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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 24, No. 01): July 1, 1870

Maxham & Wing

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[From the Galaxy for July.]  
SO DEARLY BOUGHT.  
BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Continued.]

"Do you stay long in America?" he asked.  
"I have no plans," she answered.  
"The Count is not with you?" was his next question.

"I am a widow," she replied.  
Then he did not know what to say, and tried to say several things and broke down in each.

"So you had heard nothing of me?" she inquired.  
"Yet you had a correspondent from this house, I think. But I suppose Mrs. Laurence and Miss Hastings thought you would only be bored by news of an old acquaintance."

"Several letters have missed me lately," he said; "probably the very ones in which I should have learned all this."

The Countess bowed her head in an assent, which did not in the least express assent, and upset the man's last power of self-control.

"I know what you mean," he exclaimed, rising from the table more quickly than good breeding would dictate.

The Countess quietly put out her hand to keep her cup from overturning with the jar he gave the table, and looked at him with placid interrogation.

"You think they were afraid to tell me," he went on; "afraid of giving me pain—or that Dora was afraid of her empire—you know I am engaged to her?"

It seemed to his listener that her mouth was changing into iron—the muscles of her tongue almost as useless as if they had been made of sponge—but she still looked at him; the half smile was on her lip, the voice which replied was indolent and mischievous as ever.

"I do, now that I have it from the best possible authority—yourself. Neither your betrothal nor anybody else had given me reason to suspect it. Your name has not been mentioned, I said."

"I suppose Mrs. Laurence told Dora you would not be interested."

"I suppose so! Mrs. Laurence was mistaken! I am interested—I congratulate you with all my heart! I have seen Miss Hastings constantly since my arrival. I am sure you have won a prize, and I am sure that you are worthy of it."

It was rather a neat speech, and she knew that she delivered it very nicely, and all the while sparks of fire danced before her eyes, and the floor went up and the ceiling came down; the chairs and tables moved about in a frantic dance, and everything grew so misty and indistinct that she could see nothing clearly except his pale, angry face, as it confronted her.

"You are very good," he said stiffly. "Your pretty compliment to Dora is simple truth, and I will try to deserve my share."

"You will do it," she replied, quietly.  
He began to sneer—tried to get out a biting speech in regard to the spirit of prophecy she had developed. But angry as he was—bitterly as he hated her—the taunt died unuttered beneath the fixed, solemn look in those brown eyes. So he buttoned his coat and uttered a commonplace. "I will not intrude upon you any longer; I have rather a tiresome walk back to the station."

"Will you let me drive you down?" she asked.  
"I always have my ponies out on an evening."

"Thanks—the walk will be a relief after so much railway journeying as I have had."

"So you will not even let me do you so slight a favor as that?" returned she, and this time her lips quivered a little.

"It really is not necessary, Countess. I will say good-bye now—or rather, as I suppose we shall meet before long, I'll be French enough to make it *au revoir*."

It was the first sentence with which he felt satisfied, and for an instant he was more at his ease. She speedily upset that.

"Give me any pretty name that you will," she said; "it is plain that you mean good-bye, and so—adieu."

She held out her hand—that perfect hand which had been the envy of queens—that hand he had kissed—often—prayed over, ay, fairly wept over in *ecstasy* and passion of his youth; the sight of which it was his very heart ache with a recollection of the old pain as sorely as if the wound were not a red over. He had to take it. She kept her fingers pressed slightly on his, and said, calmly enough,

"Before you go, there is one thing I should like you to do—you see I am willing to accept a favor from you, though you refused mine."

"Certainly, Madame la Comtesse; you have only to speak."

"And because I bear that title, because you are just entering a new life, I can ask it. Say, 'Adieu, I forgive you.'"

She raised her beseeching eyes to her face. He fairly flung her hand from him.

"I won't do it," he said harshly. "I don't forgive you—I never shall! You broke my heart—you destroyed my youth! Why, you so utterly ruined my life that now, though you are nothing to me—nothing, I repeat, thank God!—the memory of what you made me suffer leaves me capable of only half enjoying my present happiness."

She bowed her head in patient submission.  
"I was wrong to ask it," she answered; but I thought now you might, because I had passed utterly out of your life. I am the same as dead—we don't bear enmity against them."

"I am not sure," he retorted.  
"I am," she replied, "and I speak from experience."

"I don't know why you should care to have my forgiveness anyway."

"I'll tell you why, Clifford. Perhaps I ought not to call you that, but I always used, and it comes so natural that I forget."

"You'll tell me why," he amended, so bewildered between anger and pain that he could not decide whether she was acting or earnest.

"Because I have learned how wrong and wicked I was; because the ambitions and tri-umphs for which I threw away my youth have proved Dead Sea fruits; because I despise and loathe the worldly girl who caused your trouble more thoroughly than you can possibly do."

"You have changed," he said bitterly. "I remember when you declared that youthful dreams were folly and never lasted; that nothing was a real good except money and position."

"I have not forgotten, Clifford! You need not add to the bitterness of my confession by reminding me of my old errors. I won the stake I played for—title, position; and to-day my life is so utterly desolate that the poorest beggar would not change with me if he could know the truth."

"Believe me, I am sorry—"

"You can't be, unless you forgive me," she interrupted. "I haven't spoken to excite your sympathy; do believe this is not a bit of fine comedy! I always meant you should know the truth—not to make you pity me. It seemed that the telling you would be a sort of expiation—a proof that I repented my sin."

"I suppose you only acted in accordance with the doctrine in which you had been brought up," he said, more gently.

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"But that is no excuse," she replied.  
"I was poor then. Your father would not have allowed you to marry me if you had been willing. Lily told me that he threatened to cut you off with a shilling if you did."

"All true enough, but that was not what deterred me! I was as worldly as my father; I wanted to buy rank with his republican wealth, just as I told you. Well, I did it—let that go! I have said all I wished now; it has been in my mind for months, years! I wanted you to know that however deeply I wronged you in the old time, you have been bitterly avenged."

"I didn't want vengeance, Adele."  
"And yet you cannot forgive me!"

"Yes, I do—freely; there is my hand! There shall never be another harsh thought in my mind toward you," he said, with the impulsiveness which no amount of living could rid him of.

"You have done me more good than you can imagine," she returned, smiling sadly. "Now we begin on new terms. We must meet, and there need be no feeling on either side to make us constrained and give people a chance to pity or blame us."

"I don't care for people!"

"Nor I much—not enough, I fear. But I do care for Dora, and I want you both to be happy. I am sure that the forgiveness you have promised me will help you. I won't keep you any longer—you might miss the train. Go away to Dora. It was not kind of Lily to make her keep the truth from me; but I would rather let them know in my own way that I have discovered it."

"I shall only say that I saw you."

"And give Dora my love—I mean it! Good-bye, Clifford! You'll be happy—very happy. I am sure of that, and I thank heaven for it. At least I did not utterly ruin your future."

She went away out of the room through the twilight shadows which had begun to darken it, and Clifford Stuyvesant stood and watched her, and knew that the future could never give any happiness like that of his early dream.

But he had known this from the first, he told himself over and over, as he hurried along the path which led through the field to the station. Dora was gentle, and tender, and kind. He loved her after what he might have believed a good fashion, if he had never known a better—at least a more fervid one. He had watched her grow up; child as she was, she had been his only confidante in the first days of his wretchedness, when Adele Laurence went forth in her search for title and position.

During those years he had become rich; partly by the result of a voyage to South America, partly through some of the wonderful means by which Wall street has made so many men rich during the past few years. And this last winter, coming back to town after a few months absence, he had found Dora so much more charming than ever that he proposed and was accepted, and told himself that the future would do well enough—well enough; as much as any man need expect who had nearly reached thirty.

The remainder of the summer passed with Madame de Soissons in a monotonous round, which it would be neither useful nor pleasant to chronicle, though I think she did not altogether waste the days from the very fact that she tried not to rebel against the loneliness and desolation of her life. She acknowledged always that she had brought it upon herself by sacrificing love to ambition, believing the world's doctrine that all youthful affection must speedily lose its glory, that wealth and pomp are the only lasting basis on which to build up the sort of happiness the mind needs as it forsakes its early romance.

Mrs. Laurence and Dora both wrote to her pleasant, chatty letters, and she answered them; but there was no question concerning Clifford Stuyvesant on either side. Early in the autumn, the two ladies returned, expecting to be followed by a gay party in the course of the following week.

"A little excitement will do you good, Countess," her father's widow said.  
"I shall not try the experiment just now," Adele replied. "I am going to make a short journey during this lovely autumn weather."

"All by yourself?" asked Lily in a amazement.  
"I'll take my maid and my man. I'm sure they will do for griffins or sheep dogs."

"Oh, there's no harm in it, only I thought you would be glad to see people after these solitary weeks. Where shall you go?"

"Up into the Catskills. I want to see the mountains once more in their October dress."

"It is of no use to tease you," Lily answered; "but all the same, I am very sorry to have you go."

She was heartily glad for some reason, and Adele saw it; so she contented herself by replying with a smile; but it was so very significant that Lily colored under the *sourpous* of rouge she had lately taken to wearing. Fortunately, Dora came in at the instant, and Mrs. Laurence took refuge in lamentations to her. Dora declared herself disappointed at the Countess's determination, and Adele saw that she meant it.

"You'll have enough of me before the winter is over, she said with her rare smile, which was so beautiful. "Let me follow my own caprices. Have you a large party coming, Lily?"

Mrs. Laurence began enumerating. There would be a house full, many of them old friends of Adele's, Lily said.

"But you forgot to mention one old friend of mine, though of course he is coming," the Countess answered.

Lily was a veteran actress and did an innocent look of inquiry very well; but Dora colored to the tips of her pretty little ears. "Let me see," observed Lily, thoughtfully. "Who else? Oh, to be sure—the Howards and Mrs. Peyton and—"

"Clifford Stuyvesant," added the Countess, sweetly. "My dear Lily, I think when I first came you might have given me an opportunity of congratulating Dora. Of course, she hardly knew me well enough to make the confidence herself."

Mrs. Laurence was absolutely confused, and began several sentences—"It was a secret—I thought—"

The Countess paid no attention to her failures; she had risen, and was standing near the blushing Dora. She touched the girl's chin with her finger—raised it so as to look in her face, and said, kindly and heartily,

"I do congratulate you now, though, dear; and I wish you all the happiness I am sure you deserve."

"Thank you," Dora said, more charmed with her than ever.

"But who told you?" asked Lily, incautiously. She could have bitten her tongue out for the heedless speech a second after, but it was too late.

"Mr. Stuyvesant himself, of course, replied the Countess, placidly.

