



5-28-1869

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 48): May 28, 1869

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 48): May 28, 1869" (1869). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 300.
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THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we would only stop to take it;
And many a home from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it!
To the soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er falters,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the winter storm prevailed.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are lifted!
There never was a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoard of treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And the hands that are ready and willing;
Than to snap the delicate, minute threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

BRAINS.

"Yes'm!"
I turned with a start, I was quite alone as I thought, and the fine tremble of that odd little voice struck strangely upon my ear. I had been saying that I was tired of life, or some such repining speech, which I never allowed myself except in solitude, and this object at my knee answered me, "Yes'm!" I looked at her in amazement. She was a little morsel, scarcely so tall as a well grown child of seven, but with a grave, mature, preternaturally wise face which might have belonged to any age from fifteen to twenty-five. Was she goblin or mortal?

"Who are you?" I asked.
"My name is Susan Mory, ma'am, but they mostly call me 'Brains.' They say I've an old head on young shoulders." And she laughed, a small, fine, queer laugh, as uncanny in sound as her voice. "I was hardly yet convinced that she was human."

"How old are you?"
"Twelve, ma'am, last birthday."

"And what do you want, Brains? How came you here?"

"I want to do your errands, ma'am. I heard you needed some one; and your door wasn't quite shut, so I came in. Excuse the freedom. And here she bobbed me a droll courtesy, quite in keeping with her voice, and her laugh, and the quaint, correctness and propriety of her conversation. It was true I wanted an errand girl; but what could this odd morsel of humanity do?"

"What wages did you expect?" I asked, more from curiosity to see what estimation she put upon her services, than with any serious intention of employing her.

"I heard you had been paying three dollars a week, and the girl boarded herself. I think I could earn as much."

"But she was a large girl," I said, in surprise. "She swept and dusted my room, carried home all my work, and shopped for linings and trimmings."

"Yes'm." She spoke with an acquiescent air, as if she thought the work I had mentioned was not at all too much for her. She seemed so ready and cheery that I couldn't bear to refuse her.

"Can you sweep?" I asked.
"If you'll try me, ma'am, I think my work will please you. If not, you know it's only to send me away again."

"There was no room to dispute her assertion. I began to like the quaint, neat little creature, with her earnest, unchildlike face. I would question her a little more, I thought."

"Have you a home?" I asked.
"With my mother. There are three of us—mother, and I, and Boly—I mean my sister Jane; she grew so fast, and was so careless, and thoughtless, that father always used to call her Boly, and me Brains. When the war broke out he went, for a private soldier, but he was shot the second summer. We have eight dollars a month, you know, mother's pension—but that's not quite make us comfortable, and mother's delicate; and so I thought I could do your errands, ma'am."

"So she, too, had lost by the war—she in one way and I, in another. The thought made my heart warm to her yet more."

"You may come to-morrow morning," I said. "Come at half-past six, and ask the porter for the key of No. 10. You will find a broom in that closet, behind the door, and you get the room swept, and dusted before the girls come to work."

"Yes'm."

Another droll little courtesy, and she was gone.

Then I went back to my thoughts again. They were a little less melancholy and self-complacent, however, for the diversion. Yet I had lost so much. Before the war began my father had been one of the wealthiest merchants in New York. He did a large wholesale business, mostly with the South, and when the crisis came it ruined him utterly. In the summer of 1861 we went to a little place in the country which belonged to my mother, and there he died. I think it was his trouble which brought on the long slow fever, from which he never rallied. Then in that fall after his death, I had to decide upon my future. We had scarcely a hundred dollars in the world besides the little place which sheltered us, but which insured us only a roof over our heads. My mother was a delicate woman, accustomed ever since her marriage to be petted and waited on and tended. She was utterly broken down by her grief at the loss of my father. I must think for both and work for both.

I, too, had been accustomed to luxury, and never trained to anything useful. I had received a fine lady sort of education. I could play and sing—with taste rather than with science. I danced well; I drew a little; I read French; I could manage Italian enough for a song; but what, one did I know even well enough to teach it? Not one. And even if I had, there were fifty applicants for every vacant situation in the department of instruction. Clearly I must do something besides teaching. I could not sew fast enough to earn much that way. What was I good for? My self-esteem went rapidly down to zero, when suddenly a new idea took possession of me. I had an endowment which I might make available as capital—taste in dress. I use the words in their highest sense. I not only knew what was pretty, before I saw it—I knew what would be pretty before I saw it. I had original ideas. In the days when I had been a leader of fashion in my own set, my dresses and my trimmings had never been servile imitations of French models. I had always invented something for myself, often for my friends. Schneider had said that my taste would be a fortune to any mantua-maker. It should be a fortune, then, to me.

I matured my plan, and then communicated it to my mother. As I had foreseen, it vexed

her sorely at first. But when I set matters before her in their true light, and she saw it afforded her only chance of comfort and independence, she began to look on the idea more favorably. She made only one stipulation—that I should not attempt to carry out my undertaking in New York. To this I was quite ready to accede. The supercilious patronage of all my former friends would have been a burden quite too heavy to be borne. I should feel comfortable, even if I made less money, to begin elsewhere. My scheme was quite an ambitious one. I ignored the proverbs about small beginnings, little acorns, and so on. I meant to storm success at the onset. I let the house which we were occupying, for a year, and arranged to leave my mother with the new tenants until I was ready to come for her; then I went to Boston.

I found vacant rooms on Summer street, in which nearly all the upstairs apartments were used by milliners and dress makers. I had no references, but I engaged to pay rent monthly in advance; and having paid the first month, I arranged my rooms, and put my sign—"Miss Macgregor"—on my door, and down stairs at the lower entrance. I had hired a dress maker to go on with me from New York—one who had been in the habit of going out by the day, and often sewed for me on common dresses. She could fit exceedingly well, but she would have been utterly wanting in the comprehensive ability necessary to carry on a business, and she made no pretensions to taste about trimming. She was quite satisfied to be hands and let me be head, and would be contented with her weekly wages. In one of my rooms was a wardrobe bedstead, which she and I were to occupy together till I could send for my mother. These arrangements made, I sent to the Transcript an advertisement setting forth the claims to patronage of Miss Macgregor from New York.

The evening the notice appeared I sat with it alone in my room—where, until it was time to retire, Miss Granger never intruded. The die was cast, and now I must go forward. For the first time a sort of passionate regret, a wild misgiving took possession of me, and I cried bitterly. It seemed to me I had given up everything I valued in life. If my social position with my New York acquaintance, had been all, I could have borne it without complaining; but I had resigned much more. Two years before I had experienced a new phase of emotion. Not to be romantic or put too fine a point upon the matter, I had fallen heartily, and I thought then, irretrievably in love. I felt sure, too, that Horace Weir had loved me. There had been no engagement between us, but when he went away in the spring of 1860 to study for three years in the hospitals of Paris—he was to be a physician—I think we had both felt sure of each other's hearts, and looked forward to a future together almost as confidently as if we had been betrothed.

