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Maxham & Wing

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[From the New York Tribune.]

ISRAEL FREYER'S BID FOR GOLD.

Zounds! how the price went flashing through Wall st. Williams, Broad st. New York. All the specie in all the land held in one ring by a giant hand. For millions more it was ready to pay. And through the Street on Monday-day. Up from the Gold Pit's netter hell, While the innocent fountain rose and fell, And higher the bidding rose, And the bulls, triumphant, faced their foes. It seemed as if Satan himself were in it, Lifting it, one per cent a minute. Through the following broker, there amid, Who made the terrible, final bid!

High over all, and ever higher, Was heard the voice of Israel Freyer,— A doleful knell in the storm-swept mart,— "Five millions more I bid for any part. I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"

Israel Freyer—the Government Jew— Good as the best—looked through and through With credit gained in the year he sold. Our Treasury's precious hoard of gold. Now through his thoughtless mouth rings out "The sequel's late and long and long!" Pity the shorts? Not they, indeed, While a single rival's life to bleed! Down come dealers in alkis and hides, Growing the Gold's price on either side, Jostling, trampling each other's feet, Uttering groans in the outer street, Watching, with upturned faces pale, The bidding rising like a waterfall.

Hearing the bid of Israel Freyer— That ominous voice, would it never tire?— "Five millions more!—for any part, (If it's your own, dear, bid for your heart.) I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"

One hundred and sixty? Can't be true! What will the merchants pay their dues? How will the country stand the news? What'll the banks—but listen! hold! In every upward the price of gold To that dangerous, last, particular peg, They had killed their goose with the Golden Egg. Just there the metal came pouring out, All eyes turned, like a waterfall, To that dangerous, last, particular peg, To answer the bid of Israel Freyer, It poured in millions from every side, And almost strangled him as he cried: "I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"

Like Yalena after Jupiter's kick, Or the scolding dame who bursts with the strain, It came by runners, it came by wire, It poured in millions from every side, And almost strangled him as he cried: "I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!"

Like the Dalmatian's leg that would never stop, (Like the Dalmatian's leg that would never stop,) "One Hundred and Sixty—Sixty millions in gold!" Till the dragged him back to the floor, The very last words that seller and buyer Heard from the mouth of Israel Freyer— "A cry to remember as they live— Were, 'I'll take Five Millions and give— I'll give One Hundred and Sixty!'"

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

NODDY'S SITUATION.

One day passed—two days—three days, with little worthy of remark. Then Mrs. Muciller, becoming impatient at receiving no replies to the advertisement respecting Norah Cray, made a call on Mrs. Sharing to consult her about some immediate steps for getting Noddy out. At the close of her visit, Mrs. Sharing imparted the bit of news she had been burning to tell, but yet treasured up for her last communication—namely, that on the most reliable authority her Indian nephew was worth a dozen rupees; and that he had actually attempted to raise a loan on his prospect of marriage with Miss Muciller.

"Quite absurd, you know," said Mrs. Sharing; "it is just what you are worth."

"But I know he has money," Mrs. Muciller protested indignantly. "In certain of it. That Reclamation Company is a wonderfully good thing, and I know his money is in that. I have made every inquiry."

"Exactly. But that is the very reason. The Anglo-Waddy Company has gone to entire ruin. My husband says the shares are not worth sixpence."

This was a great blow for Mrs. Muciller, especially remembering that she had only herself to blame for promulgating the report of Julia's engagement to this adventurer. The one little bit of comfort she had remaining was, that Mr. Geogagan had been as much deceived in thinking Julia had expectations as she had been with him. But that did not mend the matter, which presented itself to her mind in the light of a most atrocious take-in, and she said so.

"Well, but," said Mrs. Sharing, "the Company was prospering when he left India, and there is no reason to suppose he has been guilty of intentional deception."

"What has that to do with it? How does that make any reparation for the injury it has caused to my daughter's prospects? Everybody knows of the engagement, and people will talk. O, how they will talk! It is abominable! It will be most prejudicial to Julia to break it off now; but it must be done at any cost. And a most fortunate escape it will be."

Mrs. Muciller returned to tea at Braithfield Villa, outwardly calm and cool, but as may be imagined, in not the most placid serenity of mind. She made not the slightest alteration in her behavior to Mr. Geogagan, who appeared in very fair spirits, and entirely unsuspecting of the coming storm.

Mrs. Muciller was a woman of quick action; a course once resolved on with her was put into execution immediately. When tea was finished she blantly requested Noddy and Julia to leave the room. Her manner of doing this was so marked that had not Mr. Frank been deeply interested in a book he was reading on the sofa, he might have had his suspicions aroused. When they were alone Mrs. Muciller commenced. "Mr. Geogagan, will you do me the favor to pay attention to a few words I have to say?"

"I am all attention," said Mr. Frank, dropping his book and drawing himself comfortably on to the sofa-cushion.

"When you invited yourself as my guest I had not the slightest idea that you would place me in a false position."

"Mr. Frank," said Mrs. Muciller, "I have hands hands hands crossed, with the air of a martyr. I had no idea that you would avail yourself of my hospitality to betray the confidence naturally imposed in a visitor."

Mrs. Muciller paused, expecting an answer; but Mr. Frank was silent.

"Or," she continued, "I should not have extended towards you that hospitality. You will excuse my being plain, but it is my duty to be so."

Mr. Frank extended his hands and bent his head, as deprecating such an apology.

"Your conduct towards my daughter, Julia, has been most heartlessly cruel."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Frank.

"Parson me. I don't wish to be interrupted. Most heartlessly cruel. You have paid her marked attentions at home, and abroad, and have given currency to a most undesirable report that you were engaged to her, without any reference whatever to my wishes or feelings. I do not, of course, pretend to know the extent to which you have influenced her mind, or the hold you may have succeeded in obtaining over her affections; but I must say you have no

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right to promulgate a report that, in my opinion, is injurious to my daughter's prospects."

"I have paid your daughter no more attention than ordinary courtesy to a relative would dictate. As to an engagement, I have not thought it needful to make a reference to you on the subject, Mrs. Muciller, not having had the slightest notice of such a thing until I heard the report you allude to, which certainly did not originate from me."

"It is most singular that such a report could have obtained currency had you given no occasion for it," said Mrs. Muciller.

"There I agree with you; and significant also," said Mr. Frank.

"And significant also. Had your attentions to Julia been restricted to home courtesies, it might have been less so. But when you seek, on the strength of such a report, previously disseminated by you, to use your rumored engagement as the security on which to borrow money, it becomes still more than significant; it becomes conclusive of something that is detestably disgraceful."

Mrs. Muciller paused, wishing for an answer to a shot that combined truth and falsehood so deftly that she knew it would tell; but there was only one answer Mr. Frank could have given at the moment. "If it had been a man who had stung him like this, Mr. Frank would have knocked him down; but as it was a lady, he was silent."

"In entering my household," Mrs. Muciller proceeded, "you led me tacitly to understand that you were at least in as prosperous a position as I had reason to believe you were some years ago. It is useless to say you did not actually state this in so many words; you led me to believe it, and took no pains to dissipate such a belief. Such conduct I can only characterize as the grossest duplicity. You then sought, by the cunning artifice of a hinted engagement with my daughter, to mortgage her expectations as well as to injure her prospects. Such a proceeding I can only designate as contemptible and systematic villany. Your future course, whilst you remain in my house—"

But Mr. Frank just walked into the hall, took his hat, and scribbled a pencilled address on an envelope, gave it to the servant for Miss Cray, and walked out, leaving his luggage and personal effects to be sent after him.

