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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 23, No. 11): September 10, 1869

Maxham & Wing

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## OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

OVER and over again,  
No matter which way I turn,  
I always find in the Book of Life  
Some lesson I have to learn.  
I must take my turn at the mill,  
I must grind out the golden grain;  
I must work at my task with a resolute will,  
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need  
Of even the tiniest flower,  
Nor check the flow of the golden sands  
That run through a single hour.  
But the morning dew must fall,  
And the sun and the summer rain  
Must do their part, and perform it all  
Over and over again.

Over and over again,  
The brook through the meadow flows,  
And over and over again  
The ponderous mill-wheel goes.  
Once doing will not suffice,  
Though the doing be not in vain;  
And a blessing falling us once or twice,  
May come, if we try again.

The path that has once been trod  
Is never so rough to the feet,  
And the lesson we once have learned  
Is never so hard to repeat.  
Though sorrowful tears may fall,  
And the dart to its depths be driven  
With storm and tempest, we need them all  
To render us meet for heaven.

[From the Atlantic Monthly.]

## JACOB FLINT'S JOURNEY.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

[Concluded.]

They rose and walked across the meadow to the house. Jacob had quite forgotten the events of the evening in the new prospect suddenly opened to him, which filled him with a wonderful confusion of fear and desire. His father said nothing more. They entered the lonely house together at midnight, and went to their beds; but Jacob slept very little.

Six days afterward he left home, on a sparkling June morning, with a small bundle tied in a yellow silk handkerchief under his arm. His father had furnished him with the promised money, but had positively refused to tell him what road he should take, or what plan of action he should adopt. The only stipulation was that his absence from home should not be less than a month.

After he had passed the wood and reached the highway which followed the course of the brook, he paused to consider what course to take. Southward the road led past Pardon's, and he longed to see his only friends once more before encountering untold hazards; but the village was beyond, and he had no courage to walk through its one long street with a bundle denoting a journey, under his arm. Northward he would have to pass the mill and blacksmith's shop at the cross-roads. Then he remembered that he might easily wade the stream at a point where it was shallow, and keep in the shelter of the woods on the opposite hill until he struck the road farther on, and in that direction two or three miles would take him into a neighborhood where he was not known.

Once in the woods, an exquisite sense of freedom came upon him. There was nothing mocking in the soft graceful stir of the expanded foliage, in the twittering of the unfrightened birds, or the scampering of the rustling carpet of dead leaves. He lay down upon the moss under a spreading beech tree and tried to think; but thoughts would not come. He could not even clearly recall the keen troubles and mortifications he had endured; all things were so peaceful and beautiful that a portion of their peace and beauty fell upon him and invested them with a more kindly character.

Towards noon Jacob found himself beyond the limited geography of his life. The first man he encountered was a stranger, who greeted him with a hearty and respectful, "How do you do, sir?"

"Perhaps," thought Jacob, "I am not so very different from other people, if I only thought so myself."

At noon, he stopped at a farm-house by the roadside to get a drink of water. A pleasant woman, who came from the door at that moment with a pitcher, allowed him to lower the bucket and haul it up dripping with precious coolness. She looked upon him with good will, for he had allowed her to see his eyes, and something in their honest, appealing expression went to her heart.

"We're going to have dinner in five minutes," said she; "won't you stay and take something?"

Jacob stayed and broke bread with the plain, hospitable family. Their kindly attention to him during the meal gave him the lacking nerve; for a moment he resolved to offer his services to the farmer, but he presently saw they were not really needed, and, besides, the place was still too near home.

Toward night he reached an old country tavern, lording it over an incipient village of six houses. The landlord and hostler were inspecting a drooping-looking horse in front of the stables. Now, if there is anything which Jacob understood, to the extent of his limited experience, it was horse nature. He drew near, listened to the views of the two men, examined the animal with his eyes, and was ready to answer "Yes, I guess so," when the landlord said, "Perhaps, sir, you can tell me what is the matter with him."

His prompt detection of the ailment, and prescription of a remedy which in an hour showed its good effects, installed him in the landlord's good graces. The latter said, "Well, it shall cost you nothing to-night," as he led the way to the supper-room. When Jacob went to bed, he was surprised on reflecting that he not only had been talking a full hour in the bar-room, but had been looking the people in the face.

Resisting an offer of good wages if he would stay and help look after the stables, he set forward the next morning with a new and most delightful confidence in himself. The knowledge that now nobody knew him as "Jacob Flint" quite removed his tortured self-consciousness. When he met a person who was glum and ungracious of speech, he saw nevertheless that he was not its special object. He was sometimes asked questions, to be sure, which a little embarrassed him; but he soon hit upon answers which were sufficiently true without betraying his purpose.

Wandering sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left, he slowly made his way into the land, until on the afternoon of the fourth day after leaving home, he found himself in a rougher region—a rocky, hilly tract, with small and not very flourishing farms in the valleys. Here the season appeared to be more backward than in the open country; the hay harvest was not yet over.

Jacob's taste for scenery was not particularly cultivated, but something in the loneliness and quiet of the farms reminded him of his own home; and he looked at one house after another deliberating with himself whether it would not be a good place to spend the remainder of his month of probation. He seemed to be very far from home,—about forty miles, in fact,—and was beginning to feel a little tired of wandering.

Finally the road climbed a low pass of the hills, and dropped into a valley on the opposite side. There was but one house in view—a two-story building of logs and plaster, with a garden and orchard on the hillside in the rear.

VOL. XXIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, SEPT. 10, 1869.

NO. 11.

## Waterville Mail.

A large meadow stretched in front, and when the whole of it lay clear before him, as the road issued from a wood, his eye was caught by an unusual harvest picture.

Directly before him, a woman, whose face was concealed by a huge, flapping sun-bonnet, was seated upon a mowing machine, guiding a span of horses around the great tract of thick grass which was still uncut. A little distance off, a boy and girl were raking the drier swaths together, and a hay-cart, drawn by oxen and driven by a man, was just entering the meadow from the side next the barn.

Jacob hung his bundle upon a stake, threw his coat and waistcoat over the rail, and, resting his chin on his shirted arms, leaned on the fence, and watched the haymakers. As the woman came down the nearer side, she appeared to notice him, for her head was turned from time to time in his direction. When she had made the round, she stopped the horses at the corner, sprang lightly from her seat and called to the man, who leaving his team, met her halfway. They were nearly a furlong distant, but Jacob was quite sure that she pointed to him, and that the man looked in the same direction. Presently she set off across the meadow, directly towards him.

When within a few paces of the fence, she stopped, threw back the flaps of her sun-bonnet, and said, "Good day to you!"

Jacob was so amazed to see a bright, fresh girlish face, that he stared at her with all his eyes, forgetting to drop his head. Indeed, he could not have done so, for his chin was propped upon the top rail of the fence.

"Yes, in these parts," he replied.

"Looking for work?"

He hardly knew what answer to make, so he said at a venture, "That's as it happens." Then he colored a little, for the words seemed foolish to his ears.

"Time's precious," said the girl, "so I tell you at once we want help. Our hay must be got in while the fine weather lasts."

"I'll help you!" Jacob exclaimed, taking his arms from the rail, and looking as willing as he felt.

"I'm so glad! But I must tell you at first, that we're not rich, and the hands are asking a great deal now. How much do you expect?"

"Whatever you please," said he, climbing the fence.

"No, that's not our way of doing business. What do you say to a dollar a day and found?"

"All right!" and with these words he was already at her side, taking long strides over the elastic turf.

"I will go on with my mowing," said she, when they had reached the horses, "and you can rake and load with my father. What name shall I call you by?"

"Everybody calls me Jake."

"Jake!" Jacob is better. Well, Jacob, I hope you'll give us all the help you can."

With a nod and a light laugh she sprang upon the machine. There was a sweet throb in Jacob's heart, which, if he could expressed it, would have been a triumphant shout of "I'm not afraid of her! I'm not afraid of her!"

The farmer was a kindly, depressed man, with whose quiet ways Jacob instantly felt himself at home. They worked steadily until sunset, when the girl detaching her horses from the machine, mounted one of them and led the other to the barn. At the supper table, the farmer's wife said: "Susan, you must be very tired."

"Not now, mother!" she cheerily answered.

"I was, I think, but after I picked up Jacob, I felt sure we should get our hay in."

"It was a good thing," said the farmer, "Jacob don't need to be told how to work."

Poor Jacob! He was so happy he could have cried. He sat and listened, and blushed a little, with a smile on his face which it was a pleasure to see. The honest people did not seem to regard him in the least a stranger; they discussed their family interests and troubles and hopes before him, and in a little while it seemed as if he had known them always.

How faithfully he worked! How glad and tired he felt when night came, and the hay-mow was filled, and the great stacks grew beside the barn! But all the haying came to an end, and on the last evening, at supper, everybody was constrained and silent. Even Susan looked grave and thoughtful.

"Jacob," said the farmer finally, "I wish we could keep you until wheat harvest; but you know we are poor, and can't afford it. Perhaps you could—"

He hesitated; but Jacob, catching at the chance and obeying his own unselfish impulse, cried: "O yes, I can! I'll be satisfied with my board, till the wheat's ripe!"

Susan looked at him quickly, with a bright, speaking face.

"It's hardly fair to you," said the farmer.

"But I like to be here so much!" Jacob cried.

"We do seem to suit," said the farmer, "like as one family." And that reminds me, we've never known your family name yet."

"Flint."

"Jacob Flint!" exclaimed the farmer's wife, with sudden agitation.

Jacob was scarlet and troubled. They had heard of him, he thought, and who knew what ridiculous stories? Susan noticed an anxiety on his face which she could not understand, but she unknowingly came to his relief.

"Why, mother," she asked, "do you know Jacob's family?"

"No, I think not," said her mother, "only somebody of the name, long ago."

His offer, however, was gratefully accepted. The bright, hot summer days came and went, but no flower of July ever opened as rapidly and richly and warmly, as his chilled, retarded nature. New thoughts and instincts came with every morning's sun, and new conclusions were reached with every evening's twilight. Yet as the wheat harvest drew towards the end, he felt that he must leave the place. The month of absence had gone by, he scarce knew how. He was free to return home, and, though he might offer to bridge over the gap between wheat and oats, as he had already done between hay and wheat, he imagined the family might hesitate to accept such an offer. Moreover, this life at Susan's side was fast growing to be a pain, unless he could assure himself that it would be so forever.

They were in the wheat-field, busy with the last sheaves, she, raking and he binding. The farmer and younger children had gone to the

barn with a load. Jacob was working silently and steadily, but, when they reached the end of a row, he stopped, wiped his wet brow, and suddenly said, "Susan, I suppose to-day finishes my work here?"

"Yes," she answered very slowly.

"And yet I'm very sorry to go."

"I—w—don't want you to go, if we could help it."

Jacob appeared to struggle with himself. He attempted to speak. "If I could—" he brought out, and then paused. "Susan, would you be glad if I came back?"

His eyes implored her to read his meaning. No doubt she read it correctly, for her face flushed, her eyelids fell, and she barely murmured, "Yes, Jacob."

"Then I'll come!" he cried; "I'll come and help you with your oats. Don't talk of pay! Only tell me I'll be welcome! Susan, don't you believe I'll keep my word?"

"I do, indeed," said she, looking him firmly in the face.

That was all that was said at the time; but the two understood each other tolerably well.

