



3-25-1870

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 23, No. 39): March 25, 1870

Maxham & Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 23, No. 39): March 25, 1870" (1870). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 343.

https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/343

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

TWO PICTURES.

An old farm-house, with meadows wide,
And a sweet old clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks out from
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day:
"Oh! if I could but fly away!"
From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long;
"Oh! could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
The old, green meadows could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
How happy I should be!"

—Marian Douglass.

JOHN RANKIN'S BARGAIN.

"Pretty good for one day's work."

Farmer Rankin rubbed his hands briskly together, after depositing in his desk a contract between himself and a poor neighbor.

"Pretty good, little wife. Do you know how fast the money comes in? There is nothing like making good bargains. Pass the apples and cider, James."

Mrs. Rankin looked up from her sewing with a troubled gaze. "I hope you have not been too hard with him, John; his family are very needy."

"I have given a fine job to him and his boys. They can do well enough at eighty-seven, or even at seventy-five cents a cord for wood chopping. I paid only fifty cents per cord last winter."

"I thought you were paying one dollar?" said his wife.

"I am paying according to my agreements," replied Mr. Rankin in a tone of slight displeasure. There was something in his wife's manner that reproved him, as he watched the busy fingers, as they shot the needle with a sharp click through the cambric.

The children had retired, and Farmer Rankin sat toyed with the rich, mellow apples before him, while his wife kept on at her sewing.

"John!"

"Well."

"Are you not paying Thomas Barnes one dollar per cord for cutting wood in your woods?"

"Yes."

"You will have to draw it three miles?"

"About that."

"You are to pay Joe Miller eighty-seven cents per cord for wood cut in his woods, and you will have to draw it two miles and a half."

"Yes, quite a saving of time and money. There, wife; I understand that peculiar look of yours, which always warns me of a lecture on ethics. I tell you I have done well enough by him. If I can give a man a good job, and at the same time make it profitable to myself, you ought to be pleased. Joe Miller wishes to clear his land. I am to give him eighty-seven cents per cord for two hundred cords. I have paid fifteen dollars in advance, and am to pay the balance as soon as it is piled and measured."

"It will take them a long time to cut that much wood, besides cutting what they will be obliged to burn in the meantime. And what are the family to do while they are cutting it? They are dependent upon, his daily labor for their bread. I heard him tell you that the money you paid him would scarcely buy the boots that he and his boys must have before they can work."

"That is no concern of mine. If I pay when the work is done, it will be quite enough—more than many others would do. Before commencing, they can work out a few days, and earn bread and meat enough to last them through the time."

"We are not guided by what others would do. The question is, what ought we to do? Can you afford to pay Thomas Barnes one dollar per cord?"

Mr. Rankin winced under the penetrating look of his wife.

"Yes, but I could not get it done cheaper, as that is the least anybody is paying in ordinary timber, and Barnes knew the market price of wood, and knew just how much I can draw in one day."

"Then Thomas Barnes understands the worth of labor better than Joe Miller."

"Yes, I save just twenty-six dollars on the chopping, provided he fills the contract, and fifty if not. The difference in drawing and furnishing the wood makes what I call a good bargain," said Mr. Rankin, with a low chuckle, as he quaffed a glass of cider.

"Say, rather, a bad bargain, my husband," said Mrs. Rankin, with a half-smothered sigh. Bargains are not to be estimated by dollars and cents only. If we cannot stand self-acquiredness in our dealings with others, we are miserably poor, heaping up dust instead of gold. I am very sorry to see you taking advantage of a poor man's necessity."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Rankin, contemptuously. "Your nice distinctions of right and wrong will not bear the wear and tear of business."

"They will bear the light of eternal truth; and whatever can survive that ordeal can bear the test of this poor, perishable world. According to your expressed ideas of conducting business, you make it a sin to accumulate wealth."

"How so?"

"If there is no way of making business remunerative through strict integrity, then it is wrong to accumulate wealth; and if wrong to accumulate it, wrong to possess it. Thus would you sweep away the moral right to engage in any enterprise dependent upon money for advancement. All branches of business are not equally unemolumental; a man is free to choose."

"Ah! my little theorist! nothing short of a theory could ever bring men up to your standard."

"I would have every man heed the whisperings of the conscience which God has planted in his breast. Had you given Joe Miller terms a little easier you would be better satisfied with yourself my husband; you know the conditions are hard."

"He went away satisfied in all, save waiting his pay on every twenty-five cords. But I knew he would not cut on such terms half as much as I want. They will have to work a little harder; but when they get it done, they will have more money than they ever had at once. It is a fine chance for Joe Miller to get pay for his land. I intend to give them all the chopping they can do for a year, but he is a slow, indecisive sort of a fellow—one of your honest sort, wife. Bah! I despise such men. They are mere fangs in everything they undertake that requires tact and perseverance—always poor."

"The victims of too many good bargains, perhaps."

Mr. Rankin bit his lip in chagrin.

"Your conclusions are forced and cruel," continued his wife. "If you can afford to pay Thomas Barnes one dollar per cord—and you are not the man to pay it unless you find it profitable—you can and ought to pay Joe Miller the same. He has a large, needy family, and probably felt compelled to make the most of the opportunity."

