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Maxham & Wing

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THE OUTCAST.

Only an outcast—nobody cares for her!
Drive her out, push her out, don't let her stay!
There let her seek for friends,
There let her make amends
For all her wickedness—turn her away!

Only an outcast—nobody takes her in,
Coldly they turn her away from each door;
Sadly she wanders on,
Hope dead and pity gone,
Ragged and hungry, heart-sick and sore!

Only an outcast—nobody seeks for her,
Fierce blows the wind, and fast falls the snow
Down on her aching head,
Till she is almost dead,
Sighing, and sobbing, and trembling so!

Only an outcast—no one to claim her,
No one to call her friend, neighbor or wife;
No gentle father, no tender mother,
No loving sister, no noble brother,
Friendless and homeless she breathes out her life!

Only an outcast, nobody mourns for her,
Hurry her off to the almshouse in haste;
No use to seek her name,
She was a child of shame,
Bury her out on the old pauper's waste.

Only an outcast, the grave-robbing muttered,
As in the dark night he stole her away;
From her neglected tomb
To the dissecting room,
For the physician's skill, and for his pay.

Only an outcast, a young student calls her,
As he removes the dark veil from her face;
Well may he gasp for breath
As he beholds in death
The poor friendless orphan he led to disgrace.

[From Appleton's Journal.]

THE CONQUERING CARESS.

BY ANNE THOMAS, AUTHOR OF "FALSE COLORS," "DENIS DORRIS," ETC.

THERE was a strong element of constraint, not to say discomfort, in the air of the group around Mr. Mallory's breakfast-table one morning in July. At it, as a guest for the first time, appeared a young lady who was destined to reside over it soon, and with her reign in the heart of one Mr. Mallory's grown-up children against her.

Mr. Mallory was a widower of some ten years' standing—a fine, handsome man of "forty-eight or thereabouts," as people who did not like to call him fifty, in case they might be supposed to be older, phrased it. His eldest daughter, Margaret, was fine and handsome too, a girl of twenty, with a mind and manner rather older than her years, in consequence of the responsibilities that had been forced upon her in the management of her father's household.

That household consisted of Mr. Mallory himself, three daughters, and, at odd intervals, a son who was reading for the bar, and so was absent in London nearly all the year round. This son, Ernest, was four years older than his sister Margaret, but, for all the advantages of seniority being on his side, he was very much given to deferring to her, and abiding by her judgment. It was, therefore, the more extraordinary now that he should resolutely set himself in opposition to her expressed belief that "Papa was going to do a wise thing in marrying again."

Papa's intention of so doing had fallen upon his three daughters like a thunder-bolt, notwithstanding their full knowledge of some of his proclivities. That he had flirted with many a girl within an age of matrimony they were well aware; but hitherto he had always paused on the brink, looked over the precipice, and then decided not to leap. Now, however, he was fairly caught—fairly committed to take the fatal step—fairly plunged before the world to lead pretty Blanche Romney to the altar.

Blanche Romney had been a school-girl friend of his eldest daughter's, and Mr. Mallory had frequently heard her praises chimed by Maggie; but when Blanche dawned upon him in the flesh, long after those school-days were over, he was fain to confess that the praises had been very poorly sung, and that the charms they affected to extol had been undervalued by them. Blanche was one of those women to whom no woman's tribute can do justice.

Margaret had called her friend "pretty" and "fascinating," and these words had utterly failed to convey any adequate idea of the glory of her beauty, and the subtlety of her charms.

The re-union of the old school friends took place in this wise: Mr. and Miss Mallory chanced to be on a visit to some friends in a country house, when Blanche came to stay at an adjoining rectory. It was in the early July days that these visits were paid, and, thanks to the facilities the country afforded, events marched quickly. July had not passed away, when Miss Romney was sitting at Mr. Mallory's breakfast-table as his affianced wife.

I used the term, "the glory of her beauty," just now, and I used it advisedly. She was a very glorious beauty, a richly-hued brunette, with great masses of golden-flecked brown hair, and large, almond-shaped violet eyes. She had a good figure, too, and a stately carriage, and a manner that was very charming in its variability, for it could be very imperious or very submissive, just as the humor seized her.

She had found it dull, terribly dull in that country rectory, if the truth must be told, and Mr. Mallory had been, so to say, seized by her as a diversion. She had been so glad of him in her dullness, that the handsome widower, practised flirt as he was, had rather lost his head, and, when he gained it again, he found that his heart was gone.

His circumstances backed up his pretensions to the hand of the young beauty. His daughters were portioned from their mother's fortune: his only son was provided for by an old uncle of his mother's, and he himself had about two thousand a year. This on his side. On her side, there were even more powerful inducements for her to marry him. She was an orphan, without a penny of her own, dependent on an aunt who was gifted with a capricious nature, and she herself was endowed with a great love of luxury, and a craving for freedom. She balanced his age against her youth for a day or two, and then she accepted him.

Margaret and the two younger girls were unfeignedly pleased at the prospect, when it was first opened to them. Their father seemed a far older man to them naturally than he did to Blanche, and they were well inclined to credit her with any amount of noble sentiment in having overlooked the discrepancy. "I shall write and ask her to come here and stay at once, papa," Maggie said, enthusiastically, when her father, on their return home, told her of the step he had taken. "I shall make the house and everything so delightful that she won't hesitate to marry you at once; and I shall write and tell Ernest by to-day's post—may 12."

Mr. Mallory assented to both these propositions, with an affable recognition of his daughter's extreme amiability that was very touching in so prosperous a lover. "It may be that I am a foolish old man to seek for other love than children's," at that time of life, he said; but his children—at that time of life, his daughters—chorused their dissent from this sentiment so warmly, that he felt himself to be young and debonair, in spite of his modesty on the subject.

Miss Romney was invited, and Miss Romney accepted the invitation, and came as a guest to the home of which she was soon to be the

mistress. The Oaks, Mr. Mallory's place, was in one of those fair, showy plains that look so pretty from the Richmond Hills, and that are so agreeably accessible from London. Blanche was very well pleased with the aspect of all things, as she drove through a handsome iron gate, guarded by a pair of griffins, and along a nicely-kept drive, that was made to sweep so very much that no one could have believed, in going along it for the first time, that the hall door was only twenty yards from the road. The servants took the initiative from their young mistresses, and smirked ingratiatingly upon the incoming power. Mr. Mallory looked more portly and imposing than ever, as he stood welcoming to his home the queen of his heart; and the girls were as full of admiration for her as the most exigent of step-mothers could have desired.

"Ernest is coming down to be introduced to you to-night, dear," Maggie said, exultantly, when she had carried her guest up-stairs to prepare for the eight o'clock dinner. Miss Romney started a little, and said, hurriedly: "Your brother coming to-night to be introduced to me? Impossible, Maggie!"

"Why impossible?" Maggie said, gayly; "natural, not to say extremely probable, I should say, that my brother should wish to be introduced to you as soon as he may be."

"You see it was disagreeing to hear that I should so soon have to face a grown-up son," Blanche explained hurriedly. "I'll dress now, dear, and—if you'll excuse my saying so—I always dress better alone."

