am a fool!" he muttered between his teeth, as he strode off. "I was a fool to take a knave's advice in the beginning, and a greater fool not to have discovered my own folly. The rain struggle is over. The long-dreaded day is here. I am a ruined man!"

Just two thousand dollars worse off was Mr. Ogletrope: than when he began the task of trying to borrow himself out of debt. Neglect of business and excessive interest were the causes that produced this result. But his creditors were not hard upon him. They knew the man was honest at heart and pitied his misfortunes. Full time to work himself out of trouble was granted; and he did work himself out, though it cost him years of active devotion to business.

HUMOROUS SPECIMENS.—The use of big words either seriously or as a more-or-less consciously absurd piece of extravagance, is not the really characteristic part of American humor. There are, indeed, two ways of producing a comic effect which may be considered as the inverse of each other. An absurd overstatement or an absurd under-statement may be equally effective. When Falstaff tells Bardolph that his face is an "everlasting bonfire light," that he has saved him "a thousand marks in links and torches, walking in the night between tavern and tavern," he gives a good specimen of the first. A well known American example is the assertion of the Mississippi captain, that his boat could float wherever the ground was a little damp. To illustrate the second we might quote the American who had managed to quote something in his native country to parallel all the wonders of Europe. At last, he was asked if he had not just crossed the Alps. "Well," he replied, "I guess I passed some risin' ground." The philosophy of the two methods is perhaps the same; but the second is commoner among the genuine American humorists. When Artemus Ward describes his courtship, he begins by informing his beloved that she was a gazelle, which, he remarks, "I thought was pretty fine." He goes on: "I wish that was wintlers to my soul, so that you could see some of my feelin's. There's fire enough in here to bile all the corn-beds and turnips in the neighborhood. I've sooties and the critter ain't a circumstance!" To all of which the lady replies, after some more eloquence on the approved models, "You say rite strait out what you are drivin' at. If you mean gettin' hitched, I'm in!" This may be taken as an illustration of the nature of the real popular humor. It is to a considerable extent a protest by shrewd common sense against the bombast which is so prevalent, but does not quite succeed in passing itself off for genuine. When a man naturally acute has sat down to hear orators spout nonsense, he is sometimes sufficiently awed to accept it for genuine;—he feels that he is not entitled to be a critic; but his native sense enables him to have occasional glimpses of its absurdity, and he expresses himself in rather coarse but very terse condemnation. [From "American Wit," in Phrenological Journal.

THE MAINE WOODS.—A PARSON'S VACATION.—The Rev. W. H. H. Murray, in his "Adventures in the Adirondacks," thus discourses of the cruel havoc wrought by lumbermen in the woods of Maine:

Go where you will, in Maine, the lumbermen have been before you; and the lumbermen are the curse and scourge of the wilderness. Wherever the axe sounds, the pride and beauty of the forest disappear. A lumber district is the most dreary and dismal region the eye of man ever beheld. The mountains are not merely shorn of trees, but from base to summit fires, kindled by accident or malicious purpose, have swept their sides, leaving the blackened rocks exposed to the eye, and here and there a few unsightly trunks leaning in all directions, from which all the branches and green foliage have been burnt away. The streams and trout pools are choked with saw dust, and filled with slabs and logs. The rivers are blockaded with "booms and lodged timber, stamped all over the ends with the owner's mark." Every eligible site for a camp has been appropriated; and bones, offal, horse manure, and all the debris of a deserted lumbermen's village is strewn around, offensive both to eye and nose. The hills and shores are littered with rotten wood, in all stages of decomposition, emitting a damp, mouldy odor, and sending forth countless millions of flies, gnats, and mosquitoes to prey upon you. Now, no number of deer, no quantity of trout, can entice me to such a locality. He who fancies it, can go; not I. In the Adirondack Wilderness you escape this. There the lumberman has never been. No axe has sounded along its mountain sides, or echoed across its peaceful waters. The forest stands, as it has stood, from the beginning of time, in all its majesty of growth, in all the beauty of its unshorn foliage. No fires have blackened the hills; no logs obstruct the rivers; no sawdust taints and colors its crystal waters. The promontories which stretch themselves half across its lakes, the islands which hang as if suspended in their waveless and translucent depths, have never been marred by the presence of men careless of all but gain.

