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Maxham & Wing

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CHILD ON THE JUDGMENT-SEAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "SCHONBERG-GOTTA FAMILY."

Where hast thou been toiling all day, sweet heart,
That thy brow is burdened and sad?
The Master's work may make weary feet,
But it leaves the spirit glad.

Was thy garden nipped with the midnight frost,
Or scorched with the mid-day glare?
Were thy vines laid low, or thy lilies crushed,
That thy face is so full of care?

"No pleasant garden toils were mine;
I have sat on the judgment-seat,
Where the Master sits at eve, and calls
The children round his feet."

How earnest thou on the judgment-seat?
Sweet heart, what set thee there?
Thy body weary with the day's toil,
And well might fill thee with care.

"I climbed to the judgment-seat myself;
I have sat there alone all day and night,
For I grieved me to see the children around
Idling their life away."

"They wasted the Master's precious seed,
They wasted the precious hours;
They trained not the vines, nor gathered the fruits,
And they trampled the sweet, meek flowers."

And what didst thou on the judgment-seat?
Sweet heart, what didst thou there?
Would the lilies heed thy childish voice?
Did the garden heed thy care?

"Nay, that grieved me none; I called and I cried,
They left me there forlorn;
My voice was heard, and I was not alone,
Ordinarily I would to scorn."

Oh! the judgment-seat was not for thee,
The servants were not thine;
And the eyes which weep for thee and the blame
Beside rather than thine or mine."

The voice that shall sound there at eve, sweet heart,
Will not strive nor cry to be heard;
It will hush the earth, and hush the hearts,
And none will resist its word."

"Should I see the Master's treasures lost,
The gifts that should feed his poor,
And not life my voice (be it weak as it may),
And not be grieved sore?"

Wait till the evening falls, sweet heart,
Wait till the evening falls;
The Master is near, and knoweth all—
Wait till the Master calls."

But how fared thy garden-plot, sweet heart,
While thou satst on the judgment-seat?
Who watered thy roses and thy vines,
And kept them from careless feet?"

"Nay, that is the saddest of all to me,
That I was the saddest of all;
My vines are trailing, my roses are parched,
My lilies droop and fall."

Go back to thy garden-plot, sweet heart,
Go back till the evening falls,
And bid thy lilies, and train thy vines,
Till thou see the Master calls."

Go, make thy garden fair if thou canst,
Thou wilt not work there alone;
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine,
Will see it, and heed his own."

And the next day, my sweet heart,
Till all grows fair and sweet;
And when the Master comes at eve,
Happy faces his coming will greet."

Then shall thy joy be full, sweet heart,
In the garden of peace to see,
In the Master's words of promise to all,
In a look of his own face."

NODDY'S SITUATION.

"Next morning, Noddy was up and about soon after the lark. As blithely as he, she was singing about her work, for there is nothing in all the world like cheerful work to prevent any one feeling dull and unhappy."

How strange a drawing-room looks in the morning light, in all the disarrangement of only a "little music" of the night before! The piano heaped up with songs—songs on the floor—songs on the tables, on the chairs—here and there—everywhere. Furniture untidy and displaced, antimacassars to be newly smoothed and arranged. Confusion that the sun lights up into chaotic disorder, but which candlelight eyes do not notice. "Nobody" ever dared touch the drawing-room to "tidy" it but Noddy,—that was her particular province and her pride, there she was, that bright June morning, sweeping and sweeping away, and singing, as her mind, like a lark's, soared above the dust.

"Bravo! Cousin Noddy!" it was Mr. Frank, who had been strolling about the lawn with a cigar in the fresh morning air, and who had walked up to the window.

"O dear," said Noddy, "please don't tease me! Don't you see I'm busy?"

"I'm coming in to see," said Mr. Geogagan, entering the apartment.

Noddy looked pleasant enough as she was surprised in her print morning-dress,—her brown hair neatly arranged close to her head, where it could not stop without struggling into little curls here and there—and a faint blush on her cheeks,—partly shy, partly vexed at being caught, and partly ashamed of being vexed. "O, please go away,—do,—or I must sweep you up," she entreated; and "O, please go away," she added more seriously, remembering Mrs. Maciller had cautioned her respecting her behavior to Mr. Geogagan. So Mr. Frank went and finished his cigar by himself.

Six weeks had come and gone at Braithfield Villa. The advertisement had been inserted five times, but still no answer. A situation as governess is not the easiest thing to obtain. It is something like that of prime-minister,—there are always plenty of candidates for the office, and most of the candidates (poor things) are about as well fitted for it.

Mr. Frank had more than fulfilled Mrs. Maciller's most sanguine anticipations. He had proved a most attentive cavalier to Julia. He paid respectful deference to her piano performances and to her singing; indeed, he seemed particularly impressed with her rendering of "Twilight" (a Revery, by some noodle or twit) that sounded very like fairies hammering in tin tracks. As for music! I am only surprised at Mr. Frank's taste; but I suppose it came new to him on his return from India. He would lounge about, smoking, whilst Julia painted flowers or embroidered him a smoking-cap. He accompanied her in walks and rambles; he was her attendant at croquet parties, and picnics, and morning calls. Julia received these courtesies with artful unaffectedness, and her mother remarked them with inward satisfaction. Nothing afforded Mrs. Maciller more sincere delight than when people began to couple Julia's name with Mr. Geogagan's. They were not actually engaged, however; indeed, beyond the courtesies referred to, Mr. Frank had made not the slightest attempt at anything more decisive. But still, people will talk, and Mrs. Maciller liked to hear them. People begin vaguely to suppose that Julia had "made a fortune" hit, and that was in all probability an accomplished fact; and they hesitated to do more than "hint their belief" without something like foundation. Mrs. Maciller, fully aware of the important part which gossip plays in the history of daily life, determined to turn it to account. She reasoned thus: "Mr. Geogagan is evidently impressed with Julia, but he is a little shy, or diffident, or too polite. In either case, a favorable rumor may do much in bringing about a desirable result. It may encourage him to make a move."

With this idea, in the course of her next private conversation with Mrs. Sharing, when that lady inquired, with certain friendly nods and elevations of the eyebrows, if she might venture to offer congratulations on a certain fortunate event, Mrs. Maciller gave her unmistakably to understand that she might, although perhaps expressed in that coy language of partial reserve with which women like to enhance the value of private communications.

Now, thought Mrs. Maciller, I know Mrs. Sharing to be the greatest gossip in the neighborhood. She will be certain to spread the news of Julia's rumored engagement far and wide. It will undoubtedly get round to Frank Geogagan, and will lead him at once to make that proposal for which he seems so ready. So the rumor shall make the fact and the fact keep the rumor in countenance.

Meantime the subject of Mrs. Maciller's design appeared to be in the most genial ignorance. He continued to pay the same respectful attentions to his charming cousin Julia. He took little notice of Noddy, as a consideration for the lady of the house indeed dictated, for he had more than once observed that any slight attention to Miss Cray was visited on her with a glance of disfavor from Mrs. Maciller when she thought he was not looking. But Frank Geogagan had very quick, restless eyes that could see round a corner.

As for Noddy, if she owned to herself one feeling at all about the matter, it was just one of sadness that a school-girl should render a man so artificial and constrained, and unlike his real self, as she thought Mr. Geogagan was becoming. But there was another feeling at the bottom of her heart, that Noddy would not own to herself. The wind bloweth where it listeth; you cannot tell whence it comes or how. There were Phœnician ships with sails ever set that carried their owners without care or effort whithersoever they listed.

And in these six weeks Noddy had come to love Mr. Frank. She would not have confessed it to herself; she would have despised herself had she believed it. How was it? Dear soul! Is there any better reason to be given for loving anybody than the child's reason—"Because I do?" Must we not all come back to that? Noddy had seen few people; few people had ever taken notice of her, or seemed to think of her as worth talking to or caring about. Mr. Frank always had a word of some sort for her. Many a morning he would chat pleasantly to her as she dusted the room; many a time he would refrain from speaking to her, or of her, before Mrs. Maciller, for her sake. Well, you may say this, or you may put it how you will but you will have to come back to the little child's reason at last, for all the wise people in the world who have tried to give any better explanation have talked nonsense, and what is more, owned it.

Frank Geogagan had made many friends in the neighborhood, and it was not long before one of them congratulated him on his engagement to Julia Maciller. It staggered him at the first; but, bless you! Mr. Frank had his eyes about him. He took it as coolly as possible; never said a word to contradict it. He saw this would do, as this would be a palpable reflection on Mrs. Maciller, by whose tacit endorsement at least he ascertained such a report had obtained currency at all. He just smiled, and thanked his friends, and so gave renewed credence to the report, which now had received the final stamp of veracity. Mind, I do not defend Mr. Frank's conduct; I only state what he did; and now I am going to tell you what came of it.