Accordingly, Miss Romney dressed alone, and the result of that solitude on her toilet was perfection. Nevertheless, perfection brought her no peace, for she was now distraught in the matter of that grown-up son of hers, to whom she had declared that it would be a disconcerting thing to be introduced.

Disconcerting enough, to judge from the expression of her face when he was led up to her by his sister Margaret. "This is Ernest," his sister said, and, Ernest, *this* is our future mother; what are you going to say to each other?"

"I am going to say that I am very glad to see you," Miss Romney said, quietly, holding out her hand to the young man. But, though she spoke quietly, her face flushed and her eyes sparkled, as, in return to her remarks, he simply bowed over the hand she extended to him, and said—

"So I see you at last!"

"At last! Why, Ernest, how much sooner would you have seen her?" Maggie said, cheerfully; but Miss Romney found it hard to simulate a corresponding conventional cheerfulness, as she said:

"When I came here I had no idea of seeing you so soon, Mr. Mallory; and his sisters standing near wondered why their father's future wife and their brother should have entered into these explanations."

"As the teller of their story, I am privileged to look behind the scenes and say why it was so. Early in the spring of the previous year, Blanche Romney and Ernest Mallory had met, and, after a few meetings, had loved each other, and each had found the other out in the fact. They were not to blame in the matter; it was a very good, honest, true kind of affection that sprang up between them, but neither of them had happened to be born with the typical silver spoon in his or her mouth, and so friends intervened, and they were parted."

"It was a very light thing to the intervening friends, this parting. But it was death and destruction to a vast deal that was very good in both of them."

"You may love and unlove and forget, dear, Fashion and shatter the spell
Of how many loves in a life, dear,
Ere one learns to love once and love well."

But that loving after having truly and honestly loved, is a very, very hard thing. God help the woman who are made to do it, because it is inexpedient that they should do so! I think every mother must pray that her daughter may never be put to so terrible a test, even though she may win through it so many hundreds a year more when her agony is a thing of the past.

The estimable but rather niggardly aunt who doled out a scanty subsistence, which in its conditions robbed life of all its beauty, was the intervening power in Blanche Romney's case. She reminded the girl, with more forbearance than forbearance, that young Mallory, though he was clever, could not place her well yet; that if they married, there would be many hard years of poverty and oblivion to struggle through; and that, when those years were past, so would be her bloom, her beauty, her fresh, young capability of enjoying all the charming things which now it was in her power to command.

Well, the advice was taken in a measure, and to a certain degree the intervening power found that her words had been very powerful—whether for good or for evil, could not be determined just yet. At any rate, Blanche and Ernest agreed to part, and to forget each other, if possible. It was wise, it was well, it was inevitable that they should part; therefore what matter as to its being wise or well? They could not help themselves, poor, young creatures, because Blanche deserved something better, her friends said, than to share a struggling man's career. And, as the struggling man had not the power to take her then out from all those baser influences which weighed her, probably she did deserve something better, and so they were right.

Still, however right they had been, it was hard to meet him again—to meet him as the affianced of his father, and to be obliged, for honor's sake, to let him suppose that she had forgotten all about that tender, early-spring episode of last year. If she had only dared to be free, and to judge for herself last year, he would have married her without hesitation. She knew that, and it is an awkward thing to know that of a man when you meet him for the first time after having vowed yourself to another.

The dinner and the evening had gone off very well, but the breakfast the next morning was a terrible ordeal. "Old Mr. Mallory," as Blanche began to call him in her heart, would bestow endearing epithets upon her, and these revolted her, knowing as she did how they must stab the heart that had beaten in sympathetic response to hers one little year ago. Poor girl! she earned her coffee and her bread and butter by the sweat of her brow truly that morning; for the damp heat that is

only caused by terror and vexation, rose to her forehead as she sat a smiling victim to the tributes that were paid to her perjury.

"One half-hour, my darling!" her elderly lover said, in a whisper, when she was trying to escape from the room after breakfast—"one half-hour; you will spare me that?"

"What do you want of me, Mr. Mallory?" she said, trying not to blush—trying to look up honestly—trying to face the situation, and make the best of it.

"What do I want, Blanche?" (All this said reproachfully, in an exquisitely-modulated voice.)

"Yes, what do you want?" the girl said, aloud, and almost crossly; "it seems to me that if you want me for half an hour it must be for something tedious and particular, and I thought Aunt Rivers would manage all that for me."

"My own!" (he whispered now, much to his daughter's amazement, his son's disgust, and the chagrin of the bride-elect)—"my own! what I have to say to you could never be conveyed to you through your aunt."

He took her hand as he spoke, and thus standing together, making "a sweet group," as Margaret said, his son Ernest, her old love, was forced to look upon her. Her heart throbbled pitifully, painfully, almost audibly, as she met his eyes. "Would I not marry him even now?" she questioned herself. "But, before her poor, little, aching, traitorous heart could answer and speak through her eyes, Ernest had gone out of the room."

"You must not mind the abrupt manners of my son," Mr. Mallory said, apologetically, "you will soon get to know him better, and then you will like him better, I may venture to hope."

"Heaven forbid!" Blanche said, eagerly; and then Ernest's three sisters "oh'd," at her, and hoped she was not going to dislike "dear Ernest." To escape from them—from their loving, girlish, stabbing importunities—she went away to the private interview with Mr. Mallory.

Need it be told what she had to endure? She was his promised wife, and she had been presented to all his family as such. It was not too much for him to expect that he should be free to press her little hands within his, and to touch her bright, pure, proud lips. It was not too much for him to expect this, but it was a great deal too much for her to grant. "I am not your wife yet," she said, passionately, standing away from him as he tried to caress her. "I came here to be reasonable."

"My beautiful, coy bird," he said, lovingly; and she detested being called a beautiful, coy bird by him.

"What do you want of me this morning, Mr. Mallory?" she said, fretfully, "the girls are waiting for me; you pretended you wanted me to come here to get better acquainted with them, and now you won't let me be with them."

"You will have plenty of time with them. I want to speak to you about Ernest."

She was all attention in a moment. With her eyes bent on the ground, her head forward a little, and her lips slightly parted, she made him understand that she was listening keenly, without speaking.

"Rumors have reached me of an unfortunate love-affair that he had last year. I have not heard it through him—indeed, I don't even know the lady's name; but I hear that her friends intervened, thinking him scarcely in a position to marry. Now before I marry again, and possibly have other children to make claims upon me, I should like to do what I can for my eldest son; I could settle two hundred a year more upon him, but I will only do it with your full concurrence."

"Do, do, do!"

"Why, Blanche, how earnest you are about it."

"Yes, I am," she said, looking up; "I think of the misery the want of that wretched little money may have caused him already! Perhaps the girl would have been led to marry him if he had had it; perhaps he loved her as he never can love anybody else; perhaps all the good that woman ever could have got out of life was in that chance of marrying him; and she missed it—she missed it!"

"Crying, my own Blanche! you are too sympathetic."

"I am nothing of the sort," she said, quickly recovering herself; "but I do wish you to give all you can to your son, and tell him (will you tell him?) how dearly I hope it will make him happy."