Mr. Murray thinks congregations would do

well to send their ministers into the woods every summer. He says:

When the good dominie came back swarth and tough as an Indian, elasticity in his step, life in his eye, depth and clearness in his reinvigorated voice, would there be some preaching! And what texts he would have from which to talk to the little folks in the Sabbath School. How their bright eyes would open and enlarge as he narrated his adventures, and told them how his good Father feels the fish that swim, and clothes the ant and beaver with their warm and shaggy fur. The preacher sees God in the original there, and often translates him better from his unwritten works than from his written word.

He will get more instructive spiritual material from such a trip than from all the Sabbath School festivals and "pastoral tea parties" with which the poor, smiling creature was ever tormented. It is astonishing how much a loving, spiritually-minded people can bore their minister. If I had a spite against any clerical brother, and felt wicked enough to indulge in it, I would get his Sabbath School superintendent, a female city missionary, and several "local visitors," with an agent of some Western college thrown in for variety, and set them all on him.

## TATTLERS AND TATTLING.

The disposition to pry into the privacy of domestic life is, unfortunately, very common, and is always distasteful. The appetite for such knowledge is to be regarded as morbid, and the indulgence of it disgraceful.

A family have a sacred right to privacy. In guarding the delicate relations of the household, secrecy be one's virtue. Even if by chance the private affairs of a household are laid open to a stranger, honor would require him to turn from them, and if a knowledge of them were forced upon him, they should be locked in a sacred silence.

A double obligation of silence and secrecy rests upon one who is a guest in a family. The turpitude of a betrayal of family history by a visitor is far greater than theft would be. To pocket half a dozen silver spoons would do far less damage, produce far less suffering, and be less immoral, than tale bearing. It is a thing so scandalous that it should degrade a person, and put him out of society. To betray the secrets of the household is not only an odious immorality, but it is a sin and a shame to be on good terms with those who are known to commit such outrages. They are miscreants. They put themselves out of the pale of decent society. They should be treated as moral outlaws.

These hungry-eyed wretches who sit in the unsuspicious circle of parents and children, treasuring their words, spying their weaknesses, misinterpreting the innocent liberties of the household, and then run from house to house with their shameful news; are worse than poisoners of wells or burners of houses. They poison the faith of man in man. If one opens his mouth to tell you such things, with all your might smite him in the face! There are two actions which justify you in instantly knocking a man down: the one is the act of pointing a gun at you in a secret, and the other is the attempt to tell you a secret which it is disgraceful for him to get, and for you to hear. Make no terms with such people. Tale-bearers have no rights. They are common enemies of good men. Hunt, harry and hound them out of society! They are the worst pests save one, and that is the listener to the tale-bearer.

There could be no tattling if there were no one to hear. It takes an ear and a tongue to make a scandal. Greedy listening is as honorable as nimble tattling. The ear is the open market where the tongue sells its ill-gotten wares. Some there are that will not repeat again what they hear, but they are willing to listen to it! They will not trade in contraband goods, but they will buy enough of the smuggler for family use!

These respectable listeners are the patrons of tattlers. It is the ready market that keeps tale-bearing brisk. It is a shame to listen to ill of your neighbor. Christian benevolence demands that you do not love ill news. A clean heart and a true honest joy in kindly things. It should be a pain and sorrow to know of anything that degrades your neighbor in your eyes, even if he is your enemy; how much more if he is your friend?—[Henry Ward Beecher in N. Y. Ledger.

The Coliseum for the Grand National Jubilee at Boston, in June, which will be the largest building in America, under one roof, will require 1,700,000 feet of lumber in its construction, will be 300 by 500 feet, and will cover between three and four acres of ground or about 150,000 feet. There will also be used in the work 15 tons of nails and between four and five tons of iron work, such as bolts, braces, &c. To cover the roof so as to make it water proof, 30 tons of tarred paper will be used. All outside foundations are 5 by 6 feet and 18 inches thick; centre foundation supporting roof, 8 feet square and 18 inches thick, all bedded in solid gravel, making in all 500 foundation supports. The apex of the roof is 86 feet from top of sill. At a height of 50 feet there will be 1,300 feet of continuous windows, five feet high, all made to run on rollers for ventilation, consisting of 6,500 feet of glass. In the upright of the building there are to be 1,368 lights of glass. Ingress and egress are made safe and easy by 12 doorways, each 24 feet wide. Ten thousand days' work will be required to complete this structure. It is to be finished on the 10th of June.