VOL. XXIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1870.

NO. 39.

"I tell you, wife, he was delighted when he cast up the amount, and found that he could so nearly pay for his land. I told him I would give him on such terms all the chopping he can do."

"Therein lies another wrong: You held up a glittering temptation that the poor man could not resist. Alas for poor human nature! It seemed so easy to reach out his hand and grasp the bubble; for bubble it is. John Rankin, you know he cannot fill that contract without distressing his family, and you could, as well as not, have given him more time, as you will not draw the wood before next fall or winter."

"He can fill it, if he tries hard."

"You have made no allowance for any delays that may occur, and the mere fact of your putting the price at seventy-five cents in case of his failing to have it ready in the time specified, shows that you entertained a doubt, at least, about it. Twenty-four dollars to that poor man is a deal to lose, and there is no telling what privations the family may have to endure by his trying to fill the contract. You will pay Thomas Barnes forty dollars more for the same amount of work than you will Joe Miller, and he is not half so needy. The difference in drawing is worth something to you, according to your own estimate, to say nothing of the worth of the wood as it stands."

"That is nothing to him, as he is going to clear his land, whether I have the wood or not."

There was anger in his tones, for he had silenced just such thoughts in his own breast. Mrs. Rankin could not see him deliberately wronging a poor man without remonstrating, though she knew from bitter experience that to her husband her words were as sounding brass.

"It may be nothing to him," she said, "but to you I know it is. He has taken up a piece of wood-land, and to make the first payment, has paid out the last dollar he possesses. To make out the required amount, he sold his cow. In the contract, you give him fifty days, and in the two hundred cords are not ready for measurement in that time, you are to pay him only seventy-five cents."

"That was put in as a spur, for I want the wood, and would have agreed to pay him one dollar rather than not to have it; though I expect a man to do as he agrees—I always do."

"Yes; but you are very careful as to what you may agree," said his wife, with a meaning smile.

"Ah! therein lies one great secret of success in business. I made sufficient allowance for hindrances. He and his two boys can put up six cords in a day, with ease; but I will allow them thirty-five days, and that will give them fifteen days to work elsewhere for bread. I am not so bad a man, after all, if I do like good bargains."

"How do you make it fifteen days?"

"Humph! I am not the difference fifteen between fifty and thirty-five?"

"Would you compel a man to work upon the Sabbath?"

"I did not think of the Sabbath," stammered Mr. Rankin, looking greatly confused.

He had no need to remind the pale, overworked, heart-battered woman before him, that the Sabbath was not in all his thoughts. She knew him better than he knew himself; knew him to be a grasping, extortionate man in his dealings with others, and she trembled for the poor man that had, a few hours before, left the house. She had reasoned with her husband until reason seemed futile, and every day was she conscious of losing confidence in his integrity.

As the days passed, the stroke of the axe in Joe Miller's woods could be distinctly heard at the farm-house of John Rankin. To him it was simply the clinking of dollars in his already full coffers. No thought of pity for the shivering, half-famished man and boys, struggling to meet the hard conditions he had pressed upon them, ever entered his mind, as he seated himself at his well spread table. He was growing rich very fast; rich in houses and lands, but miserably poor in all that makes life beautiful, laying up treasures for moth and rust to corrupt.

One of Joe Miller's boys cut his foot, long before one half of the wood was chopped. The family was suffering for sufficiently nourishing food. The high prices of food and clothing were bidding fair to swallow up the greater part of his labor. It was taking more days than he had anticipated to work elsewhere, and earn the food necessary to keep them from starvation. The fierce, biting cold of mid-winter was purpling the lips and cheeks of the little ones, and the racking coughs, from colds taken by their constant exposure to the weather, while gathering chips from the woods, to keep them from freezing, smote heavily upon the father's heart. Sometimes the temptation to give up the job, or not try and complete it in the specified time, was strong upon him; but to do so would be to give John Rankin too much of his hard earnings. He had learned that Thomas Barnes was to have one dollar per cord, and that angered him, and made him feel all the more determined to finish the work in the fifty days.

"I must have a cow in the spring," he would think, as he rebuked his exertions. "I was too grasping myself; had I taken only one hundred cords I could have done it with ease, and not distress my family; but the temptation was too alluring"—were thoughts ever present. Then would the conviction of the real truth force itself upon him that John Rankin urged the two hundred cords from no other motive than selfishness. As the expiration of the fifty days drew nigh, he became fearful he should fail to fill his part of the contract. His second boy caught a severe cold, and was confined to the house with pneumonia. He had calculated on the full help of his two oldest boys. He felt weak himself; his food was not sufficiently nourishing for such excessive labor. The last two Sundays found him in the woods, splitting and piling wood, instead of in his accustomed seat at church.

"On John Rankin's soul rests the sin," said the poor man, repeatedly, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow.

