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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 23, No. 16): October 15, 1869

Maxham & Wing

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THE DEAD BABY.

Close the blue eyes that are gazing so coldly,  
Push back the ringlets that shadow his brow,  
Fold o'er his bosom the pale tiny fingers,  
And cover the shoulders, so beautiful now.

Kiss the soft lips that are silent forever,  
Fold up the dress that was stainless and white,  
Draw down the curtains, and close all the windows,  
Let not the sun glare so shining and bright.

Clasp in his fingers the pure meadow lilies,  
Take off the slippers all trodden and worn,  
Hang up the hat with its fluttering ribbons,  
Lay down the apron, on thorn-bushes torn.

Baby has gone from the valley so fearful,  
Poor little feet! they were weary and sore,  
But now, he has passed o'er the cold, silent river,  
And he's resting his feet on the Heavenly shore.

—The Children's Friend.

TWO WAYS.

It was Saturday evening, and the bells of the different workshops were ringing the glad roundelay that ushers in the workman's weekly rest, as two young men emerged from one of the centres of industry and started in a homeward direction. They were vigorous young mechanics, and the roll of greenbacks which each carried in his pocket was the just recompense of faithful labor; for the Messrs. Wentworth had in their employ no better workmen than Harry Ford and William Hill.

A few minutes' walk brought them to a large corner building, whose resplendent sign of blue and gold, together with its windows of semi-transparent glass, proclaimed at once its character and design.

Both young men entered, for a score was owing here, and though other bills go unpaid—though wife and children lack the necessities of life—that which poisons both mind and body must be paid for promptly.

Alas! for those snug little rolls of greenbacks handed them by the clerk but an hour before! which might have kept their families in comfort during the ensuing week; leaving a trifle for the savings bank against the time of old age or trouble.

Oh! the highway robbers of old times dashing out from midnight woods, demanding of helpless travelers their money or their life, were innocent compared to this fearful brigand, Intemperance, who standing in our most public thoroughfares in the full light of day, takes from his unhappy victim not only his money but his life also; together with almost all the virtues with which man was created!

"I reckon Sallie will give me thunder," said William, as coming out he dropped his flaccid portemonnaie into his pocket. "I promised her a new bonnet, and Ben a pair of boots this week for certain; but it can't be helped now, they'll have to wait."

A pang shot through the breast of Harry Ford at his friend's words, for he remembered that little Johnny too expected a pair of boots to-night; and though poor patient Mary had not asked for a bonnet, he knew it was not because she did not need one.

The friends walked in silence till they came to William's door. An unkempt, neglected looking boy sat on the steps, who, as they approached, sprang to his feet crying:

"I say, pap, have you got the money for my boots?"

"No," curtly replied William, ascending the steps, while Harry passed on.

The boy's face darkened with passion as he exclaimed: "What did you promise them to me for?"

"What's that you say?" demanded the father. "Come right into the house."

But he who cannot control his own passions, need not hope to govern the will of another; and muttering imprecations, the son dashed away down the street, to witness, if not to mingle, in the night scenes of a great city.

The home which William now entered was such only in name—for disorder and discomfort were its chief characteristics. Sallie was wont to tell her neighbors that she "had no heart to fix up things." As though the want of encouragement could ever be a valid excuse for neglecting a simple duty!

Neither was her man rarer on his entrance calculated to render the man comfortable.

"No money as usual! I reckon," was her greeting.

"Well, not much, Sallie—that's a fact," he replied. "But I vow I'm sorry. I did intend you to have the bonnet and Ben the boots; but—I'll do better—you shall have them next week."

It was vain for him to seek to avoid the storm of wrath and fiery indignation which now poured down upon him.

"What did he think of himself, treating her and the children so? But she might have known it! It was an ill day when she married him!"

She talked until she was exhausted, and then burst into a flood of passionate tears.

William, who had been sitting at the table, gave his plate a fierce shove, got up and went out, slamming the door angrily behind him. There were no cold suppers nor scolding wives round at Smith's. After all, it was the best place, and there was no use trying.

Very different was the table to which, in the mean time, Harry Ford had been welcomed by Johnny's kiss and Mary's loving smile.

The food, though plain, was well prepared, and the cloth, though coarse, of spotless purity. Saturday evening was a festive occasion with them, and the wife always managed to have some extra delicacy to grace it. To-night it was strawberries, and the glass dish containing them was tastefully garnished with leaves; for Mary had been raised in the country, and all the trouble and pinching economy which she had experienced had been insufficient to crush out the love of beauty and grace which with which she commenced city life.

After the pleasant tea was over, Harry sat with Johnny on his knee under the rude arbor which in happier times he had constructed—times when the long summer evenings were spent in arranging something for use or ornament in his little yard.

"Aint you going out to-night, papa?" asked Johnny.

"No, I think not to-night, Johnny. I'll stay at home with you."

He scarcely knew why he answered so, but some strange influence seemed to be exerting itself upon him; and when the child, with a sigh of satisfaction, cuddled closer to his bosom, he felt repaid for his self-denial.

"Harry," said Mary, coming to the door, "can you spare me the money for Johnny's boots to-night?"

His tone was sad and remorseful as he replied, "No, Mary, I can't to-night. I know he needs them, and you need a bonnet too—but I cannot get them now."

A great sigh forced itself through the man's lips, as his face sank with shame among Johnny's curls.

"I do not need a bonnet very badly," said Mary, turning away, but I would like Johnny to have a pair of boots, that he might go to the Sunday School. However, I am going to take some sewing home to a lady—perhaps she may pay me enough to buy a pair."

"Never mind, papa, said Johnny, thrusting

out a foot encased in a tattered shoe. "These are good old boots!—besides, look, papa! you can tell me about the pig that went to market, without taking them off!"

Yes, there were the five little rosy toes peeping out; but Harry could not repeat the old nursery rhyme, for his child's innocent words were sending the bitter waves of contrition over his soul.

It was the time of grape blossoming, and that sweetest of all perfumes—that which ages ago delighted Solomon—fell like soft incense around him; but the deluge of remorse which had overtaken him, rendered him completely oblivious of the charms of nature.

"Papa," resumed Johnny, "do you think that mamma is going to die?"

"Oh! no, my boy—no! Why do you ask?"

"Why, she goes up stairs and says a prayer to herself—a heap longer than 'Our Father,'—and she cries; and when I ask her what ails her, she only cries more, and hugs me ever so tight. I was afraid that maybe she was going to die."

"Don't, Johnny!" exclaimed Harry.

He spoke as one who had received a physical blow; and putting the child gently down, he passed with hurried steps out of the little garden, through the dingy, suburban street, and away along the river shore.

It was a lovely evening. A young moon showed her silver crescent, while the rosy clouds still lingered in the west. Birds on every hand were tuning their vesper anthems, and the gentle ripples of the river kissing the flowery banks seemed to murmur "peace."

But Harry Ford saw not the beauty of the scene; for his very soul seemed consumed with a fire of remorse and despair. He did not soothe his conscience, with resolves to do better, for he knew by past experience just what such resolves were worth.

All seemed black hopelessness! and the water enticed him to a suicidal death.

Suddenly the clear tones of St. Mark's bell floated out on the air. And with them came to Harry's mind the remembrance of an Al-mighty arm; and of grace that is all sufficient!

That was what he needed! And falling upon his knees—there in the darkening woodland—a poor creature, weaker than water, laid hold upon a strength that is everlasting!

Many were the temptations which Harry encountered during the ensuing weeks and months. But their is no magic ring of guard to be compared to the faithful prayers of a loving wife. And these, together with his own and his manly struggles were at last triumphant. The drinking habit could be passed without a desire to enter—new improvements appeared in the little garden—and happiness again reigned in his humble home.

A year later Harry and his wife followed his old friend William Hill to that sad place, a drunkard's grave. As they walked sadly homeward, Harry's voice shook with emotion as he said:

"It is to you, Mary, under God, I owe it, that I too am not lying in an untimely grave or hurrying thither. Had you in those wretched old times, treated me with the hardness and contempt that I deserved, I know it would have hastened me upon my downward course. But it was your gentle patience—your true wife's faithfulness—that lured me back to the path of rectitude and honor!"

Verily, there are two ways. One of bitter recrimination and fiery wrath poured out upon the erring; the other of patient endurance, prayer, and self denial. The latter is a very lowly path and many women who walk in it are called weak and spiritless; but it may save a soul from death. And for such is there not the promise that, "They shall shine as the stars forever and ever?"

