



11-26-1869

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 23, No. 22): November 26, 1869

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 23, No. 22): November 26, 1869" (1869). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 326.

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THANKSGIVING—1869.

Here in the golden hush of autumn days,
Earth softly passing from her summer glaze,
Like a tired child who sleeps amid his plays,
We bring, O Lord, our thankful song to Thee!

Thanks for the early and the latter rain,
For winds—thy messengers in airy flow—
For dew that tinged the barren plain,
For the great treasures of thy frost and snow.

Thanks for the bloom which filled the orchard ways;
Thanks for the yellow wheat, the oil, the wine,
The swaying tassels of the ripened maize,
The fragrant purple clusters of the vine.

Thanks for all these, but Father more than these,
Thanks for the peace brooding from shore to shore
Of the dear Land, once racked by War's disease—
Oh, may that Peace be frightened nevermore!

Thanks for the link that binds the East and West,
For brotherhood, for freedom, for the tie
Which knits together noble souls, confessed
Almoners of Thy love and charity.

"Bringing our sheaves" we bow before Thy throne;
Accept our offerings, Lord, accept our powers;
And as in ages past, in days to come
Be thou—our fathers' God—our sons', and ours.
[Harper's Bazaar.]

UNCLE MOSES' STRATAGEM.

CHAPTER III.

Uncle Barnard sang a whole verse of the "Power of Prayer," when he read Rosa's letter containing an account of Milly's continued illness, tinged, as it was, all through, with her own tired, blue, discouraged feelings. She was certain Milly was going into a decline, and wanted aunt to come and stay a week or so, ostensibly to aid and comfort the invalid, but plainly enough it was herself who needed aid and comfort as much. Finally, would Uncle Barnard lend them twenty or twenty-five dollars with which to meet the doctor's bill, until such time as Milly's school money became due, etc., etc.

But when he came to the postscript on a separate bit of paper, written on the evening of the day whose events were recorded in the last chapter, and while Milly was wrapped in her first quiet slumber, he changed his tune, rubbing his hands, and laughing immoderately. It run in this wise:—

"Milly is better physically, but I think has lost her senses irretrievably. She has promised to marry that Doctor Wilson whom you recommended to us to call should we need a physician's service. Alas! dear uncle, how little you thought of such a result as this! He is as poor as a church mouse, and it must certainly be considered a disastrous match on both sides, as far as this world's goods are concerned. I think, aunt, you had better not come down this week, as I requested, so many long rides will be too much for you, and Milly wants you to be here four weeks from to-night to attend her wedding. There will be no one else invited, I believe, except some old relatives of the doctor's—doubtless some worthless or miserably wretched, else they would never have suffered him to begin life in this shabby way, footing it around miles among his patients, wearing the same old suit to meeting that has done service through the week and none too well brushed at that. I find myself wondering at this moment if he will be able to muster a new one for the coming occasion. It was a pretty good joke, though his losing his heart, as he confesses he did, while he supposed her a charity patient. I would have him know that we are not quite so bad off as that yet; though, as things have turned out, you needn't send the money."

"And now, uncle, I want you to do me a little kindness. Will you please call at Mr. Barwell's shop and see if he wants another hat this coming winter? You know I have worked some on thick cloth, and if I can board in his family, will make no trouble about wages. Do not forget this; I am anxious to know."

"Dear uncle," wrote Milly, three weeks later are you angry with me for what I have done, that you do not send me a single line in reference to the matter? Be assured I want your approval, and I know that I ought to have waited and asked it; but everything came so suddenly, that there was no time to think. I am certain you will forgive me when you come to see him and know him as I—as he deserves to be. Will you wait and judge him then?"

"There has been, all along, but one thing to mar my perfect happiness, and that was a saddened look on dear Rosa's face; but even that is vanished now, and as the story is a short one I will tell it you in a few words, for there will be so much to do and say when you come."

"In the early part of my illness, Rosa could not be induced to leave me long enough to obtain things needed for my comfort; so a list of articles desired was sent to your friend, Mr. Ingalls, and promptly came the packages through the hands, as I supposed, of a favorite clerk whose acquaintance I had made during the summer. As such I introduced him to Rosa in the dim twilight, but before the brief call was ended, I discovered my mistake, and that Mr. Ingalls himself was our guest. In a few words he explained that my note did not reach them till after the errand boy had gone home, adding that he had for some time missed my accustomed calls, and feared he had left town. He expressed regret at my illness, and a sincere wish to be of use in procuring help or watchers, as we were strangers; and, finally, with all the ease of a natural gentleman, as he is, bowed himself out, after asking permission to do himself the pleasure of calling round again in a few days to see how I was getting on. Of course I assented, and thanked him, too, for I saw only a desire to return to us in part the kindness you had showed to him, and the recommendation you gave him was a sufficient passport to my confidence."

"On his very next visit, however, I had a suspicion that something besides an interest in my health, or a sense of obligation to you, drew him here, and protracted his calls to an hour's duration; for, though his words were addressed to the invalid in the easy chair, his eyes were as guileless of wandering from the face of the person at the table as it he had been serving a penance of gazing for a stated time at one particular object. It was no bold, devious stare, such as one would resent; in fact, I do not think he was conscious of looking at her at all, for his face showed only a pleased, dreamy feeling, such as one has when contemplating a beautiful picture or statue—and Rosa is beautiful—sweetly beautiful, that we all know."

"And so the weeks went on. I never recalled the mistake to her, for before the gate had fairly closed behind him on his first visit, she commenced rallying on me on having used arts to fascinate that poor young clerk, and declared she meant to write him an anonymous letter warning him of his danger. Partly in playful revenge for this, but more because of her foolish refusal, so long persisted in, to enter the store under any circumstances, I resolved to let the mistake remain a standing joke, anticipating some innocent sport when she should learn that the long-avoided, much-dreaded Mr. Ingalls was no other than the pleasant, chatty friend who had brought parcels of coffee and sugar, books, and the daily paper, fruit, flowers, and the war news to our humble home, as if he had been a dear older brother. But I was disappointed in witnessing the denouement."

"One day, about two years ago, our minister

came round to see if his sister, a maiden lady of leisure might come and stay with me a couple of evenings while Rosa went to take charge of a stall at the Sanitary Fair. I appreciated the compliment, and, as she needed the recreation, insisted on her going. She went in the afternoon with some other girls, and Mr. Ingalls escorted her home at a late hour in the evening. As they were leaving the nearly deserted hall, a merry comrade slapped him on the shoulder, with:—

"So, Ingalls, drew a prize, eh?"

"Rosa was thunderstruck. She looked up at him, as a mother might look at her cradle changing, to be sure that her eyes had not deceived her. No, it was the same face. What could it mean? Nor was he less puzzled. For more than half the distance home, dilate as he might upon different topics, he could gain nothing but merest monosyllables in reply, and he would never have guessed that the silent being by his side was the voluble saleswoman of the favorite and most profitable booth of the evening. At length he said:—

"A change seems to have come over the spirit of your dream, Miss Rosa?"

"There has," she answered, in a low tone, and with the air of one who felt herself intentionally wronged. "I have always supposed you were Charles English, one of the clerks in your store. Why was I deceived?"

"Indeed, I do not know. If there has been deception, I have been no partner in it. It was probably only a mistake, owing to the similarity of names. I did notice, at first, that mine had a peculiar sound coming from your lips, but it was the same from your sister's, and I soon gave the matter no thought. But, tell me, is it a crime to be proprietor instead of clerk? If so, I will assume the latter position at once, if only so I may be restored to your favor."

"Not that," said Rosa, "not that. It is of no consequence, and to be candid, I should not have mentioned it at all, but I thought—I feared you had been in a party in carrying out a little practical joke at my expense." And poor Rosa reddened and grew silent at the recollection of her long and unreasonable aversion to the name and to its owner.

"To this, and a realization of her utter unworthiness to receive the great gift laid at her feet immediately thereafter, may be attributed, in part, a continuation of that silence."

"So you thought, that?" said Mr. Ingalls.

"Then you did me a great wrong. Now, to make amends, and his voice took a tender intonation, as he bent his head to hers, and that there may be no mistakes or misunderstandings in future, let me ask you to adopt my name as your own. Come, and be the sweetest white rose in my garden; the light of a home desolate—since the lids closed over a pair of eyes beautiful as your own scarce two years ago. I think it was the similarity of the face and form which drew me to you till I had nearly cried out with surprise and gladness when first I saw you passing up the aisle a few months back. It was a vision I thought never again to see till I should myself stand among the angels. But God is good, and if I failed that day to join in the audible responses, it was because my heart was too full for the ceremony of words, and went with its burden of joy and thanksgiving straight to the throne. I resolved to lose no opportunity to make your acquaintance, and, should the gem prove worthy of its beautiful setting, to do just what I have done to-night—lay before you all that I am and have. Dear Rosa, will you accept?"

"Poor Rosa. It was the happiest moment of her life, for I am convinced, now, that the sadness which had troubled me so was attributable less to the prospect of a separation from me, on which she was determined, than to the hopelessness of the passion she was secretly cherishing for the affable young clerk; yet now, when her lips opened to give him answer, the tongue within was paralyzed. Then she tried to lift her eyes to his, but a pound weight at each lid could not have rendered her more powerless. All the blood in the system rallied to the rescue of these failing members, and she could hear distinctly each heart-throb. Every step was taken with the consciousness that the next she might stagger forward to the pavement, and should the gem prove worthy of its beautiful setting, to do just what I have done to-night—lay before you all that I am and have. Dear Rosa, will you accept?"

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"What he read there we can only guess, for here Rosa, who, with her head lying in my lap, had whispered thus much in answer to my inquiries, grew suddenly dumb, and, for all that can be gained from her on the subject, the remainder of that walk home is a dead blank in her memory."

"The next day Mr. Ingalls came to ask me permission to make Rosa his own dear wife. I gave it, of course, without any misgivings or feigned regrets, and then in return for the confidence he had given me, told him of the event which was expected to take place here a week hence. He immediately insisted that there should be a double ceremony, and, summoning Rosa, I left them to make up their minds on the momentous subject without aid of mine. I do not know what arguments were used, but I do know that I thought her cheeks would never fade to their natural color again, and that it was agreed that when next you come to the little brown house, it will be to give away both your penniless nieces to men of acknowledged worth and intelligence. I hope and believe that our dear parents from their home above may approve of our actions and motives, and rejoice in our happiness all. Don't you, dear uncle and aunt? How much we have to thank you for I will not attempt to say now, but I do hope that in your later years, we may show you that your kindness has not been forgotten, and that, should we prosper in worldly things, the temporal comforts with which you have surrounded us have been but the casting of your bread upon the waters to be returned again many days. With the hope of seeing you again soon, I close this already too long letter."

Truly your loving niece, MILLY.

"P. S. Ten o'clock of Thursday morning next is the time appointed, and you must be sure to come the day before, and even earlier if you can leave home so long."