The note contained only an acknowledgment of the sum of twenty pounds borrowed from Norah.

People did talk; and the bitterness of it to Mrs. Muciller was that it was all her own doing. However, she was equal to the occasion. She had made one attempt to bring Julia out at eighteen with indifferent success. As a shopkeeper, whose goods have been exposed in his window for a few weeks, and become a trifle soiled, will remove them to the back of his shop, that they may come out fresh again by and by, so Mrs. Muciller, whose daughter had become a trifle soiled by the exposure, resolved to send Julia to France to finish her education for the second time, to come out fresh at eighteen again in another twelve months.

It took a few weeks to complete the necessary arrangements for Julia's departure, during which time Mrs. Muciller's attention was distracted from Noddy's affairs. The only sentiment of emotion at the *contre-temps* exhibited by Julia consisted in a renewed expression, in song, of something like regret that the two leaves were parted in the stream; but as to any feeling of emotion, she probably had about as much as the "other leaf," that "floated forward all alone."

Towards the close of September, a very few days after Miss Julia had become pensionnaire at a Parisian establishment, Mrs. Muciller pounced upon an advertisement in the local paper.

"At last!" she exclaimed to Noddy; "here is the very thing for you. It seems like a providence. Here have we been trying the London papers for weeks, and the very identical thing suddenly turns up in our own local print. I'll read it."

"WANTED, A GOVERNESS.—The advertiser wishes to obtain instruction for a child turned eight years old. English only required.—Address W. Pinewood, Lyndhurst, Hunts."

"Yes," said Noddy, "I will. I like the look of it. At advertisement. There is not too much said, nor too much required."

Noddy wrote three or four notes before she could manage one to meet the consciousness of the advertisement. The one she sent was this:—

September 26, 18—

"To W. Pinewood, Lyndhurst, Hunts.—I think I am competent to undertake the situation."

Return of post brought the following reply:—

September 28, 18—

"To Miss Noddy Cray.—If Miss Cray is of that opinion, she is requested to be at Lyndhurst Station at 7:15 P. M., to-morrow. Carriage will be sent. W."

"P. M.?" Mrs. Muciller remarked. "Not a very suitable time to engage a governess. However, that is not my affair."

Noddy was so really anxious to secure a situation for which she thought herself qualified, that she would have gone had it been at M. M., twelve o'clock at midnight.

"You will not make any frivolous objections about accepting this situation," Mrs. Muciller said. "The family, whoever they are, seem evidently disposed to engage you, and you will understand I have no further occasion for your services with me. Should you be engaged at once, I do not see that it would be even needful for you to return. You forgot yourself more than once in your demeanor to a visitor of mine; it is not my wish you should have another opportunity of making a similar mistake. If you return at all, it will be your own fault; and if you suffer for it, it will be a consequence of your own folly."

"I will really try," returned Noddy; "for, indeed, I am really in earnest for employment. But you will not be angry if I return unsuccessful? You would not turn me away?"

"If you return, I do not think I should turn you away. People might talk. I should not turn you out of doors; but if, after once showing you a separate path from my own, and you refuse it, there should be a way I have not yet tried to make you feel my resentment, I will try to find that way. Until you had the prospect of a situation, I have restrained myself, because to exhibit my feeling would be useless and purposeless. Now, let me tell you that I

know something of your deceit and treachery. Thanks to your poisoning Mr. Geogagan's mind against my daughter Julia, he left in the sudden and disgraceful manner he did. You need not pretend to innocence. You were walking with him the day we went to the picnic, and your lies have brought all this disgrace about."

"I assure you it was not so. I never said a word to—"

"You own you walked with him, then?"

"I did," said Noddy, quietly; but—"O, you did! Vastly fine! You did! Mrs. Muciller's upper-servant and parlor-maid walked out for an airing with Mrs. Muciller's guest! Indeed, Cat!" and Mrs. Muciller bent herself forward, the better to project her indignation.

"Leave the room without a word, or I may forget my own interest, and, once out of the house, may be fool enough to forbid your return, even to such a reception as I can give you. Go!"

Noddy was too angry to cry. She went Mrs. Muciller's words were too unjust to stab. No one knew their injustice better than Noddy. The one bit of truth, that she had taken a walk with Mr. Geogagan, she was not ashamed of. Mrs. Muciller's deduction from it, about its being the means of breaking off Julia's expected match, needed no contradiction. Noddy knew that, and that is more, knew that her step-mother knew it too. The mistake of women's disputes is their predilection for hanging a quarrel on any peg but the right one. Had Mrs. Muciller confined herself to saying she hated Noddy, and always had done so, she would have succeeded in making her victim cry.

The 7:15 train set Noddy down at a little country station, in the middle of the New Forest, amid a wilderness of tree-beauty, with one other habitation in sight for miles than the station-master's house, and the long red roofs of Lyndhurst Union peering out from the distant green. The air was scented with flowers, and musical with bird-voices, and the golden evening haze lay on all the sombre trees, and burned them into a red misty glory. A few minutes, and a shaggy pony became visible, drawing a small phaeton out of the forest shade. The man drove up, and asked for Miss Cray.

"No luggage, mum, I think? No. Perhaps you won't mind sitting by me. The road is roughish, and the front seat is more springy."

So Noddy perched herself beside the coachman, and the shaggy pony began a shuffling sort of running trot, and the "carriage" began to glide and bump over grassy forest-path.

"How far is Pinewood?" Noddy inquired.

"A matter of five mile, mum,—miss I should say,—but the road is a rum run."

So it seemed. Over humps and bumps in the lawn way, and the forest-path twisting and winding about among the majestic trees, the wheels singing pleasantly on the grass, grating a stone here and there, or going over a bough yonder, but the pony shuffling along over everything with a happy see-saw swaying of his head.

"Are they at home?"

"Yes!—leastways, miss."

"Who did you say your master was?" Noddy wanted to know something of the folks she was going to.

"I didn't say he was no one, did I?" He thought this too sharp, however; for he added, "He's the governor—that's what he is."

"And the child?" asked Noddy, a little rebuffed.

"A girl, I suppose?"

The coachman looked at her severely. "No," he said doggedly; "it ain't a girl. Come up, Peg can't you?"—the last remark being addressed in a surly tone to the pony.

It was getting dusk when Noddy arrived. She was shown into a spacious room, comfortably furnished, but plenty of room to walk about. The windows looked out on the billowy forest, now fading into purple gloom, all save the nearer trees, which stood in a silhouette of black lacquer against the twilight sky.

Presently, an old lady in black silk entered the room. Not the lady of the house, Noddy judged,—more like a motherly housekeeper than that; but there was a comfortable smile on her face as she said, "Miss Cray, I believe,—in answer to the letter? Will you follow me, my dear?"

Noddy followed her cut of the room, and along a cool white hall, to a door. The old lady knocked. "My master is within; please to enter."

Master! thought Noddy, and trembled at the prospect of the approaching ordeal; but the housekeeper had opened the door, and Noddy had to go in. The room was larger than the other; it was also darker, inasmuch as the blinds were half-way down, and no lights to enliven the gloom. Noddy could only distinguish dimly the figure of a man, in a great chintz-covered easy-chair, at the far end of the room. She judged him to be elderly by his receding hair, with his legs making two great bolster-like parcels in front of him. The hair that strayed out beneath his velvet skullcap appeared white, and he addressed her in a slow voice of some firmness. "Be seated, Miss Cray, if you please."

