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Maxham & Wing

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MUSIC OF EARTH.

There is music, merry music,
Ringing from the forest wild,
Gushing free and full of gladness—
'Tis the language of a child!
Where the velvet moss is greenest,
Where the blue-eyed violets bloom,
Where the soft spring air is laden
With a wealth of rich perfume,
He is sporting in the sunshine,
With his young heart full of glee,
And his merry laugh is ringing,
Ringing ever joyously!

There is music, happy music,
Echoed softly through the grove,
Breathing gently of affection—
'Tis the maiden's song of love!
Blushing rose and weeping lily
Lend their beauty to her bow,
But, with mingled tears and blushes,
She is still the fairest flower!
She is dreaming of the absent,
Of his parting kiss and smile,
And her happy song is gushing,
Gushing gladly all the while!

There is music, solemn music,
Stealing through the church aisles dim,
Sweeping high in lofty echoes—
'Tis the sacred bridal hymn!
Round the altar they are gathered,
Where the bridegroom and the bride
Breathe their sacred vows and whisper
Lowly kneeling side by side,
O, the air is pure and holy,
And along the church aisles dim,
Softly stealing, ringing rolling,
Falls the sacred bridal hymn!

There is music, mournful music,
Selling of the tuff's low bed,
Sounding deep, heart-rending anguish,
'Tis the requiem for the dead!
'Neath the shadows of the cypress,
Where the drooping lacinias weep,
They have laid the loved and lovely
In an early grave to sleep!
There are sighs of crushing sorrows,
Bitter tears are vainly shed,
Mournful voices still are wailing,
Wildly wailing o'er the dead!

[From the Galaxy for Feb.]

OVERSOUL OF MANSE ROSEBURGH.

[CONTINUED.]

We must take a long, audacious leap now, and plunge into the middle of a love affair. There were calls at the Ridley house; there were drives, and then walks through the country; there were sail boat trips to the light-house and islands. The grandfather objected, but the granddaughter smiled, petted, and pleaded, and the young generation was too much for the old. Susie was soon in love, and she was so much in love that she could not conceal it, at least not from such a vivisector of woman as Roseburgh.

In loving, she was charming. She had the perfect confidence of perfect innocence. She was like those wild birds which Denham found on the banks of Lake Tehad, which, having never received injury from man, approached him without fear. She was as much at home in this new element, as a fish who is thrown in to water, or a bird who is let loose into air. It was her native sky; the moment she found her wings, she soared aloft in it; she wanted it all for her darlings and her warblings. The change from an unloving life to a loving one, this change which was so immense that it could not be foreseen or prepared for, had come upon her so swiftly and yet so naturally that it had not startled her. At first she had hailed Roseburgh as an amusement; then, a little depressed with the old, grave life of her home, she had regarded him as a comforter; and while she was still calling him her comforter he had become her deity. No butterfly, gliding from a bending leaf, was ever launched upon the wing more gently.

Roseburgh, too, had suffered an unlooked-for and prodigious transformation. Of a sudden he was surprised by finding that he was a better man than he had thought. He detected this innocent interest in him; and the moment he detected it he was seized with a desire to be worthy of it; he was grasped by man's native and noble instinct to protect whatever is weak and confiding.

"Would I hurt a dog that was fond of me?" he said indignantly, when Satan whispered to him to do this child a harm. Satan must have been roundly astonished at hearing such words from Manse Roseburgh, hitherto one of his faithful followers and favored pets. The great reprobate of eternity ought to have known better than to let his disciple become intimate with a girl who could live him with perfect purity, and whose nature was so transparent that her holiness of affection beamed through her and made for her a heavenly aureole. Of course, the immense, sweet sentiment which holds society together must, in general, be damaging to the kingdom of darkness.

Sometimes Roseburgh was a little ashamed of his inconsistency. "What would the fellows say of me if they knew I was being good to a good little girl?" he muttered. "But I can't help it. For once I must be as much of an angel as I know how to be. A man who lives in heavenly society must behave himself accordingly. In Rome, do like the Romans. Some day I shall go back to New York, and then I shall be myself again."

He twirled his cane; he tried to feel that he was naughtily strong and free; but even then he doubted whether he should ever again be what he called "himself."

"Am I really on the road to the New Jerusalem?" he occasionally queried; "and can't I get out of the narrow way, not even in Vanity Fair? What if it should turn out so? And what if it should be the best thing in the world for me? What if it is my last chance for becoming a decent man and saving my soul from the devil—if there is a devil?"

"Really, she shouldn't," he reflected at another time. "She is a church communicant, and she knows that I am not, but quite otherwise. A church communicant shouldn't care for such a fellow as I am. And yet—I suppose love is woman's career; I suppose she must make other things chime with it. Probably woman can't afford to let the church interfere with her love-making, any more than man can afford to let it interfere with his money-making."

Five minutes after he had syllabified this idea to himself he was blushing ashamed of it. Impute unscrupulousness to Susie? It was his affair to make himself worthy of her; to become a church communicant, if that were necessary to place himself on a level with her; to think nothing against her until he was at least half as good as herself. You see he was already well on the way toward being heartily, purely and nobly in love.

Susie thought, and before long Roseburgh came to think with her, that nothing was ever so charming as their walks together. Delightful to be with each other, and still more to be alone with each other; delightful in narrow paths to walk one by one, the hindmost gazing at the foremost, and the foremost turning to smile at the hindmost; delightful in wider ways to go side by side, so that a hand could easily reach an arm for assistance; delightful to aid and to be aided in climbing walls and fences. The wise and witty conversation gradually became less wise and witty, but more full of meaning: You are tired—Not at all—Then we will go a little further—If you please. Such trifling phrases soon came to have a heart-shaking significance, partly because they expressed mutual and tender consideration, and

partly because they were winged by looks which gave ten-fold puissance to the words. It was wonderful how they admired the landscapes, and how quickly and truly they perceived their beauties. It seemed to Roseburgh that hitherto he had been to "king at the tapestry of nature (yes, and of all life, physical and moral) on the wrong side, and that now for the first time he beheld its designed and finished face. Standing in spots where he had once been indifferent, he was amazed and captivated. He was surprised to find himself an adorer of woods, slopes, lights, shadows, etc., and he tried to account for it. "I see these beauties because I am trying to discover them for her amusement," he decided. The explanation was a good beginning, but it did not cover the whole mystery, and he must add a word to it.

How nature may appear to us depends much upon the medium of sentiment through which we look at it. At nightfall, under the cold light of a leaden sky, you see the leaf of a mullein, for instance, and either fail to take especial note of it, or think it indifferently homely. Next morning you see it again, diamonded now with a thousand dewdrops, the pale green tint and delicate threads showing silvery through the lucid globules, and the whole wonder lighted up to its extremest glory by sunrise. You look at it in surprise, and exclaim, "What a beautiful leaf!" Yet the leaf has not changed; it is only that you behold it through an exquisite and adorning medium; you see it under a bridal veil of dew and of beams. It is thus that the world is transformed to those who survey it through the sweetness and light of love.

Effect is only a new birth of cause. The beauty which these two now discovered in nature was but a prolongation of the beauty which had entered into their souls. They were better, and nobler, and lovelier beings than they had been a fortnight previous. (If humanity could remain at the eight of purity and tenderness, self-abnegation, and worship to which it is carried by that love which beckons to marriage, it would be little less than seraphic, and earth little less than millennial.) It is a blunder and a calamity to say that the affection of sex is solely the result of passion. There must be a broader and grander explanation than the carnal one for this exquisite, exalted, and purifying sentiment. The heart-history of many who have wedded in age, the heart-history of almost every mother and child, proves that love unassisted can win love.

Roseburgh was astounded both at the nature and at the power of the change which he discovered in himself. At times he was alarmed; charged himself with being ridiculous and reckless; desired, or tried to desire, to escape from the charm. But he could not fly. More than one encumbering miracle had been wrought in his being. He was like a man who should be furnished with wings, and who finds that he can no longer walk as of old, but must absolutely fly. For instance, sense of honor had suddenly sprouted in his hard heart; a wonder almost as great as a new growth of hair on a completely bald head. He began to think that he had gone too far with this girl to desert her, and that, if she seemed to want him, he must pay for his flirtation by marriage. Moreover, the moment her face shone upon him, all his plans of escape melted into the air, like a mist in a black valley vanishing before a sunrise. Her smile! He could not begin to describe it. It pouted, implored, offered, and tempted; it spoke a hundred languages, and all perfectly and eloquently; it would have been understood by the men of the antipodes; it would have persuaded cannibals and pagans. He no more wanted to run away from it than a moth wants to run away from a candle.

