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Maxham & Wing

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HOW I FOUND MY FATE.

(Concluded.)

Aunt Floranthé had a more favorable opinion of men: she was a woman of one book, and that one, *Sir Charles Grandison*. At the last moment she called me into her bedroom and drew a vivid comparison between the perils of matrimony encountered by Harriet Byron on her visit to London and those which I might look for in New York.

"Do you, suppose, auntie," I asked with wicked levity, "that a row of fine young men will be waiting for me at the cars, and running after me all the time to offer themselves?"

"I hope it won't be so bad as that," said Aunt Floranthé, seriously; "but don't you know how hard the New York girls are spoken of in the papers? Nobody wants to marry them because they paint their cheeks and are so extravagant. I guess they will know a nice modest girl, with a pious bringing-up, when they see one."

"I hope so, I am sure."

"And, Marian," she went on in a whisper, "lest a bird of the air should carry it to her sister's ears, 'if you should see anybody anywhere like Sir Charles who seems to like you, don't be too stiff with him; and if it comes out right, I'll give you all my sheets and pillow-cases. I do wish I could be there to advise you."

I put up a mental thanksgiving that she could not, but I must confess that I pondered her advice in my heart most of the night, without a thought for Aunt Rebecca's wisdom.

Miss Janet traveled as heartily as she did everything else, and criticised the passengers and the scenery with equal freedom.

"Verily, the Philistines be upon us!" she said as a dozen or more lackmen attacked her right and left; but she charged in among them valiantly, selected the least vociferous one, and scattered the rest like chaff before the wind.

Even the splendors of that noble caravanserai, the "Aladdin," did not abash her spirit in the least.

"Are you the head man here?" she said, marching up to the desk, with me following in her wake.

"I represent him, madam," said the gentlemanly clerk.

"Well, I've just come from most the highest place in New Hampshire, and I've heard you keep your attics for country-folks: now I live in a one-story house when I'm at home, and have the rheumatism besides, and I can't go up more'n three pair of stairs. If you've got a room no higher than that, say so: if not, I'll look farther."

I know not if this address made any difference, but we were at once furnished with a pleasant room within Miss Janet's limits.

Her ideas must have been made on a large scale to begin with, for all the little economies of her life had not narrowed them. She viewed the gay upholstery and herself in the long mirrors with a complacent yet critical eye.

"It hasn't got but one fault, as I see," was her conclusion: "it's too high-studded for comfort."

The first morning we took an early breakfast, and found no one in the dining-room but a few business men. Afterward, Miss Janet insisted on waiting till eight o'clock, though it broke the habit of a lifetime.

"We've come to see the folly of it, and we'll see it. When you're in Turkey you must gobble."

The magnificence of the dining-room at the "Aladdin," which seems to frown on any food less refined than nightingales' tongues and peacocks' combs, at first took away my appetite, but I soon recovered it. In time I got over the idea that everybody was looking at me, and dared to take notes for myself. Miss Janet's notes were always audible to the half-dozen people who frequented the same small table with us.

Two young men always sat opposite to us at breakfast, and I could not help smiling back sometimes to the merriment which danced in the eyes of one of them when Miss Janet was more than commonly graphic. Those eyes were the only fine features about him: he was decidedly homely, in the Yankee sense of the word; but his eyes lighted up his face, just as the flower which he sometimes wore in his buttonhole brightened the rest of his dress. I wondered if he dared to be sentimental enough to wear it to his business.

"That old woman is as good as a play," I heard him say once as we were close behind him in the hall. "I wonder how she is related to that little rosebud of a girl that sticks so close to her?"

"Mother, perhaps," said his companion.

"Can't be. Didn't you hear her say this morning she thanked her stars that she was never in bondage to any man?" And then they were out of hearing.

If Miss Janet had heard it too, she made no sign. It was very pleasant—the "rosebud of a girl." I thought of it often through the day. Miss Janet was punctual as a town clock; it would have been safe to set your watch by her any time; and we had nearly reached the dining-room door next morning when she stopped and began to search herself in a distracted way.

"There! I've certainly left my glasses up stairs. I'll leave 'em to you in my will if you'll run up and get 'em for me. There's some stairs at the end of this hall that'll take you there quicker: I was prowling round last night, and found 'em."

I was rushing quickly through the hall to which Miss Janet had pointed, when I saw a young girl coming fast toward me, dressed in white like myself, and with a strangely familiar face. I went to one side to pass her: she turned the same way, and I brought up hard against the great mirror which formed one end of the hall. For the fraction of an instant I saw myself, and was bitterly disappointed. Could it be that I was no prettier than that? The shock was severe enough to bring tears to my eyes.

"Are you hurt?" said a voice beside me, and I looked again into the pleasant eyes of my neighbor across the table. It was the one who had called me "a rosebud of a girl."

"No, I am not hurt."

"What is it, then?"

"I was only disappointed a little."

"Disappointed! What do you mean?"

Then I realized the absurdity of having committed myself to a stranger, but being in for it, there was nothing left but to explain:

"I mean that I saw myself as others see me, and was the least bit disappointed that I did not look better."

"What a vain little girl you must have been!" and he went on his way, repeating in a low tone, but I caught it—

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!
It would frae many a wincey free us,
And foolish notions!"

I thought, how could anything have been more unlooky than my foolish confession? But before I found the glasses I had strained a drop of comfort out of my reply.

I persuaded Miss Janet to wait in the parlor till she should have left the dining-room; and when we went to the table at last a splendid

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white flower, the like of which had never blessed my sight before, lay beside my plate. Miss Janet took no notice, and I carried it away with me.

In the evening we caught a rumor of a banquet to be given in honor of a scientific man who had just made the world ring with a great success: we joined ourselves to the crowd in the parlors, who were lounging about if peradventure they might catch "some collateral sweets" and "sidelong odors" from the feast.

"Miss Perkins," said the hotel clerk suddenly appearing at her elbow, "one of your neighbors at table wishes to be introduced to you and Miss Gay. Let me make you acquainted with Mr. Van Hoek." And my bright-eyed friend sat down beside Miss Janet and made talk with her, till I could look at him without blushing at the thought of my morning trouble.

"I suppose you're a Dutchman," said Miss Janet, breaking a pause.

"I beg you won't suppose anything of the sort. My family have been born in this country since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Miss Gay, the ladies are beginning to come to the banquet (at least to the after-dinner), for they are not admitted till after the dinner. Will you walk in the hall with me and see them come out of their dressing-rooms?"

I went gladly, but when I was leaning on his arm I had nothing to say for myself. I had thought when I went about with the young farmers at home, and was so tired of their talk about their breed of sheep and their "madder-land," that I should be perfectly at ease with such young men as were described in my favorite stories—city-bred, cultivated and well-mannered—yet here was their very model, and I was dumb: it was my second disappointment in that day.

"Oh, don't go there!" I entreated as he turned into the hall where was the great mirror. "I was so silly this morning."

"Not at all. I suppose every woman thinks herself prettier than she really is—it's a part of her happiness—but not one in a thousand would have acknowledged her mistake as you did. I haven't deliberately gone about the world with Diogenes' lantern looking for an honest woman, but I was very glad to find one, nevertheless."

"This was pleasant, but oppressive."

"I wish I knew the names of some of these ladies," I said; "they look so lovely they ought to be famous."

Just then an exquisite robe of white satin covered with lace and rosebuds flitted across the hall: it was so perfect that I forgot to look at the face that crowned it.

"I'm glad to be able to gratify you in one or two instances," said Mr. Van Hoek. "That one in white was Miss Caroline Petticoes. She knows all that is worth knowing in the art of dress."

The name was familiar. All at once I remembered the *Potiphar Papers*, and realized that my new friend was quietly amusing himself at my expense.

