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Maxham & Wing

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THE MYSTIC STEERSMAN.

BY W. J. TILLEY.

O fragile bark, upon an unknown sea,
Whose solemn surges find no echoing strand,
Who is the steersman that so patiently
Does at the magic wheel forever stand?

When angry billows sleep, and skies are fair,
And sails flap idly in the fitful wind,
Anxious to learn my bearings, what they are,
I turn and shout into the dark behind;

Then listen. But no echo comes again,
Disconsolate, I turn me round, and now
Attempt with straining eyes to scan the main,
But see no further than my vessel's prow.

I sometimes wonder why so frail a thing
Was ever launched upon so vast a sea;
But what avails my dreamy wondering,
What answer has it ever brought to me?

Yet in the soul I hear keen whisperings,
And sounds from fairer climes float on the air;
While Faith, luxurious, plumes her drooping wings,
And gives herself to loving trust and prayer.

When dismal, chilling fogs of Doubt shut down,
Brooding like night through many weary miles,
Then Love, that many waters cannot drown,
Looks up—through rifts of blue the sunshine smiles!

If storms arise, and hoarse wild seas run high,
And signs of danger threaten more and more,
Straightway I call the Master. Does he sleep?
Ah, no! Who sails with him comes safe to shore.

When passion's whirlwind howls across the deep,
And signs of danger threaten more and more,
Straightway I call the Master. Does he sleep?
Ah, no! Who sails with him comes safe to shore.

Therefore, I trust my faithful, unseen Guide,
And, meekly suppliant, lift the outstretched hand,
Begging my saintly Watcher to abide,
And bring my frail bark safe to fatherland.

Independent.

[From Ballou's Monthly.]

TRIED BY FIRE.

BY MR. R. D. EDSON.

Well, the blow had fallen, and all Grantley was confounded. But the bankruptcy, incredible as it seemed, was quite overshadowed by the dreadful turpitude of young Lindsey, though not a few were heard to declare that it was nothing more than was to be expected of a Lindsey, and they were not surprised in the least—in fact, had been expecting some such thing to happen ever since James Sherwood was so quixotic as to take the boy into his store. It seemed the whole trouble from first to last originated in Lindsey's crime, though Robert Sherwood took every occasion to declare the true cause of bankruptcy to be an unwise and wild speculation. But this was set down as only another proof of foolishness in upholding and countenancing Alfred Lindsey—he had also done so.

Only one person in Grantley (save, of course, Robert Sherwood) believed in the possibility of Lindsey's innocence. Why should they, indeed, since he himself had admitted his guilt at the first? But Annie Morrison was a stubborn little thing when she once made up her mind to anything, and as determined as she was stubborn. It made her angry to see every one so willingly—indeed, rather pleased—to believe evil of one who had fought his way up so bravely against the prejudices of his fellow-citizens. She had a natural love of opposition, and so she espoused his cause, and was in her element. If there was any other reason that influenced her in the matter she did not admit it, even to herself. She managed to see him after his arrest just long enough to say, in a low voice:

"You don't suppose I believe this absurd story, Alfred? No, I know better, and I am going to prove it!"

"Miss Morrison, I beg," he began, but she nodded gayly, in a very positive way, and tripped away.

A sharp pang of regret, the first he had felt, shot heavily through his heart. He conquered the feeling after a little struggle. He knew he could never be anything to Annie Morrison—he had always tried to remember it, but a heart is a wayward thing to manage.

"She will never know that I am innocent," he said, a little sadly, "and by-and-by she will come to think like the rest." And yet his heart beat lighter all day for that whispered word.

Before the day of trial came, Annie had nearly succeeded in converting her father to her belief in young Lindsey's innocence. She had a happy faculty of winding that personage round her finger. He had a great deal of faith in Annie's judgment, and altogether believed her to be a most wonderful little woman.

"You see," said Annie, argumentatively, "it's not at all probable that he would do any, when it wasn't going to benefit himself any, only to pay an old debt contracted by the firm six months before he was admitted into it. And, by the way, I think it a shabby trick in the Sherwoods taking any one into such a shabby concern as theirs very evidently was."

"I think they meant well, my dear," her father interposed, mildly.

"Perhaps," was the doubtful answer. "But now, father, does it look reasonable that any one would be so anxious to convict themselves if they were really guilty, as you say Mr. Lindsey was? You say he seemed feverishly eager to criminate himself." Now is that natural, father?

"Well, not generally, I don't think."

"Of course not. I tell you he is not guilty of this forgery, and if you send him to prison, you will do a very wicked thing," she added vehemently.

"But my child, he is in the hands of the law; it will not be as I say," he replied.

"But you can establish some test—see if he can write your hand—it is said the imitation was perfect—or require him to declare under oath that it was his work—something to get at the truth—for it is my firm belief that he is sacrificing himself to save the Sherwoods."

Mr. Morrison promised to mention these things to a legal friend and get his opinion; he did not know as he could do much more.

The day of the trial came, and it was only a formal one, the accused having confessed his guilt, and requested that no defence be made for him. A counsel had, however, been assigned to him, to sum up the extenuating circumstances, and beg that the court might be as lenient as possible in its sentence—considering the nature of the crime—in view of his youth and previous good character.

But a new complexion was at once put upon affairs, by Clark Hunter's coming forward at the opening of the court and boldly charging the forgery upon Robert Sherwood. He stated that, knowing the financial affairs of the firm to be in a very ticklish condition, he had, in company with a detective from the city, kept an eye on the Sherwoods for several days previous to the time of the forgery. He knew of their dabbling in speculations, and learned of the failure of the concern perhaps before they did. He was a little surprised to find a new partner in the firm, and did not know but possibly he might have money. He waited to find out. He soon learned that it was only a poor clerk who had long been in their employ. He knew Gorman's note full due the next day, and he had a natural curiosity to see how they would pay it. He was interested, from the fact that the Sherwoods owed their firm quite a sum. He saw

Robert Sherwood come down to the store and almost immediately young Lindsey go away. He looked into the store twice, but saw nothing of Sherwood. He afterward saw Lindsey come down to the store, and a moment after, looking in through the glass door, saw him behind the counter waiting on some ladies. Afterwards, from the same position, saw Sherwood open the office door and beckon to Lindsey, who came behind the counter and followed him into the office. He then walked away down street, not caring to let Sherwood see him just then.

