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Maxham & Wing

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WHO'LL BUY?

[Suggested on seeing the advertisement of a whole sale liquor dealer.]

Forty checks of liquid woe—
Who'll buy?
Murder by the gallon—oh,
Who'll buy?
Larceny and theft made thin,
Who'll buy?
Beggary and death thrown in,
Who'll buy?
Packages of liquid sin,
Who'll buy?

Foreign death, imported pure—
Who'll buy?
Warranted, not slow, but sure—
Who'll buy?
Empty pockets by the creek,
Who'll buy?
Tangled brains by pint or flask,
Who'll buy?
Vice of any kind you ask,
Who'll buy?

Competition we defy—
Who'll buy?
Barrel full of pure malt dye—
Who'll buy?
Dye to make the soul jet black,
Who'll buy?
Dye to make the conscience black,
Who'll buy?
Nothing vile do our casks lack,
Who'll buy?

JACOB FLINT'S JOURNEY.

BY BAZARD TAYLOR.

If ever there was a man crushed out of all courage, all self-reliance, all comfort in life, it was Jacob Flint. Why this should have been neither he nor any one else could have explained; but so it was. On the day that he first went to school his shy, frightened face marked him as fair game for the rougher and stronger boys, and they subjected him to all those exquisite refinements of torture which boys seem to get by the direct inspiration of the Devil. There was no form of their bullying meanness or the cowardice of their brutal strength which he did not experience. He was born under a fading or falling star—the inferior of some anxious or unhappy mood of his parents, which gave its fast color to the threads out of which his innocent being was woven.

Even the good people of the neighborhood, never accustomed to look below the externals of appearance and manner, saw in his shrinking face and awkward motions only the signs of a cringing, abject soul. "You'll be no more of a man than Jake Flint!" was the reproach which many a farmer addressed to his dilatory boy; and thus the parents, one and all, came to repeat the sins of the children.

If, therefore, at school and "before folks," Jacob's position was always uncomfortable and depressing, it was little more cheering at home. His parents, as all the neighbors believed, had been unhappily married, and though his mother died in his early childhood, his father remained a moody, unsocial man, who rarely left his farm except on the last of April every year, when he went to the county town for the purpose of paying the interest upon a mortgage. The farm lay in a hollow between two hills, separated from the road by a thick wood, and the chimneys of the lonely old house looked in vain for a neighbor-smoke when they began to give warning of a morning.

Beyond the barn and under the northern hill, there was a log tenement-house, in which dwelt a negro couple, who, in the course of years, had become fixtures on the place and almost partners in it. Harry, the man, was the medium by which Samuel Flint kept up his necessary intercourse with the world beyond the valley; he took the horses to the blacksmith, the grain to the mill, the turkeys to market, and through his hands passed all the incoming and outgoing of the farm, except the annual interest on the mortgage. Sally, his wife, took care of the household, which, indeed, was a light and comfortable task, since the table was well supplied for her own sake and there were no sharp eyes to criticise her sweeping, dusting, and bed-making. The place had a forlorn, tumble-down aspect, quite in keeping with its lonely situation; but perhaps this very circumstance flattered the mood of its silent, melancholy owner and his unhappy son.

In all the neighborhood there was but one person with whom Jacob felt completely at ease—but one who never joined in the general habit of making his name the butt of ridicule or contempt. This was Mrs. Ann Pardon, the hearty, active wife of Farmer Robert Pardon, who lived nearly a mile farther down the brook. Jacob had won her good-will by some neighborly services, something so trifling, indeed, that the thought of a favor conferred never entered his mind. Ann Pardon saw that it did not; she detected a streak of most unconscious goodness under his mouth, embrowned by sun, and she determined to cultivate it. No little tact was required, however, to coax the wild forlorn creature into so much confidence as she desired to establish; but tact is a native quality of the heart no less than a social acquirement, and so she did the very thing necessary without thinking much about it.

Robert Pardon discovered by and by that Jacob was a steady, faithful hand in the harvest-field, at husking time, or whenever any extra labor was required, and Jacob's father made no objection to his earning a penny in this way; and so he fell into the habit of spending his Saturday evenings at the Pardon farm-house, at first to talk over matters of work, and finally because it had become a welcome relief from his dreary life at home.

Now it happened that, on a Saturday in the beginning of May-time, the village tailor sent home by Harry a new suit of light summer clothes, for which Jacob had been measured a month before. After supper he tried them on, the day's work being over, and Sally's admiration was so loud and emphatic that he felt himself growing red even to the small of his back.

"Now, don't go for to take 'em off, Mr. Jake," said he. "I s'pect you're giv'ing down to Pardon's, and so you jist keep 'em on to show 'em all how nice you kin look."

The same thought had already entered Jacob's mind. Poor fellow! it was the highest form of pleasure which he had ever allowed himself to conceive. If he had been called upon to pass through the village on first assuming the new clothes, every stitch would have picked him up as if the needle remained in it; but a quiet walk down the brook-side, by the pleasant path through the thickets and over the fragrant meadows, with a consciousness of his own neatness and freshness at every step, and with kind Ann Pardon's commendation at his close, and the flattering curiosity of the children—the only ones who never made fun of him—all that was a delightful prospect. He could never, never forget, himself as he had seen other young fellows do, but to remember himself agreeably was certainly the next best thing.

Jacob was already a well-grown man of twenty-three, and would have made a good enough appearance but for the stoop in his shoulders, and the drooping, uneasy way in which he carried his head. Many a time, when he was alone in the fields or woods, he had straightened himself, and looked courageously at the butts of the oak trees, or in the very eyes of the indifferent oxen; but, when a husband drew near, some spring in his neck

seemed to snap, some buckle around his shoulders to be drawn three holes tighter, and he found himself in the old posture. The ever present thought of his weakness was the only drop of bitterness in his cup, as he followed the lonely path through the thickets.

Some spirit in the sweet, delicious freshness of the air, some voice in the mellow babble of the stream, leaping in and out of sight between the alders, some smile of light, lingering on the rising cornfields beyond the meadow, and the melting purple of a distant hill, reached to the seclusion of his heart. He was soothed and cheered; his head lifted itself in the presentiment of a future less lonely than the past and the everlasting trouble vanished from his eyes.

Suddenly, at a turn of the path, two mowers from the meadow, with their scythes upon their shoulders, came upon him. He had not heard their feet on the deep turf. His chest relaxed, and his head began to sink; then, with the most desperate effort of his life, he lifted it again, and, darting a rapid side glance at the men, hastened by. They could not understand the mixed look of defiance and supplication of his face; to them he only looked a "queer."

"Been committin' a murder, have you?" asked one of them, grinning.

"Startin' off on his journey, I guess," said the other.

The next instant they were gone, and Jacob, with set teeth and clenched hands, smothered something that would have been a howl if he had given it voice. Sharp lines of pain were marked on his face, and, for the first time, the idea of resistance took fierce and bitter possession of his heart. But the mood was too unusual to last; presently he shook his head, and walked on toward Pardon's farm-house.

Ann wore a smart gingham dress, and her first exclamation was: "Why, Jake! how nice you look. And so you know all about it, too?"

"About what?"

"I see you don't," she said. "I was too fast; but it makes no difference. I know you are willing to lend me a helping hand."

"O, to be sure," Jacob answered.

"And not mind a little company?"

Jacob's face suddenly clouded; but he said, though with an effort: "No—not much—if I can be of any help."

"It's rather a joke, after all," Ann Pardon continued, speaking rapidly; "they meant a surprise, a few of the young people; but sister Becky found a way to send me word, or I might have been caught like Meribah Johnson last week, in the middle of 'my work; eight or ten," she added, "but more may drop in; and it's moonlight and warm, so they'll be mostly under the trees; and Robert won't be home till late, and I do want help in carrying chairs, and getting up some ice, and handing around; and, though I know you don't care for merry-makings, you can help me out, you see—"

Here she paused. Jacob looked perplexed, but said nothing.

"Becky will help what she can, and while I'm in the kitchen she'll have an eye to things outside," she said.

Jacob's head was down again, and more-over, turned on one side, but his ear betrayed the mounting blush. Finally he answered in a quick, husky voice: "Well, I'll do what I can. What's first?"

Thereupon he began to carry some benches from the veranda to a grassy bank beside the sycamore tree. Ann Pardon wisely said no more of the coming surprise-party, but kept him so employed that, as the visitors arrived by twos and threes, the merriment was in full play almost before he was aware of it. Moreover, the night was a protecting presence, the moonlight poured splendidly upon the open turf beyond the sycamore, but every lilac-bush and tangle of woodbine made a nook of shade, wherein he could pause a moment and take courage for his duties. Becky Morton, Ann Pardon's youngest sister, frightened him a little every time she came to consult about the arrangement of seats or the distribution of refreshments; but it was a delightful, fascinating fear, such as he had never felt before in his life. He knew Becky, but he had never seen her in white and pink, with floating tresses, until now. In fact, he had hardly looked at her fairly, but now, as she glided into the moonlight, and he paused in the shadow, his eyes took note of her exceeding beauty. Some sweet, confusing influence, he knew not what, passed into his blood.