Early one cold, snowy morning, Mrs. Rankin was startled by a neighbor woman's rushing in, and asking for some remedy for the croup, saying one of Joe Miller's children had a severe attack. Mrs. Rankin, very much against her husband's expressed wish, he fearing the night take cold in such a storm, took what remedies she thought proper, and preceded to the house across the fields, about half a mile distant. As she entered the house, the scene was appalling. Seated in a rickety arm-chair was Mrs. Miller, with a boy about 6 years old upon her lap, gasping in the last agonies of death, while a cry of wailing went up from the agonized father bending over him, and from the frightened children, crouched in one corner of the room. Mrs. Rankin advanced and laid one hand upon the white brow of the little sufferer, and parted back the heavy locks of shining hair.

The poor woman's face lighted up with a strange, unearthly glow, as she shrieked: "Don't touch him! I would not have his precious body contaminated by a touch so vile! Do you think, by your hard bargains, to grow rich upon the bone and muscle of a poor man and his family—to sap the life-blood of his little one, that your own may be clothed in purple and fine linen? O my poor, dear boy!" moaned the wretched mother, as she hugged the lifeless form to her bosom.

"Heaven knows, poor woman, I am not accountable for your misery," sobbed Mrs. Rankin, sinking upon a broken chair. "I did not deem you half so needy," she continued, glancing at the untouched breakfast of baked potatoes and salt to be washed down by cold water.

"May be you are not; but your husband is. My husband went to him a few days ago, and told him he feared he should fall away from the wood cut at the required time, in consequence of one of the boys cutting his foot, and others being sick, and begged a few dollars to buy the food for which we were suffering, promising to cut more than the two hundred cords. He knew, too, that Mr. Rankin will not want to remove the wood for some months, as he will not draw it till it is seasoned; but he told him that he must abide by the contract that he had no money to spare. He let him have a few potatoes, saying we could get along very well on bread and potatoes for a few days. Did he think the bread would do us down like manna? I took the children out to the woods to gather chips from chopping to keep us from freezing; we have had no wood for a long time, only what the children and I have gathered. That is the way my darling caught his death-cold. We must give him a Christian burial. How can we bear the sound of the axe while our dear boy lies in the house? How do we know that every stroke would not be riveting a nail for the coffin of another? O my dear boy! my poor dead boy!"

Mrs. Rankin covered her face, and groaned in agony of spirit. Was this one of the results of her husband's grasping after riches? Ah! how many more, as sad, that she knew nothing of! How little had she anticipated what suffering might arise from the bargain she had so earnestly remonstrated against!

"I am certain," said she, choking back her feelings, "that Mr. Rankin did not realize how much he was exacting from you. He is not so hard-hearted as to require the work to go on—now."

She could not finish the sentence, with that agonized mother's eyes blazing upon her, as she held her dead boy tighter to her breast.

"God be merciful to the man whose grasping hand is stayed only by yawning graves! How does he know that the death angel is not already hovering over his own household?"

Mrs. Rankin shivered and caught her breath, as the suffering woman's words burned into her heart. She regretted deeply the intrusion upon her sorrow. She had intended good, but she thought it better to leave. She could not speak for minutes, as she stood gazing upon that poor woman, moaning in her first great sorrow, and pressing her tear-wet cheek against the cold, damp brow of her little boy. Oh! ye precious darlings purpled by death's vintage, pity that wretched mother, for no other mortals can.

"May heaven pity and comfort you, grief-stricken mother!" said Mrs. Rankin. "I wish I could make you know how much I sympathize with you—how I wish to serve you, and alleviate to some extent, what your family is suffering through my husband's inconsiderateness."

True wife! she could not give it a harder term in words, though her soul loathed his dealing with that poor family.

"If you will permit me, I will go home and prepare a warm breakfast, and send it over at once; you need a cup of tea."

The poor woman looked up, as though she would drink in all the good and kindness she might find in the face before her.

"Perhaps I have judged you harshly, ma'am. You know, and God knows, if you speak what is in your heart; and if you do, may I be forgiven for the bitter words I have uttered."

Mrs. Rankin could make no reply, but her tears were more convincing than words.

The neighbors were dropping in and offering their services, and Mrs. Rankin went home, and soon sent a good, warm breakfast to the family.

Perhaps no tears more bitter were shed than those that poor Joe Miller dropped upon the white brow of his dead boy, lying in this little plain coffin; tears of keen self-accusation, as he thought that if his family had not been subjected to severe privations, his boy might not have died.

"I did not know, O my poor lamb! how much avarice was in my heart," he groaned, as he pressed the little cold, dimpled hand in his hand, his honest palm.

How much compunction, if any, John Rankin may have felt, as he stood by the open grave of the poor man's child, is known only to the Searcher of all hearts. Ah! did he know that, though on the side of their oppressor was power, they had one Comforter? He who wept at the grave of Lazarus, stood there in divine compassion, unseen, whispering, by His blessed Spirit, to those bruised hearts: "The dead is not dead, but sleepeth."

Mrs. Rankin wrapped her fur and broad-cloth more tightly about her, as leaning upon Mr. Rankin's arm, she turned away from the burial, for the little frozen clods falling upon the little coffin sent a chill to her heart that

crushed out almost the last feeling of love and reverence for her husband, though the path of duty lay plain before her, and she was not one to turn aside from her own obligations. And the contrast of their warm, costly clothing with the thin, threadbare garments of the poor mourners, was a source of agony to her soul, from which it would have been a mercy to spare her.