In a little less than ten minutes Sherwood came out of the store and walked hastily towards home. He then entered the store, several others also coming in. Bought a pair of gloves, and waited further developments. He had a theory that some means were to be put into operation to procure the money to meet Gorman's bill next day, and thought possibly the store and contents were to be mortgaged.

"Presently the sound of wheels made me lift my eyes," he continued, "and I saw Robert Sherwood, and a fellow whom I judged to be one of the servants drive up in a carriage. Lindsey went hastily out. There was no one in the store, and a strong impulse to open the office door and look in took possession of me. I did so, and the first thing that caught my eye was a piece of crumpled paper lying in front of the desk. I took it, and without looking at it, put it in my pocket and hurried out. Sherwood was talking with Lindsey, who was seated in the carriage with the fishman. I walked immediately out, and when at a sufficient distance, smoothed out the paper and read, 'T. D. Morrison' written in half a dozen places, together with the time and place of date. But the date was 'Sept. 11th,' instead of thirteen as it really was. I was shocked at the suspicion that forced itself upon me. I had letters in Sherwood's hand, and I compared them with the writing on the paper, and I saw at once that it was the same, only a little disguised. I had also a letter of Morrison's, and I remembered all at once that I had previously observed that there was a striking similarity between the handwriting of the two men."

"I knew Morrison had gone West. I wrote him immediately, asking if he had loaned Sherwood a sum of money to be drawn during his absence. He telegraphed back that he had not, and Mr. Dole and myself visited the bank, and found a check for \$5000 had been presented by Lindsey the afternoon of the 13th. We went down at once and put an attachment on the store. Subsequent developments you are familiar with. I demand now that Lindsey give us a proof of his handwriting being the same signed to the check, or that on this piece of paper," producing it and laying it on the table.

Lindsey firmly refused. There was a little excitement, and before it had subsided, Robert Sherwood, his face pale, yet firm, walked into court.

"Stop!" he interrupted. "It is I, who am the culprit."

"No! no, it is not, gentlemen—O, do not mind what he says!" Lindsey cried interrupting him. "O Robert! you promised me you would not interfere," a pleading pathos in his voice.

"Damon and Pythias," sneered Hunter.

Well, of course the entire complexion of the matter changed, and Robert Sherwood, the handsome, generous, talented son of one of the oldest and most respectable families of Grantley, was condemned to imprisonment for forgery, and Alfred Lindsey's noble conduct was on every tongue. Public opinion, that fickle creature, fell at once to abusing Robert Sherwood, and if it could have had the fixing of the sentence, I am afraid the gallows would have had another victim. By-and-by, however, the excited state of opinion subsided. Lindsey used every effort to soften the feeling against him, and at the end of a year succeeded in getting up a petition, headed by Mr. Morrison, for his pardon. After some delay it was granted, and Robert Sherwood, grown sadly old and altered in a year, came back to Grantley. During his incarceration, Lindsey had acted the part of a son to the poor, broken-down old man, who seemed little enough like the proud merchant of former years. All Grantley prophesied that Lindsey's love for Corrie Sherwood prompted him to this course of labor and sacrifice, as well as being at the bottom of his devotion to Robert. It is so hard for mankind to believe in the unselfishness of their fellows, or to conceive it possible that a warm and tender friendship can exist between a man and woman.

Well, as I said, Robert Sherwood came back to Grantley, broken in health and spirits, his good name tarnished, poverty and toil before him, a weak, almost imbecile father, and a helpless mother and sister dependent on him for support. Did his old friends, remembering all his long, upright life, his pure morality, his generous, noble nature, forgive him this one sin, committed under such great excitement and provocation, and not a deliberate wrong; and remembering their own liability to fall in some moment of terrible temptation, gather about him and with words of encouragement, and kindly proffers of sympathy and assistance, held up his fainting hands, and strengthen his failing heart? Did they do this, do you think?

Alas! no. They held aloof from him, they said continually by their conduct, "we are holier than thou," and managed in a hundred nameless ways to keep the fact of disgrace continually before him. There were a few noble exceptions. Mr. Morrison showed not only his true nobility as a gentleman, but his Christian spirit, in using every effort to make him feel how fully and thoroughly he forgave him, and wished to have it quite forgotten. He also tried bravely to combat the prejudices of his fellow-citizens, but with indifferent success. Alfred Lindsey, now in business at Windsor Locks, helped and encouraged him in many ways, but his sensitive soul was slowly crushed under the hardness and coldness of his fellow-citizens, and like a tree dying at its core, he gradually lost strength and life, and people saw at last that he was dying; yet not one of them, perhaps, thought that possibly his blood would be required at their hands. There was a little convulsive sympathy then, but it was too late. There was, however, one beautiful ray of brightness that streamed out over his darkened life. Floy Austin had been true to her love for him though her father had forbidden her to see him after his arrest. But when the story that he was dying came to her ears, she threw aside all parental control, and came to him, and insisted

upon being his wife immediately. He objected faintly, but the thought of having her with him to the end, and of calling her at last by the sweet name of wife, was too pleasant to be long resisted; and so in the solemn shadow of death they were united in wedlock, and her hands ministered to his last earthly wants, and her loving faithfulness brightened the valley of shadows.

And so Robert Sherwood was dead—dead in the flush of his young manhood. If he erred and fell in that one terrible moment of bitter temptation, were they quite guiltless who barred the way of his return to honor, and virtue, and usefulness?

After Robert's death, Alfred Lindsey came up and took Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood and Corrie down to Windsor Locks. He knew how desolate and terrible the old place must seem to them now, and he promised Robert to make their grief as easy for them to bear as possible. Grantly people talked about it some, and wondered "why he didn't marry Corrie and done with it—it would certainly look better."

But one, two, three years went by, and both Alfred and Corrie kept on the even tenor of their way. There was nothing heard of marriage between them, but that a deep, tender, and earnest affection existed between them, no one could doubt who knew them. Some people, not understanding pure and tender feeling, laughed, and made sneering remarks and innuendoes, but the poisonous arrows glanced off harmless from their strong armor of purity. But there came a change at last; a change that released Lindsey from his self-imposed life of labor and sacrifice in their behalf. Corrie Sherwood, quite unexpectedly to most people, though not to Alfred, married a wealthy gentleman in Hartford, who at once took her parents home to his house. The day after they left, Lindsey went up to Grantly. He had scarcely been there since Robert Sherwood died. There were reasons why he dared not trust himself to go there much.