I felt sure that in giving up all my old associates and entering upon this new life, I was giving him up also. If we had been engaged, I had faith enough in him to feel sure that he would have been changed by no change of fortune. But, as it was, I held not a shadow of a claim on him. I should drop out of his life. I will confess that I suffered keenly at the prospect. I would have clung to him if I could. For his sake I would have clung if I could, to position and old associations. But the simple fact was I could not. I had been willing to starve gently, I was not willing that my mother should, and there was no resource but to go to work. Just then I took up a Bible lying near me, and with some vague idea of finding in it comfort or direction, and, curiously enough, my eyes fell upon this passage:

"And the Lord said unto Moses, speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

I was just in the state of mind to receive these words as a special direction—a sort of omen. I took them as meant for an indication that I had chosen the right path and must walk on in it. So I tried to be brave—to cease to think of Horace Weir—to suppress every repining thought—every longing for the old days of ease and luxury, and to content myself with the present. I trusted that I should succeed. I felt sure I could if I could but once make a beginning. I would let the old life go, and commence this new one bravely. I had used on my sign my middle name, Macgregor. I trusted that if my old friends ever chanced to hear my advertisement they would not associate Miss Macgregor the dressmaker, with Helen Macgregor Bryce, their friend of the old time. Perhaps this was a weakness; at any rate it harmed no one, and Macgregor was a more imposing name than Bryce would have been. To be imposing, to be elegant, to become the fashion was my only hope. I had sold two diamond rings of considerable value to start me fairly, but if, in the two months to come, I could not secure a paying run of custom, I should have lost my last chance.

The very next morning a magnificent looking dame walked into my room, stately, after the manner of Boston, with a certain severe majesty appropriate to the hub of the universe. She was followed by two pretty young ladies. I had made a distinguished toilet that morning, and for stateliness it would go hard if I could not match her. She bowed loftily. I bowed loftily in response, and offered chairs.

"Miss Macgregor, I suppose."

"Bow the second on my part."

"I saw your advertisement last evening and came to talk with you about some dresses. Luce has disappointed me so many times, that if I could find some one equally good who would be punctual, it would be a satisfaction to make a change."

"Bow the third."

"Are you very busy, Miss Macgregor?"

"Not at all so. To day has been the first day I have been open, and you are my first caller."

Then followed a whispered consultation of the mamma and the tallest young lady. I knew they were debating whether it would be safe to trust a stranger whose work they had never seen, whose first patrons they were. I waited in apparent unconcern, watching the customers go in and out of the store opposite.

"You are sure," the lady began again, turning back to me, "that you would have no difficulty in fitting us for the first time?"

"I apprehend none, madam."

"And for the trimmings—what fashion books do you use?"

"None. I have them all, but I invent my own styles, for the most part."

Upon that the young daughter spoke, in a pleasant, baby-like voice.

"That will be nice, mamma. We shall not be copies of any one else."

"It would be better," the elder lady replied, "if we could try some more common dresses first, but there seems to be no time. Could you get two silks done for a wedding reception day after to-morrow?"

"Certainly, since, as I said, you have the fortune to come first."

"Then you will fit my daughters this morning?"

"At once."

I led the way into the other room where Miss Granger was waiting.

"White linen linings, Miss Granger," I said with an air of command; and please pin them on immediately.

Madam started at this with a gesture of alarm.

"Do you not fit them on yourself?" she asked.

"Even Luce always did that."

"By no means. There is no surer way to spoil one's power of adapting a dress to the figure. I stand at a little distance, and see that an artistic effect is preserved."

By this time Miss Granger was pinning on the lining over the slight girlish form of the elder daughter. She could fit well and they must have perceived it. I gave a few hints and directions, and the work was accomplished.

"Will you leave the trimming entirely to me?" I asked, as the mamma shook the lustrous, pearl-colored silk out of its folds, "or have you a choice?"

"Leave it to her," I heard the youngest daughter whisper—"I know by her own looks she has good taste."

So it was settled that I should make the dresses as I chose. No sooner had they left than I began my task. I had only two seamstresses engaged besides Miss Granger; but we all worked. A few other customers came in and I put them off until these two dresses could be finished. When done they were to be sent to Mrs. John Sturgis, Beacon Street; and I felt that if they gave good satisfaction I should have made as good a beginning as I desired. I trimmed them so differently that though the silk was the same, the dresses were totally unlike and yet equal in elegance. I sent them home the afternoon before the reception, and Miss Granger was kind enough to go over with them and try them on though that was not at all in her province. She came back and reported splendid fits and perfect satisfaction.

The next morning Mrs. Sturgis came for the bill. It was a matter on which I had bestowed some thought. I had questioned whether it would be the best policy to excite custom by the moderation of my charges or convey a sense of my own importance by their extravagance. One of my girls had formerly worked for Madame Luce, who had stood at the head, lithely, of Boston fashion. After a consultation with her I made out my bill, charging perhaps two or three dollars on a dress more than Luce would have done.

Mrs. Sturgis ran over the items.

"You are a little higher in your rates than is customary here," she said; "but I suppose we must be willing to pay you something for your taste. My daughters, dresses were the loveliest in the room. Can you make them some next week? They want some walking dresses and a dinner dress." "Not next week, I am sorry to say. I am more busy than when you came first. I think I might promise for the week after next."

I had decidedly made a hit. After that customers came in fast enough; and a good many of them spoke of the dresses worn by Aggie Sturgis and her sister at the wedding. I was able in two months from the beginning, to bring on my mother and to take for her a third room—a small one that happened about that time to fall vacant—so that she could be as retired as she wished. I completed this arrangement early in the winter of 1861, and for the two years, between that time and the appearance of little "Brains" in my establishment, I had been prospering beyond my hopes. But I was not happy. Success brought, indeed, a certain kind of satisfaction; but I missed sadly the care-free life of the old days, the liberty to follow my own tastes and ways, and I did miss Horace Weir. I had heard of him incidentally. He had come from France and was practising his profession in New York. I would have given much to know whether he had thought of me, inquired after me, tried to trace me out. Vain enough it must have been if he had. I had given no clue to my former residence to a single old friend. Every one of me to the best of my belief had lost sight of me. I was wedded to a life entirely different from my early dreams. I had been successful in my true beyond my expectations. I was saving money. I could make mother comfortable. I had little to do with the laborious details of my business my task was to invent graceful fashions—to suit colors to face faces—to make a charming toilet for girls living just such lives as I used to live once. God forgive me if some times I almost hated them; if now and then a mad, rebellious impulse seized me, and I cursed fate in my heart, forgetting that fate was but another name for Providence.