The young men had brought a fiddler from the village, and it was not long before most of the company were treading the measures of reels or cotillions on the grass. How merry and happy they all were. How freely and unembarrassedly they moved and talked! By and by all became involved in the dance, and Jacob, left alone and unnoticed, drew nearer and nearer the gay and beautiful life from which he was expelled.

With a low-drawn scream of the fiddle the dance came to an end, and the dancers, laughing, chattering, panting, and fanning themselves, broke into groups and scattered over the enclosure before the house. Jacob was surrounded before he could escape. Becky, with two lively girls in her wake, came up to him and said: "O Mr. Flint, why don't you dance?"

If he had stopped to consider, he would no doubt have replied very differently. But a hundred questions, stirred by what he had seen, were clamoring for light, and they threw the desperate impulse to his lips.

"If I could dance, would you dance with me?"

The two girls heard the words and looked at Becky with roguish faces.

"O yes, take 'im for your next partner!" cried one.

"I will," said Becky, "after he comes back from his journey."

Then all three laughed. Jacob leaned against the tree, his eyes fixed on the ground.

"Is it a bargain?" asked one of the girls.

"No," said he, and walked rapidly away.

He went to the house, and finding that Robert had arrived, took his hat and left by the rear door. There was a grassy alley between the orchard and garden, from which it was divided by a high hawthorn hedge. He had scarcely taken three paces on the way to the meadow, when the sound of the voice he had heard on the other side of the hedge, arrested his attention.

"Becky, I think you rather hurt Jake Flint," said the girl.

"Hardly," answered Becky; "he's used to that."

"Not if he likes you; and you might go further and fare worse."

"Well, I must say!" Becky exclaimed, with a laugh; "you'd like to see me stuck in that hollow, out of your way!"

"It's a good farm, I've heard," said the other.

"Yes, and covered with as much as it will bear!"

Here the girls were called away to the dance. Jacob slowly walked up the dewy meadow, the sounds of fiddling, singing, and laughter growing fainter behind him. "My journey!" he repeated to himself, "my journey! why should not I start on it now? Start off, and never come back?"

It was a very little thing, after all, which annoyed him, but the mention of it always touched a sore nerve of his nature. A dozen years before, when a boy at school, he had made a temporary friendship with another boy of his age, and had one day said to the latter, in the warmth of his first generous confidence: "When I am a little older, I shall make a great journey, and come back rich, and buy Whitney's place!"

Now, Whitney's place, with its stately old brick mansion, its avenues of silver firs, and its two hundred acres of clean, warm-lying land, was the finest, the most aristocratic property in all the neighborhood, and the boy-friend could not resist the temptation of repeating Jacob's grand design, for the endless amusement of the school. The betrayal hurt Jacob more than the ridicule. It left a wound that never ceased to rankle; yet, with the inconceivable perversity of unthinking natures, precisely this joke, (as the people supposed it to be) had been perpetuated, until "Jake Flint's Journey" was a synonyme for any absurd or extravagant expectation. Perhaps no one imagined how much pain he was keeping alive; for almost any man than Jacob would have joined in the laugh against him and thus good-naturedly buried the joke in time. "He's used to that," the people said, like Becky Morton, and they really supposed there was nothing unkind in the remark!

After Jacob had passed the thickets and entered the lonely hollow in which his father's house lay, his pace became slower and slower. He looked at the shabby old building just touched by the moonlight, behind the swaying shadows of the weeping willow, stopped, looked again, and finally seated himself on a stump beside the path.

"If I knew what to do!" he said to himself, rocking backward and forward, with his hands clasped over his knees,—"if I knew what to do!"

The spiritual tension of the evening reached its climax; he could bear no more. With a strong bodily shudder his tears burst forth, and the passion of his weeping filled him from head to foot. How long he wept he knew not; it seemed as if the hot fountains would never run dry. Suddenly and startlingly a hand fell upon his shoulder.

"Boy, what does this mean?"

It was his father who stood before him.

Jacob looked up, like some shy animal brought to bay, his eyes full of a feeling mixed of fierceness and terror; but he said nothing.

His father seated himself on one of the roots of the old stump, laid one hand on Jacob's knee, and said, with an unusual gentleness of manner, "I'd like to know what troubles you so much."

After a pause, Jacob suddenly broke forth with: "Is there any reason why I should tell you? Do you care any more for me than the rest of 'em?"

"I didn't know as you wanted me to care for you particularly," said the father, almost dolefully. "I always thought you had friends of your own age."

"Friends? Devils!" exclaimed Jacob. "O, what have I done,—what is there so dreadful about me, that I should always be laughed at, and despised and trampled upon? You are a great deal older than I am, father: what do you see in me? Tell me what it is and how to get over it!"

The eyes of the two men met. Jacob saw his father's face grow pale in the moonlight, while he pressed his hand involuntarily upon his heart, as if struggling with some physical pain. At last he spoke, but his words were strange and incoherent.

"I couldn't sleep," he said; "I got up again, and came out o' doors. The white ox had broken down the fence at the corner, and would soon have been in the cornfield. I thought it was that, maybe, but still, your mother would come into my head. I was coming down the edge of the wood when I saw you, and I don't know why it was that you seemed so different, all at once."

Here he paused, and was silent for a moment. Then he said in a grave, commanding tone: "Just let me know the whole story. I have that much right yet."

Jacob related the story of the evening, somewhat awkwardly and confusedly, it is true; but his father's brief, pointed questions kept him to the narrative, and forced him to explain the full significance of the expressions he repeated. At the mention of Whitney's place, a singular expression of malice touched the old man's face.

"Do you love Becky Morton?" he asked bluntly.

"I don't know," Jacob stammered; "I think not; because when I seem to like her most, I feel afraid of her."

"It's lucky you're not sure of it!" exclaimed the old man with energy; "because you should never have her."

"No?" said Jacob, with a mournful acquiescence. "I can never have her, or any other one."

"But you shall! and will when I help you. It's true, I've not seemed to care much about you, and I suppose you're free to think as you like; but this I say: I'll not stand by and see you spit upon it! Covered with as much as it'll bear! That's a piece o' luck anyhow. If we're poor, your wife must take your poverty with you, or she don't come into my doors. But, first of all, you must make your journey!"

"My journey!" repeated Jacob.

"Weren't you thinking of it this night, before you took your seat on that stump? A little more, and you'd have gone clean off, I reckon."

Jacob was silent, and hung his head.

"Never mind! I've no right to think hard

Waterville Mail.

OUR TABLE.

PACKARD'S MONTHLY for September, though full of readable articles, is hardly up to its usual standard of interest. The publisher announces the probable enlargement of this magazine, with a corresponding increase of price, which shall yet leave it the cheapest work in the country. It is a live work, and deserves a good support.

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

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for August has the following contents:

Caroline O. Dowd, who discourses of What to do with it, Some Impressions de Voyage, Hints for a New Club, Cold Comforters, Reputations, Forfeited Pledges; Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II., No. 12, which gives us "The Publisher," Part 2 of A Story of Ellenburg; Cant, a Monologue in the Yarns; Part 4 of A Year and a Day; The London Art Season; The Lords and the Commons.

The four great British Quarterly Review 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, \$4 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$7; any three of the Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; 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 are sold by the booksellers.

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 50 cents a year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for September contains a frontispiece, "The Cottage Home"; the usual excellent fashion plates and patterns; the Lorrain Galop (Music); a True Story, by Marion Harland; For Love's Sake, by M. E. Wool, several other stories and sketches, and the usual variety of poetry and other attractions.

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

ONWARD, Capt. Mayne Reid's dashing magazine for the youth of America, in its September number has two more chapters of "The Lost Sister," a tale of the Grand Canyon, and a variety of racy stories of adventure, etc., with poetry, crisp editorial, and the conclusion of an exhaustive treatise on the fashionable game of Croquet.

Published at 119 Nassau St., New York, at \$3 per annum.

ONCE A MONTH, T. S. Arthur's unique magazine, so handy for pocket reading is out with a good number for September. Among the contents will be found—Curiosities of Animal Life, with five illustrations; two more chapters of The Mills of Taxbury, an interesting original story; Cecil and I; Beecher-on Self-Examination; The Subjection of Women.