On the afternoon of the second day, Jacob saw again the lonely house of his father. His journey was made, yet, if any one of the neighbors had seen him, they never would have believed that he had come back rich.

Samuel Flint turned away to hide a peculiar smile when he saw his son; but little was said until late that evening, after Harry and Sally had left. Then he required and received an exact account of Jacob's experience during his absence. After hearing the story to the end, he said, "And so you love this Susan Meadows?"

"I'd—I'd do anything to be with her."

"Are you afraid of her?"

"No!" Jacob uttered the word so emphatically that it rang through the house.

"Ah, well!" said the old man, lifting his eyes and speaking in the air, "all the harm may be mended yet. But there must be another test." Then he was silent for some time.

"I have it!" he finally exclaimed. "Jacob, you must go back for the oat harvest. You must ask Susan to be your wife, and ask her parents to let you have her. But—pay attention to my words!—you must tell her that you are a poor, hired man on this place, and that she can be engaged as housekeeper. Don't speak of me as your father, but as the owner of the farm. Bring her here in that belief, and let me see how honest and willing she is. I can easily arrange matters with Harry and Sally while you are away; and I'll only ask you to keep up the appearance of the thing for a month or so."

"But, father," Jacob began.

"Not a word! Are you not willing to do that much for the sake of having her all your life, and this farm after me? Suppose it is covered with a mortgage, if she is all you say, you two can work it off. Not a word more! It is no lie, after all, that you will tell her."

"I am afraid," said Jacob, "that she could not leave home now. She is too useful there, and the family is so poor."

"Tell them that both your wages, for the first year, shall go to them. It'll be my business to rake and scrape the money together somehow. Say, too, that the housekeeper's place can't be kept for her—must be filled at once. Push matters like a man, if you mean to be a complete one, and bring her here, if she carries no more with her than the clothes on her back!"

During the following days Jacob had time to familiarize his mind with this startling proposal. He knew his father's stubborn will too well to suppose that it could be changed; but the inevitable soon converted itself into the possible and desirable. The sweet face of Susan, as she had stood before him in the wheat-field, was continually present to his eyes, and ere long he began to place her, in his thoughts, in the old rooms at home, in the garden, among the thickets by the brook, and in Ann Pardon's pleasant parlor. Enough; his father's plan became his own long before the time was out.

On his second journey everybody seemed to be an old acquaintance and an intimate friend. It was evening as he approached the Meadows farm, but the younger children recognized him in the dusk, and their cry of "O, here's Jacob!" brought out the farmer and his wife and Susan, with the heartiest of welcomes. They had all missed him, they said; even the horses and oxen had looked for him, and they were wondering how they should get the oats harvested without him.

Jacob looked at Susan as the farmer said this, and her eyes seemed to answer, "I said nothing, but I knew you would come." Then, first, he felt sufficient courage for the task before him.

He rose the next morning before any one was stirring, and waited until she should come down stairs. The sun had not risen when she appeared, with a milk-pail in each hand, walking unsuspectingly to the cow-yard. He layd her, took the pails in his hand and said, in nervous haste, "Susan, will you be my wife?"

She stopped as if she had received a sudden blow; then a shy, sweet consent seemed to run through her heart. "O Jacob!" was all she could say.

"But you will, Susan?" he urged; and then (neither of them exactly knew how it happened) all at once his arms were around her, and they had kissed each other.

"Susan," he said presently, "I am a poor man—only a farm hand, and must work for a living. You could look for a better husband."

"I could never find a better one than you, Jacob."

"Would you work with me, too, at the same place?"

"You know I am not afraid of work," she answered, "and I could never want any other lot than yours."

Then he told the story which his father had prompted. Her face grew bright and happy while she listened, and he saw how from her very heart she accepted the humble fortune. Only the thought of her parents threw a cloud over the new and astonishing view. Jacob, however, grew bolder as he saw the fulfillment of his hope so near. They took the pails and seated themselves beside neighboring cows, one raising objections or misgivings which the other manfully combated. Jacob's earnestness unconsciously ran into his hands, as he discovered when the impatient cow began to snort and kick.

The harvesting of the oats was not com-

menced that morning. The children were sent away, and there was a council of four persons held in the parlor. The result of mutual protestations and much weeping was, that the farmer and his wife agreed to receive Jacob as a son-in-law; the offer of the wages was four times refused by them, and then accepted; and the chance of their being able to live and labor together was finally decided to be too fortunate to let slip. When the shock and surprise were over all gradually became cheerful, and, as the matter was more calmly discussed, the first conjectured difficulties, somehow, resolved themselves into trifles.

It was the simplest and quietest wedding,—at home, on an August morning. Farmer Meadows then drove the bridal pair half way on their journey, to the old country tavern, where a fresh conveyance had been engaged for them. The same evening they reached the farm-house in the valley, and Jacob's happy mood gave place to an anxious uncertainty as he remembered the period of deception upon which Susan was entering. He keenly watched his father's face when they arrived, and was a little relieved when he saw that his wife had made a good first impression.

"So this is my new housekeeper," said the old man. "I hope you will suit me as well as yours husband does."

"I'll do my best," said she; "but you must have patience with me for a few days, until I know your ways and wishes."

"Mr. Flint," said Sally, "shall I get supper ready?"

Susan looked up in astonishment at hearing the name.

"Yes," the old man remarked, "we both have the same name. The fact is Jacob and I are a sort of relation."

Jacob, in spite of his new happiness, continued ill at ease, although he could not help seeing how his father brightened under Susan's genial influence, how satisfied he was with her quick, neat, exact ways, and the cheerfulness with which she fulfilled her duties. At the end of the week, the old man counted out the wages agreed upon for both, and his delight culminated at the frank simplicity with which Susan took what she supposed she had fairly earned.

"Jacob," he whispered, when she had left the room, "keep quiet one more week, and then I'll let her know."

He had scarcely spoken when Susan burst in to the room again, crying, "Jacob, they are coming, they have come!"

"Who?"

"Father and mother; and we didn't expect them for a week yet."

All three went to the door as the visitors made their appearance on the veranda. Two of the party stood as if thunderstruck, and two exclamations came together:—

"Samuel Flint!"

"Lucy Wheeler!"

There was a moment's silence; then the farmer's wife, with a visible effort to compose herself, said, "Lucy Meadows, now."

The tears came into Samuel Flint's eyes. "Let us shake hands, Lucy," he said; "my son has married your daughter."

All but Jacob were freshly startled at these words. The two shook hands, and then Samuel turning to Susan's father, said: "And this is your husband, Lucy, I am glad to make his acquaintance."

"Your father Jacob!" Susan cried; "what does it all mean?"

Jacob's face grew red, and the old habit of hanging his head nearly came back upon him. He knew not what to say, and looked wistfully at his father.

"Come into the house and sit down," said the latter. "I think we shall all feel better when we have quietly and comfortably talked the matter over."

They went into the quaint, old-fashioned parlor, which had already been transformed by Susan's care, so that much of its shabbiness was hidden. When all were seated, and Samuel Flint perceived that none of the others knew what to say, he took a resolution which, for a man of his mood and habit of life, required some courage.

"Three of us here are old people," he began "and the two young ones love each other. It was so long ago, Lucy, that it cannot be laid to my blame if I speak of it now. Your husband, I see, has an honest heart and will not misunderstand either of us. The same thing often turns up in life; it is one of those secrets that everybody knows and that everybody talks about except the persons concerned. When I was a young man, Lucy, I loved you truly, and I faithfully meant to make you my wife."

"I thought so, too, for a while," said she very calmly.

Farmer Meadows looked at his wife, and no face was ever more beautiful than his, with that expression of generous pity shining through it.

"You know how I acted," Samuel Flint continued, "but our children must also know, that I broke off from you without giving any reason. A woman came between us and made all the mischief. I was considered rich then, and she wanted to secure my money for her daughter. I was an innocent and unsuspecting young man who believed that everybody else was as good as myself; and the woman never rested until she had turned me away from my first love and fastened me for life to another. Little by little I discovered the truth; I quickly got rid of the money which had so cursed me, and brought my wife to this the loneliest and dreariest place in the neighborhood, where I forced upon her a life of poverty. I thought it was a just revenge, but I was unjust. She really loved me; she was if not quite without blame in the matter, ignorant of the worst that had been done (I learned all that too late), and she never complained, though the change in me slowly wore out her life. I know now that I was cruel; but at the same time I punished myself, and was innocently punishing my son. But to him there was one way to make amends. I will help him to a wife, I said 'who will gladly take poverty with him and for his sake.' I forced him against his will, to say that he was a hired hand on this place and that Susan must be content to be a hired housekeeper. Now that I know Susan, I see that this proof might have been left out; but I guess it has done no harm. The place is not so heavily mortgaged as people think, and it will be Jacob's after I am gone. And now forgive me, all of you,—Lucy first, for she has most cause; Jacob next; and Susan,—that will be easier; and you friend

Meadows, if what I have said has been hard for you to hear."

The farmer stood up like a man, took Samuel's hand and his wife's and said, in a broken voice: "Lucy, I ask you, too, to forgive him, and ask you both to be good friends to each other."

Susan dissolved in tears, kissed all of them in turn; but the happiest heart there was Jacob's.

It was now easy for him to confide to his wife the complete story of his troubles, and to find his growing self-reliance strengthened by her quick intelligent sympathy. The pardons were better friends than ever, and the fact, which at first created great astonishment in the neighborhood, that Jacob Flint had really gone upon a journey and brought home a handsome wife, began to change the attitude of the people towards him. The old place was no longer lonely; the neighbors began to drop in and insist on return visits. Now that Jacob kept his head up and they got a fair view of his face, they discovered that he was not lacking, after all, in sense or social qualities.

In October, the "Whitney place," which had been leased for several years, was advertised to be sold at public sale. The owner had gone to the city and become a successful merchant, had outlived his local attachments and now took advantage of a rise in real estate to disburden himself of a property which he could not profitably control.

Everybody from far and wide attended the sale, and when Jacob Flint and his father arrived, everybody said to the former: "Of course you've come to buy, Jacob." But each man laughed at his own smartness, and considered the remark original with himself.

Jacob was no longer annoyed. He laughed, too, and answered: "I'm afraid I can't do that; but I've kept half my word, which is more than most men do."

"Jake's no fool after all," was whispered behind him.

The bidding commenced, at first very spirited, and then gradually slackening off, as the price mounted above the means of the neighboring farmers. The chief aspirant was a stranger, a well-dressed man with a lawyer's air, who nobody knew. After the usual long pauses and passionate exhortations, the hammer fell and the auctioneer, turning to the stranger, asked, "What name?"

"Jacob Flint."

There was a general cry of surprise. All looked at Jacob, whose eyes and mouth showed that he was as dumb-founded as the rest.

"When shall I have the papers drawn up?"

"As soon as you can," the old man replied; then seizing Jacob by the arm, with the words "Let's go home now!" he hurried him off.

The explanation soon leaked out. Samuel Flint had not thrown away his wealth, but had put it out of his own hands. It was given privately to trustees, to be held for his son, and returned when the latter should have married with his father's consent. There was more than enough to buy the Whitney place.

Jacob and Susan are happy in their stately home, and good as they are happy. If any person in the neighborhood ever makes use of the phrase, "Jacob Flint's Journey," he intends thereby to symbolize the good fortune which sometimes follows honesty, reticence, and shrewdness.

