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Maxham & Wing

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"RETURN TO THY REST."

Return unto thy rest, my soul,
Return unto thy rest;
Too long these wandering feet have strayed
In paths of God's abode;
The tempting gate stood open wide,
The way was broad and fair,
While breath of flowers and song of birds
Filled all the sunlit air.

The flowers faded ere the noon,
The bird-song died away;
And, lowering o'er the tangled path,
The skies seemed sullen gray.
O weary, lonely, frightened soul,
By toll and storm distressed;
One only refuge waits for thee,
Return unto thy rest!

No chiding words of stern rebuke
Or anger wait for thee;
Thine erring steps have grieved thy Lord,
But pardon still is free.
Poor trembling soul! "Look up and live,"
Obedient soul! "Obey and be free!"
From downward paths of woe and sin,
Return unto thy rest!

The child upon its mother's heart
Forgets the weary day;
So love divine shall fold thee close
And soothe each grief away.
Come, burdened soul, thy wanderings o'er,
Thy follies all confessed,
With hastening feet that rove no more,
Return unto thy rest!

[From the Galaxy for Feb.]

OVERSOUL OF MANSE ROSEBURGH.

[Concluded.]

HER reward was that her charge at last fell asleep, and so granted her a little rest. Next morning she discovered that the good fight which she had fought to keep both her grandfather and her lover had been all in vain. Mr. Ridley awoke sick—too feeble to get up to breakfast; head hot, eyes seeing black specks, mind seeing monsters; confident, nevertheless, that he knew the whole duty of grandfathers; resolved to end this affair between Susie and Roseburgh's angry and tremulous moment he thought of it. The "son of Belial" called, and Mr. Ridley saw him, in his sick-room, and had it out with him.

"I don't want to hear about your character, sir," he said, in a slushy, mumbled voice, and in that ecstasy of excitement which sometimes does, more or less, the work of real firmness. "It's nothing to me, sir—nothing to me. I've made my mind up. I can't have this going on any longer. I can't have it, sir. I don't want to discuss your intentions. I decline to discuss them. I dare say they are an honor. They might be grateful to some people. It's all very well, if one thinks so. No, I don't mean I can't express myself clearly. My head troubles me. I beg you won't continue, sir. I thank you. I dare say you don't mean ill, but I prefer not to discuss it. My soul is fixed. I know I am in the path of duty. If I am not, forgive me. I mean right. You must know I do. And, meaning right, I must be firm.

"Well, sir, if you positively will not hear me, I will leave," replied Roseburgh. "Good morning, sir."

Although he had come resolved to be patient, he had ended by feeling himself offended. Not a keen observer of men, at least not of old people and invalids, he did not see how much of what seemed injustice and incivility was merely fever.

Going down stairs, he discovered Susie, awaiting him in the parlor, although she knew that she ought not to see him again. The temptation of touching her once more dissolved at once his anger and his sense of what was best; and joining her, he took her hand, placed her arm in his, and walked the room with her in silence. No need of telling her what had been said; she saw it all in his troubled face. After a moment she stopped walking, and laid her head on his shoulder, first looking up in his eyes with a piteous smile, and whispering, "Mayn't I?"

"It is very pleasant to be once more together," he said, feeling as if they had been long separated, although they had met the evening before.

"Oh, darling, this is making believe," she sighed. "This is making believe."

The interview was suddenly broken off by a call, summoning Susie to take care of her grandfather.

Roseburgh, as sensitive now as people always are, thought that she left him too promptly and willingly. He went off in a storm of excitement; he had as many conflicting emotions as fancy might attribute to a dry leaf tossed in the wind; he was a little angry with Susie, and a good deal angry with her guardian, and much mortified at being ejected from such a humble roof. In one moment he wished that he had led a worthier life, and in the next he thought that he had been treated with ridiculous harshness, and in the next he resolved that he would have this girl in spite of opposition. An hour later, pacing the hotel veranda with a glass of whiskey in his hand, he perceived that he had been insulted to an extent that was unbearable.

"Serve her right for having such a relative, and for giving way to his nonsense!" he muttered, as he left for Newport. "The old fool and the young fool together have saved me from being an utter fool. But for them I should have looked myself hard and fast. Now I am a free man once more."

So we go up and down the slopes of passion; loving at ten o'clock, and hating or seeming to hate at eleven; driven by the winds of circumstance, and tossed on the billows of the great law of undulation. But at Newport Roseburgh found himself in the trough of the sea again. He met plenty of acquaintances there; but he could take no manner of interest in them, man or woman; and it followed that he did not make himself agreeable.

"What the deuce is the matter with you, Manse?" protested Harry Witherspoon, a brother dandy. "You are the dullest company I ever met, even here. You stare at the tablecloth as if it were a winding sheet. Are you repenting of your ways? Or are you in love?"

Roseburgh did not blush with shame; he was too far gone in sentiment for that. He was so infatuated with Susie Ridley, that he did not think his infatuation ridiculous. Amazing to tell, he was proud of it, and proud of it to that extent that he longed to confess it. It would have pleased him to take the girl's hand, step out with her in presence of the whole world, and declare, "This woman I love with my whole heart, and for her I mean to live my whole life."

But to Witherspoon he would not say this, for he knew that the young man was a hard, coarse rascal, just what he himself had been only a few weeks previous; and he felt that such a precious pearl as the name of Susie was not to be thrown before such a swine.

How was it that this tough and selfish worldling had been inspired by such a pure and sublime passion? It was not Susie's beauty merely that had done the work; he had, of course, met other girls as handsome as she; it was mainly her magnetic power of loving. As the sun draws leaves and flowers from the bare stalks of spring, so her affection had drawn profuse and sweet sentiment from his hitherto sterile soul. She was grand in loving; by this alone she was nobler than most women; for this alone she deserved him, and deserved far better than he. Long as he had lived in the

Mammoth Cave of vice and selfishness, he had retained enough of his spiritual vision to perceive these things. Moreover (and here we come to a truth of highest import) in the matter of loving, the species is mightier than the individual. Roseburgh was no longer his own self; he had lost his sharpest peculiarities, his viciousness and egotism; he was the universal man-soul, in love.

The absent Susie haunted him. In his lonely walks he seemed to see her by his side, and he slackened his step to let the dear little phantom keep pace with him. He could summon before his mind's eye every outline of her form and face, and every change of her expression. Out of vacancy the blue eyes looked at him; in darkness the starlight smile beamed upon him; amidst a crowd he was called to by her voice. This word "dearest" continually lingered near his lips, begging for the brief, delicious lifetime of utterance. Her little question, "Were you thinking of me?" more than once came to him so distinctly that he answered aloud, "Yes."

In fact, he was such a Manse Roseburgh, as he had never before dreamed of, and as he would once have laughed to scorn.

At last the world without this one girl seemed to him no more than a vast, cold, and dreary place; and he determined that, despite his social pride and his love of independence, and despite of her grandfather, he must have her. In the purest and sweetest mood of mind that he had ever known, he wrote her an offer of marriage. During the rest of that day, anticipating no delay nor rejection, he was perfectly happy. He seemed to be already her husband, protector, comforter; he saw himself watching over her through all his life; he was unexpectably glad and proud of her.

But when three days had passed without a reply, he slid down from his crest of confidence into a most gloomy hollow of surges and buffetings. He was so silent, or when he did talk he was so morosely cynical, that people kept out of his way. A thousand mocking imps of fancy persecuted him! Susie? how could she be so cruel? The postman? careless brute! This world has seldom been blessed with the sight of a more humbled, troubled, and irrational lover than Manse Roseburgh.

After three days came a trembling moment—when he tore open a little note, and found a photograph and a confession of love. Never, it seemed to him, was any human composition more innocently frank and simply eloquent than this letter of Susie Ridley's.

"Oh, my love, my love, my love," it began and just in that delicious style it went on. "Oh, my all, how happy you have made me! How could it come into your heart to make me so happy? You are the best and kindest man in the whole world. Nothing but goodness could lead you to care for a poor little girl like me."

Here Roseburgh nearly dropped on his knees at the thought that he should be so overvalued.

"But oh, my darling, what shall I say to you?" he read on. "My grandfather, my poor, sick, loving grandfather, will not hear of my marriage. We have talked over it and cried over it—yes, my dear, we have both of us cried over it—for ten whole days. He cannot see things right; he says that if I marry you, it will break his heart; and, darling, my own darling, how can I break his heart? I think that no one was ever so wretched as I, and, at the same time, that no one was ever so happy. The knowledge that you love me is such a consolation that it nearly drowns all my great sorrow. Be sure of one thing, that I never will marry any one else—never, never, never! And, oh, my love, however you may be separated from me, do not quite forget me. Though so much nobler than I, and though my love is of so little worth to you, do sometimes remember me, my love. Your loving, always loving

"Susie."

In a tumult of affection, Roseburgh hastily wrote a reply: "My dearest, I shall return. I cannot accept your refusal; it would make me too miserable. Please tell your grandfather that I respectfully, but earnestly, insist upon another interview with him," etc.

In the next train after his letter he went off to Ramford, reaching there at nine in the evening.

Meantime, poor, sick, troubled Mr. Ridley had gone into a state of excitement which was little short of insanity. The man was excellent; his life had been absolutely spotless; his heart was one of the gentlest and warmest that ever beat; it is enough to bring tears to one's eyes to see him wretched; it is a case of undeserved and pathetic suffering. And yet it does seem as if his prejudices outran both the demands of reason and righteousness. He was so bitter against bad men that he would not believe that they might become better men, except they openly confessed their sins and joined themselves to the church. He would not allow any human affection could make such a one as Mansfield Roseburgh a harmless member of society, and a decent head of a family. And now this conviction, one of the strongest moral motors of his life, was roused to a passion by the fear of losing his darling granddaughter, and by the excitability of invalidism. His mind, weakened by the weakness of his body, was so tossed by affection, anxiety, and terror, that he absolutely talked nonsense, and was in a fair way to act it.

"I won't see'm, I won't see'm," he stammered, walking feebly up and down his parlor. "I'm not obliged to. A man's house's his castle. Nobody'll come into it against my will. I forbid it—I forbid it. I've a right to resist it."

He talked thickly, as if he were intoxicated; for his agitation not only half clouded his brain, but also half paralyzed his tongue. Susie made no reply, and even struggled to repress her tears, fearful of increasing his perturbation.

"Well, what time will he be here?" he asked, after a moody silence.

"He says he shall come on the nine o'clock train. Perhaps he may come immediately here."

