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Maxham & Wing

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COURAGE.

BY MRS. CELIA THAXTER.

Because I hold it sinful to despair,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every way and every rain-drop kissed
That God's love drenches below!

Think you I find no bitterness at all,
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ill with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears,
Kept bravely back, he makes a rainbow shine,
Grateful I take his slightest gift; no fears
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear; and when the clouds are past
One golden day redeems the weary year,
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound his voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be
I must be glad and grateful to the end,
Grudge you not your cold and darkness—me—
The powers of light befriended.

[From Harper's Magazine for Feb.]

A PROMISE IS A PROMISE.

RHODA, in her pale pink bonnet and white gown, had paid particular attention to the sermon of the Rev. Erastus Bertram that Sabbath morning, as it would seem. But in truth she had not heard a syllable after the text, "If ye love them, which love you, what reward have ye?" And when at length he gave out the hymn,

"Let me subdue my will,
Nor seek a selfish rest,
Nor mourn when he requires of me
My dearest and my best,"

then, for the first time, he let his gaze wander over the church till it lingered among the bright curls on Rhoda's forehead. Had some secret influence warned him that she had half a mind to confide her troubles to his keeping? Or, as her spiritual adviser and conscience-keeper, did he perceive a new seriousness about the sweetness of the smiling mouth—a seriousness born, perhaps, of doubt and trouble? Be that as it may, he sat down now, a little paler about the lips, and listened with all his might to the rich-voiced choir, hearing only like one in a trance. And then, when the congregation rose up like a perfumed cloud and swept breezily out of church, he followed deliberately, as if it were unseemly for the Rev. Mr. Bertram to follow his own sweet will with the others. But out on the lawn he overtook Rhoda, who had been in no haste to leave the church door.

"Are you going home?" said he, touching her hand in pastoral greeting.

"I was going round to old Prude's cottage first," she answered, looking hard across the hills, as if she could see that humble edifice.

"I was going there myself—shall we go together?"

"Oh yes; why not? I am sure I would always rather have company than to be alone."

"Then perhaps I had better turn back," laughed Rhoda, in a merry peal, that echoed among the hills and disturbed the Sunday solitudes; and then she bethought her of her burden, and sighed drearily.

"Ah!" said he, "I don't half like the sequel to your merriment. The old witches used to say,

"A sighing heart
Foretells a smart."

"The witches were right," she said, gravely. "And yet you don't resemble one buffeting with swollen waves of fate."

"And yet I am such a one," she persisted, her lips trembling, her eyes troubled and misty with tears.

"Indeed, indeed," he murmured, "forgive my trifling? I did not dream, I did not believe trouble ever dared visit such a you. What right has the rose to hang her head?"

"Oh, Mr. Bertram, don't laugh at me; indeed I am sorely troubled. I have been thinking all day of you—"

"Of me!" he exclaimed.

"And wondering would I have the courage to speak to you, to tell you—"

"Tell me everything, dear child, everything that is in your heart."

"And you will promise not to laugh or scold me?"

"I will promise not to laugh or scold you."

"But you will help me? You will show me the way to go? I rely on you."

"I will show you the way to go, according to my light."

"Oh, but he loves me so, after all. He—"

"Who loves you?" he questioned, almost fiercely.

"My father. He means it for the best; but oh, it is hard!"

"What is hard, Miss Rhoda? You have not told me."

"No. It was something I promised once, a great while ago, when I was sixteen."

"A great while ago," he repeated, smiling sadly.

"Yes; it was before you came. I am twenty now."

"Yes. And you promised?"

"It was after Amy's misfortune, you know; after she had married Eliot Rankin, in spite of every body; after he had deserted her, and she had died of a broken heart, and left us all alone. We were so down-hearted then. Amy had been my father's boast, and he was almost crazed. And then he made me promise—for he had a feeling that I should follow in her footsteps—he made me promise to marry whom he should choose, and no other; and I promised."

"And oh, he has chosen, he has chosen!"

"Mr. Bertram walked on by her side, in the green bloom of the overarching boughs, in utter silence; twice his lips had moved, as if he would have spoken, but no sound had come; instead of that, a sort of ghastly pallor had been creeping like a shadow over lip and brow."

"Oh, you are not well, Mr. Bertram!" cried Rhoda, regarding him. "It is so selfish of me to trouble you, when you have so much to think of; but, you see, I have no mother, no sister."

"And your lover, Miss Rhoda?" suggested Mr. Bertram—"the person your father has chosen?"

The color played across Rhoda's face like red lightning, while she stooped to pluck a clover growing on the way-side before replying.

"Oh it is wrong, perhaps, quite wrong; but, Mr. Bertram, I do not love him!"

"You do not love him?" he repeated, as one might read a death-warrant; "You do not love him?"

"Do not look at me so," she entreated; "it makes me feel guilty; and yet, how can I help it? He has never said 'love' to me."

"How, then," began Mr. Bertram.

"Oh, it is all my father's mistake, you see. He says to me, 'Rhoda, when I am dead you will be a rich woman. You will have many suitors then, who will love your money, child, and you may not be wise enough to discriminate. Now here is one who loves you so much

he can hardly trust himself to look at you—who, because you are rich and he is poor, would never have courage to cross the gulf, unless you bridged it for him.' And then I answer him, 'But, father, do you wish me to go to him and say, 'Dear Sir; here am I, with all my worldly goods, giving a-begging—pray take mercy on me?' No, my father answers; 'but show him that he has a chance at stake, that he is as agreeable to you as another.' And so I must, for I have promised; and yet, Mr. Bertram, I do not love him."

"And how, then, can I help you?" Mr. Bertram asked.

"You can tell me what it is right to do. If I must keep my word with my father—if I must."

"It is a plain question," said he, "but take heart; because you do not love this young man now is no reason why you should not love him by-and-by. We always love our own. And then, as to the other matter, a promise is a promise; and the ashen hue never once forsok his countenance while he spoke, and his eyes looked out straight before him, without a tremor in their blue-veined lids, as if he saw the sorrow of his future, but refused to flinch before it, while his voice had a strange, Eolian tone, both sweet and mournful, like the wind that blows over solitary mountain heights in spring—a tone that might have been a sob."

"Then the die is cast," she said, pensively.

"Thank you for showing me the way."

"It is sorry help, I fear. Still, that word 'love' has a marvelous power; you can not speak it without—without feeling it, nor hear it spoken. When he speaks it, I believe you will listen."

"I must, you know," she said. "See, here's Prude's cottage; you are coming in?"

"I think not, to-day; I am not quite well—not quite myself. But I shall come and see you sometimes, and see how the charm works?"

"Yes; come and help me keep my promise—if you can."

"It will be best to grow used to things so," thought this young man, retracing his steps through green glooms and freckled sunlight; "All my life long to see her come and go, another's! To plead the cause of my rival, to put my hand to my own undoing—oh, this is too hard! But a promise is a promise."

So it happened that Mr. Bertram went a little more frequently than before to the house on the hill, hidden among its gardens; because there was such a cheerful contrast between the lodgings where no one waited for him and the fragrant apartments over which Rhoda presided—such a difference between the gentle warmth of her manner and the careless greetings without. And besides, there was a secret between them, which, by virtue of his unconstrained intercourse, he must seem to forget, and yet must always hold in bitter remembrance. So he came again and again, and read the Greek poets with her father, and discussed theology and isms; and wondered which of the handsome youths clustered about Rhoda's chair was the Fairy Prince.

"You don't talk to me at all," pouted Rhoda, one day, detaining him on his way out. "You think, because I can't understand Greek, I am only fit for the discourse of boys."

"No. I listen to you a great deal," he answered, "which is much better than that you should listen to me."

"Allow me to contradict you; I hear you and father saying such delightful things about the Pre-Adamite period and all that, and I try to listen, and then these vain babblers come in with a common place, and all's lost."

"I pity you, profoundly," he said, mockingly.

"And pity is akin to love," ventured one of these same babblers.

And then Mr. Bertram took up his hat and made his bow, before he should be tempted to retort and show how little the chance arrow had gone astray. After this, perhaps, another man would have absented himself and shown his colors, but Erastus Bertram was one to face the worst at the outset; besides, he would rather not milder her rose-tinted youth with any vain regrets of his own. And then accustoming himself to seeing her fair, but not for him, he would one day, perhaps, find himself disenchanted; and though the thought of such a sequel gave him a pang like a sword-thrust, still it was simply better than coarseness and breaking of the law which he had been sent to fulfill.