When she said that, in a sweet, rapt, faltering voice, I don't think that Mr. Mallory can be very much blamed for kissing her. At any rate, whether he can be blamed or not, he did kiss her, and Blanche bore it bravely—so bravely that Mr. Mallory wished he could advance another scheme of generosity, to be equally well rewarded.

"I must go to the girls now," she said; "the half-hour is up, and they want me."

"And I shall go and speak to Ernest," he said, following her to the door.

She turned round abruptly: "Are you going to tell him what you propose doing for him now?" she said.

"Yes; the present is always the best time, I think," he said, softly.

"And Mr. Mallory, are you going to speak of that love-story of which you sketched out to me?"

"I think I shall," Mr. Mallory said, munificently. "I think I shall hint to him that his additional two hundred entitles him to try again; it would have been utter madness for them to marry without it; but having it, I think I for one should only look upon their marriage as temporary insanity."

"And you would forgive it; say you would forgive it?"

"I would forgive it most certainly."

"Oh, do, dear Mr. Mallory—let me go with you while you tell him of his good fortune!" Blanche pleaded; and Mr. Mallory called her a "pretty little humbug," to affect such an interest in his son; but he led her away with him, to seek for that son nevertheless.

They found Ernest where they had left him, in the breakfast-room, alone. "If you want the girls, they're not here," he said, gruffly, as Mr. Mallory entered the room with Blanche leaning on his arm, and then Blanche girded herself for battle, and said:

"We wanted to speak to you, Mr. Ernest."

He rose up. That false, fair face! That false, sweet voice! How dared she speak to

him thus; He did not wish to blame the girl for having buried her dead, but it hurt him to feel that she could speak to him as if he had never been more than another to her. He had been dazed, bewildered, uncertain of all things, since the woful tidings had reached him that she, his "own Blanche," as he had been wont to call her despite those intervening friends, was to be married to his father! But now, he told himself, that the mists were clearing away from his mind, and that he was knowing her as she was at last—a false, fair, cruel woman.

"You want to speak to me? My father wants to speak to me, you mean, Miss Romney."

"And Miss Romney is kind enough to want to hear what I have to say to you," Mr. Mallory said, with his customary air of large affability.

"I don't think I can hear it now," Blanche blurted out, with a sudden disregard of appearances, and then she turned round escaped from the room, muttering, as she made her exit, that she "was going to Margaret."

Mr. Mallory looked after her in blank astonishment; then he attempted to smile away all semblance of his surprise, and to substitute an amused expression instead of it. Failing in this laudable endeavor, he said to his son, with a great affectation of candor:

"Pon my word, Ernest, I hardly know whether I am wise in taking such an impulsive young creature as that."

"I think you're remarkably foolish," Ernest said, laconically.

"Well, we'll not dispute the point," Mr. Mallory said, waving the subject away. "As she is to be my wife so soon, I can hardly discuss her merits with you."

"I never wish to name her after this day, after this hour," Ernest said, jumping up, and then Mr. Mallory felt a sort of consciousness creeping over him that all was not well.

"Listen," he said, savagely; "after this hour, as you gradulogously say, there will be no need for you to mention or hear her mentioned; but, in the mean time, perhaps you will condescend to feel a spark of gratitude toward her for the cordial assent she has given to a proposition I am about to make to you. I am going to settle two hundred a year on you, Ernest; this, in addition to what you have already, will enable you to marry the girl of your choice."

Mr. Mallory spoke with some emotion. It chilled him to hear Ernest say, in a cold voice: "Thank you; that is impossible."

"Impossible! Why, is she married?"

"No."

"Has she ceased to love you?"

"From the bottom of my heart I feel I may safely answer, 'No!' The young man thundered, with superfluous energy."

"Then what is the obstacle? are your sentiments changed toward her?"

Then came a sound at the door as Mr. Mallory asked this question—the sound of rustling skirts and a subdued interjection. But there was dead silence as Ernest answered it:

"No, sir. I shall love her all my life, but I'll pray that I may never see her again."

Then came a tumultuous, rushing sound into the midst of the silence that ensued upon this speech, and, in another moment, Blanche Romney was fluttering very prettily between father and son.

"Please unpray that prayer, Ernest," she said, imploringly; "and you, Mr. Mallory," turning with the most bewitching air of penitence toward her elderly betrothed—"and you, Mr. Mallory," forgive my temporary insanity, and be my friend still, though I tell you the truth so late; I can never love you as a wife; I can only love your son in that way, and he is inflexible."

She turned toward the younger man as she said the last word, and her attitude was a powerful appeal. When a young and beautiful woman elects to declare herself guilty in this guise, sentence of punishment must be passed quickly if the judge is to pass it, and retain any thing resembling a satisfied and happy mind. In this case the judge hesitated—the culprit was so fair.

So fair, as she stood drooping before them, with downcast eyes veiled by long lashes, and golden-flecked hair falling negligently down over her shoulders. With a bright, tremulous, crimson tint on her rounded, brunette cheeks, and something that sparkled like a dew-drop in her violet, almond-shaped eyes, no fairer penitent ever besought a man's forgiveness for a fault or a folly.

But, eloquent as her appeal was, neither of the men to whom it was made could answer it for a minute or two, and, during that minute, she deepened and strengthened it unconsciously by letting her rosy lips quiver as she pressed them together, to stifle a sob. The old man was the first to speak:

"I don't believe that you have made a fool of me intentionally, my dear," he said, kindly, taking up the paternal tone toward her in a manner that surprised himself even, and, if I can say that, Ernest may say more without derogating from his dignity."

"Ernest!" There was a wealth of passionate protestation, of agonized appeal, in that one word. He made one effort to maintain the indifference he had declared to himself that it was his duty to observe—one poor, unworthy effort:

"Miss Romney, I would not have obtruded my presence upon you if I had not thought you wiser."

"And worse than I am?" she interrupted. Then she drew herself up with a poor assumption of haughtiness, and said:

"Mr. Mallory, you are avenged surely: your son has no memory and no pity; but I have; you may both win better wives than I should have made either one of you! I will ask you not to think hardly of me, but I will ask nothing of you, sir," (fronting round on Ernest, like the loving, offended woman she was); "the wrong I did you, in according to my friends' wishes, you have repaid a thousandfold."

He meant to accept her bitter farewell; he could not, he told himself, rival his father in this way. But as she moved to pass out of the room, she swayed him with one of those trifles that do away weak human nature. She stooped to pat his dog!

Has it ever happened to one of my male readers to see his dog caressed by the hand of the woman he loves—the hand that he would, but perhaps cannot, claim? If it has, that reader will understand Ernest Mallory's incon-

quent conduct when I tell how he prisoned the little hand that gave that conquering caress, and vowed that, "after all, it should be his, and his alone."

Mr. Mallory, senior, was a pattern to all defeated men. He did all in his power to reconcile Blanche's friends to her change of destiny; and, when they refused definitely to be reconciled, he advised her to disregard them—which advice was about the most pleasant that had ever been given to Miss Romney in her life.

OUR TABLE.