"Quarter past nine," muttered Grandfather Ridley. "He'll be here then. He's sure to come—like Satan; I'll sit up for him. Yes, I guess I'll see him; I guess I will."

As he uttered these last words there was a sly expression on his scarlet face, which Susie noticed but did not comprehend.

At half-past eight that evening the old man, now absolutely though temporarily a lunatic, turned back the parlor clock a quarter of an hour. At nine, his breath short and his face crimson with eagerness and anxiety, he stole

out of the house and tottered down to his front gate. It will be remembered that between the yard and the street ran a mill race, a moderately wide and deep current, spanned by a plank bridge over which every one who entered the Ridley grounds from that side must pass. On the bridge he stopped, looked, and listened; the night was moonless, starless, and very dark; the street was perfectly quiet. Then did this good old man, set on end and strengthened by the "bee in his bonnet," carry out one of the strangest tricks that ever a good man was left to devise.

With great labor, his head full of blood and his breath wheezing, he pulled up and carried away a dozen of the loose planks of the bridge, until he had opened a gap of eight or ten feet in the centre. He did not mean to drown Roseburgh; he knew that the man was a good swimmer; but he did mean to duck him. At the moment it seemed to him a very proper way to serve a son of Belial, who was coming to invade him in his castle, to rob him of his beloved grandchild, and to make her wretched for this life and also for the life to come. He thought it a very justifiable and praiseworthy method of thwarting and throwing scorn upon such a prowling Satan.

He accomplished this work without interruption. Susie, as he had guessed, intended to meet her lover and have a preliminary word with him; but Susie, deceived by the retarded clock, was still in the house, waiting for the last and best moment. The trip being set, the breathless trapper drew back among the lilacs, seated himself in a garden-chair, and attended the result. Presently a rapid firm tread informed him that some male being was approaching. Knowing that it would be wrong to let any one but the son of Belial fall into the trap, this conscientious and clear-headed old gentleman called, "Is that Mr. Roseburgh?"

"Yes," was the response of a cultivated and musical, yet dreading and detested voice.

"Come on," said Mr. Ridley, choking and shaking, but firm in purpose.

Roseburgh stepped upon the bridge, stepped upon the abyss, and splashed into the race. Suddenly terrified lest the man might drown, Mr. Ridley staggered hastily forward, felt out the timber edge of the flame with his cane, stared into the darkness beneath him, saw nothing, tottered down the stream, and continued to stare. The buzzing in his head would not let him hear the strong, quiet strokes with which Roseburgh was already gaining the opposite bank.

"Are you there?" called the old gentleman, in an agony of elation and terror.

"Yes," growled the young man, who had just reached firm earth again. "What under heaven does this mean?"

No answer. Mr. Ridley was speechless with the excitement of a dozen or so of emotions. Roseburgh, without a hit, and exasperatingly wet, made a shrewd guess at the cause of his misadventure, and turned his back on the house in high anger, resolved never to seek entrance there again. He had not taken a dozen steps when a faint shriek clove the night, followed, or rather accompanied, by another splash. These sounds he did not hear distinctly, for his ears were still filled and dulled with water. But the old man heard them and guessed their cause truly. Susie had come out, had fallen through the opening in the bridge, and was drowning between the two beings who best loved her. It was a horrible mixture of farce and tragedy.

Unable to swim, and knowing that, for all he could do, his child must die, a moan Ridley raised a scream, which for sharpness and distress was not a man's but a woman's. There was such an unmistakable accent of agony in it that Roseburgh stopped, turned about, hesitated an instant, and then called, "What is the matter?"

"She is drowning," was the shrieking reply. The lover guessed: he had that in his heart which made him a diviner; and at three bounds he was at the race-way, peering into its gloom.

"Oh, save her, save her!" yelled the old man. "She is drowning."

Presently there seemed to be a pale gleam, momentarily showing through the glossy darkness, as of some object which had risen near the surface of the water, spectral, evanescent, a mockery of life. Toward this whiteness Roseburgh leaped, striking out with the vigor of a Newport surf-swimmer, clutching from moment to moment at what he could no longer see, now groping along the surface of the current, and now diving to its depths. Thus passed a minute which seemed to the two distracted men like an hour. At last Roseburgh climbed the side of the race-way, bearing in his arms a form which was already limp and cold, and which answered not to the words and tears that saluted it.

"Oh, my God?" groaned the old man. "Oh, I have killed her! Susie! Susie!"

He tried to drag the girl out of the lover's arms, as if he could warm her into life with embraces.

"Let her alone," said Roseburgh roughly. "Into the house! Blankets and a fire!"

A doctor was sent for; women of the neighborhood rustled in; the usual restoratives were applied. Ridley and Roseburgh, the latter still in his wet clothes, waited in an outer room without speaking to each other, until they were summoned out of their despair by a bustle of joy.

"She's come to," said a lean and sallow granny, who at that moment seemed to them an angel.

Mr. Ridley tottered up to Roseburgh, seized both his hands and clung to them, whispering, "God bless you! God bless you!"

"God bless you for calling me!" said the young man. They had spoken their last words of ill-will to each other; a common anguish and a common joy had made them friends.

When the physician called them in to see Susie, she had recovered her strength and senses, and lay smiling upon a sofa.

"I am quite well," were her first words. It was an exquisite expression of that sweetest, that thoughtfulness of others, that self-forgetting affection, which had made her the object of so much love. She had scarcely spoken ere the two men were bending or kneeling beside her, the elder kissing her forehead and the younger her hands.

"Oh! I am so happy!" cried Susie, divining with a woman's quickness that the misunderstanding was over.

An hour later, when it had been settled that the love-making had become a betrothal, the girl looked Roseburgh in the eyes with a gaze which said more than language, and whispered, with a half-terrified, pathetic joy, "Oh, how I shall love you! It frightens me to think how I am going to love you."

Frankness, earnestness, simplicity, innocence—she was the incarnation of them all, and she was charming.

Will she be happy with this man? Unknown. We cannot predict how he will wear; we are not yet acquainted with him. In all this story the Manse Roseburgh that was, and once more may be, has not appeared. We have not seen the selfish, corrupt, passionate follower of fashion and slave of vice, who has heretofore been known to men and women by that name. All his special traits and tastes—not only his liberalism, his lack of faith, his general lack of sympathy, his cynic views of life, but also his lighter habits of practical joking, of reckless frolic of scoffing and chaffing—all have been for a time overwhelmed by the fervent revelation of a first love, liable however to reassume their dominion.

We have seen the species, rather than the individual; we have studied the possibility of strong and pure sentiment which exists in almost every one of us; we have been favored with a view of the great, original, universal oversoul in love. Some day Roseburgh will more or less go back from this noble largeness of expression, to his old and own persona. That day he may, or he may not, become a bad husband, first unsympathetic, then faithless, then loveless, then cruel.

But if ardent, persistent, and self-sacrificing affection can keep him in the right and happy way, he will be kept there by his wife.

How to GET RICH.—Five cents each morning—a mere trifle. Thirty-five cents per week—not much; yet it would buy coffee and sugar for a whole family. \$18.26 a year—and this amount invested in a savings-bank at the end of each year, and the interest thereon at six per cent, computed annually, would in twelve years amount to more than \$670—enough to buy a good farm in the West.

Five cents before breakfast, dinner, and supper; you'd hardly miss it, yet it is fifteen cents a day—\$1.05 per week. Enough to buy a small library of books. Invest this as before, and in twenty years you have over \$3000. Quite enough to buy a good house and lot.

Ten cents each morning—hardly worth a second thought; yet with it you can buy a paper of pins or a spoon of thread. Seventy cents per week—it would buy several yards of muslin. \$36.50 in one year—deposit this amount as before, and you would have \$1340 in twenty years; quite a snug little fortune. Ten cents before each breakfast, dinner, and supper—thirty cents a day. It would buy a book for the children, \$2.10 a week, enough to pay for a year's subscription to a good newspaper. \$109.59 per year—with it you could buy a good melodeon on which your wife or daughter could produce sweet music, to pleasantly while the evening hours away. And this amount invested as before, would in forty years produce the desirable amount of \$15,000.

Boys learn a lesson. If you would be a happy youth, lead a sober life, and be a wealthy and influential man—instead of squandering your extra change, invest in a library or saving-bank.

If you would be a miserable youth lead a drunken life, abuse your children, grieve your wife, be a wretched and despicable being while you live, and finally go down to a dishonored grave—take your extra change and invest it in a drinking-saloon.

The constitution of the sun seems to be attracting much attention just now from astronomers. In a recent lecture Dr. Gould of Cambridge has given a very good summary of the latest results of investigation on the subject. According to him, we are in no danger of being deprived of the light and heat of our great luminary for a long while to come. Observations made at an interval of fifty years reveal no diminution in its brilliancy or heating power. The theory that it is a mass of matter undergoing combustion, and sooner or later destined to be consumed, is disproved by the consideration that if it were composed entirely of coal, the rate at which it would have to burn to produce the amount of heat and light we now get from it would use it up in about 4,000 years, and we know from history that it has already existed longer than that. Another theory, once generally accepted is giving way before modern research. It is that the sun consists of a shell of light and heat-producing atmosphere surrounding a comparatively cool nucleus. Recent experiments show that there is indeed a nucleus less highly incandescent than its envelope, but this nucleus is nevertheless so bright that the small portion of it which is seen occasionally through the openings in the envelope would, if all the rest of the sun were extinguished, still be unendurable by our eyes, while its heat surpasses the fiercest fires which human art can produce.

SICOP.—There was a knot of sea-captains in a store at Honolulu, the keeper of which had just bought a barrel of black pepper. Old Captain _____ of Salem, came in and seeing the pepper took up a handful of it.

"What did you buy such stuff as that for?" said he to the storekeeper, "it's half peas."

"Peas!" replied the storekeeper, "there isn't a pea in it."

Taking up a handful as he spoke, he appealed to the company. They all looked at it, and plunged their hands into the barrel, and bit a kernel or so, and then gave it as their universal opinion that there wasn't a pea in it.

"I tell ye there is," said the old captain, scooping up a handful, "and I'll bet a dollar on it."

The Boston argument all over the world. They took him up.

"Well," said he, "spell that," pointing to the word "p-e-p-e-r;" painted on the side of the barrel. "If that isn't half p's then I'm no judge, that's all." The bet was paid.