One day there was a wedding in the neighborhood, where Mr. Bertram performed the ceremony, and where Rhoda, in a cloud of pink tulle, was bridemaid.

"I hope that the next wedding will be yours, spoke the bride, from under the burden of her congratulations; and Rhoda, blushing like an incarnation of sunset, looked up and caught the gaze of Mr. Bertram fixed upon her."

"You see," she said to him, apologetically, as it were, "I begin to think my father was mistaken," holding her wine-glass up between them, and idly crumbling her cake."

"The man is a blockhead," he said, hotly.

"Indeed he is no such thing," she returned firing at the suggestion.

"I beg your pardon?—that any living man could be insensible to so fair a face, or a manner so winsome, was proof positive of a blockhead—'I beg your pardon, but I can't retract."

"It's because you don't know him; he is very different from a blockhead," she insisted.

"Ah! sits the wind in that corner?" he laughed, uneasily.

"And what if it does?" she answered, archly.

"Am I not fulfilling your prophecy?"

"So you see him often?"

"Quite often," dropping her gaze like a plummet into her glass, as if to catch the bubble of sunshine coiled there in the heart of the molten ruby."

That night when Mr. Bertram found himself alone, he bestowed one long look upon his reflection in the mirror. What was there to attract? A transparent, colorless skin; eyes too pale to darken with expression; a nose too large for symmetry; a mouth lacking, just now, the smile which made the whole flash with meaning."

"No wonder," he said, as the shadowy face confronted him; "I feel as if it were my ghost." And then he put out the light and sat in darkness, trying to reason himself into acquiescence with fate.

After that there was the parish picnic to go

through with; and was it not a hardship to watch Rhoda and young Thieriot unpack the hamper together and spread the tables, with much laughter and many 'asides?' What tender thoughts might not be said between while, what glances exchanged?

Oh, if one could only choose the color of one's hair, the shape of one's nose! But what unholy thoughts for the Rev. Mr. Bertram to cherish. Awaunt, Satan!

"Mr. Bertram," called Rhoda, "if you desire to be useful as well as ornamental, come and squeeze these lemons with me, while Mr. Thieriot goes on a pilgrimage to the spring."

"With all my heart," says Mr. Bertram.

"Oh, we want your hands here, not your heart!"

"But you don't want my hand without my heart?"

"No," said Rhoda, quite gravely, adjusting a lemon in the machine; and then the lemon fell out, and both reaching to rescue it, their hands met over it, their eyes met above it, unbidden tremors shook Mr. Bertram's soul, his lips parted and trembled; and just then, in the sudden hush, there came a voice, like the voice of God walking in the garden, and some one on the further side of the laurel bushes, but quite hidden, was saying to her *tête-à-tête*, in the way of conversation, "but a promise is a promise, you know;" and Mr. Bertram plucked away his hand, picked up the mischievous lemon, and wrung it dry with one effort.

"Who would think there was so much in the little thing?" he questioned. "Some one says that marriage is lemons, but a single life is milk and water." And then, certain that he had said the very worst thing he could have said, he fell to his task with a will. As for Rhoda, she meddled no more with the lemons, but sat with folded hands till he asked her to bring him the sugar. He fancied she was hurt or offended. He had lost control of his secret? Did she despise him because she had heard his heart beating at his lips? And yet he had thought—but that could not be, it was an illusion, something not possible. And thus he abandoned himself to the moment, and sought to divert her, as well as to forget, for the time. But a sudden *clairvoyance* had happened to Rhoda; as one sees the landscape in a flash of lightning, standing out, like an intaglio, so she had seen and comprehended the situation.

When she had first gone to Mr. Bertram for help it had been rather to satisfy herself that she was a martyr, and to make sure that there was no escape; and so she had gone on satisfying herself, till now the features of the case were assuming a new and alarming expression. In brief, she had grown to love her martyrdom, and to her own act she had put it beyond her reach!

You see, perhaps, what an audacious little manœuvre she had been, and how richly rewarded. She had said in her heart, "I suppose I must keep my promise, if opportunity offers"—opportunity being an alias for the young man in question—"but surely a clergyman will know best. In the mean while,

"I love not hollow cheek nor faded eye."

All is fair in love and war, and this is both. Hope I'm not conceited, but it's my belief that if a man loves one he will say so, rich or poor. I don't subscribe to that romance of papa's; so if he's an 'honorable man,' he won't trespass on what he thinks belongs to another, and thus the opportunity won't offer; and if he *can't* an honorable man, papa won't hold me to the promise. So *that's* settled."

How effectually settled she little dreamed; nor how love, like fire, had a knack of smouldering and lying perdu in unlikely places, awaiting the friction of circumstances; that, fatal to name, love is always near when one thinks of it. Truly, if fate were wont to sound a trumpet before her, one would, perhaps, be ready for the emergency.

Accordingly, the parish of Meriden was electrified on the following week by the unexpected resignation of their pastor, the Rev. Erastus Bertram. There were a host of rumors rife about the matter; some were convinced that he was going abroad for his health, which, unfortunately for their reputation for sagacity, was not impaired; others, again, fancied he must have received some fabulously magnificent call from the Far West; while yet others spoke of legacies, and hinted at a change of faith, and an ivory crucifix hanging in his study. There was only one person behind the scenes, and that was Rhoda.

But since it was inevitable, the good people who appreciated him vied with each other to make the parting a merry one; and there followed a round of tea-drinkings, which Mr. Bertram must seem to enjoy, though Rhoda absented herself from every one; and what pleasures in sipping nectar and ambrosia without her? Buffalo meat, cooked on sticks before a brushwood fire, would have been satisfying if she sat beside; but not all the wine of life and the spice thereof could atone for her absence—could be other than tasteless without her. "She is afraid of me now," he thought. "It is well that I am to go—well for us both;" and then when the day drew near for him to leave the dear fields of Meriden, where he had loved and labored, dreamed and despaired, he went to make his last call at the shrine on the hill.

He found Miss Rhoda in the cosiest chair, in the sunniest window, with the last new novel, enjoying life like a kitten, he thought; but he did not know that the leaves of the novel were uncut and sprinkled with tears; that the heart under the embroidered muslin was fluttering like a frightened bird; that the little person, with the air of unconcern and the quiet eyes, was face to face with the great possibility of life, and knew it.

"I have come to say good-by," he said, at first.

"That is a naughty word," giving him her hand languidly—"a wicked word, and I refuse to listen to it."

"I am sorry to say it," he returned; "but there are some disagreeable words that must be said and heard; and this is one."

"Why must?" giving him the tantalizing benefit of her glance.

"Because circumstance controls me."

"Outrageous circumstance! I should like to take it by the throat!"

"That's just what I have done, in order that it shouldn't seize me in a more vital place."

"Well, we are all the slaves of circumstance, Mr. Bertram," pathetically. "So you don't care at all about my struggles with fate, or you'd

stay and help me out; you haven't any interest in us now."

"Indeed, I have the deepest interest. If I have seemed indifferent to your struggles, believe me it was—it was because I could not seem to interfere; not want of interest, not that."

"And I dare say you are not at all curious about—about—any thing?"

"I should be afraid to say *how* curious," with a cold spasm about the region of the heart.

"Perhaps you may not recall what I once told you about this matter," she essayed, her voice faltering treacherously.

"To the contrary, I recall every thing; I remember the promise made in a moment of heroism—not but all your moments are heroic—smiling faintly—"your father's choice and the terrible fact that you did not love him."

"Yes; but you know," hesitatingly, "that—is—no—longer—a fact."

For one instant Mr. Bertram believed that his powers of speech were paralyzed; there was a strange, singing noise in his ear which took the tone of the old hymn he had dreamily listened to one eventful Sabbath evening:

"Let me subdue my will,
Nor seek a selfish rest,
Nor mourn when he requires of me
My dearest and my best;"

then a cold chill bathed him like an atmosphere, and all his nerves stirred and prickled him into double consciousness. He rose then, and staggered, rather than walked, to her side. At that moment there were two sensations struggling for the mastery—pain at his own infinite loss, and pleasure at her incalculable gain.

"It is a great thing," he said, in a glow of enthusiasm, pushing his pain out of sight for the nonce; "you have chosen the right, and reaped the rich reward. You have that which neither moth nor rust doth corrupt—love, the immortal. It is surely a miracle."