Annie Morrison, a little paler and graver than on that autumn morning when she had ridden from Hartford to Grantly with Alfred Lindsey, sat lost in thought before a light fire that flickered through the twilight shadows of a gray October evening. A low rap sounded on the door. Of course it was her father, she was expecting him momentarily; so she said, with a little low laugh:

"Come in, if it is any body that loves me."

The door opened and a gentleman came forward, pausing where the light fell across his face.

"Annie," he said, tenderly, "I could not stay outside when you said that."

Of course she gave a little feminine start and scream, and protested against his taking her so literally, because she was so sure it was her father. When he told in earnest passionate words of his love for her all these years, and how he had not dared to come to her before her sweet face should make him forget the path of duty he had marked out for himself; and now that the burden was off his hands, and he was free to seek his own happiness, etc., etc., why, she quite broke down, and admitted between little happy, hysterical sobs, that "she had loved him always;" and when a little later Mr. Morrison really came in, he found his little girl the betrothed wife of Alfred Lindsey, and like a model father, added the paternal blessing.

METEOROLOGY.

A TABLE showing the amount of rain collected in rain gauges, at the several places named, during the great storm which ended at West Waterville, Me., on Monday, Oct. 4, at 6.40 P. M., 1870; causing an unparalleled flood in the rivers and streams of New England. (It is given to the public that it may be preserved and used.)

BY R. F. WILDER, WEST WATERVILLE, ME.

State & Station.	Beginning.	Ending.	Am't in inches.
British Provinces.			
Quebec.	Oct. 3	Oct. 5	0.91
Montreal.	2	4	2.05
Halifax.			1.58
St. John.	4, 6 p. m.	5, a. m.	0.53
Maine.			
Houlton.	3, 10 a. m.	5, 5 p. m.	3.61
Steuben.	4, 9 a. m.	4, 8	0.60
Williamsburg.			5.30
Orono.	3, 2.30 p. m.	5, 1.30	2.13
W. Waterville.	3, 6 a. m.	4, 6.40	4.10
Gardiner.			3.37
Lisbon.			2.70
Rumford.			8.00
Norway.	3, 6 a. m.		6.70
Standish.			4.31
Portland, Ft. Preble.	3, 5.30 a. m.	4, 6 p. m.	1.99
Cornish.	3, 4	4, 5	6.43
New Hampshire.			
Dover.			3.20
N. Barnstead.			7.40
Weir's Landing.			6.40
Lake Village.			6.77
Goffstown.			8.06
Concord.	2, 12 p. m.	4, p. m.	7.40
Hanover.	3, a. m.	4, 5 p. m.	5.88
Vermont.			
Lunenburg.			4.00
No. Craftsbury.	3,	5,	4.49
Randolph.			5.28
Burlington.	3,	5, a m	3.71
W. Charlotte.			5, 9.15 a m
Paoton.			4.25
Middlebury.	3, 6 a m	5, 11 a m	3.98
Castleton.	3, 4	4, 5 p m	6.57
Woodstock.	3, 6	4, 5	6.35
Massachusetts.			
Kingston.			1.75
New Bedford.	3, 8 p m	4, 4.30 p m	1.50
Milton.			1.15
W. Roxbury.			1.46
Jamaica Plains.	3,	4,	1.45
Fort Warren.			0.90
Boston.	3,	4,	1.76
Topsfield.			1.77
Georgetown.	3, 0.10 p m	4, 6 p m	2.25
Lawrence.	3, 12 m	4, 4.30 p m	3.56
Cambridge.	3,	4,	1.65
Waltham.			2.23
W. Newton.			4.00
Lake Cochituate.			3.02
Lowell.			7.60
Lunenburg.	3,	4,	7.50
Fitchburg.	3,	4,	4.74
Worcester.			5.83
Amherst College.	3,	4,	8.71
Chicopee.			8.71
Springfield.	2, 2 a m	4, 3.15 p m	8.05
Hinsdale.	3		6.80

Pittsfield.	4	6.00
Williams College.		6.00
Richmond.	3, 3 p m	4, 3 p m
R. Adams.		
Ft. Adams, Newport.	3, 8.40	4, 10.30 a m
Providence.		0.83
Conn.		
Hartford.		8.43
Canton.		12.35
New Haven.		4.30
Middletown.	3	4
Colebrook.	3, 3 a m	4, 9 p m
Brookfield.		5.50
New York.		
Moriches.	3, 8.50 a m	4, 1.30 p m
Flatbush.	2, 9.30 p m	4, p m
N. York City.	3, 11	4, 12 m
High Bridge.		4.50
Tarrytown.		4.45
Croton Dam.		5.10
Kent.		5.23
Ardenia.		4.63
West Point.	4, 11.30 a m	5.25
Newburgh.		5.30
Middlehope.		4.77
Glasco.		4.75
Hudson.		7.90
Albany.	3,	5,
Troy.	3,	5,
S. Hartford.	3, 1 p m	5, 3 p m
Plattsburg.	3, 1 a m	5, 8 p m
Minerville.	3,	4, 9.30 a m
S. Trenton.	1,	4,
Leyden.	2,	4,
Houseton.	3,	5, 8 a m
Governor.	2,	5, a m
N. Hammond.	2, 6.20 p m	5, a m
Oneida.	3,	4,
Palermo.		5, a m
Oswego.		2.15
Depauville.	4, 6 a m	4, 3 p m
Newark Valley.	2, 5 p m	5,
N. Jersey.		
Paterson.	3,	4,
Newark.	3, 0 a m	4, 12 m
Newton.	3, 3 a m	5, 8.30 a m
N. Germantown.	3, 5 a m	3, 8.30 a m
Trenton.		4, 2.61
Haddonfield.		4, 3.32
Vineland.	3, 5 a m	4, 10 a m
Greenwich.	3,	4,
Rio Grande.		3.50
Moorestown.	3, 9 a m	4, 8 a m
Penn.		
Nyes.	3, 4 a m	4, 8 a m
Hamilton.	1,	3, 6 a m
Dyberry.	3,	4, 9 a m
Fallsington.	3, 8 a m	4, 11 a m
Horsham.		2.90
Plymouth Meeting.	3, 6 a m	4, 10.30 a m
Philadelphia.	3,	4, 10.30 a m
Germantown.		5.20
Westchester.		3.76
Parkerville.	3, a m	4, 10 a m
Phenixville.		7.10
Reading.	3, 3.15 a m	4, a m
Ephrata.	2, 11.35	4, 4 a m
Factoryville.	3, 1 a m	4,
Tioga.		2.00
Lewisburg.		3.60
Carlisle.	2, 1 p m	4, 2 a m
Fountain Dale.	2, 2.30 p m	4, 3 a m
Grampian Hills.	2, 10 p m	0.57
Franklin.	2, 3.30 p m	5, 3.30 p m
Delaware.		
Milford.		1.50
Maryland.		
Woodlawn.	2,	4, 5 a m
Annapolis.	2, 11.30 p m	4, 6.20 a m
Mt. St. Mary's.		5.12
Dist. Columbia.		
Washington.	3, a m	4, a m
Virginia.		
Johnsontown.	3, 6.30 p m	4, a m
Comron.	2, day-break	4, 7 p m
Fortress Monroe.	2,	3,
Hampton.	2, 4 a m	4, 5 a m
Zuni Station.	2, 11 a m	3, 2 a m
Bacon's Castle.	3, 8 a m	4, a m
Staunton.		2.25
Lexington.	2, a m	3, 4.30 p m
Snowville.		2.7 p m