And Susie? She was still more fascinated. To her pure heart, suspecting no evil, Roseburgh was a god; she loved him, and therefore she worshipped him.

"I think," she once said to him, "that you must be the very best man in the world. I know that you only stay here because you see that I am lonely and occasionally a little unhappy."

"How can you give me such credit?" he exclaimed, in surprise. "I wonder, for my part, that the whole world doesn't want to stay here."

As time went on, and the two hearts drew nearer together, bolder things were uttered. "I was wondering whether you would ever look at me again," she smiled when he glanced at her, after walking for a minute in meditative silence.

At another time, when she caught his eye, it was, "Were you thinking of me then?"

All this was made mighty, and the more so as it was made modestly pure, by that smile. It was sunshine; you could no more suspect it of cunning or selfishness than you could suspect the day-dawn; it was as imposing, and at the same time as tender, as the aureole of a madonna. It attracted him to adore her, and yet made him adore her at a distance. While he looked at it he was all hers, wanting to live for no other end than her happiness, and yet abhorring himself because he was unworthy of so living.

Meantime, our half-forgotten grandfather, Amos Ridley, was miserable. He cringed at the thought of losing ground in Susie's affections, and he feared that Roseburgh was no proper man for a lover or husband. But as for saying that the girl should not drive, sail, and walk with a beau who was obviously a gentleman, such fastidiousness would have been so contrary to the old ways of Ramford that it would almost have seemed wicked, and moreover it would have been unpleasing to Susie. How was a doting grandfather to be hard upon a beautiful granddaughter who never insisted, but only coaxed, and petted, and smiled? The girl was as fond of the old man in one way, as she was fond of the young man in another. In each case her affection drew affection; and oh, how hard it is to love and to govern!

But Mr. Ridley had a sense of duty, and under the pressure of it he wrote to New York, asking what manner of man was this Mansfield Roseburgh. After a time responses came from trusty old Bible House intimates, to the effect that the person inquired about was a dandy of good position and fortune, but of loose life and atheistical opinions. And now, affectionate jealousy being reinforced by moral obligations, the old gentleman tottered hysterically up to the girl's love, and tried to bind and slay it.

"Susie, he is a vile man," he said, pale and shaking with feebleness and excitement. "He

is a son of Belial, and a denier of the truth. I won't have him in my house. I won't have my character as a *quasi* clergyman stained by intimacy with such a corrupt creature. I won't have my grandchild countenancing him with her society. He is not good enough for us. He is not good enough even to tread this wicked earth. He is of his father the devil. It fills me with horror when I see him stalking by, flown with insolence and wine."

Considering that Mr. Ridley did not know exactly what evil things Roseburgh had done, and that he had never met him when his breath was tainted with anything stronger than ale, it must be admitted that he was bearing on quite hard enough. But his Biblical education had rendered him familiar with the energetic language in which sin is habitually denounced by serious people, and when he denounced at all he did it in that tongue. Moreover, such was his native gentleness and lovingness that he could not carry on a contest at all, unless he first got into a passion. He was no cold-blooded fault-finder and hater, but a man of quick and warm impulses, almost a woman. Finally, he was a feeble old invalid; his nerves altogether stronger than his judgment; his excitability so great that hardly any words seemed sufficient to express it; his sickly brain clogging with blood so easily that the moment he fretted he was in danger of raving. His usually milk-white face was now of a pale pink from chin to forehead; his eyes were a little blood-shot, his timid lips quivering as he talked, and his hands shaking all the way to his elbows. It was pitiable to see so good and sweet a nature suffering so undeservedly, and yet putting itself seemingly in the wrong by exaggeration and violence.

"Now you shan't be so severe, grandpapa," pleaded Susie, catching him by the wrist and reaching up to kiss him. "You don't mean it. Don't you know that you always scold awfully when you do scold? He isn't bad. He is very good. He is just as quiet and gentle as he can be. If you would only watch him without prejudice, you would admit that he is good."

"He isn't, Susie! he isn't!" insisted the other child, the grown-up one, the old one. "He's as false as hell; he's as deceitful as the serpent; and you are being led away and blinded by him. You don't know anything about men; you are a baby. When you have had my experience you will understand these children of Satan. I know them. I know all about them." (Remember that he had seen them pass the Bible House, and had read of them in the papers.) "They are as cunning as their father. They are like Mr. Flattery, who deceived and slew Parley the Porter. They are covered all over with smiles, as a serpent is with scales, and within are full of poison. Oh, my child, I have done wrong to let you go with this man. I must stop it. I will stop it. It must stop. It must stop at once. Susie, I say it must."

Prom tottering up and down the room he sank into a chair, gasping for breath. The girl was crying, but she had followed him about like an attached kitten, and now she smoothed and kissed his white hair, damp as it was with agitation.

"Grandpapa," she asked, "can't I see him again?"

"You can see him just once, to bid him goodbye."

Junius Brutus, condemning his sons to death, did not perhaps suffer more than did this soft-hearted old man in pronouncing this sentence. And when Susie, unable to bear bravely any longer, ran out of the room to seek some place where she could cry freely, he too drew out his handkerchief and wiped a little moisture from his reddened eyelids.

It was evening. Susie recollected that Roseburgh would soon call, and she said to herself that she must see him alone. She washed her face, glided down a back staircase, hastened to the bridge over the mill-race, and awaited him there. He came. She saw his shadow in the moonlight before she saw him; she recognized it at a glance; the darling shadow!

"How good you are to come out to receive me!" he laughed as he took her hand.

"Oh, Mr. Roseburgh!" gasped the girl, "I can only see you for a few moments, and then I can never see you again."

"What is the matter?" he asked, with a bigger lump of lead in his heart than he had ever thought could get there.

"I will tell you everything. Grandpapa has written to New York and inquired about you. He has heard—oh, it is not true; I know it is not true. Don't believe that I believe it. You are very good. But grandpapa believes it, and oh, he is so—so cruel! He says I must never see you again. And I—"

Of a sudden this innocently-frank kitten discovered how much of her heart she was revealing, and fell silent, not less with maidenly shame than with a grief which could not be uttered with a clear breath. The next moment an arm stole around her waist, and she was drawn into the shadows of some lilacs. What could she do but lean her aching head against the nearest shoulder and begin to cry up to it? It is all very well to talk about lady-like modesty, but one can't easily control one's hysterics. Between a bold lover and an agitated, agitating grandfather, and a heart which throbbed as if it were a volcano, Susie was nearly as incapable of self-government as if she were insane.

Roseburgh, who was no novice in such scenes, and who had his arm around many waists before, was amazingly upset by this emotion of a pure nature. True, he retained some selfish wisdom; fearful of losing his jovial bachelor liberty, he had not the grace to propose marriage; but neither had he the nerve to refrain from words which bound him in honor to propose it sooner or later. He called her by the sweetest names he knew; whispered protestations which he had often whispered to others, but never meant; held her close against a heart which now was beating honestly and fiercely for the first time; kissed her hands, and only failed to kiss her face because in his adoration he did not dare.

"Never see you again!" he whispered. "Oh, my child, that must not be; it would make me too wretched; I won't have it; there is no sense nor right in it. If I have not been good heretofore, I will be good hereafter, for your sake. I will change my whole life as far as you demand it. Tell your grandfather so. May I tell him? Shall I go in and see him now?"

"No, no!" gasped a girl who was at the

moment both as happy and as miserable as she well could be. "Not to-night, my dear friend, my comfort. Please don't hold me; please let me go. Grandfather would be dreadful to-night. He is so excited! He is almost sick! It might make him quite ill for you to talk with him! There! you mustn't. Oh, don't be vexed with me. How good you are to comfort me so! I ought to go in. I shall go in—as soon as you go."

"But I never shall go," said Roseburgh, still holding her fast.

"Oh, my dear friend!" she could not help laughing, "what an obstinate man you are! Oh, I wish that you would go, so that I could go in. I ought not to stay out here with you."

"But you never were afraid to stay with me till now."

"But it was never forbidden till now."

"My dear child, I will respect your conscience."

"Oh, I knew you were good."

"I am not good; but I can barely let you go. There! I run before I stop you."

He went off, wild with love, and anger, and shame, and longing, and all sorts of agitations, to reach his hotel before it seemed to him that he had fairly started for it, and to pass the greater part of the night unslumbering.

Nor did Susie fare better. If her heart could have let her sleep, her grandfather could not.

"Have you seen him?" he asked as soon as she re-entered the house.

"Yes, grandpapa."

"Did you tell him what I said?"