"We, that is the doctor and I, had planned to limit our bridal trip to a visit at the house of a relative of his living somewhere a few miles north; but Mr. Ingalls insists on going to Ni-

agara for a week or so, and Rosa and I have begged to take you on our way home. Won't it be nice?"

M. A.

CHAPTER IV.

"That Thursday morning should have been clear and cloudless, as wedding days in stories always are. But it wasn't; there was a miserable drizzling rain, and the smooth leaden sky overhead augured favorably for a continuation of the same blessing. Umbrellas dripping over the heads of the few who were so fortunate as to possess them, as they crossed and recrossed the flooded streets to their places of business; those who were not following the example of the feathered race, put themselves as far as possible in a shedding condition, hat-rims turned down, shoulders rounded up, and arms shortened mysteriously into coat sleeves."

"At an early hour the doctor, in a new suit, came picking his way up the dryest side of the walk leading to the brown house, looking disappointed and glum—anything but the happy bridegroom he should have been. Could it be that he had already grown weary of his portionless bride, with her plain face and unaffected manner? For her face was plain in repose, or when not lit up by the half smile which broke over it whenever her lips opened to speak."

Milly was kneeling before a table arranging some flowers in a pink-edged saucer when the well-known step arrested her attention. Lifting her eyes to his face, she saw the cloud resting there, but was not left long in doubt as to its cause. He bent his head to her lips an instant, and then said:—

"I am not perfectly happy this morning, darling, as I expected to be. I have just been to the 'American,' where I directed Uncle Moses and his wife to stop until I could call for them, and there is no sign of their coming. I came up to tell you that I wish to return and wait their arrival until the latest possible moment. They are plain, old-fashioned couple, but I love them; they was my mother's only brother, almost my only living relative, and I would not miss them."

The door of the next room opened, and Milly was about to give the strangers an introduction; but before she could speak, the doctor, standing in his boots like one petrified, exclaimed: "Mo—ses Bar—nard! Why Uncle Moses! what on earth—how came you here?—Surely!—Uncle—why—where?"

"Yes, Reuby, I say 'why, where, to you,' laughed Uncle Moses, seeing his nephew was not likely to get any farther in his greeting. "You didn't s'pose I was going to pay out my money to the tavern, when I could stay here for nothing with my wife's nieces, did you, hey? Guess I ain't quite so green as that—don't you, Milly?"

With this, the doctor turned to Milly, but the look of blank astonishment with which she turned from one to the other gave no clue to the mystery, but convinced him she was innocent of any part in the game, which he fancied was being played on him.

"You see," pursued Uncle Moses, for no other voice seemed likely to break the silence, "I've been a-carryin' out a little plan of my own; an' you'll set down an' call Rosa an' yer aunt, I'll tell you a little 'ethin' about it afore the minister come."

Milly stepped to the door of the low chamber and called: "Rosa, aunt, come down."

The doctor stirred not till Aunt Hannah took him by the hand warmly, assuring him she was "nether ghost nor specter," and led him unresisting to the lounge.

"You look beat enough, all on yo," said she, "an' no wonder; but I want to tell you in the beginnin' that it's none of my cookin'. I telled him a great while ago, that no good ever come of walkin' in the dark, an' concealin' an'—"

"Now, Hannah, you know you 'greed you'd let me have my way 'bout this thing, an' when I've explained the matter of the young folks aint satisfied then, you may hev your say, an' welcome."

"You know, Reuby," and the old man laid his right forefinger in the palm of his left hand, "you know I've allus cal'lated, that you'd hev the bulk of my property. I don't cal'late much different now; but I didn't know, then nothin' about that these gals—children of my wife's sister, an' com'fable enough off 'as far as I knew—was a goin' to be left orphans, an' poor. You know as well as I that yer aunt hez done full her sheer in 'emulation, an' ef I'm worth a cent to-day it's owing to her care an' equanimity. So I said to myself, I'll never do, Moses, never in the world: they've jes as good a right to a part of your property as that ere scraggle of a nevy that you've set your heart on so; an' you'll never be able to die easy unless you divide 'bout even; for ye've given him his education, an' what's more, there's a hundred ways for a man to get a livin' and make money where there's one for a woman. Wal, I fad consid'able arguin' of that sort to do afore I made up my mind, an' I confess now that all I sent you to York to spend your last vacation fer, was so that you needn't fall in love with these pale-faced penniless chits. I couldn't find no fault with 'em, an' no more I couldn't quite fergive 'em for comin' between me an' my plans of a lifetime; but when I came to know 'em better I said to myself she's just the one fer him. Here he gave his head a sideways jerk towards Milly."

"Then for the first time in my life I thought of turnin' match-maker; but when I broached the subject to Hannah, there she came the nearest to givin' me a lecture of anything. But, finally, though she wouldn't promise to help a mite, she did consent to keep still while I worked. I don't think she would, though, ef she'd a knowed how in the end on't a favorite the'y of hers was going to be upshot, that is that nothin' in real life ever happens like what we read in books; an' that all the young folks marry nowadays from pecuniary motives, an' so on. You see we've took a mag'ine nigh on to twenty years, an' wife reads the stories to me evenin's, but allus declares there aint a word of truth in 'em, an' gits real putchy coz I feel sorry for the poor critters when everything goes agin' 'em."

"Putchy!" said Aunt Hannah, "I ain't putchy, and I don't mind your feelin' sorry; but it daz put me out to hev you set to, an' whistle the 'Bower of Prayer' with all yer might and main in the middle of a chapter. But the children's wonderin' what else you've got to say; I know by their looks they be."

"Wall, after Reuben had made up his mind to locate down here I made up my mind to what to do next; an' I did it. You see I dassent do too much, coz as she said ef things should not turn out well, I'd have a good deal to think on for the rest of my life; so I just concluded to set things agoin' an' leave the rest to Providence. It's come out better'n I'd any right to expect. Rosa fared up so when I spoke of Mr. Ingalls, I gave up all hopes in that line; but last week when I got Milly's letter, I'll be hanged ef I knew what to do."

"Wal, I know what you did do," said his wife, "you whistled Yankee Doodle after you got to bed."

"Oh pshaw! I don't remember no such thing as that; but I have a tofable clear recollection of going to the village next day and gittin' these papers." And he handed one to each of the astonished trio. "I see Ingalls last night an' give him a receipt in full—principle an' interest. I never see a feller so set back; he'd no more idee on't than he had of bein' brigradeer gin'ral."

"You see there's, say only about seven thousand apiece now, but there'll be another five on the farm when yer aunt an' I've done with it, besides—there, stop! I won't have a word on't, liftin' a hand deprecatingly, as the doctor attempted to speak. "I've suited myself an' proved to Hannah that everybody don't marry for money, an' I hope she'll be willin', after this, to believe some of the milder sort of yarns. At any rate, I'm goin' to give the schoolmarm an' our district some letters I've got to hum an' sich other information as I'm able, an' see what sort of a thing she'll make on't an' send it to be printed in one of them magazines."

"O uncle!" again protested Rosa, "but this time the doctor silenced her with:—

"Do it, Uncle Moses! do it! and what you don't know I'll tell myself. I confess I've shared Aunt Hannah's belief that nothing good ever happened to a fellow nowadays; and I am disposed to show my gratitude by helping you to carry out your little project. Tell her to put me down as the happiest man in existence, on this the twenty-third day of October, Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and sixty—"

But there comes Ingalls and the doctor up the street. Now, let me kiss your dear old face as if it were a woman's! I can't help it, there! and he suited the action to the word. Then he hugged Aunt Hannah with an affection that might have made Milly jealous had not her eyes been blinded by happy tears, as she, gave the old man a fervent kiss on either cheek.

Rosa followed, and when the old lady slipped a little paper in her hand, whispering: "It's for you an' Milly to get some fixin's and furbelows with," she broke down utterly sobbing and laughing together!

"Five hundred!" she exclaimed, as she glanced at the figures on the check. "You don't mean it! Why, aunt, uncle, have you turned to gold?" Then she wiped her eyes hastily, lest the redness should spoil her beauty.

"Here, Reuby, quick, take this, said the old man, thrusting out a roll of greenbacks. It's for travelin' expenses. Ingalls understands it, but the Dominie don't. I want you to take the galls to York an' Washington while you're 'bout it. They've been industrious an' economical, they deserve a little recreation."

Uncle Moses would probably never have suffered this chapter to come to an end if left to himself, but luckily he was a bashful man in the presence of strangers, and sunk to his chair and silence immediately on the entrance of the doctor and Mr. Ingalls.

For this Rosa secretly rejoiced though she would scarcely have owned it even to herself, for just then every breath was an involuntary benediction on the old man, not for the future wealth he had bestowed, but for the present means of adorning herself in a way to make her worthy the admiration of him, who in her overweening love, she had classed not one whit lower than the angels.

If the doctor was the happiest man in the universe, she would have claimed to be the happiest woman. Milly and Mr. Ingalls were more moderate in their estimate, and were willing to accord to many another bride and groom a state of bliss similar to that in which they were reveling.

Yet Rosa has never had justice done her in these pages. Her lover was right when he fancied he saw in her the germ of a beautiful soul. Hers was one of those natures which ripen to perfection in the sunshine and happiness, but whose juices grow sour and waste in its absence. No one can but be glad to see this most potent beautifier lavished without stint or measure, but a contemplation of these physical and mental graces combined, leads shallow people to suppose that a faultless exterior, and that only, can contain a faultless character. A great mistake.

The ugliest oysters grow pearls but give them pearl dust. Plant love in the heart, and you may look for a harvest of beauty. But it depends always on the depth of the soil, and whether the ground was fallow or had been seeded to selfishness. In the latter case there is little hope, and none if there be rooted the tares of jealousy and envy.

Rosa's heart was a garden of rare plants, whose leaves turned as naturally for sustenance to the light in her husband's fond eye as the sunflower to the meridian at noonday. Its borders widened and deepened till there was room, not only for friends, but for all God's needy everywhere. She was an almoner of temporal things to the poor, of sympathy to the suffering. What had been only a vague sense of gratitude to her kind old uncle and aunt, grew to a warmer and deeper feeling, as the frequent letters written from the capital the following winter attested. She did not turn "hospital nurse" exactly, but inclination led her to the couch of many a sufferer, who needed a kind word or a letter written "to mother" more than pills or surgery.

"Am I in heaven?" whispered one poor fellow, as he opened his eyes on her tender, wistful face bent over him.

"No," said the surgeon, "not a bit of it."

"Then I'm just going, for I saw an angel."

The color came back to his face and a smile with it, when the "angel" put off the jolly curls from off his brow and left thereon a kiss so human as to remove all doubt of her terrestriality.