One of the new Quaker agents among the Omaha Indians writes an account of the progress of the work among the tribes. From his account it seems that the work of these agents consists not merely in taming the Indians but in civilizing them. He closes his letter as follows:

"To enclose 334 farms with fences and build a cottage for each, to say nothing of stabling and other outbuildings, the digging of wells for water, &c., is no small undertaking. Still it can be done by a proper appropriation of money and the right direction of labor, and that in a short time. The old tribal character of the Indians must be broken up, or their total extinction is inevitable. The chase must be abandoned as a means of subsistence. The plow, the loom and the anvil must be substituted for the bow and arrow, and the quick, sharp crack of the deadly rifle. Intellectual light must break in upon the dark recesses of ignorance and superstition; while the benign influence of the christian religion will I trust console the poor Indian with hope that his last days will be his best days."

Taxes.—Senator Sherman of Ohio, in a recent speech, argued that no system of taxation had ever been discovered, which, taken as a whole, has been so productive of revenue, and yet had fallen so lightly on the masses of the people, as that which we have enjoyed of late years. He referred to the rapid reduction of taxes, and stated that there would be yet greater reductions. He showed that the internal taxes do not rest upon the masses of the people. We levy a very heavy tax upon the National Banks, yielding over \$9,000,000 to the United States, and a like amount to the States. The tax on sales is confined to the larger dealers, and those whose sales are small are entirely exempted. The special tax on employments, called the license tax, falls exclusively upon employments which are supposed to yield large profits without manual labor, and the tax on stamps is exclusively a commercial tax. No internal tax is levied on any article in common use among the people and produced in the United States. These taxes have been repealed, and no doubt other burdens will be lightened as fast as possible regarding all our varied interests.—[Courier.

People who go through the world with a flourish rarely have anything else. It is a cheap and paltry existence, and may be compared to a bass drum, which makes a great deal of noise, but has not the slightest music. The best part of a comet is not in its flaunting tail, but

in its magnetic body; the best people in the world are not those who flourish and parade and smash and crash along, but the quiet, thinking, pushing, working class.

THE SIXTH SENSE.

When I was a young man I was one of the two bass singers in a New England village choir. The other was Deacon White, who had charge of the town oor. For want of asylums and public institutions in the place, he was often obliged to have undesirable inmates in his house. In the winter season, when the church was too cold for us to sing there, we had choir-meetings around at different houses, and one evening we met at Deacon White's. At that time he had two poor miserable insane women in cages, in his house. He was very kind to them, and acquired great influence over them, so that he could quiet and control them in their paroxysms, and they respected him, and would obey him to some extent. He went to them before we arrived that evening, and told them that the choir was coming there to sing, and that he hoped they would be very good, and not disturb him and his friends. They promised to be quiet, and until the singing began they kept their word. But we had barely finished the first hymn when there was an outcry which the Deacon vainly attempted to ignore. The first soprano giggled, and the dear little alto, whom I had brought with me across the crusted snows of Cranberry Meadow, turned pale with alarm.

The deacon was then called out. One of his crazy inmates had sent for him. She must see him that moment. So he went, and I spent my time in reassuring the timid little alto.

"Why Polly!" said the Deacon, "didn't you promise me to be quiet and not disturb me while my friends were here?"

"Yes, I know," she answered; "but isn't there a man down there by the name of Hubbard?"

"Yes there is," said the Deacon; "do you know him?"

"No; but go and ask him if his mother's name isn't Harriet."

"Oh, never mind!" said the deacon, "he is busy now; we want to sing. Be good and quiet."

"But you must ask him," she shrieked, "and if his mother is Harriet Hubbard I want to see him."

She was so wild and imperious that the Deacon came and called me out. "Hubbard," he said, "one of those crazy women is asking for you by name, and wants to know if your mother's name is Harriet."

"It is," I replied, much surprised.

She says she must see you, so perhaps you had better come, if you don't mind it, and pacify her."

I assented, and we went up stairs to a large bare chamber where the unfortunate woman were lodged. Polly was staring with wild eyes behind the bars.

"Your name is Hubbard?" she screamed.

"It is."

"Your mother's name is Harriet?"

"Yes."

"I knew it must be. I knew it!"

"Did you know her?" I asked.

"I saw her once, ever so long ago; it was at Clarinda Higgins' wedding. You ask her."

"But how did you know I was here?"

"Heard you singing. Knew your voice. Knew it was Harriet Hubbard's boy. Of course it was."

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Do? Of course not! No man can do anything for me."

"Well, Polly," said the Deacon, "you've seen Hubbard, now lie down and be quiet, and we will go and sing. They are waiting for us."

"Well, I will," she said. "You ask your mother if she didn't see Polly Wool at Clarinda's wedding?"

So we went down stairs, and had no more disturbance from the forlorn creature in the cages.

When I went home I asked mother about poor Polly.

"Yes, I saw her, she said. It was fourteen years ago last Thanksgiving. Clarinda was the daughter of a well-to do farmer in our town, and when she was married they gave a party which was long talked of in the neighborhood. Polly was a handsome young woman, with untidy black eyes, that looked strange and wild then. Poor thing! poor thing!"

"But, mother," I asked, "did you sing at the party?"

"Sing? No, of course not. I never was much of a singer."

"Then how did she recognize your voice in mine?"

"I'm sure I cannot tell, nor even how she could if I had sung, since I never sang bass! We played games in the great kitchen, so of course, there was talking."

"It was a pretty gay evening," said my father. "Your mother was lively and entertaining; her troublesome boy was away at his grand-mother's and she hadn't a care on her mind."

They went on talking of the merry party at the farm-house, which had made so deep an impression on poor Polly's mind. But the unsolved mystery of her recognition of her mother's voice in mine grew no clearer. It puzzled me then, and it puzzles me now. There was no marked peculiarity in the voice she had heard so many years before. There was nothing unusual in mine. What could there be in that heavy bass of mine, rolling out our old fashioned singing hymn tune, in common with the light treble of a woman's talk at play? What recognizable relationship could they have, and by what insight was it discovered?

Mrs. Stowe.—The papers are circulating the following card from Mrs. Stowe as one that was going to appear at a subsequent time: so that it probably contains what the endorsers of this lady's course think ought to be said.

Mrs. Stowe desires the friends of justice and fair dealing to publish for her this announcement—that she has kept silence hitherto in regard to the criticisms on her article on Lady Byron, for two reasons: First, because she regarded the public mind in too excited a state to consider the matter dispassionately; and, secondly, because she has expected the development of additional proofs in England, some of which, of great importance, have already come to hand. Mrs. Stowe is preparing a re-

view of the whole matter, with further facts and more documents, including several letters of Lady Byron to her, attesting the vigor and soundness of her mind at the period referred to, and also Mrs. Stowe's own letters to Lady Byron at the same time, which were returned to her by the executors soon after that lady's death. She will also give the public a full account of the circumstances which led her to feel it to be her duty to make this disclosure, as an obligation alike of justice, gratitude and personal friendship.

IMPAIRED TASTE.—Of all the senses, that of taste is the worst treated, the most perverted. The delicate little nervous fibers which are distributed to the minute papillae that cover the surface of the tongue, soft palate, and fauces, and which constitute the organ of taste, are boiled by hot tea and coffee, burned by hot food, and irritated and inflamed by salt, pepper, spices, vinegar, liquor, etc. until it is a wonder that they can distinguish a peach from a potato. That these things do blunt and injure the finer susceptibilities of the nerves of taste, there is not a shadow of doubt. The only wonder is that they do not destroy the sense of taste entirely. Persons accustomed to using these things freely can not distinguish the delicate natural flavors of food, and therefore lose a large share of that gustatory enjoyment which they should experience, and which those who still possess a healthy taste do experience. To an unperverted taste water is the sweetest and most agreeable of drinks, while to many it is scarcely endurable, unless it has mingled with it some sharp, strong flavored substance. Many persons can not relish the delicious peach even, without peppering and spicing it highly; and then it is not the peach that they taste but the condiments used with it. To such persons, plain, simply-prepared food tastes insipid, while those whose organs of taste are unperverted such food is filled with delicious flavors. Those who have impaired their sense of taste can, to a certain extent, have it restored, by carefully avoiding the use of the substances which caused the injury. The increase of gustatory enjoyment which they will experience from such a change, will only be believed after thorough trial. There is scarcely one in a thousand whose taste is not more or less perverted and blunted by the use of highly seasoned food or drinks. Simple, healthful food is the exception, while rich, strongly-flavored and complicated dishes are the rule, because demanded by the perverted tastes of the people.—[Herald of Health.

The profound impression produced throughout the Christian world by the revolt of Father Hyacinthe against the Papal hierarchy, is hardly to be wondered at when we consider the facts in the case. He is the most eloquent preacher of the Latin Church in France, an accomplished scholar, a profound thinker, a brilliant rhetorician. His Conference at Notre Dame were frequented by all that was most distinguished in Paris, and a larger audience than his voice would reach would be gathered an hour before he was to commence. The defection of such a man from the church could not be without serious consequences, even if like Renan and Lamennais he had exchanged too much faith for too little. But he does nothing of the kind. He still claims to be a Catholic; and a follower of the saints, but he protests against practices of the Church which he denounces as against Christianity and against nature. He assails no existing doctrine of the Church, but arraigns its rulers for a sacrilegious perversion of the gospel, the spirit and letter of which he declares are trodden under foot by the despotic pharisaism of the new law. He appeals to the Ecumenical Council about to meet, to reform the monstrous abuses which priests have set up to destroy the holy liberty of the Christian. This is the revolt not of an infidel but of an apostle. Friar Hyacinthe is, or may be, the Luther of our day.