Dear reader,—you who have followed me thus far,—do you think I am telling you fiction? If so, I ought not to make Frank Geogagan a party after the fact to a deceit. There was once an audience who thought the squeak of Archippos more life like than that of the real pig. Remember this.

The latter end of August a picnic had been arranged to Chorleight lake—a most delightful jaunt, and Mrs. Maciller, Julia and her Indian lover were to go of course. It so happened, however, at the very last minute, that important business required Mr. Geogagan's attention in London. "I need not further relate the nature of the business" than to say that it was understood to be something in connection with the Indian Reclamation of Land Company, and that it was urgent. It was not a letter that summoned Mr. Geogagan, but a printed notice, stating that, in consequence of the sudden depreciation of shares (which had previously gone up many hundred per cent above their paid-up value), a heavy call was to be made on the shareholders.

Mind,—once more. It is not for me to defend Mr. Geogagan. I take the facts as they come. I cannot apologize for facts, and won't. It was settled that Mrs. Maciller and her daughter were to go to the picnic, while Mr. Geogagan went to London to transact his business. Mr. Frank never went near the metropolis at all; he just marched over to Mr. Sharing's to smoke a cigar. And when the house was clear, Noddy sat down at her books to study teaching.

It has been said Mrs. Maciller knew Mrs. Sharing for a gossip. Mr. Frank also knew Mr. Sharing for one. With this knowledge, how it was he went and confided to such a man the state of his affairs, I must leave you to guess.

Over their cigars he stated something like this to Mr. Sharing: "The fact is this. Every penny I could get together I put into this Indian Land Reclamation scheme. The shares went up fabulously, till a hundred pounds became worth thousands. The scheme was feasible, and likely to succeed and to pay at any period the shares could go to it, was so good, I had every confidence in it. Suddenly a panic comes, the shares drop nearly to par before we in England can get the intelligence, and we are called on to pay up our amounts. Now, I know you are accustomed to advance money on security,—will you lend me three thousand pounds on a deposit of shares to twice the amount?"

"Ah, my young friend," said Mr. Sharing, "you see that your way and the way of yours, always. Here you go and mix yourself up in the rashness of speculations without a chance of success,—as independent as you can be, all the time,—you're all alike. Then you get into a hole, as we say—and you come to me to help you out. Look you; your shares are not worth that,"—and he snapped his finger,—"not worth the paper they are printed on. Three thousand pounds? Three thousand fiddles, sir."

VOL. XXIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, OCT. 1, 1869.

NO. 14.

Waterville Mail.

"But," said Mr. Frank, "it is only a temporary depression, owing to a panic; the scheme is a good one,—the shares will go up again."

"Yes, like a gunpowder mill! The whole affair will explode,—that will be the next rise, and the only one. I'm sorry for you,—sorry for you, sir,—Mr. Sharing gently emphasized his sorrow by tapping it out with his finger-points on the table,—"thought you had better judgment. You are just like a moth. You have been dazzled with a glittering prospect, and rushed straight into the flame. Now you complain that your wings are singed."

"Pardon—I have not complained. I do not believe my case so bad as you represent, and I do not yet despair of making you see it in a different light. Rumor may have informed you that I have been so fortunate as to secure the affections of Miss Maciller. I have not made minute inquiries as to the amount of that young lady's fortune, not wishing to appear mercenary, but I have every reason to suppose, from the style in which her mother and herself are living, and from the fact of her being an only daughter, that she will receive a handsome portion on her marriage. If you take this into consideration, you may be disposed to look upon my security as at least sufficient to cover the loan I seek."

Mr. Sharing was silent for a minute. "That is how the wind blows, is it!" he thought. "So you fancied you had got hold of a fortune, my fine fellow; and Mrs. Maciller, on her part, was of very much the same opinion respecting you. Why, the girl won't have a penny! As if the style in which a woman lives, who has a daughter to marry, could be the least criterion of her means! You know very little of the world, Mr. Frank." But he remarked aloud: "I have certainly heard of your happiness in that respect, but you will bear in mind you are not yet married to Miss Maciller. There's many a slip, you know. And in addition to this, I have every reason to believe that whatever may be the extent of Miss Maciller's fortune, it would be beyond her husband's control." "That's about the nearest way I can put it without injuring the young lady," he thought. "For that matter her fortune is beyond anybody's control!" And he smiled and tapped the table again.

"Well, sir?" said Mr. Frank.

"Well, sir?"

"Then I am to understand that you refuse to entertain the question?"

"Entirely. I don't discount possibilities, but only extreme probabilities. It is not in my line."

"I need not remind you, at any rate, that the subject of our conversation is private," said Mr. Frank.

"And confidential. Certainly.—May I offer you another cigar?—No?—Well, if you must be going, good morning, sir."

"Private and confidential—stuff and nonsense!" Mr. Sharing observed to himself, as soon as he was alone. "That is a very fine, young gentleman—but it is right Mrs. Maciller should get just a hint that her great catch is a very little fish that had better be thrown into the river again. I will tell Mrs. Sharing, and trust her to make use of the information."

Mr. Frank went back to Braithfield, and found Noddy sitting in the window trying hard to perfect herself in the mysteries of the accordance of French participles passes. She was huddled up with her book in her lap, her elbows on her knees, and her head in her hands.

"Noddy!"

"What, not gone to London? Have you missed the train, Mr. Geogagan?"

"No,—neither; I was not going. Put on your bonnet, and come out for a walk."

She hesitated.

"Come, put away your books. The walk will do you good, and Julia will not be jealous."

Still she hesitated; she thought of Mrs. Maciller.

"Come, Noddy; I'm in difficulty and some trouble, and I think you can help me. So, put away those books."

Noddy hesitated no longer. In two minutes, she was ready, and came down with a calm, wise expression on her little face, ready to help.

They set out, and walked nearly half an hour without a word. Noddy remembered she was wanted for help or advice of some kind, and so was quiet, waiting to hear. Through pleasant corn-fields, glistening like seas of restless gold, while the warm summer breath passed over the ripe ears, and bowed them in long fleeting waves, whereon the cloud-shadows floated—wide, swelling waves that calmly rolled the sunshine along to cool reedy meads, as the breeze played the heavy grain—and burning poppies were upheaved or borne under by the chasing waves. By hedges, bright with summer flowers, and cool with ferns and creeping green. Along paths patterned over with the moving shadows of oak, and elm, and willow.

"Noddy, what would you say if I told you I was ruined?"

"I should say I didn't believe you."

"All the property I have in India is in the 'Anglo-Waddy Company' for the reclamation of land from the sea. I doubt if ever I shall see a sixpence of it again. Mr. Sharing told me to day the share certificates are not worth the paper they are printed on."

"Well," said Noddy, "I thought you said you were ruined. Is that all?"

"All?" he returned rather sharply. "Is it not enough to be ruined? Not a sixpence of it, not a penny-piece of it shall I see again!"

"O," Noddy said, half talking to herself, "is that ruin? It seems to me a man is never ruined while he has life, and health, and strength, and cheerful courage."

"It is easy to talk. You never had any money to lose."

"No; not much. But I have a little property for that."

"Indeed. And, pray, how much?"

"Thirty pounds in the savings-bank, which my father left me."

Mr. Frank laughed, despite his own trouble.

"Dear me! I didn't know you were an heiress before. How you would grieve to lose your money!"

"I should be sorry."

"Then you can't find fault with me for being the same at losing so many thousands."

"The amount makes no difference. My thirty pounds is my all, and I should be just as sorry to lose it as you would be at losing your all. But though I'm only a woman, I

shouldn't say I was ruined—that is absurd."

"You are a Job's comforter, at all events."

"There are very few comforters like Job's, in these days," said Noddy; "very few persons who would sit down in silent sympathy, the deepest of all sympathies, for three days and three nights with a friend."

"So you look upon me as a friend?"

"Yes," said Noddy, blushing a little, but displeased with herself for doing so, on account of an avowal so innocent.

"And can you give me any better advice than Job's friends?"

"Perhaps not."

"Tell me what you think I ought to do."

"Do?" said Noddy, quickly. "Go and work. It is brave thing, work is. You will forget all about being ruined, and only remember you are a man, doing a man's work. I don't know what I should do without work myself; it is the most soothing and refreshing comfort I know, even to me, and it must be better to a man. But your case is nothing like Job's. If it had been only his money Job had lost, his friends would have stayed at home, and sent messengers offering to help him to work, and Job is just the sort of man who would have been content to take it."

"Noddy, I really believe you're right."

"I'm sure I am. Haven't you seen me sweep?"

"Yes," laughed Mr. Frank; "but that is hardly in my way; digging would come more natural than that."