"I did not see her face," I said; "is she pretty?"

"Perfect as a wax figure. Now look at this one in black lace and corals: it is Ethel Newcome, who scorns all these airy nothings, but comes, nevertheless."

Then a great wave of bright colors and gleaming shoulders swept across the hall into the ante-room: the doors were shut, and the performance was over for us.

"I am sorry not to have seen Polly Potiphar and Mrs. Pendermis: they are great friends of mine," I said. "Miss Janet is looking for me: I must leave you now." I would not look at him, and gathered nothing from his quiet "good evening."

"There's no nonsense about that young man," said Miss Janet: "he treats right up to the dough-dish and gets introduced to me first, instead of winking and blinkin' at you behind my back."

Meeting us in the hall next morning, he made particular inquiries for Miss Janet's health, and gave me a snowy camellia, in a nest of rosebuds, saying under his breath "A peace-offering."

In hotel-life a mere bud of acquaintance soon blossoms into intimacy. In the most natural way in the world I was sure to see Mr. Van Hoek two or three times a day, and a week made us old friends.

Miss Janet was an omnivorous reader; there was not a book in Becham that she had not read again and again; and when Mr. Van Hoek introduced her to a circulating library, she browsed on it all day and every day, and brought home a book for the evening. I began to see New York through his eyes; and it might as well have been London or Paris, for all the resemblance it bore to the city of which I had caught glimpses from under Miss Janet's wing.

She kept us always in sight for a time, but after trying Mr. Van Hoek with many test questions, and springing various original traps upon him, from which he came out scatheless, she suffered me to go about under his sole care.

"You don't want an old dragon like me always taggin' after you," she said one day; "but see here, boy: I want you to remember there's some old folks up in Becham that set their eyes by that gal, and you must be sure to keep hold of her when you're crossin' the street."

Mr. Van Hoek gave his promise, and kept it to the letter.

His manner to me was so winning that I soon told him all about the farm and my maiden aunts, even about my school-fortune and how I was spending it—everything that there was to tell about myself; yet he gave me no grain of his own confidence in return for mine.

Only once, in a quiet avenue, he bade me walk more slowly, and I saw him mount the steps and let himself into a stately house; he came out presently with a few of those strange flowers which had puzzled me before.

"Now confess," he said, "that you are dying to know how I came by them."

"I plead guilty."

"It is my sister's house, left in a servant's care while she is away. I have a key and sleep there nearly every night."

And this was literally all I knew of him. I sat in the parlor one evening in the early twilight, reading the last pages of one of his books and listening for his step in the hall, when a girlish apparition suddenly entered the room and pulled the bell-cord impatiently; then with a little whirl she sat down on a sofa. When the waiter appeared, she said with a supercil-

ous air which can be attained only by severe practice,

"If Mr. Sydney Van Hoek has come in, tell him a lady wishes to see him at once."

The name startled me a little, and perhaps she perceived it, for she glanced at me carelessly and coldly, then more intently, till her look hardened into a stare. Her face was wonderfully pretty, and her whole attire so perfect, with a certain Frenchness about it not to be described, but sure to be felt by all womankind, that I felt myself at once the most unmitigated dowdy that ever left her native hills.

I would not stay to witness her meeting with Mr. Van Hoek; the dreadful difference between us would dawn upon him if he should see us together. In avoiding Scylla of course I fell into Charybdis.

"What are you running away for?" said my friend, meeting me just at the door. "I thought it was you who sent for me."

"You know better. I would not send for you if I never saw you again."

"Are you not coming down again?"

"Not to-night."

Then I left him and my delusion behind me.

In the instant when that dreadful young woman asked for Mr. Van Hoek the veil of friendship which had hid my regard for him was rent in twain, and I realized that he was my "man of men."

My heart sank lower and lower, till I seemed to be dragging an actual weight up the stairs like a convict. I had no reason to hope that he regarded me in any other light than as a little country girl who amused him. There seemed to be nothing left but to go home and fight it out alone.

"Miss Janet," said I, "we have been here nearly three weeks; my fortune must be nearly spent."

"What's a week to a settin' hen?" said Miss Janet. "I ain't near ready to go home yet, and you've got money enough for a week or two more. They take off a lot from the regular price when you stay a good while."

"Do they?" I said listlessly.

"To be sure, or they will when I've argued it with 'em; but what's come over you? If that Dutchman has said anything to you that you don't like, I'll go down and give him a piece of my mind that'll last him the rest of his life."

"No, no; he hasn't said a word."

"Oh, that's the trouble, is it? Well 'tain't time. Just you keep a stiff upper lip and wait. Men are as contrary as hens; you never know when they'll fly in your face."

This was so unbearable that I laid my head on her shoulder and told her all my trouble, which did seem to grow less bitter when I put it into words.

"She stared at me, that pretty Gorgon down stairs, as if she read all my liking for Mr. Van Hoek in my face," said I, wetting Miss Janet's best collar through and through with tears.

"I always heard it took two to make a stare," said Miss Janet, meditatively.

Then she stroked my hair a long time with her horny hand, and at last she spoke her mind:

"If you go home now, you'll be an old maid as sure as a gun, because you'll waste all your young years gettin' over this. There's a good many kinds of old maids—doleful ones, like your aunt Rebecca: her harp's been on the willers for years and years—and there's sentimental ones, like Floranthé, that can't think of nothin' but marryin' and givin' in marriage, so that I wonder what they'll have to talk about when they get to heaven, where there ain't no such thing. Then there's the stiff, independent kind, like me, that everybody gets a wide berth to. I don't think you are cut out to be an ornament to either of them classes. It don't follow because you can see into your own heart that there's a winder in it for anybody else to look through. If you're happy with him, and can have a fortnight more of it, it's so much clear gain; you won't have no heavier load to take home with you than then now. And you won't be sorry for it when you're old, and all the rough places in your life get kind of moss-covered with much thinkin' about 'em. After all, a good sharp agony is better than an emptiness, you may take my word for it."

I did take Miss Janet's word for it, and was comforted.

I meant to say no word to Mr. Van Hoek concerning his visitor, but he began it:

"Did you see my cousin last night?"

"I suppose so."

"And she saw you; indeed I think she came chiefly for that. She recognized us in the avenue that day, and she has always looked upon me as her especial property."

"Then you must some time have given her the little deeds," said I, half questioning him; but he immediately became silent and grave, and could not be induced to mention her afterward.

My last fortnight was undeniably happy; I owed it to Miss Janet on our last evening, just before Mr. Van Hoek found us in one of those little parlors which make the "Aladdin" so homelike in spite of its immensity.

"I wish I could take you somewhere for a last look at New York," he said. "Can you think of any place?"

"I should like to walk up Broadway, in the brightest part, once more," said I, "for I may never see it again."

"Never" is a dreadful long word," said Miss Janet.

"We will go this minute," said Mr. Van Hoek.

"Do you remember," said he when we were walking slowly up the street, "how Traddles and 'the dearest girl' used to walk out in the London gait, and select in the shop-windows what they would give each other if they were rich enough? I am not very rich, but I want to give something to another dearest girl if she will take it. It is only for remembrance," he went on, as he slipped a ring on one of the fingers that lay within his arm. "I am bound by a single thread from asking you for all that woman can give. If I can snap that thread, I will come to you at midnight, but I may find it a rope that I cannot break without dishonor, and then we must both forget this pleasant month as soon as may be."

"There are things that will not let themselves be forgotten," I said after a while; "but it is joy enough for me to know that you will wish to come to me."

"My little wild rose," he said in the shadow of the doorway, "are you sure that thought would be joy enough? Would you never care for more?"

He drew me close to him for an instant, and then put me away suddenly, and we went up stairs to find Miss Janet as if nothing had happened.