"Oh, grandpapa!" protested the child, "how can you think so hard of him! He is not bad. He says he will live any life we wish. He wanted to tell you so to-night, but I wouldn't let him, because I was afraid it would make you sick to talk with him. I don't think you ought to judge him so severely. You don't know him, and you are unjust to him, indeed you are."

"There, there, there!" stammered the old man, rapidly. "There, there, there! I don't want to hear any more. You don't know what you are chattering about. You don't know anything about it."

While the girl had been talking with Roseburgh, Mr. Ridley had boiled with jealousy, and suspicion, and alarm, and his sickly excitability had risen to a fever. His face was now streaked with white and red, as if his heart were on fire and streaming upward in flames. It would have been obvious to a physician that the blood-vessels in his brain were overcharged, and that he was in danger of paralysis or apoplexy. His mortal organs thus burdened, he was incapable of speaking coolly, or even of reasoning with perfect sanity.

"I can't say anything more," he stammered on, with an irritation which was made pathetic by grief. "I can't hear about it now. I don't want to hear about it at all. I won't. I am going to bed. Susie, please call the woman and sister." (He tried his time-worn joke in the vain hope that it would relieve his agitation or, at least, partially hide it.) "Tell her to see to my room; I want some hot water. And tell her to put the morphine where I can get it. I don't suppose I shall sleep. I know I shan't. Oh, dear! it's awful to be old and feeble. This is a hard world; it's hard upon all of us, young and old. God have mercy upon us!"

Susie herself saw to the bedroom, lighting the candle, putting the morphine on the dressing-table, and then ordering water to be kept on the kitchen fire. The old man eyed her suspiciously; it seemed to him that she was trying to coax him out of his right purpose; and he resolved that he would not be wheedled into consenting to wrong. When she led him up stairs he was not willing to lean upon her, and he tried vainly to go alone. In bed he grew wilder; he shouted for his door to be opened; then he began to talk to her through it. The talk was a scold about Roseburgh, mixed with a whimper about Susie, and a moaning over himself.

"He's a vile man," he kept repeating. "He's a son of Belial. Oh, I never ought to have received him under this roof. I warned a serpent, and he has poisoned me. Yes, he has, Susie. You don't love me any longer." She came into the room in her dressing-gown, put her arms about his head and kissed him. She was not crying because of his invective, for she knew that he was sick and that his talk was a kind of delirium, and she was just then more anxious about him than about her own affairs.

"No, you don't care for me," he insisted, making as if he would draw away from her. "Not for me, but for that son of Belial. Nobody cares for me. Nobody in the wide world! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! It's awful to be alone. Oh, merciful God, what is the use of old people? They are in the way; they prevent young folks from treading the broad way which is pleasant to their feet. Well, Susie, I shall go. I shall soon be gone. I shan't live to forbid the banns. You can have this man, this atheist, and make shipwreck of the faith."

"Grandpapa, don't," pleaded the girl. "Come, you are sick; you must be perfectly quiet; you mustn't talk."

"I must, I must!" insisted the half-crazy invalid. "I must protest against this iniquity, this snare and ruin. As I hope to be saved, I must protest. You don't understand the—the—what was I saying?"

His mind was beginning to stammer, as well as his tongue. After a momentary struggle to recover the last train of thought, he lighted by chance upon another and proceeded with his tirade.

"I shan't cut you off. You can have my money; you and Charles can have it together. I won't try to make you poor. Take it; it's poor, fragile dross. Take it and let him spend it for you. It won't last any more than my poor life will last; they are both mists and vapors."

"Grandpapa, you must have your feet bathed," said Susie, with that merciful dictation which nurses use toward sick people. "Come! the water is here."

In spite of remedies it was hours before he slept. The scene was an excerpt from Bedlam; it was an alternation of scolding, pleading, crying, and groaning; asking for drinks of water, and snuffs of salts, and doses of morphine; threatening to get out of bed and leave the house; begging that he might not be sent to an insane asylum; dropping the quarrel, to resume it with increased violence; sending Susie

to her room, and calling to her to come back; having his hands rubbed, his head swathed, and his feet poulticed; at last falling into a slumber of starts and screams.

Susie bore the trial as a life-boat bears the surf, or an eagle the tempest. She was used to this sort of thing, and she dearly loved her sick and unhappy grandfather, and she was determined to make him like her lover. Still, it was wonderful that her hand could be so ready and her smile so sweet under such provocations of fretfulness. Now and then a little laughing reproof, but not a glance of vindictiveness, not a word of repining. From time to time a few tears, some drawn by the weeping of the old man, some by the attacks upon that noble Roseburgh, and some by the fear that her love might end in sorrow. But the drops were almost instantly cleared away by a brave effort of self-abnegation, or sense of duty, or native cheerfulness. She soothed and excused; she evaded the subject of dispute; she brooded for hours over the invalid; she was the most perfect of nurses and housewives; she had half a dozen restoratives cooking at once; yet she never seemed to leave the sick-room for a minute. You have seen a bee or a humming-bird darting away from a flower and instantaneously back to it. Just such were her goings and comings; just such her quickness, noiselessness, delicacy, and tact; just such, too, the sweetness of her mission. Her smiles, her little mouths of reproving and pleading, her eager watching for the invalid's betterment, her occasional tears of anxiety and sorrow, all made her exquisite. Every word and expression and action was like a new facet added to a jewel, cutting into its life, but increasing its brilliancy.

OUR TABLE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for March is an extra good number. The illustrated articles are—"Puss," by Prof. Schiele De Vere; "Frederick the Great," continued; "Nature's Common Carrier," by Lyman Abbott; "South Coast Sanctuaries in England," and there are two illustrations of "A Brave Lady," a continued story. The other articles are—Shadows, by Alice Cary; Broken Music; A New Judgment of Paris, by Justin McCarthy; Civil Service Reform, by A. B. Macdonough; Miss Fillingim's Niece, by Annie Thomas; Our Relations with England, by Col. Adam Badeau; Jessie, by Rosemond Dale Owen; Bolivar, Liberator of South America, by Eugene Lawrence; On a Photograph of Athens, by H. P. Tuckerman; The Editor's Easy Chair, Literary Record, Scientific Record, Historical Record and Drawer.

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

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE has the following list of contents:

The Vicar of Bullhampton (continued) by Anthony Trollope; "Give Me a Pin and I'll Show You a Show!" by Prof. S. D. Brass; Jim Lane; The Coming Revolution in England, by Arthur Fenner; The Stranger of Nant; Dreams; Villanous Satire, by F. Franklin Pitts; Fanny, by Annie L. MacGregor; The Faintest in St. Domingo, by H. Hargrave; Concerning Stanley, by Miss H. Pearson; To-day, by Prof. Henry Hartshorne; Errors of the Press, by Gen. James Grant Wilson; The Forger's Bride, by Rose Terry; Government and the Gold Premium, by Hon. Amasa Walker; Monthly Glossary; Literature of the Day.

Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, at \$4 a year.

PACKARD'S MONTHLY for March opens with an article with the startling title—"Was Morgan Murdered?" which will be read with interest by all. Then follow—News Children of New York; Turgid Literature; The University of Oxford; The Uses of Humor and Satire; Yessitally a Drawback; Desistate and Outcast Children of New York; My Prince; The Hugo Calamity of Horrors; New Orleans; Our Contributors; Glycer Dyer; A Love-Letter; and a well filled Editor's Department.

Published by S. S. Packard, New York, at \$2 a year.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE.—The monthly part for February has four new chapters of Mr. Adams' new story of "The Young Skipper," with eight or nine other stories, two original dialogues, two pieces for declamation, and a host of puzzles, answers to correspondents and sundries, besides four full page engravings from Lee & Shepard's juvenile publications.

Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, at \$2.50 a year.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for March maintains its old reputation and presents the usual features—a handsome steel plate, colored page of fancy work, numerous wood engravings, including a Gusty Day in March, Lessons in Drawing, Design for Cottages, Patterns, etc., with stories and other good reading.

Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

HANS BREITMANN'S NEW BOOK, entitled "Hans Breitmann in Church, and other New Ballads," is in press and will be published in a few days by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. "Hans Breitmann's Party" has already had a great and stirring sale, and this volume will no doubt create a greater sensation and be more eagerly sought after. It will be published in one volume, on the finest tinted plate paper, and sold by all bookstores at Seventy-five cents a copy, or copies of it will be sent to any one, once, to any place, post paid, on receipt of its price by the publishers.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for March comes laden with a rich variety of good reading by favorite authors, with illustrations as usual. A capital magazine for the family.

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

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, one of the most beautiful magazines for the little folks published in the country, has a charming number for March, which will be properly appreciated must be seen.