But in this digression I came near forgetting to record—and how could my story be complete without it?—that the couples whom we left on the threshold of matrimony were with due form and ceremony made one; that meantime Aunt Hannah, wiping the mist from her

spectacles, made an inward resolution to believe all she read after this from Revelation down to war telegrams; that it was only by the most desperate efforts, and the insertion of his forefinger between his lips, that Uncle Moses kept the "Bower of Prayer" from issuing from those convulsively twitching organs. Finally he got the better of his feelings so far as to be able to give "Reuby" some excellent parting advice as to the danger of pickpockets and theatres, and was sure he had better go to "Mr. Aster's tavern and put up" for he reckoned, all things considered, it was "bout the conventest place there was out." Then he kept the barouche waiting while he called Rosa back to ask her, with a merry twinkle in his eye, what answer he should carry back to Mr. Barwell. Blessings on these, Uncle Moses, with all thy quaint, funny, old-fashioned ways. And blessings on thy "stratagem." It proves, if nothing else, that it is better to divide one's gold while one lives to share in the happiness it gives than to hoard it till expectant heirs, struggling with poverty, are driven at last, even against their will, to watch with indifference, or wait with eagerest the falling of breath, the palying of limb.

Heaven forefend me from such a fate! Better poverty, dependence.

FRAUD WHISKEY.—Very strong protests have been entered at the Internal Revenue Department against the recent heavy seizures of whiskey at San Francisco. The revenue officers at that place, as the Department has instructed, claim to have established by an analysis the presence of sugar and coloring matter in the whiskey, and, therefore, it is not the pure Bourbon production of Kentucky as represented, but is fraud whiskey and liable to forfeiture. If such an opinion is sustained, the gentlemen who called upon the Commissioner claim that no whiskey in any warehouse in the country is exempt from seizure, and that, therefore, not a little excitement may be produced among the revenue officers and whiskey men in the principal markets like Philadelphia, New York, Cincinnati and Boston. As the seizures already made at San Francisco aggregate a value of about \$1,000,000, and may continue to the prevention of all shipments to that port, the subject assumes a commercial importance to the country.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.—"I am not afraid to live alone," said a noble woman, "but I dare not marry unworthily."

Is there no fine heroism here? I think that to submit cheerfully to a single life where circumstances have been unkind, to choose it for a high sense of duty, or to accept it for the sake of loyalty to a high ideal, is as brave a thing as a woman can do. But, after all, the woman who does this simply demands to be let alone. She begs that you will not suppose her insensible to a stab because she does not cry out. She has her pride and her delicacy. She urges no claims upon admiration, but she has no consciousness of disgrace. One would naturally prefer swift death by a sharp blade to a continuous hacking with a dull weapon. She therefore declines to serve any longer as a target for all the dillards of the community to test their feeble wits upon.—From THE SEVENTY THOUSAND, in the December number of Lippincott's Magazine.

One of the Little Corporals correspondents vouches for the truth of the following:

At one of the neighbor's houses was a very bright little girl. It chanced once that they had as a guest a minister, an esteemed friend. Little Anna, watched him closely, and finally sat down beside him and began to draw on her slate.

"What are you drawing, Anna?" asked the clergyman.

"I'm makin' your picture," answered the child.

So the gentleman sat very still and she worked away earnestly for awhile. Then she stopped, compared her work with the original, and shook her little head.

"I don't like it much," she said. "Tain't a great deal like you. I dess I'll put a tail to it, and call it a dog."

What a likeness it must have been!

DILIGENT IN BUSINESS.—Our friend, Rev. Dr. Ballard, counsels:

Go out of yourself, Christian. Keep occupied. Do something that shows—that appears to the eye. Plant an orchard or a tree. Build a house or a barn or a store, or help to build a college or a church or a mission chapel. Have an object and make the object appear. Bring it out of your mind and set it where it can be touched and handled.

Honor every handicraft and all handicraftsmen. Take off your hat in unfeigned respect to artisans, mechanics and laborers. Look at their work. Consider what they do and how they do it, as you consider flies and all God's works. Be no monk. Shun speculative piety. Meditate, but meditate in order that you may do. Keep out of holes. Do not burrow in the dark places of asceticism and penance and unbelieving self-righteousness. "Be diligent in business." This will help you to be fervent in spirit and better to serve God.—[Advance.]

A young man and his intended presented themselves before the clerk of Davenport, Iowa, the other day, for a marriage license. It was found that the intending bridegroom was under age and had neither parents nor guardian. In order to make the proceedings regular the lady suggested that she herself should be appointed guardian. As she was over eighteen she was eligible, was duly appointed as guardian and then gave her consent that her ward should marry herself.

The collections at the Internal Revenue office for the Kennebec district for the quarter ending the last day of October, amounted to \$28,471, against \$23,750 09, last year. The annual list for licenses, incomes, &c., amounting in the aggregate to about \$32,000, has all been collected with the exception of \$74, and this sum is against parties who died or who left the State before the list was placed in the hands of the Collector.

A dairyman was awakened by a wag the one night with the announcement that his best cow was choking. He forthwith jumped up to save the life of Brumme, when, lo! he found a turnip sticking in the mouth of the pump.

A HEARTLESS PRACTICE.—There is one most heartless practice—a practice which seems to prove how selfish, hard and cruel is the love of lucre. Men from whom something better might be expected—men of education and position—are from pecuniary considerations sometimes known to sell an old horse worn out in their service, regardless of the ceaseless suffering which the poor creature will be exposed to in his old age—that last stage of existence when the helpless animal, like his ungrateful master, would plead naturally for rest and quiet. Oh! the shame of such an act—the sad thoughtlessness and selfishness which it betrays. That noble duke of whom England is so proud—the who had so often to witness the worst horrors of war—that iron duke the defender of England's glory, never forgot the claims of the brute that had faithfully served him and kept it in his own pastures to die in peace.

A man of kindness to his beast is kind, but brutal actions show a brutal mind. Remember! He who made this, made the brute. Who gave thee speed and ranas formed him man? He can't complain, but God's blessing eyes behold thy cruelty—he hears his cry. He was designed thy servant, not thy drudge. And know that his Creator is thy Judge."

THE RETURN TO SPINCE.—A special dispatch from New York to the Boston Traveller contains the following:

Everything indicates a preparation, on the part of our merchants, bankers, and others, for the return to specie payment. One of our wealthiest bankers, whose name was prominently urged for the Treasury Department, remarked this morning, "The thing is inevitable, but I shrink from the consideration of the disaster that must follow. The country demands such a return, and the sooner the shock is felt the better for all parties." The forthcoming decision of the Supreme Court declaring the Legal Tender Act unconstitutional, is as sure as fate. Hundreds of houses in New York, distributed through all branches of business and finance will be crushed beneath a blow that no amount of precaution can avoid. The amount of merchandise now in bond cannot be less than five hundred millions of dollars. Several of the leading importers have had meetings to day, and they have decided that the sooner Secretary Boutwell issues the order to receive greenbacks in payment of all dues to customs, the better. This may relieve the break but will not prevent it.

GUM FOR LABELS, POSTAGE AND REVENUE STAMPS.—The following recipe is published in a late number of *Dingier's Polytechnic Journal*: Five parts of good glue are to be digested for one day with twenty parts of water, after which nine parts of candy or sugar and three parts of gum arabic (not cherry gum) are dissolved in it. This solution is then ready to spread upon paper. It keeps well, does not make the sheets stick together when they are piled upon each other. The following is recommended as a good paste for labels for letters and soda-water bottles: Stir into one pound of a paste of glue and rye meal one-half an ounce of turpentine.

Labels attached with this gum do not get loose in damp cellars. Moreover, if for convenience sake, it is desired to gum these labels preparatory to using them, add one-half an ounce of magnesia to one pound of the former paste, and use it then.

Complaint having been made that certain Postoffice employees upon railroads were doing a nice business for themselves, at the expense of the regular dealers, who were required to pay fare when taking their produce to market, the Postmaster General has ordered the following incorporated in the instructions: "Traffic in merchandise, while on duty, for the personal profit of a Railway Post Office Clerk, Route Agent, or Mail Route Messenger, even though the regular tariff rate of the railroad company is paid therefor, is absolutely prohibited. Postoffice Railway Clerks, Route Agents, and Mail Route Messengers must confine themselves, while on the train, strictly to the duties imposed upon them by the department."

A MATHEMATICAL PRODIGY.—In Fayette, Me., is a young man named Fields, entirely ignorant of letters or figures, who can, inside of three minutes, solve any mathematical problem given. The number of flax seed necessary to reach the sun, allowing six grains of flax seed to one grain of wheat, and thirteen grains of wheat to the inch? Answer, 469,497, 000,000 was answered in two minutes. Another problem? What would \$3,000 amount to in ten years, compounding interest at 10 percent? He worked it out correctly in three minutes. What would a horse bring, there being 32 nails in his shoes, allowing 8 cents for the first, 6 for the second, 3, 27, 81, and so on? requiring 88 distinct multiplications, yet he did it in three minutes.

Yale College students have been so riotous lately that the New Haven papers call them such appropriate names as these: "Clashco rowdies," "drunken rioters," "ruffians in embryo," etc., and think that if the police had broken a few of their heads and made a dozen arrests there would have been an end to their riotous demonstrations.

It isn't always best to be too familiar with lady travelers. A deluded Jersey man offered to hold a baby for a young widow on the Southside railroad, Wednesday, while she went to see her uncle. Minus watch and pocket-book, and with an India rubber doll in his arms, he has been waiting for her return ever since.

The editor of the Bath Daily Times argues objects to "lugging dances" and suggests that it would be equally proper on the street, in church, or elsewhere, to encircle the waist of somebody's wife or daughter, as to do so in a ball room.

Do not fail to tie up your young apple trees to a stake before winter sets in, especially when they are set in positions where the snow drifts badly. Remember that thousands of trees were crushed by the snow last winter, and we cannot tell what will occur the coming winter. Be forewarned to be forearmed. We do not suppose that it is necessary to call the attention of those who cultivate the raspberry and currant bushes to tying them up. Anything that is worth cultivating at all is worth taking care of, even in the little shoots and shrubs in the garden. There is always a little leisure at this time of year, which we should make use of in putting things in order for winter.—[Lawiston Journal.]

There is a lady living in Athens, named Tozier, who according to the records is 111 years of age, but according to her own reckoning is 104. Last year she spun an old fashioned "stent" and does a deal of knitting. She is able to walk about briskly and retains all her faculties in a remarkable degree. She was born in Woolwich and resided in Bangor before its incorporation as a town.—[Somerset Reporter.]

WHO IS IT?—The Bath Times says:—

We are informed that a Catholic clergyman in an up river town recently asked \$20 to go out and make a prayer at the funeral of a child.

Waterville Mail.

Waterville Mail.

FOR THE MAIL.
WATERVILLE, NOV. 26, 1869.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
J. M. PATTERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 30
Broadway, Boston, and 122 N. York St., New York.
Advertising Agents, No. 122 N. York St., New York.
J. M. PATTERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 30
Broadway, Boston, and 122 N. York St., New York.
Advertising Agents, No. 122 N. York St., New York.

RECEIVED AT THE POST OFFICE
FOR THE MAIL.
WATERVILLE, NOV. 26, 1869.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

In a business of twenty years we find we have upon our books a large number and amount of order due and unpaid demands. They are of all ages, even to twenty years. We are resolved on prompt measures for clearing them up; and between this and New Years we trust that most of them will in some way show signs of being paid. We give this timely notice, that no one may complain.