Salt Lake in Utah is seven feet higher than it was ten years ago, and is constantly rising. It has been urged by those who have paid attention to the subject that the rise of water there would produce a solution of the Mormon question before Congress would act upon it.

OUR TABLE.

HOURS AT HOME for March has an interesting table of contents, among which are "A Day with a Roman Gentleman," "A Glimpse of Thackeray," "The Mystery of Dreaming," and a sensible, well-written article by Rev. George B. Bacon on "The Literature of our Sunday Schools." The stories and poems are of a high order. Published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York, at \$3 a year.

"THE BIBLE AND THE SCHOOL FUND," which is thought by many to be "the great question of the hour," is ably and calmly discussed by Rufus W. Clark, D. D., and his argument has been published in a neat pamphlet of 120 pages by Lee & Shepard, of Boston. It should be carefully read by all. Sold by all booksellers.

A NEW INDUSTRIAL JOURNAL.—THE *Technologist* is the title of a new industrial journal, devoted to Engineering, Manufacturing, and Building, that comes to us freighted with valuable articles. The distinguishing feature of this journal is the fact that all the articles and illustrations are original—no clippings or old engravings being used.

The number before us consists of forty-four large pages, and is printed on very superior paper, and in the best style of the typographic art. Altogether, it is the finest looking journal of practical science now before the public. The articles, too, are of unusual excellence, and contain matter calculated to instruct and interest all classes. The yearly subscription is Two Dollars and the price of single numbers Twenty Cents, a sum that seems ridiculously small when compared with the size and character of the Journal. It must require an enormous circulation to make the enterprise pay at these figures, and it is pleasant to see that the Publishers have sufficient faith in our American workmen to lead them to undertake it.

The *Technologist* is issued by the Industrial Publication Company, whose office is at 178 Broadway, New York. Every mechanic ought to send for at least one number of this Journal. If they send for one, it will be strange if they do not send for the others.

A RARE CHANCE.—We call our readers' attention to a rare chance to make money, and that is, by acting as Agents for this Prince among the juvenile monthlies, *Our School-day Visitor*. It is certainly the cheapest, most cheerful and best illustrated magazine of its class published, and Agents are paid in cash! Terms.—One copy, one year, \$1.25; 30 copies one year, \$30.00, leaving the Agent \$17.50 for his trouble; 50 copies one year, \$52.00, leaving the Agent \$30.50 for his trouble, &c., &c. A \$2.00 original Steel Premium Engraving sent to each subscriber for 25 cents, in addition to the subscription price.

Specimen numbers of the Magazine, and full instructions to Agents, will be sent for 10 cents by addressing Daughaday & Becker, Publishers, 421 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE BOWDOIN SCIENTIFIC REVIEW.—A second number of this new magazine is out, with the following table of contents:—The Micro-Spectroscope and its Applications; The Bunsen Exhaustion Pump and its Technical Applications; On Fermentation and the Source of Muscular Power; Physiology; Discourse of M. Meyer of Hildern, at the Banquet of Luncheon. Published by Prof. Brackett and Goodale, Brunswick, at \$2 a year.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL for March is a rich number. We do not see how it can possibly be improved, but the publishers promise great improvements during the year. It is a most beautiful juvenile magazine. One dollar a year. Issued at Chicago, Ill., by Alfred L. Sewell & Co.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, which "can be safely recommended as one of the most instructive and valuable Magazines for family and general use published," has in the number for March the following among its contents:—Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, M. D., Mayor of Boston; The Future Science of Man; Aborigines of the Philippines Archipelago; The Flat-Head Indians; Carl Vogt, the "German Darwin"; Para Air; Why we Spectators; Organization and Crime; Hospital Life in the Old World; Phrenology in the Sunday Schools; Christian Unity; Chromo-Lithography; James Vick, the Horticulturist; A Cross Husband; Cured; Social Caricatures; National Debts, the Family's Income; What Can I do best? Holy Land and Egypt—A Tour; Confucius, the Chinese Sage; the Crab Spider; the Secretary Bird; How to be a Man; the Sacrifice; Human Spontaneous Combustion, etc., with portraits and other illustrations. Price 30 cents, or \$3 a year. S. R. Wells, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

WHAT A FREE CHURCH CAN DO.—People in other countries who wish to see how a Church can support itself, and constantly increase the sphere of its usefulness, without deriving any assistance whatever except from its own members, cannot do better than inform themselves with regard to the proceedings at the Methodist State Convention, now meeting at Syracuse.

The principle of self-reliance is put in the very foreground in the declaration of opinions agreed to at the Convention. "We ask no peculiar privileges for our own Church," they say, "we will concede none to any other." Their theories on political affairs are suggested by the same spirit. They would have all men independent of cliques and narrow influences in the exercise of the franchise. They call upon the citizens to "rescue primary elections and the ballot from the control of vicious men." In short they mark out a path of duty which is not only highly creditable to them as a religious body, but which leads us to wish that they could prevail upon other sects to take them as an example—for in that case we should soon have little reason to dread the power of this or that "Ring," as the people would govern in reality, not merely in name.

The strong vitality of the organization is shown in the amazing progress it has made in the State. There are now 2,276 members in the ministerial force of the connection. The total lay membership is 182,055. Without reckoning Sunday School teachers, there are upwards of 32,000 persons taking an active part in Church work. One school in Brooklyn can boast of 881 pupils. The amount of money collected during the past year was very large, and the highest salary paid to any of the pastors or officials is \$3,000. The value of church edifices has advanced over 140 per cent. in nine years, of parsonages over 164 per cent. while the number of members has increased more than ten per cent. The educational branches have advanced at a similar rate. At this present Convention upwards of \$200,000 were subscribed towards the foundation of a university.

These facts, gathered from various reports submitted to the Convention, sufficiently indicate the enthusiasm with which all Methodists approach the task they have set themselves. Other sects have no doubt progressed, but this one seems to have made unprecedentedly rapid strides. Foreigners must remember that the

work is done without a particle of State aid. Here, then, is one example, among many, of what Free Church can accomplish. We cannot fail to wish it increased prosperity, since its moral, social, and political influences are of the noblest kind. Good citizens find of no sect in particular; but if all Methodists act up to the profession of faith set forth at this Convention, we ought never to find a bad citizen calling himself a Methodist.—[New York Times.]

TALLEYRAND'S DEATH-BED.—For nearly half a century the veteran diplomatist acted a prominent part in the affairs of Europe. As the prime minister, or ambassador of the directory, the consulate, the empire, and the monarchy of Louis Philippe, he negotiated the important treaties which determined the boundaries of empires and the fate of kingdoms, and formed plans which made Napoleon an Emperor, and the Emperor an exile. Such a man's views of an eventful life of four-score years furnishes instructive lessons to men who are wasting the energies of being on political ambition or worldly aggrandizement. Just before his death a paper was found on his table on which he had written, by the light of the lamp, such lines as these:

"Behold eighty-three passed away! What cares! What agitation! What anxieties! What ill-will! What and complications! And all without results, except great fatigue of mind and body, and a profound sentiment of discouragement with regard to the future, and disgust with regard to the past."

Contrast with this the exclamation of "Paul the aged" as he was about closing his earthly career: "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." A death-bed is the triumphant chariot of the useful Christian, however humble; it is the executioner's cart of the worldly believer however exalted.

A letter from Oxford, Miss., states that the recent horrible railroad disaster was caused entirely by the rottenness of the trestle timbers, and that as soon as the smash up was over the company burned the wrecked cars and all the wood-work to hide the rottenness. Seven disasters have occurred on that road within a month, and there is much excitement in that portion of the State against the road.

The Rockland Gazette says that several weeks since two convicts in the Maine State Prison, by the name of Hickey and Murphy, got into an altercation, and while fighting Hickey chewed up Murphy's right thumb. So mortified was Murphy at the manner of receiving his injury that he took no care whatever of his hand, but continued at his work of washing, dipping his hand in hot and cold water, running in and out of doors, and otherwise exposing himself. In a few days the hand and arm became inflamed, extensive suppuration took place, both the fleshy and bony tissues became very much diseased, and his general health was enfeebled to such an extent, as to require amputation of the right arm half way between the elbow and shoulder, and even now his recovery is doubtful. Murphy is the man who robbed P. M. Blake's broker's shop in Bangor in open day.

Among the Alaska rivers are the Atunacool, akuchargut, Nootachigut, Kuyuyukuk, Connecon, Unalashut, and Golsora-Nichka, along whose banks live in almost Arcadian bliss the Chykanickpuk, Yakutskilmit, Chikitskykmit, Ankaichganuk, Mekutonontzotz, and other tribes with equally simple nomenclatures.

Very high heel shoes have many disadvantages. They throw the center of gravity of the body so far forward that a graceful carriage is impossible; there is great danger of twisting the ankle where footing is not smooth, and secure; and this driving the foot forward into the toe of the boot often causes it painful distortion of the great toe joint. But—they are fashionable!

Beauty in dress is a good thing, rail at it who may. But it is a lower beauty, for which a higher beauty should not be sacrificed. They love dress too much who give it their first thought, their best time or all their money; who for it neglect the culture of mind or heart or the claims of others on their service; who care more for their dress than their disposition, who are troubled more by an unfashionable bonnet than a neglected duty.

AN INFANT LOGICIAN.—A grandchild of Dr. Emmons, when not more than six years old, came to him with a trouble weighing on her mind.

"A. B. says the moon was made of green cheese, and I don't believe it."

"Don't you believe it? Why not?"

"I know it isn't."

"But how do you know?"

"Is it, grandpa?"

Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXAM, DAN L. RAY, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, MAR. 11, 1870.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. W. PRATT, No. 10, Newspaper Agents, No. 10, Boston, Mass., and 87 Park Row, New York; S. R. Nye, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; 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 us.

Advertisements are referred to the Editor.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS

relating to either the business or editorial department of the paper should be addressed to MAXAM & RAY, or WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.

OUR FARM.—The voters of Waterville will differ on many subjects on Monday, but the Town Farm will not be one. For two years past, since Mr. S. W. Berry has had its immediate oversight, it has shown constant improvement. The buildings have been repaired, the farm stock improved, and the fences, fields, orchard, and things generally have put on an aspect of more care and thrift. Even the tenants indicate a share in the general progress. Much more is needed in the same direction, but Mr. Berry has shown what can be done. In all this he has been sustained by the selectmen, in a spirit that ought to be well carried forward—wherever may be in control. There will be no more talk, in this case, about selling the farm. Indeed, we shall look for the time when a system very much in advance of the present will show that our "pauper system," in spite of the name, is demonstrative of the genuine prosperity that enables the rich to take care of the poor—the time when our "poor" farm shall give proof of the advantage of "rich owners." Let as many of the voters as can come to town meeting on Monday by way of the town farm road, and see for themselves.