"Then dig. But there's plenty of work for earnest workers with brains without digging. I don't pretend to tell you the exact direction in which it lies, because that is out of my province; but I'm sure you will find it, if you are in earnest."

"I will," said Mr. Frank, and he was quiet again for a little.

And Noddy was quiet, too. She had something on her mind she wished to say, but hardly liked to mention it. However, she began: "If you mean what you say, you will not remain much longer here."

"I shall not remain much longer here," he echoed abstractedly.

"You will begin at once to strike out a new path, as a brave man should; and you will walk as straight and feel as proud as a man ought who feels that he is neither ruined nor disgraced when he has only lost his money."

"Gently, Noddy. People don't like to see much of this sort of thing in any but the rich."

"Then people are wrong, and must be shown so. But what I want to say is this: If you have lost all your money, you may have expenses to meet, and one thing and another, that may harass you, and prevent your beginning clear."

Mr. Frank nodded. "Quite so," he said, and shook his head gravely.

"Well, would you mind—that is, if I lent you twenty pounds of my property, would you be certain sure to pay it back to me again somewhere? I can't spare more very well, as I want ten pounds of it to get myself ready for the situation I am looking for. But I thought it might come in handy."

"Just so," said Mr. Frank, and shook his head again gravely; "there's no doubt about it."

"You see, I should not have proposed it, but I should charge you interest, and that would do away with all obligation."

"Entirely," Mr. Frank coincided; "that would be a regular commercial transaction. And the interest would be?"

"Three per cent—the same as the bank gives."

"And you would require my note of hand for the amount?"

"No," said Noddy, laughing at the idea as absurd; "I can trust you for that."

"What for nearly all your property?"

"Yes, because it would not ruin me if I lost it."

"Well, I will take your money, Noddy. It will be very acceptable,—and I won't cheat you."

"No," said Noddy, "I hope you won't for I look upon it as safe as the bank."

Mr. Frank laughed. "You are a little fellow," he said, "but you are a good fellow."

"No," Noddy said; "I hope I should have done as much for any one."

Noddy meant to tell the truth. Maybe, she "hoped" she would; but I am not at all certain she would. However, she had never before felt so rich as at the prospect of helping Mr. Frank. Her twenty pounds seemed to her quite a large fortune, and she almost jumped to the conclusion that it would go a good way towards making a prosperous man of Mr. Geogagan again.

Mrs. Maciller and Julia returned from the picnic rather bored. It was "awfully dull," Julia decided; and "so many stuck-up girls that it was perfectly horrid."

Mr. Geogagan spent the evening listening to Julia's music with as much apparent appreciation and interest as though he had not been unsuccessful in his attempt to raise the loan he wished from Mr. Sharing.

An Ohio paper shrewdly remarks that the great danger of the country just now is not the Chinese immigrants, but American laziness. No American wants to do hard work any longer; he imposes it on machinery or foreigners. He won't serve an apprenticeship to any manual art, or dig, delve or mine, wash, cook, or plough, if he can get anybody else to do it for him. There are 5,000,000 blacks at the South and 10,000,000 whites, and the whites do nothing nevertheless, but howl for "more labor," being themselves nearly to a man idle. The farm houses at the North are full of well-dressed young ladies waiting to be married, and the father is left to till the farm, owing to the departure of the boys to peddle illustrated books, quack medicine, and patent rights, or be clerks in a store.

A Miss Lucy Lee advertises in a Mississippi paper that she is of good birth and education and is willing to marry an editor, believing herself able to support one. We don't know of any person in these United States who is more likely to have a larger mail (not to say male) for the next few weeks than Miss Lucy Lee.

OUR TABLE.

THE ECLECTIC, that rich repository of choice foreign literature, is ornamented with a fine full length portrait of Marshal Serrano, and filled with interesting articles, the leading one being one of two lectures by Professor Seeley on "Roman Imperialism." He knew He was Right" is continued.

Published by E. R. Pelton, New York, at \$6 a year.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for October has three full page illustrations, and the following table of contents:—

The Vicar of Bullhampton, a new novel of great interest, by Anthony Trollope; The French Fever; Two Names, a Poem; The Lonely Ones, a Tale, from the German of Paul Heyse; What I saw of the Suez Canal; Beyond the Breakers, a Novel, Part X., by Hon. Robert Dale Owen; Dick Libby; The Freedman and His Future, by George Fitzhugh; From a Carrot, a Poem; Magdalen, a Novella, by the author of "Gold Elsie"; "Gaudens Gaudens," etc., concluded; The Democratic Movement in France, by Karl Blind; The Pleasures of Poverty; Our Monthly Gossip; Literature of the Day.

Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, at \$4 a year; two copies, \$7; five do., \$10.

BLACKWOOD for September contains the following articles: Lost Pretenses; On the Limitation of Enfranchisement and Army Reserves; A Year and a Day—Part V.; Mr. Mill, on the Subjection of Women; A Night with the Volunteers of Strathkilmah; Cornelius O'Dowd; The Winding Up.

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

In all the principal cities and towns these works are sold by the principal booksellers and the localities. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 66 cents a year.

THE NURSERY.—The October number of this charming magazine for young readers, is brimful of pictures by H. Weir, T. Schiller, Miss Humphrey, and Frolich, the last named artist contributing no less than eight. Instructive and entertaining reading accompanies the pictures, as usual. New subscribers, who send in their money before Nov. 1, will receive this and the two succeeding numbers gratis.

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

Fifty-two Good Reasons for not Going to Prayer-Meeting.

BY EMILY S. HESSEL.

"To be sure," said I to myself, one year ago, the last week in December, "to be sure, this is the evening of our church prayer-meeting, but as I have not been much this year, it is scarcely worth while to begin now. I'll just wait until next week, and then begin the year right and go all the time."

Well, it so happened that the first evening of the year fell upon the evening of the regular prayer meeting, and there was none. The next evening we had company. Of course, although I wanted to go, I couldn't. The next week my neighbor and particular friend, Mrs. Lamb gave a party. Now Mrs. Lamb is a member of our church, and most undeniably did wrong; but then she is a very dear friend of mine, and I can go to prayer-meeting every week of the year, but it is not every week that I can accept an invitation from Mrs. Lamb, therefore, sorry as I was I felt that I must go to the party.

The next week Miss Kellogg was here. Now, I work pretty hard, and am fond of music, and I need some entertainment, and I really felt it my duty to go there, for Miss Kellogg does not sing here every week. You see I was at least excusable. The next week it snowed; the next it rained; the next it was terribly cold, and the next it was warm and thawing and so wet under foot. The next week Gough lectured, and as I can go to prayer-meeting every week, I thought I might just try once to hear Mr. Gough. The next week I had a headache; the next a dress-maker; and the next which was the worst of all, a very hard cold. So you see I could not go any the first quarter. The following week it was very dark, and I had no company. The fourteenth I was going, but just as I was about to start I heard that our "beloved pastor" was away, and that Deacon Quickstep would lead the meeting. Now I don't like Deacon Quickstep. He was so unkind as to say, upon one occasion, that he believed that if I would make an effort I might get out to prayer-meeting; as if I were not constantly making an effort; and he ought to know that I always go when it is at all consistent. He had better remember that "charity covers a multitude of sins." I am sometimes obliged to be absent from prayer-meeting, but I do not talk about my neighbors. As Deacon Q. was going to lead the meeting I did not feel it my duty to go. The next week, I will confess, I forgot it until it was too late. The next week, I started, but was so vexed to find that my time was too slow, and I was again late. The sixteenth I did not feel at all well, and the next I went to visit a sick friend. You know it is as much our duty to visit the sick as it is to attend meetings. The next week, unfortunately, there was a wedding in one of the other churches, to which I received an admission card, and as I could go to prayer-meeting every week, and particularly as the bride's dress was said to be very elegant—the trail at least four yards long—I just thought I would go to the wedding.

The next week was our house cleaning, and Bridget took it into her head to take this time of all others to get the ague; and then the week after that it was too warm to wear my hood, and my new hat was not trimmed. For the next two months I was out of town, and I never enjoy going to social meetings where I am a stranger, and so I did not think it best to go. The first two weeks after I returned from my summer tour I was altogether too tired. One's health is of the first importance. The next Wednesday, which was the thirty-fourth of the year, was a happy day for me. Nothing interfered with my regular and established plans, and I went to prayer-meeting. How pleasant it was! I really think Mrs. Lamb ought to make an effort to go. I mean to speak to her about it. The thirty-fifth week my poor cousin wished me to stay at home with her; she was disappointed about going herself, and she said as I went last week she really thought I might. As I did not wish to seem ill-natured, of course I could not refuse; do you think I could? The next week there was a heavy thunder-storm, and I am afraid to go out when it lightens.