THE MAINE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION for February contains the following original articles:

Something about Vulgar Fractions by C. B. Stetson, Reviewing History, by C. C. Rounds, Teaching the Geography of Maine, by A. P. Stone, Walking, by N. T. True. Annual Meeting of the Board of Education, reported by C. B. Stetson.

Published by B. Th. Stone, Portland, for \$1.50 a year.

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY.—The February number of this charming musical magazine is at hand, with thirty-six pages of choice music for the piano; all to be had by yearly subscribers for twenty-five cents. In no other way can so much good music be furnished at so low a price. Specimen copies can be seen at the Mail office, and we will be pleased to forward subscriptions. See advertisement on fourth page.

Published by J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New York City, at \$3 a year.

MERRY'S MUSEUM is running three serial stories all good—"Battles at Home," "Walter's Escape or the Capture of Breda," and "The Doctor's Little Girl." The February number contains instalments of each of them, with much other interesting and instructive reading, and a number of illustrations, &c. "Merry's Museum" has long been a favorite with the young folks.

Published by Horace B. Fuller, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

MAKE THE GROG SHOP ODISIOUS!

A perusal of our criminal records could not fail to convince the reader that nine-tenths of the crimes that arise from the human passions are directly attributable or remotely traceable to the grog-shop. Reddy the Blacksmith, John Real the butcher, and the atrocious murderer of a peaceable grocer, are all off-shoots of the liquor traffic of New York; and the same agency that made them what they are allows them impunity in their bloody work, so that, even in face of incontrovertible testimony, they boldly defy the law, and declare that they cannot be punished. The grog shops of the State of Maine are just as potent agencies as those of New York; with the same material to work upon, their influence is just as bad. Their work is too apparent to warrant silence when silence becomes criminal acquiescence. The poor-houses of this State are crying out against the one potent enemy of the people, the tax-payers are groaning under a load of needless expenditure for the supply of a miserable appetite, and the victims of that fiendishness which runs carries to the murderer's brain, call for the merest justice when they demand the suppression of the grog-shops.

Our criminal court is now in session, and we trust our people will pay attention to its record that they may judge the proportion of crime that arises from the liquor traffic. From simple larceny to murder seems but a step, and that step is made easy by the facility with which upon our most public highways the poison is added to the shame of first offences. The defence of the horse-thief, that he knew not what he did, nor even where he took the team, too clearly illustrates the evil power of rum. While the criminal is none the less so for the inspiration he deliberately invited to his aid, it shows that his crime must bear a divided responsibility, and that the man who poisons is little less culpable than the man who is poisoned.

In a few days a man will be tried for his life before our court; the evidence is undisputed that he brutally murdered a woman, and the defence is that, he was insane from the influence of liquor. Admitting that he got a fellow being to eternity, his defence is that he was not a man at the time the deed was committed. It is for the court to judge whether that is sufficient excuse for so dreadful a crime. It is for the public to judge whether the man who strikes the fatal blow is alone guilty of the murder. The court can only try one man; the public may inquire whether others are not murderers in the eye of justice.

Thoughtlessly, day after day, the man who retails his grog sends out emissaries of crime, and public opinion has not yet taught him that the deed must return to curse him through the cries of those who suffer. There is a glass of grog behind the blow that stabs to death a fellow being; there is a glass of grog holding the revolver that is aimed with deadly intent; there is a glass of grog inspiring ill-directed hearts to deeds from which naturally they shrink aghast; there is a glass of grog tempering ignorant consciences to the experience of infamy. Who sold that fatal glass? Who sold the next before it, and the next, and the next? For it comes back to every grog shop and every bar at last.—Who sells the poison must finally become the poisoner.

In one sense, then, it is legitimate to offer as defence that the murderer is insane, for ignorance was the first cause of that insanity, and ignorance is excusable where educated crime is horribly loathsome. The grand foundation of most of this crime is in that traffic which is made respectable by the intelligence which surrounds it, and which makes the law aimed at it a by-word and a laughingstock for those who find profit in breaking it. The first step towards a remedy is in making liquor selling odious and the grog shops dangerous to the men who have regard for social standing. The next step is to enforce the law to its fullest extent. Another step, if these prove ineffectual still, is to devise new measures whereby the law can be enforced.

Let people think of these things. Let them trace the awful crimes upon which the courts are every day passing to their proper source. Let them fasten the crimes not wholly upon the ignorant men who know not how to control their appetites and passions, but in good part upon the men who deliberately for a petty profit feed and inflame the terrible monsters of vice. Let them inquire if the laws are sufficiently enforced, and if the laws are themselves sufficient. Finding that there is a deficiency somewhere, let them take steps to supply it.

Murder and robbery and arson are stalking abroad, and the grog shops are adding fuel to the destroying flame. Something must be done to quench this flame. It is useless to hang one man, it is mockery to send him to prison for a brief term. That does not reach the cause. We must dig out and kill the root of our evils, and the trunk will wither in course.

The legislature is now in session and will consider the subject of the liquor traffic. It should be presented to them in its true bearing. It is not enough to know that drunkenness is prevalent everywhere. They should understand that the deluge of crime is unabated, that this is attributable directly to the prevalence of drunkenness, and that the chief cause of all is that the liquor law is not enforced. If the system of enforcement is insufficient, give us another. If the law is not sufficient give us one that is. If the law is sufficient, and the system of enforcement is sufficient, then the Republican party must look to it that officers are elected who will do their whole duty in carrying out the requirements of legislation. We cannot afford to neglect this duty as a party, because the State calls for the better execution of its laws in the name of good order and safety, and because negligence of duty is simply recruiting for the enemy. The Republican party can make itself strong in no better way than by making the grog shop odious, and thus eradicating crime in embryo.—[Bangor Whig.]

TOO NEAR THE LINE.—There are men who live so near to cheating, that though they do not mean to cheat, circumstances cannot bend them without pushing them over. There are many men who are like an apple tree in my garden, whose trunk and roots, and two-thirds of the branches, are in the garden, and one-third of whose branches are outside of the garden wall. And there are many men whose trunk and roots are on the side of honesty and uprightness, but who are living so near the garden wall that they throw their boughs clear over into the highway, where iniquities tramp, and are free.

It is never safe for a man to run so near to the line of right and wrong, that if he should lose a wheel he would go over. It is like traveling on a mountain road, near a precipice. You should keep so far from the precipice, that if your wagon breaks down, there is room enough between you and the precipice. Otherwise you cannot be safe.

There are a great many men who are pious on this principle: "How economically can I go to heaven?" Virtue is to them like gold to a traveler;

Waterville Mail.

SPR MAX I AM, DAN R. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... FEB. 13, 1870.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. W. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State Street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. C. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERTOWN MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by the publisher. All letters and communications should be addressed to the publisher, and all communications should be addressed to the publisher, and all communications should be addressed to the publisher.