Thomas, at this crisis, announced that Madame de Soissons's horse was waiting, and with a parting kiss to Dora, she went away to prepare for her ride.

Lily glanced at Dora, and Dora became absorbed in studying the pattern of the table cover. They were both uncomfortable, as the Countess had known they would be. It was her one bit of revenge for their secrecy.

"Clifford did not say he had told her," Mrs. Laurence said.

"I don't—!" Dora had begun to prevaricate, but she checked herself. "No; but it was very natural he should. I am glad. It seemed shabby not to mention it, and so strange."

Mrs. Laurence did not say that for Clifford Stuyvesant to have been silent concerning his confidence to the Countess might also come under the head of "strange," but her face showed she thought it.

"I never could see the good of not owning it to people," she said; "everybody else does."

"Time enough next winter," Dora answered, cheerfully; but she did not feel cheerful in the least.

After Mrs. Laurence had left her, she sat pondering over Clifford's reticence, perplexing herself with weary questions; and though she tried to put them out of her mind, they would come back very often during the weeks that followed, though they were pleasant weeks on the whole, and Stuyvesant was one of the guests at the house, merry and contented as a man who had never had any dead to bury, or their unquiet ghosts to lay, after.

The autumn passed; the troop of visitors left the old mansion; the Countess returned from her expedition to watch the falling leaves among the mountains; the three women were comfortably established in the town house, and the wheels of time apparently rolled on velvet.

The "season" began and rushed on toward a brilliant culmination, till between dinners, balls, and the thousand dissipations society contrives, Mrs. Laurence and Dora, like the rest of Fashion's devotees, worked harder than bond-slaves.

The Countess did not work; she took life in an idle, disdainful way, like one who had learned that it was not worth wearying over. She had done with pretences of all sorts, she told herself. If she chose to be visible at Lily's parties, she was; sometimes took her seat in the opera-box, or could be occasionally deluded into dinners. What anybody said she did not in the least care; it was inclination, no fear of gossip, which made her live quietly, and kept her in attire that might be considered a species of mourning dress.

Naturally, Clifford Stuyvesant was a good deal at the house, but the Countess rarely saw him. When they did meet, there was nothing to excite suspicion in the manner of either, not even an effort at avoiding conversation. Mrs. Laurence admitted that Adele had no evil designs, she believed, and got nearly smothered by Dora venturing to hint that she could make trouble if she had.

The young lady and the Countess were absolutely fond of each other. Adele was astonished to find that she had such capabilities for liking left; and as both were of the order of women who do not consider that friendship means gushing and talking one's self over, they got on admirably.

Lily sometimes, when she had a moment to think, did the injured and reproachful to each in turn for showing more affection toward a comparative stranger than to her; but the Countess fairly laughed in her face with good-natured scorn, and Dora defused the charge once for all, and then took refuge in what her cousin termed "the obstinate Hastings silence."

But it was written in the books of Fate that Madame de Soissons should not yet attain the undisturbed quiet she desired. Another trouble rose to haunt her and bring the punishment for another folly.

Henri de Riviere came over from France—a worthless fellow, who, in the days of Adele's Parisian triumphs, had maintained a decent position in the world, thanks to the importance of his family. But within the last year he had lost even that. Some flagrant misconduct at a gaming-table had been made public; his relatives discarded him, and he found it necessary to seek "fresh fields and pastures new." He appeared in America; he wanted money for his present needs and assistance in marrying a Yankee heiress, and he relied on the Countess for both. In spite of the rumors which followed him over, he did for a time succeed in holding his own, made Adele recognize him, and floated into Murray Hill saloons on the strength of her name. It was one of the most galling annoyances that had ever befallen the haughty woman; but she could not at once rid herself of the yoke. In the mad Parisian days she had flirted dreadfully with de Riviere; indeed, there had been a quarrel between her and the Count in regard to him, and she had written the young man a dozen foolish letters which she had long ago forgotten.

But Henri de Riviere had not forgotten, and these letters were safe in his dressing-case when he reached America. He made his determination plain enough. Adele should either help him, purchase his silence, or he would introduce their faded romance into a book he was writing.

For several weeks he tormented her almost out of her senses. There was nothing wrong in her letters—that is, nothing worse than the folly of a married woman writing sentimental epistles to another than her husband; but the Countess knew that if they were made public just now, when evil reports concerning her had only lately been laid at rest, slander would blacken her character in an irretrievable fashion.

Nobody dreamed of her trouble except Dora. She did tell Dora. In her whole life before, Madame had never accepted a confidante; but she was so weary and broken down now that her old strength of will could not support her; she wanted sympathy, and she told Dora every thing. At least de Riviere found that the Countess would only help him on condition of receiving a tangible return. He wanted money dreadfully; concluded that he should stand a better chance among the heiresses of South America than he did among those of the North, owing to the unpleasant gossip which pursued him and made his position in New York more and more doubtful. He consented to Adele's offer—he would sell her the letters for five thousand dollars. But when it came to the point he haggled—demurred—threatened—ap pointed interviews in compromising places, then would appear without the documents, and tormented her in every possible way. He discovered at length that he had reached the limit; she grew desperate and dared him to do his worst.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE VALLEYS OF THE VAUDOIS.—The territory of the Vaudois embraces scarcely sixteen square miles. The three valleys can never have contained a population of more than twenty thousand. In every age the manners of the people have been the same. They are tall, graceful, vigorous; a mountain race accustomed to labor or hunt the chamois in its native crags. The women are fair and spotless; their rule but plaintive hymns are often heard resounding from the chestnut groves; their native refinement softens the apparent harshness of their rugged lives. Over the whole population of the Vaudois valleys has ever reined the charm of a spotless purity. Their fair and tranquil countenances speak only frankness and simplicity; their lives are passed in deeds of charity, in honest labors, and in unvarying self-respect. The vices and the follies, the luxury and the crime that have swept over Europe never invaded the happy valleys, unless carried thither by the papal troops. No pride, no avarice, no fierce resentment disturbs the peaceful Vaudois, no profanity, no crime is heard of in this singular community. To wait upon the sick, to aid the stranger, are eagerly contended for as a privilege; compassion, even for their enemies, is the crowning excellence of the generous race. When their persecutor, Victor Amadeus II., was driven from Turin by the French, he took refuge in the valleys he had desolated, in the cottage of a Vaudois peasant. Here he lived in perfect security. The peasant might have filled his house with gold by betraying his guest; he refused; the duke escaped, and rewarded his preserver with characteristic parsimony. In the French wars of the last century, three hundred wounded Frenchmen took shelter in the village of Bobbio. The Vaudois cared for their former persecutors as long as their scanty means allowed, and then taking the wounded soldiers on their shoulders, carried them over the steep Alpine passes and brought them safely to their native France.

We may accept, for we cannot refute, the narrative of their early history given by the Vaudois themselves. Soon after the dawn of Christianity they assert their ancestors embraced the faith of St. Paul, and practiced the simple rites and usages described by Justin or Tertullian. The Scriptures became their only guide; the same belief, the same sacraments they maintain to this day, they held in the age of Constantine and Sylvester. They relate that, as the Roman church grew in power and pride, their ancestors repelled its assumptions and refused to submit to its authority; that when in the ninth century, the use of images was enforced by superstitious popes, they, at least never consented to become idolaters; that they never worshipped the Virgin, nor bowed at an idolatrous mass. When in the eleventh century Rome asserted its supremacy over kings and princes, the Vaudois were its bitterest foes. The three valleys formed the theological school of Europe. The Vaudois missionaries traveled into Hungary and Bohemia, France, England, even Scotland, and aroused the people to a sense of the fearful corruption of the church. They pointed to the antichrist, the centre of every abomination. They taught, in the place of the Romish innovations, the pure faith of the apostolic age. Lollard, who led the way to the reforms of Wycliffe, was a preacher from the valleys; the Abbeigens of Provence, in the twelfth century, were reformed by the teachers of Piedmont; Huss and Jerome did little more than proclaim the Vaudois faith; and Luther and Calvin were only the necessary offspring of the apostolic churches of the Alps.—[Eugene Lawrence, in Harper's Magazine for July.]

Rev. A. L. Stone of San Francisco stated, while in Boston recently, that the vineyards of that State are already telling upon the morals of its people; that wine is common on their tables, that church members use it freely and that the young men and women are becoming drunkards on all hands.

M. Lamennais is reported to have uttered the following weighty words just before his death: "There is nothing fruitful but sacrifice. Some will say this is a hard saying; who can hear it? Yet the fact remains that for eighteen hundred years during which Christians have professed to believe in the cross, nothing really elevated, beautiful, or good, has been done upon the earth except at the cost of suffering and self abnegation."

A fifteen year old boy in Augusta named Andrew Bolton, quarreled with his brother of 12 years and beat him until he was insensible. They were in a boat and the elder landed and pushed the craft into the stream where it was subsequently discovered and the insensible lad was restored to consciousness. He was terribly beaten. The inhuman brother fled and has not been heard from.

Florence Nightingale gives the chiropodists no custom. She plants her stocking foot firmly on a piece of leather, draws an outline of the figure it forms, and has her shoes made to correspond exactly with it. Oh, that you led the fashions for the rest of the ladies, Florence, and for the gentlemen, too!

Mrs. Bethia Tozier renders thanks through the Somerset Reporter to the ladies of Athens for a friendly donation visit on the fifteenth instant, it being her one hundred and fifth birthday.

Real Christians are the resemblances of Christ; and if we love the original, we must also love the copy.

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## NOTES OF TRAVEL.

[For the Waterville Mail.]

From Washington enroute to Alabama, we had, as fellow passengers, Gov. Bullock, of Ga., and suite, and Foster Blodgett and servants, until we arrived at Charleston, E. Tenn. which is the junction of the Georgia State R. R. of which Mr. Blodgett is Supt. After leaving Bristol, at one of the Stations we were honored with an escort of United States Soldiers, under a Lieut. The fact was announced in the papers, the next day, that Gov. B. had, as protection, a guard of U. S. Infantry over the Ga. R. R. to Atlanta the previous night. Now it is presumable that if a man has a guard there is a necessity for it; my own private opinion is, that there was no more need of a guard there than there would be for the same distance. A sleeper or rail across the track would destroy all on board if put under at the right point, *even with troops on board*; and I thought then, and believe now, that he applied for the guard for political effect—a mode of procedure anything else than right. Gov. Bullock knew that if he could get the guard from Gen. Terry the fact would be heralded the next day—and would tend to prolong his office as Gov. of Ga. I have no doubt but the Ku-Klux Clans have been severe in many places South, but there was no need of that escort at that time, and every man in that train knew it, from Gov. B. down to the member from Waterville centre. Let us be just toward all parties, and abide the result, is the way I should like to see matters managed South as everywhere else.