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

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE opens with a new story by the author of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" with a frontispiece illustration. Another story by the same author is "The Grubbers and the Armstrongs." Other popular authors also contribute. Its fashions toilet work, patterns, hints to Housekeepers, Boys and Girls Treasury, etc., are all full of good things.

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

OUR SCHOOLDAY VISITOR for September gives a continuation of "Cruel Jim," and another instalment of "Phook," with illustrations. There are many other good things, with puzzles, mathematical and grammatical exercises, pieces of music, &c., the whole making agreeable entertainment for young people.

Published by Daughaday & Becker, Philadelphia, at \$1.25 a year.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for September contains the portraits and biographies of John Rogers, the designer and modeler of the well known "Rogers' Groups"; Jos. A. Wright, ex-governor of Indiana, and late Minister to Prussia; Von Baer, the Russian Naturalist; Viscount Beaumont, the Washington Schoolmaster; besides interesting articles illustrated and otherwise, on Heads large and small; Personal Beauty; St. Mark's Cathedral at Venice; Apoplexy; or the Philosophy of Sudden Death; the Rhinoceros; Controversy, its Uses and Abuses; Life Saving Apparatus; True Religion of the sexes; A Visit to a Cloister; on the Apple, by Carl Vogt; Presentiments, etc.

Price 30 cents, or \$3 a year. S. B. Wells, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY. The embellishments in the September number are—The Rehearsal near Meirfing, and a portrait of Zenit-Mahal-Begum, or Queen of Delhi, and numerous well executed wood cuts. The literary department is rich in valuable and interesting reading in great variety. Old and young are well provided for.

Published by Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati, at \$3.50 a year.

WATSON'S ART JOURNAL is the title of a twelve page paper, quarto size, published weekly at 740 Broadway, New York. It has recently been enlarged, and now, in addition to the miscellaneous reading, news, and gossip, there is given, each week, a colored fashion plate, with a pattern cut and joined together so that it can be fitted on, and when separated the material can be cut from it and a perfect fit secured. With these helps, we are assured, ladies can cut their own dresses. The fashion department is conducted by S. M. Holschewsky, a prominent fashionable dressmaker. The work is invaluable for dressmakers.

Terms \$7.50 a year. Address Watson's Art Journal Office, 740 Broadway, New York.

OUR LITERATURE.

BY MRS. HARRIET BECHER STOWE.

There is no doubt of the fact that the Americans are, par excellence, a reading people. There is no country in the world where the newspaper and the book are so universal, and where reading is so much the chosen recreation of all classes.

A day or two since we were riding in an old fashioned stage through a wild and solitary part of Massachusetts, far from any railroad. The driver carried, however, a large number of newspapers, and every farm house he passed, he threw out one with an adroitness that seemed the result of long practice. Mentally we compared this with the course of the diligence or vettura through France and Italy, or the course of a stage coach through an equally obscure part of England. A friend sitting by us suddenly made the remark, "This is something one sees only in America."

Yes, we are a reading people, but what do we read? There is a wide average of culture through this constant glow of newspaper and magazine articles—of which we may say that it is only good as it prepares a way for something better.

To be practiced in reading, to have learned to look to reading as a resource for amusement, as well as instruction is a great point,

gained, and that is what the cheap abundant crop of newspapers and magazines is doing for us.

The taste for stories is one of the features of our times that is not to be disregarded. We seem to be becoming like the Arabs, whose great amusement is stated to be the listening to endless romances, of which the Arabian Nights Entertainment is but a specimen. There are tens of thousands of papers of various kinds in America, and each must have its serial. There is the whole set of Beadle's dime novels—a set of books, so far as we have looked into them, whose attraction is simply and only the desire of a story—just such a desire as makes children ask over and over to hear the adventures of Robinson Crusoe—and listen with open mouth and dilated eyes to what they have heard till they know it by heart. The stories that crowd our papers are one so just like another, all the charmers, scenes and incidents are so well worn that the interest with which they are constantly devoured seems to show something of this childish freshness of mind. Nevertheless these stories, in their general drift, do not do harm, probably good. They always go for the love marriage and against marriage for money. They bring out deceit and falsehood with appropriate punishment, and set up honesty and truth as the right sort of thing to be uppermost. Large crops of them are patriotic—the hero a soldier who went to the war, the heroine a girl who loves him—the plot consists of a misunderstanding just before he goes and a making up in the hospital where he is wounded and she goes to nurse him, as of course she does. There are sea stories, hunting stories, fishing stories, temperance stories, Sunday school stories—in short, wherever in this day wants to get the ear of the public must write a story, he must open his mouth in a parable.

A great deal of just teaching, a great deal of gentle religious counsel and influence is coming in this way through stories. We must not look down on this sort of literature with too severe and searching a criticism. We must consider that there is a great body of uneducated raw young people in this great country yearning for amusements, who, on safer and better ground, find it in clearly respectable stories, even if they are not of a very high literary character, than to seek it in drink, gambling, and low theatrical exhibitions. A story of honest, virtuous love, tending to lawful marriage, always has a certain good effect on a young man's mind.

It is probable that Bonner's Ledger has done an appreciable amount of good by giving a safe and wholesome weekly amount of amusement and excitement to thousands of girls and boys, and people young and old who would not have read any thing higher or more profound. It took just the plain average track along where the minds of the common people lay—it satisfied the raving of boys and girls for romance, while it avoided all impurities—and we think it has been oftentimes a ladder on which the young man has climbed to something higher.

For now comes our moral Magazine literature ought to lead above itself. It ought to introduce books and study. The weekly facility which it gives to the practice of reading—the habit it gives of taking pleasure from silent sittings with printed pages; ought to lead to longer and more protracted efforts of the mind, and bring in book literature.

Of this, too, we are glad to see an increase. The Scriptures say just before the millennium, "many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

This same seems to find a fulfillment in the book agency business, which is just now so extensive and successful. We are delighted when we see a standard atlas and geography of the world selling by thousands—carried by agents to all the highways and bye-ways, and planted like a pillar of knowledge in the farm house of many a solitary region.

Great is the responsibility of those who prepare and sell agency books. They ought for one season to work as hard as the farmer does, and have all his losses from poor crops and uncertain markets, to feel how sacred is their obligation to give him good weight and measure for his hard earned five dollars. That five dollars represents an amount of patience, skill, economy and intellectual craving that is worthy of good measure—pressed down, shaken together, running over. Sound scholarship, full well considered information, the very essence and ripeness of all our best scholars and thinkers and writers, are what ought to go to make up these books which are to be the winter fire-side companions of lonely farm houses all over the land. If any house thinks of getting off a book made to sell—if any author thinks that flimsy, careless, unstudied, performance will do for such, he does not know how sacred a thing honest labor is, nor reverence as he should the working man's home. Do your very best!

Have every thing—type, paper, style, and above all, amount of well selected and sifted information of the very choicest quality for works like these, for they do the work of libraries. Make them such sort of books as will bear reading often and from year to year, so shall you do a work worthy your country.

In general we feel proud of the pure character of our American literature. We have had no novels of the character of Lady Audley's Secret, and others of that ilk which have lately broken loose in England, steaming up as if there had somewhere come a rift through which came sulphurous exhalations from lower regions.

Honest love making and lawful marriage are so far about our only staple, and we are not yet driven to the hot condiments of adultery and murder and unnatural vice. But we still have a word to say to all our nice boys and girls—Try to get beyond stories. You can do it if you only think you can. Try Prescott's Histories, Washington Irving's, Mulley's. Keep yourself, on short diet as to novels—read only the standard ones, and read those thoroughly as an exercise in style rather than at a galloping pace for the story.

It is rather a bad sign of the times that so many young people find Scott's novels heavy reading. It shows that their minds are effeminated so that the strong sound healthy style of a widely cultivated man is too much for them. You can drizzle all the powers of your mind away, if you merely read for amusement, and will not read any thing that cannot be strained through them like water through a sieve. You ought every day to read something that requires thought and care and attention, or you will gradually lose the power of thought and attention altogether. Be sure that you are rising higher every year and can read better books. Every young person ought to begin to found their own personal library, and have their own chosen individual books to take with them when they leave their father's house to set up for themselves. A good library may thus be picked up by a young man from year to year without his feeling the expense at any one time, and a good library is the most charming furniture for a new home that can be provided. Think of that, young man, before you think of diamond engagement rings.

Faithful labor and patient waiting will not miss their reward.

Waterville Mail.

E. M. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... SEPT. 3, 1869



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. W. FITZGERALD & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York; R. R. Niles Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. F. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. C. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us.