Observations.—Wherever studies this storm will probably find it was not a Gulf storm; that is, did not have its origin, as many of our storms do, in the Gulf of Mexico; or at any point along the border of the Gulf Stream or inland of it; but otherwise. It was what might perhaps be termed an Equatorial storm; had its origin near the equator, at about 23 degrees north latitude, in the hot vapor of that region. This is indicated by the direction of the wind preceding the storm and to its close.

More extended observations than here registered are necessary in order to fully comprehend the extent of the storm and its causes. It was a remarkable rain fall, long to be remembered; and will doubtless be a theme of close study for many meteorologists.

*This mark appended to numbers indicates that the rain gauge overflowed, therefore an imperfect amount is rendered.

A Swedish astronomer, Augustus, has succeeded, on several occasions, in obtaining the spectrum of the luminous arc which bounds the dark circle of the aurora borealis. The light of this arc is almost monochromatic, and exhibits a single brilliant band, situated to the left of the well known group of caloric lines, and (which is very remarkable) not coinciding with any of the known rays or bands of simple or compound gases. Another circumstance, which as the discoverer observes, gives a special and almost cosmical importance to this observation, is, namely, he succeeded in observing the spectrum of the zodiacal light, and here the same bright band was seen. This establishes the identity of the zodiacal light, and the aurora, and completely overthrows the view, generally held by astronomers, that this phenomenon is due to the reflection of the sun's light from a belt of meteors revolving between the sun and the earth.

An eminent Baptist in Sweden, Aron Ambrosia Errson, has been fined seventy-five dollars for expressing his opinion about infant baptism. The fine not being paid in due time the authorities seized goods belonging to the defaulter equal to the amount of the penalty.

It is not required that a man shall always be perfect, in order to be a true Christian. But it is required that he should be a sincere seeker after perfection. It is required that he should be moving forward, and advancing up the straight and narrow way of life.

Everybody in New York is laughing at the war of the stone giants. It now appears that Mr. Barnum offered \$50,000 for a quarter of a share in the image. It being rejected the showman engaged a sculptor to make six fac

OUR TABLE.

ONWARD, Mayne Reid's popular magazine, appears with a new cover to its January number and some other improvements. The editor promises that it shall not flag in its course during the coming year, but will press onward to his ideal standard of perfection—his aim being to reach the heart of American manhood. The January number opens with the first part of a poem, entitled "The Purple Swallow, or Two Love's in a Life;" and the titles of a few other articles run as follows:—American Falconry; Among the Canvas Backs; Chancellorsville—a critical review of the battle; The Land of the Malay; Songs of the French Revolution; The Stricken Crew; Yule-Folk Lore; Tariff-Taxation and others, in prose and poetry, the whole making an enjoyable number for the reader.

Published by Mayne Reid, 119 Nassau St., New York at \$3 a year.

THE MOTHER'S MAGAZINE AND FAMILY CIRCLE, which aims to "assist mothers in the most responsible of all duties, that of the early moral and religious training of children," and which is filled with contributions from pure and able writers, brings to us in the January number a portrait of that noble woman, Florence Nightingale, and the typographical appearance of the magazine is much improved. It is an old favorite, and is highly valued in many families.

Published by E. T. Farr, No. 5 Beekman St., New York, at \$1.50 a year.

THE OLD FRANKLIN ALMANAC, which is born in Philadelphia, has a mass of material which we have not found in any other annual; such as a complete chronology and necrology of the past year; political and ecclesiastical information, pertaining to America and the European nations; railroad and steamboat disasters for the past year; losses of steamships, churches, &c. We suppose it can be had at the bookstores. The price is only 20 cents. Published in Philadelphia by A. Winch.

MORE MYSTERIES UNVEILED.

Now that the Cardiff Giant has been exposed, all the other humbugs are being dragged out into daylight. The proof of the identity of Sir Philip Francis and Junius is stated in the monthly gossip of Lippincott's Magazine for January, as follows:

Upon the publication of the fac similes of the famous "feigned hand" of Junius, a Mrs. King (nee Goss) of Youngsburry in Essex, at once recognized it as the handwriting of an anonymous note which she had received in 1770 at Bath, with a copy of verses enclosed, written in a different and unknown hand. From various circumstances, she had always believed and stated that this note came from Philip Francis; but as the evidence on that point was

Waterville Mail.

E. M. MAXHAM, DAN L. R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JAN. 7, 1870.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.
E. M. MAXHAM & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. F. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 10 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 125 Washington Street, Boston. Agents for the Waterville Mail and are authorized to receive advertisements and to be paid for the same at the same rates as required by us.
Advertisements abroad are referred to the agents named above.

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

LEGISLATURE OF MAINE.

The Legislature organized promptly on Wednesday. Wm. W. Bolster of Dixfield (republican) was elected President of the Senate, receiving 23 votes to 2 for P. J. Carleton (democrat). Reuben Foster of Waterville (republican) was elected Speaker of the House, receiving 113 votes to 27 for Wm. Dickey (democrat).

Samuel W. Lane, of Augusta, was chosen Secretary of the Senate; Herbert M. Heath, of Gardiner, Assistant Secretary; Jacob Mariner, of Cape Elizabeth, was re-elected Messenger, and James H. Hanks, of Freeport, Assistant Messenger.