At Mountain House, Ala., I made the acquaintance of a graduate of Harvard University—a real gentleman. He is a large property holder, and always has been, having had a very large estate from his father, largely in slaves. Previous to the war he lived in Chicago, Ill., and had the profits of his estate sent him by his agents. He had himself neither care nor anxiety; his money was sure to come as he needed it. The war came, and in common with nearly all of his section he joined with his own people in trying to make a government of their own. He was during the war, on Gen. Lee's staff with the rank of Maj. The war over, he returned to Ala. to find nothing left but his land; nothing to do with but his hands and the horse he was paroled on (or had when paroled). His health was good, and his courage (with a word of good cheer from each of his former slaves, who were more than glad to see him)—was equal to the situation. He went at it all on credit; made a good crop; settled with his help according to the agreement; has since then been very particular with all his help, and says there never could be better help anywhere than his old slaves. I asked him how he felt as to his honest belief, as far as the negro was concerned, (take the South all through) they were not as a class as well off as when in bondage. Still he never had seen one who wished to be enslaved again; he had as lief they should be as they are; and so far as his own self was concerned he felt glad that he had been thrown upon his own resources, said he felt as though there was a Providence in the war as applied to himself; and he had no doubt that the time would come when the whole South would look upon the result as he did. He is doing a *world* of good in his neighborhood. There is some good land in his vicinity, and in a letter received from him since my return he informed me that "if you have any who are desirous to become bonafide citizens of our State, send them along, and it will always afford me much pleasure to assist them in selecting a home in this favored land." This appeared to be the feeling among the most of the people of the State, and the entire south, toward *actual* settlers. I spent a night with a minister (spoken of in a previous letter) who was afflicted with neuralgia and was not talkative. After we were well up in the morning, his wife informed me (he being out) that "her man was right bad last night with *misery* in his head"—after he came in he told me that he was *mighty sorry* last night and I must excuse him. He was all right in the morning, however, and as ready to talk as any one; went to talking about the war; was glad slavery was gone; had only one slave and that was with him now; still he thought slavery was justified by the Bible—and quoted from Leviticus XXV. 44 and 45th verses. I did not doubt it at all, but soon asked him if he believed them to be human beings? answered he thought they were. Said I, as a Christian did you ever apply the Golden Rule toward them? He seemed not inclined to talk in that direction any further. I think him a very good man and very hospitable withal. At Chattanooga I met a man from Elgin, Ill., who had been over a large part of the South. He talked very much, especially around Rome, Ga. Said the people, farmers and all, were 50 yrs. behind the times compared with his state; and I did not doubt it. Soon, while we were talking, one of those *strutty, pompous* colored men came along, and I made the

## Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAX JAM. DAN L. R. WING.  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JULY 1, 1870.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PRITCHARD & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 27 State Street, Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Seelye's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the WATERTVILLE MAIL, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS relating to the business of editorial department should be addressed to "MAILMAN & WING," or "WATERTVILLE MAIL OFFICE."

**THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION** met at Portland on Tuesday, and re-nominated: Sure enough!—no they didn't! We have been so accustomed to hear annually of a democratic candidate for governor, that we had almost written out the short name suggested by our neighborly expectations. What in the name of patriotism can be the matter this year! They met, as we said—but forthwith found themselves so divided upon great party antagonisms that the day was consumed in debating the question of adjournment to another time and place. There was a warm debate during which some very pungent blows were exchanged. About 500 delegates appear to have attended. On a resolution adjourning the convention to meet at Bangor on the 16th of August, the vote stood 252 for and 165 against. The object of this course is said to be the re-organization of the party, with some new springs and traps to draw from the republicans the few who cannot stand the "prohibition" plank. Mr. Emery, of Portland, who presented the resolve, said "he believed the people of Maine would decide to bring forward Joshua L. Chamberlain for Governor." The hint brought down the house with contending cheers and hisses. "No democrat," he went on to say, "could complain of Gov. Chamberlain, who was the best man for governor, and the best man for U. S. Senator!"

"Is the democratic party of Maine dead?" cries Gen. Roberts, of Bangor, in great excitement. Have we come here to witness its burial and act as pall bearers?" Cries of "No! No!"

Old and young democracy squared away against each other, and at the final adjournment each side made an independent crowd of three cheers.

**T. F. BACHELDER, ESQ.**, of San Francisco, responding to the invitation to attend the semi-annual anniversary of his Alma Mater, arrived with his family in Waterville on Wednesday. They will spend several months in a family visit. Mr. B. went to California across the Plains in '64. With them comes Mr. Charles Crommet, whose severe injury and narrow escape from death by accident was noticed in the Mail. He has only partially recovered.

**MR. C. G. EATON**, so long and pleasantly known at the bookstore of Mr. Mathews, for being a good sample of Waterville boys, comes from California for a summer visit, after an absence of several years. His old friends greet him very heartily.

The Standard devotes a column to the nomination of Perham, being very much distressed that "prohibition is again at the front;" but it has not a line of remark about the humiliating position of its own party as shown at the Portland convention. Better attend to your own funeral.

**CLASSICAL INSTITUTE.**—The semi-annual examination will take place on Thursday and Friday next. The public are invited to attend.

Diplomas were awarded to sixty-eight graduates of the Normal Academy at Annapolis recently. A Maine boy, George L. Dyer, bore off the highest honors, and R. G. Peck, of Massachusetts, stood second.

**THE MASONIC CELEBRATION** at Bangor was a grand affair. The oration by Hon. J. H. Drummond, of Portland, M. P. S. Grand Commander, is said to have been interesting and instructive, and was well received.

It is charged by the Washington correspondent of the Boston Advertiser that Mr. Motley is to be removed, as Minister to England, not for any fault of his, but simply because he had the support of Sumner who has fallen out of favor by his opposition to the San Domingo scheme.

**THE BATH TIMES.** "Toby Candor's" paper, is hereafter to be published as an evening paper, being put to press every afternoon at five o'clock. The Times is an industrious news gatherer.

**C. C. Sheldon**, son of Rev. Dr. Sheldon, of Waterville, was among the graduates at the recent Harvard Commencement.

**Knight's Star.** Let it twinkle in this direction, will you.

## BILLY'S FANCY HEN REPORT.

**Mess. Editors:**—I set my old hen on 16 first rate eggs, and the lazy critter hatched out only five chickens. My plucky old cat eat up three of them, and then I shut up the other two in the barn. One morning one of 'em turned up missing, out of a knot hole, I guess. 'Tother one took sick of lonesome, and grows worse every day. My opinion it it'll die, and I don't care if it does. I'll report further when I'm a mind to.

BILLY BOO.

**CATTLE MARKETS.**—Trade was good in all departments this week, with little variation in prices from last week.

**Hon. Wm. P. Frye** has been nominated for Congress in the 2d District, and John Lynch has been re-nominated in the 1st.

The annual Commencement of the Waterville Classical Institute, which occurs on the 12th inst., promises to be a literary festival of marked interest. The Graduating Class embraces talent and genius of high order, and its exercises cannot fail to give great interest. Portland Band will furnish the music, closing with a concert, for which a very large number of tickets have already been sold. Our citizens have a growing appreciation of this popular institution, and will give its anniversary their best influence.

**A GRAND EXHIBITION OF NATIONAL INDUSTRY.**—The American Institute of New York City, of which Horace Greeley is President, will hold their thirty ninth Fair during the months of September and October next, at the Empire Rink. The brilliant success of former Exhibitions is a guarantee that a leading feature in the attractions of the Metropolis during the fall will be this Great Industrial Display. For circular, giving classification of articles, rules for Exhibitors and full particulars, address Corresponding Secretary, American Institute, New York City.

Two handsome wooden blocks of stores three stories high, have recently been built at West Waterville, one by Mr. C. F. Stevens, in which is the Post Office, and one by Mr. E. E. Crowell, probably the handsomest and best wood building in that village. Mr. Guy T. Hubbard is building a nice house not far from his present residence.

**FISHERMEN!** See Mr. Thayer's card. Good chance—eh?

The present number of the MAIL begins its twenty-fourth volume. (Verbun' sat.)

Some travelling scribbler for the Oxford Democrat makes the following "dig" at Waterville.

"Fryburg, in supporting, unaided, six free bridges across the river, presents a remarkable contrast with some of the Kennebec towns. I will show the figures in but one case, though I think several unfavorable comparisons might be made. The valuation of the towns of Waterville and Winslow is \$2,374,019, while that of Fryburg is only \$670,383. I have no doubt but the bridges of Fryburg cost more than a bridge would cost at Waterville; yet I understand the good people of Waterville consider the public ungrateful in asking for a free bridge."

**RUTGERS FEMALE COLLEGE.**—From a notice of the commencement exercises of this popular institution, which is under the charge of Dr. Henry M. Pierce, a graduate of Waterville of the class of '53, we gather the following items:—

The address before the graduating class on Sunday evening was delivered by the President, Dr. Pierce, in the Fourth-avenue Presbyterian church. On Tuesday, a public meeting took place in the same church, for the purpose of appealing to the community for an endowment, to enable the College to enlarge and increase its educational facilities. The Alumni Reunion and Class-day exercises took place in the chapel on Wednesday afternoon; and the annual commencement in Dr. Hastings' church on Thursday. The large edifice was filled with an interested audience, curious to witness the first conferring of the degree of A. B. upon a class of ladies that New York city has ever seen. The class numbered ten, and the essays that they gave evinced careful study and training. They also furnished much beautiful music, mainly piano quartettes. Two honorary degrees were conferred—namely: Doctor of Philosophy, upon the astronomer Miss Mitchell, Professor in Vassar College, and L. L. D. upon the celebrated author and metaphysician, Professor Upham, of Dartmouth College, N. H.

Two men have been arrested in Portland on a charge of having robbed the body of Mr. Rogers who was recently drowned in the harbor by the upsetting of the Gypsy, and two others in Boston.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE**, for July, brim full of interesting and valuable reading and profusely illustrated, is for sale at Henrickson's.

**Mrs. Ware**, wife of the venerable Judge Ware of Portland, dropped dead at her home yesterday, of heart disease.

**Lord Clarendon**, Prime Minister of England, died quite suddenly on the 26th ult., at the age of 70 years.

The Pioneer says that when Daniel Pratt, the Great American Traveller, was in Presque Isle several years ago, he took rooms with Uncle Jerry. After he had hung round a week or two, without mentioning pay, mine host asked him one afternoon what he did for a living. "I travel," he replied. "Well," said Uncle Jerry, "arter supper let's see you travel."