I had been in one of these murmuring moods when little Susan Mory interrupted my meditations with her fine small voice. After she went away I relapsed into it only partially, and roused myself with determination at last, and went to my mother, to abuse her with an account of my droll little visitor. After all, mother had more to bear than I. She had not even the diversion of business. She must sit through the long, slow days, remembering the past and all its good gifts and false promises—stung by its contrast with the empty handed present. How much more she had lost too! What was all the sentimental regret of a young girl over a love that had never been declared, to a wife's sorrow and longing for the household tenderness which had been her's for a quarter of a century! As I opened her doors I reproached myself for all my repinings.

I was glad to perceive that she was really interested about "Brains." She wanted to see her on the morrow, and began planning about garments she could give her to make over for herself and sister.

The next morning, curious to see whether my small hand-maiden had arrived, I put on my dressing gown a little before seven, and

looked into the work-room. I opened the door so quietly that she did not hear it. She had swept the room carefully, and now she stood in a chair dusting the window frame. It was very amusing to see her grave womanly patience and care, and her queer expedients to accomplish the tasks for which she was so absurdly short. As she turned round I said:

"Good morning, Brains."

"Yes'm," she said, "I'm come. I've been trying to make it as clean here as usual." And she glanced at me interrogatively with her bright thoughtful eyes that looked so wistful in her queer little old young face.

"Yes," I said, "you have made it very nice! I think you will please me."

When her morning work was done I took her in to see my mother, and the verdict was decidedly in the little one's favor. "She'll be the best errand-girl you ever had," she said to me after Brains had gone back to the work-room. Time went on and proved her right. Through all the winter she was the most faithful of little maidens. Never did pieces go astray, or bundles fail to reach their destination; and she developed a wonderful capacity for matching dresses with buttons and braid, and similar trifles. I grew really attached to her, and would not have exchanged her for any other messenger of twice her years.

Early in March she took a severe cold, and began to cough. I tried to make her stay at home until she was better, and let some one else take her place; but she insisted on coming. She knew just my ways, she said, and she was sure it didn't hurt her. She was going to get better as soon as there were some warm days. Still I was not comfortable about her. I did not like that constant cough—the color on her cheeks was too bright—she was growing, too, into a mere little shadow.

One morning when I entered into the work-room I missed her. Some one else had been sweeping and putting away things, but it was not in the accustomed order.

"Brains didn't come. I'm afraid she's worse," Miss Granger said. They had fallen into the habit of calling her Brains—the name seemed so appropriate—there was so much thought, and care and womanliness in such a little body.

Half an hour later there was a timid knock on the door, and in came a girl whom I had never seen before. I recognized her at once for the ten-year-old sister of my little errand girl—recognized her, as one often does, by some mysterious family likeness, which seemed to vanish when I looked at her more steadily. This one was a real actual child—large of her age, with full, rosy cheeks, and eyes round as beads. She came right straight up to me and delivered her message with the air of one who had been taught it carefully.

"Sister Susy is sick, and can't come. She is sorry, and hopes it won't put you to much inconvenience."

It was just like "Brains"—the polite careful message.

"And you are Boly?" I asked.
"Yes, ma'am"—and she looked as if she longed to ask how I had learned her home name—Yes, ma'am; I am Jane, and they call me Boly."

"Is Susy very sick?"
"Pretty bad, I guess, ma'am. She can't sit up, and she coughs most all the time, and mother sent me after a doctor this morning."

I asked where they lived, and she mentioned a number on Pleasant Street.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FEATHERS AT CHURCH.—Harper's Bazar is certainly not very Puritanic on questions of dress. Perhaps the good people who are more under bondage to fine dressing than they suppose will like to know its opinion on the subject of dressing for church.

The best bred people of every Christian country but our own avoid all personal display when engaged in worship and prayer. Our churches, on the contrary, are made places for the exhibition of fine apparel and other costly and flaunting compliances with fashion, by those who boast of superior wealth and manners.

We shall leave our gawgawed devotees to reconcile humiliation in worship with vanity of dress. That is a problem which we confess we have neither the right nor the capacity to solve. How far fine clothes may affect the personal piety of the devotee we do not pretend even to conjecture; but we have a very decided opinion in regard to their influence upon the religion of others. The fact is that our churches are so fluttering with birds of fine feathers that no sorry fowl will venture in. It is impossible for poverty in rags and patches, or even in decent but humble costume, to take its seat, if it should be so fortunate as to find a place, by the side of wealth in brocade and broadcloth. The poor are so awed by the pretension of superior dress and "the proud man's costume," that they naturally avoid too close a proximity to them. The church being the only place on this side of the grave designed for the rich and the poor to meet together in equal prostration before God, it certainly should always be kept free for this common humiliation and brotherhood. It is so in most of the churches of Europe, where the beggar in rags and wretchedness and the wealthiest and most eminent, whose appropriate sobriety of dress leaves them without mark of external distinction, kneel down together, equalized by a common humiliation before the only Superior Being. The adoption of a more simple attire for church on the part of the rich in this country would have the effect, certainly not of diminishing their own personal piety, but probably of increasing the disposition for religious observance on the part of the poor.

The colored man recently appointed postmaster at Andersonville, Georgia, has been so persecuted by all the white men in that vicinity, including the Superintendent of the National Cemetery, where more than thirteen thousand of our brave soldier boys lie buried, that he has been compelled to decline his appointment and return his commission.

A great rush is being made in favor of free seats. The Baptist Social Union lately heartily endorsed the sentiment, "Free seats for all." The Congregationalists think the millennium will not come until this owning and renting of seats in the House of God comes to an end.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The greatest attraction, perhaps, in the June number is Whittier's ballad of "Noronbeaga," which is the longest he has published for some time. Mr. Higginson's story of "Malbone" is sadly concluded. There is the first of a series of papers on "The Hamlets of the Stage," carrying the review from Richard B. Hodge to John Kemble. Mr. N. S. Shaler discusses "Earthquakes," and their effects upon nations; Mr. John Burroughs treats of "Birds' Nests"; Mr. Clarke writes of "Buddhism"; Mr. C. C. Coffin suggests a new answer to the servant girl problem, which his title gives in a nutshell,—"China in our Kitchens"; and Mr. Brewster and Mr. Trowbridge continue their reports of the results of travel.

Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$4 a year.