Vice-President Colfax was serenaded at Great Salt Lake City on Tuesday evening last, and in response to repeated calls, addressed an immense crowd in front of the Townsend House, in the course of which he gave his views at length on the subject of polygamy. He quoted from the Book of Mormon, and proved at least to the satisfaction of his Gentile auditors, that the whole thing was unwise and illegal and ought to be abolished. He was followed by Governor Bross of Illinois, who fully endorsed the arguments of the Vice-President. Such freedom of speech has never been exercised in that city before. Mr. Colfax and party left for the East Wednesday.

CORNS.—The pain occasioned by corns may be greatly alleviated by the following preparation: Into a one-ounce phial add a druggist to put two drachms of muriatic acid, and six drachms of rose-water. With this mixture wet the corns night and morning for three days. Soak the feet every evening in warm water without soap. Put one third of the acid into the water, and with a little picking, the corn will be dissolved.—[Jessie Piessie.

The sapient woman critic of the *Saturday Review* says in his latest essay: "It is one of the oldest points of difference between man and woman that woman has no First Love. The long alphabet of her affection is without any distinct end or beginning; she mounts by insensible gradations from dolls and kittens and pet brothers to the zenith of passion, to descend by the same insensible gradations from the zenith of passion through pet brothers to tabby cats."

TO MAKE PAPER STICK TO WHITEWASHED WALLS.—A writer in the *Rural New Yorker* says make a sizing of common glue and water, of the consistency of linseed oil, and apply with whitewash or other brush to the wall, taking care to go over every part and especially top and bottom. Apply the paper in the ordinary way as soon as you please and if the paste is properly made it will remain for years.

A devoted ritualist was discussing the subject of liturgy with a shrewd old rector, and claimed the whole Bible furnished no instance of any other than written prayers—"no sir, not a single one, sir." "Do you really think so?" "Yes, sir I defy you to point to a scripture prayer that was not written." "You cannot do it." "Well, can I ask you a question?" "Certainly." "Tell me then who held the candle when Jonah read his prayer in the whale's belly?"

THE NIAGARA FALLS DISASTER.—J. J. Tillinghast and wife, accompanied by Mrs. C. L. Fisher, Miss Mahala A. Smith, and Miss Marianna Ballou, residents of Providence R. I., arrived at Buffalo last week and resolved to visit the Falls. A carriage was engaged, driven by a young man in the employ of James Martin. The vehicle was a trolley. The party rode leisurely across the new bridge, and up to Table Rock, where they alighted and spent a few minutes admiring the view from this point. Returning, they had reached the Clifton House, when they concluded to drive down to the terry, then dismiss their carriage, and take a boat across the river. The driver objected to making the somewhat perilous descent. The descent was made, however, safely and without any symptom of freakishness on the part of the horses until the sharp turn had been made. Directly after this the near mare, the one furthest from the river-side, took alarm, began to snort and look in a frightened manner up the high cliff over its head. The fright of the animal was not so great that it could not have been readily got under control on a clear track, and the driver was not at the time alarmed; but a jump or two was made, when a thorn bush, which projected into the road, struck her shoulder, and she made a leap against the off horse and in the twinkling of an eye, team, carriage and occupants were precipitated over the bank.

The driver comprehended the imminent peril in time to jump for his life, and Mr. Tillinghast did the same. But the four ladies probably hindered by their clothing, were unable to make their escape, and were plunged with the vehicle down the bank. At this point the precipitate descent is about twenty feet, and below that rocks and shards shelve down to the edge of the river. The carriage must have bounced from the edge of the bank, as it crushed through and prostrated a small tree that stood out several feet therefrom, and landed upon the shivering rocks a complete wreck. When Mr. Tillinghast, who was unhurt, had hurried down the road and up the river where the mangled ladies lay, it was a heart-rending sight to meet his eye. One, Miss Smith, was killed. Thrown from the carriage, she had plunged down headlong and dashing against a rock, it had cloven her skull far into the brain, making a gash that was sickening to look upon. She was terribly mangled otherwise, but the wound on her head caused instantaneous death. Miss Tillinghast and Miss Ballou were found senseless but breathing. The former was fearfully wounded about the head, and probably suffered concussion of the brain, while Miss Ballou, besides a gash in the head, had two compound fractures of her right arm, above the elbow, and several of her ribs were broken. Mrs. Fisher escaped with a broken wrist. The deceased, Miss Mahala A. Smith, was about 30 years of age. She was the daughter of a wealthy family of high standing in Providence, and is spoken of by those who knew her as a lady of great amiability.

THE WAY TO BLANKET HORSES.—But few persons, comparatively, understand how to apply a blanket to a horse to prevent him from contracting a cold. We frequently see the blanket folded double and across the rump and a part of the animal's back, leaving those parts of the body which need protection entirely exposed to the cold.

Those parts of the body of a horse which surround the lungs require the benefit of a blanket in preference to its flanks and rump. When we are exposed to a current of cold air, to guard against any injury from contracting cold we shield our shoulders neck, chest and back. If these parts be protected, the lower part of the body will endure a degree of cold far more intense, without any injury to the body than if the lungs were not kept warm with suitable covering. The same thing holds good in the protection of horses. The blanket should cover the neck, withers and shoulders, and be brought around the breast and buttoned or buckled together as closely as a man buttons his overcoat when about to face a driving storm. Let the lungs of a horse be well protected with a heavy blanket, and he will seldom contract a cold, even if the hindmost parts of his body are not covered.

Many of our best teamsters protect the breasts of their horses by a piece of cloth about two feet square, hanging down from the lower end of the collar. This is an excellent practice in cold weather, as the most important part of the animal is constantly sheltered from the cold wind, especially when traveling toward a strong current. The forward end of horse blanket should be made as closely around the breast of a horse as our garments fit our bodies. Most horses take cold as readily as men, if not blanket while standing after exercising sufficiently to produce perspiration. So long as a horse is kept in motion, there is little danger of his suffering from cold; but allow him to stand for a few minutes without a blanket too protect his shoulders and lungs and he will take cold sooner than men.

Rev. James Porter, late Assistant Agent of the Methodist Book Concern, prints a defence against the late aspersions thrown upon him by the publication of a rumored defalcation in that concern. Dr. Porter refutes all imputations of improper dealings with any one during his official connection with the concern. He shows that he never bought a pound of paper while there, all purchases of this nature being made by Mr. Greenough, the superintending printer; also that he never bought a penny's worth of supplies for the bindery, and that his son never to his knowledge bought any paper for the concern. Dr. Porter proves that instead of defrauding the concern he for several years expended a thousand dollars a year out of his private funds to meet family expenses, besides performing thousands of dollars worth of extra literary labor to aid the Concern out of embarrassments, brought about by the division of the capital stock with the church South. Dr. Porter says if it can be found that he took one penny of commission on purchases for the Concern he is willing to be branded as a thief and robber, but no such charge has as yet been intimated from the Concern; but the rumors which have probably come from outside parties have necessitated this denial.

The Somerset Reporter says the State Superintendent of Schools will ask the next legislature to provide for a uniformity in text books throughout the State. The school book system is a huge humbug and a great tax upon

the people of the State. Mr. Johnson's plan is to have a board of competent men decide upon the best series of text books published, then have them adopted throughout the State. These can be obtained at from 33 to 75 per cent less than what they are now sold for, which must save to the people of Maine a much larger sum than is expended for the Normal Schools, Institutes and superintendence.

TO COLOR STAIN DRIED GRASS.—There are few prettier ornaments, and none more economical and lasting, than bouquets of dried grasses, mingled with the various gnapallia, or unchangeable flowers. They have but one fault; and that is, the want of other colors besides yellow and drab or brown. To vary their shade, artificially, these flowers are sometimes dyed green. This, however, is in bad taste, and unnatural. The best effect is produced by blending rose and red tints, together with a very little pale blue, with the grasses and flowers, as they dry naturally. The best means of dyeing dried leaves, flowers, and grasses, is simply to dip them into the spirituous liquid solution of the various compounds of aniline. Some of these have a beautiful rose shade; others red, blue, orange, and purple. The depth of color can be regulated by diluting, if necessary, the original dyes with methyl or spirit down to the shade desired. When taken out of the dye they should be exposed to the air to dry off the spirit. They then require arranging, or setting into form, as, when wet, the petals and fine filaments have a tendency to cling together, which should not be. A pink saucer, as sold by most druggists at sixpence each, will supply enough rose dye for two ordinary bouquets. The druggists also supply the simple dyes of aniline of various colors, at the same cost. The pink saucery is the best rose dye. By washing it off with water, and lemon juice, the aniline dyes yield the best violet, mauve, and purple colors.—[S. Piessie.