"THE LITTLE JERSEYS."—We don't own a Jersey cow or calf, and probably never shall at present quotations; but we confess a warm admiration for these little beauties. Whether we took the infection from their milk or cream, or butter, we know not, though we have been exposed to all three. Either is a dangerous vaccination for an affection for roast beef—making it like that of Brutus for Caesar; not beef less but butter more! Of course nobody talks of butter in the presence of my lord Durham, or his brother Hereford—any more, than of roast beef at a dinner of the Jersey club. You might as well offer a fine wool coat to a sheep-drover, to be weighed against mutton, tallow. And yet, if a Jersey he pastures all to butter, don't B. control the market for beef? "Let us have peace" on this line. Men pursue their various enterprises with better results when stimulated by their own peculiar relishes.

The extent to which the Jerseys are multiplying friends is worthy of note. We hear of them abroad, but we see them in Waterville. Even the "Jersey Stock Club" may be counted a live institution. The efforts of its members to secure the choicest breeding animals promises to keep it a live institution. They are doing this, even at very high prices. Several valuable animals have been introduced lately, from noted Massachusetts herds. Among them are the young bull "Tam O'Shanter" and a cow and two heifers; all directly from imported dams, and either sired upon the Island of Jersey or by imported sires. These are not the light, raveney animals which we have seen for Jerseys in former years, but are of good size and beautiful in symmetry. Among the Jerseys previously owned in Waterville were four which took first prizes in their several classes at the late N. E. Fair—namely, the fine 3 yr-old bull "Humboldt," a cow and heifer belonging to Dr. Bonville, and a heifer owned by John Nye. There are also several other fine animals which were not exhibited at the fair, but which are regarded as first class stock. Prof. Smith, Wm. Dyer, Joseph Percival and conductor Barrell each own some of the choicest of these. There are also many fine grade Jerseys, which promise to make valuable dairy stock.

We allude to these efforts of the members of the Jersey Club, as indicating a determination to introduce and breed in this vicinity such Jersey cattle as have no superiors elsewhere.

There is to be a musical convention at Lanco's Hall, Pittsfield, commencing Tuesday A. M. Dec. 14, and closing Friday evening, Dec. 17. Mr. L. W. Ballard, of Lewiston, has been engaged to conduct the convention. Mr. B. F. Wood of Lewiston, Pianist, and Mr. Ballard's Orchestra will maintain the accompaniments. The committee are making great efforts to have this a grand musical gathering. Members from abroad will be entertained free, and those coming by railroad will be provided with free return tickets. Two concerts will be given: one on Thursday evening by the orchestra, and one on Friday evening by the convention. We understand that several singers from Lewiston are to attend, which fact speaks well for the confidence they have in the conductor.

C. G. RICHARDSON, Esq., a graduate of Colby, class of '64, who is now practicing law at St. Louis, Mo., was the attorney of a deserted milled, in a recent breach of promise suit in that city, and by a lengthy and we are to presume powerful speech, he persuaded the jury to award his client the handsome sum of \$10,000 to pay for disappointed hopes and blighted prospects. We find a report of the case in a late St. Louis paper.

The Spanish gunboats have been attached, and the whole matter will be brought before the court.

EXPLANATORY.

I wish to state, in addition to my suggestion in regard to rebuilding the Ticonic Bridge, what, at the time, I supposed every intelligent person understood to be necessary and preliminary to action on the plan proposed. I did not state nor use language to imply that the Towns of Waterville and Winslow, had, by existing law, the right or power to take the assignment of the Charter, &c., of the Ticonic Bridge Corporation and hold it, assuming all the powers, rights, duties and obligations of this Corporation; nor that, by law now enacted and established in this State, the towns had any authority to exempt the holders of their securities, whether bonds or other, from taxation, any more than Banks are allowed by law or their Charters to exempt from towns interest at the rate of from eight to twenty per cent. per ann., on loans made to pay soldiers or other war claims and debts. Nor did I propose that the towns should take any action to bind them until duly authorized by law. I never advocated the adoption by towns or other Corporations of measures involving pecuniary responsibility or infractions of individual rights in violation of existing laws, and then applying to the Legislature to sanction the wrong and give it full effect in spite of even constitutional restraints. Morally, legally or financially, I am unable to perceive how towns are guilty of a greater blunder or wrong against their tax payers by procuring money on six per cent. bonds exempted from taxation, than by obtaining the same money from Banks on notes paying, if not on their face bearing, eight, ten, or twelve per cent. interest. None but a President or Ex-President of a Bank, who from long and perhaps undisturbed usage, has become a convert to, and a sincere believer in, the "divine" and exclusive right of Banks to the whole domain of extortion and the fruits thereof can perceive the difference. If the measure I proposed has any claim to the attention of the public and meets the approbation of the citizens of Waterville and Winslow, no time should be lost in making the preliminary arrangements and in procuring the necessary legislation.

Meetings of the inhabitants of the two towns may be expedient and necessary to bring any proposition of their concurrent action on this subject before the legislature at the earliest possible day. If the bridge is to be built with substantial stone piers and abutments, this work can be done, so far as getting the materials on to the spot, the coming winter. Stone of suitable quality can be obtained within from three to six miles from this village, with easy transportation by teams. The necessary preparation of the ledge foundation of the piers and abutments can be made in the winter, and seasonal judicious efforts might relieve the necessity of at all resorting to wooden piers to get the bridge in order for passengers early next season.

I believe I have now stated, with sufficient clearness, my plan, and what preliminary proceedings and actions are necessary to carry it into effect. If it is adopted and acted on with energy and harmony, I doubt not its success. A practical test of it, financially, will be made next week.

For the Mail.
The last week's Mail contains an article signed S. in which I find the following charge:

"Our selectmen of Waterville have acted upon the theory that they have a right to free such tax payers as they can borrow money of by so doing; even when the money could be had cheaper at the Banks, say 8 per cent., and giving 7-8-10 per cent. clearing the money lender from taxation; making the loan cost the town to 12 per cent. and further by so doing making their whole tax illegal, and bearing unequally on the tax payers."

"They have," here is a broad assertion unauthorized and called for and without the slightest foundation. The Selectmen never have hired a dollar from any individual in town and entered into any bargain to exempt the money from taxes—never. Every individual in town of which the town has hired money has been taxed for the money. I don't know of an exception, neither do I think there should be any exception as a general rule. Their might be cases when it would be justifiable to exempt the lender from a tax, but when this is done it will be time enough to find fault.

NOAH BOOTHBY.
J. O. MARBLE, formerly of Waterville, a graduate of Colby University, class of '68, who for several years has filled a clerkship at Washington, but who has lately been giving considerable attention to the study of medicine, has resigned his office and will soon establish himself in his profession at Worcester, Mass. A wise decision, for it is folly to bury a promising young man in a Washington clerkship.

What is the matter with the cows in Brunswick? A few days ago while one was being led from the depot in that quiet village, she displayed so much ugliness that the only way in which she could be quieted was to knock her in the head. She probably was anxious to "go for" Tenney, of the Telegraph, who for years has made war on all female bovines.

FARMERS' CLUBS are once more coming in to favor all over our State, stimulated, no doubt by the recent action of the Board of Agriculture, which requires the County Societies to expend a portion of the bounty of the State in their formation. These clubs can be made very useful and one should be maintained in every town during the winter season. They stimulate inquiry, spread valuable information, and promote kindly social intercourse.

By reference to notice in another column, it will be seen that the officers of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society will make an effort to form two clubs within their precincts; and that for this purpose a meeting of all interested will be held at Town Hall in our village on Saturday evening, Nov. 27th; also one at the School House on Port Point, in Winslow, on Monday evening, Nov. 29th. Let the farmers be present in large numbers.

COL. AMOS STICKNEY, formerly a well known resident of Vassalboro, from which town he moved to Bangor in 1842, died in the last named place a few days ago. He was a genial man, interested in all that concerned his fellow man, and noted for stern integrity and excellent business habits.

OUR TABLE.

THE SUNSET LAND; or, The Great Pacific Slope. By Rev. John Todd, D. D. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
The opening of the Pacific Railroad has brought California nearer to us, in point of time, and very naturally there is a renewal of interest in relation to the land of gold, and more particularly inquiry about its people, its climate, its productions, and its general prospects. This little book, by a New England divine, who wields the pen of a ready writer, is very opportune; and it will be read with interest. Its statements are reliable, and it will prove a valuable help to the prospective tourist or emigrant, helping him to form a correct idea of the country he is to visit; while to those who must content themselves at home it offers all the pleasure of a tour in imagination. It tells of the climate, soil and natural productions of California; its mines and mining operations; its "big trees" and geyser; the Mormons and their system; the great highways across the Continent, and concludes by discussing the future of the Pacific Slope and the Chinese Question. It is certainly a very readable book.

For sale in Waterville by C. K. Mathews.

DOWN THE RHINE; or Young America in Germany. A Story of Travel and Adventure. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is the sixth and last volume of that most delightful and popular series of books for the young, written by Oliver Optic, entitled "Young America Abroad." There is a thread of story running through the several volumes just enough to secure the interest of the youthful reader; and while he follows the actors through their various adventures by sea and land, he acquires large stores of useful information in regard to the geography and history of the countries of which he reads, and also of the manners and customs of the people. As well readily be seen by the title, this volume deals with Germany, and is as interesting and instructive as its predecessors, and this is praise enough for all familiar with the series. A second series is in course of preparation. A set of these books, or any single volume, we need hardly add, will make a fine holiday present for boy or girl.

Sold in Waterville by C. A. Harrickson.

THE ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE. By Emily Hamilton Miller, author of "Highways and Hedges," "Maggie Fuller," etc. Chicago: Alfred Sewell & Co. Boston: Nichols & Hall.

This is the story of a bright boy who began as a rag-picker, and boot-black, and by following the lessons of two proverbials—"The hand of the diligent maketh rich," and—"Honesty is the best policy"—found success and happiness in the West. It is a good book, and one that all youth will read with pleasure and profit. The first half has appeared as a serial in "The Little Corporal," that live juvenile paper of Chicago.

For sale at Mathews's.

THE YOUNG DETECTIVE; or, Which Won? By Rosa Abbott. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price \$1.25.

This is a story of a smart school-boy, who turned detective and ferreted out the perpetrator of a robbery and attempted murder. It has a good plot, a variety of characters, and is full of lively incidents and wholesome in tone. The young folks will like it. It forms the fifth volume of the "Rosa Abbott Stories" a series to be complete in six volumes.