## Uncle Solomon's "Wedge-Principle."

BY MARY HARRATE.

"Some folks are always a tryin' to drive their wedges butt-end foremost," remarked Uncle Solomon, as he took off his spectacles and put them carefully away in their well-worn case.

"And if they split anything at all," he continued, tucking the case into his right hand vest pocket, "it's most commonly the beetle instead of the log."

It was a fine summer evening, and we were all sitting on the vine covered porch, Uncle Solomon and Aunt Martha and I. A fresh newspaper lay upon Uncle Solomon's knee, but it was now too dark to read, and, just dark enough for a cozy chat.

"Has anybody hereabouts been splitting his beetle?" I ventured to inquire. I always like to make a "personal application," and besides I remembered that in coming in I had met neighbor Blunt just going out.

Aunt Martha looked up from her knitting—she was trying to count the stitches for the heel—and in a regretful deprecating way explained that Mr. Blunt had lately been giving Colonel Maynard "a piece of his mind."

Aunt Martha never enjoyed talking of such unpleasantness, and when she was forced to speak of them at all, she always seemed so sorry for their having happened that one might almost suppose that the blame belonged to her.

Mr. Blunt was much addicted to giving folks "a piece of his mind." He was really prodigal in donations of this nature. He lavished them on all classes of people, upon every possible occasion, and with all sorts of results except good ones. He had given away so many pieces of his mind in the course of his life that it was a marvel he had any more left to give. Very peculiar pieces they were, too; at once sharp and blunt, and hard and heavy, and hot, and disagreeable generally. Sometimes he received something similar in return; but he was never known to get any thanks.

This time, the fuss was about a boy who had been hired to do his chores.

"You ought to let Joe come to the table," began Mr. Blunt, plunging into the subject with a headlong dive.

To this the Colonel—a new comer among us—certainly replied that when he needed advice about his domestic concerns, he would ask for it. And the two men though next door neighbors, had not spoken to each other since.

"It's such a pity!" said Aunt Martha as she finished the story. "I've no doubt Mr. Blunt meant it all right enough."

"But he went about it, 'wrong-end first-wise,' as Gough says," remarked my uncle. "I told him so in the time on't."

"I guess the Colonel is rather 'touchy,'" said I. "And besides he isn't used to country folks, like us. He don't understand our ways."

"Of course he don't," replied Uncle Solomon, patiently brushing away for the third time a mosquito which was buzzing around his nose.

"How should he? Always lived in New York city—folks don't have any neighbors there—none that we should call neighbors anyhow—might be a wedding next door, or even a funeral without your knowin' a word about it."



## Waterville Mail.

E. M. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... SEPT. 10, 1869



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## LETTER FROM THE N. ENG. FAIR

FAIR GROUND, Tuesday, P. M.

It is of no use to jot down what everybody sees—and would know if they did not see. The first word, distinct from the general babel, that I heard on the Ground, on my arrival at 3 o'clock, was "Go!" from the track stand; and the next moment the red nose of the famous "McClellan," and the black nose of the more famous "Gilbreth's Knox" a few brief inches in its rear, darted past my point of observation. But O dear!—the inches stretched into feet, and the feet into rods, before the stand was reached the first time. Kennebec faces stretched at the same rate—longer and longer—and Knox stock went down, down, in the pools, like a thermometer with its bulb in an ice cream. "McClellan was steady and true, and Shaw wreathed in smiles. Knox fretted badly, and Gilbreth wore a grin that meant this or that—perhaps. "McClellan wins the heat in—" I didn't hear what, and money went up in his favor ten dollars to one. Some of the Kendalls' Mills boys were rash enough to invest what little they could spare, in spite of the bad state of their favorite. Second heat—Knox a new horse, and Gilbreth grinning a little sharper. "Go!" again, and Knox took the lead as though he owned the whole track, keeping it steadily to the winning point. McClellan stock powdered and money scarce. Just so he did the third and fourth heats—winning not only the \$400, but the loudest roar of applause that has gone up from a N. E. Fair ground since Mr. Lang's Knox won his glory at Springfield. This was the great stallion trot of the fair, and I shall pay less attention to all trotting that may follow.

Here is a great multitude that no man can number; and in number and quality every living thing, from Dow's "Matadore, J." the king of the Shorthorns, down to a bantam chicken, is graduated to the same scale. The farmers of N. England are evidently the live men of the world; and here they are, intensified and condensed to a few acres of ground and a few miles of pens and stalls, "with all their blushing honors thick upon them." It is a great place for a few days of real life—if one can live through it. If I ever get home I shall devote an entire chapter to the praise of fairs and camp meetings. They make our heart beatings so easy.

Kennebec is here in her glory. There are few departments in which she will not point the climax. For a guess, Dow will head the Shorthorns in one or more of the leading animals—Burling and Shores the Herefords—Dr. Boutelle and associates the Jerseys—Gilbreth the Knox horses—while my "Green Mountain Boy," with forty pounds of mutton and a few pounds of wool more than his competitors, will yield the palm to Vermont Merinos for want of an extra wrinkle on his horns. This is all right—if blood don't "tell" it must be told to.

Evening—in the City. Time enough to go through the dozen show rooms in the morning, and I am listening to the discussion of "agricultural education" at the supreme court room. Prof. Fernald, of the Agricultural College, makes a speech in which he proposes to urge three points—What the farmer should not study, what he should study, how he should study. He does it well; is a fluent and agreeable speaker, and wins honor with his choice audience. Dr. Loring, president of the N. E. Society, follows in a plain, sensible, pungent speech, that gives him a good title to the rank he holds. Another speaker closes the evening, and we adjourn to Wednesday evening, to discuss "Diseases of animals," the horse's foot in particular.

Next Morning—Wednesday. "But the night cometh," which is the "Mordecai the Jew" of all fairs. How it makes a family man dream of sweet home—only it is one of Byron's waking dreams. I gained a place as a "silent partner" in a narrow bed in the tenth to the fifteenth story of a first class hotel. My ambition ruined my sleep, by hoisting me up into the region of the musketoes. They let a little of the little there was of me only because my bed-fellow offered a fuller meal. I smothered myself in a corner of the sheet and swapped the varnishes to him, taking in exchange about one half the blows he aimed

at them. Between the blows I laughed my self into tolerable patience, and resolved to stay at the fair as long as I can live without sleep. Saw a man at the breakfast table with but one eye, and concluded that at least one musketoe had made a full meal.

AT THE HALL—Wednesday Forenoon. All exhibitions of this kind are alike, except in extent. Flowers and washing machines are the alpha and omega, with a double alphabet between the two. I dare not enter upon a description I could never complete—for I cannot even see the half. Hall upon hall, and room upon room—the State Fair last year may have been either more or less for what I know. There is no art or device known to man or woman that does not here invite inspection—even the art of selling goods by advertising, for every notable business house or manufactory is here soliciting patronage. A view in the main hall from its galleries, taking in every phase of the work of human hands, every feature of the varying human face, and all the proprieties and absurdities of dress, taste and manners, would be a day's work for an Argus and his whole family.

AT THE GROUNDS—Wednesday P. M. The drizzling rain, that confined many to the city and its halls in the forenoon, has so far subsided into fog and mist as to send a few thousands out here to increase the crowd. Masses and slowly moving processions of carriages, large and small, filled with men, women and children, leave only room for safe footing for the less favored. Two or three miles of stalls are not seen at once, and so all keep moving along. Yonder in the distance the long, low mountain of hats and bonnets, built in regular plateaus that overlook one another, belches out its thunder of applause as this or that favorite horse thrusts his steaming nose an inch ahead of his competitor. The bellowing bull and the bantam rooster mark the breadth of the great musical staff, to which everything keeps time.

But the last "Go!" has gone, and the first tokens of "a storm brewing" are at once revealed to thousands upon thousands of eyes that up to this moment have seen only what was going before them. "To your camps, O Israel!"—and now begins the stampede to the City, that beggars all description—that drenches bonnets and "jacks" umbrellas—that daubs silks and straightens curls—that mingles coal carts and barouches, Knox fancies and spavined kanucks—that in half an hour constructs a moving column of this material two miles long and eight horses wide, with horse-railroad train in the center, stiffening the whole as whalebone stiffens a corset!—the rushing mass bound on the right and left with broad sidewalks crammed with footmen three deep, and well drained at that,—the whole facing a torrent of rain as neat horizontal as a young tornado could hold it.

For the hurricane and the storm, that played so wickedly from sunset till midnight,—that demolished the tents and unroofed the sheds, working mischief generally and damage moderately—and the charming morning that came with sunrise, calling out the multitude, and starting the horses over a track the better for washing—see my next letter. SENIOR.

NORTH KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL SHOW AND FAIR will be held on the 5th and 6th of October. We have the premium and committee list partly in type, intending to publish this week, but we are compelled to defer them, and they will appear in our next.

HAYWARD'S ENTERTAINMENT.—The Concerts to be given by Mr. & Mrs. William Hayward, at the Town Hall, next Monday and Tuesday evenings, Sept. 13th and 14th, will doubtless attract crowded houses, for Mr. Hayward's reputations as a vocalist is sufficient to ensure that almost anywhere. The Coos Republican, published at Lancaster, N. H., where Mr. Hayward recently sang, thus speaks of his entertainment:

"It affords us genuine satisfaction to be able to notice a really meritorious public entertainment, and without reserve, we pronounce those given by Mr. and Mrs. Hayward, on Friday and Saturday evenings last, the very best that have been presented to our people during the current year, and from what we can recall, for a much longer period. The entertainments were of a high order of merit, regarded in a humorous or musical sense. Mr. H., as a delineator of character, is very successful; his costumes are good and ludicrously true to life. He has, as the public with whom he has been well acquainted for several years well know, a pleasant voice, of fine tone and compass—and in his especial forte, ballad singing, is unequalled. Mrs. H. has also a fine voice, rendering her parts with very great success. In the entire range of song and character, while there is plenty to amuse, there is nothing visible that can excite unfavorable criticism. The entertainments are chaste, witty, emotional, and every way of a high order of interest and merit. We commend Mr. and Mrs. H. to the public as artists deserving the fullest recognition."

Gen. John A. Rawlins, Secretary of war, the tried friend and assistant of the President almost from the beginning of his military career, died at Washington on Monday afternoon. Gen. Sherman has been temporarily assigned to the position of Secretary of War.

STRIKE, if you will, but HEAR!—J. Nye, Esq., in a poster about our streets, invites all to attend a meeting at town hall, to-morrow (Saturday) evening, that they may learn why temperance men cannot vote for Gov. Chamberlain.

FIRE IN MONMOUTH.—We learn from the Lewiston Journal that the house, barn and out-buildings of Wm. H. Potter, of Monmouth, were burned on Wednesday of last week, with most of the farming tools, 30 or 40 tons of hay, &c. Loss about \$3000; insured for \$1,450 in the Monmouth Co.

RAILROAD BRIDGE BURNED.—Crying "Fire! Fire!" in a faint way, as though either badly frightened or all out of breath with running, a man came round into College Street, a little after ten o'clock Saturday night, and when he had roused Master Mechanic Philbrick he greeted him with the following startling intelligence: "Lucas's engine has come back with no one on it, and run into Al. Percival and smashed him (meaning his engine, of course) all up, and the railroad bridge out here is all on fire!" The alarm was passed around among the employees of the road and the citizens, and a crowd speedily swarmed about the depot; a locomotive was got out and attached to a platform car, and putting on steam away they went to find out the condition of things; and though the fire, wherever it was, had evidently slackened, they took along one of our fire engines, Waterville 3. As was at first conjectured, it was the Rice Bridge, about 2 1/2 miles from our village, that was burning, and the explanations of the missing engineer and fireman, who were picked up on the way out, showed the why and wherefore of the mysterious condition of things.