The thirty-seventh thunder again. I often wonder that providence should interfere in this way with what really seems to be our duty. The thirty-eighth it was excessively warm, and the thirty-ninth was the only evening in the week when my regular dress-maker could fit my dress. The fortieth there was to be a Bible agent, or something of that sort, and I hate agents. The forty-first there was a festival in another church, and as I am not sectarian at all, and think it our duty to help one another, I thought I ought to go there. The next week I stayed at home to write to my dear mother. I went riding the night before, and I had an invitation to the theatre the next night, and I so was obliged to take this night for my letter, though I was sorry. The following week I was obliged to stay at home to finish a tettering tidy I was making for the orphan fair. Surely the orphans must not be neglected; and the next week I was at the fair. I should have gone to meeting, but they had put me upon a committee quite against my wish; and the next week I was suffering from a severe cold, which I had contracted while working for the orphan fair. The forty-sixth I was rather obliged to go to another party, though I am principled against such things generally. But if people will give parties on such nights, what can a person do? The forty-seventh, most unluckily, occurred upon my birthday. I could not help that, of course, and a person's birthday only comes once a year, and you can't go to prayer-meeting any time. So we thought it only right to be social, and we invited in a few particular friends. One gets dropped out of society very soon if her invitations are not returned, and I have often heard ministers say that our social duties are quite as binding as our religious ones, or at least something to that effect. The next week I started, but at the gate I met my dear young friend, who is just getting ready to be married, and she was so anxious I should go with her, to give some orders respecting her wedding hat, that I could not refuse, particularly when she said she would trust no one's taste and judgment but mine. Besides, as she will only be married once (at least not unless John should die), I suppose it was my duty to go with her. The two following weeks I was just as busy as I could be, for we had decided to have a Christmas tree, and I was getting ready for it. I fully resolved to go after Christmas. Well, the last week of the year had come. I was tired and blue, and did not feel like going out, and it did seem to me that I might better wait for the New Year again, and then go all the time. But you see I really intended to do so this year; and Mrs. Lamb says that she heard our minister say that God would give us credit for our good intentions, and that is a great comfort, I am sure, and much more charitable and sensible than that other vulgar profane remark, which I have heard vulgar people quote from some old fashioned fellow, that "The way to hell is paved with good intentions."—[Packard's Monthly.]

SUNDAY IN MUNICH, BAVARIA.—Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood of New York, who is travelling in Europe, does not give a very bright picture of the religious observance of the Sabbath in Munich, the chief city of Bavaria. He says in a recent letter:

I hope to see and hear something of religion to-morrow. I observe by this morning's paper that twenty-six Catholic churches are advertised as open for service Sunday, and one Protestant and one Greek church. The Protestant church is a large and excellent building, with a little park and fountain in the rear. The service there to-morrow are announced to be five in number, under different preachers—thus: prayer at 6 1/2 o'clock; early service at 8; principal service at 10; instruction of girls in religion, 11 1/2; at three an hour of devotion. Of the 170,000 population 16,000 are counted as Protestants. The Catholic churches that I have seen are magnificent in the

Waterville Mail.

S. M. MAXMAN, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... OCT. 1, 1869



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
S. M. MAXMAN & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 87 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. F. Russell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 120 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by the U. S. Mail, and to forward the same to the publishers of the paper.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS relating either to the business or editorial department of the paper should be addressed to "MAXMAN & WING, or WATVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

THE WATER POWER OF MAINE.—The Augusta correspondent of the Boston Daily Advertiser says that the final report of Walter Wells, Esq., superintendent of the hydrographic survey, is to be issued immediately. It will be a volume of about 550 pages, and contain a map of the principal basins, and about twenty engravings of large water powers, among which will be Ticonic Falls and the Cascade at West Waterville. This report will be looked for with great interest. This correspondent contends that "elaborate manufactures in this country, to compete a moment with foreign, must be produced by water power," and in support of this he makes the statement that with coal at \$6 a ton steam power cannot be furnished short of \$70 per horse power per annum; while operating expenses on our great water privileges will not exceed \$8 per horse power per annum. Water power can be had here—safe, never failing, with railroad communication in four directions—for less than \$8; but is there not a mistake in estimating the expense of steam power? If there is not, no one would suppose it could ever be brought into competition with water power; and yet we know of a company in Massachusetts who own a fair water power on their premises, and yet prefer to use steam for driving their machinery.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES.—They are telling hard stories of the doings at a recent initiation of the Yale Delta Kappa chapter—the parent society of the order—several of the initiates being so severely injured that they had to be taken home in carriages, one poor fellow with both bones of the fore-arm broken. Are these things so, or are they like the old "gridiron" doings of the masons, told to gull the flats. Richard, of the Portland Daily Advertiser, seems to credit the story, for he copies and adds a sneer of his own; but then he belongs to a rival order, and is that any better?

JERSEYS.—The arrival of Mr. Kallach's Jerseys and other stock at their destination, on his farm in Ottawa, Kansas, is announced in the Lawrence Journal. The following brief chapter of Jersey history is appended:

The "Channel Islands," lying between England and France, are Jersey, Alderney, Guernsey and Sark, with a few smaller ones formerly belonging to France, now to England. The supply of cows comes mainly from the Island of Jersey, but vessels trading with the Channel Islands usually make Alderney their last stopping place on their way home, and often take on a few head of cattle, there in addition to those they have taken at Jersey, and so when they arrive at Liverpool are reported as loaded with cattle from Alderney. So that the names as understood here are used interchangeably, Jersey and Alderney cows being one and the same thing here. But in the Islands there is quite a distinction. In 1789 the Jersey legislature made it an offence subject to fine and forfeiture to import stock which, by mingling with theirs, might produce an inferior quality. A year ago there were between six and seven thousand cows and calves, of all ages, on the island.

MURDER OF A MAINE MAN.—Herbert L. Field, formerly of Auburn, Me., who has recently been in the banking business at Manitowish, Wisconsin, in the firm of Field & Vanderpool, was recently murdered by his partner, under the most fiendish circumstances. They had dissolved partnership, divided the funds and passed receipts in the presence of witnesses. The money of each was placed in the safe for security for one night, Vanderpool using the inner safe, which was secured by a combination lock, the numbers of which were known only to himself. Field placed his money in the outer chamber, the combination of the lock of which was known to both. In the morning Field had disappeared and his money also. Much anxiety was felt for his whereabouts, and every effort was made to get trace of him. After some time his body was found, having floated twenty-five miles away from where it had been thrown into the lake, and then been washed ashore. It bore three deep gashes in the skull, apparently made by a hatchet. In the mean time other revelations had pointed to Vanderpool as the murderer, and he was arrested. The jury of inquest rendering a verdict against him. Both partners were young men of good reputation—Vanderpool having a wife and children. Field's father lives in Po-

land, Me., and a sister and other relatives in Auburn.

GOOD LIVING.—Now and then a man finds the way of giving a feast that everybody approves, whether they partake of it or not. Jay Cooke, the noted banker, is thus reported by the papers—

Mr. Cooke has a splendid estate at Put-in-Bay Island. He invited, this summer, a large number of clergymen to visit him and spend a few weeks in boating, fishing and other recreations. He did not invite fashionable clergymen with large salaries and great fame. He selected lowly ministers—men who eke out a scanty livelihood on starvation salaries, agents of benevolent societies on poor pay, and city missionaries who cannot travel, and who have no money to spend at fashionable watering places. Mr. Cooke paid all the expenses of transportation, made these clerical gentlemen very happy, and put money in their purses when they left.

COLD WINTER IS COMING, when it will be pleasant to have a stock of good reading for the long evenings, and that you may know where to find it we invite your attention to the list of valuable books published by H. O. Houghton & Co., of the famous Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., which appears in our advertising columns to day. In addition to these books, they have in preparation, and will soon publish, a large number of first class works; and one who loves reading will find his mouth water as he looks over the catalogue. It includes a new edition of that old favorite of the juveniles, "Robinson Crusoe," with illustrations; "The Two Baronesses," by Hans Christian Andersen, and "Wonder stories told for Children," and "Stories and Tales," by the same author; "Among the Trees, a Journal of Walks in the Woods, and Flower Hunting through Field and by Brook," by Mary Loring; "Dance Nature, or Talks and Stories about Natural History," by S. B. Saintine, author of that delightful book, "Piccola;" "Hymns for all Christians," the cream of Hymnology, by Charles F. Deems, D. D., and Phoebe Cary; "Art Thoughts," by James Jackson Jarves; "An elegant volume with numerous illustrations; a new edition of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," with illustrations by Darley; "Poems" by Emma C. Embury, first collected edition; "Contributions relating to the Surgery of the War, viewed in its Hygienic and Practical Aspects;" "The Holidays—Christmas, Easter, and Whit Sunday—their social Festivities, Customs and Carols," by Nathan B. Warren, with illustrations by Darley; "The Heart of the Continent," by Fitz Hugh Ludlow; "Two Lives in One," by Vieux Moustache; American Editions of Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, edited by Professor H. C. Hackett, D. D. and Ezra Abbott, L. L. D.—and many more which we will not now enumerate.