DEATH OF JOHN L. SEAVEY, ESQ.—Intelligence of the death of our late townsman, at his home in Concord, N. H., was received here by telegram Saturday evening. Details followed, announcing that he expired suddenly, with no previous illness, while riding in a sleigh Saturday afternoon. A gentleman riding in another sleigh, along side, was in conversation with him, and noticed that just after crossing a deep "cradle-hole" he relaxed the reins and fell forward. The horse was pressing hard on the bit, and started to run, but being secured after going a few rods, it was found that Mr. Seavey had ceased to breathe. He was taken at once to his home and a doctor called, but he gave no further sign of life. It was thought his death was caused by rupture of the outer membrane of the heart. His body, accompanied by his two sons, arrived in Waterville Monday evening, for burial in his family lot in Pine Grove Cemetery. The funeral was largely attended at the Unitarian church Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Dr. Sheldon officiating and preaching a short sermon. His age was 65 years.

Mr. Seavey was widely known, having been engaged in hotel keeping from early life; several years at Waterville, a short time at Augusta, and for two years past in the Phoenix Hotel at Concord, N. H. With the peculiar gifts required by the travelling public, he secured the marked respect of his guests, among whom he leaves a great number of warm personal friends. In Waterville, where all were his friends, his sudden death has awakened deep interest. He leaves two sons and a daughter, pleasantly associated with the memories of the young people of Waterville, whose kindest sympathies are with them in their affliction.

CONCERT.—There will be a Grand Organ Concert at the M. E. Church in Waterville next Wednesday evening, March 16th, commencing at 7 1/2 o'clock.

Mr. T. P. Rider, of Boston, will preside at the organ. He will be assisted in the concert, by the following eminent Soloists of Boston: Mrs. J. M. Osgood, Miss Baulah A. Hill, Mr. J. C. Collins, and Mr. J. M. Robinson. Mr. Rider's reputation as an organist is not excelled by that of any one in Boston. His selections of music for the concert are calculated to bring out the full powers of the organ, producing a very fine and pleasing effect.

The Soloists are all experienced singers and hold a high reputation in Boston.

The programme is made up of choice selections from the best authors.

An Organ Concert is something new in Waterville, and the new and beautiful church in which it is to be given will no doubt be filled to its utmost capacity.

We are informed that the Ladies of the Universalist Society of the village are making arrangements for a Levee which will be held in two or three weeks.

North Kennebec Farmers' Clubs.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

Club met at J. G. Soule's, Feb. 4th, Ed. W. Cook in the chair, to consider "The comparative cost and profit of raising sheep and cows."

Mr. Ricker thought there was more profit from cows than from sheep. The cost of keeping a calf till it is two years old is about \$35. Had sold, this year, \$200 worth of butter from four cows. Thinks there is now not much profit from sheep.

Mr. Cousins gave his testimony in favor of cows. He remarked that if you keep sheep you must keep the right kind; don't know which is the right kind. Thinks more is made in beef by feeding hay to cattle than to sheep.

Mr. Snell asked how we are to obtain the best cows. Mr. Stevens replied, "by keeping them well." Mr. Kenney was not sure that there was more profit in cows than in sheep. Coarse wool sheep have proved profitable with him. Has kept ten of this kind this year, from which he had raised eight lambs and got 45 lbs. of wool. The value of the lambs, at \$5 each, was \$40; 45 lbs. wool, at 45 cts. a lb., \$20.25; making a handsome total of \$60.25.

Mr. Perry remarked that profit from the dairy depends upon circumstances. If we are obliged to hire the work done, sheep will perhaps be as profitable as cows. The average of butter from good cows is about 7 lbs. per week; the average of wool on sheep, 4 1/2 lbs. if they do not have lambs too early; twelve sheep will average ten lambs. Thinks eight sheep consume as much in winter as one cow.

Mr. Snell thought fine wool sheep the hardest. A few years ago every one was crying up fine wool sheep; now that the price of wool has gone down, almost every one was crying them down. We have poor cows, from the fact that bulls are put to service too young. A bull for service should not be less than two years old. We do not keep cows till they are old enough. There is more profit from them than from sheep.

Mr. Berry submitted the following statements of cost and profit of raising sheep:—

Price of lamb first fall,	\$2 00
Wintering, 3 lbs. hay 180 days, 540 lbs. at \$10 a ton,	2 70
Cost at one year old,	4 70
Pasturing first summer,	75
Wintering second winter,	2 70
Cost at two years old,	8 15
Cr. by six lbs. wool at 40 cts.,	2 40
Leaving lamb in debt at 2 yrs. old,	5 75
Pasturing second summer,	75
Wintering third winter,	3 00
Cost at 3 yrs. old, less profit 2d yr.	9 50
Cr. by six lbs. wool at 40 cts. by one lamb,	2 40
	2 50
	4 90

The sheep at three years old in debt, 4 60
Pasturing third summer, 75
Wintering fourth winter, 3 00
Cost less the profit at 4 years old, 3 35
Six pounds wool at 40 cents, 2 40
One lamb, 2 50
Sheep four years old in debt, 3 45

COST AND PROFIT OF COWS.

Calf, first fall,	\$15 00
Wintering first winter,	9 00
Cost, one year old,	24 00
Pasturing when one year old,	8 00
Wintering second winter,	13 50
Cost of heifer two years old,	40 50
First calf,	8 00
1 lb. butter a day, 180 days, at 35c.	63 00
1 1/2 lb. do. " 1 month, at 40c.	6 00
Income at three years old,	77 00
Pasturing when two years old,	5 00
Wintering third winter,	22 50
Cost of keeping third year,	27 50
Cost of heifer, 2 yrs. old,	40 50

Whole cost at three years old, 63 00
Net profit, 9 00
Pasturing when three years old, 6 00
Wintering fourth winter, 27 00
Cost of keeping fourth winter, 33 00
Second calf, 8 00
1 lb. butter a day 6m., 180 lbs. at 35c. 63 00
1 1/2 lb. do. 1m., 15 lbs., 6 00
Income fourth year, 77 00
Income 3d year, 77 00

Entire income at four years old, 154 00
Cost of keeping, 68 and 33, 101 00

Net income of cow four years old, 53 00

In this estimate hay is reckoned at ten dollars a ton, and ten pounds per day the first winter, 180 days, fifteen pounds the second winter, twenty the third and thirty the fourth.

J. G. SOULE, Sec.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Winlow, Feb. 16th, 1870.

"The management of trees" was resumed this week. Mr. James Warren thought it best to cut an old growth clean, but a young growth should be thinned. He has a wood lot a part of which he thinned out when it was young, for the sake of the rafting poles. That part has now nearly double the wood, and it is much better size. The other is thick and small. Several other instances were cited where like causes had produced like effects.

Charles Stratton thought thinning did more hurt than good; that wood would die out of itself when it was too thick.

J. B. Stratton thought that when a young growth came up thick there would be a time when it would rather diminish than increase in quantity. It seemed to be his idea that in another part of the growth the rest was injured. He thought small trees would grow well after large ones were cut.

David Garland thought wood could be too thick as much as corn.

Jonathan Garland thought a young growth ought not to be pastured with cattle till it was up out of their reach.

C. Stratton said that young trees would be checked some for the first two or three years by cattle but would grow better afterward, because they would not be so thick.

D. Garland preferred to let the trees get a good start and then do his own thinning. It was the general opinion that a young growth would not thin itself out fast enough to be the most profitable.

D. Garland thought farmers ought to be careful of nothing more than of their little pines, but care should be used in trimming them. All the dead limbs might be cut off, and a very few green ones, each year. He thought a mixture of pine with other wood grew better than if it was all pine.

J. Warren said old lumbermen find that pine mixed with other growth is of much better quality than where it is not. J. B. Stratton is hauling pines this winter, 2 and 1 1/2 ft. through, that were left in an old chopping 25 years ago, because they were not large enough to pay for getting.

D. Garland says that gray birch comes to maturity and should be cut once in three years,

C. Stratton says that New England, and especially Maine, raises some of the best timbers in the world, which many are not aware of. He says that some of our carriage timber goes to California and the west, and that our wooden tools are preferable to those of Europe. He spoke in the strongest terms against destroyers of small trees; such men as are running after every little ash tree as soon as it is large enough to make a few shovel handles, often at an expense of nearly or quite all the tree is worth. He thinks a man has no moral right to do any such thing; neither has the man who is impatient to cut down his little pines as soon as they are big enough for match stuff.

J. Warren has six or seven maple sprouts from one stump which is 18 years old; they are 8 inches or more at the butt.

Forty years has grown a maple 2 ft. through for David Garland.

J. B. Stratton knows that 50 years will grow pines 2 ft. or so through.

C. R. STUART, Sec.

"DANGEROUS LEGISLATION" is the epithet which the Kennebec Journal characterizes the bill in aid of previous enactments that promises to ensure the building of fishways on our rivers, and especially at the Augusta Dam. The proprietors of that dam, neither fearing God nor regarding man, have stood out and defied legislation and the requirements of their charter for many long years. When that true Christian patriot, Mr. Abijah Crosby, recognizing the higher call of his country in the darkest hour of the nation's peril, left his work on the Kennebec for the battle field, the Governor of the State solemnly assured him that his mission here should not be neglected, that the fish way should be built, and the way opened for the return of the fish with which he had stocked the river. But vows made in times of distress and peril are very often forgotten when the danger has passed.

"When the Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be; When the Devil got well, the devil a monk was he."

Is it too much to say that Providence, to rebuke this bold and continued violation of plighted faith and the often expressed will of the people, has interfered to open a way through that dam? Perhaps it is, and we will not say it. But we can say that in spite of the contumacy of the proprietors of the dam the way is open for the ascent of the fish this Spring, and our fishermen may with confidence look for their old friends and make ready accordingly.

FINANCES OF WATERVILLE.