The engine Androsoggin, in charge of engineer Lucas, had come from Lewiston to bring an officer of the road, Mr. Flood, to Waterville, and having dropped him here was on its way back, when the bridge was discovered to be on fire, perhaps from a spark of their own engine in its first trip.

Reversing their engine and setting the brake, the engineer and fireman left their machine to see if they could extinguish the fire; but their coil not being the kind that stands without hitching put back to Waterville on its own account. A coal train (Albert M. Percival's) had just arrived from Bangor, and when fairly on the side track, west of the depot, the engineer, hearing the runaway engine coming, whistled for it to break up, but it paid no attention to the signal and came into his engine with a crash. The damage however, was not great, as the brake had retarded the motion of the runaway.

With his accustomed promptness and energy Superintendent Noyes had a large force immediately at work, and at 4 o'clock Wednesday morning a heavy freight train crossed a new bridge built in that short space of time in place of the one burned. Pretty quick work, considering that the bridge is 160 feet long and 54 feet above the water, and that no small share of the lumber was in the log when the work was begun.

IT BLEW GREAT GUNS here on Wednesday night; and though no very serious danger was done, the gale left traces of its power all over our village. Many trees were partially or wholly destroyed on almost every street; the steeple of the Methodist Church steeple was blown about to the damage of the houses in the vicinity and the serious alarm of their inmates; yards square of shingles were stripped from several roofs; a tall chimney was toppled over upon the roof the Continental House, bringing landlord Smith's family of boarders out of their rooms in a hurry, with no great amount of clothing upon them.

The storm was very extensive, having raged along our whole coast from New Orleans where it commenced on Tuesday, and we expect to hear of serious disasters; but the telegraph lines are down all over the country and news comes in slowly. Our fruit crop was short enough, as it was, but no small share has been blown off during this gale.

In Bangor they had a lively time, with flying signs, awnings, bricks, etc., and vessels drifted about promiscuously to their damage. About 20 feet of the roof of the Stillwater bridge on the B. O. & M. Railroad was blown off, and at Lincoln the engine house of the E. & N. A. Railroad was demolished.

At Bath the Free Will Baptist church was demolished and much other damage was done. Several vessels were seriously damaged and two lives were lost.

In Portland, the steeple of the new Catholic Cathedral, dedicated the previous day, was broken off at the roof and sent crashing through a two-story house adjoining, and great havoc was made at the Fair Ground. A schooner went ashore on Peak's Island and ten men were lost.

Among the casualties in Boston, of accounts of which the papers are full, the principal ones are the destruction of the spire of the Hanover street Methodist Church, and the Coliseum building, which is nearly ruined. A Mr. Granville M. Clark was injured so that he died.

MR. SHEPARD BRANN, who was employed on a section of the Maine Central Railroad track in Clinton, was fatally injured at Pittsfield on Wednesday, by being crushed between a car and the freight platform. Why he was there, or why he disregarded repeated warnings of his danger, of which he was an old employee of the road he must himself have been aware, no one knows. He lived but an hour after he was taken to his home at West Waterville.

MR. A. CROWELL, whose garden commands a pleasant view of the winding Messalonskee, sends us some handsome samples of the Early Rose, of which, as he has raised a hundred bushels, he will be able to furnish seed to those who may wish to plant another year. Accompanying the potatoes were some nicely ripened tomatoes and some fine sweet corn, for which Mr. A. will please accept our thanks.

MR. HIRAM JONES, of Fairfield, met with an accident at the Fair at Portland. While driving his promising four-year-old colt, "T. S. Lang," the hub of the gig collided with the fence, throwing out Mr. Jones, who escaped with slight bruises. The horse was not injured but the gig was wrecked.

## OUR TABLE.

TILTON'S JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE for September is full of timely and valuable articles on a great variety of topics, presented in elegant style, as usual, with some handsome embellishments.

Published by Tilton & Co., Boston, at \$3 a year. EVERY SATURDAY.—This week's issue of this journal of choice reading selected from foreign current literature, has the following table of contents: "My Casual Acquaintances," from Chamber's Journal; No. 2 of "An Experience," from All the Year Round; "A Buccaneer," from The Cornhill Magazine; "The Minute Nerve-Structure of the Human Eye," by Dr. Mann; "Racine, with a Glance at his Tragedies," from The Dublin University Magazine; Foreign Notes.

Published weekly by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$5 a year. HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.—The September number has some excellent articles, including one on "Forethought," a proper forecasting for emergencies; one on "Early Rising;" one on "Coffee;" some directions for the prevention and cure of Stammering; Summer Recreations; How to make Good Bread; Night Air, etc.

Published by W. W. Hall, M. D., New York, at \$1 a year. BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for October is a good average number, abounding in good stories and other interesting reading, and containing many illustrations. This magazine is a miracle of cheapness.

Published by Elliott, Thomas & Talbot, Boston, at \$1.60 a year. THREE MONTHS FREE.—The publisher of "Merry's Museum," a favorite juvenile monthly, offers to send that popular magazine three months free to any one who wishes to examine it. Address Horace B. Fuller, publisher, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston.

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY for September, in addition to several pages of musical miscellany—including "Czerny's Letters to a Young Lady," full of useful hints to piano players—contains the following music:

Jessie, song for mezzo tenor and mixed chorus, by Will S. Hayes; Down in the Valley where the Green Grass Grows, song and chorus, by F. Moran; At Home thou art Remembered Still, answer to "Do they think of me at Home?" The Flower of Marlehead, song and chorus; Drum and Fife, fantastic military march, by C. H. Gardner; Congenial Hearts, mazurka de salon, by C. K. Kiker; Morning-Glory Mazurka, by Julius Becht; Hily, Holy is God our Lord, quartet or chorus for mixed voices, with an accompaniment, by L. Spahr; A Mother's Group, quartet for mixed voices, by J. F. Webster; Take all Home, quartet for mixed voices, by Raymond; Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing; This World is Poor from Shore to Shore; Oh! Where shall I Rest be Found.

Published by J. L. Peters, 108 Broadway, New York, at \$3 a year.

We permit our correspondent to have his say, because we believe in free speech. If he sees anything under "the pile of meal" let him punch it—if he don't he hits nothing. His article is more unfair, if not more untrue, than we like to publish; and we would not do so if we thought its abuse of temperance men would do them any harm. "Railroad" may be seen in all the tickets, and specially in the Kennebec republican senators,—and why this savage "jab" at Mr. Webb?

Messrs. Editors:—There are some things in connection with the (so called) temperance Convention, recently held in Waterville, that true temperance men should understand.

The Convention was in fact a Rail Road and not a temperance Convention. The selection of a candidate for Senator, for the western portion of the district, is proof of this. Can the managers of that Convention explain to the temperance public, why Mr. Webb of Winthrop was nominated in preference to Mr. Minot of Belgrade, one of the candidates of the Republican party? Mr. Minot has long been known as an efficient, working, temperance man. Perhaps no man in his town, has done so much for the enforcement of the prohibitory law as he. Mr. Webb is known as an estimable citizen, and an able man—temperate in all things, and especially so, in his advocacy of temperance. We presume that every man in Kennebec County, at all conversant with Rail Road interests, knows that the nomination of Mr. Webb meant Rail Road, and not temperance. This attempt at deception, should, we think will be effectually rebuked at the polls. We do not believe that any considerable portion of the true temperance men of old Kennebec, can be bamboozled by this third party movement, however trusted some of its leaders may have been in the past. They cannot avoid seeing the ulterior objects of the movement especially in Kennebec County. They know full well that broad is the gauge that leads their righteous cause to destruction.

GOOD TEMPLAR.

West Waterville, Sept. 1, 1869.

THE KENNEBEC VALLEY CAMP MEETING, at Richmond, this year secured a very large attendance and the weather was favorable up to the time of the great gale, which blew many tents down and produced some discomfort. It adjourned on Thursday.

A DOUBLE DISE.—Paul Ewaw, Wm. Rogers, and Joseph Billeod, three of our Canadian residents, convicted before Trial Justice Drummond for selling liquor, have been prosecuted before U. S. Commissioner Manley for carrying on that business without a U. S. License. Billeod escaped from the officer; the other two are in jail at Augusta.

WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN, our able and honored Senator, died at his residence in Portland on Wednesday morning. He had nearly reached the age 63 years.

FIRE AT ATHENS.—On Wednesday morning, as we learn from the Somerset Reporter, the Emory Hotel at Athens was destroyed by fire, with the extensive store of John Ware Jr. The hotel was second only the Brewster House of Skowhegan, and cost over \$20,000. It was insured for \$19,000. Mr. Ware was partially insured.

THE BATH TIMES, in the hands of its new manager, W. E. S. Whitman (Toby Candor) is as neat and handsome as a new pin, having received a new suit throughout. Its editorials and news items, too, display an abundance of vim and vivacity.

The landlord and clerk of Bradley's Hotel in Portland, bang Patrick Murray down stairs for making a disturbance a few days ago, and so injured him that he died.

Mr. Brooks, a special U. S. Revenue officer, was shot while in charge of a seized store in Philadelphia, on Monday. His wound is thought to be fatal.

AN ELEGANT EDITION OF DICKENS'S WORKS limited to a hundred copies, on large paper and printed with great care on a hand press, is among the choice things issued by Hurd & Houghton of the Riverside Press. For notices of some of the publications of this house, see our advertising columns.

REV. S. F. SMITH, D. D., formerly pastor of the Baptist Church in this village, will preach in his old pulpit (or rather a new one that has taken its place) next Sabbath.

We are pleased to learn that Maj. Appleton has purchased the lot on which the blacksmith shop stands, between his buildings and Major Marston's new store, nearly opposite the Mail office, and has already raised to grade continuing the wall he began. This brings all to a level north of Temple Street, and is a great improvement.

THE UNITARIAN CHURCH in this village will be reopened for regular services next Sunday. Rev. Dr. Wheeler will preach.

Among the trees blown down in our village, was one of the two gigantic willows standing on either side of the road near Crommett's Mills. These two were planted about 75 years ago, by Mr. David Pattee, who broke them from a tree in Judge North's garden in Augusta, brought them home and stuck them in the ground near his house, which then stood between the road and the brook.

In accordance with a town vote at the last annual meeting, the east end of Church Street has been swung a few feet to the south, thus giving the Baptist church building a little more elbow room.

A STATE SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION will assemble at Lewiston next Tuesday.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S health is in a very precarious condition and all Europe is in a tremble of apprehension.

VERMONT has gone, as she always goes, overwhelmingly republican, though the vote is light. General Washburne is elected Governor by about 20,000 majority, and the Legislature is unanimously republican with the exception of four democrats in the House.

THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.—It will be seen by referring to another column, that John Hankerson, of Portland advertises for Agents to sell the "Lives of the Presidents of the United States," by John S. C. Abbott. The author will be recognized as a native of Maine, and one of the most interesting and graphic historical writers in this country. We see no reason why this would not be a good book for canvassers.

TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE.—Monday morning a fire broke out in the bottom of a shaft of a coal mine at Plymouth, Penn., and in a short time the whole breaker and out-buildings were in flames, and the hoisting apparatus, the only avenue of escape for the miners, was destroyed. All efforts to stay the flames were unavailing, and the whole structure fell, partly filling the shaft. Two hundred men were in the mine with no egress and no way of getting air but by the main opening and that was filled with burning timbers and debris. Every effort was made for their relief but they were beyond human help and all perished.

See advertisement of Mrs. Bradbury's beautiful stock of new millinery goods—which is indeed worthy of a special call.

Some of the Illinois democratic papers having revived the old story that rebel prisoners in Camp Douglas were treated with barbarity during the war, a former rebel soldier who was confined there writes to the Tribune of Chicago that he was while there better fed, clothed and cared for generally, than while in the Confederate ranks and he denies utterly the reports of cruelty of any kind.

CAN A WOMAN KEEP A SECRET?—George Francis Train renders a judgment as follows: Men say women can't keep a secret. It's just the reverse; woman can, men can't. Women carry to their graves secrets that would kill any man. Woman never tells, man always does. Woman suffers and dies; man blabs and lives. Man cannot keep a secret; woman cannot make it known. What is sport to the man is death to the woman. Adam was a sneak. Eve would have kept the apple a secret. Be ye fruitful; who ever heard a woman talk about her "love fiascos?" Everybody has heard a man gossip. Man delights in telling of his illicit conquests; woman would cut her tongue out first. Men are coarse in their club-room talk, women refined in their conversation. Whoever heard a woman telling of her lovers? Who has not listened to the dissipation of the men? Men boast; women don't. Women never tell tales out of school; men are always babbling. So down with another old adage. Woman can keep a secret.

SWINDLING FARMERS.—There is much complaint of frauds practiced on farmers by unprincipled agents, for new inventions, etc. One common practice is to induce a farmer to buy a patent right for a town or county, giving him a note, and receiving either a verbal assurance, or written pledge of the stranger, that the note is not to be paid until a certain sum in profits has been realized by the purchaser. The note, however, is sold to an innocent third party, when, of course, it can be collected. This is but one of the many plans pursued, but by it alone many thousands of dollars have been taken from farmers. Remembering and acting on a few common-sense principles, would do very much to prevent danger of such imposition. The following general principles may be named:

Do not trust the promises or representations of any stranger so far as to pay, or promise to pay, money on them. He has no right to ask that you should.

Remember that in at least three cases out of four, the farmer who buys a patent-right, or takes the agency of a new and untried thing, or any agency from an unaccredited stranger, loses his money.

Never sign your name to any piece of paper (without knowing, from reading it yourself or

having it read by a friend, its exact contents. Never sign a promise to pay money unless you expect to pay sometime. Make this rule universal. Accept no promises or pledges that the money will not be collected, or not until certain other events occur. These will do no good if your note goes into the hands of a party who obtains it without knowing of the fraud.

Whenever a man proposes to do something which, in its nature, amounts to giving you two dollars for one, or five hundred, it is a fair presumption that there is a fraud somewhere.

Lastly, act with honesty and do not consent to be a party to deception. Many frauds of the kind spoken of are successful, because the deceived party is willing to deceive others, if he could make money by so doing.

FROM A JAPANESE SERMON.—The Cornhill Magazine has a genuine Japanese sermon, reported by the Secretary of the British Legation at Yeddo. It would appear from the following extract that the Japanese preachers have a lively way of illustrating their moral discourses:

"With regard to the danger of over-confidence, I have a little tale to tell you. 'Be so good as to wake up from drowsiness and listen attentively. There is a certain powerful murex, the surzaye, with a very strong lid to its shell. Now this clam, if it hears that there is any danger astir, shuts up its shell from within with a loud noise, and thinks itself perfectly safe. One day a snapper and another fish, lost in envy at this, said: 'What a strong castle this is of yours, Mr. Murex; when you shut up your lid from within, nobody can so much as point a finger at you. A capital figure you make, sir.' When he heard this, the murex, stroking his beard, replied: 'Well, gentlemen, although you are so good as to say so, it is nothing to boast of in the way of safety; still, when I shut myself up thus, I do not feel much anxiety.' And as he was speaking thus, with the pride that apes humility, there came the noise of a great splash, and the murex, shutting up his lid as quickly as possible, kept quite still, and thought to himself 'what in the world the noise could be. Could it be a net? could it be a fish-hook? What a bore it was, always having to keep such a sharp lookout! Were the snapper and the other fish caught? he wondered, and he felt quite anxious about them; however, at any rate, he was safe. And so the time passed, and when he thought all was safe he stealthily opened his shell and slipped out his head and looked all around him. There seemed to be something wrong, something with which he was not familiar. As he looked a little more carefully, lo and behold! there he was in a fishmonger's shop with a card marked sixteen cash on his back! Poor shellfish! I think there are some people not unlike him to be found in China and India. How little self is to be depended upon!"

VINELAND.—The following extract from an article in *Health and Home*, gives a fair idea of the famous New Jersey settlement:

The visitor who rides several hours along these straight roads can form certain negative conclusions about the colony. He sees no fences, no ragged, belittered roadsides, no windows stuffed with hats; no pinched faces or red noses, no lean, stray cows or errant hogs, no neglected filth, no wasting manure; but pears, grapes, berries, and flowers on every hand, men at work early, women with bright eyes though brown cheeks, school-houses frequent, no lack of churches. Should his visit be prolonged, he would find a community where there is the broadest tolerance of opinion, the largest personal liberty to do any thing not vicious, the habit of reading quite universal, and proofs of uncommon brightness and activity of mind.

Is Vineland then an Arcadia—a model colony? Can no fault be found? Does so much that is praiseworthy quite muffle the judgment of the critic?

It is the duty of the journalist to be candid, and set down judgments, not to write pious.

1. It is to be regretted that a colony so large and flourishing is not planted in some one of the ten thousand regions that could have been more lavishly her charms. There is not a hill or vale in the landscape, no distant line of blue, no silver sheen of water at rest, no glance of running stream, no big tree, gnarled root or mossy rock. Those who love beauty may find it in grounds well laid out, and must hit upon apt and telling ways of treating flat surfaces.

2. Not enough animals are kept in Vineland. There is less regular grain and grass-farming than the solid prosperity of a community demands. A mere fruit-grower cannot get good pay for winter work.

3. The importance of a liberal use of manure is not held up as steadily as it should be. On the other hand, the health of the region is unsurpassed, its water is good, winters mild; the soil is easily stirred, and dries quick after a rain; while for intelligence, thrift, order, and public spirit, Vineland is a pattern.

BABY TALK.—"Venus Rising from the sea." We copy the following enthusiastic "baby talk" from the Sacramento Union's lady correspondence:

"Baby May is one of the sweetest babies that ever."

"When the gates of Heaven were left ajar—"

"With folded hand and dreamy eyes"

"Wandered out of paradise."

"Two years of babyhood have passed over her pretty head. The other morning, her mother having stepped out, I heard a noise which, as it reached me, melted into a cooing tone. Going to the nursery and peeping in, I didn't see this lovely morning glory smiling behind her cradle bars, and reaching up her tender arms to twine around my neck, but O snowflakes and cherubs! I beheld this tiny angel sitting in her crib in the midst of a snowy fountain, clapping her chubby hands and crowing with delight! It seemed, wakening, and nobody in sight, she had assumed herself by ingeniously getting out of her night-gown, which was thrown on the floor, leaving her naked; then, espousing a hole in the downy mattress of her nest, had put her fingers in it, and ripping the seam, pulled out every feather till she was imbedded up to her plump neck, and looked like a chick peeping out of its shell. Then commenced the fun. Throwing up her arms and bringing them down again with a staccato 'boo! boo!' the feathers flew up to the ceiling and down again, and whirled in the air like a snowstorm. I never beheld anything so cunning and so lovely. When I finally called out, 'Baby!' she gave a startled look, then reached up her bare arms toward me through the setting flares. O dainty, dainty Baby May! was there ever a living picture equal to this maid of the mist—this sweet young Aphrodite rising from the sea!"

CRUEL PLEASANTY.—The invitation of General Lee to attend the Gettysburg frolie! It was like inviting a man to dance at his own funeral.—[N. Y. Herald.]



# Waterville Mail.

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

Published on Friday by  
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MR. MAX H. WING.

TERMS.  
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One hour from F.A.M. to P.M. O.R. SPADEN, P.M.

## FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

Louis Napoleon, finding on examination of the smokers and non-smokers in all the public schools, that the latter were decidedly superior in physical health, intellectual acquirements, and moral deportment, made good use of his arbitrary power, and banished the smokers.

Acetic acid rubbed on a wart a few times will kill it in a week or two.

It is a simple thing but not every housekeeper knows it, that good eggs, if put in water, invariably sink under the large ends upwards. Added ones do not.

A Panama letter states that Frank Ward, a son-in-law of William B. Astor, jumped overboard from the steamer Sacramento, near San Jose, and was drowned. The cause of the deed was mortification at not being able to pay the wife bill that he ran up on the steamer.

Metaphor is thus applied to the result of the race by a Detroit paper:—"The Harbards are indeed under and eclipse; but the luminous and halo-like corona of their irreproachable bearing is resplendently visible!"

The Democrats appear to have carried California and chosen a Legislature which will reject the Fifteenth Amendment.

The Richmond Enquirer is glad on the whole that the Harbards lost, because "the northern people have enough of them," and it is desirable that "some check should be administered to American conceit."

There are said to be in the United States a total of six millions two hundred thousand members of evangelical churches, including one hundred thousand Quakers.

The Hallows Gazette says that business is good in that city at the present time. The cotton factory, oil cloth factories, machine shops, foundries and quarries are in full operation.

There is a secret society in Spain, composed of 3,000 Catholics, pledged to renounce Rome and to circulate the Gospel.

Captain O. E. Bartlett, formerly of Skowhegan, of the 31st Maine regiment, has been appointed agent on Portland and Kennebec Railroad.

Rev. C. R. Moore, pastor of the Universalist Church in Augusta, was thrown from his carriage and had his leg broken.

A courteous wag in the excess of his politeness never swallows an oyster without saying, "Good by oyster."

A writer, trying to be severe upon Boston, is only funny when he says that the city is the "hub" because a fellow gets tired going out.

A Tennessee editor is credited with "forty devil power" of swearing.

Blackberries are three cents a quart in interior Pennsylvania, and so plenty that bushes rot on the bushes.

The friends of the late Wm. A. Caffrey will be gratified to know that his fine business stand at Appleton Hall, built up by years of honorable enterprise, has gone into good hands. Messrs. Redington & Lewis, who have purchased the entire stock and good-will, are both Waterville boys, tried and known; with abundant capital, and a good stock of working material in their own hands. They need no commendation, and have only to make the fact known that they are determined to sell goods at the lowest rates, to continue the concern what it always has been, an honor to our village. So note it be!

OLD HISTORY.—In the last number of Appleton's Journal, Dr. Bellows, in his interesting report of the conversations at seven sittings with Mr. Powers, relates the following anecdote of President Jackson, substantially in the sculptor's own language:

"When I first went to Washington, I had several letters to General Jackson, and called first upon the President, and asked him, after he had read my letters, if he would sit to me.