For sale at C. K. Mathews's.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE commences a new volume with an excellent December number. The illustrated articles are—Frederick the Great; Benet, Bird and Fish; The University Rowing Match; and the continuation of "A Brave Lady," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," is also illustrated. The illustrated articles in Harper's are for the most part elaborate papers, well worth reading, and not ingenious trifles designed for showing cheap pictures. "My Enemy's Daughter," a capital story which has been running for some time, is finished, and there are several short ones complete. "Frederick the Great," "The University Rowing Match," and "Ecumenical Councils," will be found interesting; and there are many others that will well repay a perusal. In the Editor's Easy Chair Father Hyacinthe is discussed jokingly and then seriously; the Editor's Drawer is full of good things; and a "Scientific Record" appears as a new feature, which is to be permanent. Harper's Magazine is always going from good to better, and there is no greater favorite with the great reading public than this.

Published by Harper Brothers, New York, at \$4 a year.

THE DECEMBER "RIVERSIDE," in closing the volume, brings forward some of its old and favorite contributors. Mr. Herriek gives the frontispiece, "Wood Hauling," a picturesque scene familiar to country eyes; Hans Andersen tells a Danish story; the Editor completes his account of book-making by a description of binding, illustrated by eight sketches, and also tells a Christmas story. Miss Thomas has a thrilling account of some children who were caught on a Mississippi floe of ice. The "Yo-Semite Fall" has a picture, and Mother Goose has four pretty vignettes. Hunting in South Africa is described by an old hunter; Sophia May, of Prudy fame, tells of her "Higgins Fright"; and an anonymous writer describes old-fashioned times in New England. Dairies, the artist, illustrates some scenes from Scott; and Harry Bolingbroke describes a mimic encounter in a duck pond. Finally, a "Christmas Carol" from the French, with an English translation, holds the last page; so that music is heard as Volume III. disappears, and all young eyes are turned to Volume IV., of which an ample programme is given.

Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York, at \$2.50 a year.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for 1870.

The publishers of this favorite lady's magazine have issued a prospectus for 1870 that is full of promised excellences and attractions; and as they have always kept their word, their readers may count on a rich dispensation of good things during the coming year. Among the original papers to be given, we notice, "Marvels of the Insect World," accompanied by ten splendid full-page illustrations; "Gardening for Ladies;" "A Series of Powerfully Written Stories and Domestic Novels;" "A Series of Temperance Tales for the Times;" "A Series of Strongly Written Articles on Woman's Work and Woman's Wages;" "A New Cookery Book," &c., &c. In the departments of Fashion and Illustration, the Home Magazine will continue to maintain its superior artistic excellence and beauty. The publishers offer rare inducements in the way of premiums for subscribers, such as Silver-Ware, Sewing Machines, Cabinet Organs, Books, &c.

Terms, \$2 a year, with large reduction for clubs. Specimen number, 15 cents. Address T. S. Arthur & Sons, Philadelphia, Pa.

EVERY SATURDAY for November 20 contains "Twenty-One Months of Silence;" "Only for the Season;" "M. Fargues's 'Liza';" "Survival Instincts;" "A Provincial Ball in France;" "Familiar Quotations;" "The Oldest of Waterville Places;" "Some Bar Stories, Old and New;" "Foreign Notes," &c.

EVERY SATURDAY furnishes a regular supply of foreign periodical literature, well chosen and very acceptable.

The number for this week failed to come, for some reason.

Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$6 a year.

HITCHCOCK'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

B. W. Hitchcock, the originator of the "Dime Series of Music for the Million," is out with the first number of a handsome quarto monthly of 32 pages, with the above title. It is handsomely printed, contains much agreeable miscellany, and the following pieces of music:—"Dear Heart and Home," song and refrain; "My Dearest One, for Thee," words by Geo. Cooper; "Maiden's Prayer," by Badarowska; "You Gilt You Bet!" music by Currier. We commend this new work to all lovers of good music.

Published by Benjamin W. Hitchcock, 24 Beekman St., New York, at \$3 a year.

The Bangor Courier says of Wendell Phillips, "If he will wait till the world catches him, he may possibly do some good. Very prettily said,—but the world never catches such men. They are the eyes and nose that the world always moves behind, however near it may keep. The republican party had over-taken Mr. Phillips at the close of the war, only that he stepped forward to give them room to come up. It now stands just where Phillips and Garrison stood a few years ago. It doesn't know it, only that it sees they have moved forward, without being any further off. Never let the Courier face Wendell Phillips, but keep in a position always to tell where he stands, without getting near enough to know precisely how he looks."

THE SENIOR EXHIBITION of Colby University, on Wednesday evening, attracted a good audience, who by their quiet attention showed their enjoyment of the exercises. The young gentlemen, both Seniors and Juniors, acquitted themselves with great credit. The prize to the seniors, for composition only, was awarded to Frederick Howard Eveleth, of Durham. The music, which pleasantly diversified the exercises and was very acceptable, was by Ballard's Orchestra, of Lewiston. The following was the Order of Exercises:—

Latin Version from the Greek of Eschines. Oration against Demosthenes. * Delwin Augustus Hamlin, Sidney. * Genius. Erasmus Melville Shaw, Rockland. * The Future of America. Edward Payson Roberts, Waterville. * Greek Version from the Latin of Sallust. Cato's Address to the Roman Senate. * Albanus Kimball Gurney, Cape Elizabeth. * The Three Monuments. Alfred Eben Meigs, South China. * Variety in Unity. Frederick Howard Eveleth, Durham. * English Version from the French of Constat. Glory and Reputation. * George Stratton Paine, Winslow. * Progress of Reforms. Charles Henry Cumston, Monmouth. * French Version from the English of Emerson. Napoleon, or the Man of the World. * Willis Branson Mathew, Auburn. * Two Worlds. George Llewellyn Farnum, Rumford. * Juniors.

THE BRIDGE at Hallowell has disappeared but the piers still stand firm, undisturbed even during the great freshet in October, though they were severely tested by the crowding of jams of logs, the water being nearly to the top of the stone work. These piers were put in place by Mr. T. J. Emery, of our village, and are standing witnesses of his skill and faithfulness. Mr. Emery is now engaged on the piers of the railroad bridge at Wiscasset.

Grave hints are thrown out by scientific men that troublous times are at hand for the children of Mother Earth. A column of "magnetic light" from the sun is already half way to the earth; and when it arrives they say we may expect to see phenomena that have never been seen or known before by the human race. Are the earthquakes, hurricanes and floods with which we have been visited, the beginning of these coming violent disturbances. Here is another alarming hint of danger from another direction.

Professor Loomis of Yale College regards the earth a very unsafe place to stay on any longer, from the fact that the late volcanic manifestations have been so general in their character that there is no longer any doubt about the theory that all volcanoes have not a local but a general and common origin, in the central liquid parts of our globe, where the most intense heat prevails.

The gale of Friday blew down what remained of the Boston Coliseum, and then the ruins were set on fire Saturday night and considerable lumber burned.

The Boylston National Bank in Boston was robbed of \$300,000 in bonds on Sunday, notwithstanding two faithful men were employed to watch the bank. The burglars hired the adjoining building, and worked their way through two brick walls twenty inches thick, in rear of the safe.

THE SUEZ CANAL, another great engineering work of modern times, is finished and has just been opened with formal dedicatory services. Now make one across the isthmus of Panama.

MAINE EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.—More than two hundred teachers were in attendance upon the late session of this body at Bath. The following officers were chosen for the current year.

President.—J. H. Hanson, of Waterville. Vice-President.—C. C. Rounds, of Farmington.

Secretary and Treasurer.—C. B. Stetson, of Lewiston. There were also reported an executive committee and a board of twelve editors for the Educational Journal.

An elegant smoking car has recently been attached to Conductor Howard's train on the P. & K. Railroad.

The Skating Season has begun, and one lady has been drowned in a pond in the town of Jackson.

We refer with pleasure to the business card of P. L. Chandler, Esq., who has opened a law office at the old stand he long occupied years ago. With eminent legal abilities and many friends among his old clients, we heartily wish him success.

Gen. H. M. Whitteley, quarter-master of the Freedman's Bureau, had a stroke of paralysis a few days ago which rendered him speechless.

They have a live ghost over in Bangor, that walks the streets and frightens people into staying at home evenings. Good thing for bad boys and truant husbands.

PEPITA.—The Burlesque Opera of "Pepita, or the Gipsy Girl of Andalusia," will be performed at Mechanics' Hall, West Waterville, on next Wednesday evening, Dec. 1st—the avails to be applied towards an organ for the Baptist church.

TO THE CITIZENS OF WINSLOW.

I have previously written two articles on a free bridge and a union of the towns of Winslow and Waterville, without date or signature. My intention in writing was to induce the people, in both towns, to think and act in an understanding and a judicious manner, on this subject, so far as I was able; and for that reason I have not committed myself. To come to a decision on a question of so much importance requires thought, not haste.

One of the Directors of the Ticonic bridge has told me that the receipts for toll in a single year was \$1700; and that the people paid for passes in the town of Waterville but \$31 of that; and \$27 of the \$81, was paid by three doctors; so that in fact the inhabitants on the east side of the river paid \$1616, for we had to pay the doctors' toll; leaving but \$54 for the inhabitants of Waterville to pay. This fact shows a great desire on the part of the people on the East side to go to Waterville, willingly paying 1646, for the bridge. It is a market for a large amount of our produce, and a place where a large share of our dry goods and groceries is purchased. But you are not to understand that Winslow alone pays this bill, for Vassalboro, China and Albion pay their share. If another toll bridge is built that sum will increase, if the current of trade is not diverted from Waterville. If the towns remain separate, Winslow must pay her portion of toll and also pay the expenses incurred in purchasing and in repairs on the Sebasticook bridge some \$4000 or \$5000. If a free bridge is built by the two towns, Winslow must pay an additional sum of at least \$12,000 making a sum to be assessed on Winslow of not less than \$16,000 and on Waterville \$12,000.

In the petition, published a few weeks since, Waterville offers, if Winslow will unite—as one town to pay the whole of the above sums—the whole expense of both bridges estimated at \$28,000, a tax to be assessed on the polls and estates of the now two towns. In that case Winslow's share would be but about one fifth or about \$6000.

The name of one of the early governors of Massachusetts was Winslow, and when this town was incorporated in honor of him it was called Winslow. For about seventy years our fathers, who have all passed away, and ourselves have maintained a municipal government. Shall we give it all up now and unite with a town that has so outgrown us that it can if united control us in wealth and numbers?

I am almost inclined not to answer the question. I love the old town of Winslow, and unless I change my residence wish to live in a town of no other name. I first breathed in Winslow and for more than thirty years have participated in the affairs of the town, doing our business in a quiet way. If we become one town instead of one large village and one small one, it will be one large village; and the growth for years will be mainly on the Winslow side; and as was said last week, the increase of wealth before it is necessary to pay for the bridges, may be such as will make the per cent. very much less than now. The debts, except the one of the Sebasticook bridge, to the time of the union, will be paid by the original towns. Our taxes will be assessed and collected as now, and will be no heavier. Our roads and bridges must be built and kept in repair the same as now; also the same provision must be made for our paupers and the education of the young. But we are to give up our independence as a separate town and become part of another, and that a large town?

Can we afford to do all this? is a question that perhaps agitates many. All see that a great amount of the trade with the village of Waterville is from this side of the river; for this reason she can afford to pay an equal proportion for the bridges.