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

Where is "Once a Month," for March? We hope we are not to lose it.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for January has the following table of contents:—Mr. Tenyson's Holy Grail; Life Assurance Companies; Mr. Lecky's History of European Morals; The Land Question in France; Era of George the Second; New Zealand and Our Colonial Empire; Papal Infallibility; Miss Austen and Miss Mitford; The Byron Mystery—Mrs. Stowe's Violation; The Irish Cullidown.

See advertisement of British Reviews and Blackwood, on our fourth page for terms, etc.

THE NURSERY for March is filled with the most stories for youngest readers, and some of the most charming pictures. Parents who see it will hardly be able to avoid buying it for the little ones; and if they keep "doing so" they will find their account in it.

Published by John L. Shorey, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

THE SCHOOLMATE.—Among the good things in the March number of this illustrated monthly for boys and girls, is a continuation of "Rufus and Rose, or How the Victory was Won," by Horatio Alger, Jr.; a spirited declamation, an amusing dialogue, and a pretty piece of music entitled "Snow Flake Waltz." Or course there is much other good reading.

Published by Joseph H. Allen, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

SAVING THE CHILDREN.—A mother, appreciating the need of personal instruction to guard children against the vice that will certainly assail them, wisely counsels parents—and mothers particularly—as below:

You must be a companion to your children, both sons and daughters. Talk with them about evils to which they are exposed, and impress upon them with all the power of which you are capable the fearful consequences of a violation of the seventh commandment, making it reach, as the Savior does, to the inmost thoughts of the heart, and by right associations, and a pure literature, aid them in keeping the thought pure. Then, too, the mother may essentially aid her children in this regard by proper attention to their physiological habits. See that they have wholesome, unstimulating diet, with a liberal amount of exercise, and regularity in all their habits. With a proper use of all these means, and an earnest seeking of the Spirit's guidance, we may reasonably hope to save our children.

But for the benefit of young mothers I must make another suggestion. You know how very early there is developed in most children, a certain kind of curiosity—a disposition to question you upon subjects which you always feel inclined to evade, and often do evade even to falsifying the truth. Oh, what a fatal mistake!

Just there, mother, is the beginning of your opportunity, for it is much harder to begin with grown up children. If you cannot at once answer your child truthfully and properly, you can say to him, "My dear, mamma cannot tell you now, you are not old enough to understand, by and by mamma will tell you all about it." Then be sure to remember your promise; pray over it and watch your time. A delicate mind will find a delicate and proper way of doing all these things, and as your children mature, you will be surprised to find what a bond of union is thus created between yourself and them; instead of seeking the desired information from the impure and vulgar, they will come to you at all times. You, mother, will become the confident of your children of both sexes! Into your ear they will whisper their loves and joys; or upon your bosom pour out their disappointments and sorrows, and oh, the power you have thus gained for good, no tongue can tell. And while the careless, or the timid and unfaithful mother will groan in sleepless agony over her lost or wayward children, your heart will sing for joy.—[Advance.]

ON CATCHING COLDS.—Dr. Symes Thompson, Professor of Medicine at Gresham College, London, has recently delivered a "Gresham Lecture" on catching colds. The following extracts will be of interest to our readers:

The prevention of colds is to be accomplished by keeping the skin in a healthy and vigorous state so that it may at once resume its proper and normal condition when chills have been suddenly applied to it; then the internal congestions are avoided or removed simultaneously with the external contraction and stagnation. The habitual use of cold bathing in the early morning is one very powerful means to this end; it trains the vessels of the skin to rise vigorously into renewed action; after the application of a chill. The relaxing influence of overheated apartments should be avoided, because that saps the power of vigorous reaction; but in cold weather, the utmost care should be taken to have the entire skin efficiently protected by warm clothing. The powers of the system in periods prone to the production of colds, and most especially when the temperature of the external air is between 32 and 40 degrees Fahrenheit's heat scale (for that is the condition in which the danger is found to be most certainly incurred), should be most carefully maintained by the judicious use of sustaining food, and by the avoidance of every kind of injurious over-exertion or excess. When

Waterville Mail.

B. H. MAXIM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE.... MAR. 4, 1870.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

B. H. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 1 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; B. H. Niles Advertising Agent, No. 1 Seely's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required by the publishers. Advertisements are referred to the publishers named above.

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

North Kennebec Farmers' Clubs.

WESTERN DIVISION.

The Club met at the house of Mr. H. C. Burleigh, in Fairfield, on Tuesday evening Feb. 22d. A goodly number were in attendance, with a big delegation from the Eastern Division, some of the neighboring farmers, and a few from the Club on the Ridge, who, after an interchange of greetings, proceeded to discuss the subject of Fertilizers.

The President, at the opening, read a short paragraph from an agricultural paper stating that a farmer, with 18 head of cattle and 3 horses, made about a thousand dollars' worth of manure in a year; and Mr. Burleigh raised the question—If a farmer can do that, can he afford to buy Peruvian guano at \$60 per ton? Or in other words, can he afford to sell his hay and buy his fertilizers, or is it best to feed his hay upon his own farm and make his own dressing?

In settling the price of manure the question was started—What is the worth of a ton of straw? and the President passed it round. Four dollars, said Col. Marston; Mr. D. B. Howard would pay \$5 for it at any time, and Mr. J. P. Ellis said the same; Mr. Eliab Fish would rather keep it than sell it at that price; Mr. Benj. Mitchell, who keeps a long rack in his yard, and lets his cattle and sheep eat all they will of it and tread the remainder under foot, thought it was worth \$6 a ton. Mr. Archer, who keeps only three cows, fed a good deal of straw and coarse hay, and thought no one had set the price of good straw too high.

What is manure worth? was the next question raised. Mr. Chas. Stuart thought that would depend very much upon the materials of which it was composed. Uses a good deal of sawdust himself; the manure is not so valuable but it is a good absorbent, and he uses it mainly for cleanliness about his dairy cows. Keeps his cattle in the barn at night, summer and winter, for he does not regard yard manure as being valuable. Thinks a cord—three ox cart loads—worth \$9.

Mr. C. E. Stuart generally puts on eight cords of manure to the acre; raises the first year, 30 dollars' worth of potatoes, with expenses paid; second year, 20 dollars' worth of barley, with expenses paid; and for several years thereafter \$10 worth of hay per year, with expenses paid.

Mr. Howard and several others agreed with Mr. Stuart in his valuation of manure. Mr. Burleigh did not suppose there was much value in sawdust as a fertilizer, especially that made from soft wood.

Mr. Stuart has the same opinion and does not value it for its fertilizing properties; but he knows it is an excellent absorbent, and thinks its mechanical effect upon a stiff clayey soil—lightening it up and opening it to light, heat and moisture—very good. It must also have a favorable effect as a mulch.

Mr. Marston, who has had some experience with sawdust, thinks it of small value except for its mechanical effect and as an absorbent. He spoke of the new theories in regard to the treatment of manure, and of the changes in the opinion of scientific agriculturists. His father used to haul out his manure and pile it in the field in the fall, and then they said the gases all escaped and it was ruined; now the advice was to spread it on the land as top dressing, and not a word about the escape of the gases. It used to be thought that certain crops were very exhausting to the soil, seriously impoverishing it in a single year, even; but now some think that the soil cannot be exhausted of certain valuable properties in an age. Deep plowing was formerly the watchword, the deeper the better; but the advice now is to plow often, very often, but not too deep; plow in the Fall and plow in the Spring. Frequent stirrings of the soil, with a light dressing, was better than the old way with double the quantity of manure.

Mr. Burleigh thought manure of the best kinds could be made for less than six dollars a cord, by buying hay and corn, and using straw for an absorbent, or muck, either of which he would prefer to sawdust. And at this point, as illustrating the importance of a good absorbent, Mr. Stuart, in answer to a question, stated that he did not know the value of the liquid part of manure as compared with the solid, but

he had heard it estimated at from one-half to three-fourths; some, however, claimed that it was equal to the solid in value, and that was his own opinion. Mr. Stuart thought soil ought to be stirred often, and as an efficient instrument in doing this would recommend the Coulter Harrow, manufactured and sold by President Percival.

President Percival agrees with Wason that land ought to be stirred often, but does not believe that manure can be dispensed with.

Mr. Stuart uses muck about his hog pen and stable and mixes it with his manure; uses all his straw for bedding and to feed young stock, cutting his grain early that the straw may be better.

Mr. Mitchell inquired—How, and in; what condition are m. nures best applied.

Col. Marston always took special pains to secure his straw in good condition, by getting it in promptly, and he never lost any by housing it too damp.