EARLY ROSE POTATOES.—The editor of the *Macbias Union* has had an experience with these potatoes as follows:—

The 28th day of April we planted eight hills of Early Rose. These potatoes came up quickly, grew faster and ripened earlier than any other variety. We had three others and the earliest of the old kinds growing at the same time in the garden. August 8th we dug a hill that made two mashes. They were the best early potatoes we ever used. From the eight hills we obtained a bushel, smooth, sound excellent potatoes; superior in every point of consideration.

Every now and then an unpublished letter or other document gives us a glimpse of the sad state of political corruption which prevailed in the last century. Here is an extract from a petition from the Earl of Chesterfield (the author of the "Letters") to His Majesty George III., to raise his pension to £3000 a year, "and if made of gold the more agreeable." It is in the Earl's handwriting, and occupies three pages folio. In it the petitioner declares himself "ready to support the worst measures proposed by His Majesty's ministers," and, if refused, to use "the utmost acrimony" against the best measures His Majesty himself "can ever propose or promote."

The difference between the past and the present time, is only that then such threats were put in writing, but now they are taken for granted without being uttered.

ENOCH ARDEN IN BELFAST.—The Belfast Journal says they have a case in that city which very nearly parallels the pathetic story of Tennyson's poem. Twenty years ago, Robert Steele, a resident then here, went to California, leaving a wife and one child. For a time letters were regularly received, but for the last ten years nothing had been heard from him. His wife believing him dead, about five years ago married Capt. Alexander-Nichols, a very respectable citizen of Searspore, by which marriage she has one child. To the surprise of every one, on Friday last, Mr. Steele landed from the steamer Wm. Tibbets, and inquired for his wife and child. His emotion on learning that she was married again was very great. The son for whom he inquired has grown to a fine young man, and is mate of a ship. How the matter is arranged, or what is to be done, we cannot say. It certainly is a remarkable case.

NEVER RAISE A CHILD BY THE HAND OR WRIST.—It is a common practice of nurses and parents to grasp children by a single hand or wrist, and lift them bodily, as in stepping over gutters, streams, &c. Occasionally a child is seized by the hands and swung around with great force, the body being held nearly at right angles. This feat is not always followed by immediate ill effects, but it is liable to result in most serious injury. At this period of life, the ends of the long bones are united to the shafts by cartilage, which renders them weak and liable to be distorted by force. There are three of these bones in the arm; one between the shoulder and the elbow, and two between the elbow and the wrist. The arm of the child is therefore, very weak. When the extension is made at the hand, the force is expended upon long, firm bones, but rather upon bones broken at several points, and very loosely united. A small force, far less than is required to fracture a fully formed bone, will separate the cartilaginous portions, or permanently bend them. There is also another form of injury which may occur at the instant. Of this I have seen several examples. It consists in a slight displacement of the cartilages in one of the joints, either the wrist or elbow, attended by pain, swelling, and tenderness. The joint is fixed in a semi-flexed position, and the little sufferer will not allow it to be moved or even handled. It can be easily rectified by a surgeon, by forcible flexion and extension. Finally, by lifting a child in this manner, the ligaments about the joints may be extended, and this will weaken the joints, and this weakness may remain as a permanent disability.—[From the "Notebook of an Eminent Physician," in Heath & Howe.

There flourishes in a flourishing village of Western New York a Mrs. —, one of those good-natured people who have a generous scorn of details, and believe on all occasions in giving a good effect to their conversation. At one of the periodic tea-parties to which the village is subject she was entertaining the company with an account of a most astonishing hog which her father had fattened to the enormous weight of six thousand pounds! Quite a murmur of surprise went round the room, during which her husband suggested:

"Oh, no, my dear it was six hundred pounds."

"Why, Jeremiah," said she, in disgust, "the skin weighed that!"

A letter is published from Hon. David A. Wells, Special Commissioner of Revenue. He is of the opinion that the entire debt will be extinguished in twenty three years. This can be done by an annual application of 50 millions to the sinking fund.



## Waterville Mail.

B. P. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... OCT. 15, 1869



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PATTENGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 1 State street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York. S. B. Sill, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERTOWN MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by the A. N. S. named above.

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

**FRENCH!**—A writer in the Portland Argus closes a very wise and very positive article on French affairs by saying, "The truth is, a revolution may occur at any moment, for the elements for it seem to be just maturing and gaining strength." He might just as well have said that the elements of a revolution have been "just maturing" in France ever since the Bourbons were disturbed, if the American press is to be credited. It is not easy for the common reader to account for the bitterness with which the newspapers of this country assail Napoleon and his government, except by concluding that both are corrupt beyond what appears on the political surface. His imperial "reliance" is a greater bugbear than was that of Gen. Grant. The latter was patient under questions, and would answer yes and no; but the former will not utter to the world the first syllable of what he intends to do. For so imbecile and insignificant a man as he is represented, he weighs the heaviest upon the political heart of the world of any man in history. We are not going to doubt that there is abundant reason for it, for we have "seen it in print" too often to admit of this; but if some of these profoundly wise newspaper writers—like this one of the Argus—would condescend to disclose to the world just what the matter "with Napoleon" was, what he has actually done to the injury of France that other crowned heads in Europe and Asia are not doing to the injury of their subjects—we should read the details with particular satisfaction. Surely "reliance" is no crime. Possibly he has "nothing to say," for the simple reason that he is not intending to do anything in particular; which certainly is the way he has been doing for many years past, so far as we can see.

Now, if we were really disposed to urge such a disclosure as we have suggested, we think a little provocation might be used in the way of recalling a few points in Napoleon's history. For instance, we might inquire what other man ever came to a throne of equal magnitude, in the face of so many obstacles, with so much apparent ease, and with so little commotion and bloodshed, as Napoleon? What president of the United States was elected with more unanimity than Napoleon was voted into all the imperial honors he wears? When he went into the complicated war against Russia, with England for a partner, which of the three great powers came out of the contest with less disgrace than France? When had France more peace and prosperity, in the same length of time, than during the reign of Napoleon III? And if these questions did not provoke the result aimed at, possibly others might be found. But we don't care enough for the point to try to gain it;—only, we do wonder, and have for years, whence comes this incessant and uniform expression of hatred of Napoleon by the American newspapers. Will anybody tell us?

**ELECTIONS.**—Five States, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Iowa, Indiana, and Nebraska, held their elections on Tuesday. Only the three first elected governors, or members of the legislatures; and as all the five were previously under republican control except Ohio, the chief battles were in that State and Pennsylvania. In Pennsylvania Geary is the republican candidate for governor, and Packer the democratic. Up to our time of going to press, (Thursday night,) returns indicate Geary's election by about 4000 majority. In Ohio, Haynes, the republican candidate, (Pendleton being the democratic,) is probably elected by about four or five thousand majority. Iowa goes all one way—20 to 30,000 republican majority, with a legislature almost entirely republican.

**POTATO EXPERIMENT.**—A subscriber of ours, Mr. Charles H. Nye, formerly a resident of Fairfield, but now sojourning at Platteville, Wisconsin, a Principal of one of the public schools there—sends us the following account of an experiment made by Mr. C. H. Allen, of that place, which may be of interest:

On the 2nd of May I planted one pound each of Early Rose and Early Goodrich potatoes, and also a pound of Early Mohawk potatoes from S. B. Conover, New York, sent me for trial. I cut them into pieces one eye on a piece, and planted in drills, dropping one piece each foot. On the 4th of July the Early Rose and the Early Mohawk were seemingly fully grown, while the Early Goodrich were far behind. On the 12th of Aug. I dug the Early

Rose and Early Mohawk, and had from the former, 97 1-2 pounds, some very large and some very small; of the latter I had 89 pounds of fine table potatoes, far better in quality, I think, than the Early Rose, and more uniform in size. Thirty days later I dug the Early Goodrich and had 103 pounds. Quality not above medium.

From 3 pounds of Early Rose, that I sprouted after the manner of Sweet Potatoes, I dug above six bushels.

**FARMERS' CONVENTION.**—We trust that there will be a full attendance at the session of the State Board of Agriculture, which will be held in Bangor, next week, commencing on Wednesday. The Maine Farmer says:—

"The details of the programme of exercises are not yet fully decided upon, but it is now expected that, Wednesday and Thursday will be devoted to addresses and lectures from abroad, the reading of papers by members of the Board, to be followed by discussions in which the farmers of the State are invited to be present; and that Friday will be occupied by an exhibition of potatoes and by discussions on matters connected therewith. It is earnestly desired that farmers attending the convention will bring, and the others interested, will send specimens of any new, rare or desirable varieties."