When I could look at my hand I saw the small and brilliant diamond which I had often noticed on his own finger. Miss Janet saw it at once, but said not a word, which would seem to prove that she was either more or less than a woman.

I was in a sort of glorified state, neither in nor out of the body, on the journey, till just at dusk we jolted over the Hill Difficulty into Becham.

"There'll be sure to be some news, said Miss Janet: "a kettle never boils till you take your eye off of it, and nothing ever happens till you go away for a week, and then some old critter will come to a realizin' sense that he's lived long enough; and when you come home, you'll find an empty place in the meetin'-house."

"Anybody dead or married?" she asked after the first buzz of welcome.

"Not exactly—only Deacon Robbins is courtin' Floranthé," said Aunt Rebecca.

"While there's life there's hope," said Miss Janet, with uplifted hands.

"Did you get your money's worth?" said my father to me.

"I don't know yet."

"When will you know, then?"

"When the dividends begin to come in, to be sure," said Miss Janet, coming to the rescue promptly.

The first one came over two or three weeks later, in the shape of a beautiful little picture, with the name of a well-known artist in the corner. A young girl leans on the fence in a mossy old orchard in a listening attitude, while out of her sight, yet hastening toward her rides the lover. The one word "Waiting" was printed on the frame. It kept my heart up wonderfully.

When midsummer began, I tramped upon all the New England properties by wearing my best dresses and my freshest ribbons every day, and verily I had my reward.

I ran down one evening to see Miss Janet, and seated at her tea-table as naturally as if he had eaten his first bread and milk there, was Mr. Van Hoek. We took a little walk through the orchard by and by, and he never asked any questions at all that I remember, but just took things for granted, in the masterful way which some men are born with.

But I "speered at" him after this wise: "You mentioned a certain 'thread' once upon a time; did that beautiful cousin of yours hold the other end of it?"

"Yes, if you will have it. We were boy and girl lovers, but we soon quarreled. She became secretly engaged to an intimate friend of mine—a fact which I constantly suspected, but could never verify. When she heard of you, she threatened to hold me strictly to my old promise."

With great difficulty I impressed upon him the necessity of keeping early hours in the country in spite of the bewitching moonlight in Miss Janet's orchard.

"It seems to me," he said when I had given him just five minutes more to make his adieux, "that my wild rose has put on a thorn or two. You are a shade less meek than when I first knew you."

"My foot is on 'my native heather' now."

"I see, and my safety lies in transplanting you to mine as soon as may be."

And this was how it was settled after a solemn interview with my father in the best room with closed doors. He was to come to Becham once more in the fall—only once more—and then on the first day of the New Year "I was to be ready to go back with him to the 'Aladdin,' to spend the first few months of our married life."

This poor clerk, as I had fondly supposed him, was only so by his own choice; he preferred to rise through all grades of mercantile life to a partnership with "Van Hoek & Sons," rather than to take that position as a gift from his father.

Aunt Floranthé revoked her promise as to the linen chest, as her wedding came before mine.

Of all the last words that followed me out of my old home, I shall remember Miss Janet's longest:

"You're eatin' the frostin' of your cake now, Marian, and I hope you'll never find anything but cake underneath. Sydney will think for a while that the ground ain't good enough for you to walk on, but don't you never fall into that notion, nor take on when he begins to treat you like other folks. I never had a husband myself, but I take it the real comfort don't begin till a man gets over worshipping, and begins to like you for what you really are."

Miss Janet insists that she made our match for us, but I think it was the looking-glass, after all.

I hear my husband's step in the hall, and a silken rustle that makes me quake, but since Sydney has taken me for better or worse, his sister must do so too. W. A. THOMPSON.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT KENNEBUNK.—Saturday afternoon, about 1:12 o'clock, Susan Hutchins, a widow, aged about 70, was run over and instantly killed by a gravel train on the Portland & Portsmouth Railroad. She was walking along the track, and when discovered the usual alarm signals were made by the engineer, but as she was very deaf she did not hear them, and the engine and ten cars went over her body severing and mangling it to a horrible degree. Her mantle was her shroud, as her scattered remains were gathered up and put in her shawl. She had been in the habit of walking by the track and was often warned of her danger.

BELFAST, ME., JUNE 4.—The laying of the iron on the Belfast and Mooshead Lake Railroad was begun to-day with appropriate ceremonies. The first spike was driven by the wife of Director Millikin. It is expected that the road will be completed in three months.

Who has a complete set of Harper's Monthly has a library. Next month the publishers will issue a complete analytical index of the whole forty volumes, and it alone requires 250 full pages.

It is stated by authority, that the report of a pretended conversation with Governor Chamberlain at Brewer was "made out of whole cloth."

AMERICAN CHARACTERISTICS.—Mr. Justin McCarthy has a readable article about "American men and Englishmen," in the *Galaxy* for June, from which we cut the following extract.

In almost every possible way, socially, morally, and politically, Americans seem to me to be distinguished from Englishmen by the absence of the influences of caste and traditional privilege, which in England are almost ubiquitous, almost omnipotent. Reform and progress with an Englishman mean the unmaking of old laws, the unwinding of old coils, the bursting of old chains. Reform and progress with Americans seems to mean the introduction of new legal mechanism, to reduce disorder into order. The tendency in England is to reduce legal restriction down to its very minimum, reformers there believing that human nature can generally be trusted more freely than class legislation.

Of course the great reason for this is that for generations, and almost from the beginning of our judicial and legal systems, our English laws have been made by a class, and as the nation grows it finds itself compelled to shake off successive coils of unwise and partial restriction. "Something is wrong here," says the American, "let us, the nation, make a law to set it right." "Something is wrong here," says the Englishman; "the fault must be in some measure passed long ago by this or that class or party, let us try to get rid of it."

I happened lately to be conversing with an American friend about systems of taxation, and I learned for the first time that people in this city are only informed by a public and general notification that their taxes are due, and then they are bound to go and pay them or else—I thought of our rate-collectors at home in England, who believe themselves lucky indeed if they can get the amount the third time of their calling at the reluctant rate-payer's door. I tried to picture to myself an Englishman seeing a general notice in the papers that everybody's taxes were due, and thereupon walking over to the public office and paying the money. I have not a very high-soaring imagination, and my fancy could not reach this flight. My friend on the other hand, could scarcely understand my surprise. "It is our business," he said, "to go and pay the taxes; it is not the business of the public officer to keep sending after us; the taxes are our own, and we are bound to pay them. Fancy an Englishman talking this sort of a way of a tax! Why, we all regard the tax-collector as our natural enemy; as a creature to be detested, denounced, ridiculed; as a being who has no rights we are bound to respect; between whom and us the laws of morality and commercial integrity have no binding power whatever."

A great deal of this feeling undoubtedly originated in a fact that until very lately the great majority of the people of England had little or nothing to do with the making of the laws they were to obey, and the imposition of the taxes they were to contribute. It is not so much a sense of equality that seems to me to make itself evident in American society as the sense of Universal ownership or copartnership in the State and its possessions. Every American man appears to me to proclaim after his own meaning the *L'etat c'est moi!* maxim.

Rev. M. Pressens of Paris, in a recent address on Liberty of Conscience, said:

What was it, gentlemen, that put an end to the absolute power of the State in matters of religion? One day, in an obscure corner of the world, the representative of the most thorough despotism that ever existed was sitting in his pretorial chair. There appeared before him a singular prisoner, whose words to him were, "I am a King." "You are a king!—a king without a kingdom. Where is your army?"

You have not even your wretched disciples to keep you company. "My kingdom is not of this world." These words, gentlemen, begot freedom for the soul for they opened up to it a domain over which the State has no power. Hence it follows that a man does not wholly belong to the State; the noblest part of his being escapes from its control. Thus the moral royalty of truth was founded; the purple of that royalty, gentlemen, was dyed with blood, and its crown was one of thorns, for the Divine prisoner was subjected to punishment. He died on a gibbet. Nevertheless, this gibbet marks the boundary between two worlds. It is the cross of Christ.