"Oh, do not speak to me so about it!" she cried; "I have nothing, absolutely nothing. I have given all, but he—he returns me nothing!"

"Is the man a dolt?" he exclaimed, not once questioning why she should give him such confidence, but carried along by the swollen current of his emotions. "Is he mad?" he pursued; "does he know that he is throwing away that for which another goes hungry all his days? The best of earth; the breath of heaven?"

His words were like sparks to her, struck out beneath the anvil, showing the strength of feeling which produced them, and she sat looking at him there, with her watchful, troubled gaze—at the reins standing out upon his forehead, at the eyes coruscating with the lightning of love, at the firm, unsmiling mouth.

"Do you know who he is?" she asked, with every pulse strained to detect the first change in expression, the drooping of an eyelid, the treachery of a muscle. "No, you can not guess—and I must not tell you—and you will go away and never, never know—and—"

And then, was it something in her stricken face, the wounded look of the eyes, or an inspiration of his own, sudden and effectual, that gave wings to his thought and words to his love?

Is it—can it, by any possibility, be *me*, myself? Darling, let me hear you say it, or I can never believe it. Do you love me? *Me?* Will you take me for better or worse?"

"I think—I will," she answered, with her head upon his shoulder, "because—because—a promise is a promise!"

"Why does it take you longer to dress than it does me?" said an impatient husband, whose morning paper lacked its appropriate adjunct—the cup of coffee—waiting the wife's appearance at the breakfast table. "For several very good reasons," said the wife. "In the first place, I have three times as many things to put on as you I know, for I counted them. You have ten pieces, I have thirty; yours fasten with buttons, mine with pins; yours might be called self-adjusting, while mine need an endless amount of fixing, and then think of the difference in our hair!" Here, surely, is food for thought. How to simplify dress, how to lessen the cost of living, how to make home life more enjoyable, and social intercourse more rational and satisfactory are important questions; questions that are pressing upon us for immediate solution.—[Celia Burleigh, in Woman's Journal.]

At Los Angeles, Cal., on the 2d ult., a duel was fought between one J. B. Wilson, son of a State Senator, and Capt. C. E. Bean, a journalist, and late of the Confederate service. The weapons used were rifles, and the distance thirty paces. They were placed back to back, with instructions to wheel and fire at the word. At the first signal Wilson's rifle missed fire, Bean, who had been less prompt, refused the advantage, and a second trial was had. At the word, both rifles were discharged. Wilson was wounded in the arm slightly; Bean was unharmed. The quarrel was then amicably adjusted. It grew out of a political discussion. Bean was a resident of Bangor, and was employed on the Bangor Democrat during the first part of the war, but was so intensely Democratic that he proved his faith by leaving his home here, to go South, where he joined the rebel ranks. He fought through the war in the rebel ranks, coming out with the same success that he met in the affair above stated.

GUARD AGAINST VULGAR LANGUAGE.—There is as much connection between the words and the thoughts as there is between the thoughts and the actions. The latter are not only the expression of the former, but they have a power to react upon the soul, and leave the stain of their corruption there. A young man who allows himself to use one vulgar or profane word, has not only shown that there is a foul spot upon his mind, but by the utterance of that word he extends that spot and inflames it, till by indulgence, it will pollute and ruin the whole soul. Be careful of your words as well as your thoughts. If you can control the tongue that no improper words are pronounced by it, you will soon be able, also, to control the mind, and save that from corruption. You can extinguish the fire by smothering it, or by preventing bad thoughts bursting out in language. Never utter a word anywhere which you would be ashamed to speak in the presence of the most refined female, or the most religious man. Try this practice a little while, and you will soon have command of yourself.

WASTING TIME.

"Here you are, sir, wasting your valuable time—as they say to me," said Charles Dickens one morning, many years ago, as his little boy ran up to him on the Broadstairs sands, spade in hand, and we have often wondered since how many people there are who know what is meant by wasting time.

It is very easy to make mistakes on this subject, for nothing is so deceitful as appearances. We all know that Penelope, that classical model of propriety and all the virtues, employed her time in weaving a garment by day, and unraveling it at night. She did this to keep off her lovers, who wanted to persuade her that her husband Ulysses was dead. When the suitors found with him, at all events—there is no wasting time with him, at all events—but, alas! when he arrives breathless at the winning-post, he finds the old tortoise there before him, and fast asleep too. "Ah!" says the hare, "I wish I had taken my nap at the end instead of the beginning of the race, and then I should have won it, and that tortoise would have crawled in vain; as it is, he has made good use of his time, and I have wasted mine."

What an idle man that is yonder, fishing, hour after hour! Truly a melancholy spectacle, as stern old Doctor Johnson would say. "A line with a worm at one end and a fool at the other." Wrong again! That man is an eminent statesman, who has escaped to recruit his weary brain in the company of the kingfisher and the heron. What eloquence, wisdom, and wholesome legislation do we not owe to such hours of idleness! Nay, do not some of our best and kindest thoughts often come to us as we sit on the beach and toss pebbles into the shining sea covered with its "innumerable smiles?" Recreation is not waste when it is a rest from real work and a preparation for more.

We confess we never feel at home with a man who must always be doing something. There was a French statesman who wrote a huge book by snatches, in those occasional intervals when he happened to be kept waiting for his dinner. We have not the slightest wish to see this ante-prandial performance. We have no doubt it was a very dull book, for men who are never at leisure are always dull.

Fussy men and idle men are equally insufferable to us. The real worker is never in a hurry, and the real idler, we may add, is never anything else. Who ever heard of Lord Palmerston, or the Duke of Wellington, or Lord Brougham, being in a hurry? When we see a man in a great hurry, we may be pretty certain that his profession consists in doing nothing, and that he is doing that badly. The idler man we ever knew was always so much pressed for time that he never had five minutes to spare for anything. No one need ever be in such a terrible hurry as this. If we ever find ourselves so, it is probably because we have been waiting our time. We have had no system, and have therefore, done in an hour what ought to have been finished in twenty minutes; or, like the hare, we have loitered on the way, and then we make a push for it, and arrive just in time to miss the train. How many hares there are every morning who arrive breathless in the city, because breakfast was half an hour late, or because they would not get up when the clock struck seven!

But our readers have a right to ask what constitutes, as a general rule, waste of time. We answer in a single sentence—Whatever hinders or prevents you doing your work in life. Every one should realize that his duty here consists in applying himself to some worthy work, and his time may then safely and without waste be divided into three periods—preparing for work, doing work, and resting from work. Waste of time, then, becomes a thing purely relative. What is mere waste in one case is real profit in another. The idle man who travels simply for pleasure, is simply wasting his time; the man who travels for safety, or the man who travels to get rest from work, or for the sake of his health, is not wasting or abusing his time, he is turning it to good account.

Let the heart be filled with some good principle of action, and let the mind be directed towards some congenial pursuit, and then our innocent pleasures will be as little in danger of degenerating into criminal indulgence as our wholesome recreations into waste of time.

[Cassell's Magazine.]

CEMENT FOR FASTENING INSTRUMENTS IN HANDLES.—A material for fastening knives or forks into their handles, when they have become loosened by use, is a much-needed article. The best cement for this purpose consists of 1 lb. of colophony (purchasable at the druggists') and 8 oz. of sulphur, which are to be melted together and either kept in bars or reduced to powder. One part of the powder is to be mixed with half a part of iron filings, fine sand, or brickdust, and the cavity of the handle is then to be filled with this mixture. The stem of the knife or fork is then to be heated and inserted into the cavity; and when cold it will be found fixed in its place with great tenacity.—[Scientific American.]

Of Wordsworth's "We Are Seven" a critic writes: "The main idea seems to be: a lament in an elegiac strain over the loss of the special vividness of youthful sympathy with the objective universe, followed by a noble afterthought of reconciliation with the lot of the maturing man through the deep philosophic consciousness that has supplanted the spontaneous order of childhood." One is struck by this when reading the poem.

Another practical joker has been taught a lesson. In Newburyport, Monday evening, Abner Porter left his seat for a moment, and as he was about to resume it some one pulled the chair from under him, causing him to fall and strike heavily upon his head, by which an artery was broken in his neck, and before medical assistance could be had he nearly bled to death.