Sumner J. Chabourne, of East Dixmont, was elected Clerk of the House for the third time; Z. A. Smith, of Skowhegan, Assistant Clerk for the second time; Chas. E. Avery, of Sidney, Messenger; J. B. Walker, of Turner, First Assistant do.; and David C. Lombard, of Bath, Second Assistant do.

On Thursday, in convention of both branches, the following officers were elected.

Franklin M. Drew, Secretary of State.
Thomas B. Reed, Attorney General.
B. B. Murry Jr., Adjutant General.
Parker P. Burleigh, Land Agent.
Uranus O. Brackett, of Berwick, Wm. Deering, of Portland, Wm. Rogers, of Bath, A. H. Abbott, of China, E. R. Speer, of Rockland, Joseph W. Porter, of Burlington, and D. K. Hobart, of Dennyville, Executive Councillors.

In caucus, Hon. Lot M. Morrill was nominated by acclamation for U. S. Senator, to fill out the unexpired time of the late Senator Fessenden.

The Governor's Address, which is quite lengthy, and discusses many topics, was delivered on Wednesday. We shall give a synopsis next week.

NORTH KENNEBEC AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting held at Town Hall in this village on Tuesday last the following officers were chosen:—

G. E. Shores, Waterville, President.
J. Percival, Waterville, 1st Vice President.
W. E. Drummond, Winslow, 2d " "
Galen Hoxie, Fairfield, " "
C. R. Drummond, Winslow, " "
Wm. Balentine, Waterville, Trustees.
Wm. P. Blake, W. Waterville, " "
Daniel R. Wing, Waterville, Secretary.
Ira H. Low, " Treasurer.
E. W. Wing, Librarian.
D. W. Cook, Waterville, Agent.

The report of the Treasurer showed that in the operations of the past year the expenditures had exceeded the receipts, but that the Society was by no means bankrupt, for the assets still exceeded the indebtedness, and this without trenching upon its real estate.

Attention was called to the condition of the fence at the grounds, which is much out of repair, and the Trustees were directed to repair it temporarily, and to make examination and inquiry, and at the next annual meeting report the expense of rebuilding it, and also upon what terms it could be exchanged for a smaller lot nearer the village.

The Trustees were also authorized to bargain with some person for the cultivation and improvement of the grounds for a term of years.

The following gentlemen were chosen delegates to attend the Farmers' Convention, to be held at Lewiston:

Wm. Dyer, E. Maxham, L. A. Dow, H. C. Burleigh, G. E. Shores, W. P. Blake, Wm. H. Pearson, Jos. Percival, Wm. E. Drummond, D. R. Wing.

The meeting was unusually large.

Rev. JOSEPH F. ELDER, a graduate of Colby College of 1866, and who has been settled in Orange, New Jersey, for two or three years past, has received and accepted a third call to become pastor of the Madison Square Baptist Church, in New York city.

A train on the Grand Trunk road, ran into a washout at Mink Brook, about a mile from Mechanic Falls, on Monday, and the engine was left a total wreck, wheels up. "Uncle Jake Nichols," the engineer, got a deep and ugly wound in the knee, several bruises about the head, and it was feared one or two ribs broken, and the fireman was wounded slightly on the arm.

OUR TABLE.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL.—The last number of this popular weekly paper devoted to literature, science and art, contains some beautiful views in that beautiful City of Elm, New Haven, and one of the best executed portraits we ever saw printed. In this work, which is gaining rapidly in popularity, will soon be commenced a new serial novel by Charles Dickens, which will appear in supplements, without extra charge; a new novel will be contributed by the brilliant author of "Cometh up as a Flower," and Annie Thomas, author of the famous novel, "False Colors," "Dennis Deane," etc., will furnish a series of original short stories; and other novelties will be given constantly, in the way of pictorial visits to famous places, sketches of travel and adventure, papers in popular science, essays on social topics, etc., etc. In addition to the other embellishments in this journal, which are all done in the highest style of the art pictorial, almost every number contains either a splendid steel engraving or a large cartoon on wood.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., No. 90 Grand Street, New York, at \$4 a year, with liberal discount to clubs. For sale at all periodical dealers.

NO OATH OF ALLEGIANCE NEEDED.

The boys and girls of the United States need no oath of allegiance administered to them in behalf of "Merry's Museum." It possesses their lasting affection, and secures its title by always rewarding their eager expectations in its attractive pages. The January number has the opening chapters of a new serial story for boys entitled "Battles at home," by Miss Darling; "Bob and Chitabob," a boat story; "By-and-By," a charming little poem, by L. D. Nichols; "A Night on a Mountain," by L. S. Metcalf; "Young Italy in Boston," a touching sketch by a Boston artist; "Becky's Christmas Dream," a well-written story, introducing a "Song of a Kettle," by Miss Alcott, author of "Little Women"; "The Elves," a short poem, by Edgar Fawcett; "A Door-bell Rang by a Spirit," by Willy Wisp; the usual Puzzle Drawer and Monthly Chat. These contributions, from some of the best writers for the young, are illustrated with well executed engravings, the full-page frontispiece being especially fine. The "Museum" is published by Horace B. Fuller, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston. Terms \$2.50 a year, a marvel of cheapness. On receipt of ten cents, the publisher will send postpaid, the January number, with Premium List, to any one wishing to examine it.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for January is received, and this opening number of its twenty-fifth volume shows that its enterprising publisher intends to keep it well up with the progress in magazine literature and embellishments. It has among its writers, some of the best authors in the land, and its articles are always readable, and some are sure to be of the first order. Now is the time to subscribe.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, by T. S. Arthur, for January of the New Year is received. A very pretty and profitable present as a New Year's Gift, as it is renewed every month—for boys or girls who are getting into easy reading. This number has a pretty illustration of Longfellow's poem "The Children's Hour" besides other fine pictures and good and entertaining stories.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia, at \$1.25 a year.

A MODEL PARLOR MAGAZINE.—The January number just received, in addition to unusual holiday attractions, has a fine steel portrait of both Mr. and Mrs. Demorest. The rich display of novelties offered in Demorest's Monthly would seem to be enough to secure a circulation sufficient to satisfy its publishers, but in addition we see they propose to give a very large and fine engraving to each subscriber, valued at \$10. The engraving alone would make a very appropriate holiday or birthday gift; but when added to the costly picture of the best Parlor Magazine is included, to be a monthly reminder of the friendly feeling of the giver, there is certainly no better way of investing \$3. Address Demorest's Monthly, 888 Broadway, N. Y.