Gentlemen eminent in their profession will be present to address the convention, among whom it is hoped will be Prof. Agassiz.

The railroads will carry passengers to and from the Convention for half fare.

**"HEARTH AND HOME."**—This excellent paper certainly deserves a great circulation, and its enterprising publishers are determined that it shall have it. To this end they announce a large reduction in the subscription price to small clubs, and as an additional inducement they will send the paper from this time to January 1, 1871, to all who subscribe for a year. The reduced terms are—single copies \$4.00; three copies \$9.00; five copies \$12.00. Thus a club of five will get the paper for \$2.40 from this time to the end of 1870—making this the cheapest paper of its size and character in the world.—"Hearth and Home" happily combines instruction and amusement, and is an excellent paper for the family. Address Pettengill, Bates & Co., 37 Park Row, New York.

**THE BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER** of Wednesday of this week contains matter enough to satisfy the hungriest reader—good reading, too, all of it. To be sure it is a double number, but its readers are often favored with such. The *Advertiser* is without a rival as a sound, reliable, enterprising paper, and it is also the handsomest and best printed daily in the country.

**THE TRANSCRIPT** credits our story of the old lady who came down from Portsmouth to Portland to take the boat for Boston to the Argus.—[Port. Press.]

No wonder, considering what a whopper it was.

One of the sensational papers is publishing a "tale" entitled *The Boy Whaler*. We know him when we went to school.—[Belfast Journal.]

Did he strike it?—[Bath Times.]

No, he struck Bill.

The story is told that while Mr. Alvin Bradley of Sheffield, Vt., was saving in his mill recently, and while the saw was going at the rate of 160 cuts per minute, a squirrel ran into the mill, upon the log and up the saw-teeth with out injury.

They have smart squirrels—and smart story-tellers—up in Vermont.

The Journal says that Lewiston is suffering severely from sickness, principally typhoid fever.

There is another Fenian scare in Canada.

**THE GREAT TIDAL WAVE**, foretold by an officer of the British Navy as early as last December, was one of the accompaniments of the late severe storm. The papers have many details of its appearance and doings. A Bangor correspondent of the Boston Advertiser says:—

"The city of Bangor is on the Penobscot river, about seventy miles from the open sea, and has an usual tide of about sixteen to twenty feet. On the evening spoken of, the tide had flowed to an unusual, if not unprecedented height. An ebb of about seven feet in two hours' time had succeeded, when on a sudden the tidal wave swept up the river, from seven to nine feet in height, with the greatest violence, tearing vessels from their moorings, and in one case breaking a seven-inch cable. The rush of water was like that from a full lake when the dam which holds it is suddenly broken through, causing such a commotion and noise as to arouse the sailors who had retired for the night and to call them to the deck. Some strange freaks were the result, as in one case where a boom of logs was so much disturbed as to release all its contents, leaving the boom to re-adjust its own position and take in the floating logs set loose from booms above, so that the owner next morning found his own logs all gone and his boom filled with a new drive. In a short time the waters again receded so as to make ready for the regular flow of the next tide."

The Portsmouth Chronicle says that two residents of Newcastle report that they were on the beach at ten o'clock Monday night, and that there was but one tidal wave, which was eighteen feet high. As they saw it coming they fled; one, being somewhat fleshy, got away slower than the other and fell among rocks, to which he clung, the wave going over him. It ran 125 feet above high-water mark, and in three minutes after there was no trace of it. The submerged took in a great deal of water, *cum grano salis*.

A pouring rain on Monday morning arrested the particular attention of those who had suffered from the late freshet. It commenced well, but relented before noon, and Tuesday smiled as sweetly as though nothing had happened.

But—Wednesday morning brought a renewal of the effort, and up to Tuesday noon the Kennebec indicated a desire to reach some of its late play-grounds. The failure of the clouds to co-operate, and the interference of a gloriously sunny morning, discouraged further effort.

**BRIDGE MEETING.**—The meeting on Monday evening, to devise a temporary substitute for a bridge, secured good attendance; the difficulty of crossing the river in the evening no doubt excluding many who would have come from the other side.

Suggestions of a ferry across the Bay, came in the shape of information that several applications had been made to the County Commissioners. The plan most talked of was an arrangement with the Railroad Company for a toll car to run to and fro over their bridge, by stationary horse-power at each end. On this plan the president of the Company had been consulted, and had given assurances of a disposition to favor any practicable arrangement. This resort seemed to be regarded by some as the best that was suggested. Others proposed a rope ferry, just above the railroad bridge; while others still, though few, suggested a pontoon bridge at the last named locality.

It seemed to be understood that the bridge corporation, members of which participated in the consultation, would make no objection to any plan the citizens would adopt. The whole subject of a temporary substitute for the late bridge was finally entrusted to a committee, who were instructed to report to an adjourned meeting on Monday evening next.

Some conversation in relation to a new bridge resulted in an emphatic expression in favor of immediate measures to that end, and a committee was appointed to consider the subject generally, and report to the adjourned meeting. This report will be looked for with considerable interest,—as may be inferred from the fact that a subsequent vote of the meeting gave an expression almost unanimous in favor of a FREE bridge. This vote was not given in connection with any definite plan, but came from a conviction of what is both desirable and practicable.

On the whole the meeting was encouraging, as well in relation to a permanent as to a temporary bridge. Indeed it was an ample pledge of both,—as will no doubt be made still more evident at the meeting on Monday evening next.

**MURDER OF FIELD.**—The Lewiston Journal has minute details of facts connected with the murder of Herb' Field at Manistee, Mich., obtained from Col. Freeman, of Minot, who was sent for this purpose by the family of Field, in Auburn.

Col. Freeman had a long interview with Vanderpool, Field's partner. He denied the murder, but made bungling work in attempting to explain some of the facts. He is a good appearing young man, whom one would never suspect of being guilty of such a cold blooded deed. The popular feeling is that he is guilty, and nothing but the prison walls prevents the people from lynching him. Mrs. Vanderpool, who was arrested on suspicion that she had some knowledge of the deed, before or after, has been released; but from her it was ascertained that her husband on the fatal Sunday wore home a pair of Field's pants, which had been left in the bank, telling his wife that he had sold his own. The buttons of his own pants were found in the bank stove where they had been burned. Vanderpool told Mr. Field that he sold his own pants because he thought it was too bad to ask his wife to wash them. The hundred dollars in gold found in Vanderpool's shed was discovered from intimations given by his wife. Rust on Field's shirt and broken pieces of cord indicated that the body had been sunk by a piece of iron tied to his side, and the wearing away of the cords allowed the iron to become separated, and the body to rise. The murder was committed with a hammer or hatchet—two blows on the back of the head, either of which would have caused death.

It is thought that Vanderpool will sooner or later confess and tell where the money is. He says Field had only \$800, but the impression is that he had from \$3000 to \$5000, loaned him partly by Miss Hill, of Auburn. Field had furnished nearly all the capital—some \$6000—for their business, which was money brokerage, buying notes, loaning money, &c. They had done a good business. Vanderpool protests that there never had been any trouble between him and Field, but admits that Field sought and procured a dissolution of copartnership. Miss Hill states that Vanderpool was living beyond his means, and that he (Vanderpool) had drawn out too much money from time to time for private purposes. He was living in "style," and probably fell in trying to keep up appearances.

Officers of Waterville Section No. 5 Cadets of Temperance.

Emma R. Wescott, W. A.; J. Everett Towne, V. A.; Lizzie E. Paul, S.; Fannie Low, A. S.; Frank L. Stevens, T.; George E. Dunbar, A. T.; Emma L. Morrill, P. W. A.; Frank K. Shaw, Chaplain; Eva C. Chandler, 1st Visitor; Tommie C. Williams, 2nd Visitor; Perlie Leslie, Guide; Willie S. McCausland, Usher; Eddie I. Lowe, W.; Fred M. Britt, S.; Emma L. Crowell, Assistant Patron.

The work of improvement on Main-street, between Temple and Appleton-sts., by draining and grading, is giving an entire new face to that section of our village. A single step—the purchase of an old decayed shop by Maj. Marston—set the whole machine in motion to work out the present state of things—and probably some things not yet worked out. If the right men could be found to make similar moves in other sections, the effect would be profitable to all concerned. Wonder what the old shoe factory could be bought for?—or any one of the old shanties between Appleton Hall and Morrill Building? Will anybody make a move in either of these directions?

Welcome! said everybody, to the pretty little steamer "Riverside," as she took her position, on Tuesday last, at the old Redington wharf, west side of Ticonic Bay. Her precise routine of service we have not learned, but infer that she is to be made generally useful to her owners in proportion to the amount of capital invested in her. We can see no reason why she should not meet their expectations in this respect.