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

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

A Teachers' Institute for this County has been in session here during the present week commencing on Monday, under the charge of Prof. D. H. Crutenden, of New York, and Dr. N. T. True of Bethel. About forty teachers reported on the first day, and the number in attendance has steadily increased until the names of one hundred and twenty-five have been entered upon the record. This number more than meets the expectations of the most sanguine friends of the present system, while the "quality of teachers" is reported to be of a character decidedly superior. The State Superintendent, who is present, giving personal supervision to the work, expresses complete satisfaction at this auspicious opening of the fall campaign.

The managers of the Institute have kept the teachers constantly at their work, day and evening. The teachers have been remarkably prompt at all the exercises, and, with note book in hand, have evidently laid in store rich suggestions for the future; while those of our citizens who have been able to be present have found profitable entertainment in the teachings of the two veteran leaders—Prof. Crutenden and Dr. True. Of the last named gentleman it is not necessary to speak as he is well known, but of the former, who is a stranger, it may be said that he has been the life and soul of the occasion, a thorough master of his profession, and able to infuse something of his own abundant enthusiasm and energy into all with whom he came in contact. Mrs. Crutenden, his able coadjutor, was also present, but from disability was able to give only one exhibition of her capabilities as a teacher of drawing.

There have been present nine County Supervisors, holding evening sessions, from 9 to 11 o'clock. We attended one of these, and came to the conclusion that our State Superintendent has shown great sagacity in the selection of his fellow laborers in the great work of elevating our public schools. "The right man in the right place," is not only true of Mr. Johnson, but of each of his subordinate officers; for they are evidently the most wide-awake and earnest workers the State now has in the educational field. They gave interesting reports of their labors, and unanimously agreed in the opinion that normal school teachers are much more efficient than others.

Many members of the Superintending School Committees of the various towns in the county have been present, interested listeners to all the proceedings of the Institute; and in connection with the County Supervisors they held a meeting on Friday, the last day of the session, to consider certain important questions pertaining to the cause of education.

Evidently the week spent here has been full of educational work in all departments; and the State will no doubt reap a rich return for the money invested in this and similar gatherings, which are to follow.

This central institute, the opening of more than thirty to be held this Fall, has been a decided success, and as we stated at the outset, more than meets the most sanguine expectations of those having it in charge. The two corps of Institute instructors will now go to the extreme eastern line of the State and proceed thence westward in their work, spending two weeks in each county. We wish them abundant success, and bespeak for them what they will no doubt receive, a hearty welcome from teachers and people.

The general rising on Main-st., in the vicinity of the Mail office, which has given that section a busy aspect for some weeks, has touched bottom. In fixing the sills of his new store two or three feet above his neighbors, Maj. Marston put a good ball in motion. The hint was taken by Mr. Hathaway on the south, the Mail office building opposite, and two buildings of Maj. Appleton's on the north—making five buildings that have wisely "come up higher" in this immediate locality.

Good.—The Argus exhorts its democratic friends to "keep their powder dry." Yes, they'll keep everything dry at election—they always do.

John B. Brown, of Portland, pays a tax of over nineteen thousand dollars.

THE LATE WILLIAM H. BLAIR.—Died in Omaha, Nebraska, Aug. 26th, 1869, of consumption. Mr. William H. Blair, in the 58th year of his age. His mortal remains were brought to Waterville for interment, and on the 1st instant were deposited with kindred dust in the family lot in the Pine Grove Cemetery. Mr. Blair was born in Waterville, May 6th, 1817, and here he spent a large portion of his life, having been engaged in business in company with Jediah Morrill, Esq., then he removed to Lewiston, and then returned to Waterville, where he became widely and favorably known as an energetic, affable and successful man of business, most honored and honorable in all his dealings, and pure and upright in all the relations of life. Since retiring from the firm of Blair, Meader & Phillips in Waterville, he has lived for a longer or shorter period in Bath, in Framingham, Mass., and in Genesee, Ill. In November, 1868, he removed to Omaha, and has since lived there with his son, an only child, who with the widow and other relatives are now left to mourn their irreparable loss in the death of one of the kindest of brothers, husbands and fathers, who died without an enemy and left a character without a stain.

Mr. Blair was a member and supporter of the Universalist Church in Waterville, and always an ornament of the faith which he cherished, and deeply beloved by all the many friends who knew his amiable disposition and eminent worth. Peace to his ashes, and the comfort of the Christian faith to his widow and son in their sore bereavement.

FIRE.—The old Moor Store, at the head of Main Street, a little north of the track of the Maine Central Railroad, was discovered to be on fire about 2 o'clock on Thursday morning. The flames spread through the building with great rapidity, and the cattle barn of the Railroad Company was also soon on fire. As our engine companies and citizens came to the scene, the prospect was good for a severe fire, especially as there was quite a breeze blowing and the supply of water was known to be short. There was some delay in locating the machines, and several reservoirs were speedily exhausted; but a last resort was had to the Hayden brook which afforded a supply for checking the progress of the flames. The store in which the fire originated was speedily consumed, with the cattle barn standing close to it, the office of the Superintendent of the Railroad, and a small building belonging to Mr. E. C. Lowe which stood between the office and the cattle barn. The large house on Chapin Street, belonging to Capt. E. Coffin, and in which were no less than nine French families, was left almost a total wreck; the house of Mr. Orrison Mayo was singed somewhat and the Foundry of Jos. Percival, Esq., was also scorched but not materially damaged.

The fire was first discovered by Mr. Wentworth, the father of the storekeeper, who says that the store was then on fire at the north-western corner; and the son, who was routed immediately, says that when he opened the door, though the room was full of smoke there was no fire to be seen inside. Twenty barrels of flour, rolled out hastily, was all the property rescued from the store. The stock of goods, owned by Wentworth & Co., was insured in Bangor for \$2000; the building was owned by L. E. Sabine of Bangor; in it were sleighs, carriages, farming tools, &c., belonging to Mr. Geo. Wentworth and a part to Mr. Orrison Mayo, and valued at about \$400, which were burned. The cattle barn was the property of the railroad company, and in it was burned a quantity of hay, 8 or 10 tons, belonging to Mr. Oren Gullifer. The Superintendent's office was cleared of its furniture, railroad tickets, books, deeds, bonds, &c., but some valuable papers remained in the safe which is yet unopened. The Company's loss will be in the neighborhood of \$3,000, on which there is no insurance. On the Coffin house there was no insurance; loss about \$1000. The damage to Mr. Mayo's house, which was insured, has been settled for \$150.

Mr. Percival's Foundry, upon which there was no insurance, had a very narrow escape; and so, had the freight house, engine house, and shops of the railroad. Indeed, it was very fortunate that the roofs of the buildings had been wet with the shower of the previous afternoon, for the cinders flew lively for awhile; and luckily also the wind was light.

[The railroad safe has since been opened, and the papers are all uninjured by fire, but are soaping wet.]

The Unitarian Society have made an assessment of one thousand dollars for the repair of their new meeting-house. The steeple was leaking badly, and the foundation was racked by frost so as to injure the plastering; the painting also having failed to meet expectation. A staging has been erected around the steeple, and the work is going on at a good rate, under the care of Mr. Morris Soule. Those who trust their salvation to "works" should avoid extravagant repairs.

SUDDEN DEATH.—A telegraphic dispatch to Prof. S. K. Smith, on Wednesday, informed him of the death of his nephew, Mr. Warren A. Smith, of Litchfield, who was found dead in his bed on the morning of that day, probably of heart disease. The deceased was a graduate of Colby University at the last Commencement—a young man of good promise as a scholar, and held in high esteem by all who knew him.

SPECIAL TRAINS to convey stock to the New England Fair at Portland will pass over both railroads on Monday next—that on the Portland and Kennebec road leaving Skowhegan at 6 A. M.

OUR TABLE.

GOOD HEALTH.—The September number of this new journal of physical and mental culture contains articles on The Eye and Sight; Sleep and Sleeplessness; The Spine and its Management; First Help in Accidents; Mental Cures of former ages; Ventilation; Antimalaries; Laughter; Alexander Von Humboldt; Serpents and Venomous Snakes, &c., with "Reading for Leisure Hour" and short Editorials. This is a valuable magazine.

Published by Alexander Moore, Boston, at \$2 a year.

THE SCHOOLMATE for August contains another instalment of "Rough and Ready, or Life among New York Newsboys," by Horatio Alger, Jr., a favorite author with the boys and girls; "The Friends of the Chimney Elf," by Mrs. Jane G. Austin; "The Fortunes of a Jack-in-the-Box;" "The Little Brick-Layer," etc., with a Declaration, a Dialogue, and the usual puzzles and other attractions of the editorial department. The Schoolmate is a great favorite with Young America.