"DEMOREST'S YOUNG AMERICA."—The January number of this beautiful Juvenile Monthly must prove a real prize to all the boys and girls securing it. The elegant Chromo Pictures of the birds of America, and numerous other fine engravings, together with its entertaining stories, music, picture puzzles, &c., make a combination of attractions seldom found in any periodical. Yearly, \$1.50, with a beautiful premium to each subscriber. Address Wm. Jennings Demorest, 888 Broadway, N. Y.

"THE AMERICAN SOVEREIGN" is the name of a new quarto semi-monthly paper, devoted to Politics, Social Science, Rural Affairs, Literature, etc., just started in New York, at 35 Day Street. It is intended for the independent discussion of all leading political and social questions, but is established more especially at this time in the interest of political purity, and in opposition to organized knavery. The first number makes out a broad field of herculean labor.

GOOD HEALTH.—This is the name of a journal of physical and mental culture, which ought to be found in all our homes. Its aim is, "the improvement in human health—the lengthening of human life," and it appears to be laboring earnestly, wisely and effectually to this end. Its numbers are full of valuable hygienic information, brought within the comprehension of all. We heartily commend the work to public confidence and patronage.

Published by Alexander Moore, Boston, at \$2 a year.

THE WATER-POWER OF MAINE, by Walter Wells, Superintendent Hydrographic Survey of Maine.

We are indebted to Hon. J. G. Blaine for a copy of this valuable work, which makes a handsome volume of over five hundred pages, and which contains a colored map of the Principal River Systems of Me., and 20 illustrations of the Principal Water-Powers. The work is divided into three parts, the first of which, "Maine as a Water-Power District," treats of its Geographical, Topographical, Meteorological Conditions, and Miscellaneous Matter; the second is devoted to an exhibit of The Principal River Systems of Maine, both the primary or interior and the secondary or seaboard systems; and the third part is occupied with a general view of the Water-Powers, followed by a statistical and descriptive views of them.

It is, as we remarked, a valuable work and one of great interest to the citizens of Maine and to capitalists everywhere, and we are pleased to notice that Mr. Wells is highly complimented, at home and abroad, for his well digested exhibit of the industrial capacities of the State. We shall refer to this work again.

A BRILLIANT AURORAL DISPLAY, nearly equalling that memorable one of 1837, followed the storm of Sunday night, and was seen by those who were awake from one to five o'clock on Monday morning. Some who were startled from sleep and saw the heavens all aglow and a blood-red reflection upon the snow and ice, thought our village all on fire. The display was witnessed all over the country, and is thus described by the New York Evening Post:—

Those who were fortunate enough to watch until a late hour this morning saw a celestial display which fully repaid them for lost rest.

About four o'clock a heavy bank of cloud in the northwest was lighted up, as by a great fire behind it, and began to overflow with a silvery margin of light. Short columns of white haze appeared to the north and west, and gradually extended their base around half the horizon, trembling upward towards mid-heaven, where vast crimson spaces glowed upon their summits. Soon after five o'clock the glory of the scene was at its highest; streamers shot brilliantly to the zenith, and patches of blood-red fire covered half the sky. No perfect corona was formed in the zenith, but the flickering towers of light mingled their summits curiously there, about ten minutes after five; and then the whole scene rapidly faded away.

[For the Mail.]
MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Kidder, Mo.
How shall I tell my twenty correspondents in the Pine Tree State about Christmas on the prairie? Write a letter to each of them? Oh no! I haven't the patience. Summon Pegasus and go to Helicon's fount for inspiration! Pegasus will not come at my bidding; and where is the carrier dove? But thanks to memory and railroads. I used to read the Waterville Mail, have seen the editors; and the Iron Horse will take a letter from me to its pages in a week's time, and that is the way my correspondents shall know of prairie Christmas. But stop! critics! no, I will not stop; and get you behind me, critics, nor look over my shoulder, while I go straight on with my letter.

The prairie was white with snow, and I am almost sure it was so that we could have a sleighride to the Christmas Tree. To be sure, our sleighride you would call funny. But what if we could see the footprints of Autumn all along the way, when he had on his brown stockings too? And what if we had no nice little cutter and jingling bells, for there is so little snow here during the Winter, that we do not keep such things. We had a strong box on sled runners: the bottom of the box was cushioned, and thereon we sat down, like so many gypsies around their camp fire; and let me tell you that said cushion was hay, covered with a soldier's blanket that has heard the call to battle if it has any ears. But what of all that! It was not so cold that we had to hurry to keep from freezing; and the glad song and the gleeful laugh sounded out upon the plain, and the glorious old stars twinkled their mysteries as we went along, feeling within us something of the Peace on Earth.

The Christmas tree was in our house of worship. But let me tell you that our house of worship is no lofty edifice, attractive on account of its architectural beauty. It is plain, very plain; with neither bell nor spire. But our Christ was born in a manger, because there was no room for him in the inn; and what have his followers to say, if he does call them into narrow places sometimes. Christ's best temple is the contrite heart. When I entered the house, my first thought was, can it be Christmas eve? with not so much as one scent from the evergreen woods, and not so much as one needle of a pine tree to adorn its walls, and the tree without any of the beautiful green fringe that covers the Christmas tree of the Kennebec Valley? It was only a plain hickory tree, and its branches were hung with popped corn. No doubt the children who read this in New England will laugh; and yet I assure them it was beautiful, loaded as it was with presents tastefully arranged. In a very few moments I am convinced that it was Christmas. The children's happy faces made me think of God's angels in heaven, and sweetly they sang the Christmas carol, "The old, old story of Jesus and his love." After the singing came the letter-box. And such a happy bustle and excitement it occasioned that two or three times the superintendent was obliged to call for order, for the little carriers could not find those to whom the letters were addressed. So swiftly they hastened on their errands, it almost seemed that their feet were winged. As I watched their sparkling eyes and bright smiles, somehow the vision of festoons and gaily fir-trees faded away, and I didn't miss them so much after all.

Then came another song, and after the song the refreshments, which by the way, are almost indispensable to any meeting of the people here. Ladies leave their baskets at home when they go to church and when they make calls; but for all other occasions, with exceptions enough to make the rule good, the provision basket is the "fidus Achates" of the company. Why it would shock New England gentility to know how many chicken-roosts are made desolate, to supply the table of the church sociable. But this is not Christmas.