## OUR TABLE.

**WOMAN: HER RIGHTS, WRONGS, AND REMEDIES.** By L. H. Stockwell, M. D., author of "Woman's Work in the Civil War," etc. Hartford; L. Stebbins.

The Woman Question is one of the great subjects upon which the minds of the people are exercised in these days of light and progress, and everything bearing upon it is of course eagerly sought for and read. The volume before us is one called out by this popular demand; and while it has something to say of what the coming Woman is to be and ought to be, it also gives an interesting picture of what she has been, at home and abroad. The author describes her condition, wrongs and sufferings, (she has had few rights to enumerate) from the Creation, down through the early ages, to the Christian era; the gradual improvement in her condition under the influence of Christianity; the statute laws relating to Women in civilized countries at the present time; her education, employment, wages; the propriety and impropriety of filling positions in the various callings of life, public and private; and the inexperience of Woman Suffrage. Those who clamor for the ballot for Woman will of course disagree with the author on that point; but they will find him a candid opponent and his volume full of valuable information. The book is full of illustrations, some of which are arguments of themselves.

The book is sold only by agents, and those wishing to engage will address L. STEBBINS, Hartford, Conn.

**PATY GRAY'S JOURNEY TO THE COTTON ISLANDS.** A series of Books for Children. By Caroline H. Hall. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The initial volume of the series, "From Boston to Baltimore," makes a nice book for the young, while it is at the same time very good reading for those of mature age whose hearts have not grown old. It is a clean and wholesome book, full of pure and beautiful thoughts and touching incidents, with just enough of story to secure the interest of the youthful reader. The long preface contains some damaging revelations in regard to the patriarchal institution of the South; and the story shows that though abolished, the evil consequences of the iniquitous system yet linger among the people. The volume will make a choice gift book for the holidays, though it contains but a single embellishment.

For sale at Henrickson's.

**"THE LAKE SHORE SERIES"** is the title of a new set of stories by that prolific and popular writer for juveniles, Oliver Optic, issued very seasonably for the approaching holidays, though good at any time. They are entitled "Lightning Express, or the Rival Academics," "Switch Off, or the War of the Students," "On Time, or the Young Captain of the Ucaqua Steamer," and "Through by Daylight," and they abound in stirring incidents connected with school life and a sharp railroad and steamboat competition, with some show of military field practice. They are issued in four pretty volumes which are profusely illustrated.

Published by Lee & Shepard of Boston, and sold in Waterville by C. A. Henrickson, next north of the Post Office.

**"HETER STRONG'S LIFE WORK,"** a new book by Mrs. S. A. Southworth, is a good story, illustrating the beauty and beneficence of an unselfish life. The scenes are laid in New England, and there is nothing sensational about the book, which will be read with pleasure and profit by old and young. It is a good book for Sabbath school libraries.

Published by Lee & Shepard, of Boston, and sold in Waterville by C. A. Henrickson.

**THE TWO BARONETTES**, by Hans Christian Andersen, that delightful story teller for youth, is published by Hurd & Houghton, of the Riverside Press, and comes to us from the New England News Company of Boston. It is a story of social life in Denmark, illustrating the relations formerly existing between the nobles and the peasants; and the name of the author, a favorite with young and old all over the world, is a sufficient guaranty that it will interest and profit the reader.

**"AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL,"** by Miss Alcott, is continued in the October number of "Merry's Museum." Tom's sad fall is shown both by text and illustration. The story of "An Old-Fashioned Girl" grows in interest with each successive issue of "Merry," and bids fair to be as popular as the other works of the same author. There is no better magazine for young people than the new series of "Merry's Museum." Terms \$1.50 a year. The publisher offers to send it on trial three months free. Address Horace B. Fuller, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston.

**PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY.**—In addition to several pages of miscellaneous reading, in the October number, including more of "Czerny's Letters to a Young Lady," which are made up of hints to pianoforte pupils, there are the following pieces of music:—

Belle Bradley, song and chorus, by Will S. Hayes; There's a Home for those who Seek It, sacred song; Married and Not to Me, words by Birdseye, music by Keller; I'll Keep the Flowers You Gave Me, song for mezzo soprano or baritone, with mixed chorus; Oh, No, Not Sad, market for mixed voices; Making Hay while the Sun Shines, do, with piano and organ accompaniment; There is an Hour of Hallowed Peace, quartet for mixed voices with piano melodeon or organ accompaniment; Christ, O Example, I pray, Fille du Ciel, from Schubert; Twilight Serenade, by C. Kinkel; Honeymoon Schottische, by C. Kinkel.

Published by J. L. Peters, 106 Broadway, New York, at \$3 a year.

**CUR BOYS AND GIRLS**, Oliver Optic's popular weekly magazine, begins a new serial story by the editor, being the fifth of the "Like Shoe Series," all of which have been well received by the boys and girls of the land. It is entitled "Brake Up, or the Young Potemkin," and continues the history of those in whom Young America is already warmly interested.

"Our Boys and Girls" is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, at \$2.50 a year, with liberal discount to clubs.

**THE REPORTS** of the several committees of the late fair have not yet passed the investigation of the Trustees, so as to be ready for publication, as we proposed last week. They promise to find time to have them ready for next week—and so we renew our engagement.

"Is it a fact," they keep inquiring, "that Gilbreth has sold his horse?" Can't say—we see the statement going the rounds of the press that "the famous trotting horse, 'Gilbreth's Knox,' has been sold for \$15,000," but are not fully assured that our friend Gilbreth has been so very unfortunate.

John Deering, Esq., a gentleman known to literary and scientific circles—who may be addressed at the Treasury Department, Washington—will lecture before lyceums and other societies the coming winter,—his subject being, "Five Years in Washington; a Record of Personal Experience in Peace and War."

**THE INCENDIARY FIRE AT SOUTH CHINA.**—The Kennebec Journal thus continues the account of the burning of the Baptist church at South China:—

On the evening of the 7th, James Kitchen went to the house of A. H. Abbott Esq., in China, and before that gentleman and Mr. Smart, made a full confession of his part in the crime of setting fire to the meeting house. He said that as Kingsbury and himself were riding home together from Augusta on Saturday afternoon, after the former's conviction for liquor selling, they drank freely of liquor and entered into a lively conversation. Kingsbury remarked that he "wished the d—d old Baptist church was burned," and asked Kitchen how

much he (Kitchen) owed him. He replied, "For a barrel of flour and one half fifty cents besides." Kingsbury agreed to cancel the debt and make him a present of another barrel of flour, if Kitchen would fire the church. This offer was accepted and a good drink taken to bind the bargain. After arriving home Kingsbury's minion relented and signified his intention of abandoning the job. Several more drinks sufficed to bring up Kitchen's courage to the sticking point. Kingsbury provided cotton batting saturated with kerosene oil, and Kitchen proceeded to the work of setting fire to the church. This material was put under one of the corner boards ignited, and the church was soon in flames. The confession was freely made, Kitchen remarking that he should die if he were to keep it to himself any longer.

Kingsbury has been rearrested and ordered to secure bonds in the sum of \$3000 to keep the peace for six months. Failing to secure bonds, he has been committed to jail to await his trial at the October term of the Supreme Judicial Court. On Monday Kitchen was delivered up by his bondsmen and lodged in jail.

A Concord paper makes the following note of one department of the New Hampshire State Fair, which may interest the friends of Mr. Seavey:—

There were several exhibitors of oil paintings, but the largest and by far the best collection was exhibited by George W. Seavey, of this city, who was awarded the highest premium, we are happy to announce, by a thoroughly competent committee, of which Mr. H. W. Herrick, the distinguished artist was chairman. He exhibited the following pictures: View on the Sebasticook, Me.; view on Artist's Brook, North Conway; Artist's Brook, No. 2; view of Mount Elmer from Cauly's Bluff, Stowe, Vt.; Quiet Nook, Happy Boot Black, English Raspberries, Bouquet, Garden Lilies, Peaches, Water Lilies, Vase of Flowers, containing Pansies and Lilies of the Valley. These pictures could not have been placed in a worse place, so far as light was concerned, and the crowd of visitors could not see the merits of them. It was a very fine lot of paintings, and would bear much study. This is the second State Fair at which Mr. Seavey has taken the highest premium for oil paintings, the first being in Maine, last year, a fact highly complimentary to him as an artist.

**CARE OF HORSES.**—After more than twenty years experience as a horse owner, a correspondent of the Colonial Farmer undertakes to set down a little of his experience concerning the management of that noble animal:

Commencing when the foal is a day or two old, I go to it and pass my hands down its face, along its back and down its legs to the hoofs, hind and fore, not to mesmerize or charm the animal, but to accustom it to being handled, a thing which cannot be commenced too soon. Fools are animals, that when quite young, have more sagacity, and are more tractable and easily taught than any other animal, so whatever you want them to learn commence before they are old enough to make resistance, and depend upon it they will never forget it. Put a halter on it and lead it about, but be careful not to let it break away from you. Be very kind and gentle to it, but show that you are its master.