"Do you daub anything over the face?" he inquired looking at me under his spectacles, with a very ominous glance of inquiry; "because I recollect poor Mr. Jefferson got nearly smothered, the plaster hardened before they got ready to release him, and they pointed it with mallets till they nearly stunned him, and then almost tore off a piece of his ear in their haste in pulling off a sticking fragment of the mallet."

"Oh, no," I said, "Mr. President, I don't wish to do anything of that sort. I only want to look at you for an hour a day, sitting in your chair, and I will engage to produce your likeness."

"Ah then," he replied, "It will give me very great pleasure, Mr. Powers, to oblige you. But when came you?"

"At any time, Mr. President, it suits your convenience. I have perfect leisure, and am wholly at your command."

"Could you come as early as seven in the morning?"

"Certainly," the earlier after light the better for me."

In a few days I was installed in a room in the White House itself. It was a room in which, every morning, was thrown about a bushel of newspapers from all parts of the country, directed to the President, and marked to attract his attention to the favorable editorial notices of his administration which the editors had so disinterestedly written and published. I am afraid they would have been very much grieved if they had known that, with the exception of one or two papers from his own district, the President never looked at any of these papers except as they kindled his morning fire.

I found the President an excellent, and most kind, and courteous sinner. He invited me to dine with him, I think, the first day, telling me the names of his own household, whom I should meet. We had an excellent dinner, but the general I observed ate only a large bowl of bread and milk, not touching either meat or wine. In the course of the dinner, Major Donelson, I think, was talking very interestingly upon some recent discoveries in astronomy. After listening awhile, the general raised his somewhat thin voice rather hoarsely.

"I tell you, major, that we don't really know anything about the weight and size of those distant heavenly bodies. It's all a guess and a pretence. It's nonsense, sir, talk about a little spark, twinkling away up in the sky, as if we knew just how far off it was, and just how big it was."

"But, general," returned the major, "if we did not know the place and the disk of some of the distant planets and stars, how could the positions be calculated, and how could eclipses be predicted years ahead with perfect certainty and exactness?"

"That's all very easy, sir; very easy," replied the general. "It's done by tradition, sir. The stars move in regular orbits. Their places are observed at certain times, and noted; and when they come again to the same places, it's observed and handed down, and so, sir, we know when they will be in those places again, it may be a hundred years hence. It's all very simple. I don't believe a word of what these astronomers say about the immense distance and size of the fixed stars. I shouldn't wonder if the moon was as big as any of 'em."

It was hardly deemed judicious to press the conversation on astronomy any further.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to rob the Lime Rock Bank, at Rockland, on Thursday night. The robbers became frightened and left suddenly. They first picked the lock of the Western Union Telegraph office adjoining the bank, and from thence made an opening about eighteen inches in diameter through the brick wall into the bank vault. They then attempted the lock of the safe, but were probably unsuccessful, as the safe was found locked, but the lock had been so tampered with that the officers of the bank have not yet been able to open it. The implements with which the burglars worked were left behind them and a signal line was found leading to the street to guard them from surprise.

Mrs. Caroline Clark has recovered by a referee decision \$2000 damages and cost, \$394.57, against Mrs. Paul R. George, both of Conantookville, N. H., for the bite of a dog belonging to Mrs. George on a son of Mrs. Clark, three years old. The boy was bitten in July, 1866.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.—Advice from Captain Burton, the traveller, lead to the belief that Dr. Livingstone is now detained by the King of Cazema, Africa, at Lucenda, his capital. There is talk of an expedition from England to release him. The Moslems, whose religion Livingstone has denounced, have great influence there, and are believed to have secured his arrest and confinement, fearing he might make efforts to break up their slave trade. English advices express great confidence that Livingstone is still alive.

The Catholic Archbishop of Santiago has lately sent a letter to the Chilean Minister of Public Instruction, denouncing the Protestants of that country for building churches and schools. The Archbishop holds that such conduct is contrary to the laws of the country, which say that dissenters from the catholic religion shall worship and teach only in their own homes.

Chicago is over-run with men out of employment as is shown by the fact that recently an increase of the police force to the extent of seventy-five men was authorized, and three days after the fact was known three thousand applications were received.

It is a good thing for us that civilization has improved on the savage custom of putting young infants out of existence; as without it the world would have been the loser within the last 200 or 300 years by Bacon, Pascal, Des Cartes, De Thou, Gibbon, Newton, Locke, Adam Smith, Boyle, Dr. Johnson, William III, Pope, Addison, Walter Scott, William Pitt, Cowper, Flaxman, James Watt, and Nelson. All these memorable men are recorded to have been more or less puny and delicate children; some reared with great difficulty; some unhealthy all their lives.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES. Thinking it due your labors in behalf of easing woman's work I herewith state that in the year 1854, I purchased one of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine, being at that day most fully informed of their excellence over all others. This machine has been in almost uninterrupted use ever since (a period of nearly fifteen years), on many totally different materials, such as my own boys' boy's clothing, needle books, beside the usual heavy and light goods worn by ladies and children. It has never been repaired and does not need it yet. I have often blessed the day on which I entered your fine establishment as a purchaser. Mrs. J. W. D. PATTEN.

A CARD.  
Maine Central Railroad,  
Superintendent's Office, Sept. 8, 1869.

The thanks of this Company are due and are gratefully tendered to the friends of Waterville and other cities for their efficient aid in protecting the property of the Company at the recent fire.

EDWIN NOYES, Sup't.

REDINGTON & LEWIS  
Are constantly making additions to their large stock of Goods, and are selling the same for exceedingly small profits for cash, as a large number of customers can readily testify.

We shall keep a complete assortment of Parlor, Dining Room and Kitchen Furniture; Spring Beds, Mattresses, Feather Beds, also Woolen, Hemp, Straw, and Oil Cloth Carpets; and Crochery and Glass Ware of every description, etc.

Also, Walnut, Rosewood, Whitewood, and Pine Coffins, of all sizes, constantly on hand at the old stand, formerly occupied by W. A. Caffrey.

We hope by strict attention to business, and fair dealing, to merit a continuance of the patronage which our sales for the past week indicate.

C. H. REDINGTON,  
E. L. LEWIS.

## 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 duly appreciate the resources, the antiquities, or the novelties that are shown to him.—London Examiner.

Sketches Abroad with Pen and Pencil.  
By F. O. DARLEY. With 10 full-page, and 74 smaller illustrations on wood. A new edition, with three additional vignettes, and printed on toned paper. In 1 volume, cloth, \$3.50; cloth, gilt, \$4.00; morocco, \$5.00.

Mr. Darley seems at his happiest here, and his pen has been an inspiration to him.—Atlantic Monthly.

H. O. HOUGHTON & CO., Riverside, Cambridge, Mass. For sale by all booksellers.

### 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 when required, including Burr's Superior Glass, which is of inimitable value to the infant, as it keeps the Tube perfectly sweet and free from acid, especially in warm weather. Price of Burr's 10c. BURR & PERRY, 25 Cornhill St., Boston, Mass.

### RAGS! RAGS!!

ASHT, and the highest price paid for any (th) go with paper can be made at the MAIL OFFICE.

### BROADCLOTHS, TRICOTS, and DOESKINS.

WE have good a lot of these goods on hand as can be seen in the Shop. GARDNER & WATSON. April 17, 1868.

In Remote Settlements of Untold Value.  
Good food and good health are the body. If the blood be pure, the body is healthy. So if we are not in health, we know some impurities are lurking about which must be removed, and the sooner the better.

Brandreth's Pills remove all from the system which nature needs no longer.  
The wonderful cures effected by Brandreth's have arrested the attention of enlightened physicians. Upwards of five thousand now use them in their daily practice, and two hundred have given their written testimony as to their innocence and value, as cleansers of the bowels and blood.  
Their untold value is to those living in settlements where doctors can only be had at great expense. For if you are sick you have only to take one or more doses of Brandreth's Pills to get cured. Full directions are with each box.  
Sold by all Druggists. 50—1m 10

## Comfort and Bliss, or Pain and Agony.

DR. TODIAS' CELEBRATED VENETIAN LINIMENT, whose wonderful cures, sure and instantaneous action, in Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, etc., have astonished the civilized world, is no new cheap penny; but an article that has stood the test of twenty-two years. The enormous sale and rapidly increasing demand is at once the sure evidence of its usefulness and popularity. No family should be without a bottle in the house. Hundreds of dollars and many hours of suffering may be saved by its timely use.

Cold, Croup, and Diphtheria yield at once to its pain-curing properties. It is perfectly innocent, and may be given to the oldest person or youngest child. No matter if you have no confidence in Patent Medicines—try this, and you will be sure to buy again, and recommend to your friends. Hundreds of Physicians recommend it in their practice.  
Sold by the Druggists and Storekeepers. Price, Fifty Cents and One Dollar. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. 50—1m 10

## FRIGHTFUL DEVELOPMENTS!

At last the people have got the fact "through their hair," that hair dyes impregnated with acetate of lead and other metallic salts are

## MURDEROUS PREPARATIONS.

When they see the metallic sediment at the bottom of the bottles, they know that the disgusting stuff is literally mixed with POISON. They ask, therefore, for a

Harmless Vegetable Dye, and find it, pure and efficacious, in

Cristadoro's Excelsior Hair Dye,

offered under the sanction of Professor Chilton's guarantee, that it contains "nothing deleterious."

CIRSTADORO'S HAIR PRESERVATIVE, as a dressing, acts as a charm on the Hair after Dyeing. Try it.

## 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. BURN & PERRY, Wholesale Druggists, General Agents, 26 Tremont St., Boston.

## Twenty-five Years' Practice.

In the Treatment of Diseases incident to Females, has placed DR. BOW at the head of all physicians making such 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.

Dr. B. has 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."

READER—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 Rheumatism?

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Sciatica?

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Lumbago?

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Sprains?

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Burns?

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Scalds?

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Stomach Pains?

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Catarrhs?

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Hemorrhoids?

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Piles?

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Gout?

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Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Sprains?

Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil cures Burns?

## Deaths.

In this village, Sept. 7, Mr. David McGrillis, aged 80 years, died at his residence. He was a native of Scotland, and had resided in this village for many years. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and was a very pious and upright man. He was buried in the cemetery on Monday morning, Sept. 10, at 10 o'clock.

In this village, Sept. 7, Mattie Proctor, daughter of Mr. Jeremiah G. and Mary Proctor, aged 1 yr. 9 mos. In this village, 9th inst., of quick consumption, Miss Ella M. Short, daughter of Mr. George Short, aged 22 years and 25 days. [Funeral Sabbath afternoon, at 4 o'clock—services at the house.]

In Waterville, Sept. 8, Bertha R., daughter of Henry R. and Mary R., of Waterville, aged 10 months and 25 days. In Fairfield, Sept. 8, Mr. A. H. Halloway, aged 72 yrs.

## Hayward's CONCERT.

WILLIAM HAYWARD, The Eminent Balladist, — and GEORGIA A. HAYWARD, The Pleading Contralto.

Will give one of their Unique Entertainments

IN TOWN HALL, WATERVILLE, Monday & Tuesday Evenings, Sept. 13 & 14.

Tickets 25 cts.—Doors open at 7:15; Concert at 8.

## MILLINERY! NEW FALL GOODS.

Mrs. Bradbury

Respectfully informs her patrons that she is getting in an unusually large stock of FALL GOODS, embracing all the

LATEST FASHIONS & STYLES. She will also execute, in the most perfect manner and styles all orders for

DRESS MAKING.