Norah took a seat.

"Your letter appeared to me straightforward."

Norah bowed.

"You think yourself competent for the situation, you say. I hope you have thoughtfully considered the terms in which I advertised, before venturing to make such a statement? It is a situation which will involve some amount of responsibility, as I wish to depend entirely upon the person whom I may select for the education and general oversight of her charge. I will not conceal from you that that charge, in addition to being a responsible one, may prove a difficult one—the lad to whom I refer having many objectionable propensities, that will require to be watched and corrected."

"I think you stated in the advertisement the child is eight years of age," Norah said.

"Turned eight," are the words employed. He is, in fact, turned eight."

"Then, I think there is every hope that those propensities may be subdued."

"I hope so, and in proof of your ability to bring about such a result, I conclude you can bring me some testimonials, received from previous situations?"

She had not thought of that. "She had never thought of that," Noddy said.

"H'm. Then your method of procedure

would be tentative? That is a grave consideration."

"I would try to do my best," said Noddy, eagerly, "if the child is not too old, and beyond my capacity to teach. I'm not clever nor accomplished, but it was your plainness in advertising that led me to think I might suit. You said, 'English only required.'"

"Exactly, but the best of English. And you will bear in mind that there are many more English persons who can talk three or four foreign languages than can speak their own with correctness."

Noddy's heart began to sink. "The advertisement doesn't say the best of English," she said.

"No, it says *English*, and only the very best can be called that."

Noddy thought of Mrs. Muciller and of her own prospects at Braithfield, if she lost this place. She determined on a despairing battle for it.

"But the child is yet young, only eight; and I can teach him till he is ready for some one wiser. Indeed, I will do my best."

"Turned eight, if you please. He is, in fact, turned nine. He is at least ten years of age."

"Then," Noddy said, just ready to cry with disappointment, "I suppose I am not competent? You may know better English than I do, but you have not made a brave use of it to torture a poor girl who wants work."

"Miss Cray, I believe you are so far competent that I have no hesitation in offering you the situation. You speak truth, in spite of its being calculated in many a similar case to lose you an engagement. I therefore see you are likely to give instruction. Will you accept my situation of governess?"

Noddy hardly believed her ears. "I will," she said, with heartfelt thankfulness.

"You have not mentioned terms, remember."

"I am content to accept what you may please to offer."

"Then I have only one other question to put. You may think it a strange one, but I will be obliged if you will answer it. Do you know what you are?"

"The 29th of September."

"Then you are the biggest little Michaelmas goose that ever was," and the elderly gentleman kicked off his gaiters, and pitched his skull-cap and wig into the fender; "and you had better own it, Noddy?"

There stood Mr. Frank Geogagan.

"Turned eight, Noddy," he said; "and turned eight-and-twenty, for the matter of that. Behold your pupil! Of the establishment, you see I am the governor. You have already given me your promise to be governess. Do you wish to withdraw it?"—and he came towards her.

Noddy was utterly disconcerted for the moment, but she got out of his way. "Mr. Frank," she said, "I answered your question, now please answer mine. Do you know what you are?"

"No," said Mr. Frank.

"You are a most dreadful horrid story teller; that's what you are. You said you had lost all your money." Noddy was nearly crying.

"No, I said, 'all I had in India,' which was quite true, and six thousand pounds. I did not tell you that I had brought four times that sum home with me."

"You told me you were going to seek employment," Mr. Frank was dodging her about the room.

"I did,—you told me to go and dig,—I came down here and took this little farm, and I have gone and dug, or digged, whichever you prefer."

"But you don't want a governess, after all; and that was a wicked cheat."

"But I do, Noddy. I want to be made such a man of as you can love, and you have given your word, you will not refuse. You won't take it back again? you will forgive me the artifice? For I love you as I can no other woman."

Mr. Frank caught her up. "It is a very bad story," she said. But Mr. Frank gathered her to him in his arms; and Noddy did not refuse. He folded her to him against his breast and Noddy did not refuse. He hushed her sobs as she lay nestled against him like a bird that has found shelter. "I love you with all my heart," she murmured, "and I'm so happy!" (in proof of which she was wiping tears from her eyes) "but you don't think I loved you for your money?"

"I'm sure you didn't, little goose," said Frank, soothing her with kisses.

"I had rather you hadn't, any at all, and that we had to work together."

"Nonsense, Noddy; you have forgotten you are a little woman of property yourself. Just come out with me and take the first instalment of a quarter's interest for your twenty pounds!"

He led her through the house, and out into the dairy, to have a draught of warm new milk. It was from Noddy's investment,—the finest milk cow on the farm.

Somehow, the comfortable old housekeeper didn't seem altogether surprised at Mr. Frank walking about the shrubbery with his new governess on his arm; I think she must have been in the secret.

Noddy did not return to her step-mother. In three days she was Mr. Frank's wife, and as there were no cards, this is how Mr. Geogagan informed Mrs. Muciller of Noddy's marriage:

"MADAM,—I beg to inform you that Miss Cray has accepted the situation."

"Pinewood, Lyndhurst."

Esteem your brother to be good, and he is so. C. Noddy in the half virtuous man, and he becomes wholly virtuous. Encourage your pupil by the assumption that he possesses certain faculties, and they will be developed in him; look on him as incapable of cultivation, and he continues so. Pronounce yourself in health and you may become so. All nature is but the echo of the mind, and from her we learn the highest of all laws—that the real springs from the ideal; that the ideal by degrees remodels the world.

MEAN ENOUGH.—A queer case has lately occurred at Rome, N. Y. Forty years ago Ansel Lovejoy married Sarah E. Archer.

They lived together only a short time, when by mutual agreement, they separated, Sarah E. departing, no one knew or cared whither, while Lovejoy remained in town. As might be supposed, there was no joy for Lovejoy save in love, and he therefore decided to marry again. He did marry, and raised quite a large family of minor joys. Lo, and behold! now comes your Enoch Arden character, enacted by a woman. Sarah E., the first wife, returned after an absence of thirty years to find her liege lord wedded, and apparently happy. She let him alone, bought a house and lot worth \$1,500 and settled down and lived contentedly for years. She finally died, but left no children. Lovejoy heard of her death, and at once put in a claim for \$1,500, on the ground that Sarah E. was his wife. The case came into the Courts, and after litigation sufficient to eat up the \$1,500 had been in legal in a decision was rendered in favor of Lovejoy.

HOME.—OUTSIDE AND INSIDE.—Bayard Taylor, in speaking of his house, planned by himself, says: "I made two mistakes at the start; the first was, I allowed my thoughts to dwell too much on the outside of the house; fitting the internal arrangements to the external forms, instead of the reverse. The true way of planning is to make the inside first, and then enclose it. Mr. Taylor thus indicates the cause of many failures in house building, and the reason why showy mansions are so often uncomfortable homes. Man build not for their own convenience and ease, but for the eyes of their neighbors. They crucify the body and the women, in order that the pride of the eye and the vanity of the heart may be gratified. The outside, which is to be seen, constitutes the inside, which is to be used."