My hopes are great, because, if there is one article more than another inscribed in the programme of all true Liberals, it is the total suppression of concordats and of everything having any resemblance to a union between Church and State. What progress we have made during the last twenty years! When the revolution of 1848 came about it opened what Virgil calls the ivory gate—the gate of dreams. Every one brought his dream and continued it wide awake. At that period the separation of Church and State was regarded as chimerical. My friends and myself went up to M. de Lamartine. These were his words on this great question, of which he was both the prophet and apostle: "I would rather be a slave for twenty years than to feel that God Himself is enslaved in the human conscience." The words of a poet it will be said! No gentlemen, it was the prose of the morrow, or rather it is the prose of yesterday. Have we not seen a great Church, the Established Church of Ireland, disappear, thanks to the work of reparation wrought by Gladstone? It heads the funeral procession, not of all religions, but of official religions.

The disinfecting power of water has been receiving considerable attention of late. With the exception of charcoal, it is said that no other substance is so perfect an absorbent of odors. It absorbs its own volume of some gases, and more than six hundred times its volume of others. For instance, of ammonia gas, which is one of the largest products of decomposition, six hundred and seventy cubic feet is absorbed by one of water. Another offensive odor, always present where animal matter is decaying, arises from sulphide of hydrogen. Water absorbs two and a half times its own volume of this. "These facts are worthy of remembrance and practical attention. A quantity of water placed in an open vessel in a sick room, and changed often, makes an excellent disinfectant."

To detect adulterations in candy dissolve it in water. If the water remains transparent, the candy is pure; but if milky or depositing a sediment, terra-alba, or some equally harmful adulteration has been used.

CRUSOE AS A POLITICAL ECONOMIST.—The following is a chapter in Bastiat's lively treatise, recently translated by Mr. Horace White:

Waterville Mail.

GEO. MAX JAM. DAN. R. WING.

WATERVILLE... JUNE 10, 1870.



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

GOVERNOR.—The indications are that the approaching republican state convention is not likely to be forgotten, but the working machinery of the two opposing candidates moves very quietly. There is evidently a growing desire to heal the division made last year on the subject of temperance. To many earnest temperance men the two candidates are equally acceptable. To another class, embracing generally those who have been more active in the plans and measures of the temperance reform, Mr. Perham, from being longer and better understood, would be preferred. He has been a laborer among them, and having served them faithfully in congress and other official positions, the temperance flag always in his hand—he has their confidence without limit. Still he has the healthy conservatism necessary to security and success. He remained firmly in the party last year, when others were breaking away—the old flag still closely grasped—doing all he could to bring his associates to a full and fair test of the prohibition plank adopted at the Bangor convention. It is well known that the temperance party will make no other nomination if the republicans present Mr. Perham. Their official leaders are satisfied to wait the result of this last apparent opportunity to heal the wounds of the party that has heretofore led them to the temperance front.

Gen. Hersey is less known in respect to the temperance reform than Mr. Perham—though this by no means makes it certain that he has the cause less at heart. Neither of them will be found wanting in an honest willingness to sustain the temperance sentiment of the people as expressed through the legislature—neither of them will "protest" any enactment honestly designed to sustain prohibition. Both will be found ready to acknowledge the republican party to be distinctly and honestly committed to the policy of prohibition through any and all its legislative action.

The signs of the result are plainly casting their shadows in accordance with the foregoing hints. Here and there a town has already announced its delegates, and thus far we have not heard a discordant note. "For Perham" is the uniform badge. Nobody seems to complain or dissent;—and a mere looker-on would readily conclude that the republican party will again stand united and strong as the great party of political and moral reform.

STRAWBERRIES.—Mr. Hathaway, whose extensive and well arranged gardens, near the shirt factory, have been noticed from Front-st. just below Union-st., hands us samples of his favorite "Pine Apple Strawberry," which he has arranged to cultivate on a large scale. It is of course a very early kind, to mature in the open air, in this climate, so early in June. He thinks it one of the richest of all the strawberries. This enterprise of Mr. Hathaway is going to meet an obvious want in our village, as the proprietor intends to distribute them daily in answer to orders. Those who wish to be supplied, daily or otherwise, will leave their orders at his place.

A meeting of a portion of the Portland anti-consolidation committee—mainly in the interest of the Grand Trunk road—lately met for consultation, and made arrangements to take legal measures to dissolve the marriage of the M. C. and P. & K. roads.

A fine rain of two or three days—falling gently as the dews of Hermon, and apparently as sweet as manna to all living vegetation—has made everybody glad. We hear of it far and wide, wherever the drought had become severe—and that was far and wide too.

OLD AND NEW, a monthly magazine for the People, which has just completed its first half year of its existence and is gaining rapidly in favor with the public, has passed into the hands of Roberts Brothers, of Boston, by whom it will hereafter be published. Vol. 2, which begins with the July number, will contain a serial story by Mrs. STOWE; called "PINK AND WHITE TYRANNY"; and a serial story for children, called "JOHN WHOPPER, THE NEWS-BOY," from the pen of a distinguished American scholar.

THE MAINE STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR will be held this year at Augusta, on the 21st, 22d and 23d of Sept.

"TO THE TAXPAYERS"—AGAIN.

The last October freshest swept away Ticonic bridge. No section or party to the bridge controversy is responsible for the loss, which was great and grievous to the bridge Co., to the two towns (Waterville and Winslow) and to the public generally. But the bridge was a necessity. It must be replaced. The burden must fall somewhere. The old bridge Co. would not rebuild. How shall the re-building be accomplished, was the question to be met wisely and manfully. The then existing law allowed the Co. Commissioners, in their discretion, to compel Waterville and Winslow to build jointly. But here it required no great shrewdness to discover that the commissioners would never compel Winslow, with only one-fourth of Waterville's valuation, to build jointly with Waterville, and thus make a Winslow man pay four dollars to a Waterville man (of the same property) one dollar. This would not be justice in the minds of the commissioners, if it would in the minds of interested parties.

The old law, then, defeated rebuilding. It was impracticable in this special case. What was to be done? Would Waterville and Winslow, with two and a half millions valuation, beg the State to assume the burden? First the state would not; and second, if willing to institute a state policy of that sort, we would be as unwilling as any town to abide by such a policy, for, (taking into account our resources compared with our highway liabilities,) we should in the long run be among the largest losers. Precisely the same reasons exist against asking the county to assume. Paris of Vassalboro', China and some other towns are to be benefited. That is true, and other parts of the same towns are not, but are more interested in a bridge at some other place,—at Augusta perhaps. If just that those towns should contribute, it is utterly impracticable and impossible to accomplish such an apportionment of the burden, either by legislative action or by the begging process of subscription. Try subscription in those towns if you doubt. Try the legislature and you will be told that there must be some definite limit, and that the limit must be nearly correct, and yet practicable, is that of Waterville and Winslow.

It was therefore seen that in order to get a bridge, the law must be changed so as to apportion the expense between the two towns according to their present and future State valuations; and lest the matter might be hung up in the courts a year or two, the law should make the commissioners the sole judges of the necessity, but not take away appeal as to damages.

This was believed to be the best course. None better has been suggested to this day, nor I believe can now be, if all the circumstances are carefully considered. So that, about the first of December last, a petition, setting forth the two changes above named, was drawn up, and was circulated for some five weeks. Between 400 & 500 signed in Waterville; some 100 in Winslow. Meanwhile a copy of this petition was served on the Selectmen, as required by law, fourteen days before the legislature met.