With a good stock of PANCY GOODS, in more than the usual variety, she is able to offer to customers great attractions and very low prices.

She invites Ladies to call and examine her Stock and Prices.

Mrs. E. A. Bradbury, Main Street.

Attention — — — All!

Patronize Home Industry.

BUY YOUR

## CRACKERS

OF MATTHEWS, OR OF

MANLEY & TOZER,

Who will sell you the nicest Butter Crackers for 10 Cts. per lb.—11 lbs. for \$1.

Made at Matthews' Bakery, and warranted as good as can be obtained in the State.

## Partnership.

The under-signing having formed a Partnership under the name of

REDINGTON & LEWIS,

And having bought the stock in trade of the late W. A. Caffrey, propose to continue the business at

THE OLD STAND.

We shall have at all times a full assortment of

## FURNITURE,

Lounges, Mirrors, Feather, &c.

And all goods usually kept in it in the best of business.

In addition to the above Goods, we have a new and carefully selected stock of

CROCKERY,

GLASS WARE, and

CARPETINGS.

We shall keep a full stock at all times, and shall sell as low for cash as any one.

BURIAL CASES & COFFINS

ALWAYS ON HAND.

C. H. REDINGTON, R. L. LEWIS.

Waterville, Sept. 2, 1869. 10

## FARM FOR SALE.

About a mile and a quarter from Fairfield M. H. on the road to the Ten Lots, a mile from the new Railroad, embracing about 85 acres of land, with good buildings, consisting of house, barn, sheds, and carriage house—well watered—large orchard, producing this year 400 bushels at least—cuts 10 to 20 tons hay—some 20 to 30 acres in wood—good pastures, easy tillage land, and all in good condition. This farm will be sold for \$1500, which makes it the cheapest farm for the money.

Sept. 10, 1869—3w

WANTED.—AGENTS to sell a thoroughly good domestic article, wanted in every family. Exclusive territory given. Business pleasant and profitable. One agent sold 500 in one small town; one 1000 in five towns; one \$1 in calling on 88 families; another, 36 per day for days in succession, upon the same made \$25 per day; and other do equally as well. Send for circular.

LITTLEFIELD & DANE,



## MISCELLANY.

THE BOY MAGICIAN;  
OR,  
THE SECRETS OF THE SEA.  
CHAPTER I.  
THE PRISONER OF MID-OCEAN.

Late one summer afternoon, a dozen years ago, a solitary white man stood before an idolatrous temple on an island in the South Pacific. He was of middle age, tall, thin, and gaunt, with rugged features and sorrowful eyes, and with every sign of goodness and intelligence. Beside him was a grim stone idol, in grotesque human form, more than twice as tall as himself, which he had just finished, as was indicated by the mallet and chisel in his hands. "It is done," he muttered. "And these heathen little suspect that I have cut my my name and story into the base of this idol." He ran his eye rapidly over the inscription in question. It was as follows:

"The 8th of May, 1852, I, David Lester, of the firm of Lester & Nichols, of Norfolk, Virginia, sailed as a passenger from Charleston, for Hong Kong, via Cape Horn, in the ship 'Hecia.' A cyclone struck us in mid-ocean, the ship foundered, and we took to the boats, which all filled, with the exception of the one I was in. After drifting several days, during which my companions perished, I reached this island. The idolatrous inhabitants made me a slave in their temple, and for more than four years I have been doing menial offices and carving images. I have been chained every night, and watched continually by day, but have nevertheless made three attempts at escape, and shall soon make another—doubtless my last, as I am resolved to succeed or die, preferring death to a longer captivity. I therefore write these words upon this idol, praying any one who may see them to report my fate, if possible, to my family, at Norfolk, Va. I finished this inscription this 7th day of July, 1857."

For several minutes the prisoner contemplated these lines in silence, and then aroused himself, looking warily around.

"Three times I have tried to escape in a canoe," he muttered, "and every time I was caught, and visited with tortures. To be caught again in such an attempt will be certain death. Yet I will risk all the first opportunity that offers. This longing for freedom and my family is becoming a positive madness. Oh, my God! what is that?"

He gazed in perfect stupefaction to the eastward, far out upon the ocean.

There, miles and leagues away, was a ship, her white sails gleaming as she lay becalmed upon the waters!

"A ship! a ship!" cried Lester, sobbingly. "At last, oh Heaven! At last my prayer is answered!"

## THE PRISONER'S HOME.

On the east bank of the Elizabeth river, just out of Norfolk, and overlooking Hampton Roads, stood a beautiful cottage, the home of the wife and daughter of David Lester, the prisoner of the lone island in the far Pacific.

Near the close of a lovely afternoon in May, Mrs. Lester and her daughter sat together upon their front veranda.

The mother was a lovely, sweet-faced, sad-eyed woman of two and thirty years.

The daughter, Amy Lester, not yet fifteen, was a strange compound of child and woman.

"You are thinking of father, dear mother?" murmured the maiden, as she marked the lady's longing gaze.

"Yes, child. Your father, my husband; where is he? Somewhere under the sea waves, wrecked on a desert island, or languishing on a hostile shore! It is five years since he left us on that fatal voyage to China. My reason assures me that he is dead; yet, Amy, I can only think of him as living."

"It is so with me, mother," said Amy, with a tremulous quiver of her lips. "I dream often that he is living—that he is coming home!"

"We need him in a hundred ways," said Mrs. Lester, sighing. "If anything were to happen to me, Amy, I shudder to think what would become of you. You have been brought up in luxury, and would feel keenly any change to poverty."

"Are we not rich, then, mother?" asked Amy, in surprise.

"I supposed so, dear, until three years ago," replied the mother sadly. "Your father was a merchant and ship-owner, a partner of Colonel Nichols. But two years ago Colonel Nichols informed me that the outstanding debts of the firm more than balanced the assets; in short, Amy, that he was on the verge of bankruptcy, his fortune and ours alike wrecked!"

"I don't like Colonel Nichols!" said Amy, thoughtfully. "If he lost all his money with you, how does he live in such grand style? To whom do his ships and great house belong?"

"To his nephew, Ally Bell. Colonel Nichols is Ally's guardian. The Colonel has nothing of his own, excepting a farm or two up-country which he was not risked in the business."

Amy contracted her little brows reflectively, and was about to reply, when the garden gate swung on its hinges, and a boyish figure came lightly up the walk.

"It's Ally, mother—it's Ally Bell!" exclaimed Amy, all smiles and blushes. "I'll bring him to you."

The young girl ran lightly down the veranda steps and met the new-comer, linking her arm in his, and drawing him gently towards the house.

He was a lad of seventeen, an orphan, the nephew and ward of Colonel Nichols. Bright and gay and handsome, Allen Bell was also impetuous, ardent, and intelligent—one of those noble, manly boys who mature early into grand and noble men. Boy as he was, he was loved by Mrs. Lester with a pure and chivalrous love, which bade fair to deepen in time into the great love of his life.

He was the bearer of a letter from his uncle to Mrs. Lester, and having delivered it, he strolled with Amy down the wide garden walks into the cool shadows of a grove at the bottom of the garden.

"I've been expecting you this good while, Ally," said Amy, with charming frankness. "I thought you would have come down here to try those scientific experiments to-day!"

"We'll try them to-night, Amy," replied Ally. "The blue lights show better at night. I'm getting along finely in my chemistry, Amy. I like it best of all my studies."

"I am sure you do," said Amy, earnestly. "You are the nicest boy I ever saw!"

Ally Bell laughed aloud. Amy's childlike simplicity and outspoken truthfulness, were her greatest charm in his eyes.

"The sight of that big yonder," said Ally, "reminds me that I promised to meet Col. Nichols on board of it directly after I delivered that letter to your mother. I must go now, but you may expect me as soon as it's dark."

He clasped her in his arms and kissed her. For a minute the youthful lovers stood at the garden gate, towards which he had slowly walked, and here they parted soberly—Ally to go down to the brig where he had engaged to meet his uncle, and Amy to return to her mother.

She found Mrs. Lester, the open letter in her lap, silent and motionless as a statue, her attitude that of profound despair.

"What is it, mother?" cried Amy, in wild alarm, springing to her side.

Mrs. Lester looked at her daughter with a woe-stricken face.

"O, Amy!" she cried, turning to that brave, childish heart for strength and comfort. "Colonel Nichols writes me that we are beggars! He reminds me that he has asked me three several times to marry him. And Amy, he says he offers himself to me for the last time. He reminds me of my ill-health, of your youth and helplessness. And he says, 'and Mrs. Lester's voice broke down in a tempest of sobs, 'that on the one hand he offers me wealth, comfort, and happiness, on the other poverty and sorrow. If I refuse him he swears to turn us out of our home to-morrow!'"

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Amy, with a sharp cry, as she hid her face in her mother's bosom.

CHAPTER II.  
A DESPERATE STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

Before Ally Bell reached the brig lying at the wharf, his uncle, Colonel Nichols, had been there and arranged with the Captain, who went by the name of Hiley, to carry Ally off to China, for which service the Colonel promised to give the Captain the brig and ten thousand dollars, in case the boy never came back. Hiley was a murderer, whose real name was Sprouls, and Colonel Nichols knew it. And Colonel Nichols had robbed Mrs. Lester, and now wanted to rob his nephew and have him murdered, and Hiley knew that, and resolved that Ally Bell should never see Norfolk again.

"Where is the lad?" he asked as he and Colonel Nichols finished drinking success to their nefarious schemes, to which the Colonel replied:

"He should be here at this very moment. Ah, I hear him step on deck now? Here he comes!"

Even as he spoke Ally Bell came hurrying into the cabin, his face flushed with pleasurable excitement.

"I'm just in time to see you off, Captain Hiley," he said, not noticing the guilty looks of the conspirators. "The wind is fair, and the crew anxious. A good voyage to you, Captain. Bring me some rare shells when you return. They are for a little girl's cabinet, and must be pretty!"

"Aye, aye, Mr. Allen," responded the Captain, heartily. "Didn't you see my collection of shells in yonder state-room? No? You are welcome to your choice of them all, sir."

He advanced, and flung open the state-room door.

Ally bent forward and looked in.

With a quick thrust, Hiley pushed him into the little room, and hurriedly locked the door.

With an exultant smile Colonel Nichols said adieu, and went ashore.

The next minute the hurried tramping of feet was blended with the songs of the stout seamen, as the brig moved slowly from the wharf towards the sea.

Ally's first thought, on finding himself shut up in Captain Hiley's state-room, was that the two men were joking—merely intending to scare him a little, and then let him out; but he soon discovered that the Quickstep—the brig was so named—had left her wharf, and was standing down the Elizabeth river towards the ocean.

The truth flashed upon him!

"I see it all!" he cried, leaping to his feet. "Hiley is taking me to sea with him! Captain Hiley!" he shouted, pounding on the wall 'open the door, this minute! Let me out or it will be bad for you!"

No reply was made to him—no attention paid to his cries.

He saw that he was fast.

For a moment he was stunned by the knowledge of his situation.

Then he drew up his slight, boyish figure proudly, his eyes flashing defiance.

"The thing for me to do," he mused, "is to help myself. A boy who can't fight his own way will never be a man!"