John Rankin thought he did a praiseworthy act when he paid to Joe Miller eighty-seven cents per cord for two hundred cords of wood; which would have been finished at the specified time but for the death of the poor man's child.

"Figures won't live."—The farmers' clubs have setmen to figuring, and we hope that certain knowledge will take the place of some of the loose guess-work. Below we give some figures made by Mr. Benj. Mitchell, in answer to Mr. Burleigh's assertion that no profit is realized on a crop of corn of potatoes in Maine, and submitted at a meeting of the Western Division of the North Kennebec Farmers' Club.

Cost of raising an acre of Corn.

Plowing ground, 11 oxen and team 2 days,	\$4.00
Hauling manure in fall, 12 ox loads, man and team two days,	\$1.75
day each,	3.50
Hauling and spreading 15 loads manure in spring, man and team 1-2 days,	5.25
each, 3 days,	2.38
Harrowing, man and two horses 1-2 day each,	5.25
Dropping manure in hill, two men and yoke of oxen 1 day,	5.25
Plowing 3 days,	10.50
Hoeing 6 days,	3.50
Cutting and shocking, 2 days,	1.75
Pulling beans, 1 day,	7.00
Hauling and husking,	13.50
27 loads manure, 1-3 goes to grow the corn, \$1.50 per load,	1.00
1 1/2 bush. plaster and putting it on	62.88
Total cost of raising,	\$62.88

Proceeds of an acre of Corn.

40 bush. corn, \$1.25 per bush.	\$50.00
5 soft corn, 75 cts. per bush.	3.75
4 " beans, \$3.50 per bush.	14.00
4 cart loads pumpkins, \$2 per load,	8.00
Total proceeds,	\$75.75

Cost of raising an acre of Potatoes.

Plowing, 11 oxen and team 2 days,	\$4.00
Hauling 25 loads manure and spreading same, man 3 days and team 2 days,	8.75
\$1.75 per day each,	2.38
Harrowing, man and two horses 1-2 day,	4.00
8 bush. seed, 50 cts. per bush.	4.00
3 days planting,	5.25
1 1/2 bush. plaster and putting it on,	1.00
3 days hoeing,	5.25
6 days digging,	10.50
25 loads manure, \$1.50 per load, 1-3 for benefit of potatoes,	12.50
Total cost of raising,	\$53.63

Proceeds of an acre of Potatoes.

150 bush. salable potatoes, 60 cts. per bush.	\$75.00
25 bush. small potatoes, 25 cts. per bush.	6.25
Total proceeds,	\$81.25
Expenses,	\$38.63
Net profits,	\$42.62

Cost of raising an acre of Barley.

Plowing corn hills for barley,	\$2.50
Harrowing and sowing, man and 2 horses,	3.75
Seed 3 bush. at \$1 per bush.	3.00
Harvesting 1 1/2 days,	2.62
Threshing, 9 cts. per bush.	4.50
Use of ground, 100 bush. at 10 cts.	10.00
Total cost of raising,	\$26.07

Proceeds of an acre of Barley.

35 bushels barley, at \$1 per bushel,	\$35.00
Straw,	8.00
Total proceeds,	\$43.00
Cost,	\$26.07
Profit,	16.93

Cost of raising an acre of Oats.

Plowing potato ground for oats,	2.50
Harrowing and sowing, man and horses,	3.75
Seed, 3 1/2 bushels, at 75 cts. per bush.	2.62
Harvesting,	2.62
Threshing, at 9 cts. per bush.	4.50
Use of ground, 100 bush. at 10 cts.	10.00
Total expenses,	\$26.99

Proceeds of an acre of Oats.

50 bushels at 75 cts. per bush.	\$37.50
Straw,	8.00
Cost, and expenses, 45.50	25.99
Profit,	\$19.51

What a million's worth in some minds may be judged from these two sonnets, which have just come to light. Hope, the celebrated London banker, who was suffering from an inextinguishable malady which prevented him from eating, seeing a friend at work upon a chop, exclaimed with accents of emotion, stopping his friend's hand as it was conveying a piece of chop on a fork to his mouth, "Cherished friend, I would give a million to be able to eat that chop as you are doing!" And M. Nathaniel Rothschild, who was paralyzed, on hearing of the accident to his brother from a fall from his horse exclaimed, "Ah! how happy he must be to be able to get on horseback at the risk even of breaking his neck by a fall! I would give a million to be able to risk as much!"

Connecticut has persistently refused to give the ballot to her colored citizens, but under the 15th amendment they are now being registered and will vote at the State election which comes off April 4th, if the amendment of the constitution is made in season.

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The poetry of the April number is "My Triumph," by Mr. Whittier, "The Advent Preacher," by Marian Douglas, and "Courage," by Mrs. Celia Thaxter. There is but one story, bearing Mr. Taylor's serial, "The Lannon Tragedy," by J. W. DeForest, and that is not completed. Mr. Trowbridge writes again of his travels westward, Mr. Andrews again of the Cherokees, under the title, "The Gods of Wee Wee," Mr. Brewster again of the birds, and Prof. Ward again of his specialties in science. Mr. Parton has a paper on the material resources of Virginia, soon to be newly developed, and Mr. Charles Lammiman an account of "Peter Hinchey, Chief of the Choctaws." The other articles, all anonymous, are: "The English Governors at the Spanish Court," beginning we believe a series; "A Lumberman's Tale," which should perhaps be classed as a story, and "An Alpine Home." In the department of reviews there is an elaborate notice of the translated works of Bjornson.

Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$4 a year.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for April is an uncommonly good number, dealing with an unusual number of timely topics. The following is a list of its contents:

General McMahon contributes an account of affairs in Paraguay, all which he saw, and part of which he was, which will attract much attention. Col. George Ward Nichols discusses that especially interesting question just now, "The Indian, What should we do with him?" Mr. John Bonner writes on the history of "The Great Conspiracies," thought without the advantage of a knowledge of the testimony taken at Washington. Mr. S. S. Conant sketches the biography of Count Bismarck. Besides these, and continuations of various serials, and the different editorial departments, we notice an illustrated paper, "Among the Silk Worms and Velvet Looms;" "Around the World on Skates," by T. B. Thorpe; "Border Reminiscences," by General R. B. Marcy; two or three brief poems; and for stories, "Linda's Young Lady," by D. R. Castleton; "Revealed in a Song," by Justin McCarthy, and "Bathsheba's Curse," by June G. Austin.

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

THE GALAXY for April is an admirable specimen of the happy combination of fresh vivacity and substantial interest which this magazine has managed to hit. There is a harrowing and expatriating instalment of Mr. Charles Reade's novel; the beginning of another "Editor's Tale," by Mr. Anthony Trollope, who now has serials steadily running in three American magazines, and writes them in longer monthly parts than any other novelist of our day; the third chapter of the pleasant Havana story, by an anonymous writer; and one completed story, "Pine Plank," by James T. McKay; making a very acceptable budget of fiction. For more solid, though not heavier matter, there is a just and discriminating, somewhat rambling paper on "Mr. Raymond and Journalism," by Louis J. Jennings; an essay on the Emancipation, by Justin McCarthy; another of the Roman priest-hood papers; a curious piece of work by a translation of "Hamlet," into prose, with a running analysis by Richard Grant White; a criticism of Mr. Fechter, a paper on "The Future of New York," besides the usual editorial departments.

Published by Sheldon & Co., New York, at \$4 a year.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.—There is a very long instalment of "The Vicar of Bulhampton," in the April number, but the novel is not finished, though another story by Mr. Trollope, "Sir Henry Hotspur of Humblethwaite," is announced to be begun in the next number of the magazine. Mr. E. A. Pollard's paper on "The Negro in the South" is described by its title; Grace Greenwood's "Two Old Heads" is a sketch drawn from her experience in Italy; Mrs. Harding Davis has a story; Dr. J. P. Little gives some facts about Florida, interesting to invalids who contemplate a visit there; Captain Pitts gives a readable account of the running of the rapids at Niagara by the "Maid of the Mist;" and there are several more light essays, poems and stories.

Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., 715 and 771 Market St., Philadelphia, at \$1 a year.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for April is received. It has a fine steel engraving and an excellent colored fashion plate. That interesting story, "The Secret of Bartram's Home," closes in this number. "The Prisoner of the Bastille" is continued. The other stories are by favorite writers.

Published by Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, at \$2 a year.

THE RIVERSIDE for April has a little of everything that is likely to interest young people. Remembering the great festival of the Christian Church, the Editor begins with "The Entry into Jerusalem;" then there is a story for little children, "The Little Neighbors;" travel is represented by "The Markets in Berlin;" stories and adventure by "How the Captain came by a Legacy;" a Kentucky and Dwarf Story; "A New Way to go after Salt," and "Porte Crayon's" "Young Vikings," with his own illustrations. Drolleries are capably set forth in "The Truly Rural Romance of the Sleepy Princess," and in "Idyls of the North," both with inimitable pictures. There are some very pretty verses called "Little-Folk Songs;" natural history is illustrated by "A Big Trout," and gymnastics by "Indian Club Exercises." Last of all comes the monthly card with readers and the Calendar page, which children have filled with remarkable dates.

Published by Hurd and Houghton, New York, at \$2.50 per year.

THE MARCH MONTHLY PART OF OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE is full of interesting and instructive reading, and the full page illustrations are excellent and add greatly to its attractiveness. With March closes the capital story "Bear and Forbear," the last of the "Lake Shore Series," and with April begins "Field and Forest," the first story in Oliver Optic's "Onward and Upward" Series. Now is a good time to subscribe.

Published by Lee & Shepard, 149 Washington Street, Boston, at \$2.50 per annum.

A REMARKABLE CASE.—In the Maine Legislature, Wednesday, Mr. Metcalf presented a resolve in favor of giving Betsey Reynolds of Burnham, a pension during her life, and made the following statement of facts:

"Mrs. Betsey Reynolds, widow of John Reynolds of Burnham, sent four sons, two sons-in-law, and one grandson to the war; neither of whom returned to tell their story. They all died defending our flag. When the war closed she was left with thirty-one orphan grandchildren, made so by the war. Her only surviving son, who is lame, volunteered, but was rejected on account of his lameness. Mrs. Reynolds is now depending on her own labor for her livelihood. Seven of her orphan grandchildren were taken into the Bath Asylum.