WOMAN'S LOVE.—Grace Greenwood, writing to the New York Independent of the martyr-like devotion and loving recklessness of wrong and suffering exhibited by certain women, remarks:

History, literature and every day life afford rich instances of this kind of amiable insanity. We read of a gentle, royal mad woman, who, after watching tenderly by the death-bed of her faithless and unloving husband—the Charles II. of England, encompassed by a cloud of mistresses—beggared parlor with tears "for any offense she may unwittingly have committed." She is known in history as Catherine of Portugal.

Another woman of the sort, after enduring cruel unkindness and ingratitude from another royal profligate—George IV.—gave up at his wish and for his advantage, the certificate of her lawful marriage, saw it destroyed, and with it her fame. She was known as Mrs. Fitz Herbert.

Shakespeare drew such a woman, who endured with marvelous sweet patience much hard speech and evil suspicion from her husband—a Moorish gentleman, of rather jealous temper—and who when at last he proceeded to violent measures, smothered her with pillows and thrust a dagger in her faithful bosom, answered the question of "Who hath done this deed?" with the amiable lie, "Nobody—I, myself;" adding, "Commend me to my kind lord!" The name, it was Desdemona.

A poor wife, thus love-distracted, appeared in the police court yesterday, with a

Waterville Mail.

ESTABLISHED 1854. D. W. WING, EDITOR.

WATERVILLE... APR. 15, 1870.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

A. W. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 Adams street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. B. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 13 Colby's Building, Corner Street, Boston; Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Ryan, 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.

A letter addressed to the Editor of the Mail, should be addressed to "MAXIM & WING, or WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

SCHOOL DISTRICT No. 1.—At the meeting on Monday evening, which was a full one, the committee appointed at the previous meeting reported that the immediate wants of the District were one or more primary school rooms, in the vicinity of the lower Brick School House, two recitation rooms, and the repair of the Brown School House and the one on the Plain. After considerable discussion, the vote to build "a good sufficient school house," passed at the previous school meeting, was reconsidered; and then, as many who had voted to annul the former action protested that they were in favor of building a good school house, a new committee was chosen to report the wants of the District, and to present plans and specifications of the building or buildings that may be found to be needed. This committee consisted of J. Furber, G. A. Phillips, and D. R. Wing, and they are to present their report at a meeting to be held on the evening of Monday, May 2.

A correspondent of the Kennebec Journal, "D. (Drew?)" affects to discover a great deal of "unfriendly feeling toward Augusta in the columns of the Mail, simply because we have for these many years demanded that the corporations of the Augusta dam should comply with the obligations of their charter and the requirements of a law of the State, and build a fishway. It is not the first time that our appeals for simple justice have been answered in the same way in that quarter. Not a word of denial of the justice of our claim, but—"Oh! why disturb friendly relations? We are tired of hearing about that old fishway; let us alone; let us have peace; shoo, fly, don't bother me;" forgetting that the best way to promote peace and maintain friendly relations with neighbors is to treat them honorably. "Let us alone," is the cry of unjust men always and everywhere who called to an account for their misdeeds,—the Bowdoinham burglars and the paper credit brokers included. "Rebecca," said the sly old Quaker when his wife caught him kissing the servant's maid, "Rebecca, must quit thy peeping or they will make trouble in the family; and this sanctimonious protest of 'D.' and others would be equally laughable if it was not so provoking."

We have no unfriendly feelings towards Augusta. We rejoice in her prosperity, and sympathize in her misfortunes. An enlightened selfishness would prompt to so much, for none of our neighbors can thrive without measurably benefiting us, unless they do so by robbing us of what is our just due. But we trust we have a regard for Augusta beyond that which makes us anxious not only for her material prosperity but also that she should maintain a good reputation for honesty and fair dealing.

We are pleased to notice a revival in the temperance cause in many places in our State. Public meetings are held, new societies have been formed, and there is an increased determination on the part of the friends of law and order to enforce the statute against illegal liquor selling. At a meeting of young Irishmen in Bangor, on Tuesday evening, we learn from the Bangor Times, that one hundred and fifty signed the pledge and much enthusiasm was manifested. The City Marshal of that city has notified the dealers that all violators of the law after the 20th inst. will be prosecuted.

Gen. Smith's new mill is at work cutting some old logs which were held in the millpond, and thus far everything goes very nicely. New logs will be along in a few weeks, and by that time the gang saw will be in operation, and things will begin to buzz, we hope. This mill and the grist mill were running merrily right through the present freshet, with the water at a height that would stop the wheels on the dams above and below us; which is one of the facts that help to prove that our water privilege has no superior in New England.

A prize fight having been appointed on Connecticut soil by New York Roughs the Governor ordered out five companies of militia, and captured nearly a hundred of the rowdies who had been very disorderly, and lodged them in jail.

Rumors have been afloat for some time of another Fenian raid into Canada. Rather a slow way to liberate Ireland.

TRIAL JUSTICE COURT.

Justice, E. R. Drummond. April 1, 1870.
State against Joseph Pooler, for selling intoxicating liquors. Peter for Defendant, J. Nye, complain't. Witness somewhat intoxicated—had been on a spree for several days—testified he had bought 5 or 6 times that day; but on cross examination was somewhat muddled. Defendant swore positively he had not sold to him; but his attorney did not dare to risk the case here, and so asked for a continuance till Wednesday, April 6, to bring in a person that the witness said was with him once, when he bought. Case continued to that date. The Defendant being so positive in his belief that he had never sold any for a year in Waterville, the prosecutor evidently intended to convince him of his error; and so on Monday, April 4, the Defendant was brought up again on a complaint as a "common seller," and several witnesses testified to purchasing of him from one to a hundred times within a year. Others had been in to Defendant's place to see a family of "white mice." When this testimony was out, Defendant began to believe that he might have been selling. He was ordered to recognize in the sum of \$200, with two sureties, to appear at S. J. C. in Augusta; but Defendant not being quite satisfied that he had been selling, he was arraigned on another case for single sale and convicted and ordered to pay a fine of \$30 and costs. He wanted to "repeat" (meaning appeal) these cases to the higher court, and so was ordered to procure bail in the sum of \$200 or be committed. Bail was furnished, and he will have the cases "repeated" if he chooses. Some talk being made about his perjury, he began to beg for a settlement—as all rum-sellers may be made to do in a very short time if pressed as they may be under the law. He was willing to plead guilty in the case that was continued. If he was allowed to pay up and go, "he would never sell any more rum as long as he lived," &c. One of the witnesses, Francis Butler, who "could not remember" anything on this trial, but that he had been drunk about half the Sabbath for the year past, was brought up on a complaint for drunkenness and disturbance, to which he pleaded guilty; sentence 1 ct. fine and cost, and to furnish bail in the sum of \$50 to keep the peace for 60 days, in other words to keep sober 60 days. This rather brought him to his memory and he let out the man's name of whom he bought the Sunday before. This made a commotion among the guilty ones, and the next day one Alexis Lafontaine was brought up in a single sale and found guilty and fined \$30 and cost;—from which he appealed, and Butler was let off on his own recognizance and payment of costs in his case. Wednesday, April 6, Pooler again appeared but not to fight;—he was adjudged guilty in the first case against him and paid over to the tune of about \$50 in fine and cost, and begged to be "let alone" as he wanted to go off on the "Drive" on the Merrimac; the appealed cases hang till August court.

State vs. Joseph Bowe, was a short horse to curry. Joseph had learned the virtue of watchfulness by experience, having paid largely of his "hard earnings" before. The way of the transgressor is always hard. He snuffed the danger and hurried to plead guilty. A fine and cost of \$35 made him glad to give his word—as good as his rum—to sell no more of the nasty stuff; "not no time, never." Joseph's conversion will stop a deal of mischief.

It may be hereafter understood that any defendant or witness who commits perjury will be proceeded against. The smallest penalty will be two years in State prison, and it will make no difference, if the perjury is committed by the party testifying that he "can't remember," or that they had not bought or sold liquor. Those interested will take notice.

THE FISH are coming, so make ready your nets and weirs! We hope that fish enough will make their way up the Kennebec and Sebasticook to enable the people to get a taste; and having tasted once more of fish caught near their own door, we trust that they will be prepared to earnestly demand a fishway when the dam at Augusta shall be rebuilt. If that is done, and we do not then call for a fishway at the Waterville dam we will give our down river friends permission to choke us with herbing bones.