I have felt very reluctant in coming to a decision in this matter, and have written for others to read, and then act judiciously. I do not wish any one to favor an annexation simply because others do, neither do I wish others to oppose it without good and sufficient reasons. After weighing the matter in my poor way, I am convinced that it will be for the interest of Winslow to unite. The act of union will cost some unpleasant feelings; but they will be mainly imaginary. We can labor together and build up a town so that a future generation will assuredly say this was one of the wisest acts in our history.

Winslow, Nov. 20, 1869.

James Kitchen pleaded guilty to the charge of burning the Baptist church at China last October. William G. Kingsbury charged with inciting Kitchen pleaded not guilty. The trial lasted two days and the jury was discharged having failed to agree. Kitchen was remanded for sentence, and Kingsbury was held to bail for a new trial.

The Masons at Kendall's Mills have a nice new hall ready for dedication.

JOSEPH BILLINGS holds forth at Coburn Hall, Skowhegan, next Monday evening.

Alfred D. Richardson, the well known newspaper correspondent and author, was seriously and perhaps fatally injured by a pistol shot fired by Daniel McFarland, in New York, on Thursday evening.

The Kennebec Journal says Mr. Benjamin Gilbreth who died recently at the great age of eighty eight years, at the house of his son, J. H. Gilbreth, Esq., of Kendall's Mills, was for many years a resident of Augusta, and at one time kept the Cushnoc House. He was one of the few survivors of the war of 1812, in which he served with credit, participating in the battles of Queenstown, Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, Sackett's Harbor and several others, and was wounded once or twice. He belonged to the regiment commanded by Colonel Leavenworth. General Scott, who commanded our forces, fell overboard, while crossing the Niagara River, near Lewiston in a small boat, and was rescued by private Gilbreth, who plunged in after him. For this he was made a Sergeant by General Scott. He was made a Mason more than fifty years ago.

Hon. James G. Blaine, in a letter addressed to one of his constituents, makes an authoritative denial of the report that the State department is negotiating another reciprocity treaty with the British Provinces. The only two points upon which the Secretary of State could feel authorized to act under the resolution of March last were the rights claimed by our citizens in the fisheries on the coasts of the St. Lawrence River from its source to the sea. The same resolution expressly denied the right in the executive and treaty-making power of the United States to conclude treaties or connections with any foreign government by which import duties should be mutually regulated.

The Boston Advertiser prints a brief sketch of General Howard's forthcoming report. He says that the freedman's Bureau since its organization has cost only \$13,029,816, and recommends the continuance of the county and educational divisions. The Commissioner is urgent in his recommendation that the free-school system be established in all the Southern States, and says that until this is done and such a system is in practical operation, the safety of the country and especially of the South, demands the continuance by some agency of the educational work now carried on by the bureau. He thinks that means should also be provided for extending its operations to meet the wants of the whole people. The freedmen raised and expended last year for school purposes alone not less than \$200,000. The hostility to the schools and teachers has in a great measure ceased.

Latest and reliable information from Cuba concerning the insurgents, shows a decline, in their cause and that they are now in possession of not a single town, having been obliged to abandon Guantamora, the seat of Céspedes' Government. There is now no doubt that several months ago Gen. Jordan proposed to surrender to the Spanish authorities, not on his own account, but on that of his men, from the United States, who were, he said, forced to take the front of battle on all occasions of combat. In consequence of this comparatively few American soldiers survived, but the Cubans prevented the consummation of Jordan's object. Gen. Jordan was therefore unable to leave the country and was transferred to the Staff of Céspedes.

THE STORM.—The gale of Saturday seems to have extended over the greater part of the country and to have been very disastrous in its effects. Reports from Lake Huron represent a great number of vessels ashore and gone to pieces and some lives lost. In Colorado the storm was the most severe ever known. Twenty houses were blown down in Georgetown and a new Episcopal seminary at Golden City was demolished. The gale reached as far to the west as Santa Fe. On the Hudson River it was the heaviest blow known for thirty years and much damage was the result. At Newburg dozens of houses were unroofed in an instant and seven vessels sunk at the wharf. Colden street, between 1st and Western avenues, was completely blocked by tin roofs torn from buildings. The tower of the Second Methodist Church swayed fearfully but did not fall.

During the storm of Wednesday a railroad train was blown from the track near Boston Corners, N. Y., the engine alone remaining on the track. The baggage car was burned and with it the mail matter. The express and smoking car, together with the two passenger coaches, were hurled down the bank a distance of seventy-five feet. A boy named Mc Bride was killed and partially burned, and six other passengers were severely injured, and some of them fatally it is feared.

Here is a funeral address which a Paris paper assures us was actually pronounced at Montmartre the other day, by a father at the grave of his son:—"Gentlemen," said the father, in a voice full of emotion, "the body before me was that of my son. He was a young man in the prime of life, with a sound constitution which ought to have insured him a hundred years. But misconduct, drunkenness, debauchery, of the most disgraceful kind, brought him in the flower of age to the wreck which you see before you. Let this be an example to you and your children. Let us go hence."

SUDDEN DEATH. F. E. Webb, Esq., of Winthrop was found dead in his bed, last Saturday morning. He was elected Attorney of Kennebec County last fall. He was also elected Representative from Winthrop at the same time. He was at the same election nominated on the temperance ticket for State Senator. He was about 38 years of age, a graduate of Bowdoin College, class of '52, and a gentleman of scholarly ability and unspotted integrity.

The Twiggs swords, for which Gen. Butler has been sued, were sent by him to Washington and are now in the treasury; and the silver plate was found under the eel of a house and was sold under Gen. Banks' administration, and the proceeds put into the Treasury. The suit was brought for political effect and the woman who brings the suit is said to have been General Twiggs' mistress.

At Cambridge and Brighton last week the supply was comparatively light, and there was an improvement in prices. This week the number of beasts is just about twice as large as one week ago; the weather is quite unfavorable, and the market, especially on ordinary qualities, and trade dull.—[Boston Adv.]

In China, on the 13th inst., Mrs. Samuel Brinjohn aged 70 years, fell while passing in at her own door, breaking her leg. It was set by Dr. Merrill, who considers her recovery somewhat doubtful owing to her age and other infirmities.

—The Lewiston Journal says the item "going around with regard to Maj. Chas. O. Howard's suicide is calculated to mislead.—No such person was ever on Gen. Howard's staff. Gen. Chas. H. Howard, his brother's staff officer, lives in Chicago, has a wife and a little boy, and seems in a fair way to live rather than die for love."

THE ROMANCE OF HUSKING CORN.—Honesty—and all rural proclivities apart—I do not think that husking corn is very likely to promote the flow of the tenderer sentiments.—It is simply—hard work; especially when we came to count up a score or two of bushels. It is another instance in which the printed pastoral is far more attractive than the actual pastoral. A roomy old barn, with blithe sunlight pouring in and lighting up the cobwebs and flashing in the golden locks of Joan, who wears stiped brocade and sits majestically near you, might make the work tolerable. But with half a hundred of damp shocks standing away in an angle of the corn field, with a biting north-wester whistling among them—fingers benumbed, a thumb, worn bare by its wrestle with their rasping husks, and Joan (if she be there at all) sitting on a cow stool, and with nose pinched fearfully by the October chilliness, the affair wears quite other aspects. The realist, if they venture upon the subject, may rely upon these later data as correct. What, too, if Joan be red nosed and ugly? She may not make a fine figure in a corn field or in a picture; but even ugly Joan may so illumine that home of hers with unflagging attention, to all home interests, as an atmosphere about her in which she moves transfused, and seems ever as beautiful as the morning.—Lovers think themselves wise; but in reality they are as blind as bats, and have no conception of the devotion and self-sacrifice of which a true woman is capable.—[Le Marvel.]

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

Ostrich Feathers!
IN ALL COLORS.
Suited to Fall and Winter Trade.

Just received at **MISSES E. & S. FISHER'S.**

WE WILL SELL

THIRTY DAYS
COOK, PARLOR, SHEET-IRON
AND SOAP-STONE
STOVES,
AT GREAT BARGAINS,

For proof of which examine the stock at
ARNOLD & MEADE'S,
To the Citizens of
WATERVILLE, WINSLOW, VASSALBORO
and China.

A Free Bridge between Waterville is
very much needed and must be built.

Meantime it is a fact that

H. REDINGTON,
at the old Stand,
W. A. CANNF,
has on hand everything necessary for a complete outfit
the line of
Brookery, Glass-Ware, Carpets of all
grades, Mirrors, Lounges, Feathers,
&c, Parlor Suits, Chamber
Sets of all kinds,
made by my own workman, and finished in the very
best manner.
The above goods I will sell at much less prices than

be bought at any other town on the Kennebec River, and I will deliver them free of cost on the Winslow side of the River.

SEEING IS BELIEVING!

Just walk across the Railroad bridge which is well anchored, examine the goods, get the prices, and judge yourselves. At the old Stand of W. A. Caffrey.

18 C. H. REDINGTON.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale, the House occupied by himself on Shewton Street, in Waterville Village.

Also his **FOUNDRY and MACHINE SHOP**, situated at the Marine Central Railroad Station, together with all kinds of Engines and Machinery and a large lot of **Flaming Patterns**, etc., now in use in said Foundry and Shop. I will give to any one desirous of going into the manufacture of **IRON or BRASS CASTINGS**, at **Waterville, Oct. 28, 1860.** **J. PERCIVAL.**

NEW AND FASHIONABLE
DRY GOODS!

PEAKS BROTHERS
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

DRY GOODS

The attention of the Ladies is especially invited to our large stock of

DRESS GOODS.

which is the largest in the State outside of Portland, of Bangs & Co. Goods, pollinly shown, whether in season, or

17 PEARS BROTHERS.

WILD CHERRY.
INFLUENZA CONSUMPTION

This well-known remedy does not dry up a Cough, and
cure the cause behind, as is the case with most prepara-
tions. It is loosens and cures the lungs, and allays
irritation, thus removing the cause of the complaint.

W. FOWLE & SON, Proprietors, Boston. Sold
by druggists and dealers in medicines generally.

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BROUGHT & CAST IRON RAILINGS

For Houses and Cemetery Fences, Public Buildings,
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**Wire Office, Desk, Bench, and Counter
Railings; Iron Settos, Chairs;**

**Flat and Umbrella Stands, Vases, Bouquet
Holders, Grave Borders, Flower Stands, Trell-
ses, Horse Posts, Stable Furniture, Iron Col-
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Low Prices, and Work Warranted.

J. L. ROBERTS & Co.
63 Merrimack Street, Boston.
NEAR MARKET SQUARE.

HOUSE FOR SALE
At West Waterville.

THE subscriber wishes to dispose of a two story House with L. pleasantly situated on Middle Street, leading

Nov. 18, 1889. 3-21 REUEL NABON.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

A GOOD FREEMAN = CARPENTER & WAGONER

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MISCELLANY.