One sometimes hears quaint and forcible expressions in the common speech of the people. A man in the horse cars the other day, speaking of an acquaintance who had experienced many vicissitudes in life, said he had seen "as many ups and downs as pair o' steel-yards." Another speaking of a friend who kept a variety shop, said he had everything for sale from a needle to a clap o' thunder!—[Portland Transcript.]

## OUR TABLE.

**LIFE IN UTAH;** or the Mysteries and Crimes of Mormonism; being an expose of their Secret Rites and Ceremonies, with a full and authentic History of Polygamy and the Mormon Sect, from its origin to the present time; by J. H. Headley, editor of the Salt Lake Reporter. Published by the National Publishing Co., Boston.

The above title is so full that but little additional description is needed. Though not a sensational book it is very fascinating, dealing as it does with the strange and most fearful state of morals known to the world, and it is full of the most absorbing episodes and incidents of Mormon life and mysteries, as well as of solid and practical information. The book is handsomely illustrated and issued in fine style. The high praise which it has received from a number of members of Congress and Government Officials, by whom its publication was urged as a duty to the country, stamps it as one of the most powerful and thrilling works ever written.

Every man owes it as a duty to his country, to inform himself upon this great question which must be met and settled at no distant day, and no better opportunity could be offered than this book presents. It is for sale by subscription only, and agents are wanted in every county.

**THE GALAXY** for July has the following table of contents:

Temp in the Dark, by Edward H. House; American Women and English Women, by Justin McCarthy; Summer Rain, by E. R. Sill; Lo-Land Adventure, by Albert S. Evans; A Problem, by Louise C. Moulton; Gleanings from the Sea, by John C. Draper; Condemned, by M. L. L. Art in America, by J. J. Jarvis; So Dearly Bought, by Frank Lee Benedict; Poppies, by Rose Terry; Put Yourself in His Place, (concluded) by Charles Hester; A Sight, by W. De Forest; The New Samps of History, by Wm. Swinton; Mr. Wells in Answer to Mr. Margaret Hosmer; Lake Superior and the Sault Ste Marie, by Isaac Allen; Epigram, by Robert M. Walsh; The Loss of the Onondaga; Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite, part 2d, by Anthony Trollope; Negro Superstitions, by Thaddeus Norris; Fairmount Park, with map; Miss Tigg's Secret, by J. W. Watson; Russia in Central Asia, by Chas. Morris; Monthly Gossip; Literature of the Day.

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

**LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE** for July begins a new volume with the following table of contents:—

Petition Influence on the government of England, by Justin McCarthy; The Winds, a poem, by Cecil Dyer; Two Letters, a tale; On the Theory of Evolution, by Prof. Edward D. Cope; A week among the Mormons; Sinful Woe Despair of the Republic, by Rev. Walter Mitchell; A Ghost, as a Modern Convenience, by Mrs. Margaret Hosmer; Lake Superior and the Sault Ste Marie, by Isaac Allen; Epigram, by Robert M. Walsh; The Loss of the Onondaga; Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite, part 2d, by Anthony Trollope; Negro Superstitions, by Thaddeus Norris; Fairmount Park, with map; Miss Tigg's Secret, by J. W. Watson; Russia in Central Asia, by Chas. Morris; Monthly Gossip; Literature of the Day.

Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, at \$4 a year. Back numbers, containing the commencement of Anthony Trollope's story, furnished gratis to new subscribers.

**OLD AND NEW** for July, the first number of a new volume, presents an attractive bill of fare. The following are the titles of a few of the articles:—

The Quakers in New England, by B. P. Halliwell; Talk about the Tea-Table; Commonplace, by I. G. Meritt; American Biographies and Infidelity, by I. B. Torcilli; The Woman Question, by D. H. E. H. Life and Letters, by Maria W. Chapman; Trollope's Chapter 1; The Gallery of the Portico; Harrisburg and How to Find it, by Julia Ward Howe; The Hidden Hemisphere, "The Examiner," and "Record of Progress" are full of interesting articles, and they welcome good news.

The commencement of Mrs. Stowe's new "Pink and White Tyranny," is promised in the next number.

Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, at \$4 a year.

**LADIES' REPOSITORY.**—The steel engravings in the July number of this literary and religious magazine are—"The Lone River," a perfect gem, and a portrait of William W. Cornell. There are also a number of wood engravings illustrating several interesting articles. The number is well filled, as usual.

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

**HOURLY AT HOME.**—The July number of this sterling monthly contains another instalment of the Unpublished Letters of Charlotte Bronte, which every body will be pleased to read. The other articles are:—

The Building of our Cities, by Leonard Rip; Hero continued, by G. M. Craik; On the Coast, by Dr. J. G. Holand; Grand Menap, by B. P. De Costa; Watching the Sea, by Maria W. Chapman; Trollope's Chapter 1; The Gallery of the Portico; Harrisburg and How to Find it, by Julia Ward Howe; The Hidden Hemisphere, "The Examiner," and "Record of Progress" are full of interesting articles, and they welcome good news.

The commencement of Mrs. Stowe's new "Pink and White Tyranny," is promised in the next number.

Published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York, at \$3 a year.

**THE LITTLE CORPUS MAGAZINE.**—The July number of this beautiful juvenile comes to us greatly enlarged and improved, as well as finely illustrated. The wonderful growth of this young Napoleon of the juveniles has been as surprising as it is interesting. Its circulation has rapidly increased. Its matter is entirely original and of a high order. In its new, improved form it is one of the handsomest and cheapest magazines published. Childlike but not childish, it rejoices the hearts of both parents and children alike. The number begins a new volume and now is a good time to subscribe.

Published by Sewell & Miller, Chicago, Ill., at one dollar a year; sample copy, 12 cents.

The republican party is often charged with extravagance and lack of economy, and yet under its rule there has been a marked retrenchment in one department. Since this party has come into power the reduction in the charges of members of Congress for mileage, has been wonderful, saving a large sum to government.

To be sure, members are now allowed but 20 cents a mile for travel, where the allowance was formerly 40 cents; but this does not account for all the difference—members used to misrepresent the distance. For instance—

There was Johnson, of Arkansas; when he was a Senator it was 4,000 miles from Little Rock to Washington and back. Now it is not so much by a thousand miles at least, so says Rice, his Republican successor. Think of poor Green, of Missouri, tramping 3,500 miles to reach the Capitol, while Drake merely cuts in across lots and saves over 1,500 miles, the former coming up at a cost to the people of \$1,400, the latter for less than \$500. We used to pay that eminent diplomat, Gwin, of California, nearly \$6,000 for coming to Washington. We get Cole, a Republican, here for \$1,800. It cost us \$800 every time that shining Democrat, Jesse D. Bright, turned his face to the Capitol; but Morton comes down for \$359 a year. Graham N. Fitch of Indiana had a very warm time of it, for he traveled 2,865 miles and finally reached Washington, after much suffering, at a national expense of \$1,146. Pratt, though living in the same town, discovered some wonderful route twelve hundred miles shorter, and so we got him here and back again, heavy as he is, for \$339.20.

That great and good man, David Turpie, when he had the misfortune to be a Senator for a few days, wandered about like a lost sheep, until finally his eyes were gladdened at the sight of the dome, after having travelled 2,636 miles. Everybody knows that David had an eye single to the glory of his country; that he is boiling over with economy; that so far as national interests are at stake, if a single improvement could be made in his mental organization, it would be by plucking a feather from the wings of his integrity and sticking it in the tail of his generosity; and yet Colfax, Packard, and others make the distance from Northern Indiana to the Capitol from eight to nine hundred miles shorter than did Turpie. The trouble was doubtless with the arithmetic and not

with David, but from one cause or another the calculation was wrong.

David, the great and costly Jefferson, travelled four thousand miles every time he came up to the Capitol, and charged us one thousand six hundred dollars for the trip. Revels, blacker, but more modest, living one hundred and fifty miles further away, cut across the country a thousand miles nearer, and charges a thousand dollars less for the job. These figures are from the official records and challenge contradiction.

**A GREAT FIRE AT PITTSBURGH, PA.**—A telegram from Pittsburg gives the following account of the most disastrous oil fire which ever occurred in that city: At 8 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, during a terrible rain-storm, in which houses were blown down and trees uprooted, a twenty thousand-barrel tank belonging to the Eclipse oil refinery, was struck by lightning and another tank belonging to the Citizens' refinery, was struck at the same time. The Eclipse tank instantly exploded, the burning oil running toward the river, burning all the buildings in its way, including Dr. Twaddle's house and setting fire to Shafsbury bridge, which was totally destroyed. The following are the estimated losses: Citizens' refinery \$20,000, fully insured; Eclipse building, \$75,000; oil, \$8000, machinery, &c., \$60,000—insured in Eastern Companies; Swearingen & McCandless agency for Forsyth Bros., \$15,000—no insurance; Astral Works, \$40,000—But little insurance; Anchor Works, 12,000; National works \$15,000—partially insured. The total loss is probably \$500,000. Henry B. Foster, brother of the late Stephen C. Foster, was burned to death. The fire still continued on Wednesday. A warehouse containing 3000 empty barrels and a tank of benzine, belonging to the Citizens' refinery, were destroyed during Tuesday night, causing an additional loss of \$5000.

The Annual Conference of the Maine Central Yearly Meeting of Free Will Baptists, held at West Waterville, on the 22d and 23d inst., was organized by the choice of officers, as follows: Rev. J. S. Burgess of Lewiston, Moderator; Rev. E. W. Porter of Bath, Assistant Moderator; and Rev. A. A. Smith of Topsham, Assistant Clerk. Delegations appeared from other religious bodies, bringing words of Christian greeting. The business of the conference was conducted with usual facility and harmony. The social religious services were cheering and profitable. Delegates were appointed to other religious bodies for the ensuing year, and a committee of which Rev. G. W. Gould of East Dixfield is chairman, was appointed to confer with the committee of other yearly meetings in Maine, in regard to a State Home Missionary Society. Rev. A. H. Morrill of Phillips was reappointed Home Missionary agent for the yearly meeting. The duty of increasing the contributions for missions, both home and foreign, was urged upon the Quarterly Meetings with special earnestness, and not without effect, as generous contributions upon the ground were raised for these objects. The temperance question especially, elicited earnest discussion, and the following resolve was unanimously passed:

**RESOLVED,** That in view of the duty of the Legislature to furnish some more efficient police force for the execution of the prohibitory law of the State against the sales of spirituous liquors, we must earnestly recommend that all our ministers, make the cause of temperance more prominent in their labors, and use their efforts to stay the fearful tide of intemperance.