The annual reports of the Selectmen, which will come before the Town on Monday, will show a large reduction of the town debt. This, however, comes mainly from the use of State bonds, and not from any liberal votes of the town to this end. A narrow policy has prevailed. Winslow and Fairfield are clear of debt, having acted wisely while gold was high and money plenty. Now that our currency is close upon a gold basis, we are called upon to provide for a debt of thirty thousand dollars—that would have been fifty thousand dollars if the Selectmen had not wisely used the bonds. We are willing that those who are not yet ready to be wise should see where they have erred. It is not yet too late to do what remains to be done. Let the appropriations to this end be liberal; let the taxes be collected as promptly as possible without distress; and let the best system of economy prevail in all departments of the affairs of the town, and Waterville will soon stand by the side of neighboring towns, free from debt. Our present debt may be easily handled—but in no way so easily as by prompt payment.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—It was my fortune to attend a Levee given by the Ladies of Somerset Mills village for the benefit of the "Excelsior Dramatic Club" at that place, on the 2d and 3d inst. It seemed to be a time of much enjoyment by all present. The chief attractions of the two evenings were the performances of the Dramatic Club. The play of "Our American Cousins" was most admirably performed and was repeated the 2d evening, with no lack of interest on the part of the large audience. The laughable farce of "Poor Pillsoddy" was very well rendered, and occasioned much merriment. The village of Somerset Mills is fortunate in having so nice a Hall, and also in having so good a company of home actors. Their playing on this occasion would not suffer by comparison with many professional players. The people of Kendall's Mills were out in full force, as they usually are when requested by their friends at Somerset Mills. The entertainment closed with a social dance, which was participated in by a large and brilliant company. No rowdiness or drunkenness seemed to mar the festivities of the happy occasion.

When the Excelsior Dramatic Club shall play again may I be there to see and hear.

SELWIN.

A Waterville boy—too enterprising to vegetate here in the land of his birth, who now has his home in Cincinnati, where he has built up a good business, the sales amounting to \$510,000 last year—exhorts as follows, at the close of a business note:—

"Why don't you folks in Waterville 'prick up' and do something? You are getting stagnant. What is the use of a dam (he profanely adds an 'n' in a parenthesis, but we drop that) if it don't accomplish something more? Build factories; go ahead! Waterville ought to have been as large as Lewiston—doing as much business."

COLD.—March has thus far been a pretty cold month; not boisterous but biting. A warm sunshine has melted the snow only on the sunny side, and sleighing remains good. The winter has been well improved in this respect. Woodpiles have had prompt attention, and those who could spare some for market have had time to haul it. A mild winter has been kind to the haymaker; and with gold at zero and another good hay crop, there will be hay to sell—sometime.

OUR TABLE.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, Science and Art, which has not yet quite completed the first year of its existence, has already attained a large circulation and is rapidly growing in popular favor. Omitting ordinary news, and avoiding partisan advocacy, both political and sectarian, the Journal is devoted to general literature, to science, art, and education, and to the diffusion of valuable information upon subjects of public importance. All resources, original and selected, domestic and foreign, which could give interest and variety to its pages, have been made use of; and neither exertion nor expense is spared to secure the aid of the best talent of the time. The illustrations form an important feature in the plan of this elegant work; for each number is accompanied by a pictorial supplement on some popular theme, a steel engraving in the best style of the art, or a large cartoon engraved on wood—and this in addition to numerous other elegant engravings. Among the other attractions Dickens's New Novel will appear in twelve supplements during the year and furnished gratuitously; the same will be true of Anthony Trollope's new novel, "Ralph the Heir," and a serial by James De Mille, author of "The Dodge Club Abroad," "Corl and Oresce," will also soon be commenced and appear regularly until its completion. The following statement is made by the publishers:—

"Appleton's Journal is published at the same yearly price as the principal Monthly Magazines, and yet the 'Journal' contains about 25 per cent. more readings matter than Harper's Magazine, and is in a considerable degree more extensive than the Galaxy, Putnam's, The Atlantic, or Lippincott's Magazine. This estimate does not include the Novels printed in Supplements, and has no reference to the Steel Plates and Cartoons, which have appeared in a large majority of the numbers. Appleton's Journal, hence, is by far the cheapest periodical of its class in the country."

Published weekly by D. Appleton & Co., New York, at \$4.50 per annum.

THE MARCH NUMBER OF THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE has the following: The Duc D'Aumale's Lives of the Condos; To Know, or Not to Know? The Rosse Telescope Set to New Work; The Romance of Medicine; Last Hours of Mary Queen of Scots; Islam (concluded); Lambeth and the Archbishops, III; Report on the German Scientific and Medical Association; Mr. Tennyson's New Poems; Frederick Knapp, Inventor of the Steam Printing Machine; Rain and Rain Doctors; Characteristics of Modern Painting; Who Wrote Robinson Crusoe? William Cullen Bryant; Poetry, etc.

Published by E. R. Pelton, New York, at \$5 a year.

A CAPITAL NEW NOVEL.—"RED AS A ROSE IS SHE," a new novel by the author of "Cometh Up as a Flower," is a very vivid and charming story, in which the characters are drawn with unusual vigor, and the incidents have probability and freshness. "Cometh Up as a Flower," and "Not Wisely, but Well," the preceding novels by the same author, attracted no little attention on account of their spirited character-sketching; they exhibited, indeed, in this particular, a really striking power. "Red as a Rose," has the same quality. A better drawn heroine, or one more truly full of a delicious human nature, no recent fiction has supplied. The interest of the story is most absorbing, and, altogether, it is the freshest and most readable book of the season. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, who will mail a copy to any address, post paid, on receipt of sixty cents; or the three books by the same author, for \$1.50.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for March has two elegant illustrations—"Baden and the River of Stein," and "Home Farewell," the last a picture of touching interest. There are also numerous wood engravings, illustrating "A Beautiful Venice," "A Sojourn in Japan," and "The Bismarck Family." The biographical sketch of Rev. Abel Stevens, L.L.D., is concluded, and so is "The Youth of Charlotte Corday," both very interesting articles. There is an abundance of good reading besides the articles we have enumerated.

Published by Hitecock & Walden, Cincinnati, at \$3.50 a year.

IN ITS NEW FORM MERRY'S MUSEUM, is not excelled by any of the Magazines for the young; and the March number, handsomely illustrated, is fully up to the mark. At \$1.50 a year, the Museum is the cheapest of the first-class illustrated magazines, but the publisher offers to do still better. For twenty-five cents he will send as samples the first three numbers of the current volume. Address Horace B. Fuller, 14 Bromfield St. Boston.

THE MANUFACTURER AND BUILDER.—The March number abounds in useful and interesting articles on a variety of topics, and among the illustrations will be found designs, including ground plans, of an elegant suburban residence. This work is a miracle of cheapness, and is rapidly growing in favor with mechanics.

Published by Western & Company, New York, at \$1.50 per annum.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE is a nice little work, unpretentious, but really a good thing for the money it costs. The March number contains a portrait and biographical sketch of Vinnie Ream, the young sculptress.

Published by S. S. Wood, Newburgh, N. Y., at \$1 a year.

CADUCUSES.—A caucus of all opposed to building a free bridge is called to be held at Mechanic's Hall, West Village, to-morrow afternoon; and a citizens' caucus of the legal voters, without distinction of party, is called to meet at Town Hall in this village, at 4 o'clock to-morrow afternoon,—both to select candidates for town officers.

"KEEP COOL."—Good advice to paste in your hat and let strike into your head next Monday.

ACCIDENT.—On Monday last, Henry Emery of Somerset Mills, Me., met with an accident that came near proving fatal, while working in one of P. G. Blanchard's logging camps near Rockton, Pennsylvania. In rolling a log from a sled his handspike caught under the log, striking him in the face, throwing him backward down an embankment twenty feet, striking his head on a log. He was taken up senseless and carried to camp. Strange to say, no bones were broken, so he will probably be about again soon.

F. M.

ROCKTON, PENN., Feb. 27, 1870.

GOLD is going down—down, and the day of specie payments is evidently not far off. The latest quotation of gold is 10 1/2.

CHANGE OF BUSINESS.—Mr. O. F. Mayo, who has for some years been in the boot and shoe business, in our village, has recently taken a younger brother into partnership and they will now do business under the name of "Mayo Brothers." We invite attention to their advertisement in another column.

FAIRFIELD.—Moderator, James Plummer; Clerk, A. Archer; Selectmen, E. G. Pratt, A. N. Greenwood, Jas. Plummer; School Com. S. S. Chapman; Agent, N. Totman; Col. and Treas. A. Archer.

Raised \$3000 for schools, \$2000 for incidental expenses, \$1500 for poor, \$4000 for roads and bridges, payable in labor. The town is out of debt, with \$5000 in the treasury. Voted not to appoint a liquor agent.

MR. LANG'S PROHIBITORY BILL.

Which has passed both Houses and gone to the Governor for his signature, drew from its author, in its discussion before the Senate, the following remarks in behalf of the Committee by whom it was reported:—

MR. LANG said: Your committee, sensible of the wide difference in opinion regarding the selection of measures for the suppression of intemperance, have offered for your consideration the bill which is before you, and in asking your acceptance of their report desire to express their convictions of the necessity of adopting measures that will be instrumental in rendering the Prohibitory Law all that is expected of it by the people.

We say by the people, because we are convinced that in Maine there are but comparatively few who believe in open, unrestricted sale, or in license with its partial and imperfect application. As evidence we refer you to one of the largest conventions ever held in Maine, which assembled in Bangor in June last, and there unanimously passed resolutions emphatically renewing the adherence of the republican party of Maine to the principles of prohibition and the vigorous enforcement of law to that end. The importance of this question as a State issue, was admitted without dissent in the convention.

This pledge of the party was acted upon by the people at the election, and the Honorable Senators and Representatives of this Legislature, who were nominated and elected as exponents of the principles of this republican State party, are expected by the people to make laws for the vigorous enforcement of the law of prohibition.

The disaffection of many earnest temperance voters under the lead of men who favored extreme measures, had its influence to embolden the enemies of temperance; and His Excellency has informed you of the result—"A falling off in respect for the liquor law."

During the hearings before this committee evidence of this disrespect came up from various parts of the State. We do not doubt the propriety of positive measures which shall render the law now upon the statute book effective. Nor do we believe, from any evidence which has come before us, that the people at large have had their convictions weakened upon the necessity of a vigorous application of civil law as auxiliary to moral influences.

To counteract any great evil it is necessary to understand the opposing interests and forces, and to be sure that the agents adopted keep up among themselves, as nearly as may be, an equipoise of influences, else the remedy does more harm than good.