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

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for July has the following table of contents: "Eastern Christians;" "Scientific versus Amateur Administration;" "The Maylay Archipelago;" "Keble's Biography;" "The Argument of Design;" "The House of Conde;" "The Royal Engineers and Permanent Fortifications;" "Lucan;" "The Truth about Ireland."

The four great British Quarterly Review 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, \$4 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$7; any three of the Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; 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

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 50 cents a year.

REV. B. F. SHAW, who has preached for the Baptist church in this village for two years and a half, tendered his resignation a short time since, feeling, as he expressed it, that his health would no longer permit him to "preach with pleasure to himself or profit to others." Finding that he was not to be moved from his determination, the church and society, to whom his labors had proved very acceptable, reluctantly granted his request last Sabbath, and they are consequently now without a pastor. The church prospered abundantly under his labors—about sixty members having been added during his stay; while the large and steadily increasing congregation showed that his pulpit ministrations were highly appreciated. The social meetings, too, have been well attended. Mr. Shaw has left on a short recruiting tour, but he does not contemplate an immediate change of residence. Wherever he goes, or in whatever field of labor he shall next engage, he will carry with him the hearty good wishes of the church and society with whom he has labored, as well as the warm regard of the whole community.

THE ADVANCE.—In commencing the second year of its existence—a year of growth and prosperity—the publishers of this excellent religious paper make the announcement that several new features will now be introduced which they feel confident will give it new interest and value. Prominent among these will be the publication, regularly, of the sermons of Henry Ward Beecher, carefully reported and revised by himself for the press.

The Advance is one of the most reliable and able religious papers in the country, and it richly deserves a large measure of prosperity.

Published by the Advance Company, Chicago, at \$2.50 per annum.

The Baptist Church at Skowhegan, we see it stated, are to extend a call to Prof. Smith, of our village to become their pastor. The call will need to be pretty loud, to take him from Colby University.

OUR FIREMEN worked well at the fire, when they got fairly at it; but was there not a confused condition of things at the commencement, a lack of system, order and efficient control somewhere in the department? Promptness and decision at the beginning of a fire is better than lots of hard work afterwards.

Gen. Sherman, who has been on a tour of inspection among the fortifications of Maine, passed through our village on the Portland and Kennebec railroad one day this week.

SAD RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—The Bangor Whig of yesterday contains an account of an accident on the Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad, on Wednesday, resulting in serious injury to several persons and loss of life to one or more. By the giving way of the flooring timbers of the Black Island bridge, about 3 1/2 miles above Oldtown, an engine, and the tender, and two cars, were precipitated into the river. Mr. Woodward, the conductor, belonging in Patten, was killed outright; Mr. Edwin Landier, the engine driver, of Bangor, was scalded and crushed, and so badly injured that he died next day; one laborer, a Frenchman, had a leg broken, and was so much injured internally that he will probably die; several other laborers were more or less injured, and two or three others are supposed to be under the wreck. The road is in process of construction, and no portion of it has been accepted.

[The two missing men, it seems, ran away in their fright, and have since returned.]

THE SPIRITUALISTS in Vineland, N. J., have a funny rule in relation to their speakers on the Sabbath; they charge them so much an hour for the privilege of talking to them, and listen patiently to any one who feels called upon to hold forth and will come down with the stamps.

"TOBY CANDOR."—W. E. S. Whitman, Esq., of Gardiner, has purchased the Bath Times establishment, and assumed the management of the paper. Toby can make a successful paper if any body can.

Rev. D. B. Randall, of Lewiston, a Methodist clergyman of considerable strength in the Temperance ranks, has published a letter in the Lewiston Journal announcing his secession from the republican party on account of its unfaithfulness to temperance. Mr. R. is a member of both the Grand Division and the Grand Lodge, and acted in both bodies on the question of organizing a new temperance party. Until the appearance of his letter he was generally supposed to adhere to the old party. His action in the Bangor convention indicated it. Such hints as this should prompt the republicans to stand firmly by their pledges. No other course can meet the earnest demand of the temperance sentiment of the people of Maine.

TROTTER MATCH.—The match between Gilbert's Knox and Belle of Augusta on Tuesday afternoon, at the Waterville track, was a very good exhibition of trotting muscle, and secured a large audience. There was however less excitement than was looked for, on account of the apparent ease with which the horse won his victory. In each of the three heats he kept his competitor at sale distance allowing her to pass the pole only a length in his rear. The best time was in the third and last heat, when Knox made 2.38. Neither horse made a break from first to last, and both got credit with the audience for good honest work.

At the Firemen's Muster at Augusta, on Thursday, the first prize in the first trial was taken by the Kennebec Button Tub of Bath, which played 209 feet 5 inches; the second by the Torrent (Hunne-man) of Hallowell, which played 208 feet 11 inches. The first prize in the second trial was taken by the Lewiston Hunne-man tub of Lewiston, playing 206 feet 1 inch; the second by the Tiger (Hunne-man) of Hallowell, playing 198 feet 7 1/2 inches. The Androscoggin of Lewiston took the prize offered to steamers.

The Brewster House, Skowhegan, wins laurels both for itself and the village it honors. In all its apartments it has an air of such quiet home-like elegance—such freshness and comfort in its entire newness of building and furniture—so much wholesome refinement and hospitality in all its management—that no wonder it is the boast of the place. "The best hotel in the State" a compliment generally followed by the question "Does it pay?"—which question we heard well answered by one of the shrewd business men of the place—"It pays us."

No matter whether coal or wood gets the victory in the present coal miner's strike, so far as our kitchen is concerned. The new stove coming into use here—the "Richmond Range"—is prepared either way. No other compares with it for wood, and no other attempts it with coal. A few in use in this place have delighted their owners beyond dispute. Go, ye who are intending to buy, and inquire of those who have got the "Richmond Range," and see what they say of it.

The new operetta, brought out by Mrs. Sewell and her musical class, has been an inspiration to Skowhegan. For two nights it secured large audiences, the first literally crowding the immense hall, and eliciting unbounded applause. Mrs. S. had the assistance of choice musical talent—Miss Fletcher and Mr. J. R. Pitman among them—and some of the acting was worthy of any stage. The costumes were a blaze of beauty and taste; and the whole entertainment was chaste and well arranged. "Veni vici" and know it was so.

HAYWARD'S CONCERT.—Mr. William Hayward, the celebrated vocalist, is to give two of his select entertainments at Town Hall Waterville, on Monday and Tuesday evenings, Sept. 13th and 14th, assisted by Mrs. Georgie A. Hayward, a pleasing contralto. Mr. Hayward is well known in this vicinity where he is regarded as the finest ballad singer that ever visited this section. His programme is fresh and varied, embracing choice selections from the latest and most popular ballads of the day together with a pleasing variety of humorous and comic pieces. A notable and praiseworthy feature of these concerts is found in the entire absence of everything of an objectionable nature either in matter or manner. The press, wherever Mr. and Mrs. Hayward have sung, are enthusiastic in praise of their entertainments, commending them without reserve as being first class in all respects.

THE MONUMENT erected to the memory of the late Dr. Holmes in Winthrop, was dedicated yesterday afternoon. The dedicatory address was by Dr. N. T. True.

The inscription upon the monument is as follows:

HOLMES.
Ezekiel Holmes, A. M., the founder of Agricultural Science in Maine, died in peace, February 9, 1865, aged 64 years.
His motto was "Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man."

This monument was erected by subscription from the citizens of Winthrop and prominent citizens of Maine and other states. It was most skillfully and beautifully wrought by Mr. George Colbrath of Hallowell.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION in Somerset County was rather a musical time, according to all accounts, though the nominations as finally made are probably satisfactory.

OUR LAST RESORT, for water, on the night of the fire, was the little basin of Hayden Brook, the supply in which lasted none too long. Why would it not be well to enlarge and deepen that, and make of it a permanent reservoir, open if you will, but so contrived as to be conveniently accessible to the engines?

OUR VILLAGE SCHOOLS will commence their fall session on Monday next.

STATE SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.—A call has been issued for a State Sabbath School Convention, to commence at Lewiston, on the 14th inst., and to continue to the evening of the 15th and all Sabbath Schools connected with Evangelical churches in Maine are earnestly invited to send one delegate for every 50 Sabbath School members. The object of the Convention will be to present definite ways and means for making Sabbath School instruction in Maine the widest possible in its reach, most practical and effective in its results. Free entertainment will be provided for all delegates who send their names to the Chairman of the Committee on Entertainment—J. W. Danielson, Esq., Lewiston, on or before September 8th, and it is expected that the Committee will be able to secure free return tickets over the leading Railroad and Steamboat lines in the State.