This disposition to sacrifice the useful for the ornamental, the comfort of the family for the looks of the thing, is not by any means confined to house-building. It also expresses itself in the life and education of the home circle. The true idea of home is not a boarding-house, but a private dwelling, wherein father, mother, and children are engaged in the interchange of offices of love, in teaching and learning the lessons of religion, the rules of life, and in forming habits of morality and industry. He who setteth the solitary in a house designs the home for the place of honor, of love, of authority, of obedience, of the tenderest relations, and of a permanent, beneficent, formative influence. He intended that it should be the surest foundation of national life, and the best nursery of individual character. But modern society has sought out many inventions whereby to improve on the work of the Creator. God wished men to plan their homes from the inside; they allow their thoughts to dwell too much on the outside; and from the family habits and tastes not according to the good, the true, and the beautiful, but to meet the requisitions of fashionable life. The best room is a show room kept sacred for callers and parties; the furniture, which ought to provide for the comfort and express the taste of the family, is copied from the last Parisian importation; the books are only so many feet of blue and gold binding; in fact, the interior of the home is arranged with almost exclusive reference to the set in which the family moves.

A similar blundering regard for appearance governs the habits, education, and the life of the family. Dress, calls, parties and entertaining company mortgage the time up to its full amount; no leisure is left for those home duties and kindnesses, without which even the palace is another name for a restaurant, and a lodging is a place with a reception room. There is no authority, no obedience, but feeble love, slight manifestations of kindness, little religion, surface education, showy accomplishments, precocious women and beardless men, indicate effects of the sad mistake which induced the founder of the family to plan his home with an exclusive reference to the outside. We suggest that there is a call for the organization of a reform movement, whose object shall be to influence men and women to plan their homes from the inside, and to train their families for the service of the Lord and of the nation, instead of for the admiration of a set and the patronizing smiles of Mrs. Grundy. Then there will be more marriages, more men, more children, more true men and noble women, and more contentment, which, with godliness, is about the greatest gain that can be gathered from life.—[Watchman and Reflector.]

Daniel Webster wrote, after continued provocation, to the editor of a newspaper which referred to his private affairs, and especially to his not paying his debts. He said substantially: "It is true that I have not always paid my debts punctually, and that I owe money. One cause of this is that I have not pressed those who owe me for pay. As an instance of this I enclose your father's note made to me thirty years ago, for money lent him to educate his boys."

A RICH YOUNG MAN.—We call him "Bob-olink," and "Pappoose," and "Old Blessed," and all sorts of names—you know how they do call babies. You great six-year-old Harry would not think him much of a fellow. I suppose—this small man of six months—but he thinks he is, and so does his mother, and his father, and all of the family.

He considers himself very rich, too, or, as grown up people say, "well off." He has such white, round, little pegs fixed on to his hands for him to play with. He sticks them up and looks at them sideways, and edgeway, and every way, and they never get lost like your playthings—they are always on hand. They are so nice to eat, too. First one fist goes into his mouth, and then the other, and then both fists.

The only trouble is he cannot swallow them, they are so big, or, something. Too bad? isn't it? But he don't get discouraged. Why, it was only yesterday he was trying to swallow a large blanket-shawl and all his petticoats; then he bunched his head into a big feather pillow, and opened his mouth at that in a way which must have been very alarming to the pillow.

Sometimes he gets hold of those little pink fellows down below. He thinks they are the cunningest. There is such a jumpy of them! He can't count them himself, but I believe there are as many as ten. One of them "goes to market," and one of them "stays at home,"

and there is a little mite of a one that don't get any bread and butter. How he does squeal! Dear! dear! You would think this young man would cry to hear him but he don't; the ripples of laughter come gurgling up at his fat throat, until, when at last the poor piggy gives his very hardest squeal, he almost explodes with glee. It's so pleasant to have jolly little fat pigs of one's own to play with! Ten live pink piggies! Just think of it! But that is not all—oh! no! He owns a most lovely old piece of red flannel, which his grandma gave him, that is very valuable. It is such a pretty thing and so bright! He turns it over, views it in every light, and tastes of it. If you should lay a ten-thousand dollar green-back down beside it, he would grasp, in preference, that gorgeous, magnificent rag. You couldn't buy that from him with ten or twenty thousand dollars.

Then he has a great many fine musical instruments that he plays on splendidly. Every newspaper, he can get hold of he turns into a piano or an organ. He scratches his nails in them, and you ought to hear how beautifully they do rattle; but the brown paper that comes around the sugar is the best, that is so crackly and high-toned.—[Selected.]

Enoch Arden's "fort" was the reverse of George Washington's, if Artemus Ward's statement is to be considered conclusive, for it seems most decidedly to have consisted in having men of the present day resemble him to an alarming extent. The prototypes of Tenneyson's hero have become so numerous as to attract but little attention either by their appearance or their history. The one last discovered, however, varied the monotony

Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE... OCT. 8, 1869



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
S. M. PETTERGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. F. Trowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Nassau Street, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WAT. MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS relating either to the business or editorial department of the paper should be addressed to 'MAXIM & WING, or WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.'

BRIDGE NOTICE.

Citizens of Waterville and Winslow, and all persons interested in providing a temporary substitute for a bridge across the Kennebec River, are requested to meet at Town Hall on Monday evening next at seven o'clock.

PER ORDER.

THE NORTH KENNEBEC FAIR.

The adjournment, made necessary by the storm, and the destruction of Ticonic Bridge, brought the exhibition this year into little more than half its usual limits. There have been larger but never better exhibitions of neat stock. Of thoroughbred animals, in the best breeds, both number and quality exceeded any previous show. Many had taken first premiums at the late N. E. Fair, and thus secured a position as landmarks from which others could be judged. Here was Mr. Dow's Matador Jr., the king of the Shorthorns by responsible endorsement; Burleigh & Shores beautiful Hereford, Compton Lad, at the head of a herd that has no rival in the State, if it has in N. England; Dr. Boutelle's Jersey, "Humboldt," another endorsed prince-of-the-blood; and numerous sows, heifers and calves in all these different breeds, coming in from the farms in all directions, and showing a measure of progress that had hardly been dreamed of except by a few of the initiated.

There was at least a fair exhibition of horses, among which were many very choice animals; and though the trotting did not mark as high as it sometimes has, there was a satisfactory measure of interest in this department.

There was a good show of sheep, especially of choice blood in the coarse wool line. Thoroughbred Cotswolds and Leicester, by G. G. Hanscom, B. Wilkins, A. J. Hallett and G. D. Pullen, indicated a growing interest in mutton, that promises in time to bring a fair share of a trifle below the present mark. There yet remains, however, a good degree of wholesome respect for various families of grades, that also promises to increase in years to come—we guess.

The number of porkers was by no means proportioned to their relative importance. All through the East there is a growing distaste for Western pork. This, with the increasing estimate of the manure heap, and several other considerations, cannot fail to stimulate the present interest of farmers in swine. Till the Jews are all dead and forgotten, pork of good quality—Suffolk at least—will continue to be an object of affectionate regard in New England.

There was a pretty exhibition of poultry, though not a large proportion to its importance. Hens took the lead, as they deserve. H. A. Archer, of Fairfield, has a good fancy, in this line, presents Buff Cochins and White Leghorns—the latter in our opinion, being the poetry of the henery. Jos. Percival's White and Grey Leghorns, E. W. Cook's White Brahmas, and Geo. Wentworth's Golden Poland, complete a list of all the hens that need to be known. Mr. Archer also showed his beautiful Rouen Ducks. L. A. Dow and E. W. Cook had noble samples of geese. Nary a turkey.

Next week when all the reports are complete, we shall put all together and make our usual summary of the whole Fair.