The feverish, unsettled state of society produced by the war, led to a weakening of moral restraint necessary in well-ordered communities and passion and impulse seized the license which the times held out, and great increase in the use of intoxicating liquors followed in the train of this excitement. Remembering that reaction follows undue excitement it was not strange that ardent temperance reformers made use of all positive agents within their reach for the laudable object of reform.

The times seemed to demand such measures, but as society gradually recovered its tone, and industry sought again its legitimate channels, public sentiment did not sustain the law which had been enacted.

We desire to call your attention to the fact that the law against tipping shops and drinking houses was enacted in 1858, and is acknowledged to be, by the most ardent friends of prohibition, essentially all that is desirable. It is true that in 1867 a clause making imprisonment for first offence, passed (being submitted to the people) by a vote of four to one; but it will be remembered that the public really gave but little attention to the subject, the entire vote for and against being only about twenty thousand. The potency of this clause may be admitted without argument when you remember that many friends of the measure, as well as its enemies, joined in its repeal in 1868.

The committee feel satisfied that since the passage of the law of 1858 the struggle has been for the most part for power to execute faithfully the provisions of that law, rather than any change of the law.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALMANAC.—Monday next will be a hot day in Waterville. Let every man resolve beforehand to keep cool. Text for Sunday, "To-day is ours—to-morrow we know not."

Four candidates were in the field for Mayor of Lewiston, and there was no choice.

In consequence of division in the ranks, the democrats in Bath elected their candidate for Mayor—Samuel D. Bailey.

The Baptist Church in our village has changed the time for holding its monthly Conference meeting from Saturday afternoon to the Thursday evening previous to the first Sabbath.

DEDICATION.—The new Methodist Episcopal Church in Waterville will be dedicated Wednesday, March 23, 1870—particulars next week.

CATTLE MARKETS.—A drooping market is reported this week, with trade very quiet. Prices of beef, says the Boston Advertiser, are about a half a dollar a hundred lower than last week. The sheep trade was better, and old prices were maintained.

NEW HAMPSHIRE went all right on Tuesday, Governor Stearns's majority being about 1200, and his plurality over Bedel being about 10,000.

A letter from Atlanta, Ga., to the Springfield Republican, dated February 15th, says: "For weeks past it has been impossible to hire laborers to work on the plantations; and this not because the 'riggers are so lazy,' but because so many of them have been abused. For, after working one, and in some cases even two years, they have been driven off without a cent of wages paid them, and threatened with personal violence if they appeared again. Many of them (benighted souls) prefer indolence with hunger and rags in the city to working on these terms! There are many, however, who have earned since the war lands and houses, such as they are, in this town, and support families in comparative comfort."

The great Earl of Chatham once went with a pious friend to hear Cecil. The sermon was on the Spirit's agency in the hearts of believers. As they were returning home, the mighty statesman confessed that he could not understand it at all, and asked his friend if he supposed there was any one in the house who could. "Why yes," said he, "there were many pious, unlettered women and some children there who understood every word of it, and heard it with joy."

LEGISLATURE OF MAINE.

The proposition to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the sovereignty of our State has been knocked in head. The committee refused to recommend a resolve in favor of Patten Academy. The Committee on the State College, having visited that institution, reported a resolve recommending, in addition to the appropriation of last year \$28,000, which could not be used, an appropriation of \$22,000 for the present year. The Com. on the Judiciary reported legislation inexpedient or order allowing paupers to vote. Resolves have been presented in the Senate, requesting our Senators and Representatives in Congress to use their influence for the passage of the bill, securing lower telegraphic rates and uniform charges for equal distances. An act to amend an act in relation to allowing school houses to be used for religious worship, lectures, &c., is on its passage. The amendment of the liquor law, which is eminently satisfactory to prominent temperance men, has passed both branches, with very little discussion and no opposition. The interest on its passage to be enacted, was tabled in the House on Friday.

On Wednesday, the resolve in favor of the Maine Central Institute, which had been refused a passage in the Senate, was reconsidered and passed to be engrossed. On the same day, the Railroad Consolidation bill, after being amended, was indefinitely postponed, 15 to 14. A consideration will be moved, but it is thought that the bill cannot pass unless it is materially modified.

On Thursday in the Senate, the vote indefinitely postponing the bill relating to railroad consolidation, was reconsidered and the bill laid on the table—where, says the report of the Bangor Whig, it will be allowed to lie during this session of the Legislature.

In the House, the bill to abolish capital punishment was refused a passage, 56 to 67. The bill to increase the compensation of members was indefinitely postponed.

Hon. John A. Peters of Maine discovered a burglar in his bed room in Washington on Friday night, rifling his pocket, but the fellow escaped. He had stolen five hundred and sixty dollars from Senator Morrill of Vermont and two gold watches and seventy-five dollars from Senator Ferry, who boards in the same house.

An important case has arisen, growing out of the late decision of the United States Supreme Court in relation to the Legal Tender act. Hon. John Ware, of Athens, who was for several years President of Maine Central Railroad, has notified the Treasurer of that road that the \$15,000 interest due him in April must be paid in gold; also, that his second mortgage bonds, amounting to \$300,000, due August next, must be paid in like manner.

THE RIGHT WORD FROM THE RIGHT MAN.—Louisville, Ky., March 9.—General Breckinridge in an argument in a criminal case at Lexington, Kentucky, denounced the men who belong to the Ku-klux as either idiots or villains, and asserted that he was free from any fear of them, and would readily respond to a summons from the

Waterville Mail.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE UNION.

Published on Friday by
MAXHAM & WING.
Editors and Proprietors.
At Morgan's Building . . . Main-St., Waterville.
FOR MAXHAM. DAN'S B. WING.

TERMS.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
SINGLE COPIES FIVE CENTS.
Most kinds of Country Produce taken in payment.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

PRICES OF ADVERTISING IN THE MAIL.
For one square, (one inch on the column) 3 weeks, \$1.50
one square, three months, 4.50
one square, six months, 8.00
one square, one year, 15.00
For one-half column, three months, 2.00
one-half column, six months, 3.50
one-half column, one year, 6.00
For one column, three months, 3.00
one column, six months, 5.00
one column, one year, 8.00
Special notices, 25 per cent. higher; Reading matter not less than a line.

POST OFFICE TICE-WATERVILLE.
DEPARTURE OF MAILS.
Western Mail leaves at 10 A.M. at 9:45 A.M.
Augusta " " 10 P.M. " 9:45 P.M.
Eastern " " 4:30 P.M. " 4:10 P.M.
Schoonhoven " " 4:30 " " 4:10 "
Norridgewock " " 4:45 " " 4:30 "
Deliver Mail leaves
Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 A.M.
Office hours—from 7 A.M. to 8 P.M.
C. P. McFADDEN, P. M.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.
The Evening Post says that the portraits of all the governors of Rhode Island are to be painted, and hung, if there is room, on the border of the State.

It is now understood at Washington that the name of John L. Stevens of Augusta will soon be sent to the Senate as Minister to Paraguay.

Friday evening last a young man in the vestibule of a church at Newark, N. J., accidentally shot himself in the head during the progress of a prayer meeting. He won't carry his pistol any more in the same pocket with his handkerchief.

Over one hundred and fifty of the principal business men of Bangor are members of the "Association to prevent cruelty to animals," organized in that city.

The first panel of women as grand jurors in the world was sworn in at Laramie city, Wyoming, on Monday.

There has not been an hour's detention on the Pacific Railroad west of Salt Lake this winter.

A Yankee, on being asked why he chewed tobacco, replied: "To keep a nasty taste out of my mouth."

Rosa Bonheur frankly confesses that she is growing old, fat and lazy, and that she does not intend to paint much longer.

General Butler has appointed a colored boy to a West Point cadetship.

The second volume of Mr. A. H. Stephens' work, "A Constitutional View of the War between the States," will be published in a few weeks. The health of the author is improving.

A woman recently entered a school in Rockland, for the purpose of abusing the teacher, when the superintending committee had her arrested and sent to the lockup.

The bill to report the test oath act of July 23, 1862, relieves of all persons of disabilities except those disqualified under the 14th amendment. The general opinion is that it will pass both Houses of Congress.

An American author of eminence recently called on Boston and arrived with a letter of introduction from Emerson, and the urbane Thomas slammed the door in his visitor's face.

The Farmington Chronicle says the spring term of the Normal School opened on Thursday last week. The entering class numbers 50. The number of students there is about 125.

Mr. James M. Whitney, a well known tenor singer of Boston has eloped with Mrs. William Willard, the wife of a portrait painter.

Mr. Whitney has published a card in a Chicago paper denying the charge that he eloped from Boston with Mrs. Anne Willard. He says the lady is simply a friend of Mr. Willard, to protect her from the ill-treatment of her husband.

At one of the ragged schools in Ireland a clergyman asked the question, "What is holiness?" A poor Irish convert, in dirty, tattered rags, jumped up and said: "Honesty, your reverence, it's to be honest."

A colored preacher, commenting on the passage, "Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves," said that the mixture should be made in the proportion of a pound of dove to one ounce of serpent.

A CARD.
The case of Patrick Winn, who was injured while walking on the Railroad track near Kendall's Mills, about three months since, will be remembered by a readers of the Mail. He had a severe injury of the head, a foot crushed, an arm badly broken, and a leg so badly broken that the bones protruded through the flesh. He was not injured fatally. We are happy to state that his wounds have all healed; that his bones have united; and that without shortening or deformity. He left the other day, for his home in Portland.

We cannot too highly commend Dr. Watson, of Waterville, by whose care and skill a most desperate and apparently hopeless case is changed to a perfect recovery. The Doctor's extensive Military experience, both in the hospital and in the army, accounts for his wonderful success in this case.

N. STILES. L. L. LINCOLN.
Station Agent. Supt. P. & E. R. R.

John B. Gough has a new story to tell. It is concerning the recent assault on him at Bloomington, Illinois, and he tells it as follows:

After the lecture I went into the office to settle my bill. I had my lecture under my arm and my overcoat on. A group of young men were seated in the office; one of whom had been drinking came up to me and said: "Do you pretend that you do not drink?" I paid no attention to him, when he said "Gentlemen, this man is a d—d hypocrite." I said nothing. He then said: "You drank liquor with me in Galena less than three years ago." I turned and looking him square in the face said, "You are a liar." Said he, "I can prove it." I said again "You are a liar." After a moment he said, "Why, Gough, you know you drank with me, and asked me not to tell of it." I then said, "do you think I would drink with and make a confidant of such a thing as you are?" He then clenched his fist and with a torrent of curses, struck me, cutting my lip against my teeth. My mouth filled with blood; I spit it out, and looked him in the face for a moment, when he turned away, and I went up stairs.