The first of the Course of lectures just arranged for this place was given on Wednesday evening last, by Hon. William Parsons. There was a good audience, and the lecture was one of rare merit.

The second lecture will be given Wednesday evening next, by Col. Higginson. Subject, "The Aristocracy of the Dollar." The wide reputation and great popularity of the lecturer ought to secure a large audience. We trust that our citizens generally who have been inquiring for lectures will see to it that the young men who have shouldered the enterprise are sustained in it. Let their commendable efforts be appreciated.

THE DESTRUCTION OF CHARLESTOWN CONVENT BY A MOB, on the night of August 11, 1834, is an interesting and seemingly fair account of the causes that led to that act, with a review of the incidents thereof, and a report of the trial of the rioters, &c., &c., copied from the Boston papers of that time; and yet we can not help wondering why it should be published at this time. It is in pamphlet form, containing 98 pages. Published by the New England News Co., Boston, and is for sale at Henrickson's.

THE TERRIBLE silver lode, of Georgetown, Colorado, of which everybody has heard, has been sold to an English company for \$550,000.

The latest report is to the effect that Lopez has been killed and his followers dispersed.

THE DEATH OF WM. H. HATCH, Esq., on Saturday last, at his home in West Waterville, will be deeply felt as a loss to our community, even beyond the warm circle of his acquaintance. He had many large personal friends, with whom he had mingled his social, political, religious and business interests and efforts, in the genial and earnest way that always commands respect. As a townsman he was positive, frank and conciliating; acting earnestly upon all questions, but standing closely by his own convictions of right. These characteristics marked the various departments of his life—moral, social—for he was even playful; and we remember hearing it said of him once, on a day he had given to recreation, that he was one of the few men who could be a boy without forgetting his manhood. His venerable years brought few shadows of old age, but he lived largely in the sunshine he distributed to others. Truly, all will say with us, one of our best men and leading townsmen has finished his course.

W. WATERVILLE, April 12th, 1870.
At a special meeting of Messalonske Lodge, No. 113, F. A. M., a Committee was appointed to draft resolutions commemorative of the death of our respected neighbor, friend and brother; who, after due consideration presented the following, which was unanimously accepted:

It is seldom that our village is called to mourn so severely as in the death of Bro. Wm. H. Hatch. There are none who will not feel, most especially, that not many times could they so mourn. He was one of the oldest residents of W. Waterville, and a great measure of his life was devoted to the interests and consequent prosperity of the family. He was a husband, father and protector; the community one of its most active and public-spirited citizens, and the town one who was keenly alive to the best interest of the greatest number.

But these are not all who are called to mourn. Another one of the "Mystic Tie" has journeyed "to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." Bro. Hatch was one of our most prompt, faithful and cheerful of the noble army of martyrs. He was a man of great energy, and a great measure of his life was devoted to the interests and consequent prosperity of the family. He was a husband, father and protector; the community one of its most active and public-spirited citizens, and the town one who was keenly alive to the best interest of the greatest number.

OUR BRIDGE.—On Tuesday last the County Commissioners decreed and located the proposed bridge between Waterville and Winslow, adopting the site of the old bridge. They give the towns till the 16th of May to begin measures for its erection. The question now to be considered candidly by our townsmen is, shall we meet the emergency in the best and most economical way, and go on and build a bridge, or shall we prolong the contest and thus add thousands of dollars to its cost? In one case we can control the quality, expense, and time of payment; in the other we leave all to others, and have to "fork over" at their command. Has not this joke gone far enough to admonish us to "be wise in season?" Let every voter answer this question candidly.

THE OLD CEMETERY lot presents an unsightly appearance, full of humps and hollows. Would it not be a good plan to plough it, level it, and put it into grass? Some persons no doubt, would be glad to do this without expense to the town, if they were allowed to remunerate themselves from the first crop.

GOOD BOOKS—how to obtain them for nothing—almost! Read the advertisement of the "Riverside Press," in another column.

The upper portion of the Bangor and Piscataquis railroad not being yet properly ballasted, passenger cars are only run between Bangor and Milo.

REV. E. KNOWLTON, of Montville, declines to be a candidate for Governor, waving his claims in behalf of Hon. Sidney Perham. So there is one candidate out of the way.

A SENSIBLE HINT.—The Bangor Whig, after mentioning the location of our bridge by the County Commissioners, adds:—"We believe the project is not popular with the citizens of the town who live at the West Village, and that an injunction is threatened, but we venture to guess that the sober second thought will convince them that it is better to let the project proceed without molestation or hindrance."

ELIUS LAWRENCE, Esq., of Fairfield, has sold "Silvereye," now coming two years old, and the "Gilbreth's Knox" stock, for over five hundred dollars.

The dam at Kendall's Mills has been somewhat damaged during the recent freshet, the upper portion for about 125 feet in length being taken off. It will probably be repaired as soon as the water subsides.

SPRING GOODS are arriving. See advertisement of E. Blumenthal & Co., who report goods almost down to ante-war prices.

REV. J. RICKER, D.D., of Augusta, will occupy the pulpit of the Baptist Church in this village next Sabbath afternoon.

THE MCFARLAND TRIAL is dragging its slow and slimy length along through the court, the defence endeavoring to establish the plea of insanity. A gushing letter of Richardson's has been introduced, written shortly after the separation in 1867, which has been extensively copied. Public opinion is evidently settling in favor of the accused.

OUR TABLE.

PETER'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for April has the following pieces of music:—
Those Sabbath Bells, a sacred song for soprano and alto; Have Charity, sung by J. Brindley of Bryant's Minstrels—poetry by F. S. Smith; "Nash the Old Elm Tree, mezzo soprano or tenor with chorus; My Poor Father is Sick with his Dreaming, words and music by T. Brigham Bishop; Special Payment, song and chorus for the times; I am Waiting for Thee, serenade for four male voices, with instrumental accompaniment; The Rosebud on the Heather, prayer for male voices; Rock of Ages, duet or chorus for soprano and alto, with accompaniment; Ye Servants of God, from Mendelssohn; Sensation Schottische; Driving in the Park; Twilight Thoughts Mazurka; Shamus O'Brien and Widow McGee; Prince Eric Galop.

Published by J. L. Peters, New York City, at \$3 a year—giving 36 pages of choice music each month for 25 cents. We will receive and forward subscriptions for this work.

[For the Mail.]

SONG FOR THE SPRINGTIME.

The Spring is a-come!—the Spring is a-come!
The birds are singing,—the insects are humming!
The waters are flowing, from Winter's chain free,
Adown the bright river unto the broad sea.

The glad birds are bustling, a fairy crown gliding,
The tops of the trees where the sunbirds are building;
The echoes are sounding through woodlands repeating,
The sweet vernal anthem of Nature's fresh greeting.

The blue skies are smiling, while zephyrs come laden
With odorous incense, like breathings from Eden;
The willows are waving to south-winds a greeting,
As they play with the buds that so coyly are peeping.

The children's gay voices from the broadwood come blending,
With musical bird-notes from where the brook bending
Goes leaping and laughing and tinkling away,
Like a light-hearted child 'mid the flowers at play.

Thank God for the Spring-time; the glorious Spring-time!
When glad birds and insects make musical rhyme;
When Nature, fresh blossoming, strewn garlands of flowers
Around on the hillside made green by the snows of Winter.

Waterville, Apr. 10th, 1870. H. M. C. E.

HIT.—In reading, the other day, a few pages of Thurlow Weed's Autobiography, we came across the following curious little "straw" that turned over in 1865. Mr. Lincoln just after his re-election, sent for Mr. Weed in order to get his advice in regard to a secretary of the treasury, anticipating the resignation of Mr. Fessenden. One after another was mentioned—and Mr. Weed says:

"I finally suggested Mr. Hamlin. 'Hamlin,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'has the Senate on the brain, and nothing more or less will cure him.' And then I gave it up, and Mr. Lincoln said, 'Let us fall back on Mr. McCulloch, who now seems most available.'"

So, we said, on reading this—what a severe spell of "Senate on the brain" our good senator must have had, to be unfit for an appointment four years before his fever turned, in 1869. Wonder if that same noble brain, weakened by so long a run of disease, is already softening under the foreshadowings of a reelection some four or five years hence? How little the world knows of the fitful fevers that fire up and burn out the brains of men, who live for, and in, and on, and hoping for, office! office!