Other resolves, urging the importance of the Sabbath School, temperance societies, &c., passed the Conference. Resolutions of congratulation with reference to the noble work done in our literary institutions and promising hearty support to the Theological Seminary, proposed, were unanimously passed, and the mission among the freedmen was particularly referred to as calling for increased labors.

A terrible tornado passed over the Ocean House, near Portland, on Saturday last. Mr. Chamberlain, the proprietor, says: A boat standing on the shore by the fish-house was taken up by the violence of the tempest and broken in two. The fish-house was split in two as if it had been paper, the earth was torn up in places, a chimney on the Hotel was partially torn down as well as several other chimneys; the house shook like a leaf. A great limb, as large round as a man's body, was twisted off the big tree in front of the house; the salt water from the ocean was blown up on to leaves of the tree, a long distance, causing them to shrivel and wither. The rain poured down in such torrents that a stream of water flowed down the hotel stairs, wetting everything.

There is nothing sacred now. The last holy of holies has been invaded and desecrated. One of the Pharaohs is a mummy in Barnum's museum. A mountebank travels over Europe with a little tent in which he exhibits for four sous "a piece of the Holy Cross." Where the geni of the "Arabian Nights" Entertainment" once reigned supreme there is now a ten cylinder Hoe press printing the Koran and a "History of the Caliphs." A newsboy has a stand near the ruins of the Coliseum, and old ladies peddle peanuts in the streets of Jerusalem. A factory has been established on the river Jordan. Recently the cable informed us that a railroad track is being laid upon the classic plains of Marathon, and now comes the startling announcement that "a telegraph station is being located on the site of what is supposed to have been the original Garden of Eden!" Now we are prepared for anything—anything! The iconoclast has done his worst. Nothing will hereafter shock us, however profane, queer or bizarre. We shall not even raise our eyebrows in surprise, if we hear that a divorce court has been set up in Canaan of Galilee; that Lydia Thompson has leased St. Peter's; that the ark has been found and changed into an ironclad; that the Egyptian chariots have been dragged from the Red Sea and turned into moving machines; that the tower of Babel is lighted with gas and occupied as a shot tower and an iron foundry; that Solomon's temple has become a photograph gallery; that Train has delivered a Fourth of July oration on the Mount of Olives; that Rebecca's well has been bored for oil, Jacob's crook bought by a Texan drover, or Noah's vineyard turned into a German beer garden—admission ten cents.

To make a white wash that will not rub off, the Boston Journal of Chemistry says, mix up half a pailful of lime and water; take half a pound of flour and make a starch of it, and pour it into the white wash while hot. Stir it well and apply as usual.

They have a queer way of amusing themselves in Auburn. A party catch a toad, then a couple of dozen fire-flies or "lightning-bugs." They make the toad swallow the bugs, and afterwards put him under a glass dish. The little flies keep up a flashing inside for some minutes and illuminate the toad all over. The toad likes it, too.

A rumor has gained some currency, that Governor Chamberlain will be brought forward in this district as a compromise candidate for the Congressional nomination. This rumor originated, we believe, in the Bangor Whig, and has no foundation except mistaken conjecture. Governor Chamberlain is not a candidate before the next legislature for United States Senator, but he is not talked of, so far as we know, for the Congressional nomination, and if we are rightly informed, would discourage any movement in that direction.—[Port. Adv.]

The Young Men's Christian Associations Convention of November as a day of prayer throughout the world for these associations. It authorized the executive committee to employ a traveling agent in the South to continue as a missionary among the Germans and adopted a resolution urging renewed efforts for the better observance of the Sabbath. The Convention selected Washington as the place of the next convention, and elected delegates to the General Conference of the Young men's Christian Association at Amsterdam on the 25th of August next.

The Belfast Journal says last Monday morning a man came to Capt. Dennison of the steamer City of Richmond, drring her landing at Belfast, and refunded to him \$140 that he received early in the spring, as pay for a lost trunk. He said that the money had been paid wrongfully, and he desired to refund it. On inquiry, it was ascertained that the man had recently experienced religion, and was baptized last Sunday. That conversion has borne rapid fruits.

**EDITORS' AND PUBLISHERS' CONVENTION.**—The Editors' and Publishers' Association of Maine will hold their seventh annual meeting, in conjunction with the New Hampshire Association, at Rye Beach, N. H., July 20th and 21st. It is expected that the address on the occasion will be delivered by Hon. J. G. Blaine, and the poem by B. P. Shillaber of Boston. All the members of the Maine Press, with their ladies, are invited to attend the meeting of the Association.

A VERY estimable young lady died very suddenly on Bates Corporation, Sunday morning. Her parents reside in Foxcroft. She was attacked with measles, a few days since, and was not regarded dangerously ill until an hour before she died. As an illustration of what many young ladies are doing, we may say that the deceased here referred to, since she has been in the service of the Bates Corporation, has paid a mortgage of \$500 on her father's farm, beside supporting herself! There is more costly self-denial in this than is trumpeted on the house-tops.—[Lewiston Journal.]

The trustees of Bates College have accepted a proposition from the Free Baptist Education Society which finally locates the Free Baptist Theological School there in connection with Bates College. A Latin or Preparatory School, to be called the Nichols Latin School, in honor of Lyman Nichols of Boston is established. Rev. Charles H. Malcom, of Newport, R. I., was elected Professor of History in the college.

**HON. T. S. LANG** calls upon all persons who have Knox stock to dispose of, to inform him of the fact, as he is in a way to receive many inquiries for such horses, with good opportunities to effect sales. He offers his services gratuitously.

The latest news from Fort Garry via Toronto is that Riel can muster three hundred fighting men which could be swelled to three times that number, provided there is no fighting but plenty of plunder. Riel will not probably make any determined opposition to the British Canadian forces.

The revolution in Northwestern Mexico seems to be making considerable progress. The city of Guaymas was surprised May 28th by an armed force under Col. Vascanzia, in the interest of Placido Vega. The troops landed from the steamer Forward, formerly an English gunboat, and entered the city without opposition. The Collector of Customs and other officers were seized, possession of the Custom House taken and outstanding duties, estimated at \$700,000, were collected. They carried away two vessels and 5000 muskets which they had seized in the city. Forty tons of coal were taken from the Northern Transportation Co., and a draft on Otis Brothers, giving in payment. A demand for \$25,000 was made upon the same firm, and the money not forthcoming fifty thousand dollars worth of merchandise was seized. Government troops appearing on the 29th Vascanzia evacuated the place, the Forward steaming out of the harbor with the sailing vessels in tow. Nearly all the firemen were released. The expedition is expected to attack La Paz, Mazatlan, San Blas and other points.

We know little of the merits of the quarrel between Gov. Stevenson and a ring of politicians at Louisville, and nothing of the parties, but we know that these words of the Kentucky Executive are many words, by whomsoever truthfully spoken: "A duel I will not fight. For more than thirty years I have been a professor of the Christian religion. I am now Chief Magistrate of the State. Nothing can induce me to stab Christianity, or trample upon the majesty of the public laws which I am sworn to uphold."—[Advance.]

The legend that red men are reticent, has received a rude shock by the recent visit of Messrs. Red Cloud, Spotted Tail and others to Washington. Their endless succession of speeches was a matter of surprise even in a city where the Hon. Garret Davis spends half the year, and where Andrew Johnson poured out four years of oratory.

The Harpers say that their Weekly would have 50,000 more circulation but for Nast's admirable cartoons in the interests of Liberty and Protestantism. But they are not greatly grieved that the Irish Democracy does withhold its patronage.

When you are examining yourself, never call yourself merely a "sinner;" that is very cheap abuse, and utterly useless. You may even get to like it, and be proud of it. But call yourself a liar, a coward, a sluggard, a glutton, or an evil-eyed, jealous wretch, if you indeed find yourself to be in any wise either of these. An immense quantity of modern confession of sin, even when honest, is merely sickly egotism, which will rather gloat over its own evil, than lose the centralization of its interest in itself.—[Ruskin.]

What man wants,—all he can get. What a woman wants,—all she can't get.

Our Rose potatoes, planted June 5th, were nicely in blossom June 25th.

The Blood owes its red color to minute globules which float in that fluid, and contain, in a healthy person, a large amount of Iron, which gives vitality to the blood. The Peruvian Syrup supplies the blood with this vital element and gives strength and vigor to the whole system.

**THE FARMER'S DOOR YARD.**—I do wish you would take hold to-day and clean up that old pile of rubbish out there, says the farmer's wife to her husband, as the two stand in the doorway contemplating the miscellaneous mass of old lumber, tools and vehicles in the yard.

"Can't stop now," is the answer. There is some brush waiting cutting in the pasture. So shouldering his axe he starts for his pasture lot, leaving his wife still gazing with dissatisfaction at the spectacle before her, and vainly wishing that she had a man's strength, so that she could do the work herself, and fix up things around the house.

Having made all things neat and tidy in the house, she does not relish the looks out of doors.

But she fails to interest her husband in the matter, for it is so handy to have a place in the yard where he could throw down boards, slabs, and old timber, to lie until they are used. It is so much easier to tip up that old sleigh against the shed, than to put it under cover. It is so little trouble to leave the harrow, the cultivator, or the hay-rack at the door, where they can be easily found the next time they are wanted. He will clear up things some time, he says, so he continually postpones the work of putting in order until such a time as he shall have nothing else to do, and as a natural consequence it is never done.

Finally, he becomes so accustomed to the sight of rubbish, that it ceases to look repulsive, and he takes it as a matter of course that a farmer's yard is the best place for all the old rubbish that accumulates about the premises.

There are few things that the farmer can do in a short space of time which will be so gratifying to his faithful wife, as a little extra effort to keep things in order about the house.

Besides this, it will more than please her, it will benefit herself. It will develop a taste for neatness and regularity, a regard for appearances, carefulness in all the details of all the farm management, which will add to the attractiveness of the place, and consequently to its market value.

**A SHAW EXPOSED.**—A great deal is said about young men "who are not able to marry on account of the extravagance of women," when these very young men often spend as much on their own superfluities, if not their vices, as would support a reasonable wife! They pass by the industrious, self-denying young girl, who pluckily resolves not to let an overworked father or brother support her, and pay court to some beaudooned and jeweled pink and white doll, and then while they "can't marry her because she is extravagant." That's the whole truth about it; and when young men face and acknowledge it in a manly manner, it will be soon enough to listen to them on the marriage question.

Queen Isabella, has signed her abdication of the throne of Spain in favor of her son, the Prince of Asturias. Marshal Bazaine and other dignitaries were not present, but had previously witnessed the will of the Queen, made before her abdication, that it might have the weight and validity of the act of a sovereign.