After the eating, came the Kris Kringle song, with its jingle, jingle, jingle, and then the presents were taken from the tree. There were fairy dolls for old ladies and maidens of uncertain age, who did not care anything about such things; tin whistles for sedate deacons who were past their whistling days; odd mittens for bachelors who had a plenty of such articles on hand; pin cushions in endless variety, and a jumping Jack for the minister. But these were not all. There were soft, warm hoods and gaily colored scarfs for poor little children who had no one to provide such things for them; fat turkeys for the parsonage and holy bibles for the youth.

Indeed, there were all the varieties of fruit that usually grow on certain trees, and hang ready for gathering about Christmas time. In a short time the old tree stood bare, with its treasures to be garnered only in hearts that shall carry them into the coming years. Even so the soul, that has scattered loving acts after the example of the great pattern, shall find them gathered, every one, in the coming eternity, and shall put them on as a beautiful garment in which the Savior shall find no spot.

By this time little voices were calling mamma! mamma! and they were tired voices too; so after another song we were dismissed, and I am very sure there were no happier hearts in all New England than those little children carried with them to their prairie homes that night. May the time hasten when the light of Bethlehem's star shall fill the world with its brightness, and everybody shall know the true joy of a Christmas eve festival. Yours truly,
CLASSMATE.

"In General" of the Boston Advertiser must have strained himself when he got up the following:—

People who liep don't believe in young ladies. Every miss is a myth to them.

The Kennebec Journal reports that under the influence of the recent unusual mild and genial weather, the trees are budding out.

ALL THE MAGAZINES may be found on Henrickson's counter as soon as published, with all the Pictorial Papers, and they can be had at publishers' prices, and no postage to pay.

THE NEW FUNDING BILL.—Central Iowa Bonds.—Congress will probably pass Secretary Boutwell's Bill to Fund the National Debt at 4 or 4 1/2 per cent. This fact has induced many of our most sagacious investors to sell Government bonds while the Treasury is buying, and they are still at premium, and re-invest in first class mortgages which offer equal security and pay a much better interest. Among these mortgages, the Central Railroad of Iowa is highly commended by men who have the best right to know. One of the Directors of the Company, who had already taken over \$40,000 of the Bonds, recently sold Governments and bought \$30,000 more. As he had examined the line in person, and is known to be a shrewd investor as well as a gentleman of large means, his example must carry weight.

We refer all parties who desire to make sound and profitable investments to the advertisement of the Central Iowa, who will give all necessary information.

NEW INVENTIONS.—In the older countries of Europe, where labor is cheap, the inventive faculties are not stimulated to the extent so common in the United States. Wherever civilization extends, American ingenuity is recognized as leading that of all other nations in the number and value of its labor-saving appliances.

The three great triumphs of the Electric Telegraph, the Lightning Press, and the Sewing Machine, are but shining stars in the constellation of useful inventions that encircle our republic.

With a weekly list of applications for new patents that is numbered by hundreds, it is a matter of importance to the ingenious inventor that he should place his business in the hands of a solicitor who is not only well versed in the present details of the Patent Office, but he should seek one who is *au fait* concerning the multifarious letters patent heretofore granted, and whose success in difficult cases in the past is a guarantee of a favorable result when doubtful points are at issue.

The card of R. H. Eddy, Esq., of Boston, in our columns to-day, is that of one of the most successful solicitors of American and Foreign patents, and his long experience in this line, aside from his connection with the Patent Office, renders him amply competent to furnish all needed information, while his character for business integrity is too well established to need comment from us.

DIARIES FOR 1870 are a necessity to most people at the beginning of the new year. Henrickson has a great variety, at various prices.

ANOTHER SEVERE RAIN STORM AND HEAVY BLOW visited the country on Sunday last, the violence of the gale when at its height in the evening being nearly equal to the memorable one in the fall. No damage was done in this vicinity beyond ruining our sleighing and destroying our ice bridge, but this occasions serious inconvenience.

The heavy fall of rain ran at once into the river, being unable to penetrate the frozen ground, and the water rose rapidly, sweeping the ice out from nearly the whole length of the river. At Hallowell and Gardiner, the store cellars were flooded on Monday night by the jamming of the ice on the shoals, and some damage was done.

The railroads suffered some. On the Portland and Kennebec road the bridge across the Presumpscot river was rendered impassable, and the early train from Augusta, due at 8:30 A. M., was detained two hours, the passengers being carried around the break. The afternoon train, however, came through on time. On the Androscoggin road a culvert was washed away at Livermore Falls and one below Lewiston, putting a stop to travel. On the Maine Central road about thirty feet of the high embankment between Auburn and Lewiston was carried away by the water, and we had no train from the west on Monday. Much damage was done, too, on the Grand Trunk. At Belfast the gale began Sunday afternoon and continued during the night, prostrating telegraph wires and doing much damage to shipping. The schooner Ida L. Small, of Deer Isle, from Baltimore, was sunk at the wharf. There was no insurance on the vessel, but the cargo was insured. The brig Benj. Carver, from Savannah, was badly damaged.

Farther west the storm was even more severe than in Maine, and considerable damage is reported at various points—in Massachusetts, New York, Penn., &c. In Michigan it wound up with a fall of ten inches of snow.

THE NORTH VASSALBORO CHOIRS, assisted by Miss Ada Smith of Bangor, are arranging for a Concert at home and also in some of the adjoining towns. Miss Clara Lincoln and Miss Alice Webber, great favorites wherever they are known, are members of these Choirs, which contain many good singers, and we can safely promise a pleasant entertainment to all who attend these concerts.

The New York legislature, on Wednesday, passed a resolution rescinding the vote by which the proposed fifteenth amendment to the United States Constitution was ratified.

The Cuban Junta has issued a long address to the American people, denouncing the statements received from Havana of the termination of the rebellion. Also despatches from the Cuban camps to Dec. 7th, state that the Cuban force was then about 40,000 strong, well organized, though not as well armed and equipped as could be desired. The address also recites the action of the Cuban civil government to show that there is a regularly organized civil administration. Rodriguez Deluy, insurgent sub-director at Havana, has surrendered himself voluntarily with thirty others to the Spanish authorities.