On Thursday of the second week of the session the petition and bill were presented to the legislature, and after EIGHT DAYS progress through the legislature, reached the governor's signature. That the commissioners might be petitioned at their then next session, was a reason why there should be no delay. We often notice matters put through the legislature, especially at the last of the session, in a single hour—clear through.

Not so in this case. Not only were the provisions of the petition thoroughly published as soon as presented, but the progress of the matter was regularly noted in the State daily papers and twice in the eight days in the Waterville Mail. The Kennebec Journal was received every day by the first selectman, and he notified people of the West part of the town. Those in town who felt interested must have known the state of the case;—and yet not a word or syllable, till after the bill was passed, was made known to any one in the legislature that any open opposition was intended to be made, and no one of the legislature knew or suspected any was to be made.

These are facts. And yet, after all this, the opposition were amazed at what had resulted solely from their own negligence, and there sprang up a hue-and-cry, and rumors too ridiculous to recite here were circulated. A lengthy hearing was had before the judiciary committee, who reindorsed the bill unanimously. So much for the "manner" of obtaining the "special act." Special acts are just what the legislature passes for special cases, and does pass more of them every year than of general acts.

The whole subject of highways is entirely in the discretion of the legislature. Railroads and plank roads and depots are parts of highways; and special acts are passed every year putting towns in aid of the same not "on the soil" of those towns, and against the will of many if not of a majority. "Class legislation" (a vague term) is not forbidden. All legislation is in some sense "class." Those who pay only a poll tax are a class, whose tax in this case will not be increased one cent. Property is to build the bridge; and three-fourths of the property in town wants the privilege. Yet for the last half century a strip one mile from the river has paid three-fourths of all highway taxes, while only about one-fourth has been expended on that territory, and the other two-fourths the surveyors expended outside of that strip.

Weigh this candidly, and then say if you can that it isn't now fair this expenditure should be made,—which may not benefit some parts of the town, but will greatly benefit three-fourths of the property in town. On the above named strip is the village corporation, in which about one per cent. per year is assessed, and which goes to protect and accumulate property, which is again assessed in town valuation.

Winslow, with Sabastieook bridge on her hands, is already heavily burdened with highways, while Waterville, with this proposed expenditure, will not even then be burdened beyond the average of towns of her wealth.

If we "trample upon" legislative action, Waterville may possibly yet be obliged to build the whole bridge. Interested parties cannot see things as others see them. We now have a large, respectable, wealthy town, with small liabilities,—not one-tenth as large as those of Belfast with about the same valuation. Let us be united and share advantages and disadvantages. There is no reason why two villages cannot grow up in one town. Let us have a bridge, and let lawyers who can't see how a case can be agreed by agreement be discharged; and without delay decided, be discharged; so that we shan't have to pay for abusing our best men outside of any evidence or facts.

The State Universalist convention will meet at Stevens Plains, Westbrook, on the 21st, 22d, and 23d of this month.

OUR TABLE.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for July commences the 32d volume of this cheap and popular periodical. It contains the usual variety of agreeable reading, several of the articles being illustrated. Each number of this magazine contains 100 pages of reading matter—stories, poems, historical events, wit and humor, a housekeeping department, and from sixteen to twenty illustrations of noted scenes and places. All this can be obtained for \$1.50 a year, or fifteen cents single copy; and club terms are even cheaper. Published by Thomas & Talbot, Boston.

"ALWAYS AS NOW," is the title of a fine poem in the June number of MERRY'S MUSEUM. If this favorite magazine for youth always remained as now it ought to satisfy the most fastidious; but the publisher, not content, announces new attractions for the volume beginning with the next number. If you have not seen the new series of this old favorite, send for a specimen number.

Published by Horace B. Fuller, Boston, at \$1.50 per annum.

THE TECHNOLOGIST for June is full of information on subjects of current interest and seasonal importance. The towers of the East River bridge are the subject of an article, with a fine illustration; another plan and elevation of a country villa is given; and a large number of papers on topics of interest to engineers, manufacturers, builders and mechanics of all kinds, as well as to the general reader, fill out a very excellent number.

Published by The Industrial Publication Co., New York, at \$2 a year.

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY.—The June number has the following pieces of new music:—Baby's Glee, song and chorus, by Will. S. Hays; I Care not what the World may Say, by Florence Kinkel; Is there Room among the Angels? song and chorus; Speak Kindly to thy Wife, song for mezzo soprano, alto, or baritone; An Angel Came to Me, song; Sweet Mother, song; For Me, song; Lonely! Oh, so Lonely! by C. Kinkel; Fine is the Night, for mixed quartette, English and Italian words; Les Vepres Siciliennes, scraps from the opera, by Johan Gode; Forget Me Not Waltz, by J. Becht; Christmas Gifts, Valse Joyeuse, for six hands, by C. Kinkel; Revue d'Orleans, Fantaisie on former Marche; Serenade a Marie, Poeme Romantique, by C. Kinkel.

Published by J. L. Peters, New York, at \$3 a year. Subscriptions received at this office where specimen copies may be seen.

[For the Waterville Mail.]

BRIDGE OR NO BRIDGE.

Nothing new can be said in regard to the proposed bridge across the Kennebec; but it may be well to review points occasionally,—though the arguments and testimony against a free bridge, to be built jointly by the towns of Waterville and Winslow, are so puerile as to prevent most people from attempting to combat them.

The first question to be considered is, does the public interest require a bridge at Waterville? The Kennebec has just one bridge between Augusta and Skowhegan, and that has escaped destruction only by fortunate circumstances, which cannot always be trusted. An accident or a malicious individual may destroy it at any time. Then for four months in the year the State of Maine would be cut in twain for forty miles by the petty Ken. river. Even if the bridge at Kendall's Mills remains, is it much honor, or is it profitable, to the State or County, that the only road across the country in this section for so long a distance, should be over a toll bridge? In other words, is it simply the interest of a few individuals or county and state interest that we should increase the means and convenience of travel to all our business citizens?

Let any one take a map of Maine and look over this idea carefully, looking also to the roads and highways leading across the State, and see whether it is needed or not. If it was a question of a toll bridge there might be a chance for discussion, and some reasonable ground for it; but the day of toll bridges and bridges built by private subscription has passed, and when a necessary roadway is to be opened, the towns directly interested will usually have to build them hereafter we predict; and certainly in this case it is a question of a free bridge or no bridge at all. And why is the action of our Co. Commissioners more arbitrary or tyrannical than usual? Is it more so than when the town was compelled to build the "new County road," so called, and in spite of a vote of the town against the construction of the road?

They say the West village will not be more benefited than Fairfield and other towns, and they ought to pay for a bridge just as much as Waterville. What wonderful genius, what powerfully thinking man could have originated that idea? What a glorious revolution that will work in our future! Just think—all our surrounding towns are deriving benefit from our highways, some benefiting neighboring villages more than ours. Hereafter they must help us keep our roads in repair. The people of Fairfield Meeting House have used one of our highways leading to the West village long enough, free of expense, why should not they pay for keeping that way repaired as well as people of this village?

Our whole system of taxation has been wrong; we have taxed individuals in the towns where their property lay for necessary public improvements, according to the amount of property they possessed. Hereafter we will tax each man according to the benefit he derives from any improvement; the rich childless man shall not be taxed to educate the poor man's children. It is highly unjust when we have a "Government of Laws." The man who owns timber lands in a distant township should not be taxed for the benefit of that people, but at home where he smokes his domestic pipe. Where is the "Cardiff Giant," that we may have a comparison for the man who first advanced so original an idea?

We honestly believe if a few individuals in this village had offered to build a free bridge and it had been necessary to submit the right to do so to a vote of the town, the people of the West village would have refused a charter if they could have done it. That they consult their pecuniary interest solely we do not believe: for one half, at least, have spent more time and money in opposition than their whole tax would be, plus a law suit even!