To have to explain an unpretending joke, is a terrible test of its merit,—though generally the trial is as severe upon the hearer as upon the author. When we made the hasty little paragraph in the last Mail, describing the beauties of the month of October, we forgot to add, by way of postscript, a hint that it was written on the last Friday in September, which everybody knows is "the alma-mater for October." This explanation is addressed only to the very few who may need it.

Severe frosts in Kentucky have done great injury to the tobacco crop.

The metropolitan dailies are chronicling a dry time on the upper Kennebec, and the lowest stage of water ever known; but by help of the rain on Monday we have revised all that. We have quite a freshet in the river, and the idle wheels above us are once more in motion. The Ticonic Water Power Company, very fortunately, had just completed their dam extension, when the flood came.

Referring to the death of a young girl in her attempt to prevent the birth of a child of shame, Rev. T. K. Beecher well remarks:

Parents, we beseech you to watch over your young daughters. Tobacco and strong drink and luxury for two generations have wrought in both boys and girls heat of blood and uncontrollable passion. Home is the only safe harbor. Obedience is the only safe anchor. Industry, manual exercise, fresh air and pious nurture are worth more than books, schooling, smartness and beauty. The poor dead girl who was buried last week is not the only giddy darling who has ignominiously sinned and dared infamy. We leave the clumsy execution of human law to the appointed officers. Let the stiff old machine grind on. But neglectful parents, whose children make themselves idle, gay and vile without restraint, shall come to heart-aches here and dreadful reckonings hereafter.

Mr. B. Hersom, of the West village, informs us that his fine four year old colt has been sold to a Boston man for \$1000, so that it will not appear at our show next week. Let us hope that Mr. H. will bring something else.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for October, which is beautifully illustrated and contains an abundance of the best of reading, adapted to a variety of tastes, is on Henderson's counter, fresh from the New England News Company of Boston. Buy it if you wish for something good.

Although the Judge charged pointedly against the prisoner, yet Griffin, the engineer at the Mast Hope disaster, was acquitted by the Jury, and their verdict was received with applause by those present.

A great Railroad Convention is to be held at Oswego, N. Y., on the 6th of Oct. to consider the subject of the inter-continental railroad.

The Boston Advertiser says that if the document relating to Sir John Franklin's expedition, found on the beach at San Buenaventura, is proved to be authentic, it proves most con-

clusively that Sir John was on the right track to discover the Northwest passage.

Lewiston "kitchen" prices are thus quoted in the Journal:—Large ox beef 11 to \$12 per hundred; small heifer and cow beef 8 to \$10; round hog 14 to 15 cts.; turkeys, geese and ducks 15 to 18c.; eggs 24 to 25; "butter is quite plenty and the price somewhat depressed."

THE CALIFORNIA PIONEER ASSOCIATION, composed of the earlier settlers of the Golden State, came over the Pacific railroad recently, by special invitation, and after receiving triumphant ovations at Chicago and other places, went each his own way as inclination led. Of course the most of them made their way at once to their old homes, to look upon the scenes of their childhood, and exchange greetings with friends and relatives. Several of these pioneers we know not how many, are from Maine; and one, Mr. Henry H. Ellis, is a Waterville boy. His early friends are pleased to welcome him back, and are glad to find that while in health and fortune he has thriven in his adopted home, he has lost none of his regard for his native State, which he pronounces the finest looking country he has seen since he crossed the Sierra Nevada. In the Pioneer list, Mr. Ellis is rated as Master Mariner, and this indicates his former employment, his first visit to California in 1849 being in that capacity; but he abandoned the sea some years ago, and has latterly been a prominent and efficient officer of the Detective Police force, in which employment he rendered valuable aid to the Government during the war.

The Lewiston Journal says that in spite of forebodings, the corn crop is better than was expected, though small. It says the potato crop in that section is excellent in quality and fair in quantity. Troy, N. Y., is a great potato mart, at which prices are quoted a little lower this year than last. Bangor is doing likewise, with prices a little unsettled.

Sixty persecuted democratic families recently left a county of Tennessee in a body, for the west.—Argus.

Persecuted for horse-stealing, and went to Texas for a better "field of labor."

A boy in Lewiston recently broke his leg "below the ankle," but the Journal don't say how far below.

Somebody says that the two church steeples now in "stays" in this village will cost more than all the dwelling houses built in the place during the year. Well, we can live in barns instead of dwelling houses, but how could we serve God without steeples.

THE GOOD TEMPLARS of New York, at the recent session of their Grand Lodge, adopted the following report:—

"The first solid and great principle of our Order is, that every Good Templar is to do all he can, both by precept and example, to abolish the use of intoxicating drink. The doctrine of prohibition for each individual, and for society, stands first in the teachings of our Order; and while we are not a political organization, but rather an institution to educate the people up to political action, a Good Templar, in the discharge of his duties as a citizen, should recognize the claims of his obligation and do all in his power to force restrictive and prohibitory legislation." The time has not come for the organization of a political party, but the time has come for every temperance man to engage in temperance politics, keeping in mind that we can labor for the largest immediate results now practicable. It is evident that prohibition is now presented us as the first available work to be done.

Not a fruit can be had at any of the stores in Waterville, and none to be obtained from Boston—which shows that a good work has been done in storing up a supply of good things for winter use. Preserves—things done up in sugar, sickish, unhealthy messes—we hope are going out of fashion. Their place is better filled by canned fruits and vegetables, kept in their natural condition and flavor, to add a relish to winter and spring fare, and improve the health of the eater.

THANKSGIVING!—Cranberries that sold last year at 16 to 19¢ a barrel in Massachusetts are now selling for \$10. It is gratifying to hear of a decline in the price of anything good to eat. Very good cranberries have been raised this year in Winslow, and are now selling at moderate prices at our stores.

"Richmond Range" cookstove, so much talked about now as the only thing for the kitchen, is sold only by Arnold & Meader. We have found it the most perfectly satisfactory stove we ever used—and so say others. An experienced cook will see its merit at first sight.

See notice of house at auction, in advertising columns. A good chance.

Officers of Ticonic Division No. 13, S. of T., for the ensuing quarter, elected Sept. 24:

W. F. Dyer, W. P.; J. M. Emery, W. A.; C. Westcott, R. S.; W. S. Scales, A. R. S.; L. T. Boothby, F. S.; C. G. Tozier, T.; Mrs. C. E. Estes, Chap.; G. Scales, C.; C. H. Percival, A. C.; A. M. Dunbar, I. S.; M. N. Soule, O. S.

A MUSICAL CONVENTION will be held at Hunter's Mills, Clinton, commencing on Monday evening, Oct. 25th, and closing Friday evening, 29th, under the direction of Mr. F. S. Davenport of Bangor. A concert will be given on the last evening of the session.

A HISTORY OF AUGUSTA, which will also include the early history of a large part of the central portion of the State, is in course of preparation by Hon James W. North, and will be published by Clapp & North, of Augusta, as soon as sufficient subscriptions are obtained to warrant the undertaking. It will make a book

of about 700 pages, with numerous plans, views and portraits. It cannot fail to be a work of great interest, and prove profitable to the publishers.

JEFFERSON DAVIS is on his way back from Europe. He might have remained abroad longer, probably, without detriment to the best interests of the country.

NEW ENGLAND FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.—We have received a copy of the 20th and 21st annual catalogue and report of this institution, located in Boston. The number of students in 1868-9 was 19, not one which was from Maine. The Wade Scholarship Fund affords aid (to the amount of the Fees to the Professors and Demonstrator) to students, without restriction as to the State or country of their residence. Mrs. Amelia F. Waters, of Newton, formerly of Waterville, a graduate of 1868, is Demonstrator of Anatomy in this institution, and one of the attending physicians at the Free Dispensary for Women and Children, which is open daily (Sundays excepted) at the College, 21 East Canton Street.

THE BIGGEST YET.—A cow in Stratham, N. H., two-thirds Ayrshire and one-third native, it is said, gives 40 lbs. of milk a day, yielding 28 lbs. of butter in a week. Can the Jerseys do better? Her two heifers, we may add, will make only 15 or 16 lbs. of butter per week.

EVERETT R. DRUMMOND, Esq., of our village, has been reappointed Trial Justice.

By an act of the last Legislature, consolidating for the purposes of harmony in action the Board of Agriculture and the College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, it is made the duty of the Governor to appoint five members at large to act with the board in their deliberations. The following gentlemen have been appointed:—M. C. Fernald of Orono; Peckham of Orono; Charles E. Hamlin of Waterville; Cyrus F. Brackett of Brunswick; George L. Goodale of Brunswick. [Kennebec Journal.]