A gentleman remarking in a tavern that he shot a hawk at ninety yards with No. 6 shot, another replied:

"Must have a good gun, but Uncle Dave here has one that beats it."

"Ah!" said the first, "how far will it kill a hawk with No. 6 shot?"

"I don't use shot or ball either," answered Uncle Dave himself.

"Then what do you use, Uncle Dave?"

"I shoot salt altogether. I kill my game so far with my gun that the game would spile before I could get it."

At Vermont, Fulton County, on Monday last a little son of J. H. Harris aged about thirteen years was found suspended by his neck with a strap in his father's barn, quite dead. In the afternoon of the same day a son of Colonel Tenny was found hanging in a similar manner. No cause can be assigned for these coincident acts of self-destruction.

## OUR TABLE.

THE AMERICAN YEAR-BOOK FOR 1869 has just been issued by O. D. Case & Co., of Hartford, Conn. We clip the following notice of it:—

We have already given some account of this undertaking. All that the "American Almanac" and the "National Almanac" contained will be found in the Year-Book—and more. Those excellent publications failed to secure through the regular channels of the book trade a sufficient sale to justify their continuance. The Year-Book however will not go to the trade at all, but will be sold by subscription, and we trust the new method will develop a demand which will ensure its continued publication. It strikes a stout octavo volume, of over 800 closely printed pages, containing an amount of information of immediate interest which no one man ever possessed and no man could command except at an expense like that which has been incurred by the publisher. The plan is encyclopedic. The astronomical calculations are made for all the principal meridians from Augusta to San Francisco. The second part contains a complete catalogue of all the principal officers of the United States and of the several States from the foundation of the government to the present time, with a mine of political, literary, scientific and financial information. To this is added full returns by counties of all the Presidential elections from 1820 to 1860, compiled by A. T. Cummings of New York. Professor Sachem of New York furnishes an elaborate account of the area, population, government and condition of foreign countries, and of the religious condition of the world as represented by the latest statistics. There is also a summary of the most important events of 1868 followed by ordinary news of eminent persons who have died during the year. As if this were not enough there are essays on agriculture by N. C. Meeker currency and finance by Horace Greeley, mining by A. D. Richardson, and literature by E. A. Duyckinck. The book is edited by Mr. D. S. Camp, who appears to have discharged his duty with great care and fidelity."

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for May has a fine engraving, "The Unwilling Soldier," which tells its own story. "Did I do this and the Arm-Strong," by T. S. Arthur, is continued. The Life of Judith Frost; The Deceit of Medbury; How my Life was saved; A Happy Conclusion; and other choice articles all go to make an interesting number, to say nothing of "Fifty ways of cooking vegetables."

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—This charming little monthly for children is out with a May number of great beauty and full of the nicest pictures and stories for the young. Buy it for the little ones.

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

ONCE A MONTH.—The May number of this new magazine is at hand with a beautiful supply of good reading, adapted to a variety of tastes, a part of which is original, and the remainder choice selections mostly from foreign sources. The publishers offer to send the first six months' numbers for 1869 (from January to June), for fifty cents, in order to let the people see the magazine and become acquainted with the rare excellence of its reading matter. If you want nearly 600 pages of about the best and most entertaining reading to be had sent by T. S. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia, the price of fifty cents, and you will take our word for it, make a first-class investment. "Once a Month" is not surpassed for beauty, excellence and variety by any magazine published.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR.—The charm of this popular magazine consists, in a great measure, in its excellent variety, and the wholesome manner in which it is presented. In almost any number will be found something adapted to the varied Little Folks, just dipping their "First Lessons," on up to the fathers and mothers. In fact we believe that "Our Schoolday Visitor" is not only a first-class boys' and girls' magazine, but a household necessity in every family. The last number which is now before us, more than ever sustains us in this belief.

Published by Doughty & Becker, Philadelphia, at \$1.50 a year. Sample numbers and premium lists sent gratis.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for March has the following list of contents:—

The Royal Engineers; Russian Literature—Turkish Literature; The Queen's English; Dean Milman; The Increase of Lunacy; The Hudson's Bay Company; What is Man's Chief End? Public Works in India; The Reunification of Germany. The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the London Scott Publishing Company, 27 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; for any two of the Reviews, \$7; for three of the Reviews, \$10; for all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$13; with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 56 cents a year.