I next proceed to the horse's feet. Horses' hoofs are of the greatest importance. For who would want to follow a lame horse, either at work or for pleasure? Many things ruin the feet of horses, which I cannot touch on, but I will try to point out a few errors which any man might see and correct, the greatest of which is leaving their shoes on too long. This hurts the hoofs, strains the leg, and causes lameness in every shape. In winter this has a worse effect than in summer, as then the feet are more dry and clean, whereas in summer they are wet, and the mud and heat of summer will rot the hoofs and cause the shoes to fall off. I have known horses' shoes nailed on in the fall and not taken off until the next summer, when they would fall off in the pasture, a practice which seldom fails to bring on lameness. A horse's shoe should never be on longer than three months, and two months are very often too long.

Horses' hoofs were meant by nature to go bare, and run on the earth in their natural state, and as long as we drive them on such they need no shoeing; but when we drive them on paved streets, hard roads, &c., we have to shoe them and stop the wear that Nature meant should be on their hoofs. The consequence is that the shoe binds the hoof, and often causes contraction, and many other evils, when nailed too far to the heel, left on too long, or when the hoof is not sufficiently pared down between the shoeings. See that the shoe is not nailed too far to the heel. Any intelligent man can see when a shoe has been on long enough, and take it off, when it may be left off a day or two, or longer, as the case may be. A drive over soft snow, a few days plowing or harrowing, or the like, would spread the foot and help to counteract the effects of shoeing. Always see that the hoof is properly pared down, before the shoe is again put on. I have often seen the hoofs of old horses greatly improved by being left bare a few weeks in pasture. There are many other things that hurt horses' feet, as poor feed, too high feed and too hard driving.

The most natural feed for the horse is what he can pick up for himself, but as we cannot let him run and pick up his own living, let his feed be as near natural as possible. Too high or too low feed have both a bad effect, but as different individuals will form very different notions of what high and low feed are, I will try and point out what I consider the middle course to be. Hay alone, be it ever so good, is not fit feed for a horse, whether working or idle. They need grain with an occasional feed of roots, bran mash, or something to keep their bowels open. Horses need regular feed. The feed I generally find best for horses is about twelve pounds of hay and from nine to twelve quarts of oats, given in three regular feeds, with a feed of raw potatoes once a week when idle or at gentle work. The practice of feeding horses all the hay they can eat, when idle, has many bad effects; whereas if they get three small feeds they will stamp about in the stall, and take exercise between feeds which will keep their legs from swelling, &c. But remember, I do not advocate small feeds of hay without grain.

A very cheap way of feeding horses, and not a bad way, is on straw with a fair allowance of oats. I have tried a great many experiments, and have found horses always do better on straw than on corn. Horses will do better on straw provided it be good, than they will on hay only, without grain in both cases, but of course they must not be stinted. The main point with a farmer who keeps horses, is to use them in such a way as will give them all the strength and agility the animal is capable of, and to work them all they can stand without injuring either. The poor half starved horse is the animal that any man ought to be

ashamed of; but on the other hand, the pampered and over-fed and half-worked horse, though he may look nice to some, is an animal I would not advise the farmer to keep, as such animals are more liable to lose than any other.

**BOOK TRADE CHANGES.**—No one who has been familiar with the pleasant atmosphere of the old store with the round numbers, for many years past, can doubt that Mr. ALEXANDER WILLIAMS will carry into the "Old Corner," 135 Washington Street, Boston, the administrative ability and peculiar tact required to make a popular and successful Bookstore, and to fully sustain the reputation the place has gained in past days. Messrs. A. WILLIAMS & Co., will do at their new place a general Book business, leaving the periodicals behind at the old stand, and will also retain the agency for the publications of Harper & Brothers, and the important specialties of Agricultural and Mechanical books.—[Boston Daily Advertiser, Oct. 4.]

**COMPUTING INTEREST.**—The commercial editor of the Chicago Evening Journal gives a new method of computing interest on any number of dollars at six per cent., which so far as it goes, is simple and convenient. We give the following below from the Journal, with additional rules for computing interest at eight and also ten per cent., handed us from a friend. These additions add triple value to the rule, for the reason that eight and ten per cent. are used more at the present time than six per cent.

Six per cent.—Multiply any given number of dollars by the number of days of interest desired, separate the right hand figure and divide by six, the result is the true interest (in dollars and cents) on such sum for such number of days at six per cent.

Eight per cent.—Multiply any given amount by the number of days upon which it is desired to ascertain the interest, and divide by forty-five, and the result will be the interest of such for the time required, at eight per cent.

Ten per cent.—Multiply the same as above and divide by Thirty-six, and the result will show the rate of interest at ten per cent.

The Journal adds: "This rule is so simple and so true according to all business usages, that every banker, broker, merchant or clerk should paste it up for reference. There being no such thing as a fraction in it, there is scarcely any liability to error or mistake. By no other arithmetical process can the desired information be obtained by so few figures."

A newspaper correspondent quotes a Thames oarsman as saying: "If, under ordinary circumstances, I were asked to pick out a racing crew, I should have less reference to muscle than to faith and perseverance. I would never select a man who would feel discouraged because things looked a little dark;—give me a man who can row a losing race—one faint heart in a boat would spoil any crew." Good philosophy that, and as good everywhere else as on the Thames. Men who can row a losing race—they are the men that every good work wants. Such men win when they lose.

**MR. SEWARD'S PLATFORM.** At Santa Barbara, Cal., Ex-Secretary Seward said his creed was this:

I would have no slavery in the United States. I would have this a free land for all nationalities on the face of the globe. To our shores I would welcome all men who love liberty and would enjoy the immunities of a free land. Here should they live in peace, protection and plenty. And I would have no rebellion in the land if I could prevent it or suppress it. I would have the country exclude all rebels from its broad domain, and I would have it extend until there was no room for them outside of it on this continent. In a word, I would have a sort of spider policy, which would extend itself abroad, take everything in, and let nothing get out.

A severe rebuke of intemperance is administered by Bishop Bayley, of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Newark, New Jersey. Addressing his clergy, the Bishop says: "I am compelled to call your attention in a particular manner to the dreadful sin of drunkenness. This horrible vice, so destructive alike to body and soul, is as we all know, making the most fearful ravages among our people. It may be said to be the chief cause of the sins they commit, and of all the social evils and discomforts under which they labor. I am determined to make use of the most severe measures against all who are addicted to this scandalous and destructive vice; and if they continue in the practice of it, they must do it as outcasts from the Catholic Church, who have no right to the name of Catholic while they live, nor Christian burial when they die."

The managers of the Georgia State Fair who recently invited the President and his Cabinet to attend their exhibition, and then excepted Gen. Butler from the list, have requested the Sec. of the Navy to put a war vessel at the service of the guests. The matter was talked over in the Cabinet, and in the consideration of the slight to Gen. Butler all the members declined the invitation and the Sec. refused to furnish the vessel.

**DRAWING WATER IN BARRELS.**—It often happens, when cisterns and wells become dry the water must be drawn in barrels. To prevent slopping over put a floating board an inch or two less in diameter than the tub or barrel, so as to be easily placed in and removed. The narrow space around this board is too small for any waves to rise, and the water may be thus drawn in safety over the roughest road.

Honorable Franklin Pierce, fourteenth President of the United States, died in Concord, New Hampshire Friday.

**THE UNIVERSAL CRY.** "What shall I buy for Holiday Presents?" can be answered best by PARKER & CO., 98 & 100 Summer St., Boston, who have an immense variety of Holiday and useful articles, such as all kinds of Fancy Boxes, Writing Desks, Glove Boxes, Albums in Morocco and Gilt and Velvet bindings, real Morocco Shaped Bags, Furnished Rectangles, Silver Plated Ware, and Cutlery of all descriptions, Jewelry imitations of the latest styles of solid gold, which cannot be distinguished from the real, &c., &c., and hundreds of the latest and most entertaining books. Their stock contains almost everything necessary to supply the wants and gratify the tastes of everybody, and they claim that their superior facilities for buying these goods enables them to sell at very much under the regular prices paid for such articles. They want Agents everywhere, to whom they offer most liberal inducements. We call attention to their advertisement in another column.







MISCELLANY.

A SONG.

I love the sea, the stormy sea,  
Where billows break, and winds blow free,  
I love the sea, the stormy sea,  
Where billows break, and winds blow free.  
I love the tide, the rolling tide,  
Where big "white-horses" madly ride,  
I love the tide, the rolling tide,  
Where big "white-horses" madly ride.  
I love the sea, the stormy sea,  
Where billows break, and winds blow free,  
I love the sea, the stormy sea,  
Where billows break, and winds blow free.