Mr. D. B. Howard's choice would be to apply manure in the first stages of its fermentation, thinking it more valuable in that way than in any other. For grain would spread it on and work it in not too deep; and the same with corn and potatoes; works it in with a cultivator.

Mr. Archer has top-dressed lately. Hauls on his manure made in the winter, in the succeeding Fall, after haying and before the Fall rains set in; goes over his field in the Spring, with his hoe, and knocks the lumps to pieces; the results are good. If manure was fine could apply it in the Spring. He has applied it in quite warm weather, which is contrary to the old theory, and does not believe that the virtue passed off to any great extent.

Mr. Stuart mixes his manure thoroughly with the soil; but thinks that circumstances alter cases. Farmers want to raise a variety of crops, and these need to be manured in a variety of ways. Is of the opinion that manure ought to be applied near the surface, and he does not bury much in the hill. He has plowed it under, but unless it is plowed shallow does not see much benefit from it.

Mr. Wm. Dyer supposed a case—If a man had a clay loam, with a sandy knoll adjacent, or vice versa, a sandy soil with clay hill hard by—would it not pay to interchange?

Mr. Howard spoke of hauling gravel from a well to a comparatively barren spot of land, which thereafter produced a heavy crop of clover and honeysuckle.

President Percival related a similar instance, where his father, to get rid of the dead soil dug from 10 to 15 feet below the surface, directed it to be applied to most barren places that could be found. The soil was a red loam where it was applied, and the grass was trobled in quantity wherever it was dropped—but nobody took the hint. Mr. Percival also mentioned the piece of land near the end of Ticonic Bridge that was, in Winslow, a poor sandy soil, that after a heavy application of clay became a beautiful clover field. He says that Mr. Jediah Morrill thinks one cord of blue clay, applied to a sandy soil, is worth two cords of manure.

Mr. Archer had applied phosphates with good results. Two spoonfuls to a hill of Coc's added 50 bushels to the acre over those where the same soil had no dressing.

Percival had experimented with the Cumberland in various ways, and it increased his crop so that he got 10 bushels where without it he had only 6. American Pacific Guano did better still, but it would vary in different seasons.

Mr. Mitchell said that an application of 1 bushel of plaster gave him 40 bushels extra of potatoes.

Some interesting "figuring" was presented by Mr. Benj. Mitchell, for which we shall find room hereafter.

The Club, adjourned to meet at Mr. Jos. Percival's in one week; and after taking a look at the noble Herefords by lantern light, rode home, well pleased with the visit.

THE EASTERN DIVISION held a full meeting this week at Haines L. Cosby's, and adjourned for the winter.

CLINTON, Feb. 28, 1870.—The Northern Division met at Pishon's Ferry School house, Feb. 28d. The meeting was called to order by President Rowe. Question for discussion, "What is the most profitable breed of horses to raise?"

The discussion was opened by Mr. Colcord, who thought the Messenger breed the best for business and for speed; thinks no other breed does so well to cross with as the Messenger. The most of the members took part in the discussion, including Farnham, Blaisdell, Newell, Galusha, Jr., Parkman and others. After discussing the subject thoroughly a vote was taken on the question, resulting in favor of the Messenger breed.

Question adopted for next meeting—"In what manner can a man dispose of his produce in order to receive the most profit?" Voted that Mr. Merrill propose the next question for discussion.

The club was joined by twelve members, making in all thirty-four—the most of them taking part in the discussions and showing good talent. This bids fair to become a very interesting club. S. E. PETERSON, Sec'y.

Laws are like spider webs—made to catch the small rogues while the big ones slip through and escape. Whittemore, the first Congressman to suffer for marketing catchpots, was probably the least guilty of the lot. We see it stated that his friends are getting up a series of public meetings in his district in his behalf with a view to his re-election.

Every thing is looking towards the resumption of specie payments at an early day. Congress has decided against any inflation of the currency and gold has been down below 115.

CATTLE MARKETS show but little variation from last week.

THE BATES FAMILY (Asa B's) all born singers, had a re-union at the family home in West Waterville this week, preparatory to the departure of Mrs. M. A. Burnham, (one of the daughters of the house, a leading singer of Portland) for Italy. While together they gave a concert at Mechanics' Hall, on which occasion the father and mother, six daughters, two sons and one or two sons-in-law, joined in making music, furnishing a charming entertainment for all present. Mrs. Burnham goes to Italy for further musical culture.

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.—The provisions of the bill presented in the Senate by Mr. Lang, on Monday, are as follows:

Section 1 provides that only one person shall be required to make complaint instead of three as required by the law of 1858. Section 2 provides for seizures without a warrant, the liquors to be kept a reasonable time until a warrant can be procured. Section 3 provides that all forfeited liquors shall be destroyed. Section 4 provides a penalty of not less than \$20 nor more than \$50 to be recovered by the indictment of any municipal officer who shall neglect to commence prosecution for the violation of the liquor law, on being notified in writing and furnished with the names of witnesses by any two persons competent to be witnesses in civil suits. The bill provides further that the sentence of persons found guilty in the Supreme Court of violating the liquor law in any of its provisions shall not be delayed for more than one term; that former convictions need not be alleged in any complaint or indictment, but after the verdict may be proved to the court and the sentence be the same as if proved on trial.

PUBLIC EXPENDITURES.—Hon. J. G. Blaine has written a letter to W. T. Johnson of Augusta on the public expenditures which we copy below:

In the confusion which has arisen in some of the public journals about estimates and appropriations and disbursements, the impression has been created that Gen. Grant's Administration had expended more money in the same time than its immediate predecessor. This is totally erroneous, as the balance sheet on a comparison of official figures will clearly establish. The present administration has been in power nearly a year, and we can compare that period with the closing twelve months of President Johnson's Administration. From March 1st, 1868, to March 1st, 1869, the total receipts into the Treasury were a little over three hundred and sixty-eight million dollars. I avoid fractions for the sake of perspicuity. Every dollar of this was expended and the public debt for the same period increased about \$6,000,000, as appears from the official publication of the Treasury Department, thus showing a total expenditure for the year of \$374,000,000. The total receipts into the Treasury for the first year of General Grant's Administration, estimating for the few remaining days will amount to \$394,000,000. Out of this sum total \$80,000,000 has been applied to the payment of the public debt, thus leaving for the current expenditures of the Government, including interest on the public debt, \$314,000,000, or 60,000,000 less than was expended in the same time by President Johnson's Administration. The figures are taken from official records, and their accuracy cannot be questioned. It will be observed that the receipts were \$26,000,000 more in Gen. Grant's first year than in Mr. Johnson's last year. Over \$20,000,000 of this must be credited to the Internal Revenue, which has been much more faithfully collected, for it will be noted that this large increase in amount has been derived from the diminished and contracted sources of taxation, many of the taxes in force during a part of the year 1868-69 having been repealed before President Grant came into office. Whether regard, then, be had to the fidelity with which revenue is collected or the economy with which it is expended, the comparison for the past is undeniably and overwhelmingly in favor of the present administration. For the future the fullest confidence may be indulged. The House of Representatives is vigorously seconding the efforts made by Mr. Dawes, the able and upright Chairman of the Appropriation Committee, to curtail expenditures wherever it may be done; and I am very sure that for the ensuing year Secretary Boutwell will exhibit a financial record even more satisfactory to taxpayers than that of the year which is about to close.

REMEMBER MR. DREW'S LECTURE on the Pilgrim Fathers, next Tuesday evening. It will be a good thing, and for a good cause. Tickets 25 cts.

STAND FOR UNDER.—Mr. Dewese of North Carolina and Mr. Golladay of Kentucky have resigned to save themselves from the Congressional guillotine. The former had sold a cadetship to a lady for \$500, and the latter for \$1700. There are other cases on the carpet—Butler of Tennessee, Munger of Ohio, and others. Smoke them out.

U. S. Naval officers and others who have visited the Monarch at Annapolis, report that she is the most powerful war vessel they have ever seen. They say that anything of ours would be knocked to pieces by her at short notice.

Judge Danforth has appointed W. P. Whitehouse County Attorney, and the place may be regarded as filled until the election next fall.

Through travel will be resumed on the Portland and Kennebec Railroad, to-day, passengers and freight being transported across the break at Augusta without extra charge. The public will be glad to learn this fact.

THE MORNING STAR, the missionary ship built by the Sabbath School children of this country, was wrecked in the South Pacific recently.

The Newport Dying Works, were burned on Wednesday morning, and six women perished in the flames.

LOPEZ still lives, and the story that his army had been annihilated is contradicted.