THE ECLECTIC, that rich repository of choice foreign literature, is embellished with a fine portrait of the present Emperor of Russia, and contains the following articles:—

The Physical Basis of Life; Ferguson's Tree and Serpent Worship; Other Inhabited Worlds; Genius in Love; A Whist Reminiscence; Professor Tyndall on Sound; The Northern Hemisphere and Christianity; The Mystery of the Grange; Napoleon's Napoleon I. He knew the Right Chaps. XXII, XXIII, XXIV; Physical Education; A Night Among Wild Fowl; The Romance of Pulo-Pengau; A Lunatic Colony; Alexander II., Emperor of Russia; Poetry; Notes on Books; Art; Science; Varieties.

Published by E. R. Feltón, 106 Fulton St., New York, at \$5 a year.

THE GALAXY.—Prominent among the articles in the June number of this first class monthly are "General Drouot," by General George B. McClellan, and "George Eliot and George Lewes," by Justin McCarthy. The only poem is by J. R. L., on his Fifteenth Birthday, by C. P. Cranch. Mr. J. W. De Forest has a story, Mr. J. S. C. Abbott the first of two papers on "The Throne of Louis Philippe," Dr. Draper a discussion of the preparation of animal food for the table. Eugene Benson analyzes Mr. Godkin of the Nation, and Mr. Richard Grant White returns to the charge in regard to the use of "is being." Mr. Charles Rea has his usual two chapters.

Published by Sheldon & Co., New York, at \$4 a year.

HOURS AT HOME.—The June number of this popular monthly of instruction and recreation, has continuations of "Motherless Girls," a story of the last century, by the author of "Mary Powell," and "Christopher Cross," a story of New York life, by Miss S. J. Pritchard. The other paper on "Books and Reading," by Prof. North, treats of "Their Relations to a Religious Life—A Christian Literature," in the second of "Sunnybank Papers," Marion Harland discusses pleasantly of "Poetry and their Perils;" and in the fourth number of "Syrian Rambles," we read of "The Lake and the River of Palestine." The other articles we will not enumerate, but they furnish a large amount of valuable and interesting reading. This magazine is indeed a power for good, with its pure and wholesome literature, and deserves the hearty support of Christian men and women.

Published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York, at \$3 a year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for June has a fine steel engraving, "The Watering Place," a charming colored fashion plate of six figures in a large elegant coat containing over thirty figures of fashions and useful articles for the toilet; a page of children's fashions, and many other embellishments which we will not enumerate. The literature of the number is of the usual excellent, embracing contributions by many of our best writers. The Lady's Book is an old favorite, and gains in attractions every year.

Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

MR. STEPHENS opens the June "River side" with another of his droll Mother Goose pictures illustrating the ditty "The Fox and his Wife," they had a great strife." As if in peaceful contrast, the opening article of the number is "First School-days of a little Quaker," which promises to be a bright story for girls. History is provided in a sketch of "Joan of Arc," by George M. Towle. Mr. Jacob Abbott explains "Joan's Equivalent." Paul H. Hayne, the poet, tells a lively story in prose of "Robbie Singleton's Mishap," the "Rambles in Constantinople" are continued, as also the Hunting Sketches in South Africa; while there is another New Testament story, this time of the "Marriage Feast at Cana," and Hans Andersen tells a fresh story of "The Comet," which has a very graceful picture by M. L. Stone. To know the rest get the Magazine itself. Hurd & Houghton, New York, publishers. \$2.50 a year.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for April has the following table of contents:—

Confucius; Edith Fung; The Competitive Industries of Nations; Memoir of Madame Lafayette; The Settlement of Ulster; Dike's Great Britain; Matthew Arnold's Critical Works; A Russian Finance, 1860-1869; Life and Times of Edward III.; Campbell's Lives of Lyndhurst and Brougham.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 37 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$1 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$2; any three of the Reviews, \$3; all four Reviews, \$4; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$13; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 60 cents a year.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for June has a lively treatise, "The Snow Fort on Slatter's Hill," illustrating one chapter in "The Story of a Bad Boy;" and there are numerous other illustrations in the number. "Lawrence at a Coal Shaft," "Candy Making," "The Last Voyage of Kean Menard," "A Few Words about the Crows," are all practical articles imparting valuable information in an agreeable way; and there are some lighter articles, with the usual supply of material for brain exercise in the puzzle department, a piece of music, &c. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$2.50 a year.

"THE ADVANCE."—The publisher of this sterling national religious journal, the subscription price of which is \$2.50 per year, offers to send it to any address, during the remainder of the present year, from May to January—for one dollar. The "Advance" is a standing proof that it is not necessary for a religious journal to be either dry, prosy and sectarian, or worldly, sensational and flashy. It occupies a golden mean and is a most readable and instructive paper.

The above offer will enable all to make the acquaintance of the Advance at small cost. Subscriptions should be sent to The Advance Co., Chicago, Ill.

PACKARD'S MONTHLY for June, is full of lively articles from its corps of correspondents, and its editorials are lively and pointed. Just the magazine for young men.

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

LET 'EM STARVE.

Remarks of a Brute on Women's Wages.

"Hepsibah" reports for the New York Post, the following tea-table talk *apropos* to the opening of the Women's Bureau in that city:

"There are," said Mr. Jones, "three or four thousand working women unemployed and in distress in New York, almost all the time. Many are on the point of starvation."

"Let 'em starve," growled Mr. Roberts—"whereas, you may believe, we all cried out at him for a savage."

"Let 'em starve," he repeated—and I must tell you he is a bear. "Women," he added presently, "have less sense than anybody I know."

"Present company excepted?" queried the bland Mr. Blunderhead, anxious to allay a gathering storm—for you are to remember that we were at tea.

"Yes, present company excepted," grinned the odious Mr. Roberts. "You say three or four thousand women are at all times needy here in New York. Why don't they work, then?"

"Can't get anything to do, poor thing," replied Mr. Blunderhead.

"Let me tell you something about that," said Mr. Roberts. "I have, as you are aware, a wife and children."

We all nodded assent, for Mrs. Roberts sat opposite to her "lord," and the ladies are known to us all as sweet little things.

"Well," said Roberts, "I don't like my wife to work herself to death; I would like to enjoy her society; to see her healthy and dith; burdened with cares. But she is the slave of her sewing and her housekeeping. When I want a new suit of clothes I go to my tailor, get measured, have them made without further thought, pay for them and wear them. When my wife needs a new suit of clothes she must tuss and work hard for another week or two to get a competent seamstress, and then she must fuss and work hard for a week or two to get her sewing done. You say women are starving—but why don't they work?"

"Why don't they set up tailor shops for women, as men set up tailor shops for men? When my boy needs a suit of clothes, I take him to a shop, have him fitted, and in half an hour am done. When my three girls need new clothes, why can't my wife do the same thing? Why must she bother her head, and derange the house for a month, and her health for life, with cutting, and basting, and fitting, and showing a seamstress what she wants and how she wants it?"