THE HANDSOMEST and most expensively finished house in our village is the new one on Silver street, nearly completed by Mr. J. Furbish. It is built upon a liberal scale, with all the modern improvements, and the inside finishing is of hardwood—chestnut, black walnut, ash, etc. It has a mansard roof, slated, the first dwelling in Waterville thus constructed. In one other respect it has few rivals, and that is the beauty and variety of the outlook which it commands. The reader, an old resident perhaps, does not believe this. Well, let him go and look for himself, and soon, too—during this beautiful autumn weather,—and if he does not find himself amply repaid for his trouble, it will be because his appreciation of lovely scenery is a little below the average. Let him first make a tour of the lower rooms, and note the pleasant prospect from each window; then let him ascend to the second story, and see what charmingly magical changes have been wrought in those views by a little higher and more extended outlook; then to the third story, and presto! all is new again, a gem of a picture from each window—on one side Ticonic Bay and the Kennebec and Sebasticook rivers, with Fort Point and the village of Winslow; and on the other the graceful windings of the Mesalons-see, with beautiful slopes and wooded hills beyond. Last of all let him ascend to the observatory and he will have our village and its charming surroundings in one magnificent panoramic view, and turning slowly he may drink his fill of pleasure as he gazes at the loveliness with which he is surrounded.

A GOOD WORK.—The Street Commissioners have recently re-opened and enlarged the culvert across Mill Street, near the foot of Elm, thus providing for the thorough draining of the slough that runs through our village, if the property holders will all do their duty.

HON. RUFUS DWINE, ex-Mayor of Bangor and for many years a prominent lumber merchant, died quite suddenly at his residence on Wednesday evening, after a protracted illness.

MAKE YOUR ENTRIES for the show and Fair of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society at once, and thus avoid mistakes and all fret and worry. Fill up the Hall with all the pretty and useful articles you can find, and make a pleasant exhibition for all to look upon. Don't fail to attend the Farmers' Levee, on Tuesday evening.

FIRE.—The store of Hill & Bragdon at East Benton was burned Thursday morning Sept. 30th with all its contents. It was a new store and stock and had only been insured ten days.

See advertisement of D. or O. O. Cross, Kendall's Mills, for a good chance to invest money.

VOLUNTEER MILITIA.—A general order from the Adjutant General's office at Augusta announces that the application of six of the ten companies of uniformed volunteer militia, authorized by the act of Feb. 23, 1869, have been accepted. These are:

1. Portland Light Infantry, Capt. C. P. Mattocks.
2. Portland Mechanic Blues, Capt. G. W. Parker.
3. Auburn Militia, Capt. E. T. Luce.
4. Norway Militia, Capt. G. L. Beal.
5. Skowhegan Militia, Capt. Z. A. Smith.
6. Calais Militia, Capt. W. B. Taylor.

THE KING OF BAVARIA kindly permitted Doct. J. C. Ayer to have a copy taken of Rauch's celebrated colossal statue of Victory, which belongs to the entrance of the Royal Palace at Munich. The Doctor had it cast in bronze, and has presented it to the City of Lowell, where it stands in the Park and symbolizes the triumphs of freedom and medicine. Her manufactures are the pride of Lowell, and foremost among them AYER'S MEDICINES make her

name gratefully remembered by the unnumbered multitude who are cured by them of afflicting and often dangerous diseases.—[Boston Journal.]

OUR TABLE.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for October has two fine pictures—"In Distress," a spirited marine view, and "Still so Gently Sleeping," a charming domestic scene. There are also several wood engravings, illustrative of some of the articles. Several more chapters of "Chronicles of a Bay State Family," are given in the number, which abounds in good reading. Published by Hitecock & Walden, Cincinnati, at \$3.50 a year.

ONCE A MONTH.—The October number of this unique but excellent monthly contains another chapter (with illustrations) of "Curiosities of Animal Life," and three more chapters of "The Mills of Taxbury," an original story of great interest. The other articles we will not enumerate, but they are all interesting, and the variety is so great that all will find something to their taste. Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

PACKARD'S MONTHLY for October opens with an article on "The Autocrats of the Press," by S. S. Randall, which is followed by a second article, by Eleanor Kirk, giving "Facts about Working Women." There are many other interesting articles, one of which will be found on our first page, and some short story editorials. This magazine is to be enlarged and improved in January. Published by S. S. Packard, New York at \$4 a year.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, for October is finely illustrated and full of choice reading. This is most emphatically a good magazine for the family. Published by T. S. Arthur & Sons, Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—The October number of this nice little juvenile is a beauty—but this might be said with truth of every issue since its commencement. Buy it for the little folks and make them happy. Published by T. S. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia, at \$1.25 a year.

GOOD HEALTH, the new magazine of Physical and Mental Culture, is out with an October number full of valuable articles, among which we have the following:—Cataract in Children; Heat from the Moon; Our Bread; Digestion; Bathing; The Sense of Touch; The Skin; its management; First Aid in Accidents; Intemperance by Water; On the Use of Cocoon, etc., etc., with reading for a leisure hour, and short editorials. This is a valuable work, which all would do well to patronize. Published by Alexander Moore, Boston, at \$2 a year.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, devoted to Knowledge, Virtue and Temperance, is a very new monthly of 48 pages, filled with a great variety of good reading for the household, well calculated to make people wiser, better and happier. Published by S. S. Wood, Newburgh, N. Y., at \$1 a year—which is very cheap.

HOW TO PURCHASE A CLOTHES WRINGER.—In purchasing a Clothes Wringer, we prefer one with cog-wheels, as they greatly relieve the rubber rolls from strain that would otherwise occur, and add much to the durability of the machine. The next point is to see that the cog-wheels are so arranged as not to fly apart when a large article is passing between the rollers. It matters not whether the cog-wheels are on one end or both ends of the shaft, if the large article disengages them they are entirely useless. This is very important, for as the larger the article, the greater the strain; therefore, if the cog-wheels separate so as to disconnect, they are of no service when most needed. We have taken some pains to examine the various wringers, and much prefer the "Universal" as lately improved, because it has long and strong gears (Rowell's Patent Double Gear), and is the only wringer with "patent stop" for preventing the cog-wheels from separating so far as to lose their power.—[New England Farmer.]

A watch, pair of Blankets, Quilt or shawl for One Dollar appears almost impossible, but such may be had and hundreds of other useful articles by patronizing PARKER & CO'S, "ONE DOLLAR SALE." Their system of doing business has been examined by the authorities and a Decision rendered from the Internal Revenue department at Washington dated Nov. 4th, 1868, declaring their business perfectly fair and legitimate and entirely different from the numerous gift enterprises. Of course all do not get watches, blankets, &c., for One Dollar, but in every large Club, one of these articles are sold for One dollar, as an extra inducement, and some member of the club has the chance of obtaining it. A new feature, introduced by this enterprising firm, is to pay their agents in either cash or merchandise and to pre-pay the express charges. No better opportunity can be offered to either Ladies or gentlemen, having leisure time, than to form clubs for this firm. Read their advertisement in another column, and send for catalogue.

RAILWAY PROGRESS AT THE EAST.—We learn from Capt. Wm. Flowers, Eastern Agent of the Grand Trunk Railway, who has just made a tour through the lower British Provinces, that the European & North American railway for the western extension has its track laid now from the suspension bridge at St. John to the line of the St. Andrews and Woodstock road, 80 miles from St. John, so that during the first week of October cars will be run from St. John to Calais, passing 80 miles over the European & North American railway and 18 miles over the St. Stephens branch of the New Brunswick & Canada railway, extending from St. Andrews to Woodstock. The Fredericton branch is also open from Hast's Mills, 43 miles from St. John, 22 miles to Fredericton city.

Mails between Bangor, Calais and St. John are now carried to Lincoln over the European & North American railway 45 miles; thence by stage to Princeton 46 miles; and thence by rail to Woodstock at the North and St. John at the east. Eastport has its mail now by the way of Calais with the saving of nine hours over the shore route. Between Truro and Moncton the line is in progress, and an additional section of 15 miles will be open the present year, leaving only the link of 70 miles to be completed between St. John and Halifax in the Lower Provinces, and the link of about 50 miles from Lincoln to a point of junction with the St. John end, a portion of which is now in process of construction, and rails will be laid from Lincoln to Mattawakeg about 15 miles.

It is expected that the year 1870 will witness the completion of the line through from Portland to Halifax on the broad gauge, a distance of 600 miles. The line from Windsor to Annapolis 80 miles in length is in rapid progress and will be completed this fall.—[Portland Daily Adv.]