The Maine Farmer says, "tax the dogs." Geo. S. Call, of Pittsfield, says he went into his pasture the 7th of June, and found six of his nice flock of sheep torn to pieces by the dogs and some of them partly eaten and still alive in their misery.—[Bangor Whig.]

**EUREKA! EUREKA! EUREKA!!!** What? Nature's sovereign remedy for healing the sick. Dr. Pierce's Alt. Ext. or Golden Medical Discovery combines in harmony more of Nature's most valuable medical properties than was ever before combined in one medicine. For the cure of all coughs, whether acute or lingering, it has proved its superiority over everything else. For "Torpid Liver," or "Biliousness" and for Constipation of the bowels, it is a never-failing remedy. As a Blood Purifier for the cure of Pimples, Blisters, Eruptions and all humors it is unequalled. Sold by druggists.

## "The Best the Cheapest."



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CLIPPER  
Mowers and Reapers.

HAVING had over twenty years experience in the Hardware, Store, Tin Ware and Agricultural Tool Business, I take pleasure in saying to those wanting to purchase that I believe the CLIPPER has

## More Points of Excellence

Than any other Mower yet put into the Market—

SUCH AS  
Lightest Draft—  
Ease of Movement—  
Safety to Driver and Team—  
Center Lifting Draft—  
Running directly to Cutter Bar, which when it meets an obstruction often lifts and passes over of itself instead of crowding harder downward against it, as many in the market do.

## Waterville Mail.

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

Published on Friday by  
**MAXHAM & WING,**  
at Morgan's Building . . . . Main-St., Waterville.  
E. R. MAXHAM. D. A. 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 arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

### PRICES OF ADVERTISING IN THE MAIL.

For one square, (one inch on the column) 3 weeks,	\$1.50
one square, three months,	3.00
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one half column, six months,	35.00
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For one column, three months,	35.00
one column, six months,	60.00
one column, one year,	100.00
Special rates, 25 per cent. higher; Reading matter not counted.	

### POST OFFICE NOTICE—WATERVILLE.

DEPARTURE OF MAILS.	
Western Mail leaves daily at 10 A. M.	one at 9.45 A. M.
Augusta " " " " " " " " " " " "	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Eastern " " " " " " " " " " " "	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Northwestern " " " " " " " " " " " "	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Belmont " " " " " " " " " " " "	" " " " " " " " " " " "
Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 A. M.	
Office Hours—from 7 A. M. to 8 P. M.	
G. R. McFADDEN, P. M.	

The bloody spectacles of ancient Rome were rivalled in Missouri a few weeks since, when three men met their deaths in a den of lions and four others were terribly mangled. Upon starting out for the season, the proprietors of a circus and menagerie mounted the band upon the den of performing Nubian lions, and though repeatedly warned that the wagon was unsafe, compelled them to ride there. At last as the pageant was passing through the streets of Middletown, Missouri, the horses, frightened by the cheering rustics, ran away and dashing the wagon against a post, the roof gave way and the band was precipitated into the den beneath. For an instant the vast crowd were paralyzed with fear, but for a moment only, and then arose such a shriek of agony as was never heard before. The awful groans of terror and agony which arose from the poor victims who were being torn, lacerated by the frightful monsters below was heart rending and sickening to a terrible degree. Weapons were procured and the doors wrenched off, revealing a horrible sight. Mingled among the brilliant uniforms of the poor unfortunates lay legs and arms torn from their sockets and half devoured, while the savage brutes gnawed ferociously upon their sickly green-colored eyes upon the petrified crown. Prof. Charles White arrived at this moment, and stationing his men outside, sprang in and began passing out the dead and wounded, when the mammoth lion, known to showmen as Old Nero, sprang with a frightful roar upon his keeper, fastening his teeth and claws in his neck and shoulders, lacerating him in a horrible manner. Four revolvers speedily ended the brute's career, and the Professor completed his sad task. The three men killed were mutilated beyond recognition, and were buried at once. The four wounded were dreadfully lacerated, but will recover.

By the destruction of Bailey's oil cloth factories in Winthrop about thirty hands were thrown out of employment. It is the intention of the enterprising proprietor immediately to rebuild.

The papers report the death of Lieut. Drew, of the United States Army, whilst leading a force against the Indians in New Mexico. It is feared that it is the son of Rev. W. A. Drew, of Augusta, who was a lieutenant in the regular army out in that country.

The Augusta Standard says the work of rebuilding the railroad bridge at that place is interfered with somewhat by the large number of logs now running in the river, and the original plan of performing the work of raising the piers and placing thereon the iron superstructure has been altered somewhat on this account, which will necessitate an extension of the time within which the bridge was to have been completed. It will undoubtedly be ready for travel sometime during the latter part of July or first of August.

THE MAINE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION began its annual session in Bangor Tuesday, Dr. D. McKuer of Bangor presiding. The Secretary read a biographical sketch of Dr. Simonton who died during the year. Dr. Weeks of Portland read a paper on the therapeutic action of hypophosphates and Dr. Cummings, delegate to the National Convention to revise the Pharmacopoeia, reported. The following officers were elected: President, Dr. B. F. Buxton, of Warren; Vice Presidents, Drs. E. F. Sanger of Bangor, and P. S. Haskell; Corresponding Secretary, Dr. S. H. Weeks of Portland; Treasurer, Dr. T. A. Foster of Portland; Standing committee, Drs. Brown of Paris, Small of Portland, Page of Bucksport, Wedgewood of Lewiston, and Nutting of Hallowell; Committee on Publications, Drs. C. O. Hunt, I. T. Dana and S. H. Weeks of Portland, Toward of Augusta, and Snow of Winthrop. The next meeting will be held in Portland on the 3d Tuesday of June, 1871, Dr. Calvin Seavey of Bangor being the orator.

The Bath Times says on Monday morning as Mr. Chas. Newdick was rowing down the river, he was unceremoniously surprised by a leviathan of a sturgeon taking an extra morning jump and landing in his boat, and breaking the oars as he fell. As he had a lady with him at the time the surprise and fright may be imagined, when the craft began to fill, and had he not topped the huge fellow overboard, who luckily had lain perfectly still, resting its head in the lady's lap, they would all have gone down together. This ancient Kennebec dweller was upwards of fifteen feet in length, and almost completely filled the capacity of the boat, which was only seventeen feet long.

The Bangor Whig says an enterprising individual who sought to make a few stamps out of the thirty, on "Dedication day" brought into the city at two o'clock Sunday morning, two barrels of ale. He stowed them safely in his establishment, but the heat was too much for the barrels and both burst, the creamy fluid flying all over the room, bedabbling and spoiling articles of far more value than the expected profits on the ale, besides breaking some sixty dozen of eggs stowed close at hand.

## NOTICES.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN INVALID. PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR, and others who suffer from Nervous Debility, etc., and the means of recovery. Written by one who cured himself, and has since recovered many others. Address, No. 44 N. B. NATHANIEL RAYFORD, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## MANHOOD, 154th Edition.

A MEDICAL ESSAY on the Cause and Cure of Premature Decline, showing how health is lost, and how regained. It gives a clear Synopsis of the impediments to Marriage, the treatment of Nervous and Physical Debility, Fertility, &c., and the remedies therefor, the results of twenty years' successful practice.

There is no member of society by whom this book will not be found useful, whether the person holds the relation of Parent, Preceptor, or Clergyman. — (London Medical Times and Gazette.)

MANHOOD. The experience and reputation of Dr. Cutt in the treatment of the diseases set forth in this little pamphlet is the patient's guarantee, and well deserves for the work its immense circulation. — Daily Times.

Sent by mail on receipt of Fifty Cents. Address the Author, Dr. CUTT, 14 Chapman Street, Boston, Mass. [p. 40 3m]

## CONSUMPTION.

The Three Remedies, "SCHEENK'S PULMONIC SYRUP," for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and every form of Consumption. The peculiar action of this medicine ripens the ulcerated lungs, promotes the discharge of the corrupt matter by expectoration, purifies the blood, and thus cures Consumption, when every other remedy fails. "SCHEENK'S SEA-WED TONIC," for the cure of Dyspepsia or Indigestion, and all diseases arising from debility. This tonic invigorates the digestive organs, and supplies the place of the gastric juice when that is deficient, and then enables the patient to digest the most nutritious food. It is a sovereign remedy for all cases of Indigestion. "SCHEENK'S MANDRAKE PILLS," one of the most valuable medicines ever discovered, being a valuable substitute for colic, and having all the useful properties ascribed to that mineral, without producing any of its injurious effects. To these three medicines Dr. J. H. Scheenk, of Philadelphia, owes his unrivalled success in the treatment of Pulmonary Consumption. The Pulmonic Syrup ripens the morbid matter, discharges it, and purifies the blood. The Mandrake Pills, by their action on the liver, remove all obstructions, and by strengthening the digestion and bringing it to a normal and healthy condition, improve the quality of the blood, by which means the formation of ulcers or tubercles in the lungs becomes impossible. The combined action of these medicines, as thus explained, will cure every case of Consumption. If the remedies are used in time, and the use of them is persevered in sufficiently to bring the case to a favorable termination, Dr. Scheenk's Almanac, containing a full treatise on the various forms of disease, his mode of treatment, general directions for the use of his medicines, and a list of his agents, sent by mail, addressing his Principal Office, No. 15 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SCHEENK'S Pulmonic Syrup and Sea-Wed Tonic each, \$1.50 per bottle, or \$7.50 the half dozen; Mandrake Pills, 25 cents per box. For sale by all druggists and dealers.

## USE RENNE'S PAIN KILLING

MAGIC OIL.

"It Works like a Charm."

Have you Headache? Use Renne's Magic Oil!  
Have you Toothache? Use Renne's Magic Oil!  
Have you Neuralgia? Use Renne's Magic Oil!  
Have you Rheumatism? Use Renne's Magic Oil!  
Have you Stomachache? Use Renne's Magic Oil!  
Have you Sore Throat? Use Renne's Magic Oil!  
Have you a Bruise? Use Renne's Magic Oil!  
Have you a Sprain? Use Renne's Magic Oil!  
Have you Cholera Morbus? Use Renne's Magic Oil!  
Have you Lameness? Use Renne's Magic Oil!  
This is the Best Family Remedy, to cure all kinds of Pain you ever tried.  
It is safe, and delicious to use, and if you use it faithfully, it will do you good!  
Directions on each bottle. Buy it of the Druggist or Merchant where you trade. If they have not it, send your order to Wm. Renne, 151 N. 3rd St., New York, N. Y., and he will send you a bottle of his Pain-Killing Magic Oil, at the manufacturer's lowest price at retail.  
It is put up in three sizes, and called "Trial Size," "Medium Size," and "Large Family Size" bottles.  
W. M. RENNE, Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer.  
Sold in Waterville by F. H. L. & Co., and by all druggists in West Waterville.

DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION is oppression after eating, or belching up of wind, and always follows Consumption. HARRISON'S PLEASANT LOGGERS give permanent relief. They are pleasant, portable, do not require increase of dose, and never fail. Also; warranted to cure every kind of Pains. For sale at No. 1 Tremont Temple, Boston, by E. A. HARRISON & CO., Proprietors and by all Druggists. Mailed for 60 cents. ep 2m 51

## Twenty-five Years' Practice

IN THE TREATMENT OF DISEASE INCIDENT TO FEMALE, has placed DR. DREW at the head of all physicians making such practice a specialty, and enables him to guarantee a speedy and permanent cure in the worst cases of Suppression and all other Menstrual Derangements from whatever cause. All letters for advice must contain \$1. Office, No. 9 Endicott St., Boston.

## Marriages.

In this village, June 25th, by Rev. Dr. Sheldon, Mr. Amasa E. Shores and Miss Martha E. Tilton, both of Waterville.

In West Waterville, June 25th, by Rev. A. H. Morrill, Mr. Asa Bailey of Farmington, and Miss Mary Stuart of Waterville.

In Gilead, Canada, at the Williams Hotel, the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Ira R. Doolittle, formerly of Waterville, by Rev. A. K. Crawford, Joseph Knowlton, Esq., and Miss Lizette Doolittle.

In Skowhegan, June 18th, by Rev. C. Miller, Charles E. Robbins of Fairfield to Emily E. Adams of Skowhegan.

## Deaths.

In Sidney 8th inst., Lydia, wife of Jonathan Davenport, aged 66 years 1 month.

## Notice to Students and Others.

FIVE unfinished Rooms to let. For particulars apply to G. H. MATTHEWS, corner Main and Temple Sts.

## NOTICE.

HAVING refurnished and thoroughly renovated my Ladies' Room, I shall wait patiently for the reappearance of all my old customers, and as many more as are pleased to come. Ice Creams and every thing the season affords.

G. H. MATTHEWS.

## IMPROVED KNIFFIN MOWER.

IN the great Test Trial of Mowing Machines, in 1869, at Amherst, Mass., which was the most thorough and conclusive that has ever been made in New England the KNIFFIN operated against all the First Class Mowers, and

WAS FOUND to be very much lighter than that of any other Mower.

It claims to be the MOST DURABLE Mower in use—requiring the least expense of Repairs, and the most easily managed.

It was the only Mowing Machine that was awarded a Medal at the Mechanics' Fair at Boston in 1869.

THOSE in want of a Mower are very confidently invited to call and examine THE KNIFFIN before purchasing, as it is believed by the best Farmers and Mechanics to be FAR SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER MOWER IN USE.

J. P. CAFFEY, MAIN-ST., WATERVILLE.

## A CARD.

I read once the Ferry in the new boat West Waterville, on last first Trip. For this I cheerfully bear the lions; pocket the copper; profit by the blessing and sending. One free voter has honored me with a nomination for a seat at the next session of the Legislature of Me. I accept the nomination with many thanks. In that seat shall claim the Chairmanship of the Committee on Free Bridges, Free Ferries, Free Turnpikes and Goose Lanes. Bring in your votes, Gents, for all these interests shall receive favorable reports.

T. HILL, V. D. M.

## THE WORLD RENOWNED ELIAS HOWE, JR.

## SEWING MACHINES

FOR FAMILY SEWING AND MANUFACTURING.

BRANCH OFFICE OF THE HOWE MACHINE CO., 138 WASHINGTON STREET, OPPOSITE SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

8m50 NICHOLS & BALDWIN, AGENTS.

## FOR RENT.

STORE in "Hatch's Block," suitable for Hardware or Groceries business. Apply at the store of J. H. HATCH & CO. West Waterville, May 21, 1870.

## WATERVILLE CAKE AND CRACKER BAKERY.

D. G. PARKER

Having secured the services of one of the best workmen in the State, I am now prepared to give complete satisfaction in all departments of his business. He will hereafter run his eat out of the village every day, with a good variety of

CANDY, PANTRY, AND BREAD.

HOT ROLLS FURNISHED FOR TEA every afternoon.

fresh Brown Bread served Tuesday, Fridays, and Sabbath mornings.

COMMON AND BUTTER CRACKERS, SODA AND OYSTER do.

Pilot Bread and Graham Crackers, constantly on hand and for sale in small or large quantities.

TRY US ONCE

And we feel confident that you will repeat the call at the BAKER HOUSE, foot of Main street, opposite the Continental House WATERVILLE.

50 D. G. PARKER, Proprietor.

## Something New AT OLD PRICES!

Low Prices and Large Sales, the Motto.

Just received at REDINGTON'S, A large assortment

New Crockery, Splendid Pattern, at prices so low that every one will buy.

Also NEW CARPETING, all grades. FURNITURE, of every description cheaper than elsewhere on the river.

Feathers, Mattresses, Mirrors, Children's Carriages, Spring Beds, Window Shades, And everything in the line of CROCKERY, FURNITURE, AND CARPETING, LOWER THAN THE LOWEST.

I shall never be undersold! But will give you PRICES LOWER THAN ANY ELSE. Just examine and see. Old stand of W. A. Caffrey, Opposite the Continental House.

50 C. H. REDINGTON.

J. S. RICKER & CO. Importers, Jobbers, and Retailers of FINE ENGLISH STONE CHINA, PARISIAN GRANT, LEIPZIG, PORCELAIN DE TERRE, AND FRENCH CHINA.

In White Gold Band, Gold and colored band, Gold and Decorated Dinner Sets, 120 to 300 pieces, Hanging in Prices from \$25.00 to \$150.00.

Gold Band and decorated Tea Sets, Silver Tea Sets, and Toilet Sets, Crockery, &c. &c. in great variety. Goods packed and warranted safe transportation by Express or Mail.

No. 1, MAIN STREET, BANGOR, MAINE.

6m 51

## AGENTS C.F. VENT

3 Barclay St. N.Y. or 25 W. 4th St. Cincinnati, O.

If they want the most popular and best selling subscription books published, and the most profitable, send for circulars, they will cost you nothing, and may be of great benefit to you.

1000 Agents Wanted for BINGLEY'S Natural History, Giving a clear and intensely interesting account of the infinite variety of habits and modes of nearly every known species of birds, birds, fishes, insects, reptiles, mollusks and animals of the globe. From the famous London four-volume edition, with large additions from the most celebrated naturalists of the age. Complete in one large handsome volume of 1040 pages, with over 1000 spirited engravings.

PRICE ONLY \$4.50.

The cheapest book ever offered, and one of the most desirable Agents should feel. Terms the most liberal. Address, C. F. VENT, Publisher, 5 College Place, N. Y.

1 or 38 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O.

## Notice to Owners of Maine Central and Pen. and Ken. R. R. Bonds.

THE holders of the Bonds of the Penobscot and Kennebec Railroad, due in August next, are hereby notified that their securities and receive a bond of the Maine Central R. R., having twenty-eight years to run, bearing interest at seven per cent. and free from any encumbrance.

It will be perceived that by this arrangement the holder of the bond gets over one per cent. interest more than he has received on the old bond; while the security of the new, is also more than the former loan.

It is also proposed to exchange these new seven per cent. bonds for the Maine Central Bonds due in December, 1870, May 1, 1871, and parties will readily perceive that by thus exchanging they will at once put their investment into a clean seven per cent. loan upon an undoubted security and free from encumbrance.

6m 52 J. N. Y. Treasurer.

## "TAX PAYERS"

RESIDING within the limits of Tonic village Co. or within the limits of the School District No. 1 in Waterville, who own, or have charge of real estate, or are engaged in any business, and are liable to taxation thereon for school or corporation purposes, are requested to appear at the office of the Selectmen in Waterville village, on Monday the 27th inst., and give up their list of all property.

62 W. A. BENJAMIN, Chairman of Assessors.

## RELIABLE INSURANCE

A New Style Burial Casket.

Walnut, Whitewood, Elm and Pine Coffins always on hand.

C. H. REDINGTON.

## DISSOLUTION.

THE firm of C. A. CHALMERS & CO. is this day dissolved by mutual consent. W. M. Dunn, who will be assisted by C. A. Chalmers, is duly authorized to settle the business of the late firm.

Waterville, June 14th, 1870. C. A. CHALMERS & CO.

W. M. DUNN, having purchased the stock in trade of C. A. Chalmers & Co., will continue the business.

He desires the services of C. A. Chalmers who will be found at his old stand.

62

## HATS! HATS!

IN Straw—Neapolitan—Cactus—Linen—Marcellines and Chip.

SASH RIBBONS.

IN all colors. For sale by E. & S. FISHER.

## NEW STYLES! NEW STYLES!

BROAD LACE COLLARS, at very reasonable prices. For sale by E. & S. FISHER.

PARASOLS!

IN BUFF, BLUE, GREEN, BLACK and WHITE, can be found at E. & S. FISHER'S.

LACE AND MUSLIN UNDERWEAR. For sale by E. & S. FISHER.

62 J. J. THAYER.

## FISHING PARTIES

CAN be accommodated with boats at Thayer's, north shore of McGrath pond. The subscriber has increased his facilities by purchasing the boats lately owned by Dr. Cummings, at East Waterville, and will now be happy to wait on the fishing public. (Sundays Excepted.) This pond proved to be excellent fishing ground last season.

West Waterville, June 30, 1870. 3m 1 J. J. THAYER.

## New Advertisements.

AGENTS WANTED—(SIX PER DAY)—by the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

WHAT ARE

Dr. J. WALKER'S

CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS?

THEY ARE NOT A VILE FANCY DRINK.

Made of pure Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and refuse liquor, doctored, spiced and sweetened to please the taste called "Tonic," "Restorative," "Appetizer," &c., that lead the tippler on to ruin, but are a true medicine, made from the Native Roots and Herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND LIFE-GIVING PRINCIPLE, a perfect Restorative and Invigorator of the system, carrying off all poisonous matter, and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to directions and remain long unwell. \$100 will be given for an incurable case, providing the bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair. J. WALKER, Proprietor, R. H. McDONALD & CO., Sole Agents, San Francisco, Cal., and 23 and 34 Commerce St., N. Y. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

WANTED AGENTS—To sell the OCTAGON SEWING MACHINE. It is licensed, makes the "Mastic Lock Stitch" and is warranted for 5 years. Price \$15. All other machines with an under-feed sold for \$15 or less are infirmities. Address OCTAGON SEWING MACHINE CO., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Pittsburgh, Pa., or Boston, Mass. 3m 52

## IT DOES IT.

What hits the sick man from his bed? What brings the wife and mother up? What strengthens feeble curly hair? And cheers them all like vines on a tree?