The principal reason for the opposition to the bridge is that some of the people of the West village have got the erroneous idea firmly fixed in their minds that every dollar expended for the benefit of this village is equivalent to two spent for their injury,—i. e., West Waterville cannot thrive and the rest of the town at the same time. It is an old idea, commonly enough met in business circles, but it would be well to look at the usual result of so narrow a policy.

Before they engage in more expensive litigation would it not be well to look up the old law in regard to towns constructing bridges across large streams forming the boundary line? The boundary line of Waterville extends to the middle of the Kennebec river; the middle of a river is the middle of the channel at low water; where is the channel at Ticonic Falls at low water mark?

The testimony against the necessity of a bridge was not directed so much to prove that

a bridge was not needed, as that the people of W. Waterville could do without it; and we do not wonder that they feel exceedingly exasperated against the Commissioners, because after they had proved this satisfactorily, they should consider the wants of other people of the slightest consequence. "Perhaps these men will be re-elected to office and perhaps they will not."

We do not expect the people of Waterville to submit quietly to legislative action in this matter. When it has loaned its credit, and been taxed so many times for public enterprises, it is a "little too much," to ask us to help build a bridge for the public, though we shall be greatly benefited thereby. We will be as public spirited as Artemus Ward was patriotic, when he was willing "to sacrifice all his first wife's able bodied relatives." We will allow a few individuals to build a bridge, but if asked to pay a tax collectively we will—resign.

Now why not start right at once and strike at the origin of this difficulty?—have the Kennebec river abolished? It does not benefit the people of West Waterville at all. Emerson stream is enough for them, and "Mr. Stewart understands his business." Why not ask for an injunction, and have it shown next August why this should not be done? To be sure the people at Kendall's Mills, Skowhegan and other towns might object; but they are of no sort of consequence compared with West Waterville. No other town in the State has Ticonic Falls—why should Waterville be made to bear a burden no other town does?

We might draw a picture of the suffering this fearful taxation will cause; but when we think of the starving orphans and destitute families, the families without homes, and all the horrors which inevitably follow in the train of so heavy a drain upon the resources of our impoverished people, our feelings overcome us, and pity for the "outbackers" renders us incapable of doing the subject justice.

"Small tax payers!" Our friend did not intend to be "sarcastic" did he? It is a much smoother word than "mean" tax payers, but we cannot think he intended to descend to personal abuse of those who oppose the construction of the bridge. No; he could not intend to say that.

THE WALDO COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY is in debt, and in order to raise the wind the trustees have decided to have a 4th of July celebration, the programme to include a match game of base ball, music by a band, foot-running, a sack race, etc., and two separate trials of speed (pure agricultural horse trots, mind you) between the fastest and best horses in the county. If any one is inclined to condemn this mode of promoting a good object, they will please to remember that too many of our churches are doing full as bad.

THE REPORTED JEWISH MASSACRE in Syria, which occasioned such a burst of indignant horror, is contradicted. Under date of London, June 8th, we find the following:—

Wolf's Continental Telegraph Company, of Berlin, with sub-agencies in all the principal cities of Europe, knows nothing about any recent disturbances in Roumelia. The manager of that company declares the telegram to Cremona to be an exaggeration, and says that all the reports concerning the slaughter or banishment of the Roumelian Jews are baseless. Diligent inquiry, here and on the continent, fails to discover any foundation for the terrible stories which have been published.

A telegraphic despatch to the Secretary of the Israelite Alliance of New York, dated London, June 8, says:—

There was an attack but it was quelled by the military. The accounts are somewhat exaggerated.

CONSOLIDATION.—At the close of the meeting at Waterville, Mr. Crosby of Bangor, who had talked and voted for further time for consideration called for a list of the votes thrown. The result was not known at the time of the adjournment, but a Waterville correspondent of the Portland Argus reports that R. B. Dunn voted on 2335 shares; A. D. Lockwood 2-311; Edwin Noyes 1,148; Lewis Pierce, 826; Joshua Nye, 745; A. P. Morrill 148; Josiah H. Drummond 100 shares. The seven parties throwing 7614 votes. Several shareholders cast 150 votes. Seven men cast ninetenths of all the votes.

THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT ASSOCIATION of West Waterville, who have a fund to the amount of about four thousand dollars, will erect a Memorial Hall instead of a monument.

The Monument Association here have some five or six hundred dollars in the careful hands of their treasurer, Mr. Geo. L. Robinson, who sees that it keeps busy in the work of accumulation. What?—and when?—these two questions are yet to be answered.

Fifteen gallons of a very lovely quality of Augusta rum—called whiskey—was used to enrich the gutter, at a spot near the express office, on Wednesday evening. The solemn services were conducted by Chief of Police Edwards, and commenced just at the moment when the blushing sun hid his face in shame at the sad waste of property. The mourners went about the streets for a brief time—and all was quiet. Some thought it a burning shame to have a law that would "waste" such stuff; and one generous soul said he didn't want any of it himself, but piously inquired if it wouldn't be better to give it to the poor. What strange arguments men will make for rum;—the poor get a double share of it now.

STANDARD NOVELISTS.—The present age is called the Age of Prose Romance in Literature; some think it is gradually changing into the Period of History and Biography, but there is no doubt that the great novelists have the ear of the great public. Three writers are advertised in our columns by H. O. Houghton & Co., whose works are very distinct: Andersen the Dane, Dickens the Englishman, and Cooper the American; they will all dwell hospitably under any one roof, and the editions offered are cheap, and durable.

A nice little home is in the market, located on the Ridge Road, Fairfield. Just the place for somebody. See advertisement.

DISTRICT NO. 1.—After many meetings, the appointment of several committees, and lengthy discussions of the plans proposed, the movement for building a new school house, or such a remodeling of an old one as would be equivalent to it in the increased accommodation provided, came to a "lame and impotent conclusion," at a very full meeting on Monday evening, by the adoption of a motion made by Mr. T. G. Kimball, "that Alben Emery, Jere Furbush, and Noah Boothby, be a committee to provide additional rooms, if needed, for the accommodation of our primary school scholars, either by hiring new rooms, repairing old ones, or building a one-story wooden building where needed, and purchasing a lot for the same if necessary; and that the expense thereof be assessed and paid this year, the sum not to exceed 1200 dollars." No pretence of provision was made for recitation rooms for the higher schools, of which the S. S. Committee say there is urgent need; and the district will have little cause to be proud of a one-story wooden school house, which, with the lot, shall cost but \$1200.

CATTLE MARKET.—The high prices of last week brought a larger supply of cattle to market this week, and prices receded to where they were two weeks ago. Of the Maine cattle present the Boston Advertiser says:—

Hall C. Burleigh, of Fairfield, Me., of whose herd of Hereford cattle which he has bred with much care a notice has been published, had a very superior pair of grade Hereford oxen. They weighed on the Brighton scales 2320 and 2160 lbs. respectively, or 4480 lbs. They were sold to J. F. Taylor & Sons at 11 1/4c. per lb. live weight, amounting to \$504. Both were well formed, handsome bullocks, but one of them in particular developed the "points" which to the eye of the butchers indicate quality to an unusual degree of perfection and fullness. Mr. Taylor said that he did not think he had seen a better pair at Brighton this year, and other good judges expressed a similar opinion—especially of the best one which was pronounced a perfect ox, though perhaps no fairer than his mate. Mr. Taylor said that from what he had seen he had a high opinion of the Hereford blood mingled either with the native or Short horns. He said there appeared to be something lacking in the beef of most of the families of the Durham, and that the best beef came from crosses. The best ox of this pair was much the most strongly marked Hereford.