The Brunswick Telegraph mentions a prevailing rumor that losers by the Bowdoin bank robbery have compounded the affair, taking 60 per cent. of the loss, agreeing not to prosecute. As the story was told, the whole amount taken was offered, provided the robbers in Thomaston prison could be released. This was pronounced impossible. The inference is that the parties having the bonds were afraid to negotiate them. Indeed it is said that from the bonds returned not a coupon had been detached.

Dr. E. Decaine contributes to a French medical review a paper on tobacco smoking by boys, describing the pernicious effects as pallor, palpitation of heart, diminution of blood-globules and difficult digestion, which resist remedies while the use of tobacco continues. Such boys exhibit want of intelligence and a liking for strong drinks. But boys will smoke if their fathers do.

An Indiana lawyer, finding his principal witness too drunk to testify when he was wanted, addressed the court in a four hour speech, in which he touched upon everything, including the fifteenth amendment, and finally his man came to time.

Central Railroad OF IOWA.

ITS
SEVEN PER CENT. GOLD FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS,
FREE OF GOVERNMENT TAX,
At 95 and Accrued Interest.

MANY PERSONS ARE SELLING THEIR GOVERNMENT BONDS WHILE THE PREMIUM IS STILL LARGE (as the Treasury has promised to buy thirteen millions in December), AND REINVEST IN THE FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS OF THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF IOWA, WHICH PAY ABOUT ONE-THIRD MORE INTEREST. THE TIME TO MAKE SUCH REINVESTMENT is while the Treasury is buying, and Government is at a premium.

THE ROAD DOES NOT RUN THROUGH A WILDERNESS, where it would have to wait years for population and business, but through the most thickly settled and productive agricultural counties in the State, which gives each section a large traffic as soon as completed.

It runs through the great coal fields of Southern Iowa to the North where coal is indispensable and must be carried.

It runs from the great lumber regions of the North, through a district of country which is destitute of this prime necessity. The mortgage is made to the Farmers' Loan and Trust Co. of N. Y., and bonds can be issued only at the rate of \$16,000 per mile, or only half the amount upon some other roads. Special security is provided for the principal and for the payment of interest.

The New York Tribune says "this is a splendid enterprise, and deserves the most liberal aid."

The New York Independent says, "We know the Central Railroad of Iowa is one of the great and good works of the age. Its Directors include many of our leading bank presidents and other gentlemen of high character who have means enough to build two or three such roads out of their own pockets, so that all its affairs will be as well as honestly managed. The Central of Iowa will be to that State what the New York Central is to this, except that it runs through a far richer country, we therefore recommend the Central Iowa Bonds, with entire confidence in their value. The truth is, that a First Mortgage of \$16,000 per mile upon a road running through such a country cannot be otherwise than safe."

First Mortgage Bonds for so small an amount upon a road running through such a rich and already well-settled part of Iowa, can well be recommended as a perfectly safe as well as very profitable investment. Pamphlets, with map, may be obtained, and subscriptions will be received, at THE COMPANY'S OFFICES, No. 32 PINE ST., NEW YORK, and at the BANK OF AMERICA, 44 WALL ST., and in Waterville by

A. A. PLAISTED, Cashier Ticonic National Bank.

Pamphlets sent by mail on application.

W. B. SHATTUCK. TRUSTEE.

GENERAL SHERIDAN FOR HIMSELF AND COLONEL BAKER.—Letters and telegrams have been received from General Sheridan relative to the Piegian massacre. He says he will furnish all the facts in the case as soon as he receives full reports. He charges Vincent Colyer and others with suppressing material facts to Colonel Baker's credit for the purpose of deceiving kind hearted people and doing injustice to that officer. He says:

"So far as the wild Indians are concerned, the problem which the good people of the country must decide upon is who shall be killed whites or Indians? They can take their choice. Since 1862 at least 800 men, women, and children have been murdered within the limits of my present command in the most fiendish manner."

He gives details of outrages committed upon women which are too horrible for publication. He says these cases coming under his own observation are similar to a hundred others, and that the country must choose between the murder of whites and the shooting of Indians, and that it would appear as if Mr. Colyer wanted these horrible outrages upon women to go on.

The robbery of the bank at New Canaan, Conn., on Thursday night was one of the boldest exploits ever recorded in New England; after gallivanting the night watchman at 11 o'clock P. M., the burglars, until nearly daylight, worked with a diligence worthy a better cause, the watchman sitting by all the while witnessing their operations. The robbers only secured about \$1000 worth of booty, the noise of the explosion they caused being so great they dared not remain in the vicinity.

Dr. A. Donkin, of Durham University, England, has succeeded in effecting a rapid and complete cure of diabetes by prescribing an exclusively milk diet.

The man who understood Augusta was carried away by the late freshest was in town yesterday. He was surprised at the lively appearance of things, and left in a hurry upon being informed that business would be brisker this summer than ever.—[Ken. Jour.]

The Machias Republican says out of two hundred and seventy-six criminal prosecutions in the Trial Justice Court in the town for seven years one hundred and thirty-one are directly chargeable to rum and quite a number of the remainder indirectly. Almost one half, directly and much more than one half indirectly or indirectly.

AN EMINENT DIVINE SAYS, "I have been using the Peruvian Syrup. It gives me new vigor, buoyancy of spirits, elasticity of muscle." J. P. Dismore, 37 Dey street, New York, will send, free, a pamphlet of 32 pages, containing a full account of this remarkable medicine, to any one sending him their address.

NOTICES.
A RADICAL REVOLUTION has been accomplished in hair dyes. The horrible compounds containing LEAD, SALT and SULPHUR are discarded. The leading chemists improve the public not to use them, and Professor Chilton, whose reputation is second to no analytical chemist in America, has recommended

Christadoro's Excelsior Hair Dye as PERFECTLY INNOCUOUS ARTICLES, which may be used without fear. Remember, it is the only one that has been analyzed and found wholesome. Its effects are instantaneous, and the color it imparts is natural.

CHRISTADORO'S HAIR PRESERVATIVE, as a dressing, acts as a charm on the Hair after Dyeing. Try it. 34

BRANDRETH'S PILLS. Their great value consists in this. They may be used so long as a disease affects any of the organs of the body; and by thus persevering in their use the disease will be cured, and the body restored to health, free from every taint and impurity. Their reputation proves their merit.

Thomas Smith, Coroner and Justice of the Peace, Hastings-on-Hudson, says Brandreth's Pills cured him of Dyspepsia and Heartburn, when every other medicine had failed to relieve him. Certificate dated April 2, 1868.

Dr. Turner, of Savannah, Ga., says he has, for nearly forty years, recommended Brandreth's Pills as a specific in Yellow Fever; that he never knew a patient to die who took them for this malady, being otherwise sound. Their prompt use takes out of the body those waters which feed the fatality of the disease. As a general family medicine he speaks from personal experience of their qualities.

A COUGH, COLD, or SORE THROAT

Requires immediate attention; as neglect often results in an incurable Lung Disease.
Brown's Bronchial Trochies.
will most invariably give instant relief. For BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, CONSUMPTION AND THROAT DYSPEPSIA, they are a cooling effect. SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS use them to clear and strengthen the voice.
Owing to the good reputation and popularity of the Trochies, many worthless and cheap imitations are offered which are good for nothing. Be sure to OBTAIN THE TRUE
BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHIES.
SOLD EVERYWHERE 10 Cts. ap.

"Children's Lives Saved for 50 Cents."
THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN DIE ANNUALLY OF Group, Now, Mothers, if you would spend 50 cents, and always have a bottle of Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment in the house, you never need fear losing your little one when attacked with this complaint. It is now 22 years since I have put up my Liniment, and never heard of a child dying of Group when my Liniment was used; but hundreds of cures have been reported to me, and many state it was \$10 per bottle they would not be without it. Besides, it is a certain cure for Cuts, Burns, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Mumps, Colic, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Spasms, Old Sores and Pains in the Limbs, Back, and Chest. No one can try it who is ever without it. It is warranted perfectly safe to take internally. Full directions with every bottle. Sold by Druggists and Store keepers throughout the United States. Depot 10 Park Place, N. Y.

Twenty-five Years' Practice
In the Treatment of Diseases incident to Females, has placed DR. DOW at the head of all physicians making such practice a specialty, and enables him to guarantee a speedy and permanent cure in the worst cases of Suppression and all other Menstrual Derangements from whatever cause. Attentions for the same must be paid \$1. Office, No. 9, Endicott street, Boston.

N. B.—Beware of those who pretend to remain under treatment. Boston, July, 1869. sly 2

USE RENNE'S PAIN KILLING MAGIC OIL.
"It Works like a Charm."

Have you Headache? Use Renne's Magic Oil!
Have you Toothache? Use Renne's Magic Oil!
Have you Neuralgia? Use Renne's Magic Oil!
Have you Rheumatism? Use Renne's Magic Oil!
Have you Sore Throat? Use Renne's Magic Oil!
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Have you a Bruise? Use Renne's Magic Oil!
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Have you a Fever? Use Renne's Magic Oil!
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Have you a Rash? Use Renne's Magic Oil!
Have you a Burn? Use Renne's Magic Oil!
Have you a Wound? Use Renne's Magic Oil!
Have you a Ulcer? Use Renne's Magic Oil!
Have you a Tumor? Use Renne's Magic Oil!
Have you a Cancer? Use Renne's Magic Oil!
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Have you a Menstrual Derangement? Use Renne's Magic Oil!
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Have you

MISCELLANY.

WORK AND THINK.

Hammer, tongs and nails ringing,
Waking echoes all day long,
In a deep-toned voice are singing
Thy labor's iron song.
From a thousandly whistling bounding,
From a thousand humming birds,
Night and day the notes are sounding
Through the misty factory rooms.
Loud workmen, to their play,
There's advice in every clink;
Still they're singing—still they're saying—
"Whist! you labor, learn to think!"

Think what power lies within you,
For what triumphs you are formed,
In all of bone and sinew,
Hearts by emulation warmed,
Mighty though you are and cherish,
What shall hold your spirits down?
What shall make your high hopes perish?
Why shall you mind be frown?
Do you wish for profit, pleasure?
Thirst at Leaning's fountain drink?
Crave you honor, fame or treasure?
Ye the germ of work and think!