THE FARMERS' LEVEE, on Wednesday evening, was a very pleasant gathering, and the hall was packed full. Some charming singing by Misses Addie Smith and Emily Phillips, two of Waterville's sweet singers, and Messrs. Cumston, Tilden, Willey and Mathews, of the College, added greatly to the enjoyment of those present and put the managers of the Fair under great obligation. While listening to their singing, this question came into our mind—'Why can we not have a home entertainment of this kind, for the benefit of our own singers, and thus give them substantial evidence that we appreciate their music and are grateful to those who are so ready to minister to our pleasure and aid in every good work?' Sure enough, why not?

It said that over the entire length of the M. C. Railroad, between Portland and Bangor, not a minute's detention has been suffered from injury from the freshet. The Portland & Kennebec road suffered but little delay and only trifling damage.

LOSSES AT WATERVILLE.—We are willing the "metropolitan press" should misrepresent Waterville in anything but actual property. Our village may be dull or pretty or willing, but we want every dollar that belongs to us. So when they say we have lost a hundred thousand dollars by the freshet, we save almost ninety thousand in good property by denying the report. Gen. Smith puts his actual loss at \$2500, all in lumber at places above Keendall's mills. His new mill here is not injured a dollar, and one or two hundred will cover his loss in small items about the mill. Ticonic Bridge may be set down a total loss, ten to twelve thousand dollars, mostly owned here. In the little losses—that seem such to many—of the poor French population located just above the bridge, there was serious injury in a very few dollars damage. Their small tenements were located below high water mark, and their little woodpiles and other small stores give them actual distress. We commend them to the charitable—some of whom have already shown that they need no such hint.

Mr. Augustus Wood, the Toll-man on Ticonic Bridge, lost some articles stored in a little addition to his house, which went to pieces when the bridge was carried away.

Ticonic Bridge, that was but is not, was built in 1835 by a joint stock company. It was 600 feet long. About two thirds of its length was carried away by the freshet of 1853, but was restored by the company a year or two later. Its stock is now offered at 5 per cent, but is not taken. It paid 8 or 9 per cent last year. It yielded to the pressure of water on the center pier, about 11 o'clock Tuesday, and the entire structure sunk at once. It tarried for a time, mostly in one mass, in the bay below, and then moved off. Judge Rice, of Augusta, was at once informed by telegram, and fearing disaster to the rail road bridge, there, which was already hard pressed, dispatched a crew by cars to meet the wreck, and if possible secure or break it. Luckily they grappled it at Vassalboro', and made it fast. Only about 40 feet, broken up, passed down. (Our citizens are called to meet Monday evening, to take measures for crossing the river.)

LOSSES AT KENDALL'S MILLS.—Hon. Wm. Conner informs us that with the best estimate he can make, \$35,000 will cover the entire loss at that place—not including lumber owned by parties residing elsewhere. The mill of Messrs. Totman was damaged about \$1000. No other building suffered materially. A cow on the island, just above the village, belonging to Mr. T. B. Brown was drowned. We hear that most of the logs are secured at Brown's island, just above Gardiner. Only a few went below. Great injury results to the laborers at Kendall's Mills, who depended upon these logs to keep in operation the machinery that was to give them employment.

At Skowhegan, we learn from the Reporter, the mill of Weston & Baker, at the upper end of the island, was moved about 15 feet, and completely wrecked, at a loss of about \$2500; the mill of Stinchfield Bros. was damaged about \$2000; other mills were injured more or less, a wing dam was broken, floors damaged, shafting injured, &c. The water at the paper mill, it is said, measured a foot higher than in 1853, and was thirty feet above low water mark at the railroad bridge, being near the top of the pier. The Reporter gives the following items of damage about Skowhegan:—

At Norridgewock, but little damage was done. The water measured 28 feet above low water mark and only seven inches lower than in 1832.

At Madison Bridge, the town bridge across the canal was destroyed and the starch factory of Messrs. Wood, also the saw and blind factory were injured to a considerable extent. On Weston's island, the cattle were removed by the aid of boats with no loss, except a single horse. The hay in the barn of Mr. Weston was wet up several feet so as to injure it. The barn of Mr. Flint, on the same island, was turned over and the hay washed away. The barn of Mr. Smith was carried several rods and the hay, of course, badly damaged.

The Advocate says the freshet in the Carabasset reached its highest pitch at one o'clock Tuesday morning—the highest in 14 years. The granite abutments and the bridge over the South channel, and the dwelling house and stable at the South end occupied by H. H. Low were swept away. The mill stream was higher than ever before. McKenny's dam across the mouth with the floor to his shingle mill was swept away.

At Solon, the bridge across the Fall Brook, a blacksmith shop and shingle mill were swept away. Several smaller bridges between Solon and Bangor were washed away. At Athens, the saw mill below the bridge was injured, the bulk head being carried away and other damages by washing. The water there has not been so high since 1832. Mr. Collins of Harmony says that the freshet was very great on the Higgins stream. Lumber enough was lost from the Shingle mill to make 500 M. of shingles; 50 M. of pine and spruce were lost from Leighton's mill pond. The damage to Bartlett's clothing mill was considerable. The water was highest since Oct. 1834.

On the Sandy River no such flood was ever known, and the damage was very great, only one bridge being left on the river, and many of the intervals farms being swept of the crops. Mr. William Gutchell, of our village, who with others was engaged in building a dam on that river, found his camp flooded suddenly at night, and only escaped by wading through the water breast high.

At Farmington the freshet was 8 feet 6 in. higher than in 1855. Mr. Jones's corn factory was carried off with all its contents, inflicting damage to the amount of \$7000. One of the towers of the suspension bridge at Strong was undermined, and travel across it is suspended. Much damage was done at Phillips, in which town a cemetery was torn to pieces

and ruined; the body of one man, recently buried, is said to have been found on his own grave, three miles below.

The storm was even more severe in the eastern portion of our State and in the provinces. The E. & N. A. Railroad was much injured, the telegraph wires prostrated, and the damage to houses and vessels was very great. Eastport suffered severely.

Considerable loss was suffered on the Androscoggin, but at Lewiston no great damage was done. The Grand Trunk railroad was badly damaged, and the running of trains on a long portion of the road was for awhile suspended. At Farmington, the railroad and town bridges over the Sandy river were carried away.

At Gorham, N. H., Mr. J. M. Thompson, the proprietor of the Glen House, was drowned, with a Mr. Preble, who was assisting him in clearing a mill.

The storm was very extensive, and the same story of disaster, loss of property and loss of life, is repeated from Pennsylvania, Maryland, New York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut and Rhode Island.

The late heavy freshet was a severe test of the strength of the dam and the bulkheads of the Ticonic Water Power Company; but they stood the pressure nobly, showing that the Company has built well thus far. We hope notes were made of the condition of things during the late freshet, both for themselves and those who are to erect mills upon the dam. By a wise forethought and liberal expenditure at the outset, no loss worth mentioning was sustained at Lewiston, notwithstanding the sudden and unexpected rise of the Androscoggin. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

THE KENNEBEC COUNTY CONVENTION OF SCHOOL COMMITTEES, which was held here Sept. 3d, and of which Dr. D. N. Sheldon was chairman and D. L. Smith Secretary, some action was taken of which perhaps the public ought to be informed. After a thorough discussion of the proper qualifications of a school teacher, a form of Teacher's Certificate, presented by the State Superintendent, was adopted, which is to be printed for the use of the several towns in the county. The convention expressed itself, by vote, in favor of an oral and written method combined for the examination of teachers; and it was also voted that school committees should examine teachers only at stated times, and before the whole board. It was voted that an examination of the schools should be had at the close; and after a lengthy discussion of the subject of whispering, the following resolution was adopted:—

Resolved, That as the sentiment of this convention, the practice of calling upon the pupils in our schools, to state whether they have whispered or not is, in general not to be encouraged.