"But, Mr. Roberts," said I, "women are harder to fit than men, and girls need many things that boys don't."

Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE... MAY. 28, 1869.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
 E. W. FETTERGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10
 State street, Boston, and 30 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles,
 Advertising Agent, No. 1 Beall's Building, Court Street,
 Boston; Geo. F. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40
 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 128
 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the Waterville
 Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and sub-
 scriptions at the same rates as required at this office.
 ATWELL & CO., Advertising Agents, 7 Middle Street,
 Portland, are authorized to receive advertisements and sub-
 scriptions at the same rates as required by law.

LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS
 relating either to the business or editorial departments of the
 paper should be addressed to "MEXAM & WING," or WAT-
 ERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.

**TOMORROW, Saturday, May 29, (and
 not June, as we blundered in saying last week.)**
 is the day for decorating the soldiers' graves
 with flowers.

At 11 o'clock P. M., Mr. Nye's Cadets will
 meet at Town Hall, where ALL the children of
 this vicinity are invited to join them in a pro-
 cession, to march to the Cemetery. Older per-
 sons are also invited to join them, if they see
 fit. Those who can carry flowers will provide
 according to their own taste. This will be a
 fine time for the children, and it is hoped that
 they will ALL be there.

Of course this patriotic festival is not to be
 confined to the children, or to this procession;
 but everybody else will proceed to enjoy it in
 their own way.

As some graves were unintentionally neg-
 lected last year, it has been suggested that the
 friends of deceased soldiers buried in our cem-
 etery should mark them with a small flag; and
 this flag may remain through the year to indi-
 cate to all the last resting place of one who gave
 his life for his country.

If there are in the Cemetery any other sol-
 diers' graves or memorials than the following,
 the fact may be communicated to the marshal,
 Capt. J. K. Richardson.

Wm. A. Stevens, E. C. Stevens, Henry E.
 Tozier, Geo. C. Getchell, Albert F. Tozier,
 W. H. DeWolf, Orrin Brackett, Wallace W.
 West, Charles A. Farrington, Frank Dusty,
 Pelatiah Penney, Wm. Penney, Joseph M.
 Penney, Thos. G. Rice, Lewis G. Phelps.

The old building on Main-st., just de-
 molished by Maj. Marston, was erected sixty-
 three years ago by the now venerable Russell
 Blackwell, of this village. He occupied it for
 nearly thirty years,—since which it has passed
 through the hands of the present owner to Mr.
 A. Lyford, and from him to Wm. Moor; and
 now, again in the hands of the Major, it is
 carefully and respectfully dissected, assorted,
 and marked for use in the new building that
 promises to rise in its place. The large tim-
 bers, even of the first floor, are nearly as sound,
 with slight exceptions, as when originally put
 up. They are of pine, and ponderous accord-
 ing to the fashion of their day. For more
 than twenty years past this building,—like its
 tottering buider as seen to-day,—has seemed
 "only waiting" for the rejuvenation now in
 progress.

Look up, ye Watervillians!—behold
 the trees your hands have nurtured, and let
 your souls rejoice and be glad that you were
 wise in season. Now are your grounds fair
 and your homes pleasant, and you walk in
 shady places. Open your mouths with joy,
 and let all the villages round about take coun-
 sel from your prudence,—they of Kendall's
 Mills and West Waterville, and from beyond
 Winslow and Benton, let them be taught now
 while it is in season, that he who planteth a
 tree wisely doeth a good thing,—so shall the
 streets of his new Jerusalem, that are to be
 "paved with gold," also be found shaded with
 maples.

From our window to-day we look down
 upon a marble slab, in the yard of Stevens &
 Son, measuring 6 ft. 1 in. by 4 ft. 10 in., and
 1 inch thick—containing almost thirty square
 feet. "Italian" tells its quality and also its
 history. It must have been quarried in the
 mountains of Italy, sluiced down the gullies or
 small streams to the sea coast, and thence ship-
 ped to Boston, to be sawed into slabs and dis-
 tributed to marble workers. Of this slab Ste-
 vens & Son will make four table tops, hewing
 into graceful shapes and polishing like glass, to
 adorn the parlors of the wealthy and tasteful.
 How much labor and skill and enterprise will
 have become associated in them before they
 reach this last quiet position!

An Augusta correspondent of the Boston
 Daily Advertiser—how kind these fellows are
 to do this work for the people—names David
 Cargill and F. E. Webb of Winthrop, and Dr.
 G. S. Palmer of Gardiner, and F. A. Chase of
 Fayette, as probable candidates for Senators in
 our county.

A LIVE PLACE, in the line of dry goods,
 is the old stand of Meader & Phillips, now the
 new stand of C. R. McFadden. It is a treat
 for a lady of taste to see the silk goods there,
 not to mention the various other choice things
 that women love to buy and wear.

OUR CEMETERY.

DEAR MAIL:—When I was a child, many
 years ago, I knew an old gentleman who
 seemed to think that the only proof needed for
 the correctness of a statement was, that it
 should be in print. Now, through your print,
 I wish to say something in reference to our
 Cemetery, and hope I may say nothing that
 ought not to be in print.

Many friends and strangers, in days past,
 have called our Cemetery very nice and pret-
 ty. We are sorry to feel that it is now being
 sadly neglected. Some persons have under-
 taken to make hedges of forest trees, and have
 neglected them until they have grown tall and
 scraggy, and look badly, and if left to grow a
 few years longer they will completely fill the
 lots with branches. And what are we to sup-
 pose will be the fate of these lots thus en-
 closed with forest trees fifty or one hundred
 years hence? You cannot make suitable
 hedges of forest trees for small lots. They
 would answer very well for lots containing broad
 acres. If you undertake to enclose a small lot
 with a hedge, it should be done with some kind
 of shrub, and nicely trimmed every year. Of
 course you know there is a vast difference be-
 tween a shrub and a forest tree for a hedge.

Some lots are entirely neglected, and have
 grown over with brambles. In some instances
 perhaps no friend is left to care for them. In
 such cases they should be cared for from the
 general fund for the general good of the Cem-
 etery.

But worst of all, there are too many trees
 upon the ground, and some, of course, entirely
 devoid of arrangement. Cords of solid wood
 and brush should be removed immediately from
 the ground. What forest trees are left should
 be well trimmed. Aside from these, only small
 shrubbery and flowers should be admitted.

Perhaps you may think otherwise, but I love
 trees and shrubbery; I also dislike extremes.
 I love neatness, order, and good taste.