Drawing from his pocket a match of which he usually carried a supply, he lighted the candle in its box at one end of the state-room.

"I see," he mentally commented looking around, in the light thus furnished. "Here's a whole dry load of boxes and bundles. And here's a cannon too," added Ally—"a small one, which is expected to bring a big price from those simple natives in the South Sea."

"I can use this," he thought, "but the boy with kindling eyes. 'I have plenty of powder in my pocket!'"

He had bought this powder in the state-room before he had promised to show Amy that very evening.

Without more ado, Ally set at work loading and firing the little cannon as rapidly as possible, smashing the door, and calling out for everybody to keep out of the way. The captain and crew were frantic with fear, as there was a large quantity of powder in the state-room and the prospect was that the ship would be blown to atoms. Having filled the state-room and cabin with smoke, Ally seized one of the Captain's revolvers, burst open the shattered door, rushed upon deck, and leaped into the river.

"Thunder and lightning!" cried Hiley, startled beyond expression. "After that boy, all of you! Satan himself is in him! A hundred dollars to the man who first puts a hand upon him!"

With a yell, as of bloodhounds, half a dozen of Hiley's men splashed into the river, incited by the promise of money, and sprang to the pursuit, while Hiley, hastily lowering a boat rowed after his men, whom he soon overtook one after another, and ordered into the boat. They then pulled on after Ally, who had disappeared the men while they were in the water, but who could not compete with the boat. Arriving at an old sunken schooner, a long way from the shore, the boy climbed upon the topmast, and looked back at Hiley, who was rapidly approaching. The captain felt sure of his prey, and was telling his men how to seize the boy, when Ally suddenly fell from the topmast, as if shot, and immediately sunk from sight.

"Thun-er and lightning!" cried Hiley, "he's gone!"

"Yes gone!" and Hiley sprang to his feet, bending forward. "I saw him go! He fell back into the water, and went down like a bullet, without the least cry! pull for your lives!"

The men obeyed. The boat was quickly beside the topmast. But no trace of the boy could be found!

"I'll take my Bible oath," said Hiley, "that the young scamp never was gone towards the nearest shore—or any other. A crank or a shark has taken him."

The eyes of the scheming villain lit up strangely, and almost savagely.

"And such being the fact, men," added he, "we may as well give up the search."

The men resumed their oars, the Captain the tiller and the boat returned in silence to the

brig, with Ally clinging quietly to the stern—his head just far enough out of water to enable him to breathe—and there he continued to stay until the boat returned to the brig.

And then the boat being left in the water, at the stern of the brig, it occurred to Ally to unfasten the boat from its painter, let it drift down stream some distance then climb into it, and away for Norfolk which he at once did.

For a minute or two the boat continued to speed away in the darkness.

And then Ally climbed out of the water into it, with a long sigh of relief and seized a pair of oars resolutely.

Crouching out of sight in the bottom of the boat, he began rowing shorewards—but softly, for he was still near the brig, and the night was so calm he feared his enemies would hear him.

There was only too much occasion, as it proved, for this caution.

The boat had not been gone two minutes from the brig, when Captain Hiley, wishing to go ashore to see Colonel Nichols, made his way off, and discovering its disappearance at once sent a couple of men after it in another boat.

Ally seeing that he must again take to the water, took the oars along with him, and went drifting seaward with nothing but a pair of oars to support him.

The night had now fully set in and the tide ran fast. Cramped and chilled by his long continuance in the water, the boy was whirled along, growing weaker every moment; but just as hope was at its ebb, he suddenly beheld a sail behind him, rapidly approaching, under the force of a freshening breeze.

"A force, certain!" he groaned, after a long look at the rearing cloud of canvas. "It must be old Hiley's! The wind having come again, he is off for the Pacific ocean!"

He regarded the brig, as it came nearer, asking himself if he should hail her.

"Let her be," he said, "she may," he muttered "friend or foe, I must hail her! My strength is used up! I shall soon slip off from these oars and drown! Fortunately the brig is coming straight towards me. I will hail her!"

He waited till the brig was near him, and the carried his resolve into execution. His feeble call was heard, and answered, the brig hove to, a boat was lowered and he was taken aboard the stranger. The boy had only strength enough to learn that the brig was not Hiley's, and then he fainted.

CHAPTER III.  
MORE VILLAINY.

Captain Hiley, verily believing that Ally was drowned, went ashore to inform Col. Nichols of the fact. He found the Colonel just coming from Mrs. Lester's cottage, where he had gone an hour before, and stunned Amy by informing her that Ally Bell, her lover and hero, was being carried off to sea in the Quickstep and that she would never see him again.

Colonel Nichols heard Hiley's story about Ally's disappearance with breathless interest, as they walked along the beach; after which the two villains congratulated themselves upon the boy's being thus completely taken out of their path.

While discussing the matter, they heard the sound of oars, and soon saw a boat approaching the shore opposite a cottage belonging to an old retired sailor named Nicholas Collins, which was situated at the foot of Mrs. Lester's garden.

In the boat was a man, and along with him was a female, sobbing convulsively. Colonel Nichols, with surprise and alarm, recognized the voice of the weeper as that of Amy Lester. She and her companion left the boat and entered the cottage, from the windows of which a light soon shone. Colonel Nichols and captain Hiley crept beneath a window, to spy and listen.

They soon learned that Collins had rowed Amy off to the brig in search of Ally, and that she had there heard of his attempt to escape and his consequent death by drowning.

Amy was vehement in her denunciations of Col. Nichols, and declared that if Ally was really dead, she would raise the whole country against his uncle who had compassed his death.

On attempting to rise to go home, Amy found that she was too weak to walk, and sent Collins for her mother to come to her. As soon as the old sailor left the cottage, Colonel Nichols proposed to Hiley to carry Amy off instead of Ally, and leave her on a plantation of his on the coast down by Cape Henry, so as to silence her dangerous tongue, and also to give him a hold on her mother. The Captain agreed to this, and they entered the cottage, coming upon Amy so suddenly that, in her weak state, she was so completely overcome that she fainted away.

"So much the better!" said Nichols, stooping and gathering her in his arms. "Now lead the way to your boat Hiley. On our way you must overstep Collins boat, to make him think she did it herself in a wild mood."

He hurried out of the cottage bearing his frail burden. Hiley followed hastily, and the two made their way to the spot where Collins' boat lay. It was but the work of a moment for Hiley to push off the little craft and overboard.

"There, they'll think the girl got wild with grief and was drowned in an attempt to search for Ally again!" said the Colonel exultantly, tossing Amy's white apron upon the beach.

"That apron will fix the matter beyond a doubt! The wind is rising, Hiley. You had better take advantage of it!"

The two hurried to the waiting boat. Hiley laid the unconscious Amy in the bottom, and then seized the oars and rowed rapidly towards the brig.

Nichols, full of exultation, looked after the boat until it was lost to view.

"My first plan was successful!" he muttered. "Ally is dead! I am a rich man! And my second plan promises a like success! When Margaret Lester's heart is nearly broken at Amy's loss, I will offer to restore her child on condition that she will marry me! The day of full triumph is near!"

He looked with gloating eyes seaward, exulting in his evil success, until at last, nearly an hour later, the sails of the Quickstep filled, and the brig moved swiftly toward the sea, taking with her Margaret Lester's only comfort—the distant father's star of hope!

CHAPTER IV.  
LESTER ESCAPES AND HEARS FROM HOME.

We left David Lester on his lonely island, planning his escape, with a ship in sight from the elevated point where he was at work. He waited till night and until a priest of the idolatrous temple came to chain him in his dungeon, where they nightly confined him; and then suddenly leaping upon the priest, he bore him to the floor, chained and gagged him, disguised himself in his priestly robes, stained his face brown with dirt, went to the shore where the canoes were lying, entered one of them, and paddled out to sea in the direction in which he had seen the ship.

He paddled for hours with all his strength,

and had gone so far that the lights of the island could not be seen, and yet no ship had been found; and now the wind was rising and a storm was threatening.

"Oh, God! Am I forsaken?" he cried, in an awful anguish, seized with a fear that the wind would take the ship from him. "Must I perish here?"

At that moment when hope was dying, he beheld a sight that turned all his wild woe into yet wilder ecstasy.

There, to the northward, was the ship, standing directly towards him, with all sails set to catch the rising breeze, and not half a mile away.

"Yes, there she is," he shouted. "She is coming this way. I am saved—saved!"

He raised his arms to heaven in mute thanksgiving and sobbed aloud, the glad tears streaming down his worn and haggard cheeks.

The ship came nearer and nearer.

He redoubled his wild shouts, his heart and soul in his voice.

An answering cry came suddenly from the ship's deck, and she drew steadily nearer—swerved from her course slightly, and a rope was thrown from her deck, falling into his canoe.

He seized the rope in desperate eagerness, and a group of sailors leaning over the ship's side drew him aboard.

In an instant more the ship had resumed her course, and was moving in stately fashion before the breeze.

"Safe at last!" murmured Lester, leaning against the bulwarks, weak and nerveless as an infant. "Oh, the gladness of this hour!"

Poor man! He did not dream at that moment that his adverse fate was even then relentlessly closing around him; that he was on one of his own ships—the Cyclone; that this ship was commanded by a bitter foe in league with Colonel Nichols, who, on recognizing him, would without remorse consign him again to the mercies of the Pacific in his Indian canoe.

On inquiry, Lester learned that the vessel was the Cyclone, and in the light of the cabin lamp recognized her captain. Tearing off his priestly robe, and wiping the stain from his face with his coarse folds, he exclaimed:

"Captain Sales, don't you know me?"

"David Lester!" cried the Captain, turning ashy pale, and grasping his stationery seat as though he had received a shock.

Lester wiped his brows and sat down, the Captain taking a seat opposite him.

He had so much to ask, that his emotions choked his utterance, and prevented him from observing the look of deadly hatred with which the Captain regarded him. But he finally plied his questions fast, and learned that his wife yet lived, and his daughter Amy had grown into a lovely girl, and that both wife and daughter had long mourned him as dead. He also learned of his wife's poverty.

"Colonel Nichols settled up the firm affairs," said the Captain, reservedly, "and there was nothing left for Mrs. Lester. She has been living on his bounty these two or three years! When your interest in this ship was sold, I bought it. The Colonel owns the other half!"

"But this is a base fraud!" exclaimed Lester. "The Colonel has been untrue to the trust I reposed in him! I have had suspicions of his integrity during my long exile, but I have never dared to entertain them. I'll make matters straight on my return. I can prove my claims and bring him to justice—the dastardly villain! My poor Margaret!" and he groaned.

Lester's threat concerning Nichols seemed to stir up all the malice of the Captain's nature. He beheld his interest in the ship, fraudulently acquired, threatened, and he hated still more the lawful owner whose right in the Cyclone he had usurped.

"If report speaks truly," he said, "Mrs. Lester need not be called 'poor!' Colonel Nichols has long been paying her attentions, and when I left port, five months ago, the story was that they were engaged! The Colonel told me himself that he loved her, and meant to marry her. No doubt by this time they are married!"

This cruel thrust struck home to the poor husband's heart, and uttering a great cry, he fell forward with his face upon the table, while the Captain regarded him with a look of mingled hatred and exultation. The New York Ledger containing the continuation of this story is for sale at all the bookstores and news depots. Ask for the number dated Sept. 18, and to you will find the next installment. The Ledger has the best stories of any paper in the world.

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