THE LITTLE WANDERERS, from the Baldwin Place Home, Boston, of whom many of our readers doubtless have pleasant recollections, will visit us again next Friday evening, and sing some of their beautiful songs in the Congregational Church. Rev. S. S. Cummings, who accompanies them, will deliver an address upon the work of "Saving the Children of the Streets." All are invited to attend.

Truly it was pleasant to see at the late fair, among the committee-men and on the stand, the venerable Samuel Taylor, of Fairfield, remembered by all as the first president of the society, elected twenty-two years ago. We well remember that election, when friend Taylor and the late Hon. Timothy Boutelle contended earnestly to see which could do most to give the office to the other—when to all the voters either would give abundant satisfaction. Both were thought to be "far-seeing men," and it is pleasant to find that their predictions of the society's prosperity and usefulness have been verified. Mr. Boutelle was an earnest worker in the society while he lived; and after twenty-two years we find friend Taylor still in the harness, with his broad-brim and broad sunny face beaming honor and encouragement upon all; while he is willing still to help bear the burdens that have at times borne hard upon the shoulders of younger men. The weight of more than three score and ten years seems to bear lightly upon his compact breadth of shoulder, and the kind wishes of his many associates promise him good cheer for still further duties that pay so well.

SALE OF SHORTHORNS.—Mr. L. A. Dow has sold his thoroughbred heifers, "Rena 2d," and "Rena 3d," the former three and the latter one year old, to Mr. Benj. Adams, of Farmington. Price of the first \$200, and of the second \$140. His cow "Beauty 3d," he sold at the N. E. Fair, to Mr. Holway, of Machias, for \$287. "Calico," a yearling heifer, he sold to Mr. E. A. Moray, of Machias, for \$125. With Mr. Dow's broad acres of fine pasture and meadow, he can probably make "farming pay," at the above rates.

Mark Twain's new book, "The Innocents Abroad," which we have already noticed with marked favor, has fallen into good hands in this place in the way of canvassing. Miss Mary C. Low has the agency; and as it is emphatically one of the most laughable and usefully readable books out, everybody will want it.

THE CHILDREN'S HOME, at Bangor, built through the beneficence of the late Mrs. Sarah March Pitcher, upon land donated by James Smith, Jr., and generously endowed by subscriptions of the citizens, was dedicated by appropriate services, on Wednesday, as we learn from the Whig.

A COURSE OF LECTURES—first class—has been arranged for by our enterprising neighbors at Skowhegan, who are provided with a large hall and a big hotel to accommodate a crowd. We are to have no lectures this winter; but those who wish can take advantage of the liberal enterprise of our Skowhegan neighbors, run up on the train at night, make a friendly call, listen to an excellent lecture, lodge in princely style at the Brewster House, and return in the morning refreshed and improved in body and mind. Hon. Charles Sumner gives the course next Thursday evening, Oct. 14, with a lecture on "Caste." The other lecturers will be "Carleton," Olive Logan, P. B. Du Chaillu, "Josh Billings," Fred Douglass, and Dr. I. J. Haynes, and there will be a musical entertainment by the Obrey Combination. Single admission 35cts.; tickets for entire course, \$2.00; with reserved seats, \$2.50.

THE BANGOR CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION was a grand affair—the greatest in its way ever known in the State. The day was very pleasant, the procession very long, and the exercises very interesting. Two thousand school children, in uniform, formed a pleasing feature in the procession. The exercises at the great tent consisted of a speech by Hon. G. W. Pickering, a former Mayor; an oration by John E. Gaffney, which included a history of the city; a poem by Mrs. E. L. Crosby; and a hymn by Mrs. B. H. Mace—formerly well known to the readers of the Mail through her beautiful little poems signed "Inez." The city was brilliant with fireworks in the evening, and enlivened by the music of three bands—Germania, Portland and Bangor. The Centennial Supper at Noronbeaga was truly a "feast of reason and a flow of soul," with many pleasant streaks of fun. Our venerable neighbor Carter, of the periodical depot, who went over as an invited guest, came home completely rejuvenated by the good time he enjoyed and takes a new lease of life.

THE SPIRE OF THE METHODIST CHURCH is partially unveiled, and judging of what is hidden by the grace and beauty revealed, we think that the architect and those for whom he has labored can safely congratulate themselves on the result. The building is one to which we shall all point with pride, as we escort strangers about our village. Mr. J. Guelph, of Boston, an Italian artist, is now frescoing the large hall, and the church will be ready for occupancy about the first of November.

Mr. Charles F. Douglass, who has built this church on contract, is also building three dwelling houses in our village—Mr. Faribault's, of which we made mention last week; a large house on the Plain, for the Catholic Priest, Father Picard; and a double house on College Street, for Geo. Gutchell, Esq. (who comes back to his old home to spend his last days where he first saw the light) and Dr. Palmer, our efficient Dentist. Only the main portion of the Priest's house, which is to be elegantly finished, will be completed this season; but there are eventually to be attached to it spacious out buildings in the rear, and a very pretty church, designed by Mr. Douglass, in front. These may be erected next year.

Mr. Douglass has two other contracts on his hands elsewhere, and is evidently a live man with a growing reputation. He belongs in Norridgewock, where he has an elegant residence of his own make, and he has an office in Skowhegan.

THE SOMERSET CENTRAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY held their Show last week and had beautiful weather and a very large exhibition. Mr. H. C. Burleigh, of Fairfield, President of our Agricultural Society, took premiums as follows:—

First on thoroughbred herd; 1st on working oxen; 1st on fat cattle; 1st and 3d on thoroughbred bulls; 1st on bull calves; 1st and 3d on thoroughbred cows; 3d on grade cows; 1st and 3d on thoroughbred 3 year old heifers; 1st on thoroughbred 2 year old heifers; 1st, 2d and 3d on one year old heifers; 1st, 2d and 3d on heifer calves; and 1st on 2 year old stallions.

Mr. L. A. Dow, of Waterville, was present with his Durham Bull, Matador Jr., which could not be entered for a premium, as he resided outside of the limits of the society, but the committee recommended a gratuity for him as being worthy of the first premium of any society.

We add our testimony to that of the committee, in favor of Mr. Wheeler's nice basket of onions—though so far as we are concerned, Mr. Blake's were just as good. We have no occasion, thus far, to weep for either of these enterprising young farmers, though they have both given us the means of doing so if we needed a stimulant for our tears. Possibly the committee believe in hereditary titles to the first premium; but as the present arrangement promises to favor our soups, we decline wounding the feelings of either party. We award our first premium to both, and advise them to try again.

If you would prepare for an occasional use of coal, as well as wood, according to the market and your own convenience, bear in mind that the famous "Richmond Range" is fitted for both. Indeed, many prefer using coal both winter and summer. No other stove equals it in this respect.

THE SILVER WEDDING OF Mr. and Mrs. Wm. K. Lunt, was celebrated at their residence in Benton, on Friday evening of this week. Lots of pretty things went there from the establishment of Alden Bros. of our village.

WHAT NEXT?—One of the kite-flying devices for drawing a crowd at the fair at Bridgewater, Mass., was an ox race. That was a little ahead of Josh Billings's "agricultural horse trot."