A singular phenomenon occurred at the commencement of the storm Friday morning in St. John, N. B. A rumbling noise was heard, and immediately afterwards a portion of the bottom of the harbor on the Carleton side sank bodily, so that where before at low tide there was a beach, there is now water to the depth of twenty feet. Some wharves were destroyed and lumber carried adrift.

COMFORTERS.

"Why did God let sin and trouble come into the world?" I often hear that subject discussed. Why did he allow it to come into this world, so very fair and beautiful at the start? Oh! it was a grand, world as God made it! Why not keep it so! It cost God no more to make a rose than a thorn. Why more thorns than roses? God can make a good apple-tree as well as a crab apple-tree? God can make a well man as easily as a sick man. Why any sick ones? Why not have a whole race in leisure, instead of this tug and tussle for livelihood? "Oh!" you say, "we must keep busy to keep out of mischief." But if there were no sin, there would be no tendency to mischief. Why not every sound music? Why not every scene beautiful, and all ages joyful with sinless men and women? Well, I'll tell you—when I got on the other side of Jordan, if we meet there, and God grant we may all meet there, and talk over these mysteries! But while here we must accept the fact without any explanation that God did let down the bars, and whole herds of wolves have come in and trampled down everything good. One sword at the gate of Eden, and a sword at every gate. There are more people under the ground than upon it. Graveyards are in the majority, with countless millions of millions of dead; six thousand winters making more scars than all the summers that come after can ever cover up. Trouble has taken up the great heart of the world in its two hands, and pinched it still all ages have wailed with the agony; trouble, coming to beautiful homes where everything is pleasant, and taking every blessing and in one hour dashing it to splinters, never to be gathered up again in this world. If the graves that have been made were placed side by side, you could step from mound to mound and go all around the world, without treading on any other ground. Why is it so? Why has God let sin and trouble come? I cannot tell. But I can tell, in such a world as this, the grandest work that man or woman can do is condolence. I think we all need to study this art, this science of sympathy. There are comparatively few people that understand it, and sometimes a man in trouble can look around on all his friends, although they are all well-meaning people, and say: "Miserable comforters are ye all! You don't touch the sore spot, you don't know how to sympathize." Loquacious people are apt for this work. Bildad and Eliphaz came to Job, and they talked, talked, talked; almost bothered his life out with words. And you know as well as I know people who, when others have trouble, come in and talk, talk, talk, and tell all their own sorrows, and say to the afflicted: "It is hard for you now, but you will feel worse when the visitors are gone and you are left alone." Silence! How dare you with such miserable court-plaster try to heal a wound that has gone down to the depths of the soul! Walk gently around a broken heart, say what you have to say, and then go your way. It is not the number of words in which your sympathies are expressed. Sometimes it is just silence. Sometimes it is the grasp of the hand, and one word is more than fifty dictionaries. Here is a man who has been wounded in the body

MISCELLANY.

THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

Like a founding in slumber, the summer day lay
On the crimsoned threshold of dawn,
And I thought that the glow through the azure-arched
way.
Was a glimpse of the coming of heaven.
There together we sat by the beautiful stream;
We had nothing to do but to love and to dream,
In the days that have gone on before.
These are not the same days, though they bear the same
name.
With the ones I shall welcome no more.

But it may be the angels are calling them o'er,
For a Sabbath and summer forever,
When the years shall forget the December they wore,
And the almond shall be woven, no never!
In a twilight that, Jenny June for a bride,
Oh! what more of the world could one wish for beside,
As we gazed on the river untroubled,
Till we heard, or we fancied, its musical tide,
Which sweeps on through the gateway of gold.

"Jennie June," then, I said, "let us linger no more
On the banks of the beautiful river;
Let the boat be unmoved, and be muffled the oar,
And we'll stand in heaven together.
If the angel on duty our coming desires,
You have nothing to do but throw off the disguise
That you wore when you wandered with me,
And the sinner shall say, 'Welcome back to the skies,
We have long been waiting for thee.'"

Oh, how sweetly she spoke, ere she uttered a word,
With that bluish, partly hers, partly even,
And the tone, like the dream of a song we once heard,
As she whispered, "That way is not heaven's;
For the river that runs by the realm of the blest
Has no song on its ripple, no star on its breast—
Oh! that river is nothing like this,
For it glides on in shadow, beyond the world's west,
Till it breaks into beauty and bliss."

I am lingering yet, but I linger alone,
On the banks of the beautiful river;
'Tis the twin of that day, but the wave where it flows
Bears the willow tree's shadow forever.

In contrast with the cowardly, inhuman conduct of the English Capt. Byre, it is noted that the first act in the life of Midshipman Edward P. Williams, late commander of the ill-fated Onida, was to save the captain and crew of the British ship Cleopatra, off St. Johns, N. B., in the year 1853. While Capt. Williams was attached to the United States sloop-of-war Decatur. It was a dark, stormy night, and after much danger and exposure the officers of the ill-fated ship were on board the Decatur with safety. Midshipman E. P. Williams was in charge of the boat that brought them, and upon getting on board Capt. Wm. C. Whittle asked him what was wrong. Williams replied: "I have saved every soul, sir!" And he had.