Mr. Benjamin Gilbreth, an old resident of Augusta, but for several years past residing with his son, J. H. Gilbreth, Esq., of Kendall's Mills, fell from his bed on Wednesday night last injuring himself so badly that he died on Saturday. Mr. Gilbreth was about 87 years of age, and one of the oldest Free Masons in the State, having been initiated in Kennebec Lodge, Hallowell, in 1815. His remains were removed to this city on Tuesday, and interred with Masonic honors, the ceremonies being conducted by R. W. Deputy Master Cargill.—[Maine Farmer.]

Mr. Greenleaf Smith, an aged citizen of Winthrop, was found dead in his bed last Saturday morning. He had been troubled with the heart disease, which probably accounts for his sudden death.

It is a source of constant annoyance to the New York Express that soldiers' monuments are erected in the North, swallowing up in the aggregate several millions of dollars. That is the usual style of Democratic sentiment—disloyalty combined with meanness.—[Bangor Whig.]

Capt. Crocker of Sandwich, who is vouched for as a reliable weather prophet, stakes his reputation on the assertion that we shall have a much heavier storm on the 5th of October, than was that of the 8th inst.

The dwelling house, barn and all the out buildings of Wm. Wyman, of Benton, were destroyed by fire Friday, with everything in them. Two horses were burned in a threshing machine and a man severely burned trying to save them.

The light-house keeper of Mt. Desert Rock light did not know of the recent gale until he read an account of its destructiveness in the papers from the main land. There was no gale in that locality. There was no gale on Long Island Sound.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—I have used my Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine for more than ten years steady, at dress-making from ten to fourteen hours a day. For the last nineteen months I have used the same needle, and am still using it. My machine is in as good working order to-day as when I first got it. New-York.

MARTHA CAVAN.
Dr. Merle d'Aubigne, in a letter to an English friend, proposes a General Conference of the Protestant Churches, to be held after the approaching Ecumenical Council of the Roman Catholic Church, and to have for its object "a manifestation of evangelical principles," in reply to the doctrinal announcements expected from Rome. "The work of the Reformation," writes Dr. d'Aubigne, "was arrested in the second half of the sixteenth century. It is time that we should take it up, and the invitation which the Pope has addressed to us furnishes a suitable occasion."

We learn from the Lewiston Journal that President Dunn of the Maine Central, says work will be begun next spring on the extension of the railroad from Danville Junction to Portland, "if the world stands."

In the good time coming, when women have all their rights, announcements like the following will be frequent: "Died, in the thirty-fifth year of his age, Mr. John Smith, husband of Hon. Jane Smith, at her residence, in Meriden, this morning, at six o'clock. Mr. Smith was a meek and quiet husband, beloved for the graces of a cultivated and trained nature. He excelled in the domestic virtues; as cook he was surpassed by few; as nurse he was equalled by none."

The Rochester Chronicle says a friend of Mr. Greeley's recently tried to get a place on the Tribune for a highly educated young man. "What is he?" said Horace, hanging one of the legs of his trousers to the corner of his writing table. "He is very smart," replied the friend, hesitatingly; "graduated last week from college with all the honors." Horace looked at the friend indignantly, and then he brought his trousers down and struck the table with his vigorous hand. "Of all horned cattle," he remarked, "deliver me from a college graduate."

A man once went to his friend to plead with him to give up drinking. His friend said: "First hear me. I know that if I continue to drink I squander my property, ruin my business, and lose my reputation; I shall blight my intellect, brutalize my heart, and dole my moral nature; I shall destroy my domestic happiness, reduce my children to rage, and starvation and break the heart of her whom I love the best in the world; I shall leave behind me a drunkard's name, damn my soul, and sink into the drunkard's hell. I know all this, and yet I cannot resist the temptation to drink. Can you present the case any more forcibly? If you can I will listen to you." There is the moral measurement of this appetite.

PAPER CREDITS.—Of the four towns which have commenced suit to recover money paid out during the war for paper credits, in other words for sham substitutes for drafted men, Waterville and Sidney have brought actions against Pike & Colby and John P. Deering & Co., brokers, and Monmouth and Readfield against Mr. Farwell, Representative elect, from Augusta.

The cable brings additional reports of serious outbreaks in Spain. It becomes more and more evident as time goes on that affairs in that country, since the overthrow of the Bourbon monarchy, have not reached any permanent settlement, and are still liable to the overturn of another revolution in the interest of some one of the many parties struggling for the control of the nation. There seems certainly to be no such coherence in the support of the government as to give a prospect of the vigorous and steady action necessary to the resumption of the hold on Cuba; and the only thing which could impart the lacking unanimity and energy would be the stimulus of interference from the United States government.—[Boston Adv.]

Mr. J. H. Gilbreth's Knox trotted at the Riverside Park Cambridge, on Wednesday last week, against six other horses. The race was for a purse of \$700 to all horses that had never trotted better than 2:34 in harness; \$400 to first, \$200 to second, and 100 to third. Four heats were trotted, Knox won the first heat in 2:32; the second was a dead heat; the third, fourth, and fifth were won by India Rubber Ben—time 2:33, 2:36 and 2:32 1/2. In the last heat, Knox was run into by Rubber Ben and Black Harry, and his sulkey badly broken. This broke up the Stallion and he was from that to the wire very unsteady, coming in about a neck in the rear of Ben, who won the heat and race, Knox second. In a subsequent contest on Friday, Knox improved upon his previous time, making his first heat in 2:31, but was evidently jockeyed out of the race, as on the previous trial. We notice that Mr. Gilbreth has entered his stallion for the 2:32 race at the Narragansett Park next week.—[Maine Farmer.]

MISCELLANY.

AN OLD STORY.
WITH A NEW MORAL.
Petroleum Cinderella dances with a pretty fellow,
And her partners turn to carriages, her hats to horses
&c.
Fate strikes grimly on the dial, with a sound of no denial,
And her satins cease to rustle, and her diamonds cease
to shine.
Forth into the chilly darkness, in her solitude and stark-
ness,
Goes the bloom of dissipation, with no lovely form
behind;
With no strength condensed in meekness, with no holy
nature weakness,
With no thorn of resolution, with no aftergrowth of
mind.
Back to vermin shrink her horses, on her pale and ghost-
ly course
Rage replace her recent splendors, unadmired her
beauty wanes;
She becomes the rocking fairy who uplifted her unwary
through a paltry price of pleasures to a multitude of
pain.
JULIA WARD HOWE.

Partnership.

The undersigned having formed a Co-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, Feathers, &c.
And all goods usually kept in this line 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. I. LEWIS.

Waterville, Sept. 2, 1869. 10

MISS FISHER

IS NOW PREPARED TO SHOW TO CUSTOMERS
NEW AND PRETTY STYLES IN
Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons and Flowers.
At the old stand, corner Main and Silver Sts.

DR. E. F. WHITMAN,
OCULIST AND AURIST.

Artificial Eyes Inserted without Pain.

Treatment for Catarrh.

No charge for consultation.

ICE NO. 110 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

Foundry Notice.

The subscriber having purchased the whole of the Fall
Foundry, near the Main Central Railroad Depot, and
fitted up a

MACHINE SHOP
connected therewith, is prepared to furnish all kinds of
CASTINGS, and do any kind of JOB WORK that may offer, at
short notice. Persons who please give a call.

June 20, 1869. J. S. BURNAL. 12

Agents, Agents.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD OPENED!

And now a new interest is felt in the Great West by everybody.
We have issued a new edition of our popular work, "THE
PACIFIC RAILROAD," by Albert D. Richardson, written
by the author of the summer of 1869. Nothing out
compare with this book now. New text, new engravings, new
index, new map. It contains 62 pages and 210 fine illustra-
tions. We sell it, with all additions at its original price.
It is the only book that can show

THE OLD WEST AS IT WAS,
AND THE NEW WEST AS IT IS.

Agents should not attempt to sell imitation books, or those
which cover but a small portion of our Western territory and
a limited space of time, but give people what they really want,
the full and complete history of the whole West from 1867
on to the present time. We shall pay large commissions on
this work, and agents can get circulars with terms by ap-
plying to the publishers.

AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.

Agents can now get Territory for

MARK TWAIN'S

NEW BOOK, WITH 224 ENGRAVINGS.

Who has heard of the author? Who has not laughed
at his quaint sayings and queer ideas and forthright suc-
cesses? Who has not thrilled with his fine de-
scriptions, acknowledged the keenness of his satire, and ad-
mired the frank and daring openness of his words?

THE INNOCENTS ABROAD,
Or the New Pilgrims' Progress.

The quaintness of himself, the condensation and concen-
tration of all his pages. No politician can withstand his gen-
iality and humor. It is the most readable, enjoyable, laughable
and popular book printed for years.

Agents can now get a chance for money making, as
this book will sell itself.

20,000 Copies printed in advance and now ready
for Agents. Circulars giving full information sent free.

Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.

WANTED - Agents for

Our Family Physician.

JUST THE BOOK NEEDED IN EVERY FAMILY, and
one that can afford it. It is a handsome octavo
volume, of 144 closely printed pages, containing the history of
the human body, the various diseases, the treatment of each,
the different modes of treatment - the Allopathic,
the Homoeopathic, the Hydropathic, the Eclectic, and the
rational systems, and all the latest and best medical
science. It is the best book of the kind ever
published. Over Five Thousand Copies have
already been sold in the City of Chicago, where the author re-
sides. Send for Circulars, giving full particulars, terms, &c.
Address, No. 123 Broadway, New York.

12 Address, No. 123 Broadway, New York.

KENNESBET COUNTY. In Probate Court at Augusta, on the
first Monday of September, 1869.

WILLIAM B. BURTON appearing to be the last will
and testament of the late WILLIAM B. BURTON, late of Water-
ville in said county, deceased, having been presented for pro-
bate.

Testimony. That notice thereof he given three weeks suc-
cessively prior to the second Monday of October next, in the
Mail, a newspaper printed in Waterville, that all persons in-
terested may attend at the Court of Probate to be holden at
Augusta, and show cause if any, why the prayer of said
petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, Judge.

Attest: J. BURTON, Register.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been
justly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of
JOSEPH GOUGH, late of Waterville in the County
of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that
trust by giving bond as the law directs - All persons, there-
fore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are
desired to exhibit the same for settlement, and all indebted
to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to
August 9, 1869. J. W. GOUGH.

KENNESBET COUNTY. In Probate Court at Augusta, on the
first Monday of September, 1869.

BENJAMIN O. MITCHELL, Guardian of MARION O.
JUDKIN of said County, minor, appearing and petitioned
for the Court to sell the following real estate of said ward,
the proceeds to be placed on interest, viz: All the interest of said
ward in the homestead farm of Stephen B. Judkins, late of
said County, deceased.

Orders. That notice thereof be given three weeks suc-
cessively prior to the second Monday of October next, in the
Mail, a newspaper printed in Waterville, that all persons in-
terested may attend at the Court of Probate to be holden at
Augusta, and show cause if any, why the same should not
be granted. H. K. BAKER, Judge.

Attest: J. BURTON, Register.

FREEDOM NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that having sold to my son, Albert
Lord, his late twenty one, I shall claim none of his wages
nor pay any debts of his contracting after the date of sale.
Witness: Geo. Scaler.

Sept. 16, 1869. 18

BROADCLOTHS, TRICOTS, and DOCKINGS.

We have good a line of these Goods on hand as can be
found in the County of GARDNER & WATSON.

Sept. 16, 1869. 19

FARM FOR SALE.

About a mile and a quarter from Fairfield M. H., on
the road to the new Railroad, embracing about 80 acres of land, with good build-
ings, consisting of house, barn, sheds, and carriage
house - well watered - large orchard, producing this year
400 bushels at least - 15 to 20 acres of corn - some 50
to 60 acres in wood - good pasture, easy tillage land, and
all in good condition. This farm will be sold for \$1500,
which makes it the cheapest farm that can be found.

James Perry.

Sept. 16, 1869. 20

DRY GOODS!

A NICE ASSORTMENT,

AT

C. R. McFadden's,

At the old stand of Meader & Phillips,
Waterville, Maine.

DRESS GOODS.

Silks and Light Cloths for Ladies' Outside
Garments and Shawls.

A nice line of White Goods,

CONSISTING OF

Piques, Cambrics in plain, check and stripe;
Plain Linen Table Damask, Napkins and
Towels, Plain Muslins, and
White Flannels.

A Good Assortment of Cloths

For Men and Boys' Wear.

Broadcloths, Tricots, Plain and Fancy Cassi-
meres, &c.

A Good Line of Hosiery & Gloves.

A Very Nice Assortment of Kids.

ONE OF THE BEST

Stocks of Domestic

IN TOWN.

Good style Prints for 10 cts.

Sheetings for 10 cts and upwards.

Variety of Hoop Skirts, from 50 cts. up.

All will be sold VERY LOW FOR CASH.

C. R. McFADDEN.

Waterville, May 22, 1869. 48

BOOTHBY'S

Insurance Agency!

Office at Express Office, Main-St., Waterville.

HOME INSURANCE COMPANY.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$4,242,234.53

SECURITY INSURANCE COMPANY.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$1,099,303.53

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY

Cash Capital and Surplus \$1,673,907.88

SPRINGFIELD

FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE CO.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$901,657.00

NORTH AMERICAN FIRE INS. CO.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$499,497.54

I will write Policies against Accidents of all kinds.

It is safe to be insured.

L. T. BOOTHBY, Agent.

Waterville June 1, 1869. 49

Rubbers, Rubbers!

MEN'S, BOYS', & YOUTH'S

RUBBER BOOTS,

Women's & Misses'

RUBBER BOOTS

Just what every one ought to

wear in a

Wet and Stormy Time.

Also Men's, Women's, and Children's Rubber Overs,

For Sale at MAXWELL'S,

as low as can be afforded for cash.

Keep your head cool and your feet warm, and you are

all right. What is the use of going with cold, damp feet,
when you can get such nice Overshoes at MAXWELL'S,
to keep them dry and warm.

If you don't want Overshoes, just call and see the

VARIETY OF

BOOTS & SHOES,

FOR OLD AND YOUNG,

which you can have at a very small profit for cash, as

that is what sells in trade.

Don't mistake the old place -

At MAXWELL'S.

U. S. N. B. - Those having accounts with W. L. MAX-

WELL, will oblige him by calling and settling.

L. P. MAYO,

Teacher of Piano-forte and Organ.

Residence on Chapin St., opposite Foundry.

MARBLE WORKS.

The subscribers will fur-

nish at short notice,

MARBLE & GRANITE

MONUMENTS,

GRAVE STONES, &c

made of the best marble.

They have had a large

assortment of the above arti-

cles.

Persons wishing to purchase are invited to call and exam-

ine. W. A. F. STURVENS & SON.

Waterville Dec 1, 1869. 10

ATWOOD CROSBY, M. D.

WITH

DR. BOUTELLE,

WATERVILLE, ME.

Office over Thayer & Marston's Store, Boutelle Block.

DR. G. S. PALMER,

DENTAL OFFICE,

over

ALDEN'S JEWELRY

STORE,

op. People's Nat'l Bank,

WATERVILLE, ME.

Chloroform, Ether or Ni-

trous Oxide Gas administered when desired. 50

Flour, Corn & Feed

AT WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

Having leased the Store

Next South of the Williams House,

I shall keep constantly for sale

A Choice Stock of Flour,

Corn, Oats, Meal, Cracked Corn & Shorts.

WHICH I WILL SELL

LOW FOR CASH.

C. F. BARRELL.

Waterville, July 6, 1869. 2

WANTED - AGENTS to sell a thoroughly good domestic

article, wanted in every family. Exclusive territory given

Business pleasant and respectable. One agent sold 300 in

one small town; one 1000 in five towns; one \$1 in calling on

35 families; another, 30 per day for days in succession, upon

which he made \$25 per day; and others do equally as well.

Send for circular.

4411

LITTLEFIELD & DANE,

102 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

DRIED CITRON

C. A. CHAMBERS & CO'S.

Something New.

PLATE LACE COLLARS; also Thread and Point

Lace Collars, at

THE MISSES FISHER'S.

Sept. 16, 1869. 20

Kendall's Mills Column.

J. H. GILBRETH,

KENDALL'S MILLS,

Has a splendid assortment of

HARDWARE, BUILDING MATERIAL,

Paints, Oils, Varnishes,

Farmers' and Mechanics' Tools, Tin Ware,

&c. &c.

All at sale as low as can be bought on the river.

May, 1867.

REMOVAL.

DR. A. PINKHAM.

SURGEON DENTIST,

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

Has removed to his new office,

NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.

First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to ex-

ecute all orders for those in need of dental services.

F. KENRICK, JR.,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS.

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME. 11

Buy your Hardware

at

GILBRETH'S, Kendall's Mills,

and get First Class Goods at the lowest market price

Waterville, Sept. 1, 1869.

HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE

PAINTING.

Having taken the Shop at the

Old Sisson Stand on Temple Street.

formerly occupied by Mr. S. D. Savage, I shall be pleased

to receive orders for House, Sign and Carriage

PAINTING, GRADING,

PAPER HANGING,

GLAZING, &c.

CARRIAGE REPAIRING

will also be promptly and faithfully done.

All work entrusted to me will be warranted to give

satisfaction, and prices will be reasonable.

A. W. NYE

Waterville, Sept. 1, 1869.

Agents Wanted for

CHAMBERLIN'S

LAW BOOK