OUTRAGEOUS!—A nice little confab is going on between Morrill of the Home Journal and fishwarden Brown, of Bowdoinham, on the subject of catching smelts. Morrill says Brown gobbles up all the smelts with his nets at Bowdoinham, so that none get up to Gardiner to bite at a hook. If this be so, Morrill is right. But—Brown says that nets cost so much that he can't afford to catch smelts only when they get more numerous than they ought to be. If this be so Brown is right. But again—Morrill affirms that frozen smelts are n't good, and that when Brown catches them at Bath he sends frozen smelts to Gardiner. If this be so, Morrill is right. But still—and worst of all, because we fear it is true—Brown says Morrill don't know a smelt from a flounder! Now if this be so—after all the instruction we have given our friend of the Journal—inviting him to our Perch Festivals, baiting his hooks, listening to his fish stories—then we give our verdict that Brown is right and Morrill is wrong. There is no appeal.

THE AUGUSTA DAM is said by outsiders to be seriously damaged. The discovery causes a considerable depression in regard to business prospects, as the repairing will be at great expense and can only be done in the late summer droughts. Some uneasiness is felt, too, in regard to the future in view of the jams of ice above Augusta and the continued obstruction of the river below. If the ice melts away gradually there will be no further damage, of course; but if the removal is violent, as before, there may be a repetition of the former calamity.

"RAYMOND AND NEW YORK JOURNALISM."—A. S. Hale & Co., No. 87 Asylum Street, Hartford, Conn., have in press and will soon publish a biography of William J. Raymond, late editor of the New York Times, which will also include a history of New York Journalism for the last thirty years—which will be a book of great interest to American readers. The author, Mr. Maverick, is a gentleman well qualified for the task, and the work is commended by all the leading papers in the country. As the book will be published only by subscription, it will be a capital thing for canvassers, and they will find it for their interest to put themselves in communication with the publishers at once.

MR. J. H. RYLANDER, of Canton, Miss., formerly of Skowhegan, again lays us under obligation by sending us a liberal supply of late western papers.

Some of our State papers, always forward in selecting candidates for the people, are a good deal provoked with the correspondent of a Boston paper for saying that it is understood that Gen. Hersey will be the next republican candidate for Governor of Maine. We don't know that they have any objection to the proposed candidate, but they do not like to be forestalled with an item of news.

A RESPECTABLE "DRUMMER."—The senior member of a rum-selling firm in Augusta, made the circuit of his retailing customers on the Plains and at the Head of the Falls, in Waterville, a few days ago, soliciting orders from his stone-jug patrons, in those rummy localities! If a man can sink to deeper shame than this, it must be by some process peculiar to the State capital, where he is said to be held in countenance by decent men.

Potatoes are now selling pretty briskly in this place at 40 cents. Holders have generally concluded that the chances for a rise are not quite plain enough to warrant delay.

THE Late Mr. J. F. Libby, of Chicago, who died recently at the house of his father, John M. Libby, Esq., of West Waterville, held a life insurance of \$5,000, which has since been paid. He was a member of an extensive mercantile house in Chicago; and this wise preparation for the emergency of sickness and death, indicates the success that might have resulted from his enterprise, had his life been continued.

Remember Mr. Drew's lecture on the Pilgrim Fathers, next Tuesday evening. It will be a good thing, and for a good cause. Tickets 25 cts.

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TOWN MEETING in Waterville—also in Winslow—comes on Monday week, March 14th. In the Waterville warrant will be found the following articles among many for consideration:

ART. 12. To see if the town will vote to accept the road laid out by the Selectmen, beginning at a stone monument at the North East corner of Noah Boothby's land, in the West line of Water Street; thence North 62 deg. East 48 rods and 1 link, to a stake in the West line of the Street recently located from Ticonic Row to Water Street; and the East line, beginning at a stake in the East line of said Street, recently laid from Ticonic Row, 64 feet S. S. West of the South line of James Stackpole's land; thence South 62 deg. West parallel to the West line, and 3 1/2 rods distant therefrom, to the East line of Water Street; thence on the East line of Water Street to a point opposite the stone monument begun at.

ART. 13. To see if the town will vote to discontinue all that part of the road recently located and accepted by the town from Ticonic Row to Water Street, which lies Southerly of a point 64 feet S. S. West of James Stackpole's land to Water Street.

ART. 14. To see if the town will vote to tax dogs the ensuing year.

ART. 15. To see if the town will vote to accept a road, or any part thereof, laid out by the Selectmen, beginning on the west line of Pleasant Street, at a point three rods north of an elm tree at the north east corner of land owned and occupied by Johnson's Williams; thence North 63 deg. West twenty-five rods to a stake; thence North 62 deg. West forty-one rods to a stone monument; thence North 61 deg. West nineteen rods to a stake; thence North 63 deg. West thirty-one rods and one half rod to the West bank of the stream, including nine rods and five links across the stream; thence North 63 1/2 deg. West one hundred and five rods to the east line of the Rangeway Pond, so called—the road to be three rods wide and located on the south side of the foregoing courses and distances; and all that part of the road which lies West of the stream is located one half on land of H. W. Gethell on the north side and R. W. Pray on the south side.

ART. 16. To see if the town will vote to accept a road (or any part thereof) laid out by the Selectmen, beginning at the northeast corner of Leonard Rowe's land, near his dwelling house; thence south 25 deg. west, on the line between said Rowe's land and Lewis Wilson's private way, eighty rods to land in possession of Charles and Sanford Tupper; thence across said Tupper's land, south 33 deg. west, twenty-three and a half rods; thence south 58 deg. west across said Wilson's land, and land of Alonzo C. Marston, two hundred and forty-five rods to the northeast corner of John Wheeler's home lot; thence on the line between said Wheeler's lot and land of said Marston, south 53 deg. west, about eighty-two rods, to land of Gideon E. Haynes; thence across said Haynes' land, south about 57 deg. west, seventy-seven rods to the road near the foot of Swan's Hill, at a point where the said Wheeler's land, and the said Haynes' land strike the road; the road to be four rods wide, and on the east side of the above described line.

ART. 17. To see if the town will vote to hold its next town meeting in Mechanics' Hall, West Waterville.

ART. 18. To see if the town will vote to fix the compensation for services of the Selectmen and all other town officers.

ART. 19. To see if the town will vote to fund its debt.

ART. 20. To see if the town will vote to refund a part or whole of the money paid by drafted men as commutation money in the late rebellion.

ART. 21. To see if the town will vote to set off James Tibbetts and Albert Sinclair, together with their estates, from School District No. 4, and annex them to School District No. 5, in said town of Waterville.

ART. 22. To see what action the Town will take in regard to the petition of Dennis L. Milliken and others to the County Com. of Kennebec County, now pending in said Court, for the location of a County road across the Kennebec river, from a public road in Waterville to a public road in Winslow, and for a free bridge to be constructed and maintained as a part of said County road, by said towns of Waterville and Winslow, under the provisions of an act of the Legislature of Maine, approved January 21st, 1870, and what instructions the town will give to the Selectmen and town Agent in response to the hearing to be had on said petition, before said Court of County Commissioners, on Tuesday the 15th of March, 1870.

ART. 23. To see if the Town will petition the Legislature for an amendment or modification of said act, by which said towns of Waterville and Winslow may be relieved from a part of the expense of building and maintaining said bridge, and the same be assessed on other towns interested in said bridge, as a public convenience and necessity, or on the County of Kennebec, or be assumed and provided for by the State.

ART. 24. To see if the town will vote to accept a list of Jurors proposed by the Selectmen, Town Clerk and Town Treasurer.

To see if the town will vote to instruct the town Treasurer to appropriate the two thousand dollars raised for the Soldiers' Monument Associations at the last March meeting toward paying the town debt until such time as the money becomes due to the Monument Association.

The Skowhegan Course of Lectures did not meet expenses.

The New Hampshire election will take place next Tuesday.

WHO BIDS?—The Secretary of the Maine State Agricultural Society is in the market with the Fair for 1870.

Senator Brownlow's son writes to Chicago that the honorable Senator's health has recently been steadily improving, all the published statement to the contrary notwithstanding.

Ryland Randolph, editor of the Tuscaloosa Monitor, and who has made himself notorious as a member of the Alabama legislature by writing to his paper scurrilous articles about the negro members, calling them apes, chimpanzees, etc., has been expelled by a vote of 57 to 17.

Portland has become quite anxious in regard to the suit brought by the heirs of James Brown and his brother to recover possession of their ancestor's property in that city which is valued at \$10,000,000. The Browns in 1768 leased 20 acres of land in that city, between Commercial and Burnham wharves and extending back to the city buildings, for 99 years. No conveyance of the property can be found on the records, and the claimants have the original lease, whose term has now expired.