The demand for sheep and lambs was rather weak, and the market for veals was overstocked and dull.

A popular topic of remark among the ladies of our village, just now, is the new enterprise of Mr. Goding opposite the Mail office. The business of dress and cloak-making is so associated with sewing and knitting machines as to make a rare attraction, and to offer the precise advantages that seem to be needed. It is a nice establishment, and promises to secure patronage. The lady in charge of the dress and cloak department, Miss Goodwin—is said to combine much experience with fine taste. Mr. Goding's thorough acquaintance with sewing and knitting machines is well known. Ladies who take an interest in fine dresses—and there are at least several in this vicinity—will not fail to inquire into this new attraction. (See Mr. Goding's card.)

Our Augusta correspondent, who was a member of the County Lodge of G. T. at the last session writes us—"The feeling seemed to be that the salvation of the Republican party would depend upon their sticking to their former Temperance principles, and nominating a well known and consistent Temperance man in which case the temperance wing of the party would not be obliged to put the third candidate into the field. There is a good prospect of the nomination of Mr. Perham at the State Convention to be held here next week, thereby healing the break in the Republican party. This city will in all probability elect Perham delegates."

"The Sprague Co. are getting out granite for rebuilding the dam here, so you will please get all the fish you want this year, before the natural "Fish Way" is spoilt."

"The Rail Road folks are now putting up a temporary wooden bridge across the river, preparatory to putting up the iron one."

The promising Knox colt T. S. Lang, owned by Jones & Tozier of Fairfield, was recently injured in a stable at Mercer village, so we learn from the Somerset Reporter. The horse was valued at nearly two thousand dollars.

A REPUBLICAN CAUCUS is called by the Town Committee, to meet at Town Hall at 8 o'clock Saturday afternoon, to choose delegates to attend the State and Congressional District Conventions.

TOWN MEETING. A petition for a special Town Meeting, to see if the Town will proceed to build our proposed bridge, in accordance with the decision of the County Commissioners, has been passed to the Selectmen. A warrant has not yet been posted, but doubtless will be soon.

Under this head we commend to the careful perusal of the voters the several articles which have appeared in the Mail, pro and con, in relation to this question. Examine both sides and then act honestly.

The election in Washington, D. C. resulted in sweeping Bowen and his City Hall ring out of power, says the correspondent of the Boston Advertiser. The new mayor is Matthew G. Emery, the nominee of the reform republicans, a gentleman formerly from New Hampshire, but for many years a resident of Washington, where he stands high for integrity and business capacity. He will have the support of a good majority in the council.

EUROPE is troubled with drought as we have been, and also with large fires in the woods.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTIONS.—The State Convention will be held at Augusta on Wednesday next. The Congressional Convention for this district will be held at Augusta on Tuesday next. The County Convention, to nominate three candidates for Senators, one County Commissioner, County Attorney, County Treasurer, and Sheriff, will meet at Augusta on the 10th of August next.

BEECHER'S LIFE OF CHRIST, which will no doubt have an immense sale, is to be issued as a subscription book by C. F. Vent & Co., 38 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, the great publishing house of the West. This will be a capital book for canvassers. See the advertisement of the firm on our fourth page.

MR. CHARLES BURLEIGH, a "Waterville boy," a prominent member of the well known Putnam Machine Co. of Fitchburg, Mass., and inventor of a famous drill bearing his name, with which he is tunnelling one of the richest mountains of Colorado for silver, is here in his old home for a few days, but will next week return to his mine, which already shows signs of rich results at hand.

Oh, the mischievous effect of bad example! A few weeks ago some of the Colby boys burned the benches of their recitation room; and now we hear that the under-graduates of Oxford, England, have stolen precious works of art from the library of Christ Church,—a marble statue of Venus and some portrait busts,—and destroyed them by fire in one of the quadrangles, as a "practical joke." The authorities look at it in a different light, and are after the offenders.

Rev. B. F. Lawrence closed his labors with the Baptist Church in Dexter, Sunday, May 29. He goes to Brunswick.

A large delegation of frightened Canadians arrived here last week, running from military service at home to which they were called by the Fenian invasion.

THE RED RIVER REBELS, it is said, mean fight and are not to be encoiled by offered amnesty or frightened by the military expedition now on its way to chastise them.

BASE BALL.—A match game of Base Ball was played on the 28th of May, between the Shoo Fly's, of Waterville, and the Monitors, of Kendall's Mills, on the grounds of the latter. Score, Shoo Fly's, 49, Monitors, 21.

WALTER HATCH, Esq., the former Superintendent of the P. & K. Railroad, has recently returned from Florida, with improved but not thoroughly restored health, says the Journal.

VERY HOT for the season in Maine—the thermometer indicating nearly ninety degrees in the shade last week.

Some one from New York has recently been here and obtained specimens of Ore from the tin mine in Winslow for assaying.

CAUTION!—In our changeable climate, coughs, colds, and diseases of the throat, lungs and chest will always prevail. Cruel consumption will claim its victims. These diseases, if attended to in time, can be arrested and cured. The remedy is Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

We hear of none but Perham delegates being chosen, except in Bangor.

CHARLES DICKENS, the great English novelist, died suddenly on Thursday, of paralysis, at his home, as we learn by cable telegram in Portland Daily Advertiser of to-day.

"The Best the Cheapest"



2.28 1 2—2.26 3 4—2.29 1 2
GILBERT KNOX
has a record at Narragansett Park, Providence, of 1 half mile in a race 1:10 1/4, quarter 31 1/2 seconds.

TO MY PAT ONS.
The constantly increasing business at my Hardware Store at Kendall's Mills, the past fourteen years, has induced me to enlarge my store to more than double its former size, so that now it is one of the largest and most convenient in the state for the business; and a having a complete stock of first class Hardware, Iron, Steel, Stoves, Tin-Ware, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.

(Invite particular attention to the quality and price in comparison to the best stores of the kind in the State.)
OVER TWENTY YEARS.
In the Tin, Stove and Hardware business will insure an advantage, to my customer, more favorable than at any other place on the river.

The Peerless Cook Stove.
Which took the First Prize at the Paris Exposition and is claimed as the leading stove in the world for wood and coal. It has received a large number of other First Prizes.

PRATT'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 stores at the
Clippers Mower stands amongst other mowing machines.
It was awarded the 1st Prize at the Mechanics Fair at Boston 1869. Lorenzo Dow, Fairfield House, Reuel W. Woodman of Kendall's Mills, and D. A. Hildreth of Clifton have them in use.

Barstow Cook Stove.
A very good stove with Hot Clock underneath.

Richmond Range.
A very nice wood burning or coal, now the leading stove in Augusta. I have the
WATERTOWN COOK, MONITOR, TROPIC, BANGOR COOK, BARRETT COOK, WHITE MOUNTAIN, AND OTHERS.

Open Soapstone Stove.
And SOAPSTONE DOUBLE BASE PARLOR STOVES, the very best heating or even yet in the market for wood.

PERHAM'S BAZAR BURNERS, a self feeding coal stove, perfectly beautiful. PERHAM'S PARLOR, with a nice oven. These stoves have more superior qualities than any other Parlor Cook Stove invented. PERHAM'S PARLOR, very similar to the Peerless Parlor, and at the same price, and an oven.

Cog Wheel Wringing Machine.
Also THE BAKER WASHING AND WRINGING MACHINES, combined, which will wash and wring very clean and dry, and save a great deal of labor. Every family should have one for economy, to save nothing of the convenience. A boy ten years old can do the washing and wringing and with no wear to clothing. I buy them in large lots and sell them cheap.

Callers wishing to examine our new style of BRITANNIA WARE, or beautiful Table Cutlery, something new, however proof and really beautiful, please call, and while here don't fail to examine Pratt's Admirals.
I employ the best of men and buy the best stock.
The Best the Cheapest.
Kendall's Mills, Jan. 1870.—23 J. H. GILBERT

MISCELLANY.