Taking a hint from the above note, we rode
 through the various avenues of the cemetery,
 a few days ago, to see if the alarm of "Z."
 was real. We suggested several years ago
 that the committee in charge of the Cemetery
 should have power to control the ornamenta-
 tion of the several lots. In no other way can
 any system of beauty and harmony be carried
 out. Even with this control, hardly one in a
 thousand can do any fair measure of justice to
 such an opportunity as is offered in these
 grounds. It is much easier to make the whole
 thing a disgrace than an honor to the taste and
 genius of our community; and in this easy
 direction it certainly is tending at this time.
 If trees would not grow or shrubbery increase,
 the remedy might be obvious,—the removal of
 a few of the former and a thorough pruning of
 the latter would set all right. But a half
 century with these trees will make the whole
 field a deep and dark forest. The maples on
 the high ground are ten times too many; and
 the hedge and ornamental trees and bushes
 distributed among the lots are in the same ex-
 cess. Perhaps to-day this may not be evident
 to all; but think of the coming century, that is
 but a day in the life of these grounds.

Probably under the present plans there is no
 blame for all this; but unless a different course
 is taken our citizens will soon cease inviting
 strangers to visit the cemetery. They will find
 no honorable pride in doing so. But a reform
 must come from those directly interested,—
 from owners of lots, and those whose friends
 are resting here. Nobody else will move in
 the matter. Care and money,—it will take
 much of both these to maintain these grounds
 according to the present standard of public
 taste.

But we do not forget the better side of our
 subject. In the direction of adornment some
 very nice things have been done within the
 past year or two. Many of the monuments
 and enclosures present rare beauty. In a few
 cases the lots show constant and tender care—
 as though watered daily with living affection,
 and tended with glowing hope. They honor
 alike the dead and living. If these examples
 were more numerous they would work wonders
 in the direction of reforming the errors that
 are daily creeping in here and there. Could
 they not be multiplied?

We have spoken plainly but kindly upon a
 subject that should be touched tenderly. Our
 modern cemeteries are holding the living and
 the dead closely together; cherishing the sweet-
 est memories and kindling the best hopes
 known to the human soul. They deserve all
 the care that is given them; for the work they
 are doing in destroying "the last enemy."

The Lewiston Journal tells of a dog owned
 by an Irishman of that town that furnishes the
 family with wood, being sent out when a good
 piece of drift wood is floating by, and seizing
 it in his teeth, brings it to shore. The Bangor
 Whig tells of a dog belonging to a farmer out
 in Dedham, that always goes to the pasture
 when it comes night and drives home the cows.
 In our boyhood we had an old dog that would
 have beaten both these, but he died when he
 was a "pup." After that he never knew much.

Democratic papers are quoting "Ex-
 president Pierce on our foreign relations." We
 remember his opinions on our domestic relations,
 too well to think much of his judgment. He
 assured the Southern flank of his party that the
 northern democrats would fight on the side of
 the rebellion—but they didn't. He now pro-
 nounces "the state of things" between this
 country and Great Britain "delicate and criti-
 cal." So it may be, but we believe it none the
 more for his assertion. The opinions of three
 such men as Johnson, Buchanan and Pierce,
 need three equally reliable endorsers, to render
 them worth quoting—and then!

CUBAN AFFAIRS are in as great a muddle as
 ever, both parties claiming to be successful. A
 filibustering force has effected a landing on the
 coast without doubt, and there is a report of a
 battle in which the Spaniards are said to have
 lost a thousand men—but this is rather doubt-
 ful.

OUR TABLE.

OUTLINES OF SCRIPTURE HISTORY, with
 Marginal References for Sabbath-School Concert Ex-
 ercises.

A sample of these, the Life of Abraham, has been sent
 to us by Hoyt & Fogg, Portland, who are ready to sup-
 ply them to all who need. We commend these outlines
 to the attention of Sabbath School Superintendents and
 others.

EVERY SATURDAY for this week has the
 conclusion of Anthony Trollope's story, "He Knew He
 was Right." The number also contains "Thrift, a Lec-
 ture to Ladies," by Rev. Charles Kingsley; "A Page of
 Autobiography," by Charles Lever; and "The Philo-
 sophy of Etching," by P. G. Hamerton, besides a short
 story by the author of "Dr. Jacob."

Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$5 a
 year.

THE NURSERY.—The June number of this
 charming little magazine for youngest readers, has more
 good things in it than we can stop to enumerate, but
 among them will be found the five-act tragedy of "The
 Hammer," and the funny story of "Pip and Jip." This
 number completes another volume. This little monthly
 is now used as a reading book for beginners in many
 schools.

Published by John L. Shorey, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

BROWN'S GUIDE BOOK for the City and
 vicinity of Boston, just issued, will find plenty of buyers
 for everybody will visit the Hub this season. It informs
 you of what there is to be seen in the City of Notions
 and how best to find it, and all for ten cents. H. A.
 Brown & Co., Publishers, 3 School Street.

"BEADLE'S LADIES' LETTER WRITER,"
 and "BEADLE'S BASE BALL PLAYER," are the titles of
 two of the latest Dime books published by Beadle & Co.,
 of New York, and which are for sale by all booksellers.

C. M. MORSE, Esq., now a resident of
 Jacksonville, Ill., and who evidently has all
 his old interest in the cause of education and
 every other good work, sends us a copy of the
 Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public
 Schools of that city. It is a document of over
 a hundred pages, and contains abundant evi-
 dence that earnest men are at work trying to
 improve the schools in the face of considerable
 opposition, much of which is born of ignorance.
 But there, as elsewhere, these true friends of
 the people must patiently labor on, misrepresented
 and maligned by those whom they are
 trying to benefit, and they will eventually tri-
 umph and bring about an improved condition
 of things.

LIFE OF ST. PAUL.—Is anybody canvass-
 ing this section for this excellent book, pub-
 lished by S. S. Scranton & Co., of Hartford,
 Conn.? If not, we advise some capable agent
 to secure the chance and enter upon the work
 at once. It is a book that ought to find many
 buyers everywhere. See advertisement.

THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION will
 be held at Bangor on Thursday, June 24th.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION FOR KEN-
 NEBEC COUNTY will be held at Augusta on
 Wednesday, June 23d. Waterville is entitled
 to ten delegates; Winslow, 4; Benton, 3;
 Clinton, 4; Sidney, 4; Vassalboro, 8.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, one of the lead-
 ing papers in the country, has long been recog-
 nized as a power in the land, and it probably
 never stood higher than it does now. From a
 circular recently issued by the publishers, we
 make the following extract:—

In its political discussions and preferences the
 Times is Republican,—and supports the cardinal
 principles and leading measures of that
 party as on the whole best calculated to secure
 the peace and promote the prosperity of all sec-
 tions of our common country. It was among
 the first to advocate the nomination and election
 of Gen. Grant to the Presidency, and will sus-
 tain, with all the ability it can command, the
 principles and policy of his Administration.