North Kennebec Farmers' Clubs.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Coming into the meeting late, the Secretary found an unusually large number of the members present at Col. Marston's, on Tuesday evening last, busily discussing some novel agricultural heresies introduced by Mr. H. C. Burleigh. He boldly proclaims that the true policy for the Maine farmer, great and small, is to make the hay crop a specialty, and feed it all on his own territory, keeping up the fertility of his field, not by ploughing often and seeding afresh, but by top-dressing. Of course his plan does not forbid the raising of a small crop of potatoes, or corn, or barley, or oats, &c. for his own use; and he would specially enjoin upon the farmer to have a good garden, and as large an orchard as he can keep in thrifty condition. And this would be his plan whether a man is to market butter and cheese, or beef, or wool. He does not approve of the popular method of applying manure, with a rotation of crops; for by the time you get round to grass three-fourths of your dressing has been expended and you get only about one-half or three-fourths of a ton of hay per acre, and this at first coarse and of a comparatively poor quality. Composts his manure in the open air and applies it as top dressing well rotted, in the fall; and in this way brings up the productive capacity of land from one-half a ton per acre to all the grass you can conveniently make on the space. Applies ten or twelve loads per acre, and applies all he makes to his land. This method saves the expense of ploughing and seeding; the work is done in the Fall when the farmer is not driven as in the Spring; the quality of the grass is much improved, for it gets finer and better yearly; and in this way the grass roots are not only fertilized, but the manure acting as a mulch, they are protected from frost and drought. He thinks that manure applied in this way is more lasting in its effect, though of course different soils would vary in this. Never would plow grass land for purpose of fertilizing the soil; does not believe that well composted manure loses much of its virtue by the escape of gases into the atmosphere, and stated that there had been a great revolution of opinion on this point among experienced farmers and scientific agriculturists. He thinks that at the present prices of labor and products, corn and potatoes can only be raised at a loss in Maine; that hay has been \$15 a ton at some time in every year for ten years past, and that it is worth that or more to feed out upon the farm. He is very well satisfied thus far with his experiments in top dressing.

Col. Marston thought the poor farmer—the man of small capital—would find it hard to wait for the return from his labor if grass was made a specialty, and he raised neither corn, potatoes, oats, nor barley for a market.

Mr. Benj. Mitchell would have a variety of crops, so that if one failed others might succeed; that had been his practice and he had prospered very well at it.

Mr. G. E. Shores agreed with Mr. Burleigh; would top dress; there was less labor and a better return; the quality of the hay was certainly improved.

Mr. William Dyer had made one experiment only with top dressing, and with this he was not well pleased as he thought it had proved a failure. His experiment, however, was with sheep manure, the most difficult kind to handle.

In speaking of prices of produce, past and present, Col. Marston stated that in twelve annual sales of wool, between 1844 and 1860, the average price was 30 cts. and the average weight of fleeces 3 1/4 lbs. Lambs sold for 75 cts. to \$1. His flock were "common old fashioned sheep." Hay from 1855 to 1861 averaged \$8. Corn for 31 years previous to 1861 sold at an average of 84 cts., and his average crop was 42 bushels to the acre.

Mr. Burleigh, in reference to the fluctuation of prices, said that it had been remarked in this club, at one of its early meetings this winter, that a pound of butter and a pound of wool bore the same price. It was not necessary that he should add, that quotations now show that it takes two pounds of good butter in St. Albans to pay for one pound of fine wool in Boston. In Waterville the contrast is not so great.

The next meeting will be held with Mr. H. C. Burleigh, in Fairfield; and as he has a large house, he directs us to extend a special invitation not only the members of the Western Division, but also to those of all the other branches—Eastern, Southern, Northern, etc. The subject for discussion will be "Fertilizers, and their application;" and Messrs. Mitchell and Marston have promised to bring forward some interesting statistics. If the weather and travelling are favorable we look for a rousing meeting next Tuesday evening.

A good car load of gentlemen and ladies went from this place and Kendall's Mills Wednesday evening, to hear the lecture of Wendell Phillips at Skowhegan. Those who had heard him before thought this the richest of his lectures. It was indeed a string of glittering pearls with a golden thread of philosophy binding all together. This is the last but one of the winter course of lectures at Cobscook Hall. Next Thursday evening it will close with the lecture of Dr. Hayes, the great arctic explorer. The managers of this course of lectures are entitled to much credit from the people of Skowhegan—who in turn have responded with marked liberality.

Consolidation continues an active topic in the legislature. Those who have been "behind the scenes" predict that it will not be carried at this session; but that as practical consolidation already exists, and is likely to continue, the various political manipulations of another year will render legislation to this point easier next winter. The great mass of the people of the State are obviously opposed to the measure, but their representatives are in many instances hard pressed towards the adverse side of the question.

[For the Mail.]

I noticed among the resolutions, passed by the Educational Convention at its recent session at Augusta, one in which they recommended the procuring of School teachers by town committees, and such to be approved by the State Superintendent, County Supervisors, or members of the Convention. I don't know what form this will assume after it has been framed into a bill, been criticised, amended and recommended by the legislature. No doubt all the resolutions of that earnest body of educators will receive attention from those whom we have elected to an important position. I am glad so much interest is felt and manifested, and hope the zeal will not abate until a perfect revolution is produced in our school system. Last year our Legislature, in creating County Supervisors, made one movement in the right direction, which has proved, in all cases, where such officers have been faithful, of great value. Teachers' Institutes have been held in all the Counties with good results. Now a number of improvements are recommended, and one which I have introduced, and one of great importance. School committees should in the first place be men not only educated to fill the position, but they should be men of sound minds, and be so well acquainted with the schools in their respective towns, that they will be the best judges of teachers for such districts. Favoritism will be less practiced in the employment of teachers, than now, when School Agents employ sons, daughters, nephews and nieces. But if the choice of teachers is left to town committees, and the same committees are to have the supervision of the schools, I see no reason for teachers being compelled to go before the State Superintendent or County Supervisor. Leave the examination with committees who are acquainted with the districts, and also let them have the same power to remove teachers as they now have; or abolish the office of S. S. Committee. The latter I think would be unwise, while the former would do much to advance the interest of our common schools.

A FRIEND OF IMPROVEMENT.

MURDER TRIAL AT BANGOR.—The trial of J. F. Lawrence for the murder of Mrs. Atwood, in January last, is now proceeding before the S. J. Court. It will be remembered that the details of the affair at the time were, that Lawrence was a suitor, with several competitors, for the affectional favors of Mrs. A., who he said had promised to marry him. Becoming jealous of her favor to others, he armed himself with a revolver, and after preparing himself by free use of liquor, entered her room and shot her through the body. He then went to his own room in another part of the city, where he cut his own throat. Mrs. Atwood died after a day or two, but the murderer recovered. The details, as disclosed by the witnesses, are cruel and tragic in the extreme. His counsel are trying to save him from the gallows by the plea of insanity; but whether they will succeed beyond showing the insanity that usually follows excessive use of liquor, remains to be seen.

Later.—Verdict guilty—murder, first degree.

ANTIQUARIAN DINNER.—The ladies of the Methodist Society in Waterville, propose to give an "antiquarian dinner" next Wednesday, to be served at the Methodist vestry, (the particulars to be announced by posters and the tables.)—for the benefit of the Society in furnishing their church.

The dinner hours will probably be from 12 1/2 to 2, P. M.

OUR TABLE.