An Adirondack correspondent tells a good story illustrative of the responsibility of travelers in that region for introducing the vices of civilization. A gentleman who had a good supply of liquor in his camp was generous enough to treat his guide. This unsophisticated, forester got so furiously drunk that his employer was afraid to stay in camp with him, and essayed to get away; but his guide intercepted him, and forced him at the point of the pistol to row the boat, with the guide as passenger, all the way to the next inn.

UNFAILING EYE PRESERVERS



**Lazarus & Morris'**  
CELEBRATED  
PERFECTED SPECTACLES

AND  
EYE GLASSES.  
The large and increasing sales of these  
PERFECTED GLASSES

are proof of their superiority. We were satisfied that they would be appreciated here as elsewhere, and that the result of the advantages offered to wearers of our beautiful lenses, viz. the ease and comfort, the assured and ascertained improvement of the sight, and

The Brilliant Assistance they Give in all Cases!

were in themselves so apparent on trial, that the result could not be otherwise than it has, in the almost universal adoption of our GLASSES, and the high praise and satisfaction by the residents of this locality.

With a full knowledge of the value of the assertion, we claim that 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 durable.

**E. H. EVANS,**  
DRUGGIST,  
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

Has always on hand a full assortment, suitable for every difficult case.

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.

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 as

**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 other establishment.

**BU LAL CASKETS & COFFINS**  
ALWAYS ON HAND.

**C. H. REDINGTON,**  
**R. I. LEWIS.**

Waterville, Sept. 2, 1869. 10

COLISEUM!

**GRAND**  
**Promenade Concerts.**

**GILMORE'S**  
**FAMOUS MILITARY BAND!**  
ONE HUNDRED PERFORMERS.

October 21, 22 & 23, 1869.

The last Musical Entertainment ever to be held in the Coliseum, as it must be removed before November 1.

**SINGLE ADMISSION, \$1.00.**

**EACH TICKET**

Admits to One Grand Promenade Concert.

Residence Holder to One Color View of the Coliseum.

Secured, on October 23, 1869, Ownership of an undivided interest in common with the other ticket holders in the following named property, subject to each disposition as a committee of five, chosen by the ticket-holders, shall determine, October 23, 1869, viz:

3000 (Three Thousand) Banners, Strips of Red, White and Blue Cloth, Portraits of Musical Composers, &c., &c.

3000 (Three Thousand) Copies of the Press and Reception Rooms, also the Parquet and other Sections.

The Coliseum Building, without furniture and fixtures, containing over 2,000,000 of lumber.

The Association have secured from the original contractors, Messrs. Geo. B. James & Co., lumber dealer and Messrs. John P. & Son, builders, an agreement, offering to pay \$10,000 in cash for the building, any day prior to November 1, 1869.

Tickets, with lithographs, for sale by  
**A. F. PECK, TICKET AGENT,**  
Boston Music Hall,

or in Packages to Agents, by  
**COLISEUM ASSOCIATION,**  
13 St.

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.

Feathers,  
OF every style, for sale by  
**E. & S. FISHER**

DRY GOODS!

A NICE ASSORTMENT,

**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.

Broadercloths, 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 Domestics

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 \$4,243,234.63.

**SECURITY INSURANCE COMPANY.**

Cash Capital and Surplus \$1,909,203.53.

**PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY**

OF HARTFORD.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$1,573,907.88.

**FIRE & MARINE INSURANCE CO.**

Cash Capital and Surplus \$901,657.00.

**NORTH AMERICAN FIRE INS. CO.**

OF HARTFORD.

Cash Capital and Surplus \$499,487.54.

I will write Policies against Accidents of all kinds.

It is safe to be insured.

**L. T. BOOTHBY, Agent.**

Waterville, June 1, 1868. 4011

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, & 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 tells 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 furnish at short notice.

**MASSILL & GRANITE**

**MONUMENTS,**

GRAVE STONES, &c.

They have on hand a large

assortment of the above arti-

cles. Persons wishing to purchase, are invited to call and exam-

ine. W. A. P. STEVENS & SON.

Waterville Dec 1, 1868. 10

WANTED—Agents for

**Our Family Physician.**

JUST THE BOOK NEEDED IN EVERY FAMILY, and so cheap that all can afford it. It is a handsome volume of 244 pages, printed upon the most durable paper, by giving the different modes of treatment—the Hygienic, Humane, and the most reliable of the kind ever published. Over Two Hundred (200) Copies have already been sold in the city of Chicago, where the author resides. Send for Circulars, giving full particulars, to  
**W. F. VENT, Publisher,**  
12 Adams St., New York.

**DR. G. S. PALMER,**  
DENTAL OFFICE,  
over  
**ALDEN'S JEWELRY**  
STORE,  
op People's Nat'l Bank,  
WATERVILLE, ME.  
Chloroform, Ether or Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired. 60

**Attention—All!**  
Patronize Home Industry.

**BUY YOUR**

**CRACKERS**

OF  
**MANLEY & TOZER,**  
Who will sell you the nicest Butter Crackers for  
10 Cts. per lb.—11 lbs. for \$1.  
Made at Matthews' Bakery, and warranted as good  
as can be obtained in the State.

**BROADCLOTHS, TRICOTS, and DOESKINS**  
We have a good line of these Goods on hand as can be found in the State  
**GARDNER & WATSON.**

**DRIED CITRON** O. A. CHALMERS & CO.

Kendall's Mills Colu

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 these articles as low as can be bought on the river.

Key, 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.

**Buy your Hardware**

at  
**GILBRETH'S, Kendall's Mills,**

and get First Class Goods at the lowest market price

**F. KENRICK, JR.,**

Manufacturer and Dealer in

**CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS.**

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME. 11

**HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE**

**PAINTING.**

Having taken the Shop at the

Old Stilson 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. 10

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, "BE-

YOND THE MISSISSIPPI," by Albert B. Richardson, written

up by the author's own survey of 1869. Nothing out will

compare with this book now. New text, new engravings, new

index, new maps. It contains 62 pages and 216 illustrations.

It is the most reliable, enjoyable, and valuable

book of the kind ever published.

It is the only book that can show

THE OLD WEST AS IT WAS,

AND THE NEW WEST AS IT IS.

Agents should attempt to sell this book, 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,

and whatever the fate of the book, it will be a success, and

deep to the present time. We shall pay large commissions

on this work, and agents can get circulars with terms by ap-

plying to the publisher.

**AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO.,**

HARTFORD, CONN.

Agents can now get Territory for

**MARK TWAIN'S**

**NEW BOOK, WITH 234 ENGRAVINGS.**

Who has not heard of the author? Who has not laughed

over his quaint sayings and queer ideas, and fairly succumbed

to his many stories? Who has not thrilled with his fine de-

scriptions, acknowledged the keenness of his satire, and admi-

red the frank and daring openness of his words?

**THE INNOCENTS ABROAD,**

**Or the New Pilgrims' Progress.**

Is the quintessence of himself, the condensation and concentra-

tion of all his powers. No student can afford to be without it, and

it is the most readable, enjoyable, and valuable

popular book printed for years.

Agents can have no good 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.

**DR. E. F. WHITMAN,**

**OCULIST AND AURIST.**

Artificial Eyes Inserted without Pain.

Treatment for Catarrh.

No charge for consultation.

**NO. 110 COURT STREET, BOSTON.**

Foundry Notice.

The subscriber having purchased the whole of the Rail

road Foundry, near the Main Central Railroad Depot, and

fitted up a

**MACHINE SHOP**

connected therewith, is prepared to furnish all kinds of

castings, and to do all kinds of WORK that may be re-

quired. Persons wanting please give me a call.

**JOS. PERCIVAL.**

June 20, 1868. 12

**ATWOOD CROSBY, M.D.**

WITH  
**DR. BOUTELLE,**  
**WATERVILLE, ME.**  
Office over Thayer & Munson's Store, Boutelle Block.

**TO PRINTERS.**

**OSGOOD'S**

**ELASTIC COMPOSITION,**

FOR  
**PRINTER'S INKING ROLLERS,**

IS  
THE STANDARD ARTICLE.

Uniform and excellent in quality, and very durable.

Its use saves time and money, and ensures the production

of the best work.

Put up in ten and twenty lb. cans.

Rollers for every kind of press cast promptly by

**J. H. OSGOOD,**

**65 Congress St., Boston**

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly

appointed administrator on the estate of **HARRIET N. SIMPSON**, late of

the County of Kennebec, deceased, having presented her account of

administration of the Estate of said deceased for allowance;

and that notice thereof be given three weeks success-

ively prior to the fourth Monday of October next, in the

Mail, a newspaper printed in Waterville, that all persons in-

terested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be held at

Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said pe-

tition should not be granted. **H. K. BAKER, Judge.**

September