THE SCHOOLMATE for May has a continuation of "Rough and Ready, or Life among the New York News Boys," by Horatio Alger, Jr.; the story of "Bab and her Little Kibbin"; the funny conclusion of "George Conant's Terrible Adventure," with a piece for declamation, a lively dialogue for schools, and much other good reading. The Schoolmate is an old favorite with boys and girls all over the country.

Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

WHAT A TIERD HOUSEKEEPER GOT FOR DINNER.—Nellie Wick in the Ohio Farmer, "gets forth what a tierd and cross housekeeper got for dinner one day when house-cleaning was in full blast," as follows:

In the first place she made a big Johnny-cake, but of course something must come before that—something appetizing and hearty—and there were four to eat it. She couldn't stand on her feet another minute, so she threw herself on the lounge, and called her little girl, nine years old:

"Bessie, is there any cold meat in the pantry?"

"Yes, ma'am; two little pieces of boiled beef—not a quarter enough for dinner."

"Get the chopping-bowl and knife and chop it fine," Bessie did it.

"Is there any cold potato?"

"A few little ones."

"Chop them up nicely with the meat. And is there any bread except the small loaf saved for tea?"

"Yes, ma—some broken pieces and nice crusts."

"Moisten them with a little water, and chop with the rest."

"It's done, mamma."

"Now take an egg—or if there are plenty take two—beat them and stir in with the rest. Is there any other eatable thing in the pantry?"

"Just some butter and cheese; that's all."

"Put in a small lump of butter, and let the cheese go."

"It's done. What a funny mess, mamma!"

"Very funny. Is there enough for dinner, do you think?"

"I guess not, ma, if you eat any."

"Of course we must eat. Pour in two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, (water would do, if milk wasn't plenty), then stir in a handful of flour very carefully, so that it will not lump. This will help the egg to bind all together. Season it with pepper and salt till it tastes savory. Now if it is of the consistency of rather moist mince-meat, you may put the frying-pan over the fire, put in a little lard, dip out the mixture in large spoonfuls, and fry it as you would fish-balls. Be sure that all are well-heated through, and browned on both sides."

When the folks came to dinner, Bessie dished up the balls in the new tureen, and they looked tempting enough. But men never think anything out of the common way can be good, until they've tried it; so the tierd housekeeper's husband looked rather contemptuously at the dish and said:

"What kind of formation is that?"

"Conglomerate," answered the wife, spunkily, for she was feeling anything but pleasant.

"Why, it tastes like dressing," returned he, taking a good-sized mouthful. "Did you make it to stuff anything with?"

"Yes," said the tierd housekeeper.

"Well—but—" looking round the table, "what's to be stuffed?"

"A goose!" said she, giving him such a look that he got off that track immediately.

"Well, they're excellent," said he, taking two more cakes, "but I should like to know what they're made of. What's the foundation?"



A correspondent writes the Dover Observer

A correspondent writes the *Dover Observer* that the railroad is doing wonders for Dexter; some forty dwellings being put up last year, and as many more will go up this year. The railroad pays the stockholders, pays the Maine Central, and it pays Dexter. Unparalleled in the history of railroads stands the fact that the road paid its running expenses the first month.

Mr. James Stevens, of West Gardiner, on his way home from Gardiner Thursday afternoon, was drowned in the Cobbeosee stream in West Gardiner which had been so swollen by the recent rains as to overflow the bridge and abutments. In consequence of there being no railing the horse went off over the abutment, and with the driver was drowned. The body of Mr. Stevens has been recovered. He was about sixty years of age.

The "iron heel of military power," which the Democratic organs pretend to have had such a crushing effect at the South, is thus spoken of by the Richmond Inquirer: "Our exchanges throughout Virginia, at every point where troops have been stationed, refer to their departure in kindly terms, and speak of the mutual regrets expressed by the soldiers and citizens."

The Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States and Canada will hold a convention in Portland on the fourteenth of July next.

The passengers seized on board the *Ameri-*  
can brig *Lizzie Major* by a Spanish man-of-war,  
may be surrendered to the United States  
Consul at Remedios.