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON FRATERNITY.—Hon. Josiah H. Drummond, of Portland, was to preside at the closing exercises of the annual convention of this body, held with the chapter at Bowdoin this week. These were to consist of an oration by Mr. Pratt, of Norwich, Conn., a well known lawyer, and a poem by Mr. Puffer, of New York. The Portland Daily Advertiser, it may be well to state, makes the *amende honorable*, by stating that this fraternity is in no way connected with the Delta Kappa society of Yale, which has recently obtained an unenviable notoriety.

BAPTISM.—Rev. Mr. Jones, who is temporarily supplying the Baptist pulpit, baptised a candidate at the Bay, last Sabbath, who, with one other, was admitted to the Baptist church the same day.

SNEAK THIEVES are about and four clothes-lines in our village were robbed on Wednesday night. A crew of drunken fellows from outside, who made themselves troublesome on the first day of the cattle show, are suspected.

President Grant has appointed a national thanksgiving day, on the 15th of November. Good!

Mr. N. P. Downer has been appointed a Constable, by the Selectmen, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the non-acceptance of one elected at the annual meeting.

The trustees of the West Somerset Cattle Show and Fair announce a postponement of the Show one week. It will take place October 13th and 14th.

CONNECTICUT ELECTION.—Returns from all but 88 towns show a gain for the Republicans of seven towns and for the democrats, 4.

A BIG PRICE.—Mr. Geo. E. Shores, our thriving farmer and well known cattle breeder, sold a pair of grade Hereford steers, 17 months old, at the New England Fair in Portland, for \$300. The steers weighed 2255 lbs., and their girls was 6 feet. Of course they were nice ones, but what would the farmers of twenty-five years ago have thought of getting three hundred dollars for a pair of yearling steers!

On Saturday, at South China, William G. Kingsbury was tried under the liquor law and convicted of being a common seller. The same evening the Second Baptist Church was set on fire and burned. As several members of the church were instrumental in getting him convicted, su picians fell upon Kingsbury as incendiary. Monday morning Kingsbury, John Kitchen and L. B. Mitchell were arrested and pleaded not guilty, but were held for trial.

Later—Kingsbury and Kitchen were held for trial, and Mitchell discharged. They gave bonds in \$1000 each.

THE NORWALK (CT.) BANK ROBBERY.—It now appears that the rogues who robbed the National Bank at Norwalk, Ct., on Thursday night, secured upwards of \$100,000 as their booty. The Hartford Times gives the following particulars:—

The bank had just been provided with a new safe, and also new locks of the most approved kind. The outer door was forced open with instruments, and the safe blown open with powder—the doors of the outer and inner vault being first blown open. The heavy iron door of the inner vault lay out upon the floor—showing that several men were employed in moving it. The bank kept its spare funds in New York, to check against; and the plunder of the thieves consisted of the currency and bonds on hand, and the avails of the private boxes. Of the latter there were ten. The largest deposit in them was that of Ebenezer Hill, Esq., the President of the bank, who had a deposit of \$70,000 in a tin box, from which he had fortunately taken \$10,000. Mr. Beard had \$10,000, Mr. Jessie Smith \$10,000, and other parties various sums of five to ten thousand, making in all \$100,000 in private boxes that was taken. Two other parties had large deposits of silver, and these, for some reason, were not disturbed. One trunk, containing silverware and gold, was not opened. The bank's loss is \$42,000 in currency and about \$80,000 in bonds and securities; perhaps a little less. The bank is liable for some of the stolen securities, which were pledged as collateral.

A letter from Cuba received in Washington Saturday, confirms previous accounts of insubordination and treachery in the Cuban army. Gen. Cespedes and Gen. Quesada are uniting in their efforts to harmonize the conflicting element, but without success. They report that every promise made to them before leaving New York had been violated. The wounded are always murdered and to this is to be added the almost daily assassination of their comrades by those whose independence and liberty they were induced to volunteer to assist in securing.

THE contest between the Pacific Engine Company of Augusta and the Triumph of Biddeford came off Saturday, each company playing in their own city. The contest resulted in favor of the Triumphs, they having played two hundred and sixteen feet, five inches against a play of two hundred and two feet and half an inch.

The Lewiston Journal learns that Tobias Meader was shot and seriously wounded a day or two since a few miles outside of that city, by a man whose name is not known. The statement is that Meader was driving out when he overtook a lady and invited her to ride. She accepted the invitation, and going on a little way met a man who called to Meader to stop, saying the woman was his wife. Meader did not stop and the man fired a pistol at him inflicting a painful wound.

AN EX JUDGE OF PROBATE INDICTED FOR FRAUD.—Hon. Lyman Rawson, of Rumford, formerly Judge of Probate of Oxford County has been indicted by the grand jury of that county for fraudulently altering a deed of real estate. He was arraigned and pleaded not guilty and was admitted to bail in \$3000.

A missionary has arrived from Zanzibar, who brings the welcome intelligence that Mr. Kirk had received a letter from Dr. Livingston, dated February, 1869. The doctor was then on Lake Tanganyika. He was in good health, but short of provisions.

In the late storm the Coliseum was again a sufferer. The wind Monday afternoon, about half-past three o'clock, tore off two more sections, or about 30 feet, of the upper roof on the easterly side, tipping it over and leaving it on the lower roof, and scattering a few fragments on the sidewalk, besides slightly injuring the cap of the roof, about 20 feet further south. The wind did no damage.

The Coroner's inquest upon the bodies of those killed at the Indiana State Fair, resulted in a verdict that their death was caused by the carelessness of the engineer. The Y. M. C. A. of Indianapolis raised \$1,500, the County Commissioners appropriated \$5,000 and the State Board of Agriculture donated \$5,000 for the sufferers.

A RAILROAD INCIDENT WITH A HUMOROUS PHASE.—Yesterday morning as the early passenger train from Saco approached the long bridge across Fore river the engineer discovered an old lady crossing the bridge, walking between the rails. He sounded the whistle repeatedly, but the pedestrian did not appear to hear it. The train was slowed down almost to a full stop, and struck her behind very gently, and set her down quietly on the cow-catcher. The old lady looked up in amazement, and getting on her feet thanked the engineer for stopping for her. She was a "little mite hard of hearing," and heard something but thought it was the tug boat whistling for "em to open the draw."—[Portland Daily Adv.]

SMART SPIDER. One of the clerks employed in Crossman & Co's., Portland, after washing his hands in the store, left a gold ring on the wash-stand. The next day he went into the store for it, remembering that he left it there, and discovered that a large spider had spun his web through it and had actually lifted it a fraction of an inch above the stand, and was gradually working it up to the ceiling. Pretty smart spider.—[Press.]

The Augusta correspondent of the Boston Advertiser, says the Governor has determined to nominate Hon. Lot M. Morrill to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Resend.

The three commissioners, chosen by Gov. Chamberlain, to examine the State lands and to select localities favorable for the settlement by Norwegian and Swedish immigrants, have begun their examination.

The election of town officers in Connecticut Monday has resulted, as far as heard from, in the return of republicans in twenty-eight towns, democrats in eighteen, and six divided.

A letter received in New York from Havana says a war with the United States is vastly popular in that city; the belief prevailing among the populace that the Spanish iron-clads could sink the whole American navy and destroy the cities along the Atlantic coast, while the rest of the fleet would sweep American commerce from the seas. The municipal authorities of Havana have notified the Captain-General that in case of a foreign war they will tender the mother country their strongest support. The volunteers continue to control the affairs of the island, and the Captain-General is powerless to prevent them. A general feeling of insecurity and alarm prevails, and neither foreigners nor natives feel safe.