The Standard has the following criticism on the late boat race:

"The rowing of the Harvards was rather injudicious; it was too fast to last. The want of good economy left them tuckered out over their oars. They reached at will, and rowed with straight backs and arms, but there was no work in their stroke. Though the Oxonians were heavier, it does not follow that weight brought them in first. It was rather their style. In the long run, style is sure to win when strength is equal."

A GOOD MOVE.—Our thrifty grocer neighbors, Manley & Tozer, are removing their stock of goods to the pleasant store under the Mail office. We heartily make them welcome—only we don't want to be suspected of owning their two "scranny" looking dogs. They ought to put their names on them, or keep them off our door-step.

IT WAS PROVOKING, on the night of the fire, to see with what apathy able bodied men stood quietly looking on while their neighbors, property was burning, and more of it in danger, turning a deaf ear to the most urgent appeals to assist in working the engines.

Mark Twain has been to Niagara, and his impressions of that summer resort are given in a recent letter to the Buffalo Express. His first funny remarks are directed to the hack fares, which are represented as being "so much higher than the Falls that the Falls appear insignificant." Further on he complains in this wise:

"I drank up most of the American Falls before I learned that the waters were not considered medicinal. Why are people left in ignorance in that way? I might have gone on and ruined a fine property merely for the want of a little trifling information. And yet the sources of information at Niagara Falls are not meagre."

Everybody reports great success with the Early Rose potato, but none have beaten us—except in testing their quality, which we can't afford to do. Just think of eating a full bushel of next year's Roses at one meal? Had rather save them for seed.

SUPERINTENDENT NOYES had a carpenter making plans and estimates for a new office before the old one was done burning.

THE TRIUMPH ENGINE CO., of Biddeford, are out with a challenge to the winning party at the Augusta trial, to play for a tin trumpet ten feet long—each company to play at home on the same day, in the presence of a committee selected by both companies.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September, we should have mentioned last week, is for sale at Henrickson's fresh from the New England News Company of Boston. It is an unusually good number, even for this foremost of American monthlies.

Entries to the New England Fair at Portland will close on the 6th of Sept.

Four hotels and several stores were burned at Cape May, on Tuesday, involving a loss of a quarter of a million of dollars.

CHEAP BREAD.—To find out how cheap, read the advertisement of G. H. Mathews.

CATTLE MARKETS.—First quality beef was about 1/2 cent higher this week. The Boston Advertiser says of store cattle:—

There were about 350 cattle from Maine including some one hundred that were driven over the road. The better demand for beef has helped all drovers whose stock was in fair condition for the butchers, and there is also more call for store cattle, but the buyers have made up their minds to wait a while for their supplies unless they can purchase on pretty favorable terms. On this point the views of buyers and sellers have been too far apart for a satisfactory trade. This week there seems to be a less difference than heretofore, and trade has been more satisfactory.

The same paper reports the following among the sales:—

Mr. D. Wells sold one lot of lambs and sheep at 5 1/2-2c per lb. D. Wells sold 8 good Maine oxen 1500 lbs each, at 12 1/2-2c dressed; 2 of 1235 lbs each at 12c, 1 1/2 sk; 5 pairs of coarse and small Canada oxen at \$75 and \$80. J. Withee sold 4 oxen at 12c per lb, 36 and 38 sk; one pair workers, 6 ft 8 in, 1565; 6 ft 10 in, \$210, 6 ft, \$150; fat cows and heifers at 7 to 10 1/2 per lb.

A small number of sheep was reported, but the demand was not very urgent.

Rev. Mr. Ladd being absent, there will be no preaching at the Methodist church on Sunday, but the Sabbath School and evening meeting will be held as usual.

The Oxford crew have won the great University race. The excitement at the starting point and along the course was only excelled by that at Mortlake, where thousands had gathered to cheer the contestants. Harvard won the toss for position and got the start, and in king forty-five strokes per minute to the Oxford's forty, kept the lead for three-eighths of a mile. At Chiswick the boats were even, and it was evident that the pace was telling on the Har-

vards. The Oxford obtained a lead of two lengths, where the Harvards held them for half a mile, when they fell behind, and the Oxford pulling thirty-eight strokes a minute were three lengths ahead at Barnes' Bridge three and five-eighths miles pulled. The Harvards were enthusiastically received at the finish, and pulled back five-eighths of a mile to Barnes' where they landed. The appropriate sequel is proposed of a race on the Charles River next year.

Ground was broken on the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad on Thursday morning.

By a recent report to the directors by the engineer of the Belfast and Moosehead Lake Railroad, it is shown that of the 565,000 yards of excavation and filling on the whole road, 338,000 yards have been completed, or nineteen miles and seven-tenths brought to an actual sub-grade. The whole distance to Burnham is 33 miles.

T. S. Lang, esq., in a note to the Maine Farmer says: "In a letter received a few days since from J. H. Wallace, esq., the compiler of the 'American Stud Book,' he says he hopes in a few months to complete the second volume. And he is desirous that the Breeders of Maine shall promptly send such history and record of pedigree and performances as shall truthfully and substantially represent our horses. All pedigrees of distinguished animals or classes of horses bred or kept at service in Maine, which may be placed in my hands during the holding of the New England Fair at Portland, shall be placed in Mr. Wallace's hands for his disposal; and I will give any assistance in my power towards arranging or preparing such statements."

NEW MATERIAL FOR SIDEWALKS.—Ex Mayor Page of Hallowell, has recently tested a new combination of materials for pavements by paving with it the path in his garden. The components are coal-tar and coarsely ground slate,—the latter being the refuse made while manufacturing the slate powder, for roofing. Its cost is much less than that of common concrete, and the process of laying it is very simple and easy. This is something in which the public have an interest. Without doubt, says the Kennebec Journal, it will sooner or later supersede ordinary concrete, as it makes a prettier pavement and is preferable every way so far as tested.

A newspaper correspondent speaking of Old Orchard Beach in Saco, says that it is without question the longest stretch of unbroken beach on the coast, being not less than seven miles in extent, and at low water averaging four to six rods in width, hard and smooth, affording a beautiful drive and view of ocean's boundless majesty, not to be enjoyed elsewhere.

We need temperance men in our legislature. By temperance men we mean total abstinence men.—Drug a man with drink, and it is easy to corrupt him with a bribe; besides, his conscience becomes inactive, and the soul of the man is stultified, his head is stupid, and he is totally unfit to perform the functions of a legislator. When grog-shops gather about a Capitol, like carbuncles on a drunkard's face, we may rest assured that the lobby can control its proceedings. It is not the dinner of the diplomat, but the wine which follows, that he depends upon to enforce his eloquence.—Temperance Advocate.

Speaking of John Mitchell's arrest of Gen. Dix, the Toledo Blade says it is time Congress put a stop to this persecution of loyal men by such ex-robbers as "that infamous scab of humanity, John Mitchell," who would have been hung if he had met his deserts, like other rebels—"whose necks were spared by a very questionable sentiment of mercy."

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—I purchased a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine about ten years ago, and while learning to use it, without instruction, broke one needle; after that, for more than nine years, I had the machine in almost daily use, doing all my family sewing and very much for friends and others, and instructed seven persons in the use of the machine without breaking a needle. My machine has never cost one penny for repairs. I have sewed hours with a worrisome bane in my lap, working upon fabrics of the most delicate texture, as well as upon men's and boy's clothes of the heaviest material. I have made garments for the cradle, the bridal, the hospital, and the funeral. Entering into every vicissitude of life my machine has become as it were a part of my being.

Mexico, N. Y. Mrs. M. L. FROE.

At one of the Presidential receptions in Vermont on Saturday, the President and his good lady alighted from the cars and were about to be conducted to carriages in waiting for them. The crowd gathered about in their eagerness to catch a glimpse of the General, and Mrs. Grant was for a moment lost in the throng. Her simple, unpretentious dress and manner prevented her from being recognized, and while one person forced a bundle into her hands to hold, she was told from another quarter to "stand back and let the President's party pass." She was soon extricated, however, and is said to have laughed quite heartily over the ludicrousness of her position.

The New York Democrat threatens Grant with the same fate of his predecessor, if he takes any step in interfering with the people of Virginia and Tennessee in respect to political matters.

During the last severe thunder storm, a house in the upper part of Washington was struck by lightning; General Howard was riding by in his carriage, which was upset by the shock and badly broken. The general escaped with a few slight bruises.

A Kentucky gentleman got provoked lately and killed one man and wounded another; then remembering that he must have done something contrary to law went to the magistrate and asked him how large a fine he must pay.

The freight depot of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad at Quincy, was burned on Monday night. Several cars and a large quantity of freight were also burned. The loss will amount to one hundred thousand dollars.