The Times will insist upon Reform in all
 branches of the public service,—economy in the
 administration of the Government,—the pay-
 ment of the public debt and the maintenance of
 the public credit,—the adoption of equal and
 impartial suffrage,—the removal of useless po-
 litical disabilities,—the preservation of peace,—
 the elevation of labor,—the vindication of our
 national rights,—and, in general, such measures
 as will strengthen our Republican institutions
 in the confidence of our own people, and com-
 mend them to the respect and admiration of the
 world.

The Editorial Department of the Times will
 be devoted to the intelligent, temperate and
 useful discussion of the current events of the
 day, in every department of public activity and
 interest, with the general aim of instructing and
 guiding the public mind rather than exciting
 public passion or ministering to a morbid curi-
 osity. Special care will be taken to exclude
 everything which can deprave the morals, or
 lower the taste of the great body of intelligent
 readers.

The Times furnishes an immense amount of
 reading in great variety, at a very cheap rate,
 its daily, exclusive of the Sunday edition, being
 furnished for \$10; a single copy of the semi-
 weekly, \$3, and two copies for five; weekly
 single copy, \$2, and ten copies for \$15. Ad-
 dress H. J. Raymond & Co., New York City.

PUTNAM, the efficient and popular mayor of
 Portland, has been named as the democratic
 candidate for Governor; but the Press says he
 is a little shaky and has even been known to
 spell negro with one "g."

Every little while some lying newspaper
 correspondent starts the story of a quarrel be-
 tween President Grant and some prominent
 man of our country, which has no foundation
 in truth. The latest report of this kind in-
 volved Senator Sumner, but he pronounces it
 a falsehood.

The prospect of the hay crop, through
 all New England, was probably never better,
 thus early in the season. The ground was cov-
 ered with snow all winter, and spring has been
 just what the farmer would make it if his wis-
 hes ruled the weather.

Mr. Johnson asks: "Whose ass have I tak-
 en?" No prominent member of the Radical
 party is missing that we know of.—[Philadelphia
 Age.]

Pshaw, blockhead! why didn't you say,
 "Nobody's, thank you, Sir?"

On Sunday last Rev. Dr. Sheldon, of
 this village, was called to Albion to preach the
 funeral sermon of Mr. Edwin C. Crosby, son of
 Mr. Andrew Crosby of Albion. The deceased
 was killed by accident in January last, in Cal-
 ifornia, where he went soon after the war. The
 Havilah Courier has the following de-
 tails:

On Saturday last an event of a most mel-
 ancholy nature occurred at the Joe Walker mine,
 in this county, resulting in the death of a young
 man named Edwin C. Crosby. He attempted
 to cut loose a belt attached to the hoisting
 works, and which was working badly, when his
 hand was caught between the belt and the re-
 volving cylinder, which was revolving at the
 rate of 60 or 70 times a minute, and was thus
 carried over and over for some minutes. The
 engine was stopped as soon after the discovery
 of the accident as possible. It was found that
 Mr. Crosby's right arm was terribly mashed,
 his shoulder broken and his head badly bruised.
 He lived only about two hours and a half.
 Deceased was a native of Maine, and aged
 about 25 years. The deceased was held in high
 esteem by those who knew him best. He was
 an exemplary man in all the relations of life—
 honest, frugal, industrious and temperate—never
 yielding to the temptations which beset the
 California miner. He had worked at the Joe
 Walker about two years, and we believe it was
 his intention soon to return to the Eastern home.
 It is sad to contemplate that his cherished
 hopes should have been so suddenly frustrated
 by the relentless hand of death.

There was a very large audience at the
 Union Church, to hear the sermon. Young
 Crosby seems to have been worthy of all the
 praise given in the above notice, and widely
 remembered—though young when he left home
 for the army—as among the best of the many
 excellent young men bearing his family name
 in Albion.

Eight candidates for the cadetship at
 West Point were examined on the 26th, by the
 Faculty of Colby University, of whom Charles
 Frederic Dunn, of Litchfield, was recommended
 for the appointment.

Domestic troubles and financial embarras-
 sments drove a Mr. Libby, of Augusta, to com-
 mit suicide last week.

THE MAINE BAPTIST CONVENTION will
 hold its session this year at Oldtown, commenc-
 ing on Tuesday, June 15th.

THE KENNEBEC BAPTIST SABBATH SCHOOL
 CONVENTION will meet with the Sabbath
 School in our village on Wednesday, June 9th.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for June, with an
 attractive bill of fare, will be found at Hen-
 rickson's, one door north of the Post Office.
 Also all the monthlies, fresh from the New
 England News Company of Boston.

The Denver News says that boots the size
 of hams are grown there; which shows that
 either the hogs are very small or the vegetables
 very large.

On account of the scarcity of flowers at this
 season, the decoration of soldiers' graves at
 Augusta has been postponed one month.

Two little boys—George C. Cole, aged 7
 years, and George O. Davenport, aged 5 years,
 sons of C. A. Cole and W. H. Davenport—
 were drowned at Hallowell, on Thursday of
 last week by falling into a well.

Joseph Bartlett of the Bangor Jeffersonian
 had his pocket picked of quite a large sum of
 money on his way home from New York.

Hold on! An editor returning from a jour-
 ney with his pockets full of money! If the
 inquiry would not embarrass Bro. Bartlett, we
 should just like to know *what* that money
 came from?

Among the appointments made at the recent
 session of the East Maine Methodist Confer-
 ence are the following:—

South Vassalboro', supplied by E. Bryant;
 Winslow and Vassalboro', D. M. True; North
 Vassalboro' and East Vassalboro', C. L. Has-
 kell; China, C. B. Bessey; Clinton and Ben-
 ton, G. G. Winslow; Unity and Troy, to be
 supplied.

WATERVILLE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN
 ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting, for the
 choice of officers, &c., will be held at the rooms
 of the Association, next Monday evening, May
 31st.

ELKO, a thriving town on the Pacific Rail-
 road, is thus described:—

"Elko is a great place; there are several
 lines of streets, though the town has sprung up
 since January last, and thriven entirely on the
 White Pine excitement. Some people nick-
 name it 'Ragtown,' from its white cotton walls.
 At Elko, at this time, calico is the great build-
 ing material, and though there are two brick
 yards—adobe—most of the supply of this kind
 of material goes for building chimneys and
 fire-places. Lumber was \$200 a thousand feet
 —not extravagant, considering that the first
 freight train only came through five days ago—
 and pine lumber, by express, is necessarily
 costly. Some very neat cottages have been
 built in rows, of the two great products of the
 country—sage brush and mud—worked up
 into walls of lath and daub. Within a mile of
 Elko, on the road to White Pine, is a large
 natural swimming bath, where visitors can
 choose their temperature, from tepid to boiling.
 The depth is said to be very great, and some
 say that at 230 feet no bottom has been found.
 The floating population of Elko, which is very
 large, to their credit be it said, indulge in fre-
 quent bathing, and as far as is known, whether
 they can swim or not, none of them have
 yet been drowned. A two-horse wagon is kept
 hard at work taking and bringing back the
 bathers."