A kind lady in Lewiston had a rare pleasure the other day. Finding by chance a girl of fifteen years, a cripple from birth, who had never seen any portion of the city, except the little visible from the window of her humble home, she took her in her sleigh and gave her an hour's ride. It was the poor girl's first introduction to the world, and everything was new and strange. The Falls excited her enthusiastic admiration, and the crowds of sleighs and people on the streets seemed to her like a fairy creation.

Speaking of Anson Burlingame, a Boston paper says: "Writers on the possibilities open to American ambition have often cited the appearance of Franklin in his plain suit, serene in his simplicity, at the glittering court of Versailles; but there was nothing in the history of that shrewd, lucky Boston boy of the last century to compare in romance and bizarre splendor with the life of the cool, easy, self-poised young man of our own day, who, losing his seat in Congress by the vote of our North End Ward, presently found himself the representative of the oldest and greatest of the nations, accredited to the courts of the world."

The trial of Vanderpool, the Michigan banker, who murdered his partner, Herbert Field of Auburn, resulted in his conviction. More than a fortnight was occupied in the trial. Saturday Vanderpool was sentenced to a life imprisonment in the State prison. He made a speech of ten minutes, protesting his innocence, just before his sentence was pronounced.

A TERRIBLE SCENE.—The accident to the Montreal express train Saturday morning, at Putney, Vt., was the most serious that ever occurred on the road. A passenger car, with fourteen passengers, went through the bridge and dropped forty feet to the water, which was some ten feet deep, and filled with floating ice. The engine passed the bridge and jumped from the track down an embankment, the tender and baggage car going off on the other side, where they took fire, and with the baggage were destroyed. Eye witnesses describe the scene as fearful, and the escape of the passengers as almost miraculous. The car was almost submerged, only the roof being visible, and the fact of the roof being torn off at one end, most of the passengers owe their escape, though some got out through the windows.

A Frenchman and his wife, with a child, a few months old, were among the passengers. At the time of the accident the mother was holding the little fellow wrapped in shawls and pinned up into a bundle, in her arms, but during the frightful fall lost her hold of it. As the water rushed into the car the child floated out and was rescued unharmed by the engineer. All of the passengers escaped, and none sustained very serious injuries or broken bones, although one or two were badly bruised and cut by the broken glass. Several had their clothing almost entirely stripped off, and all lost such valuables, watches, etc., as they had on their persons. The baggage and smoking cars, with all the baggage, were entirely burned up.

A gentleman in Mayence lately gave a maid servant the following "character": "The bearer has been in my house a year—minus 11 months. During that time she has shown herself diligent—at the house door; frugal—in work; mindful of herself; prompt—in excuses; friendly—towards men; faithful—to her lovers; and honest—when every thing had vanished." The services of this attractive creature ought to be in great request.

Gen. Quesada and staff passed through Savannah, Ga., on Saturday, from Florida. The General was very cheerful in regard to the cause of Cuban independence. He represents the Cuban army as numbering 20,000 men, and says they need arms, but will succeed whether aided or not. What his mission in this country is, is not yet known.

A DISTRESSING COUGH causes the friends of the sufferer almost as much pain as the sufferer himself and should receive immediate attention. Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry speedily cures coughs, colds, influenza, sore throat, &c. It will always relieve consumption, and in many well attested cases it has effected a perfect cure.

"The Best the Cheapest."



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2.28 1.2—2.26 3.4—2.29 1.2

GILBRETH KNOX

Has a record at Narragansett Park, Providence, of 1 half mile in a race 1:10 1/4—quarter 31 1/2 seconds. Has a record of 1 mile in 2:10 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 a having a complete stock of first class Hardware, Iron, Steel, Stoves, Tin-Ware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

I invite particular attention to the quality and prices in comparison with others, for one reason, that my experience of OVER TWENTY YEARS

in the Tin, Stove and Hardware business will insure an advantage to my customer, 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 food 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. 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 amongst stoves as the Clipper among steamships.

The Peerless Cook Stove.

A very good stove with Hot Blast and steam heat.

Richmond Range.

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

I have the

WATERTOWN COOK, MONITOR, TROPIC, BANGOR COOK, FARMERS' COOK, WHITE MOUNTAIN, AND OTHERS.

Open Soapstone Stove.

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

PERLINS BARK BURNERS, a self feeding coal stove, perfectly beautiful. PERLINS PARLOR, with a nice oven. These stoves have more superior qualities than any other Parlor Coal Stove I have seen. PERLINS PARLOR, very similar to the Peerless Parlor, and at a less price. Has an oven.

Cog Wheel Wringing Machine.

also THE BARLEY GRINDING AND WHEATGRINDING MACHINES, being the very best writers and I think the very best washers every family

MISCELLANY.

THE WAY IT WILL WORK.

Three sober roosters met in state
One day behind the hen house gate;
Like savage chieftains—grimly daring,
Appended each hen-pecked chancieer,
Who waited, as he wisely said,
A short address on "Tit for Tat."

Soon came the orator. His crow
Was softly suppressed and low;
"Why, friends," said he, with trembling crest,
"Before I speak, perhaps 'twere best
To heed an adage word renowned,
And see if any hens are round."

Up jumped a bantam. "Nay! the fates,
Grieved he with joy, 'have placed our mates
Far out upon the garden wall, and spout,
Beyond our sight, beyond our call,
Where, undisturbed by friend or foe,
They 'foully' 'chuck,' and plink their crow."

His mind relieved, the older sage
Said: "Brethren, we're behind the age!
Our hens progress 'Ah, was is me!'—
In tones so cheerful, so full of cheer,
They fight like warrior cocks of old,
And—oh ye martyrs!—show they scold."

"We're sick of idleness and play;
We're growing richer every day,
And I have hit upon a plan,"
("Hurray!" began the feathered clan,
If hens will crow, let them be heard,
We'll watch the chickens! How is that?")

A wondrous plan! each cock with zest
Betook himself into a nest,
And waited in maternal mood
The exit of a feathered brood,
But—judging from their restless feats—
They did not fancy eggs for seats.

As dimly gathered shades of night,
Their faintest beams appeared in sight,
Not with triumphant march and shout,
Each hand was bowed with grief and doubt;
From every eye streamed tears of woe,
And not a hen was ready to crow.

"Why, what's the matter," asked the four,
Who sat within the hen-house door,
"Matter," quoth they, in dismal note,
"Our sister Penelope's a hen-pecked note,
And we are sick with grief and pain!
We want our sickly homes again!"

"Take them and welcome," said the sage,
"I fear we have rushed the age,"
So silently, with lordly crest,
Each rooster stepped from off his nest;
Then looked upon his work abashed,
For not an egg remained unashed.

PLANNING WORK FOR THE COMING SEASON.
—In looking forward to the coming spring and summer there is one kind of work which will, we trust, receive attention from the more enterprising members of the agricultural fraternity. The work to which we refer, is that of contributing to the final settlement of opinions and practices in farming, which are not yet generally received or assented to. Every farmer who takes any interest in the progress of agriculture, might plan and carry out some one experiment, little or large, which would go some way towards settling in his own mind, and in the minds of others, some points upon which he entertains doubts, or is not entirely satisfied. If some one farmer in every school district, were to undertake the putting of some one doubtful opinion or practice to the test of experiment, the aggregate would form a contribution of immense value to the interests of those whose pleasures and profits depend greatly on the correctness of the opinions they adopt, and the conformity of their practical operations to the establishment and unalterable laws of nature. Who will not plan some little experiment to be made during the coming season, which may form one small item—one mite towards this great storehouse of well-tested and useful truth? There are yet many points, both of theory and practice, which need confirmation or refutation. Of the many thousands practicing agriculture, how few could pretend to prove that their mode of procedure was that which both theory and experiment had demonstrated to be the best? While the masses are greatly in the dark in regard to the first principles of their art, even the most advanced are only, to a great extent, learners. For this reason, it is for the interest of agriculturists as a class, that steady, united, intelligent and patient investigation should be kept up by means of well-planned and accurate experiments. Only in this way can facts be ascertained, the traditional separated from the true; and the thoroughly tested opinions and practices so authoritatively made known as to exercise a general influence on the manner in which the practice of agriculture is conducted. [Bath Times.

At a divorce trial, before Judge Sample in Muncie, Indiana, last week, the principals in the suit, in relating how lovingly they used to live together when first married, became so affected over the recollection of their lost happiness that they began to cry. The Judge followed suit, the audience joined in, and handkerchiefs were in general demand. Judge Sample, when they had all got through crying, suggested to the husband and wife the propriety of trying to live happily together once more. After consultation, they concluded to try it again, and so the case was thus ended.