Vice President Colfax is in San Francisco; Mrs. Colfax has recovered from her late illness. Hon. W. A. Seward returned to Portland, Oregon, from Sitka on Monday; he is enthusiastic in regard to the future of Alaska.

The Public debt shows a reduction this month contrary to all expectation, of more than five and a half million dollars.

Daniel Graves of Augusta was run over by a hack belonging to the Mansion House Friday, and was so badly injured that he died Sunday night. The horses attempted to run away, and Graves, in trying to stop them, was knocked down and stepped on by one of them.

Waterville Mail.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE SUF OF THE UNION.

Published on Friday by
MAXHAM & WING,
Editors and Proprietors.
At the "Building," Main-St., Waterville.

TERMS.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.
Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—WATERVILLE.
DEPARTURE OF MAIL.
Waterville Mail leaves daily at 10 A.M. Close at 9:45 A.M.
August 31, 1869. 9:45 A.M.
Boston, 10:30 P.M. 4:30 P.M.
New York, 11:30 P.M. 5:30 P.M.
Norwich, 12:30 P.M. 6:30 P.M.
Salem, 1:30 P.M. 7:30 P.M.
Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8:00 A.M.
Once a week on T. M. and P. M.
C. R. GARDNER, P. M.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.
Two travelers, stopping at a Des Moines hotel, came out looking for a fight, by blowing out the gas on a retiring bed. One of them, when asked if he meant anything more, said yes but he thought it was the other fellow's breath.

It is significant that not a single candidate for office in Kentucky, at the late election, who had been in the Confederate army was defeated.

Ben Wade says the "Chinamen never repudiate a debt." That accounts for the Democratic ticket in the Colonades—they won't make good Democrats.

The rate of mortality among Mormon children is about equal to that among the children of Five Points, New York.

"Attempts to christianize the Chinese in California are meeting with remarkable success."—*Harth and Home.*

Glad to hear it, and how do the Chinese succeed in christianizing the Californians?

It is said that the most important documents of the rebel government were deposited in the vaults of the Bank of Montreal two years ago.

The Portland and Kennebec Railroad in July last, the poorest freight month in the year, carried from Kennebec Mills station 1637 tons of freight, receiving therefor over \$1000.

Business on the European and North American Railroad is increasing, daily, and has already exceeded the expectations of its most sanguine advocates.

It is mentioned as a judgment on Philadelphia, that she has suffered so much from lack of water, because she lately destroyed so much whiskey.

J. Ross Browne denies the truth of the report of the rejection of the Burlingame treaty with China. He says it is only deferred until the return of the embassy.

Brigham Young says he will confine himself to one woman if every member of Congress will do the same. A palpable lie.

SENATOR FESSENDEN is sick unto death.
See advertisement of Redington & Lewis.

A good stand, with a good reputation, has fallen into good hands.

THE CELEBRATION AT POPHAM.—The gathering at Fort Popham, on Saturday, to celebrate the 26th anniversary of the founding of an English colony on the shores of Maine, numbered from 1600 to 1800 persons. A clam-bake and chowder was served up, and at noon the formal exercises began. Hon. Israel Washburn of Portland presided and prayer was offered by Bishop Neely. Speeches were made by Mr. Washburn, R. K. Sewell, Esq. of Wiscasset, Bishop Neely, Dr. Woods, Rev. Dr. Lincoln of Baltimore, Henry Stevens of London, C. Lewis of New York and Prof. Wm. Matthews of Chicago. President Harris of Bowdoin College, in reporting his investigations at Damariscotta and Pemaquid said at Damariscotta Mills was found a heap of oyster shells two or three miles from the banks of the river, estimated by Dr. Jackson to contain 44,000,000 cubic feet, giving evidence that oysters in large quantities were taken there and eaten by the early settlers. Bones of various kinds of animals were also found, together with various implements made of stone.

Rev. Dr. Packard gave a glowing description of the visit of the committee to Pemaquid. Evidences of paved streets were unmistakable, as the curbing was perfectly distinct. Fifty years ago the walls of old Fort Frederick were seen, and the evidence of there having been a village near it is beyond all question. Mrs. Hunter, 92 years of age, remembers when there were houses on the sup. oved streets. There were also evidences of a tannery, &c.—[Port. Daily Adv.]

President Cheney, of Bates College, a few days since received word from a gentleman, saying that in view of the fact that Bates College is open to young women on the same terms as young men, the President might draw on him for one thousand (perhaps fifteen hundred) dollars to add to the funds of the college.

The administrators of Heber C. Kimball late Brigham Young's first counselor, have recently filed, at Salt Lake City, a return of distributive shares, subject to the revenue tax, showing forty-one children—thirty sons and eleven daughters—five being 14 years old, and four 10 years. The value of his estate is \$59,000. This is the first return of distributive shares ever made in Salt Lake.

The importation of rags from the Mediterranean, hides from Brazil, and other commodities from the tropics, is known to bring the germs of disease, chiefly fevers, which are sometimes very afflicting and fatal. **AYRE'S AGUE CURE** stimulates the liver to excrete these germs from the system as effectually as it does the miasmatic poison of our Ague districts. Consequently it affords invaluable protection to stevedores and others whose occupations expose them to these dangerous infections; and we hope to render them a valuable service in getting them this information.—[New York Dispatch.]

THE CROPS.—The best information attainable, that furnished the Department of Agriculture by its correspondents, indicates that the corn crop will show a decline, owing to the backward season, of one fourth from last year. Wheat, however, never yielded better in respect to quantity or quality, and this, in consequence of a deficiency in England and Russia, is likely to make the export business lively.

Twenty-two sailors of the United States frigate Sabine attempted to blow up that ship in the harbor of Cherbourg by setting fire to the powder magazine; after the fuse was lighted it was discovered by a cabin boy. Seven of the crew have been hanged at the yard-arm. [Continued.]

Lawless doings in Tennessee are reported. Bands of men calling themselves regulators are driving negroes off the plantations and tears are entertained that a great portion of the crops will be lost. It is probable that planters will be obliged to form a combination to protect themselves.

More outrages in Ireland are reported and the Times says a spirit of savage lawlessness is spreading through the country.

A VIVID CONTRAST.—The following account of an occurrence in Nantucket some twenty years since presents a vivid contrast to certain business transactions of the present day, and so may be of interest. It was a severe winter, and the harbor had been frozen over for weeks. The coal in store had long been exhausted, and there was much suffering from lack of fuel. Even the fences had been torn down and burnt to make the scanty supply of wood. To the great delight of the towns-people the ice broke up one fine morning, and a schooner laden with coal was seen approaching. There was much excitement, and before the craft was moored a coal dealer boarded her and eagerly addressed the honest Quaker skipper, Captain Gifford, "Wall, Cap'n," said he, "you've about hit it this cruise. I guess I'll have to take your hul cargo. Spose you'll want mor'n the usual \$7 a ton. Wall I like to do the squar thing by a friend, and I'll give you \$12 a ton for it." "Friend," said Capt. Gifford, "thess can have one ton of my coal if the likes for \$8, but only one ton; all must have a chance." Just then one of the richest men in the place joined them saying, "I want ten tons of your coal at your own price—name it. I have suffered enough for once." He received the same answer, and so did all—one ton for each family, and \$8 as the price of each ton. No love of gain, no solicitation, no regard for individuals could move honest Captain Gifford.

PRINTERS.—Printing ink begets cynicism, as dampness does rheumatism or foul air fevers. There is no escaping it. Men in printing offices, whether they prepare or set copy, contract the disease and suffer from it more or less, as their mental system responds to or resists it. They are behind the scene. They know that the golden crowns and globes the public admires are only pasteboard; that the glittering jewels are only colored glass; that the crimson glory of the tabernacles is but a flash of red fire; that the mouthing fellow who is lavish with his dukedoms is in arrears for his morning cocktail. Life is idealized to them from the outset. It is stripped of its illusions, and fine names are but echoes of emptiness. Why expect them to admire? Why ask them to be ambitious? Why look for enthusiasm in them?

The printer understands how reputations are made. He knows that they are not blown forth from the trumpet of fame, but from the trumpet of him who seeks reputation by performing solo, and gets it thereby. He is aware that, while genius starves, impudence fattens; that while genius hides in a garret, flippancy draws on the pave; that while inspiration pines, management flushes with health. He sees that the eloquent language of the statesman or artist is not in the statesman's or artist's own head; that honors are easy to the man that has the effrontery to ask, and the determination not to be denied. No marvel he believes all achievements unworthy, all success a cheat, all persons of eminence those who have not yet been found out.—[Packard's Monthly.]