Think! but not alone of living,
Like the horse from day to day,
Think! but not alone of giving,
Health for self, or soul for pay!
Think! Oh, be machines no longer—
Tolling just for daily food,
Think! 'twill make the freer, stronger;
Link you to the great and good,
Thought exalts and lightens labor,
Thought forbids the soul to sink!
Self-respect and love for neighbor,
Mark the men who work and think!

Think!—and let the thought nerve you—
Think of men who've gone before,
Leaving lasting names to serve you,
Your path they've plodded o'er!
Freedom fights and wins her charter
With the sword and thought—the pen!
Tyranny can find no quiver,
In the ranks of thinking men.
Think! for thought's a wand of power—
Power to make oppression shrink!
Grasp ye, then, the power of thought,
"To think"—it will work and think!

Hold your heads up, tolling brothers;
Mongers be it to be no more,
Labor, for ourselves and others,
For man a noble lot,
Nobler far, and holier, higher,
Than vain luxury and pleasure,
If but zeal and worth inspire,
And true greatness be our aim.
Power to compass this is given—
Power that forms the strongest link
'Tis an upright man and Heaven,
His noblest power—the power to think!

The common way of protecting the throat is to bundle and wrap it up closely, thus overheating and rendering it tender and sensitive, and more liable to colds and inflammation than before. This practice is all wrong, and results in much evil. Especially is this the case with children, and when in addition to muzzling the throat, the extremities are insufficiently clad, as is often the case, the best possible conditions are presented for the production of sore throats, coughs, croup, and all kinds of throat affections. The rule in regard to clothing the neck should be to keep it as cool as comfort will allow. In doing so, you will suffer much less from throat ailment, than if you are always fearful of having a little cold air come in contact with your neck. Any one who has been accustomed to have his throat muffled should be careful to leave off gradually and not all at once.

And now it seems that Mr. Carlyle did write "Liturgy of Dead Sea apples" after all, in his reference to modern spiritualism, and that nobody has blundered except those editors who thought "Liturgy of Dead Sea apples" a much more intelligible phrase. A correspondent of the Nation points out that the allusion is to the apoloquo of Moses's visit to the dwellers by the Dead Sea, who chattered and grinned themselves into apes, a story which will be found at length in the vigorous work of Mr. Carlyle's early manhood, "Past and Present." Now that this matter is settled, we trust that the world will move on again.

Mrs. Lucy Parker of Eliot died Feb. 20, aged 72 years and six months. She ate a handful of raw raisins, Saturday morning previous which produced inflammation of which she died. She had a brother and a sister who died at just the same age, one from eating clams, the other from eating trape sugar. She had for sometime had a premonition that she should die in a similar manner.

The Congregational churches in this country are to celebrate their 250th anniversary this year. A convention in New York Wednesday arranged a programme the principal features of which are: 1. A general convention at Chicago late in April. 2. A recommendation to all Congregational pastors to address their congregations on a given Sabbath in May, relative to the matter in hand. 3. A discourse in Boston, on Forefathers' Day, by Dr. R. S. Storrs of Brooklyn. 4. Free will offerings for the erection of the Congregational House in Boston, and the monumental purposes, to the amount, it is hoped, of at least three millions of dollars.

On Friday while S. B. Starbird of Phishon's Ferry, was loading hay at Hunter's Mills, his hay hook slipped letting a bale of hay fall upon him, breaking his leg just below the knee, and also spraining his ankle badly.

THE BEST THING OUT!
JUST RECEIVED AT
REDINGTON'S.
THE SPONGE MATTRESS.

Also COMBINATION MATTRESS,
Made of Resilient and Sponge, sponge on top, a very superior mattress. These Combination Mattresses give excellent results. It is the most superior cheap mattress ever made. Also
"Lucky", Imperial, American & Putnam's
SPRING BEDS.

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

A large stock of FURNITURE, CARPETS, FEATHERS, & CROCKERY always on hand at the old stand of W. A. Cady.

Also COMBINATION MATTRESS,
Made of Resilient and Sponge, sponge on top, a very superior mattress. These Combination Mattresses give excellent results. It is the most superior cheap mattress ever made. Also
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"Lucky", Imperial, American & Putnam's
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DRY GOODS!

A NICE ASSORTMENT,

AT
C. R. McFadden's,
At the old stand of Meader & Phillips,
Waterville, Maine.

DRESS GOODS.

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

A nice line of White Goods,

Consisting of
Piques, Cambrics in plain, check and stripe
Plain Linen Table Damask, Napkins and
Towels, Plain Muslins, and
White Flannels.

A Good Assortment of Cloths

For Men and Boys' Wear.
Broadcloths, Tricots, Plain and Fancy Cassi-
meres, &c.

A Good Line of Hosiery & Gloves.

A Very Nice Assortment of Kids.

ONE OF THE BEST

Stocks of Domestic
IN TOWN.

Good style Prints for 10 cts.
Sheetings for 10 cts and upwards.
Variety of Hoop Skirts, from 50 cts. up.

All will be sold VERY LOW FOR CASH.
C. R. McFADDEN.
Waterville, May 22, 1869.

UNFAILING EYE PRESERVERS

Lazarus & Morris'
CELEBRATED
PERFECTED SPECTACLES
AND
EYE GLASSES.

The large and increasing sales of these
PERFECTED GLASSES.

Insure proof of their superiority. We were satisfied that they would be appreciated here as elsewhere, and that the result of the adoption of our CELEBRATED PERFECTED SPECTACLES by the residents of this locality.

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

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

The Brilliant Assistance they Give in all
Cases!

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

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

BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

Old Stand opposite the P. O.

The best day bought the best of
F. W. HASKELL
has recently received by express, and shall continue
to manufacture a sale of
Boots and Shoes.

the old store directly opposite the Post Office.
All accounts due the late firm of Haskell & Mayo be-
longing to the above sale, I would request as early pay-
ment. I shall keep constantly in stock 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 neatly done.
Waterville, Jan'y 22nd, 1867. O. F. MAY, 30

THE OLD STAND
RE-OPENED.

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

FURNITURE,
Lounges, Mirrors, Seaters, &c.

All the 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 Carpeting.

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

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

I shall keep a large variety of LAMPS, BRACKETS,
GLOBES, &c., &c.
MIRROR PLATES fixed to Frames of all sizes,
REPAIRING AND PAINTING Furniture done at all times
All of the above goods I sell as low as any one in Water-
ville will sell. All sales for customers 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 Slipshy Time.

Also Men's, Women's, and Children's Rubber Over-
s, 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.
W. N. B.—Those having accounts with W. L. MAX-
WELL, will oblige him by calling and settling.

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This is the oldest of the series. In its main features it still
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The January numbers will be printed from new type, and
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subscription books published, and the most de-
sirable. Send for circulars. They will cost you
nothing, and may be of great benefit to you.

WANTED
AGENTS for the
KING OF
HORSE BOOKS

Horse Book. It contains, to one, any book of its kind pub-
lished. 40th thousand is press. Any agent of better pub-
lisher than ever before. Also, for

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 in-
creasing 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

REMOVAL.
DR. A. PINKHAM.
SURGEON DENTIST.

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.
Has removed to his new office,
NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.
First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to ex-
amine 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.
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
AND
Insurance and Real Estate Agent.
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE
PAINTING.

Having taken the Shop at the
Old Stilton Stand on Temple Streets.
formerly occupied by Mr. S. D. Savage, I shall be pleased
to receive orders for House, Sign and Carriage

PAINTING, GRADING,
PAPER HANGING,
GLAZING,
CARRIAGE REPAIRING
will also be promptly and faithfully done.
All work entrusted to me, will be warranted to give
satisfaction, and prices will be reasonable.
A. W. NYE.
Waterville, Sept. 1, 1869. 10

DR. G. S. PALMER,
DENTAL OFFICE,
over
ALDEN'S JEWELRY
STORE,
opposite the Nat'l Bank
WATERVILLE, ME.

Chloroform, Ether or Ni-
ous Oxide Gas administered when desired. 60

WE WILL SELL
FOR
THIRTY DAYS
COOK, PARLOR, SHEET-IRON
AND SOAP-STONE
STOVES,
AT GREAT BARGAINS.

For proof of which examine the stock at
ARNOLD & MEADERS.

YOU CAN BUY AT
REDINGTON'S,
A nicely furnished CHAMBER SET, for \$35.00, which is
sold in August for \$40.00.

YOU CAN BUY AT
REDINGTON'S,
A CHAMBER SET, with Black Walnut finish, for \$38.00,
which is sold in August for \$45.00.

YOU CAN BUY AT
REDINGTON'S,
FURNITURE, CROCKERY, FEATHERS, CARPETS,
MIRRORS, &c., &c., at much less price
than at other places on the Kennebec.

Also SPONGE and COMBINATION MATTRESSES, the
very best Mattresses ever made.

CALL AND EXAMINE.

STATE OF MAINE.
To the County Commissioners of Kennebec County:
The undersigned, citizens of said county, respectfully re-
quest, that public convenience and necessity demand a
bridge across Kennebec river near Kennebec Falls; and
therefore pray your honorable Board to lay out and establish
a road, corresponding as nearly as in your judgment may
be to the route of the Kennebec River, from Kennebec Falls
to the mouth of the Kennebec River, and to acquire a fee bridge to
be built without unnecessary delay, in accordance with the
provisions of an Act of the Legislature of Maine, approved
Jan. 21, 1870, authorizing you to act in the premises.

(Signed)
D. L. MILLER and 422 others,
C. C. CORNISH and 64 others.

STATE OF MAINE.
Kennebec County, Board of County Commissioners, December
Session, 1869, held by adjournment February 9th, 1870.
On the foregoing Petition, satisfactory evidence having
been received that the Petitioners are responsible and cap-
able of bearing the expense of said bridge, and that it is
to be heard touching the matter set forth in said Petition, it is
ordered, that thirty days previous notice be given, that
the County Commissioners will meet at the Court House in
Waterville, on Tuesday the 15th day of March next, at ten
o'clock A. M.; and thence proceed to view the route men-
tioned in said Petition, and immediately afterwards hear the
parties and their witnesses, and then take such further action
in the premises as may be adjudged proper. Said notice
to be given by serving attested copies of said Petition and this
order thereon, upon the respective Clerks of the towns of
Waterville, and Winslow, and by posting up such copies in
three public places in each of said towns; and by publishing
the same in the Waterville Mail, a public newspaper printed in
said County, that all persons and corporations interested may
attend and be heard (if they think proper). Address C. F.
VENT, Publisher, Barclay Street, New York.

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