Europeans expect from each other a pedigree as long as a ramrod, but "I'm an American" puts genealogy out of doors, and there's no further chattering of lions rampant or boars couchant, heroic grand-uncles and distinguished great-grand nephews. "I'm an American" seems to carry us to the twilight of history; there are no further questions asked in that important affair among Europeans—family renown; but if the pedigree be disregarded, the bank account is not forgotten.—[European letter.

At the recent woman's suffrage convention at St. Albans, Mrs. Campbell of Springfield said that while on her way to the Brattleboro convention from the Northern part of the State, where she had been lecturing a party of musicians—or no, people with musical instruments—got into the car. They clustered around the stove, and talked among themselves of such elevating and cheerful subjects as prize fights, etc. Altogether they were a most respectable looking set, and were not so say the least desirable, travelling companions. Near Mrs. Campbell sat a young lady, and presently she came over to her and said, "May I sit down with you? I'm afraid of those men. Do you know I think they must be the band that travels around with those woman's rights folks?" Mrs. Campbell took the frightened girl under her protection, but she didn't tell her she'd come for shelter to one of those dreadful women, and the girl never suspected it.

Philips, recently held an "evening of sacred song" in the Water Street Mission Home, New York, the room being densely crowded with prostitutes, thieves, and the worst class of such people. During the evening as many as forty weeping Magdalens rose for prayers on the invitation of the sweet singer.

SMALL FARMS.—Be content with a small place entirely paid for, if you have not the money to buy a large farm. Do not allow that eager and ambitious spirit which desires to own "all the land that joins yours" to ruin you. One of the curses of our agricultural districts is the size of our farms. Forty acres paid for and thoroughly tilled is better property and far more remunerative, than four hundred under a heavy mortgage, and only half cultivated. Where one man succeeds by rashness in assuming large responsibilities, hundreds fail; and experience and observation will show, that the successful owners of tracts of land have usually begun by small purchases for cash, and gradual additions as they acquired wealth by industry and economy.

The Camden Herald says young folks should be careful and not carry their jokes too far, as a young man did in the city of Augusta, lately. He wrote and put in the post office, a love letter, to a young lady, signing another young man's name to it, an acquaintance. The result was he had to fork over \$50 to settle the matter and prevent a prosecution.

A poor man was killed in Michigan, a few weeks ago under distressing circumstances, leaving his wife sick and penniless. A bachelor friend, interested in the matter, and raised sixteen hundred dollars for the widow, then proposed, and being accepted, he married her and pocketed the money himself.

A Washington dispatch says that the soldiers who enlisted in 1861, on the first call of President Lincoln, and who were honorably discharged before the expiration of the term of their enlistment, are entitled to \$100 each as a bounty. Such was the decision of the Supreme Court pronounced on Tuesday.

Francis W. Allen, son of Benjamin Allen of Mt. Vernon, was killed Feb 7, in a grub pin manufactory, about sixty miles above Eau Claire, Wisconsin, on the Chippewa River. He was examining the machinery, when it was suddenly put in motion, and by some mis-step he was caught by the revolving shaft and carried over several times, causing almost instant death.

The chancellor of New Jersey has decided that a debt incurred before the legal tender law, is payable principal and interest, in specie.

At the annual town meeting in Skowhegan on the 6th inst. the sum of \$300 was raised to fit up and fence a lot on the Island for a public park, the land having been donated to the town for that purpose, by Messrs A. & P. Coburn. The thanks of the town were voted to the donors for the same.

DRY GOODS!

A NICE ASSORTMENT.

G. 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.

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

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.

PERFECTED SPECTACLES

AND

EYE GLASSES.

The large and increasing sales of these

PERFECTED GLASSES

is sure proof of their superiority. We are satisfied that they

would be appreciated here as elsewhere, and that the result

of the advantages offered to wearers of our beautiful Lenses,

is the satisfaction and comfort, the assured and ascertained

improvement of the sight, and

The Brilliant Assistance they Give in all Cases!

are in themselves so apparent on trial, that the result could

be otherwise than it has, in the almost GENERAL

ADOPTION of our CELEBRATED PERFECTED SPEC-

TACLES by the residents of this locality.

With a full knowledge of the value of the assertion,

We Claim they are the most Perfect Optical

Aids ever Manufactured.

To those needing Spectacles, we afford at all times an op-

portunity of procuring the BEST AND MOST DESIRABLE.

E. H. EVANS,

DRUGGIST,

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

Has always on hand a full assortment, suitable for every di-

culty.

WE take occasion to notify the Public that

we employ no pedlars, and to caution

them against those pretending to

have our goods for sale.

THE BEST THING OUT!

JUST RECEIVED AT

REDINGTON'S.

THE SPONGE MATRESS.

Approved by the highest authorities, and coming into general

use in all our large places.

ALSO COMBINATION MATTRESSES.