The N. Y. Herald's last sensation is from Key West, and says that a Cuban expedition, 400 strong, left New York on Monday morning on board the steamer Albatross, bound for the forts and two revenue cutters, and arrived on the Florida coast on Friday morning. She was joined off the coast by the Cuban privateers Lillian and Tenser, on board of which were 800 men, 10,000 Remington and Winchester rifles, 500 revolvers and 20 pieces of artillery. Another body of men, under command of Generals Steadman and Magroder, are now at a Gulf port, embarking on a third vessel for the common rendezvous of the Cuban coast. The Lillian and Tenser, with a large number of men, about seventy officers and a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition, sailed for Cuba Friday night. They will be joined at sea by the privateers Hornet and Cuba, carrying 15 guns each, some of which are 100 pounders. The four vessels will escort the expedition to its final destination. The Hornet will cruise about the island and the others will go to sea in search of Spanish merchantmen and troop ships. Volunteerism is very brisk all along the whole Gulf coast, and already 5000 men are awaiting transportation.

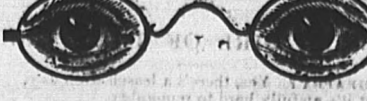
The trustees of the West Somerset Cattle Show and Fair announce a postponement of the show one week. It will take place, Oct. 13th and 14th.

TRIAL OF MRS. PARKER.—It will be remembered that the shooting of a Mrs. Baker by Mrs. Parker in Portland last June created quite a sensation at that time. For this shooting, Mrs. Parker was tried last week and was acquitted on the ground that she was suffering from temporary insanity or monomania amounting to the same. It will be remembered that Mr. Parker and Mrs. Baker were supposed to sustain improper relations for a husband to hold with a woman not his wife. Mrs. Parker had long suspected this, had found letters in her husband's pockets implicating him, and at the time of shooting the guilty couple were in company. Parker, as it was shown, had treated his wife cruelly.

Hon. A. B. Farwell, of Augusta, writes to the Portland Advertiser a lengthy statement in denial of the charge that he has been sued or had any connection with what was termed the "paper credits."

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Nearly six years ago, I ordered one of your Sewing Machines, and since then I have done with it, and only all the ordinary family sewing, but also all our millinery and minute making, besides frequently encroaching upon the tailor's peculiar province; and this for a family of eight souls. Several of them were grown, engaged in business or professional life. I have wrought on various kinds of material, from Swiss muslin and silk to heavy beaver cloth and morocco, and have two bed-quilt, every inch in which, piecing, quilting, and binding, was done on the machine. When I purchased it was a perfect novice, never having worked on any kind of a machine. The agent was miles away; and there was no then, as now, other Wheeler & Wilson Machines near by. Still, though I never had five minutes' instruction, I found no trouble in learning myself. It is as completely under my control as the needle in my hand, and has never had any repairs. Only two needles have been broken. One No. 2 needle did all the sewing course and fine, for ten years. It is indeed our "household pet." It has paid for itself more than once in the sewing bills which it has saved. Mrs. M. A. GAGE, Roxabell, Ohio.

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CELEBRATED

PERFECTED SPECTACLES

AND

EYE GLASSES.

The large and increasing sales of these

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is a sure proof of their superiority. We would remind that they would be appreciated here as elsewhere, and that the reality of the advantages offered to wearers of our beautiful Lenses, the fine AND COMFORT, the assured and unquestioned improvement of the sight, and

The Brilliant Assistance they Give in all

ere in themselves no apparent on trial, that the result could not be otherwise than a **PERFECTED PERFECTED GENERAL ADOPTION** of our **CELEBRATED PERFECTED SPECTACLES** by the residents of this locality.

With a full knowledge of the value of the assertion,

We Claim they are the most Perfect Optical Aids ever Manufactured.

To those seeking Spectacles, we afford at all times an opportunity of procuring the **BEST AND MOST DESIRABLE.**

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DRUGGIST,
KENDALL'S MILLS, N.C.

Has always on hand a full assortment, suitable for every at-
tention. *Truly,* *Yours,* *respect the amount that a good thing is worth.*

We take occasion to notify the Public that
we employ no pedlars, and to caution
them against those pretending to
have our goods for sale.

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1. The first step is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the symptoms and the context in which the problem is occurring.

Attention - - - All!
Patronize Home Industry.
NOT FORG
CRACKERS

CRACKERS
OF MATTHEWS,
OR OF
MANLEY & TOZER,
Who will sell you the nicest Butter Crackers for
10¢ (1/2 lb. per lb.) 11¢ the 6 lbs.

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

HOUSE AT AUCTION.

Will be sold at public auction, on Saturday, the 9th of
October, at one o'clock P.M., on the premises the dwelling
house on Pleasant-St., known as the Arnold House. Terms
as required.

C. R. McFADDEN,

Waterbury, Sept. 29, 1899 - 14 Auctioneer.

FOR SALE.

The subscriber's place on College Street with a part or whole of fifteen acres of land adjoining.

A. J. ABBEN.

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JUST THE BOOK NEEDED IN EVERY FAMILY, and cheap that all can afford it. It is a handsome octavo 644 double printed pages, containing the matter of \$75 00 value, but is sold at \$2.50. It differs from all similar works, in that it gives different modes of treatment—the A Homeopathic, the Eclectic, the Conventional, the Hygienic, the Surgical, and the Quackery—so that every one can find what he needs, or is desiring if available where other books are of no use. Get it by far the best selling book of the kind ever published. Over two thousand (2,000) copies have already been sold in the city of Chicago, where the author res-

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TO SELL TICKETS TO
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EACH TICKET

entitles the holder to one GRAND CONCERT by Gilmore's Band, and
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 OR NO. 14 STATE STREET, BOSTON.

NOTICE.
 WHEREAS my wife, Lucinda M. Bennett, has by her

heard without justifiable cause, all persons are hereby
bidden from boring or trusting her on my account as I have
no debts of her contracting for her sick date.

ELBRIDGE G. ROUNDEY.
1e-15°

Winnipeg, Oct. 6, 1899.

Winnipeg County.—In Probate Court at Augusta, on the
fourth Monday of September, 1899.

JOSEPH W. KATSON, of the County of Joseph, State of Wis-
consin, in and for said County, being presented.

Application for admission of said County, having been made
in accordance with the provisions of the act in that behalf

signed. That notice thereof be given three weeks previously prior to the fourth Monday of October next, to the full, a newspaper printed in Waterville, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden as aforesaid, and show cause, if any, why the power of said petition should not be granted.

H. K. BAKER, Judge.
J. HUNTON, Register.

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ANNOUNCE COURT.—In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of September, 1890.

A. G. L. WILLIAMS, widow of Hanson C. Williams,
 late of Waterville, Me., said: Family deceased, having pre-
 died, and no one for allowance out of the personal es-
 tate said deceased:
 DEFENSE: That notice thereof be given three weeks suc-
 cessively prior to the fourth Monday of October next, in the
 1st, a newspaper printed in Waterville. That all persons in-
 terested may attend at a court of probate then to be held on
 August 1st, and show cause if any, why the prayer of said
 petition should not be granted.
 H. E. BARNES, Judge.
 Attest—J. BURTON, Register.