The Boston Post is urging the discontinuance of the income tax, and thinks the people of the country generally wish for its abandonment, because it is "more hateful than all other taxes." Well, men ought to hate it; it has burdened their consciences with more perjury and falsehood than all other taxes. It is a Christian duty, as promoting the moral reform of the country, to abolish it.

The editor of the Presque Isle Sunrise, a member of the late legislature, in making some pen-and-ink sketches of his brother legislators presents the following portrait of Speaker Foster:

The Hon. Speaker, Mr. Foster, is a resident of Waterville, a member of the Kennebec club, about 35 years of age, and has been two years before this a member of the House. He has a good reputation as a lawyer, is thoroughly honest, is far above all the low tricks of the pettifogger, and when a member of the House before was noted for his modesty and unassuming manners, as he is at the bar, and in all his intercourse with the world. Before his elevation to the Speakership it was urged by the friends of other candidates that he had not that commanding force and energy of character which is essential to a good and efficient presiding officer. Yet, he very happily justified the confidence of his friends, and disappointed the predictions of his opponents. In no one case did any member take an appeal from his ruling; and he gave the utmost satisfaction to all, as the remarks of gentlemen of all parties before the adjournment fully prove. He was the right man in a good place.

The Christian Society of Albion, being well settled in their new quarters, have sold their old church to the Adventists, who are going to repair and occupy it. The Universalists have assessed \$1000 to repair their church.

THE GRAND DIVISION OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE will hold its next session at Cape Elizabeth, commencing Wednesday, April 27th.

CHICKENBERRIES.—Boys, see Dr. Percival's advertisement about chickenberry leaves &c.

Loves at Fairfield Meeting House next Tuesday evening, April 19—with dramatic and other usual attractions. The object is the support of preaching. A good object and a good time.

JERSEY STOCK.—A chance to secure choice Jersey stock is offered by Dr. Boutelle, for further particulars of which see his notice in our advertising columns.

The Machias Republican (Rep.) denies that the temperance organizations are fully committed to a temperance political party. It says:

We take the liberty to deny this assertion, and say there is no foundation for it in truth. It is as gratuitous a statement, and as reckless as well can be imagined. Take the county of Washington, for instance; we know something of the temper of the lodges, and we doubt if a single lodge in the County would vote for that idea. The actual temperance vote for Hichborn last year did not exceed fifty in the whole County, and in the County Lodge held at Donnyville last January, a resolution pledging the members to political action, was indefinitely postponed, seventeen or three.

Mr. Patterson's concert, Friday evening, was a very pleasant one, with a tolerable house. The pretty songs of two of our favorite lady vocalists, with Mrs. Percival and Miss Patterson at the piano; the charming violin performances of Mr. J. H. Patterson, and the more than excellent cornet solos of Mr. E. E. Patterson, each in their turn drew hearty applause. The Patterson brothers and sister are a musical trio that will bear high praise.

SPRING is a leaving time, not only for trees but for people and folks also, and one of the indispensable of a journey, long or short, is a travelling bag. Henrickson has them in great variety, all sizes and prices. You cannot fail to be suited, however nice or whimsical in your tastes.

GOOD ADVICE.—The Gospel Banner (Universalist) speaking with reference to no particular party but of all parties says:

We know of no cure but for good men, everywhere, to put their faces like a flint against political wrong and corruption. The pulpit must speak; the religious and secular press must speak; leading men of moral power in all parties must speak, and nominate to office only those who are morally, as well as intellectually qualified for the places to which they are elected. However profound in intellect, or acute as politicians, if they lack moral honesty, they should be "let alone severely." For ourselves we have to say that henceforth it shall be the first plank in our political creed to give our suffrage to no man for any important office who is a mere politician, or who is known to be politically corrupt; who will prostitute his political position to self, or who will be bribed to encourage interests which shall prove inimical to the interests of his country. Good men, honest men, if they can be found, first and ever. "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."

The annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of G. T., at Auburn, was considerably divided in political bias; some urging strict third party lines and others a more liberal course. The State Committee, who met at the same time, decided not to call a State convention, but proposed to wait and see what kind of temperance men are nominated by the republicans.

An ingenious robbery was committed in Plymouth, Mass., last week. The thief appeared in the role of an essence peddler, and called at the house of a Mrs. Poole. He had a variety of the articles exhibited in tasteful bottles and while the lady was tasting of this and smelling of that, the polite essence vender finally produced a neatly labelled bottle from an inner recess of his box, which he claimed contained an article in many respects superior to that of his general stock. He requested her to test it. Mrs. Poole complied by holding the opening of the phial to her nose and drawing in a full breath. The next moment she staggered to a seat, and immediately became unconscious. She had been chloroformed. The thief, having rendered the only inmate of the house harmless, set about to possess himself of the valuables on the premises. From the pocket of Mrs. Poole he took a purse containing ten dollars, and then, by searching, he found a gold watch and \$500 in money, which he appropriated, and made his escape unnoticed by any one in the neighborhood.

SABBATH SCHOOLS desiring to replenish their libraries can do so at Henrickson's, where books will be furnished at the lowest wholesale prices of the publishers.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE AND COOKERY.—Dr. Lambert, in a late lecture at Cooper Institute, New York City, said that alcohol always meant evil and was only fit to be burnt. One of the chief objections to it was the tendency it had to render a man evil-disposed toward every one else. He knew of no difference between alcohol at three cents a glass and alcohol at thirty cents a glass. No plant or animal could withstand the evil effects of alcohol and man's internal system was infinitely more delicate than theirs. As a beverage man should never use alcohol, and its use as a medicine was questionable. He thought that the temperance people overlooked the reason why people drank. It was due to a certain craving of the man's body. This could be remedied by a better selection of food and its proper cooking. The ordinary kinds of food did not possess as much of the nerve-material as the brain demanded. He sought to teach the ladies how to select the proper food, and how to cook it. We require both heat-producing and brain-nourishing food. That is the only way to avoid dyspeptic stomachs. He believed that men ought to earn all the money, and women should have care of all the ways of spending. Therefore, he begged pardon if he had trodden on the toes of any of the Woman's Rights people in suggesting that the mother, wife or sister should superintend the cooking department. [Applause.] He was perhaps, a little old-foggy in his notions. Hurd-boiled eggs were unwholesome. The brain required phosphorus. Oats were the best food for the family by far. Plain boiled oat-meal, with cream, sugar and syrup, was considered a good thing. "Middlings" or "grudgeons" were a good thing. You can not make brain out of white flour any more than you can out of sawdust. Properly cooked eggs, bought by weight, were very wholesome. They should only be warmed through. Spiced food was also bad. Fish, oysters, sardines, tripe and the brains of different animals were highly commendable. Beans should be baked from eight to ten hours. After some further remarks on the cooking question the Doctor said that if our men and women would pay more attention to the selection and cooking of food, that craving of the body which led men to seek intoxicating drinks would be done away with. Educate your children and give them plenty to do.

A correspondent of the Lewiston Journal, writing from Hartford, Conn., says:

A distinguished Democratic lawyer has inaugurated a temperance movement here, which I commend to the same class of men in Maine. It would do more good in Maine, and be more to their credit, than their agony to keep the breath of life in the defunct fossil remains of their dead and buried party. The gentleman referred to is the worthy head of "The Good Samaritans," an organization to reform drunkards. He holds his meetings in the Opera House, Sunday evenings, and religious singing and prayers are interspersed with temperance addresses, which are short and piquant. The pledge is then circulated, and many are taking it.

THE SPRING CAMPAIGN in the household generally opens with a wholesale renovation, and this includes new paper on the walls. In anticipation of this condition of things, Mr. C. A. Henrickson has got in an extra large stock of room papers, various styles and prices, including a great variety of elegant patterns in gilt. Step into his store, one door north of the Post Office, and look at his stock, which he assures us will be sold at low figures.

CURTAINS, both cloth and paper, with fixture to match, will be found at Henrickson's, and the prices are as low as you can in reason expect even with gold almost down to par.