Made of Excelsior and Sponge, sponge on top, a very superior

Mattress. These Combination Mattresses give excellent satis-

faction as the most superior cheap Mattresses ever made. Also

Tucker's, Imperial, American & Putnam's

SPRING BEDS.

you want the best Mattress in market, please call at Red-

ington's and see for yourself.

Large stock of BEDDING, CARPETS, FEATHERS, &

CROCKERY always on hand at the old stand of W. A. Caffrey,

C. H. REDINGTON.

L. P. MAYO,

Teacher of Piano-forte and Organ.

Residence on Chaplin St., opposite Foundry.

RAGS! RAGS!

Cash and the highest price paid for any thing with

paper can be made here. MAIL OFFICE

FOUTZ'S

CHELSEA

HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS.

This preparation, long and favor-

ably known, will thoroughly re-

freshen and break down low-

ly priced horses, and is equally

THE OLD STAND

RE-OPENED.

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

FURNITURE,

Lozenges, Mirrors, Sealters, &c.

And all goods usually kept in this line of business.

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

Stock of

CROCKERY & GLASS WARE

Ever opened in Waterville. Also

Tapestry, Three-ply, Ingrain, Hemp, Straw,

and Oil Cloth Carpetings.

Burial Caskets and Coffins always on

hand, at satisfactory prices.

I shall keep a full assortment of CHAMBER SETS, Wal-

nut, Chestnut, Ash and Pine. The Pine sets I have made

by good workmen as can be found on the river. And

they are all the more than those known together,

as most of them are.

I shall keep a large variety of LAMPS, BRACKETS,

GLOBES, &c. &c.

MIRRORS PLATES fitted 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 on CASH. All ask 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 Overs,

as low as can be afforded for cash.

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,

to keep them dry and warm.

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

VARIETY OF

BOOTS & SHOES,

FOR OLD AND YOUNG,

which you can have at a very small profit for cash, as

that is what tells in trade.

Don't mistake the old place—

At MAXWELL'S.

N. B.—Those having accounts with W. L. Max-

well, will oblige him by calling and settling.

STANDARD PERIODICALS FOR 1870.

RE-PUBLISHED BY

The Leonard Scott Publishing Co.,

NEW YORK.

Indispensable to all desirous of being well informed on

the great subjects of the day.

1. The Edinburgh Review.

This is the oldest of the series. In its main features it still

follows in the path marked out by Brougham, Jeffrey, Sidney

Smith, and Lord Holland, its original founders and first con-

tributors.

2. London Quarterly Review.

which commences its 12th volume with the January number,

was set on foot as a rival to the Edinburgh. It resolutely

maintains its position in politics, and shows equal vigor in

its literary department.

3. The Westminster Review.

has just closed its 22d volume. In point of literary ability

this Review is fast rising to a level with its competitors. It

is the advocate of political and religious liberalism.

4. The North British Review.

now in its 11th volume, occupies very high position in peri-

odical literature. Passing beyond the narrow formalism of

schools and parties, it appeals to a wider range of sympathies

and the highest intellectual concentration.

5. Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

was commenced 52 years ago. Equalling the Quarterly in

its literary and scientific departments, it has won a wide re-

putation for the narratives and sketches which enliven its pa-

ges.

TERMS FOR 1870.

For any one of the Reviews \$4.00 per annum

For any two of the Reviews 7.00 "

For any three of the Reviews 10.00 "

For all four of the Reviews 12.00 "

For Blackwood's Magazine 4.00 "

For Blackwood and one Review 7.00 "

For Blackwood and two Reviews 10.00 "

For Blackwood and three of the Reviews 13.00 "

For Blackwood and the four Reviews 16.00 "

Single Numbers of a Review, 25 Cts. Single Numbers of Black-

wood, 35 Cts.

The Reviews are published quarterly; Blackwood's

Magazine is monthly. Volumes commence in Janu-

CLUBS.

A discount of TWENTY PER CENT. will be allowed to Clubs of

four or more persons, when the periodicals are sent to one

ADDRESS.

THE POSTAGE ON current subscriptions, to any part of the

United States, is Two Cents a number; to be prepaid at the

office of delivery. For foreign countries, the postage is double.

PREMIUMS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

New Subscribers to any two of the above periodicals for

1870 will be entitled to receive one of the FOUR Reviews for

1869. New Subscribers to all five may receive Blackwood,

or two of the Reviews for 1869.

BACK NUMBERS.

Subscribers may, by applying early, obtain back sets of the

Reviews from January, 1865, to December, 1869, and of

Blackwood's Magazine from January 1865, to December, 1869,

at current subscription price.

Neither premiums to Subscribers, nor discount to

Clubs can be allowed, unless the money is remitted direct to

the Publishers. No payments can be made to Clubs.

The January numbers will be printed from new type, and

arrangements have been made, which, it is hoped, will secure

rapid and early publication.

The Leonard Scott Publishing Company,

100 Fulton St., New York.

THE LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING COMPANY also publish

THE FARMER'S GUIDE to Scientific and Practical Agricul-

ture, by HENRY STEPHENS, F. R. S., Edinburgh, and the

late J. P. NOBIS, Professor of Scientific Agriculture in Yale</