Some time ago the Massachusetts Medical Society offered a prize of fifty dollars for the best dissertation on ventilating sick rooms at the least expense, with the least difficulty and at the moment needed. Wherefore somebody writes as follows: "PULL DOWN THE UPPER WINDOW SASH AND LEAVE THE FIREPLACE OPEN." Whereupon the Herald of Health remarks: "This is all there is of it. We query whether there has ever been a medical essay written which was more pointed and practical. If this paper does not win the fifty dollars, we propose to raise that sum from private sources and pay it over to the author. Sometimes it does a great deal of good to tell people, in plain English, what they already know so thoroughly that they hardly know it at all."

The odor of musk is wonderfully enduring. When Justina, 538, rebuilt what is now the Mosque of St. Sophia, the mortar was charged with musk, and to this very day the atmosphere is filled with the odor. More than thirteen hundred years! And yet the fragrance of a noble deed lasts longer still. The words "Ruth said on that distant day—'Where, thou'gost I will go.'—will be remembered when the perfumed mortar of St. Sophia is scentless sand.

The Diario, the official paper of Havana, declares that the Spaniards are not losing ground in the Eastern and Central departments of Cuba. Two light engagements are reported in which the insurgents were killed, with a loss of thirty-five killed and taken prisoners.

ADVICE GRATIS.—Spraking of the recent marriage of Commodore Vanderbilt the Boston Traveller says he has set an excellent example. All rich men should marry as often as they honestly can, so that good women may benefit from their wealth and liberality.

The government makes a handsome profit on the issue of fractional currency. Of the \$8,000,000 of the first two issues which are now outstanding, it is calculated that six or seven millions will never be presented for redemption, having been lost and destroyed by constant use.

ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday morning Mrs. H. F. Eaton of Norridgewock, and a lady friend from Boston, were thrown from a carriage while driving between Norridgewock and Skowhegan, and seriously injured. Both ladies had legs broken and were otherwise bruised.

GARD.—The subscriber tends his friends and neighbors his sincere thanks for their prompt and efficient assistance in saving his buildings from destruction at the fire Thursday morning.
JOS. PERCIVAL.
Sept. 3, 1869.

NOTICES.

DARLEY'S SKETCHES.
We strongly recommend our readers to procure the book. It is written with the buoyant spirit of a man who is enjoying himself thoroughly, with the discrimination of one who can truly appreciate the resources, the beauties, and the novelties that are shown to him.—[London Examiner.]

Sketches Aboard with Pen and Pencil.
By FELIX O. DARLEY. With 100 full-page and 74 smaller illustrations on wood. A new edition, with three additional vignettes, and printed on toned paper. In 1 volume, 4to. Price in cloth, \$5.50; cloth, gilt, \$4.00; morocco, \$8.00.

Mr. Darley seems at his happiest here, and his pen has pleasantly done the little his pencil could not do. Europe has been an inspiration to him.—[Atlantic Monthly.]

H. O. Houghton & Co., Riverside, Cambridge, Mass. For sale by all booksellers.

DR. WARREN'S Bileous Bitters.
For Purifying the Blood, curing Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, and all spring Complaints; for Cleansing, Strengthening, Invigorating and Regulating the Human System, has no equal in the world.
Sold by all Druggists. **BURR & PERRY,** Wholesale Druggists, General Agents, 22 Tremont St., Boston.

Burr's Patent Nursing Bottle.
The most Perfect and Convenient Nursing Bottle in the World. We supply the trade with all parts of the Bottle separately, with required, including the Glass, the Rubber, the Cap, and of inestimable value to the Infant, as it keeps the Tube perfectly sweet and free from acid, especially in warm weather. Price of Bottle, 10 cts. BULK & RETAIL, 800 South St., Boston, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

PEOLIAR ADAPTABILITY.

Brandreth's Pills.
Their peculiar adaptability to all constitutions as cleansers of the bowels and the blood has established their great merit. They restore the liver to its proper action, and give the heart to healthy action when other remedies have been used without producing any benefit. They do not expose those who use them to any danger, being as safe as saltatory.

Extract from Letter to Dr. Brandreth, from C. J. Fay, Esq., New York, N. Y.
"In 1858 I was in poor health, and my friends as well as myself supposed that my earthly voyage would soon terminate. But after taking one box of Brandreth's Pills I began to feel better. Well, sir, when I had used twelve boxes I was a well, healthy man, my weight having gone from 131 to 152 pounds. I then ordered a supply, and between that time and the present I have retained three thousand dollars' worth of these invaluable pills, and am quite sure that I have hereby been instrumental in saving thousands of lives."

Yours truly,
C. J. FAY, P. M.
Sold by all Druggists. Observe my name in white letters in the government stamp. **B. BRANDRETH,** 60—100.

THE PRESIDENT DECLARES WAR
Against all impositions upon the people, and Science, following the glorious example, is out.

AGAINST THE POISONERS
who sell sugar of lead hair dyes, that not only ruin the hair, but paralyze the system. Importers.

WHO DESTROY THE UNWARY
should be put down by law. In the meantime,

Cristadoro's Excelsior Hair Dye.
is offered under the guarantee of Professor Chilton, the famous analytical chemist as an efficient.

Pure and Harmless Preparation.
CRISTADORO'S HAIR PRESERVATIVE, as a dressing, acts as a charm on the hair after dyeing. Try it.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.
They remove all bad accumulations from the bowels, and invigorate the system. All whose health is not perfect owe it to themselves to take a few doses of Brandreth's Pills, because the seeds of decay are constantly generated by their use, and the principle of life confirmed, thus giving a vigor of body and mind to a period when we have been used to feel the faltering and the enfeebled intellect.

General Paez, the distinguished liberator of Venezuela, says he has used them as his only medicine for thirty years with the most satisfactory results.

For Constipation, Dyspepsia, and as a Family Medicine they are unrivaled.

Daniel F. Tenney, Esq. Astor House, New York, cured by Brandreth's Pills of Dyspepsia and Constipation, when all other means had failed.

A gentleman, whose father died of consumption at 36 years was also attacked, when about 21, by the disease. He had cough, night sweats, and general debility. Doctors recommended cod liver oil, but he wanted away. At last he determined to use Brandreth's Pills. In two months they made him a sound man. 6—10—2

Twenty-five Years Practice
In the Treatment of Diseases incident to Females, has placed DR. DOW at the head of all physicians making much practice a specialty, and enables him to guarantee a speedy and permanent cure in the worst cases of Suppression and all other Menstrual Derangements from whatever cause. All letters for advice must contain \$1. Office, No. 9 Endicott street, Boston.

N. B.—Board furnished to those desiring to remain under treatment. Boston, July, 1869. sly 2

USE RENNE'S PAIN KILLING MAGIC OIL.

"It Works like a Charm."

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Headache? Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Toothache? Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Neuralgia? Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Cholera Morbus? Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Rheumatism? Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Gout? Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Skin Diseases!

Some folks seem to be proud of telling how "lame their shoulders are," or "my neck is stiff," or "my back is sore," or "my limbs are aching," or "my head is splitting," or "my stomach is troubling," or "my bowels are constipated," or "my nerves are all out of order," or "my system is all deranged," or "my blood is all impure," or "my health is all ruined," or "my life is all a misery," or "my death is all a torment," or "my hell is all a punishment," or "my heaven is all a reward," or "my God is all a Father," or "my Saviour is all a Redeemer," or "my Holy Spirit is all a Comforter," or "my Church is all a Society," or "my Ministry is all a Service," or "my Faith is all a Trust," or "my Hope is all a Confidence," or "my Love is all a Devotion," or "my Will is all a Submission," or "my Mind is all a Surrender," or "my Heart is all a Sacrifice," or "my Soul is all a Offering," or "my Body is all a Vessel," or "my Life is all a Gift," or "my Death is all a Ransom," or "my Resurrection is all a Victory," or "my Ascension is all a Triumph," or "my Second Coming is all a Promise," or "my Kingdom is all a Reality," or "my Glory is all a Possession," or "my Power is all a Demonstration," or "my Wisdom is all a Revelation," or "my Knowledge is all a Treasure," or "my Understanding is all a Fountain," or "my Intelligence is all a Light," or "my Reason is all a Guide," or "my Conscience is all a Monitor," or "my Faith is all a Foundation," or "my Hope is all a Anchor," or "my Love is all a Bond," or "my Will is all a Yoke," or "my Mind is all a Saddle," or "my Heart is all a Bridle," or "my Soul is all a Harness," or "my Body is all a Saddle," or "my Life is all a Bridle," or "my Death is all a Harness," or "my Resurrection is all a Saddle," or "my Ascension is all a Bridle," or "my Second Coming is all a Harness," or "my Kingdom is all a Saddle," or "my Glory is all a Bridle," or "my Power is all a Harness," or "my Wisdom is all a Saddle," or "my Knowledge is all a Bridle," 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