We are put into this empty world to be trained. We came empty handed into it, and we go empty handed out of it. And that shows us what the good of life is intended to be—an interior thing. It is something a man can have even when his arms lie crossed in his coffin. And that good is his discipline of spirit. The training and culture of the soul is the great matter. But if the good of life is what its discipline amounts to, then there is no circumstance of life which may not be without its profit. Is a man rich? Why, then, he has the discipline of wealth. How he uses riches is his trial experience. Is a man poor? Poverty is his trial experience. How he bears want is the important problem for him. There is not a circumstance of any man's life, prosperous or adverse, but in this theory of the value of life, finds its place. And each circumstance, in its turn, may equally secure life's good. A man may be gaining it when he is accumulating wealth, or when wealth is fleeing from him; when he is in health, or when he is sick; when he rejoices or when he weeps. Discipline is accomplishing its purpose. He is getting the good of life. "What is life doing for me," then, is a question which has, for a good while, turned my thoughts inward instead of outward. I don't expect to find my answer in a bank account. I look not first to see whether life is going well, in such matters as social standing, political preference, or literary repute. I ask myself, in quiet hours, "Is the discipline of life making me humbler, stronger, more patient, more Christian?" "Is life doing this best thing that it ever does for any one, fitting me for usefulness in the present, and for a readiness to meet whatever comes after?" [Rev. G. L. Walker, in Association Monthly.]

The latest story of progress in Hindostan has a certain grim picturess which is almost humor. The great festival of Juggernaut was held at Serampore. We all know what this used to be—for is it not in all the missionary story-books and pictorial geographies?—the priests upon the platforms of the huge cars-dancing and shouting, hundreds of worshippers pulling at the ropes, and crazy devotees flinging themselves beneath the wheels. This year the crowd attracted by the spectacle was small. The cars were dragged a short distance, by hired men, and then left half in a muddy ditch, with the idols still in them and the flags flying. When the priests ordered the people to pull the irreverent populace cried out, "Why don't you come down and pull yourselves?" Nobody was crushed, nobody was hurt, and only three men got drunk!

ANECDOTE OF BISMARCK.—A pleasant story has lately circulated about Count Bismarck. A county clergyman, an old fellow colleague of the Count's was anxious to get his son into the marines, and at length summoned courage to address his quondam comrade, entreating, however, but faint hopes of the great minister remembering him. Not being much in the habit of writing to grandees, the good man could not for some time determine how to begin, but at length commenced his letter: "Your Highness." He soon received the following: "You old blockhead you! do you think I have forgotten the happy time when we studied and drank together in Göttingen, and when we were so often waiting on each other? And now, how can you address me in such a foolish way? Pray never again call me Highness. Let us continue on the same terms as of old. As to your boy, send him to me. I'll take care of him."

"The Best the Cheapest."
Has a record 1st Narragansett Park, Providence, of 1 half mile in a race 1:10-1/4, quarter 34 1/2 seconds.
TO MY PATRONS.
The constantly increasing business at my Hardware Store at Kennebec Mills, the past fourteen years, has induced me to enlarge my store to more than double its former size, so that now it is one of the largest and most convenient in the State for the business of a hardware store. I have a complete stock of first class Hardware, Iron, Steel, Stoves, Tin-Ware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.
I invite particular attention to the quality and prices in comparison to others, feeling confident that my experience of OVER TWENTY YEARS.
In the Tin, Stove and Hardware business will insure an advantage, to my customer, more favorable than at any other place on the State.
The Peerless Cook Stove.
Which took the First Prize at the Paris Exposition and is claimed as the leading stove in the world for wood and coal. It has received a large number of other Virre Prizes.
FRAT'S ADMIRAL.
This stove is my chief of all others yet put in the market. I take much pleasure in showing it to all interested, and ask an examination by those wishing to purchase a first class Cook Stove, for wood or coal. Customers in the neighboring towns will find it to their interest to buy one. It stands amongst stoves as the Clipper among stands amongst other moving machines.
It was awarded the 1st Prize at the Mechanics Fair at Boston 1869. Lorenzo Dow, Fairfield House, Ruel W. Woodman of Kendall's Mills, and D. A. Blaisdell of Clinton have them in use.
Barstow Cook Stove.
A very good stove with Hot Blast underneath.
Richmond Range.
A very nice working stove for wood or coal, now the leading stove in Augusta.
WATER TOWN COOK, MONITOR, TROPIC, BANGOR COOK, FARMERS' COOK, WHITE MOUNTAIN, AND OTHERS.
Open Soapstone Stove.
AND SOAPSTONE DOUBLE BASE PARLOR STOVES, the very best heating stove yet put in the market for wood.
PEERLESS BURNERS, a self-feeding oil stove, perfectly beautiful. PARLOR PARLOR, with a nice oven. These stoves have more superior qualities than any other. Parlor Cook Stove invented. PEERLESS PARLOR, very similar to the Peerless Parlor, and at a low price. Has an oven.
Cog Wheel Wringing Machine.
Also THE BALLET, WASHING AND WRINGING MACHINE COMBINED being the very best wringer and I think the very best washer ever made. It should have a superior economy in its working of the convenience. A boy ten years old can do the washing and wringing and with no need to exerting. I buy them in large lots and sell them cheap.
Ladies wishing to examine our new style of BRITANNIA WARE, or beautiful Toilet Wares, something new, beautiful, proof and really beautiful, please call, and while here don't fail to examine Frate's Admiral.
I employ the best of France and buy with the best stock.
The Best the Cheapest.
Kendall's Mills, Jan. 1870.—J. H. GILBRETH.

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.
E. MAXHAM. DAN L. R. 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 arrears 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
For one square, (one inch on the column) 1 month, .75
For one square, (one inch on the column) 2 weeks, .50
For one square, (one inch on the column) 1 week, .25
For one square, (one inch on the column) 10 days, .15
For one square, (one inch on the column) 5 days, .10
For one square, (one inch on the column) 3 days, .05
For one square, (one inch on the column) 1 day, .02
For one square, (one inch on the column) 10 days, .15
For one square, (one inch on the column) 5 days, .10
For one square, (one inch on the column) 3 days, .05
For one square, (one inch on the column) 1 day, .02
Special notices, 25 cents per line; Reading matter not less than 10 lines.

POST OFFICE NOTICE—WATERVILLE.
DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

Western Mail leaves daily at 10 A. M. on Sat. 9 A. M.
Augusta " " 10 " " 9 " "
Eastern " " 4:30 P. M. " 4:10 P. M.
Stowegon " " 4:30 " " 4:10 "
Norwich " " 4:45 " " 4:30 "
Bellevue Mail leaves
Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 A. M.
Office hours from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M.
C. R. McFADDEN, P. M.

FACT, FUN, AND FANCY.

A youth asked Count Montmorency the memoir writer to teach him the art of succeeding in society. "Oh, it is simple enough," said the Count. "Talk to the middle-aged and young ladies, and listen when the old ones talk to you."

The Machine Republican, having a controversy with the Temperance Advocate, revives the latter paper for "fighting battles with windmills," which is a specimen of the figure of speech known as the boomerang. [Portland Daily Advertiser.]

We find in the Maine Farmer that the experiment tried at the State Agricultural College of putting in grain that had been cut but one day, didn't work advantageously.

Rev. S. M. McKown, pastor of the Free Baptist Church in West Waterville, has resigned his charge on account of ill health, and his resignation has been accepted.

The jealous man is always hunting for something he doesn't expect to find, and after he has found it, he is not satisfied. He is always happy just in proportion as he is miserable.

The Times' Washington correspondent says Butler looks like an old Roman coin, stamped with the face of the earliest Cossars.

A cedar log has been put into Dead River measuring 1623 feet. It is the property of Charles and Elias Miliken of Augusta. What becomes of Lebanon alongside of these little twigs?

An exclamation says: "You might as well attempt to change the head of an elephant with a thimble as to attempt to do business and ignore printer's ink."

The Philadelphia man who advertises that he will buy "old iron, copper and pugmug," must be new at the business. He knows little about "Spelter."

The Boston Post styles the proposed amendment of the Constitution giving women the ballot the "Sweet Southwind."

There is a good deal of opposition in California to a recognition of the rights conferred by the Fifteenth Amendment.

Sawdust pills are said to be a very excellent remedy, after all, in many diseases—if the patient makes his own sawdust.

Mr. Greeley's stereotyped answer to all persons in the city who write to him about getting employment is: "Westward, hoe."

A CARD.

The Ladies of the Universal Society in Waterville would hereby to their grateful acknowledgments, especially to the students of the University, and to the Patterson family of Augusta, who rendered such important and gratuitous aid in the series of exercises at the late Ladies' Convention, and also to the Ladies of the Universal Society in Waterville, for their liberal patronage.

Waterville, April 11. 42 PER ORDER.