A correspondent of the *Lewiston Journal*  
writing from Larone, a village in Fairfield, says  
Winslow's grist mill in that place was destroyed  
last week by the pressure of the water above  
carrying away the dam which tore away the  
foundations of the building. Robbins' tannery  
was also somewhat damaged.

A Washington correspondent calls Walt Whitman, a funny, dirty, good-natured, broad-shouldered, long-bearded, red-nosed, last-week-shirted, forsaken old bachelor, with a sprig of the tree of life in his buttonhole, and a pansy between his lips, through which comes a humming medley of 'Tramp, tramp, tramp,' and 'Katy Darling.'

Bates College Commencement will occur June 30th, this year, and for all time thereafter on the last Wednesday of June. The present Senior class numbers 7. The Seniors have engaged Gilmore's Band of Boston, to furnish music, and the Commencement promises to be an attractive occasion. The oration before the Literary Societies will be delivered by Rev. Dr. Fulton of Boston.

**FACTS FOR THE LADIES.**—I made one hundred pairs of pantaloons, all thick and lined, with one needle without changing it: also made three hundred pairs in nine months.  
Very truly yours,  
MRS. A. M. TAYLOR.  
Troy, Bradford Co., Pa.

Horace Greeley has finally got an office. The President tendered him the appointment of government commissioner to examine the Pacific Railroad with four other gentlemen, and Mr. Greeley promptly accepted the place by return of next mail.

Gen. Howard is continuing the educational work at the South commenced by him while he was at the head of the Bureau of Freedmen, Refugees and Abandoned Lands. The recent report of the different State Superintendents will show a desire on the part of the whites to have the colored children educated, except in Texas, where the old caste prejudices prevail to such an extent that over twenty schools have been closed the past Spring.

DIED at Gold Run, Placer Co., Cal., March 22, Joseph Hubbard, aged 38, a native of Maine. The deceased left a valuable property, and has a brother and sister living in Maine. If they chance to see this will telegraph immediately their P. O. address to  
FRED BOURNE,  
Gold Run Placer Co., Cal.,

The Dry Tortugas have no pleasant reputation. But there really seems to be a superfluous amount of sympathy wasted upon the prisoners who are sent there to be punished, while the troops sent to guard them appear to be wholly forgotten. For our part we extend our indulgence to the officers and men on duty there and hope they will be relieved as soon as the exigencies of the public service will permit.—  
Portland Daily Ady.

The Levant Herald says that the Cretan chiefs, who have been for some months in prison for taking part in the late insurrection, have all length been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment, with hard labour, and several of them have already been transferred to the jail where they are to undergo their punishment.

Contrary to the prevailing impression our naval fleet in the Cuban waters is not to be reduced, but on the other hand a reduction in the usual number of vessels, necessitated by the limited congressional appropriations, will be made.

The erection of an elegant building for the use of the high school in Augusta is contemplated. The cost is estimated at \$50,000. Augusta is at present far behind the other cities and large towns in Maine in the matter of school accommodations.

The English Government considered the Africans' cause extinct, and have withdrawn the expenses which they had maintained on that coast at great cost for many years. For a time the expenses were \$500,000 a year.

John Billings was asked, "How fast does sound travel?" and his idea is that it depends upon the sound you are talking about. The sound of a cannon has traveled a mile in half a second, and an invitation to get up in the morning I have known to go a quarter of an hour going up a pair of stairs, and then not have strength left to be heard."

Well, what is it that comes across the bottom of the ocean?" asked a teacher of a bright little boy. "The cold," replied the boy.

Col. John Goodland is lying dangerously ill, at his residence in Cape Elizabeth, from the bursting of a blood vessel.

The public debt statement for May is expected to show a decrease in the national indebtedness of \$5,000,000.

The Ellis Saw Company, at West Waterville, manufacture annually thirty-five hundred dozen wood-saws.

Five hundred and eighty-seven executions by guillotine heads count mortal have been reported thus far by the American agents in Cuba.

Senator Sprague is said to be owner of the *Massachusetts*, having, in the last few weeks, sold a large quantity of the vessel to the amount of \$40,000.

It is a moral strength a church that depends upon puny sections is in a more hopeful condition than one whose surplus is overloading with lexacies, and its members taxed for its support,—says the *Merbury Post Herald*.

Senator Hugo has signified his intention to visit America during the present year.