THE RETURN OF YOUTH.

My friend, thou sorrowest for thy golden prime,
For thy fair youthful years so swift of flight;
Thou sigh'st, with wet eyes upon the time
Of youthfulness that filled the world with light—
Years when thy heart was bold, thy hand was strong,
And quick the thought that moved thy tongue to speak,
And willing faith was thine, and scorn of wrong
Summed the sudden crimson to thy cheek.

Thou lookest forward on the coming days,
Shuddering to feel their shadow o'er thee creep;
A path, thick set with changes and decays,
Shades downward to the place of common sleep;
And they who walked with thee in life's first stage
Leave one by one thy side, and waiting near,
Thou seest the dead companions of thy age—
Dull love of rest, and weariness and fear.

Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
Nor deem that glorious season o'er could die;
Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky;
Wait, like the morn, that folds her wing and hides,
Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour;
Wait, like the vanished spring, that slumbering bides
Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

There shall he welcome thee, when thou shalt stand
On his bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet
Than when at first he took thee by the hand.
Through the fair ether to lead thy tender feet.
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,
Life's early glory to thine eyes again;
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Hast thou not glimpses, in the twilight here,
Of mountain where immortal morn prevails?
Comes there not, through the silence, to thine ear
A gentle rustling of the morning gales?
A murmur wafted from that glorious shore,
Of streams, that water banks forever fair,
And voices of the loved one gone before,
More musical in that celestial air. [BYANT.]

CONSUMPTION.—Consumption is not a disease of the lungs, but one of the system, showing itself in the lungs. If you fully comprehend this you are ready for the common-sense treatment.

Avoiding all local treatment by inhalation, all the panaceas, including whiskey and cod liver oil (fashionable to-day and exploded to-morrow), employ those natural methods about which wise doctors have never differed.

1. Walk, in all kinds of weather two or three times a day. If too weak for this begin with the saddle.

2. Hanging by the hands in rings suspended from the ceiling above the floor, swing backward and forward, sideways and in a circle. The effect upon the walls of the chest is very remarkable. I have known such swinging to reduce the pulse very sensibly in a week.

3. Wash the entire skin with tepid water and good neutral soap every morning, on returning from the first walk, and rub the skin to redness every night on going to bed with sharp hair-gloves. Laurence's English Patent gloves are the best. All druggists sell them.

4. Sleep much, retiring before nine, adding a nap in the middle of the day. Never forget that good ventilation during the hours of sleep is vital in every case of diseased lungs.

5. Eat for breakfast and dinner, oat-meal cracked wheat, beef, mutton, plain bread, potatoes and other vegetables, except tomatoes. Use no pastry or other trash. Eat no supper.

6. Cultivate jovial people. Laughter is the most precious of all possible exercises for chronic lung affections.—[Exchange.]

The French money market on Saturday opened excited in view of the reported alliance between Russia and Egypt. A great many cannon, muskets and other war materials have been recently ordered from Brussels and New York on the Viceroy's account, and there is a large increase in the armament at the disposal of Egypt. It is suddenly apparent that the Viceroy is preparing for a struggle against the Sublime Porte, and Russia will tender her powerful assistance.

England is now in a state of alarm over the discovery of a well organized plot of the Fenians to destroy all the great dock-yards and arsenals. The guards have been strongly reinforced, but it is believed the execution of the plot will not be attempted since the failure of the Canadian raid.

The Gloucester Advertiser itemizes thus: "A man who is owing us a little bill, said he would call last week and pay us if he was alive. He still appears on the street, but as he did not call, it is naturally supposed that he is dead and is walking around to save funeral expenses."

How to ENTERTAIN.—"Make yourself at home," is the heartiest welcome, and "It does seem like home here," the best token that the welcome is acceptable and accepted. And when you have given this welcome, oh, worthy house-wife, do not spoil it by too great carelessness about many things, or by being cumbered with too much service. Do you seat your idle guests away in the parlor while you toil and labor alone for their comfort? This is not like home. Do you weary yourself to prepare all delicacies of food, for their taste, and put on all adornments of raiment for them to behold? This is not like home. Do you make great ado about splendid rooms and costly furniture? This is not like home. All these things can be bought with money in the hotel, where a full purse makes you a welcome guest, and an empty one turns you out of doors without delay.

Home is something better than these.—You can show it in your looks, words, tones, and behavior. You can feel it in your glowing heart and indicate it in your welcoming hand; and in kindly sympathy and social converse the weary stranger finds something home-like, which makes a long journey thither seem a pleasure, and a dinner of herbs taste sweet; and which is better than the luxuries of bed and board, or the splendors of palace and mansion; something which has its roots in honor, courtesy, and Christian love; and its fruit in kindly sympathies, tender acts, home-like quietude, and pleasant and fragrant recollections.

A party of Railroad surveyors attempted to enter the grounds of one Bancroft, near Springfield, Ill., last week and were warned off by a son of the owner. Continuing to advance, they were fired upon by the boy. The party beat a hasty retreat uninjured. Next day Maj. South, city editor of the Springfield Register, visited Bancroft for the purpose of interviewing him, when Bancroft fired on him, inflicting a severe wound in the editor's arm. Bancroft attempted to resist arrest by fastening himself in a room, arming himself and refusing to surrender, and declaring that he would never be taken alive. Capt. Robbins of the police, in trying to arrest him, shot him dead.

The European and North American Railway Company has laid out a branch road for its station in Orono to Upper Stillwater, and will begin at once to grade the road.

Beecher says "A Congregationalist is a dry Baptist, and a Baptist is a wet Congregationalist."

New Firm.

WE have this day entered into a partnership, under the name and style of MAYO BROTHERS, to carry on the

BOOT & SHOE BUSINESS,

And will continue to occupy

The Old Stand opposite the Post Office.

Where will be found a full assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,

For Ladies', Gentlemen's & Children's Wear.

We propose to enlarge our stock, and shall keep the largest assortment of Ladies', Misses and Children's Boots, shoes and rubbers to be found in Waterville.

We shall manufacture to measure

GENTLEMEN'S CALF BOOTS,

BOTH PEGGED AND SEWED.

REPAIRING of all kinds neatly and promptly done. Aiming to do a cash business hereafter, we shall of course be able to give our customers more better terms, hereafter, and we trust, by prompt attention to business and fair dealing to deserve and receive a liberal share of public patronage.

O. F. MAYO

A. L. MAYO

Waterville, March 1, 1870.

THE above change of business, makes it necessary to settle all the old accounts of O. F. Mayo, and all indebted to the subscribers are requested to call and pay their bills immediately.

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THE OLD STAND

RE-OPENED.

Having 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, Lounges, Mirrors, Seaters, &c.

And all goods usually kept in this line of business. In addition to the above goods, I have the largest and best stock of

CROCKERY & GLASS WARE

Ever opened in Waterville. Also

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

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

I shall keep a full assortment of CHAIRS, SETS, and upholstered furniture, and the fine sets I have made by good workmen can be found on the river. And they are worth very much more than those thrown together, and sent to you.

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

MIRROR PLATES fitted to frames of all sizes. REPAIRING AND PAINTING Furniture done at all times. All of the above goods I sell as low as any one in Waterville will or can. All I ask for customers to price them, and judge for themselves before purchasing.

C. H. REDINGTON.

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Kendall's Mills Column.

"Goods Well Bought ARE HALF SOLD."

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

FLOUR.

offered by LAWRENCE & BLACKWELL, at the Grist Mill, Kendall's Mills.

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

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

LAWRENCE & BLACKWELL.

Kendall's Mills, Nov. 12, 1869.

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