THE GREAT BIBLICAL WORK OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—There never was a time when the human mind was more active in its inquiry into the meaning and authority of the Bible; and there never was a time when greater help was given to the intelligent student. Take Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," for instance. Here is a book, which no one can afford to have prepared, but which embodies the labors of upwards of one hundred of the first Biblical scholars in the world. It is the high water-mark of Christian scholarship. The English edition was no sooner completed than Hurd & Houghton, New York publishers took it, placed it in the hands of Professor H. B. Hackett, perhaps now the foremost Biblical scholar in the country, and associated with him Dr. Ezra Abbot, of Hartford University, who has a microscopic eye for errors of every kind. These, assisted by more than twenty eminent divines and scholars in America, have produced an edition which must take rank as better than the best, for it contains all that was in the great English Edition, with maps and engravings, and has important matter added to it. It must be many years before we shall see any book that begins to compete with this for completeness and thoroughness. No one who studies the Bible can afford to be without it. It is furnished to agents and sold by subscription in New England by the house of H. O. Houghton & Co., Cambridge, Mass.

The commissioners on fisheries, a few days since, deposited in the hatching works of Mr. C. Pottle, in Alna, eight thousand salmon eggs, from Ontario. They are in good condition, and far advanced in incubation, and may be expected to hatch during the present month.

Dr. True announces the discovery of the skeleton of a walrus in a bed of blue clay 12 feet below the surface, in the town of Union. The digging of a well led to its discovery.

The alarming disease reported as "spotted fever," recently raging at North Haverhill, N. H., is now reported by experienced physicians as the unmistakable *trichina spiralis*. Every symptom of trichina is shown by the cases investigated.

We find in the Augusta Journal a letter from the venerable Judge Nathaniel Weston, in which he states that he gave to the father of the late Hon. George Evans the appointment of clerk in his Court, in order that funds might be obtained for the collegiate education of young Evans.

"Let them learn first," says Paul, "to show piety at home." Religion begins in the family. One of the holiest sanctuaries on earth is home. The family altar is more venerable than any altar in the cathedral. The education of the soul for eternity begins by the fireside. The principle of love, which is to be carried through the universe, is first unfolded in the family.

Morality grows from Nature; spirituality grows from God.

CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply at the live stock market, though larger than last week, was all taken at slightly advanced prices, and the expectation of cheap meat cannot be realized this week. The prospect now is that this hope of the consumers is likely to be deferred for several weeks to come, though the usual effect of a rise in prices is to increase the supply sufficiently to cause a reaction.—Boston Advertiser.

Jack Reynolds, who said "hanging was played out" in New York, was hung on Friday last for murder.

Daniel Smith, of Bangor, pension agent, has absconded. He had defrauded the government by forged papers, and appropriated the money of widows and orphans.

Good Food and Plenty of It, produces the same effect upon a person who has been starved that the Peruvian Syrup, and Iron Tonic, does upon the weak and debilitated. It makes them strong and vigorous, changing weakness and suffering into strength and health.

Reports from Cuba say that General Jordan decoyed a large Spanish force into an ambush, where it was terribly cut to pieces. The Spanish bank has loaned the government \$500,000.

NOTICES.

A COUGH, COLD, OR SORE THROAT.

Requires immediate attention, as neglect often results in an incurable Lung Disease.

Brown's Bronchial Troches.

Will most invariably give instant relief. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumption and Throat Diseases, they have no equal.

SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS use them to clear and strengthen the voice.

Owing to the good reputation and popularity of Troches, many worthless and cheap imitations are offered which are good for nothing. Be sure to obtain the true

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

SOLD EVERYWHERE 10 Cents per box.

CONSUMPTION.

The Three Remedies, GOLD, BRONCHIAL SYRUP, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and every form of Consumption. The peculiar action of this medicine ripens the matter in the lungs, dissolves the corrupt matter by expectoration, purifies the blood, and thus cures Consumption, when every other remedy fails.

The Pulmonic Syrup ripens the matter in the lungs, dissolves the corrupt matter by expectoration, purifies the blood, and thus cures Consumption, when every other remedy fails.

The Mucilage of the Lung, dissolves the corrupt matter in the lungs, dissolves the corrupt matter by expectoration, purifies the blood, and thus cures Consumption, when every other remedy fails.

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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 of the worst cases of Stricture and all other Menstrual Derangements from whatever cause. All letters for advice must contain \$1. Office, No. 9 Endicott Street, Boston.

N. B.—Board furnished to those desiring to remain under treatment. Boston, July, 1869. sly 3

Marriages.

In Tallus, Ill., Oct. 23d, '69, Mr. William H. Low, formerly of Waterville, and Miss Mary K. Hicks, of Tallus.

Deaths.

In West Waterville, April 9, Wm. H. Hatch, Esq., aged 66 years.

In Anson, April 4, Joel Hilton, aged 41 yrs. 9 mos.

NEW STOCK.

Just Opened at

E. BLUMENTHAL & CO.

Comprising all the Latest Styles of DRY AND FANCY GOODS.

Which have been bought recently and will be sold at a GREAT REDUCTION FROM FORMER PRICES.

Please call and look for yourselves, before purchasing.

Riverside Press.

BIBLE DICTIONARY.

RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE.

CHARLES DICKENS.

MOTHER GOOSE.

HEALTH BY GOOD LIVING.

Next to the Bible and Webster's Dictionary there is no book so essential to every family as a

DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE.

When you buy a Dictionary you get an Unabridged, or you are not satisfied. In getting a Dictionary of the Bible, it is sound sense to get the very best in the market. There is no question whether that is

SMITH'S UNABRIDGED.

now publishing in parts. Three volumes have appeared, and the fourth will be completed this year in monthly parts. Subscribe now; get the three volumes and receive the parts as they come out. It is the

GREAT BIBLICAL WORK OF THE XIX CENTURY.

Dr. Howard Crosby says of it: "It is worth more on a B. B. reader's desk than fifty commentaries." We can find plenty of unsatisfactory abridged dictionaries, but no one should be satisfied until he has

The Very Best in the English Language.

Price in numbers, 75 cents each. There will be 32 numbers. Three volumes now ready (24 Nos.), \$6.50 each.

N. B.—Any one sending the names of three subscribers with the money will receive the Dictionary free.

A MAGAZINE FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

No family that has children in it should fail to have the "prince of juvenile magazines" (see "Sabbath at Home")—

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A SUPERB ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.

It stands at the head of juvenile literature in America. The subscription price is \$2.50 a year, but any one who sends the names of four subscribers and \$10 will receive the Magazine free for a year.

N. B.—Special attractions begin with the May number, and those who choose can send \$1.75 and receive the Magazine for eight months.

Charles Dickens.

Now is the time, when Dickens is to be talked about for a year, to send his splendid novels. There is no edition in the market so cheap and complete as

THE GLOBE EDITION.

14 vols. \$21.00. All volumes sold separately.

N. B.—For the names of 16 new subscribers to the "Riverside Magazine" and \$10, the publishers will send free of expense a complete set of the GLOBE EDITION.

MOTHER GOOSE.

Mother Goose has had justice done her in a SUPERB EDITION, illustrated by eighteen full page pictures by L. S. STEPHENS, and containing the best known and most popular of her fables, as given by GASTON FAX. It has the full account of Mother Goose, valuable historical notes, and is altogether

The most notable Picture Book of the Season.

Price in fancy cloth, \$3.75.

N. B.—This book will be sent as a price to any one forwarding three new subscriptions to the "Riverside."

HALL'S HEALTH BOOK.

Dr. Hall, Editor of "Hall's Journal of Health," is perhaps the best known health physician in the country. He has prepared an eminently practical book called

HEALTH BY GOOD LIVING.

It gives a plain and intelligible account of the common things that affect our health—diet, food, clothing, exercise, sleep, and it illustrates the prevention and cure of disease by natural agencies.

CONTENTS.

The Object of Eating. When to Eat. What to Eat. How Much to Eat. Regularity in Eating. How to Eat. Billiousness.

Dyspepsia. Nervousness. The Unity of Disease. Air and Exercise. Food Cures. Billiousness.

The book is having a large sale, and its second common sense edition is to every intelligent reader. Price \$1.50. Sent by mail to the Publishers at any address.

A General Descriptive Catalogue of "Riverside Press" Publications will be sent to any address on receipt of a postage stamp.

For any or all of the above, address the Publishers,

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