A meeting of the directors of the Maine Central and Portland & Kennebec Railroads was held at the Falmouth Hotel, Portland, on Thursday afternoon, in reference to the subject of consolidation.

In Bangor, on Sunday evening, a dissipated fellow named John Lawrence, while half-crazed with rum, discharged four shots from a six-barrel revolver at a woman named Atwood. Three of the shots took effect, one penetrating the side and will probably prove fatal. Lawrence immediately undertook to end his own life by cutting his throat with a pen-knife, but did not succeed. Mrs. Atwood is the discarded wife of a sea-captain, and has for some time been the mistress of Lawrence; it seems that she and Lawrence quarreled and with the above result. Lawrence is a single man, about 40 years of age. The Whig speaks of him as a miserable, debauched fellow, who, naturally smart, has been dragged to his lowest depths by his appetite for rum, and of late has been nearly crazy drunk most of the time.

Mrs. Atwood has since died.

An attempt was made Sunday night to rob the Framingham, Mass. National Bank. The robbers obtained entrance by breaking a pane of glass and unfastening a window. They operated on the safe and succeeded in blowing off the outer door, which fell in the passage way in such a manner as not to be easily removed; when the thieves abandoned the undertaking without obtaining anything for their trouble.

Letters from President Céspedes state that the Spaniards will make a herculean effort to crush the rebellion by pouring in some eighty thousand troops before the winter closes, but the Cubans are ready for them. The Cubans are now manufacturing their own powder.

The Cabinet officers have become prohibitionists, or rather old-fashioned Washingtonians, to this extent, that they agreed among themselves to hold temperance receptions during the holidays, with plenty to eat but no intoxicating drinks.

A few years since it was thought to be the perfection of economy to saw sticks of mahogany and rosewood into thin veneers; to-day the loss incurred by this process is ruinous, because half of the timber is lost in saw dust. By using a machine that shaves off the slice, none of the material is wasted, and the saving on a single log of rosewood is said to amount to not less, in some cases, than \$600.

A letter from Mexico states that a small congregation of Protestants who "worshiped in a room in Puebla, were mobbed by a large crowd of Catholics, their Bibles, tracts and other effects were taken into the street and torn in pieces and burned. The few Protestants present were shot and stoned and beaten, and two are not expected to live. The police and military were called out and partially dispersed the mob, killing one of the latter. All foreigners were the subjects of attack and several persons not implicated in the Protestant enterprise badly beaten.

The Savannah Republican unintentionally pays the memory of Edwin M. Stanton a high compliment when it says: "Mr. Stanton was a bad man. He was the life and soul of the Federal armies during the late war, and but for his abilities and unconquerable sternness of purpose it would have closed years before it did, and with the South independent."

A correspondent of the Bath Times says business at North Vassalboro still continues good. The works of the Vassalboro Mills Company are the most extensive in the State devoted to the manufacture of woollen goods. Three hundred operatives are employed, of which number one hundred are females. The annual capacity of the mill is 500,000 yards of goods, valued at about \$800,000. Eight thousand pounds of wool are consumed daily. The mill is under the management of the Company's Agent, Geo. Wilkins. The Company are fitting up two or three stores and a public hall. The Masonic fraternity are also fitting up a hall for their accommodation. These and other improvements give the village a lively appearance for this time of the year.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—In the testimony before the Commissioner of Patents, the witnesses, well qualified from observation and experience, directed his special attention to the simplicity of the Wheeler & Wilson Machine, and its consequent freedom from wear and need of repairs.

Mr. David Wyman, the first male child born in the town of Belgrade, died in that town Tuesday night, aged about 89 years.

"The Best the Cheapest."



228 1 2—226 3 4—229 1 2
GILBERT KNOX
Has a record at Narragansett Park, Providence, of 1 half mile in a race 10-1-4, quarter 34-2 seconds.

TO MY PATRONS.
The constantly increasing business at my Hardware Store at Kendall's Mills, the past fourteen years, has induced me to enlarge my store to more than double its former size, so that now it is one of the largest and most convenient in the State for the business; and I have a complete stock of first class

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Stoves, Tin-Ware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

Invite particular attention to the quality and prices in comparison to others, feeling confident that my experience of **OVER TWENTY YEARS**

in the Tin, Stove and Hardware business will insure an advantage, to my customer, more favorably than at any other place on the river.

The Peerless Cook Stove.
Which took the First Prize at the Paris Exposition and is claimed as the leading stove in the world for wood and coal. It has received a large number of other First Prizes.

PRATT'S ADMIRAL.
This stove is my chief of all others yet put in the market. I take much pleasure in showing it to all interested, and ask an examination by those wishing to purchase a first class Cook Stove, for wood or coal. Customers in the neighboring towns will find it to their interest to buy one. It stands among stores as the

Clipper Moves stands amongst other moving machines it was awarded the 1st Prize at the Mechanics Fair at Boston 1869. Lorenson Dow, Fairbank House, Bangor. Wm. Woodman of Kendall's Mills, and D. A. Blaisdell of Clinton have them in use.

Barstow Cook Stove.
A very good stove with Hot Coal underneath.

Richmond Range.
A very nice working stove for wood or coal, now the leading stove in Augusta. I have the

WATER-TOWN COOK MONITOR, TROPIC, BANGOR COOK, FARMER'S COOK, WHITE MOUNTAIN, AND OTHERS.

Open Soapstone Stove.
And SOAPSTONE DOUBLE BURNER STOVES, the very best heating stove yet put in the market for wood.

PERKINS BURNER, a self-heating coal stove, perfectly beautiful. **PERKINS PATENT**, with a nice oven. These stoves have more superior qualities than any other Patent Coal Stoves invented. **PERKINS PATENT**, very similar to the Perkins Patent, and at a less price. Has an oven.

Cog Wheel Wringing Machine.
also THE RAILWAY WASHING AND WINDING MACHINE COMBINED, being the very best wringer and I think the very best washer every family should have. It is a perfect labor saving machine. A boy ten years old can do the washing and wringing with no wear to clothing. I buy them in large lots and sell them at a low price.

Ladies wishing to examine our new style of BRITANNIA WARE, or beautiful Tea and Coffee Outlets, some new, hot water and really beautiful, please call, and while here don't fail to examine Pratt's Admiral.

I employ the best of Timmer and buy the best stock.

The Best the Cheapest.
Bangor, Me., Jan. 1870—J. T. CHAPMAN.