The Broken Home.

"TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION."

In San Francisco, on the north side of Polson street, overlooking Mission Bay, stands a palatial residence.

The interior of this house is even more beautiful than its exterior, every apartment being in its way a gem of magnificence and refinement.

The library especially realizes the most perfect ideal of an elegant and cultured home. And yet, at the moment we look in upon him—one August afternoon, as he occupied his library—the proprietor of all this wealth appeared of all men most miserable.

He was Mr. Morton Preble, for many years a leading banker of San Francisco.

It was in vain that the broad bay-window at the south end of the room had been opened, giving ingress to the sunshine and the fragrance of rare flowers—in vain that the walls were lined with richly carved book-cases and paintings—in vain that soft couches and luxurious chairs had been gathered around him.

He was wretched. He lay on a sofa, in the depths of the great bay-window, the wreck of a once powerful man. His figure was thin and gaunt; his face white as marble; his eyes having an expression of woful apprehension, of harrowing anxiety, of dreadful expectancy.

It was evident at a glance that no merely physical ailment had made him what he was. By what withering secret, by what destroying affliction, had he been thus agonized? thus haunted? thus hunted? he so noble and good! he so wealthy and distinguished!

As he moved restlessly upon his luxurious cushions, the pretty clock on the mantel-piece struck five, every stroke seeming to fall like a hammer upon the heart of the nervous invalid. He aroused himself, struggling feebly to a sitting posture.

"Oh, will this fatal day never pass?" he murmured; "no bring us relief?" Nothing with a nervous start that he was alone, he touched a bell upon a table before him, and called:

"Helen, Helen! where are you?" Before the echoes of his voice had died out a step was heard, and his wife entered his presence.

"I left you only for a moment, Morton," she said, advancing to the banker's side. "You were dozing, I think. I wished to send for the doctor!"

She was a beautiful woman, of some six and thirty years, graceful, with broad white brows, and loving eyes, in which the brightness and sweetness of a sunny nature were still perceptible under a grief and anxiety no less poignant than that evinced by her husband.

"The doctor!" he echoed, half-reproachfully.

"Yes, dear," she said, in a calm and cheerful voice, as she drew a chair to the side of the sofa, and sat down, stroking the corrugated forehead of the invalid with a magnetic touch. "He will be here immediately. Your last nervous crisis alarmed me. You may become seriously ill!"

Mr. Preble bestowed an affectionate look upon his wife, but said despondently: "The doctor! He cannot minister to a mind diseased!" Oh, if these long hours would only pass! If I only knew what the day has yet in store for me!

"Look up, Morton!" enjoined Mrs. Preble, with a reverently-trustful glance upward through the open window at the blue sky, and as if looking beyond the azure clouds therein. "Let us appeal from the injustice and wickedness of earth to the goodness and mercy of Heaven!"

The banker gave a low, sobbing sigh. "I cannot look up, Helen," he answered, with a passionate tremor in his voice—"only down, down at the grave that is opening before me!"

Mrs. Preble continued to stroke his forehead softly, while she lifted her pale face to the sun-light streaming into the apartment.

"Look up, Morton—always look up!" she again enjoined upon the invalid. "During all these fourteen years of agony, I have not once doubted either the goodness or the justice of Heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. I believe that we shall yet rejoice more keenly than we have mourned, and that we shall come to a glorious day of joy beyond all this long night of sorrow!"

The face of the invalid lighted up with an answering glow, and he murmured: "Glorious faith! My wife, you are indeed a blessed comforter. Perhaps, after all, you are right!"

A knock resounded on a side door at this juncture, and the next moment Dr. Hutton, the family physician, for whom Mrs. Preble had sent, entered the room.

He was an old man, portly in figure, with white hair and beard, but with a fresh and ruddy complexion, a pair of shrewd blue eyes, and with an exuberant boyishness of manner that belied upon him. He had a kind heart and a clear head. He approached the sofa, after greeting the husband and wife, and lifted the thin restless hand of the invalid, feeling his pulse.

"Quite a high fever," he said, after a brief pause. "Worrying again, eh, Mr. Preble? You are wearing yourself out. Medicine will do you no good so long as your mind is in its present condition. I must give you an opiate."

"Now, doctor," interposed the banker. "I cannot smoke now—sleep to-day! I need to be broad awake now, for I cannot tell at any moment what the next may bring forth. I am looking for the culmination of all my years of anguish—for the crowning agony of the whole. Perhaps even now—Ah, what was that?"

He started up wildly, and then, as the sound that had disturbed him was not repeated, he sank back again on his cushions, pallid and panting.

The doctor looked at Mrs. Preble with an anxious questioning glance.

"It is the anniversary," she replied to his unspoken inquiry—"the anniversary of our loss."

"Ah, yes," said the doctor. "I remember." "Yes, it's another of those terrible days," cried the banker in a hollow whisper. "Sit down, doctor, and I will tell you the whole story. I can think of nothing else to-day, and am almost wild with apprehension and anxiety. Sit down."

Dr. Hutton drew up a chair and seated himself, his face expressing the double solicitude of a friend and physician.

"You knew us fourteen years ago, doctor," said Mr. Preble. "We lived then where we do now, in a cottage on the site of this great mansion. There were but three of us—Helen and I, and our three-year old Jessie.

And it was fourteen years ago to-day that our little Jessie was stolen from us."

"I remember it," said the doctor softly. "Yet might she not have been lost, Mr. Preble? She went out to play in the garden, if I remember rightly, and was never seen by you again. She might have strayed away—"

"So we thought for a whole year, doctor," interrupted the banker. "We never dreamed that she had been stolen. We searched everywhere for her, and offered immense rewards for her recovery. I employed detectives, but all to no purpose. When our little Jessie ran down the steps into that flower-garden, and he pointed to the front of the house, 'as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up, we never saw her again.'"

"She must have found the gate open, and wandered out," suggested Dr. Hutton. "She might have strolled down to the waters and been drowned."

The banker fixed his burning eyes upon the physician's face, and whispered:

"I said we never saw the poor child again. I did not say we had not heard of her. She was lost on the 9th of August, 1824. For a year we thought her dead. But on the anniversary of our loss we received a written message concerning her."

"A message," cried Dr. Hutton, starting. "A mere scrawl—a single line in a hand evidently disguised," said the banker. "Here it is:"

He produced a dingy scrap of paper from a drawer in the table, and held it up to the view of the physician, who read as follows:

"August 9, 1825. Jessie, has, had Jessie!" Dr. Hutton looked, with a puzzled air, from the scrap of paper, which he turned over and over, to the countenance of the banker.

"I can make nothing of this," he declared. "It is merely a date, with the name of your lost daughter. It tells me nothing."

"Nor did it us, at first," said Mr. Preble. "Then that name and that date, with the demon laugh connecting them, set us to thinking. A whole year we agonized over the dreadful problem, and then we received another message, which you shall see."

He thrust a second slip of paper, identical in shape and appearance with the first, before the gaze of Dr. Hutton, who read it aloud:

"August 9, 1825. Your Jessie still lives!" The physician started, as if electrified.

"Ah! this is something definite—something decisive," he muttered. "It convinced you that your daughter was still living."

"Yes, doctor," said Mr. Preble, "and every anniversary of that day has brought us some message. The disappearance of the child, mysterious as it is, does not seem to me half so strange as that the villain who took her away could contrive to communicate with us every year since, and always on a particular day—the anniversary of that on which she was stolen—without our being able to discover who he is. And a still greater wonder to me is what he has for his motive. It seems incredible. If it was stated in a novel many people would not believe it. But 'truth is stranger than fiction.'"

Mrs. Preble drew from her husband's breast-pocket his note-book, opened it to the proper page, and presented it to the physician.

Dr. Hutton adjusted his spectacles, glanced over the page, and then slowly read the group of entries aloud. The entry the first year is as follows:

"August 9, 1825. Jessie, has, had Jessie!" And the next year it is—

"August 9, 1826. Your Jessie still lives!" And the next—

"August 9, 1827. She is in good hands!" And the next—

"August 9, 1828. She is well as ever!" And the next—

"August 9, 1829. I saw her yesterday!" And the next—

"August 9, 1830. She's growing rapidly!" And the next—

"August 9, 1831. She continues to do well!" And the next—

"August 9, 1832. I've seen her again!" And the next—

"August 9, 1833. She's becoming a woman!" And the next—

"August 9, 1834. Your child is thirteen!" And the next—

"August 9, 1835. She's lovelier than ever!" And the next—

"August 9, 1836. She's really charming." And the last year it is—

"August 9, 1837. My reward is at hand." And what shall we get to-day?

The physician looked up and fixed his thoughtful gaze upon the bereaved husband and wife.

"How did these messages come to you?" he demanded.

"Invariably by post," replied Mr. Preble. "Usually to the house, but sometimes to the office!"

"And you have never seen their author?" "Never!"

"The last of them is dated, I see a year ago to-day!"

"Yes, yes," faltered the banker, "and the time has come for another message. This is the 9th of August, 1838!"

"I see," said Dr. Hutton. "And this is the secret of your terrible excitement. You are expecting to receive to-day another of these strange messages!"

There was a brief silence. Mrs. Preble's hand fluttered in his task, and her face grew very pale. The banker breathed gaspingly. The physician regarded them both in friendly sympathy.

"We shall hear of her again to-day," said Mr. Preble; "and what will the message be?" The mother averted her face. Her brave heart faltered at that question echoed in her soul.

"The writer of these letters is unquestionably the abductor of your child!" said Dr. Hutton. "Have you any suspicion as to his identity?"

"Not the slightest," said Mr. Preble. "We have puzzled over the problem for many years, but we cannot guess who he is."

"Think," said the doctor. "Have you no enemy? I do not mean people with whom you are not friendly—every stirring man has plenty of these—but a downright enemy! Is there no man whom you know in the East who hated you? No one against whom you were called upon to testify—no one whom you possibly injured?"

The banker shook his head. He had asked himself all these questions repeatedly.

"I have no such enemy, doctor," he answered with sincerity of voice and manner. "And Mrs. Preble?" suggested the doctor, turning to her. "Have you no rejected suitor who might be revengeful enough to desolate your home?"

"No," said the lady. "I was married early. Morton was my first love!"

"This is strange—very strange!" muttered the doctor. "You are not conscious of having an enemy in the world, and yet you have an enemy—a hidden foe—a fiend in human form—who is working out against you a fearful hatred! And you have not the slightest suspicion as to whom he is?"

"Not the slightest," declared the banker.

"Not the slightest!" echoed Mrs. Preble. "My husband had a step-brother who might have been capable of this infamy—but he is dead!"

"The handwriting is not familiar?"

"No. It is merely a rude scrawl, as you see," said the banker. "It suggests nothing—except that it is evidently disguised!"

Again there was a profound silence. "Our child is seventeen years old now," at length murmured Mrs. Preble, her voice trembling. "She is on the threshold of womanhood. No doubt, during all these years, she has yearned for us, wherever she may be, as we have yearned for her!"