EVERY SATURDAY.—The number for this week introduces a new feature, an elegant fashion plate under the title of "Morning Calls in Paris," with full descriptions in the text. The other engravings are spirited and exceedingly well executed. This elegant publication is now put into monthly parts, with a handsome cover, making them very convenient to take along in a railway car. Dickens's new story, which is to appear simultaneously in this country and in England, will be commenced in March.

Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at 55 a year, and sold by all periodical dealers.

THE RIVERSIDE.—The February number of this elegant magazine for Young People is brim full of the nicest kind of reading for the juveniles, with an unusually large allowance of fancy rhymes for younger readers, accompanied by a profusion of pictures equally funny. However, there is no lack for the older ones, for we have "On the Ice in the Baltic;" a continuation of "How the Captain Came by a Legacy," by Vioux Moustache; "Pictures from Froissart;" "Chillo;" "How Little Patrick Found his Way over the Sea;" "Prescott, the Historian," &c. There is a second chapter on "Indian Club Exercise," with illustrations. Very tantalizing hints are given of good things in store for the next number.

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

APPLETON'S JOURNAL for Feb. 26 is a very well filled number, finely illustrated, and the accompanying steel engraving—"A Quiet Nook"—is a charming picture. This publication is growing in favor daily.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, at \$4.00 per annum.

MESSRS. D. LOTHROP & CO., of Boston, send us a package of six beautiful juvenile volumes, entitled Teachers' Gift Books of 18 mo. size, neatly done up in paper covers, and containing about 60 pages each. The stories are sensible, high-toned, full of life and zest, and teach noble lessons, such as the little people will be likely to learn, remember and profit by. They are fitting presents from a teacher or parent, and the books, as cheap as well as good. They can be obtained of the publishers, by mail, postpaid, for 40 cents per package.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for January, has the following table of contents:

Our Colonial Empire; Land Tenures and their Consequences; The Question of Woman; The Irish Land Question; Prostitution, Governmental Experiments in Controlling it; Our Policy in China; American Claims on England; and about fifty pages of Contemporary Literature, notices of new books, which by many is thought to be the most interesting portion of the review.

For terms of Foreign Quarters and Blackwood, see advertisement on our fourth page.

THE GYMNASIUM at Colby University was formally opened and delivered into the custody of the students on Saturday last. President Champlin made some remarks upon the importance of judicious physical exercise in connection with mental training, and after reading the rules and regulations adopted by the Faculty, by which the use of the Gymnasium is restricted to the use of the members of the University, called upon the students to nominate a temporary Director—a permanent one to be chosen when more of the students return—and Mr. Charles W. Foster was chosen. The boys then peeled and went in, climbing ropes and ladders, and "cutting dices" generally; but we noticed that two fine alleys drew the largest part of the crowd. The balls were sent whirling at a lively rate, making a musical rattle among the pins, though as voracious chroniclers we are compelled to state that the legs of the bystanders were in no little danger occasionally, some of the players not being quite equal to the occasion. But they will right all that in time. There is probably no better Gymnasium in the State.

PAPER SOLDIERS.—A report is in circulation, credited to the Bath Times, that the testimony taken by the investigating committee of 1865, in relation to paper credits, cannot be found. It is hinted that it mysteriously disappeared months ago. Whether this be so or not, it becomes the republicans in the legislature to watch this whole subject with due care. There is a growing suspicion among the people—even republicans—that there were more links in this infamous "Ring" than the public have yet been made aware of. When the late committee brought out the names of Gov. Cony, Gen. Hodgdon, Mr. Farwell, Maj. Little, and the "Mysterious Gentleman," they doubtless knew, as well as everybody knows now, that this limited company of speculators had branches enough in various localities—both out of Augusta and beyond the republican party—to save the "home firm" from being either crushed in reputation or compelled to disgorge. Thus far nobody lisp a word. The honors won by Gov. Cony in the chair of State, by Gen. Hodgdon in his "paper" war volumes, and by Mr. Farwell in the contest for the speakership, are all buried in the one simple fact that whereas they were once poor they are now rich. "Can the State compel us to disgorge?" is the only question with them; and the danger is that the change of an affirmative answer is so small that the present legislature will hardly think it worth while to pursue the matter—after which it will be judged too late for any meddlesome aspirant for political favor to take it up. "We shall see if we look."

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE for 1870.—Vick's Illustrated Catalogue of Seeds and Floral Guide, is elegantly printed on tinted paper, with about 200 fine wood engravings of flowers and vegetables, and a beautiful colored plate—consisting of seven varieties of Phlox Drummondii, making a fine bouquet of Phloxes. It is the most beautiful, as well as the most instructive Floral Guide published, giving plain and thorough directions for the culture of flowers and vegetables. It will be forwarded to all who apply by mail, for ten cents, which is not half the cost. Address James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

The New York correspondent of The Advance furnishes definitions as follows, beginning with the root, Jim Fisk:—Gymphycate, to appropriate feloniously; Gymphysquish, pre-disposed to dishonest tricks.

IF THE LADIES OF WATERTOWN COULD vote, we feel very sure that the men who keep our sidewalks so well cleared this year would be re-elected.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON SOCIETY.—FASHION, STYLE OF DRESS, ETC.

You may have heard of the little Miss, down East, who one day said to her father, "pa where do the fashions come from?" "Why, my child, the people around here recognize the style of dress in Boston, as about the thing." "Well, where do the Boston people get theirs?" "From New York." "Where do the New Yorkers get theirs?" "From Paris." "Where do the folks in Paris get theirs?" "From the devil. There now, tell your mother to put you to bed."

I will not say that the fashions of Washington are derived from the last mentioned source; but, to a close observer, it would seem that no one with a less versatile genius for invention, than his Satanic Majesty, could suggest such an endless variety of costumes, as are daily seen at the capital. This state of things appears strange at the first thought, especially the resident of some well settled city or town, where a certain style of dress prevails generally, till something new takes its place; but when we take into account the cosmopolitan character of the people congregated here during the winter, the mystery explains itself, and gives place to feelings of wonder and surprise, that among such a motley crowd of visitors, from all parts of the country and world, there should be no greater variance in the style of dress. At no place is this difference in style and dress, seen to better advantage than at the White House.