Rare exhibition, with great chances to
 save money!—open every day and evening, at
 Appleton Hall. Admission free.

DR. SHELTON will give the third of his
 Practical Discourses on the Ten Command-
 ments next Sunday evening. The subject will
 be the Commandment, "Thou shalt not kill;"
 and one of its topics will be the expediency of
 capital punishment.

JOHN ALLEN'S REVIVAL.—The result of
 the famous John Allen revival in Water street,
 New York, last year, is summed up in Packard's
 Monthly, which says since the opening of the
 mission one hundred and three girls have sought
 refuge there. Of these twelve have relapsed into
 drunkenness and vice; thirty-eight have been
 sent to other institutions; fifty-three are now
 in situations as domestics, and doing well,
 and twenty-eight of the latter have become
 Christian women.

The entire aspect of the street has been
 changed. Dance house after dance house has
 been closed, and rum-shop after rum-shop has
 become profitless. The vicious wretches who
 were wont to fatten on the pockets, and the
 souls of degraded men and women now turn
 their faces to the wall and weep for the departed
 ignominy and sinful thrift of the locality.

Kit Burn says he has not had a bit of luck
 since he let the prayer-meeting folks hold their
 meetings in his dog pit.

"I tell you what," said Kit, "that was the
 wu't match I ever made. Everything's gone
 wrong with me since I let them fellows into my
 pit. I haint done business enough to pay my
 rent. Them prayer-meeting' chaps is the on-
 luckiest cuss for me that ever yelped in Water
 street."

Kit has actually had to close his old establish-
 ment. John Allen has altogether retired from
 the field, having given up his old place to
 Kicking Jack, who is vainly trying to make
 his fortune there.

SECRETARY BOUTWELL'S POLICY.—It is
 too soon perhaps to determine what effect Sec-
 retary Boutwell's policy of selling gold and
 buying bonds is going to have. We only know
 that in about three weeks bonds have been en-
 hanced about five per cent. and gold about sev-
 en per cent. If this is attributable to the Sec-
 retary's determination, it is easy to figure upon
 the economy of his plan. In three weeks he
 pays six million of public debt, but in doing so
 enhances the value of the whole debt five per
 cent., which upon a funded debt, of two billion
 is just one hundred million dollars!

It has become mighty hard in the utter con-
 fusion of all financial authority to tell what we
 do need, but it is pretty evident that we do not
 need legislation or policy that shall enhance the
 value of government bonds or increase the rates
 of interest.

We are in a position, intensely ludicrous,
 were it not so diametrically disastrous, of having
 a surplus revenue, which we do not know what
 to do with, while the government is in a state
 of chronic and apparently hopeless bankruptcy.
 Congress would not let the Secretary redeem
 its overdue notes and so put the currency upon a
 specie basis, and indeed thought they had
 prevented him from redeeming the bonds. If
 he has found a loophole through which he may
 pay something, even if it is the bondholders,
 who are the least sufferers by the governments
 failure we do not see that he ought to be blan-
 ded.—[Port. Press.]

FOUR DAYS' DELIBERATION.—In one of the
 old Dutch settlements of Mowhawk Valley, a
 very honest old farmer of the Little Four Corn-
 ers was elected Justice of the Peace. It was
 not supposed that Squire V. had amassed
 much legal learning, but he was quite noted
 for his unsophisticated honesty and frankness
 —indeed a blunt Dutchman, whose heart never
 erred, but whose head had very little con-
 nection with it in the administration of his offi-
 cial functions. It happened that his first case
 was quite hotly contested by lawyers on both
 sides. They summed it up elaborately, and af-
 ter they got through quoting from "Cowan's
 Treatise," the bar-room of the hotel (his office)
 being crowded with eager spectators, to hear
 the first decision of the new Justice, the old
 man deliberately folded up his docket put it un-
 der his arm, lit his pipe, and said:

"Vell shentlemen, I shall take four days to
 decide, but shall eventually find judgement for
 de plaintiff."

The Stockholder, of New York, a paper de-
 voted to railway interests, speaks of the energy
 with which the Knox & Lincoln railroad is be-
 ing pushed along, and has the following about
 the bridge-building: "Capt. Samuel Teague,
 of Bath, who is building the bridges, at one
 place about three miles from the Kennebec
 river, drove piles 143 feet without finding solid
 foundation. He intends, however, to 'fight it
 out on that line' until he strikes bottom or hears
 from China. He is building a bridge across
 the Sheepscot river, at Wiscasset, three miles
 long, with two more to build across the same
 river, from 1000 to 15000 feet in length."

FAMILIAR LOVE.—Mr. Anthony Trollope,
 in the last instalment of his novel of "He Knew
 He was Right," has the following:

Perhaps there is no period so pleasant among
 all the pleasant periods of love-making as that
 in which the intimacy between the lovers is so
 assured, and the coming event so near, as to
 endure conversation about the ordinary little
 matters of life,—what can be done with the
 limited means at their disposal; how that life
 shall be begun which they are to lead together;
 what idea each has of the others duties; what
 each can do for the other; what each will re-
 nounce for the other. There was a true sense
 of the delight of intimacy in the girl who de-
 clared that she had never loved her lover so
 well as when she told him how many pairs of
 stockings she had got. It is very sweet to gaze
 at the stars together; and it is sweet to sit out
 among the haycocks. The reading of poetry
 together, out of the same book, with brows all
 close, and arms all mingled is very sweet. The
 pouring out of the whole heart in written words,
 which the writer knows would be held to be
 ridiculous by any eyes, and any ears, and any
 sense, but the eyes and ears and sense of the
 dear one to whom they are sent, is very sweet;
 but for the girl who has made a shirt for the
 man that she loves, there has come a moment
 in the last stitch of it, sweeter than any stars,
 haycocks, poetry, or superlative epithets have
 produced.

MAINE GIANTS.—A Turner correspondent
 of the Lewiston Journal says that a man died
 recently in that town of almost giant propor-
 tions. He was six feet four inches high and
 weighed three hundred lbs. His name was
 John Keene. He was buried beside the re-
 mains of his father, whose name was John, who
 died at the same age (80 years), and he also
 leaves a son John, who is six feet six in high.
 The boards of which his coffin was made were
 saved by himself from the same log which fur-
 nished the boards for his father's coffin 27 years
 ago. There are few logs of sufficient size to
 furnish whole boards for such a coffin.

The government is still without information

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