"But where is she?" asked the physician—and now his voice was broken by his deep sympathy with the agonized parents. "Where can she be?"

"Heaven only knows," answered the mother. "Perhaps in San Francisco—perhaps in some rude hut in the interior, with some obscure farmer, and under a name that is not hers? I think her abductor would have carried her to some lonely region of the interior, among the valleys and mountains. Yet I never see a young girl in the streets without turning to look at her. I never hear a girlish voice without listening eagerly, half fancying that it may prove the voice of my lost Jessie!"

"Oh, pitying heaven!" sighed Dr. Hutton, dashing a flood of tears from his eyes. "Will this long agony never be over?"

"We hope so, and even believe so," answered Mrs. Preble, with the firmness of an unflinching trust in God's mercy. "The last message we received from our enemy seems to point to some kind of a change."

"True," assented Dr. Hutton, looking at the message in question. "It is unlike the others. It says that his reward is at hand. He means either that he intends to marry your daughter, or that he intends to demand money of you for bringing her back—or both."

"We shall soon know," said Mrs. Preble, with forced calmness. "To-day we shall have another message, no doubt. What will it be?"

The banker turned restlessly on his sofa, and his face grew even paler.

"Whatever it is, let it come!" he murmured. "Anything can be borne better than this awful suspense. Let it come!"

As if his impatient words had precipitated a crisis, a step was heard on the walk at this moment, and a ring at the front door followed.

"Another message!" breathed the banker. A servant soon entered, bearing a letter, which he extended to Mr. Preble, saying:

"The bearer is in the hall."

With an eager gaze, the banker glanced at the superscription of the missive.

"It is from him!" he faltered. He tore the envelope open.

It contained a slip of paper, of well-known shape and appearance, upon which was scrawled a single line, in an equally well-known handwriting, which the banker exhibited to his wife and the physician.

The line was as follows: "August 9, 1838. At six I will call!"

A shock of wonder and horror shook the three simultaneously.

"Will call!" cried Mr. Preble, starting to his feet, and glaring wildly around.

"Is coming here?" cried Mrs. Preble, also arising.

"It seems so," said Dr. Hutton, his eyes again reverting to the message. "He will be here at six o'clock, and see! It is six already!"

Even as he spoke, the clock on the mantel-piece commenced striking the appointed hour, and at that instant heavy footsteps resounded in the hall, approaching the library.

"It is he!" cried the doctor, also arising. As the last stroke of the hour resounded, the door leading from the hall again opened.

One long and horrified glance cast the banker and his wife in that direction, and then she fell heavily to the floor.

Her senses had left her. The above we publish as a specimen chapter: but the continuation of this story will be found only in the N. Y. Ledger. Ask for the number dated December 4th, which can be had at any news office or bookstore. If you are not within reach of a news office you can have the Ledger mailed to you for one year by sending three dollars to Robert Bonner, publisher, 182 William street, New York. The Ledger pays more for original contributions than any other periodical in the world. It will publish none but the very best. Its moral tone is the purest, and its circulation the largest. Every body who takes it is happier for having it. Leon Lewis, Mrs. Harriet Lewis, Mrs. Southworth, Mr. Cobb, Professor Peck, Mary Kyle Dallas, Fanny Fern and Miss Dupuy will write only for the Ledger hereafter.

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There is a foundation of Tarred Felt; 2d, a layer of Water-proof Composition; 3d, another layer of Felt; 4th, another layer of Composition; 5th, another layer of Felt. Send for Circulars and Samples.

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PATENT ROOF PAINT. This Paint is composed of gums, oils, and resinous substances, combined with distilled water and the best known driers. It contains no mineral or pigment, is permanent, and does not fade, retain its elasticity longest, and is more durable. County rights for sale.

For Circulars and all particulars, Address MICA ROOFING COMPANY, 72 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK.

NOTICE. In consideration of Ten Dollars to me paid by my son, Edward R. Simpson, I hereby relinquish to him, from this date, his time during the remainder of his minority, and shall claim none of his earnings, nor pay any debts of his contracting, after this date.

LUCIUS ALLEN SIMPSON, Winslow, Nov. 6, 1869.

OUR STOCK OF HARDWARE, BUILDING MATERIALS, Paints and Oils, Nails and Glass, is unusually large, and to those about to build or repair, we have a special inducement.

THE SALEM PURE WHITE LEAD. WARRANTED as pure and white as any lead in the world sold.

RAGS! RAGS! CARB, and the highest price paid for any thing with paper as made at the MAIL OFFICE.

Novelty Wringers. We have just received six cases of the celebrated NOVELTY WRINGERS that we can offer at good prices.

ARNOLD & MEADER.

Kendall's Mills Column.

J. H. GILBRETH, KENDALL'S MILLS, Has a splendid assortment of HARDWARE, BUILDING MATERIAL, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Farmers' and Mechanics' Tools, Tin Ware, &c. &c. All at lowest low as can be bought on the river. May, 1867.

REMOVAL. DR. A. PINKHAM, SURGEON DENTIST, KENDALL'S MILLS, M.E. Has removed to his new office, NO. 17 NEWHALL ST., First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

F. KENRICK, JR., Manufacturer and Dealer in CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS, KENDALL'S MILLS, ME. 11

Buy your Hardware at GILBRETH'S, Kendall's Mills, and get First Class Goods at the lowest market price.

HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE PAINTING. Having taken the Shop at the Old Skilton 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, 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.

Waterville, Sept. 1, 1869. A. W. NYE.

MARBLE WORKS. The subscribers, will furnish at short notice, MARBLE & GRANITE MONUMENTS, GRAVE STONES, &c. made of the best marble. They have on hand large assortment of the above articles.

Persons wishing to purchase are invited to call and examine. Waterville, Dec. 1, 1868. W. A. F. STEVENS & SON.

DR. G. S. PALMER, DENTAL OFFICE, over ALDEN'S JEWELRY STORE, opp People's Nat'l Bank, WATERVILLE, ME. Chloroform, Ether or Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired. 50

FOUR THOUSAND CASES OF GOODS WERE SHIPPED from our store in One Year, to families, clubs, and merchants in every part of the country, from Maine to California, amounting in value to over

ONE MILLION DOLLARS. Our facilities for transacting this immense business are better than ever before. We have agents in all the principal cities to purchase goods from the Manufacturers, importers, and jobbers, and to sell them at an immense sacrifice from the original cost of production.

Our stock consists, in part, of the following goods: Shawls, Blankets, Quilts, Cottons, Gingham, Dress Goods, Table Linen, Towels, Hosiery, Gloves, Skirts, Corsets, &c. &c.

Silver-Plated Ware, Spoons plated on Nickel, Silver, Dessert Forks, Five-bottle plated Castles, Britannia Ware, Glass Ware, Table and Pocket Cutlery, in great variety.

The newest and choicest styles in Morocco and Velvet Bindings. Morocco Travelling Bags, Handkerchiefs and Glove Boxes, &c. Gold and Plated Jewelry, of the newest Styles.

We have also made arrangements with some of the leading Publishers of the world, to enable us to sell the standard and latest works of popular authors at about one-half the regular price—such as BAYARD, MOORE, BUNGE, MILTON and Tennyson's works, in full gilt and cloth bindings, and hundreds of others.

These and every thing else for ONE DOLLAR For each Article.

We do not offer a single article of merchandise, that can be sold by regular dealers at our price. We do not ask you to buy goods from us unless we can sell them cheaper than you can obtain them in any other way—while the greater part of our goods are sold at about

One-half the Regular Rates. We want good reliable agents in every part of the Country. By employing your spare time to form clubs, sending out orders, you can obtain the most liberal commissions, either in Cash or Merchandise, and all goods sent by us will be as represented, and we guarantee satisfaction in every one dealing with our house.

Agents should collect ten cents from each customer and forward to us in advance, for which we issue checks of the goods.

The holders of the Checks have the privilege of either purchasing the articles thereon, or of exchanging for any article mentioned on our Catalogue, numbering over 350 different articles, not one of which can be purchased in the usual way for the same money.

The advantages of first sending for Checks are these:—We are constantly buying small lots of very valuable goods, which are not on our catalogue, and for which we issue checks of all are sold; besides, in every large club we will put checks for Watches, Quilts, Blankets, Dress Patterns, or some other article of value, giving some number of the club an opportunity of purchasing an article for about one quarter of its value.

In every order amounting to over \$50, accompanied by the cash, the Agent may retain \$2.00, and in every order over \$100, \$3.00 may be retained to

PAY THE EXPRESS CHARGES. This offer is more especially to assist Agents in the Western and Southern States, but is open to all customers.

COMMISSIONS: Agents will be paid ten per cent. in Cash or Merchandise, when they will pay us in advance, for which below we give a partial list of Commodities.

For an order of \$30, from a club of Thirty, we will pay the Agent, as commission, 28 yds. Brown or Bleached sheeting, Good Dress Pattern, Wool Square Shawl, French Cassimere Pants and Vest Pattern, Fine large White Counterpane, etc., etc., or \$3.50 in cash.

For an order of \$50, from a Club of Fifty, we will pay the Agent, as Commission, 45 yds. Sheetting, One pair heavy Wool Blankets, Poplin Dress pattern, Handmade wool Square Shawl, Silver-Gilt Watch, etc., etc., or \$5.00 in cash.

For an order of \$100, from a Club of One Hundred, we will pay the Agent, as Commission, 100 yds. good yard-wide Sheetting, Gold-Silver Hunting Case Watch, Black Wool Shawl, Suite of all Wool French Cassimere, etc., etc., or \$10 in cash.

We do not employ any Travelling Agents, and customers should not pay money to persons purporting to be our agents, unless personally acquainted.

SEND MONEY ALWAYS BY REGISTERED LETTERS. For further particulars send for Catalogues.

PARKER & CO., 14 99 & 100 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

THE CHALLENGE MEAT CHOPPER—a nice thing for family use—for sale by G. L. ROBINSON & CO'S.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Summer Arrangement. TRAINS will leave Waterville for Lewiston, Portland, Bangor and intermediate stations at 8 A.M. (accommodation), 10 A.M. (freight), 12 P.M. (freight), 2 P.M. (freight), 4 P.M. (freight), 6 P.M. (freight), 8 P.M. (freight), 10 P.M. (freight). EDWIN NOYES, Supt. July, 1869.

PORTLAND AND KEN. RAILROAD. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. Commencing May 8, 1869.

THE Passenger Train for Portland and Boston will leave Waterville at 10 A.M.; connecting at Brunswick with Androscoggin R.R. for Lewiston and Farmington. Returning will be due at 4.35 P.M.

Leave Waterville for Bangor at 4.35 P.M.; connecting at Bangor with Maine Central R.R. for Bangor. Through Ticket sold at all stations on this line for Bangor and intermediate stations, without change of car or bulk.

Through Ticket sold at all stations on this line for Bangor and intermediate stations, without change of car or bulk. Freight Trains leave Waterville every morning at 6.45 for Portland and Boston, arriving in Boston without change of car or bulk.

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