Receptions, where all, regardless of style, taste or rank, are privileged to attend. Of course the great majority who pay their respects to the President, on these occasions, are those from the higher walks of life, accustomed to society and its usages; but there are many to whom a look at the east room, and shake of the President's hand, is the event of their lives, and to have this pleasure, they must appear in the clothes worn from home. This class is made up, from all parts of the country, of persons in Washington for a week or so, on business of some kind or other. The man who has roughed it on the plains, all his life, and has never before crossed the Rocky Mountains. The Hoosier from Illinois, the Kentucky Planter, and occasionally a representative of the few remaining real live yankees, from "Down East" may be seen elbowing their way through the different rooms. Then we see the "girl of the period," with the train of her dress several yards long, huge panier, high heeled boots, and chignon, large as a butter flkin, and about as becoming; the young city swell, with hair parted in the middle, fawn colored kids, and pink necktie, his whole "make up" a-la-dundreary; the old woman of seventy-five, in low neck dress, the wrinkles in her face filled with paint and rouge, still holding on to fashionable life, with a vice like grip, seemingly unconscious of her age and the disgust created at the sight of her painted bony neck, and wrinkled face; while in pleasing contrast, we notice a sweet faced, motherly looking old lady, in sensible black dress, enjoying herself in quiet, watching the company. Then we have the Foreign Ministers, Congressmen, Senators, &c., &c., people of all nations and tongues, white, black, dark, light brown and copper-colored, French, English, Irish, Spanish, Americans, Germans, Danes, Swedes, Mexicans, Indians, Negroes and Chinese. With this great variety of fashion in clothing, there is a corresponding difference, plainly noticed, in the many who come from various sections, in complexion, taste, habits, actions, conversation, accent, and the use of language generally, which readily betrays them as citizens of "other parts;" and although while with the Romans they try to do as the Romans do, their general style and actions, show them "not to the manner born." To many, the cosmopolitan character of Washington society, makes it a pleasant dwelling place, in that the great majority of visitors bring with them their own peculiar customs, and on acquaintance, readily impart many interesting facts relative to the state, country, or section, in which they live. In this way one gets a correct idea and knowledge of many things, that otherwise would cost years of travel and observation.

The fashionable society of Washington, however, is like that of all large cities, composed of a class, who spend their lives in a fashionable way, who study and dress for appearance; and you may see the same faces, made haggard by a continued round of dissipation, night after night, at receptions, balls and parties, at any place in fact, where it is fashionable to go. Year in, and year out, you will meet these varieties of fashion, at the same round of places, the most of whom have no other idea, or taste, beyond a new article of dress, or of making themselves fashionable.

THE DEATH OF GOV. WASHBURN, of Vermont, has been a topic of engrossing interest to the people of that state for a week past. Like our Gov. Chamberlain, he was rendered worthy of the high office he filled by his noble services in the dawn of success in his profession. He raised a company, was made their captain, and went into the field. Returning to be made adjutant general, he performed an immense amount of labor in that department, and was ultimately elected governor by a majority of three to one of the earnest and intelligent voters of Vermont. He was exceedingly popular, especially with the more zealous and patriotic classes. His services to the State, military, judicial and political, rank high with those of the greatest and best of his predecessors.

CATTLE MARKETS.—The supply of cattle this week, at Brighton and Cambridge, was a little short, and the market rather favored the drover, especially at the close, though prices were not materially changed from last week. The number of cattle from Maine was not large. D. Wells sold Maine oxen at 12 1/2 per lb. dressed; 4 pairs 6 ft 8 in oxen for \$700; 6 ft 6 in 160, 175; 6 ft 7 in 175; 6 ft 8 in 190; 6 ft 10 in 175; 7 ft \$200.

J. W. Withee sold 6 oxen, 1690 lbs. at 18c, 1-3 sk; one pair 6 ft 10 in; one cow \$63; one \$35.

The sheep trade was dull, with a falling off of about 1-2 cent per pound.

A re-hearing of the question of railroad consolidation was had before the City Council of Bangor on Monday evening, and after able arguments on both sides, the Council refused to change its record, and adhered to its protest against the proposed measure.

DR. SCHOFFE, convicted of the murder of his intended wife at Philadelphia, will probably be hung—Judge Reed having confirmed the judgment and sentence of the lower court.

OUR VILLAGE SCHOOLS are all suspended until May, but the High School pupils are still kept in the Classical Institute. This long vacation comes partly through a lack of funds to maintain the schools; though we believe the inhabitants of the district, at their last annual meeting voted to shorten our term of schooling, for the alleged reason that the health of the children was suffering from over study. How many of those same parents, think you, will be content to have their children out of school that length of time? and how much money will they expend for private tuition? We doubt if the children of our village have ever been in great danger of being injured by hard study, and we do not believe that this long vacation, at this season of the year particularly, is satisfactory to a majority of the parents of our village. We hope they will keep the subject in mind, and be prepared to set matters right at the annual meeting. Four terms of ten weeks each, with the longest vacation in warm weather, we know is thought by many to be about the right arrangement.

In a late hearing before the temperance committee of the legislature, senator Lang is thus reported in the Journal—

"Allusion having been made to Hon. Joshua Nye, Mr. Lang said he had known him for many years, and there is not a more consistent temperance man living. He has labored hard and long for the children and the youth, always and everywhere advocating and practicing temperance—and the people have not given him half his due."

It is gratifying to believe that in Waterville, Mr. Nye's home, whether with friend or foe, with drinkers or sellers of liquor, every word of this just praise would be endorsed with marked emphasis.

CURIOUS.—Senator Stevens, of Augusta, in an argument for railroad consolidation, before the committee, denied that N. Jersey was controlled by the consolidated railroads of that State; backing his assertion with the fact that she had sent to the U. S. Senate "many true and noble men." Clinching this nail of his argument, he triumphantly asked, "Does the election of such men look as though the people of N. Jersey are controlled by the Camden and Amboy Railroad?" How much faith the honorable Senator gave the committee in the integrity of railroads, by thus contending that they would naturally give their influence for bad men, is the curious part of his argument—especially as he had previously urged consolidation as a means of "promoting political virtue and legislative purity." The argument may be logical, but it seems to have been badly applied.

REV. F. T. HAZLEWOOD, of Bangor, who made the address to the candidate at the recent ordination of Rev. Mr. Burrage, will occupy the pulpit of the Baptist church in this village, by exchange, next Sabbath.

THE NEW TARIFF BILL, says the Boston Advertiser, has no chance of becoming a law.

At a large and enthusiastic temperance meeting in Tremont Temple on Wednesday, resolutions were adopted favoring the organization of a third party.

We are indebted to Capt. R. W. Mullin, Collector of Customs at Franklin, La., (formerly of Vassalboro,) for late New Orleans papers. Dr. Mary Walker, we notice, is down there lecturing.

FARM CLUBS.—We get no reports from the Eastern or Southern Division this week. On account of the Union meeting to be held at Mr. Burleigh's on Tuesday evening next, the meeting of the Eastern Division will be postponed to Thursday evening when the Club will meet at the house of Mr. James Warren, and discuss the following question:—"Does Farming Pay?"

The Universalist Society, at Kendall's Mills will hold a levee on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of next week, at Dow's Hall. A leading attraction will be the beautiful operetta "Zilda." They do these things up nicely at Kendall's Mills—especially the dramatic part.

MR. W. H. LAMBERT, the popular and efficient principal of the Augusta High School, read Dickens's Christmas Carol at the Baptist Church in that city, one evening last week, and received the compliments of the press and the thanks of the ladies of the Society.

THE INDEPENDENT.—As illustrative of the greatly increased circulation of this paper, the publishers say that, at the beginning it took but two men, at 75c. each, per week, to do the folding and mailing, while now it takes for the work 35 men, who receive \$269.50.

Brigham Young is the women's man in Utah, and the first municipal election, with female suffrage attached, resulted in the choice of his candidate. Only a dozen women appeared at the polls, however.

SMALL POX.—Three children of Mr. Cornforth, who was first attacked, have the disease; but so much time has now elapsed that the other persons who fancied themselves in danger may breathe easier, and there is no danger that the contagion will spread any farther.

STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS—or the autobiography of P. T. Barnum, is a capital book for canvassers. See advertisement of publishers in another column.

Following the example of Maine, Massachusetts is moving for State uniformity of text books in the public schools.

The testimony taken by the Investigating Committee of 1865, on paper credits, has been smuggled out of sight.

January, 1790, was even warmer than January of 1870—the average of medium temperature being 44 degrees.

A Riot was threatened in Brooklyn, the other night, and a regiment was called out to be in readiness in case of an outbreak. The exciting causes were the murder of Mr. Voorhee and the prospective escape of Perry, the murderer of Watchman Hayes.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—By referring to advertisement in another column, it will be seen that the stockholders will hold their annual meeting at the Town Hall in this village next Wednesday, Feb. 23d.

The Mormons are pushing the war into Africa, and while some people are congratulating themselves that the throne of Brigham Young is tottering they are surprised to find that Mormon missionaries are gathering recruits in New York, and at other points in the Atlantic States.

THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL at Rome, in all that has thus far appeared, has not done much to strengthen the Papal authority, but has only seemed, in its disagreements and halting course, to reveal its weakness.

THE BOWDOIN SCIENTIFIC REVIEW is the name of a neatly printed semi-monthly journal of sixteen pages, edited by Professors Brackett and Goodale, of Bowdoin College, Brunswick. To those for whom it is designed it must prove a desirable and valuable work. Under the head of "Tin in Maine," we find the following:

The following translation of a part of a letter from C. T. Jackson to Elie de Beaumont, of the French Academy, will be interesting to some of our readers. It is given in the number of *Comptes Rendus* for Nov. 22, 1869:

"I have also the pleasure of announcing to you the discovery of a new deposit of tin-ore in the town of Winslow, near Waterville College, in the State of Maine. This ore was found by Mr. Daniel Moore, in January last, and sent by him to me for assay. I found that it yielded 46 per cent. pure tin; after having been washed and cleansed by means of acids it gave even 75 1/2 per cent.

There are more than forty small veins which vary in thickness from a quarter of an inch to one foot. The rocks in the vicinity are a greyish-blue metamorphic limestone, presenting evident traces of stratification, and a gneiss. The limestone forms one of the sides of the mass of small veins, and the gneiss the other side. There is also a dyke of trap which accompanies the tin-bearing veins, and which contains a trace of tin ore. The minerals which compose the veins are quartz, a pearly mica, and fluor spar. The tin-ore is crystallized, but occurs also massive in nodules as large as filberts or acorns."

M. Meunier's report in *Cosmos* of the same meeting, says:

"There exists in the United States, according to M. Jackson, a deposit of tin ore, hitherto unnoticed, the value of which may be estimated at two millions of francs, at the least.

Very good news, if all true, even if it does come in a roundabout way. We hope that if a slice of Winslow is to be annexed to Waterville, those having this matter in charge will not fail to have that tin mine included.

The price of the "Review" is two dollars a year.

REV. B. F. SHAW, of our village, is preaching in Warren, and Zion's Advocate reports quite a revival there, some of the most prominent and influential men in the community being included in the religious awakening.

By act of the legislature, a school week is fixed at 5 1/2 days, and four of these weeks constitute a month.

Bishop Simpson said in one of his recent lectures that while in Europe he never travelled with a German student without being told that he (the student) was saving money to go to America, nor rode with an Irishman that did not ask him if he knew his cousin!

"The Best the Cheapest."



(COPYRIGHTED.)

2.28 12—2.26 3.4—2.20 1.2

GILBRETH KNOX

Has a room 1st at Narragansett Park, Providence, of 1 1/2 mile in a race 1.10 1/4, quarter 31 1/2 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 at having a complete stock of first class Hardware, Iron, Steel, Stoves, Tin-Ware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

Unite particularly 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 customers, more favorable 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 choice of all others yet put in the market. It takes 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 amongst stoves as the Clipper amongst steamships.

Barstow Cook Stove.

A very good stove with Hot Cold and warm water.

Richmond Range.

A very nice looking stove for wood or coal, now the leading stove in Augusta.

WATERTOWN COOK, MONITOR, TROPIC, BANGOR COOK, PALMER COOK, WHITE MOUNTAIN, AND OTHERS.

Open Soapstone Stove.

And SOAPSTONE DOUBLE BASE PARLOR STOVES, the very best heating stoves yet put in the market for wood.

PARLOR RANGE BURNERS, a self feeding coal stove, perfectly beautiful. PARLOR PARLOR, with a nice oven. These stoves have more superior qualities than any other Parlor Cook Stove in the market. PARLOR PARLOR, very similar to the Peerless Parlor, and at a less price. Ask an examination.

Og Wheel Wringing Machine.

also THE BARKY WASHING AND WRINGING MACHINE, complete, being the very best wringer and I think the very best washer. Every family should have one for economy in doing any thing of the kind. 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 cheap.

Ladies wishing to examine our new style of BRITANNIA WARE, or beautiful Table Cutlery, something new, better than any other, 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.

Kendall's Mills, Jan. 1870—28 J. H. GILBRETH.

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 SAWS of all description. AXES, BELTING and MILL FURNISHINGS. CIRCULAR SAWS with Solid Teeth, or with PATENT ADJUSTABLE POINTS, superior to all Imported Teeth.

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KEEP THE KUPPERS HERE
Rooms, One Dollar per day for each person
This House now stands among the first Hotels in Boston having been lately reappointed and put in perfect order.
BARNEY HULL, Proprietor.

Wood's Household Magazine—Price \$1 and 3d. W. WUNDER, price 75c.; and one year for 75c. Specimens 2c. Address THE WONDER, Southold, L. I., N. Y. Don't delay! Now is the time.

Savage's Ursina,
FOR THE HAIR.
Has a world-wide reputation for restoring the life of the Hair
and permanently maintaining its beauty. Should be used
every third time.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
ONYX—None is Genuine without the BRACH BARK Label
and the signature "Alfred Savage" round the neck.

A SAFE.



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AN UNPAILING REMEDY for NEURALGIA FACIALIS, of effecting a perfect cure in a single day. No form of Nerve Pain can be cured so quickly.

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TURNER & CO., Proprietors,
 120 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

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"EUREKA"
 Smoking Tobacco
 orders for Meerschaum Pipes are daily packed.

is an excellent article of grained Virginia; wherever introduced it is universally admired. It is put up in handsome metal tins, in which some small bags, in which

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is made of the choicest leaf grown; it is as powerful in its action as the Nicotina has been

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This brand of Fine Cat chewing tobacco has no equal or super anywhere, it is without doubt the best chewing tobacco in the world.

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SNUFFS! have now been in general use in the
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If your storekeeper does not have these articles for sale,
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TO ALL WANTING FARMS.
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THE SINGER
SEWING MACHINE AGENCY.

A black and white illustration of a woman seated at a table, engaged in sewing. She is wearing a long, dark, patterned dress. Her hands are positioned over a piece of fabric on the table. The table has a decorative, wrought-iron style base. The background is simple, with some foliage visible on the right side.

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