Two men entered a house in Worcester, Mass., Saturday, and tied a little boy, the only occupant with a clothes line and robbed it of watches, jewelry, &c., and made their escape.

Exceptions were filed Friday by the counsel of Lawrence, the Bangor murderer, to the ruling of the Court upon the law involving the case. The motion for a new trial will be argued before the full bench in June.

THE BEST THING OUT!

REDINGTON'S.

THE SPONGE MATTRESS.

Acknowledged to be far superior to hair, coming into general use in all our large places.

ALSO COMBINATION MATTRESS.

Made of Resilient and Sponge, sponge on top, a very superior Mattress. These Combination Mattresses give excellent satisfaction as the most superior cheap Mattresses ever made. Also

Fisher's Imperial, American & Putnam's SPRING BEDS.

If you want the best Mattress in market, please call at Redington's and see for yourself.

Large stock of FURNITURE, CARPETS, FRATHERS, & CRACKERS always on hand at the old stand of W. A. Coffey, O. H. REDINGTON.

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For \$60 for \$3.

Sample Copies can be seen at the office of this paper

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A NICE ASSORTMENT,

C. R. McFadden's,

At the old stand of Menden & Phillips, Waterville, Maine.

DRESS GOODS.

Silks and Light Cloths for Ladies' Outside Garments and Shawls.

A nice line of White Goods, CONSISTING OF

Piques, Cambrics in plain, check and stripe

Plain Linen Table Damask, Napkins and Towels, Plain Muslins, and White Flannels.

A Good Assortment of Cloths For Men and Boys' Wear.

Broadcloths, Tricots, Plain and Fancy Cassimeres, &c.

A Good Line of Hosiery & Gloves.—

A Very Nice Assortment of Kids.

ONE OF THE BEST

Stocks of Domestic

Good style Prints for 10 cts.

Sheetings for 10 cts and upwards.

Variety of Hoop Skirts, from 50 cts. up.

All will be sold VERY LOW FOR CASH.

C. R. McFADDEN.

Waterville, May 22, 1869.

UNFAILING EYE PRESERVERS

Lazarus & Morris'

CELEBRATED

PERFECTED SPECTACLES

AND

EYE GLASSES.

The large and increasing sales of these

PERFECTED GLASSES

are a sure proof of their superiority. We were satisfied that they would be appreciated here as elsewhere, and that the result of the advantage of using them would be a permanent improvement of the sight, and

The Brilliant Assistance they Give in all Cases!

were in themselves so apparent on trial, that the result could not be otherwise than it has, in the almost universal ADOPTION of our CELEBRATED PERFECTED SPECTACLES by the residents of this locality.

With a full knowledge of the value of the assertion,

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

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

E. H. EVANS,

DRUGGIST,

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

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

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

THE SUBSCRIBER IS MANUFACTURING, and has for sale, at the Foundry, near the Maine Central Railroad station in Waterville, the celebrated

PATENT COULTER HARROW, the best implement ever presented to the farmer for cultivating the soil, fitting it for the reception of all kinds and covering it. No farmer having used one of them will have any other.

April, 1869. 40 JOS. PERCIVAL.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

Ostrich Feathers!

IN ALL COLORS,

Suited to Fall and Winter trade,

Just received at MISS E. & S. FISHER'S.

L. P. MAYO,

Teacher of Piano-forte and Organ.

Residence on Chapin St., opposite Foundry.

Are you Insured?

IF NOT,

Call on Boothby,

at C. H. Redington's Furniture Store, and he will get you in some of the BEST Offices there are in the country, and the BEST is always the CHEAPEST in the end.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS!

W. N. FISHER,

File Cutter.

Temple St., Waterville, Me.

All kinds of Files and Rasps made from the best Cast Steel and Warranted. Particular attention given to Re-cutting old Files and Rasps. Cash paid for turning old Files. Files & Rasps for sale or exchange.

Orders by express or otherwise will receive prompt attention.

Fresh Garden, Flower, Fruit, Herb, Tree, Shrub and Evergreen

SEEDS

WITH DIRECTIONS FOR CULTURE.

Prepared by mail. The most complete and judicious assortment in the country. AGENTS WANTED.

25 Series of either \$1.00; prepaid by mail. Also Small Profits. Plants, Bulbs all the new Potatoes, &c. prepaid by mail. Also Early Rose Potatoes, prepaid for \$1.00. Conover's Colorado Apples, \$3 per 100; \$25 per 1000. Prepaid. New variety of fruit and vegetables. Captain Rosewater, &c. Also early, true Cape Cod Cranberries, for export or for local use, \$1.00 per 100, prepaid, with direction. Price paid for any to any address, gratis; also trade list. Seed on Commission.

B. M. WATSON, Old Colony Nurseries and Seed Warehouse Plymouth Mass. Established in 1845.

SYRUP—very good! at 25 cts. per gallon. J. A. FISHER & CO

FRESH APPLES 25 cts. OYSTERS TOMATOES &c. at C. A. CHAMBERS

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

Old Stand opposite the P. O.

There is no day bought their interest of

P. W. HASKELL

the business recently carried on by, and shall continue the same.

Boots and Shoes,

the old store directly opposite the Post Office.

All accounts due the late W. A. Coffey and all orders belonging to him in the above sale, I would request an early payment. I shall keep constantly in store a full assortment of goods for

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WEAR

the most fashionable. Particular attention will be paid to Custom Work.

or Gentlemen. Repairs of all kinds made.

Waterville, Jan'y 22nd, 1867. O. F. MAYO.

THE OLD STAND

RE-OPENED.

Having bought the Stock in trade of the late W. A. Coffey, I propose to continue the business at the old stand. I shall have at all times a full assortment of

FURNITURE,

Chairs, Mirrors, Featherbeds, &c.

And all goods usually kept in this line of business.

In addition to the above goods, I have the largest and best Stock of

CROCKERY & GLASS WARE

Ever opened in Waterville. Also

Tapestry, Three-ply, Ingrain, Hemp, Straw, and Oil Cloth Carpets.

Burial Caskets and Coffins always on hand, at satisfactory prices.

I shall keep a full assortment of CHAMBER SETS, Walnut, Chestnut, Ash and Pine. The Pine sets I have made by a good workman as can be found on the river. And they are worth very much more than those known together, as most of them are.

I shall keep a large variety of LAMPS, BRACKETS, GLOBES, &c.

MIRROR PLATES, fitted to Frames of all sizes.

REPAIRING AND PAINTING Furniture done at all times.

All of the above goods sold as low as any one in Waterville with cash, and I shall be glad to price them, and judge for themselves before purchasing.

C. H. REDINGTON.

Rubbers, Rubbers!

MEN'S, BOYS', & YOUTH'S

RUBBER BOOTS,

Women's & Misses'

—RUBBER BOOTS—

Just what every one ought to wear in a Wet and Splishy Time.

Also Men's, Women's, and Children's Rubber Overs, For Sale at MAXWELL'S, as low as can be afforded for cash.

Keep your head cool and your feet warm, and you are all right. What is the use of going with cold, damp feet, when you can get such nice Overshoes at MAXWELL'S, so keep them dry and warm.

If you don't want Overshoes, just call and see the

VARIETY OF

BOOTS & SHOES,

FOR OLD AND YOUNG,

which you can have at a very small profit for cash, as that is what tells in trade.

Don't mistake the old place—

At MAXWELL'S.

N. B.—Those having accounts with W. L. MAXWELL, will oblige him by calling and settling.

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Indispensable to all desirous of being well informed on the great subjects of the day.

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WE have just received six cases of the celebrated NOVELTY WRINGERS that we can offer at good bargain. ARNOLD & MEADER.

Kendall's Mills Column.

"Goods Well Bought ARE HALF SOLD."

An old saying, and as true as it is old, and never more true than when applied to the large stock of

FLOUR,

offered by LAWRENCE & BLACKWELL, at the

Grist Mill, Kendall's Mills,

This is no "advertising gas," we are actually selling splendid bargains, as our already large and rapidly increasing trade fully shows. Our stock is fresh, shipped direct to us from Chicago, and is complete in all grades required in a first class retail business.

Consumers will find it much to their advantage to examine our stock and prices before purchasing.

LAWRENCE & BLACKWELL.

Kendall's Mills, Nov. 12, 1869. 20

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DR. A. PINKHAM.

SURGEON DENTIST.

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

Has removed to his new office,

NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.

First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

F. KENRICK, JR.,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS.

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME. 11

E. W. McFADDEN.