DOSS'S NERVE.

Egg Sale by all Druggists. Price One Dollar. 4m 51

10 A DAY—Business entirely new and honorable. Liberal inducement. Descriptive Circular free. Address J. C. HAND & CO., Bluffdale, Me. 3m 53

WANTED AGENTS—To sell the HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Price, \$25. It makes the "Lock Stitch," (like on both sides) and is the only licensed under-feed machine made in the world. It is sold by Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker and Singer & Co. All other under-feed shuttle machines sold for less than \$20 are infirmities, and the seller and user liable to prosecution. Address JOHN H. CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. 2m 52

## Agents, Read This!

\$50 TO \$200 PER MONTH MADE BY AGENTS SELLING THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.

On Mount Vernon and its Associations, by BENJAMIN J. LOSSING. 100 Illustrations, tinted paper, handsomely bound. Only book on the subject of the life of Washington. Sold only by subscription. Very liberal terms given. Send for our Illustrated Circular, and notice our extra terms. A. S. HALE & CO., Hartford, Conn. 4m 52

THIS IS NO HUMBUG! By sending 35 CENTS, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your complexion, and of your hair, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 24, Fultonville, N. Y. 5d 51

## Why Don't You Try WELLS' CARBOLIC TABLETS.

THEY ARE A SURE CURE FOR SORE THROAT, COLD, CHOP, DIPHTHERIA, CATARRH OF NOSE AND THROAT, AND ALL SUCCESSFUL REMEDY FOR KIDNEY DIFFICULTIES.

Price 25 cents per box. Send by mail on receipt of price, by J. Y. KELLOGG, 34 Platt St., New York, Sole agent for N. Y. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. 8m 52

## AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE FOR REV. ALBERT BARNES' NEW BOOK, SALES IMMENSE.

Business for Everybody. Pays \$50 to \$200 per month. Send for Circular to ZEIGLER, McCORD & CO., 102 Main St., Springfield, Mass. 4m 52

## MATTHEW HALE SMITH'S NEW BOOK, TWENTY YEARS AMONG THE BULLS AND BEARS OF WALL STREET.

550 Pages Finely Illustrated. Price \$2.50. It shows the mysteries of stock and gold gambling, and the miseries of unfortunate speculation, and exposes the swindlers, tricks and frauds of operators. It tells the reader how to make and lose in a day, how shrewd men are ruined, how "corners" are made in grain and produce, how women speculate on the stock market, and how to succeed in the game. A. S. HALE & CO., Hartford, Conn. 4m 52

## GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE OF TEAS AND COFFEES TO CONFORM TO PRICE OF GOLD.

Increased Facilities to Club Organizers. Send for New Price List.

The Great American Tea Co. (P. O. Box 5643) 4m 52 31 & 33 Vesey St., New York.

## LIFE IN UTAH

# MISCELLANY.

## WEATHER OR NOT.

When the weather is wet  
We must not go out;  
When the weather is cold,  
We must not go out;  
When the weather is warm,  
We must not go out;  
But  
Be thankful together,  
Whatever the weather.

In some of the New York churches, where the singing is unusually fine, many people, after the singing is over and before the sermon commences, get up and leave the church, exactly as if they were at a theatre or an opera, but the people who tried this at Trinity Church last Sunday found the door locked on them.

A Nevada man had a boomerang sent him from Australia, and went out to practice with it. The doctors have fixed up a nose for him, but his left eye is gone forever. The boomerang didn't strike him favorably.

How to rid itself of the grasshopper plague is Utah's engrossing question. All the available force is fighting the insects, and all kinds of recipes are advocated. Driving a flock of sheep hurriedly over a field of grasshoppers is said to depress the "critters" as much as anything.

A paper is published in the Cherokee Nation one page of which is printed in what is supposed to be the Indian tongue. One of its exchanges says: "It is the worst case of pickled tongue we have come in contact with. The page looks like there had been a nitro-glycerine explosion in a type foundry."

THE DEVIL'S DISADVANTAGES.—After all, the devil fights under great disadvantages, and has to carry weights in all his races which are almost unfair. He lies, as a matter of course, believing thoroughly in lies, thinking that it is by lies chiefly that he must make his running good; and yet every lie he tells, after it has been told and used, remains as an additional weight to be carried. When you have used your lie gracefully and successfully, it is hard to bury it and get it out of sight. It crops up here and there against you, requiring more lies; and at last, too often, has to be admitted as a lie—most usually admitted in silence, but still admitted, to be forgiven or not, according to the circumstances of the case.—From Anthony Trollope's new novel, "Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite," in the July number of Lippincott's Magazine.

ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.—A Boston correspondent assures us that the following one of the many funny anecdotes that Portsmouth, New Hampshire, people tell of Mr. Webster has not appeared in print:

During Mr. W.'s residence in that city, in his younger days, there was a furniture-dealer named Judkins doing business in the town, who was a very well informed as well as an ambitious man. He was patronized by Mr. Webster who often dropped into the shop to order or superintend the making of some piece of furniture. These opportunities of conversing with a man so learned as Mr. W. were the delight of Mr. Judkins' life; and on the removal of the former to Boston, the payment of a considerable debt due Mr. J. was willingly left for future settlement. Attempts were made at various times to collect the debt—always in vain. Finally, Mr. Judkins determined to go to Boston and see Mr. Webster himself. He reached the city after a long and fatiguing stage ride, and making a Sunday toilet, proceeded to the large house on the corner of High and Summer streets. "Is Mr. Webster in?" asked he of the servant who answered the bell. "Yes, but he cannot possibly be seen." "But I must see him." "No; he is entertaining some Washington gentlemen—they are dining." Mr. Judkins had heard of subterfuges, and believed not the serving-man. "Well, I will come in and wait till dinner is over." The puzzled servant, needed below stairs, decided to take the unfortunate stranger's name to his master. Fancy the surprise of Mr. Judkins at seeing Mr. Webster rushing up stairs and insisting upon the poor man's joining his friends at the dinner-table! He would take no denial, and carried him forcibly almost, introducing him as "my old and dear friend, Mr. Judkins of Portsmouth," and seating him between a distinguished Bostonian and Secretary of the Navy; and to use the words of the worthy cabinet maker, "I was for four mortal hours just as good as anybody; my opinion was asked on a good many subjects, and they all seemed to think I knew a good deal. I was invited to visit them and to go to Washington, and everybody asked me to drink wine with them; and by George! I made up my mind never to ask for my bill again. I was a poor man and needed my money, but I had been treated as I never expected to be treated in this world, and I was willing to pay for it."—Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for July.

In a recent temperance address at Worcester, Mass., Mrs. Livermore recalled this reminiscence:

In the early days of the war it became necessary for me to call on the Governor of Tennessee. Nine days I waited, being told that he was unwell; but, the urgency of the business that called me to his presence would not admit of further delay, and I asked that I might be admitted to his presence for a moment only, when I was frankly informed that he was on a regular drunk, and would not be able to do any business for two weeks. That man we made President of the United States; and for four years Andrew Johnson trailed the nation's banner in that disgrace and dishonor that marked a drunkard's administration, and wrote a dirty page on our nation's history.

In spite of her anathemas against Fanny Fern or anybody else who should meddle with her private personality, an exchange dares to photograph Gail Hamilton in this style: "She is rather small, has a round, fresh, happy, laughing face, blue eyes, and brown hair, worn short, and sort of curled or frizzed. She is animated in conversation, talks as she writes, is witty, fond of jokes, and must be jolly to have around. She doesn't look a bit pedantic, or blue-stocking-like, and, judging from her face, she could pass nicely for twenty-five years old. Gail dresses well, too. She looked neat and pretty as a Quakeress, in her spring suit of French gray Irish poplin, trimmed with bands of gray satin, hat and plume to match, and neck-tie and gloves of spring green."

In his new lecture on the Adirondacks, Rev. W. H. Murray stands by his guns and gives the grumblers this center shot: "The Adirondacks will do anything but make a fool sensible, and I had indulged the hope even of that until the experiment on so large a scale last summer was made."

# New Firm.

WE have this day entered into a partnership, under the name 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 TEGGED 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 even better terms than heretofore, and by prompt attention to business and fair dealing to deserve and receive a liberal share of public patronage.

WATERVILLE, MARCH 1, 1870.  
O. F. MAYO  
A. L. MAYO.

# CARRIAGES!

C. P. Kimball & Larkin,  
WARE-ROOMS  
Congress-St., Cor. of Preble House,  
PORTLAND, ME.

## Elegant Carriages and ROAD WAGONS.

We are now completing our stock for the Spring and Summer of 1870, and offer, in the NEWEST DESIGNS, and of the most thorough construction, a variety of

ELEGANT  
Cabriolets, Victorias, Coupes, Phaetons,  
Tonsy Phaetons, Top & Open Buggies,  
Jump Seats, Carriages, Sunshades,  
&c. &c.

EXCLUSIVELY the production of our well known Portland Street Factories. We have made great reductions in prices, and will sell lower than any concern in the United States that sells first class Carriages—Prices uniform to all. Every Carriage we make is equal in every respect to those built to the order of our most valued customers.

We keep also a large assortment of LOW PRICED CARRIAGES, built expressly for us in Philadelphia, New Haven and Mass., for sale at the very lowest rates. Express, Grocers' and Business Wagons constantly on hand.

Remember, all persons dealing with us get precisely what they bargain for.

We make a specialty of CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES. Keep a great variety for sale, wholesale and retail—very low. Correspondence solicited. 346

# F. Kenrick & Brother

MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS IN  
Carriages and Sleighs.  
KENDALL'S MILLS.

Depositories at Kendall's Mills and Waterville, Me.  
F. KENRICK. (45th) E. P. KENRICK.

# ATTENTION!

Persons wishing for  
Photographs of Public Buildings,  
Private Residences, or Landscapes,  
Will do well to call on  
O. CARLETON.

HAVING fitted up, at large expense, for this class of work, I shall be most happy to receive orders from any quarter, hoping to answer them to the perfect satisfaction.

Call at my Rooms, and  
"I'll give you Pictures that are true,  
And beautiful positions, too;  
A fine complexion, clear and bright,  
A pleasant smile, and all is right."

O. G. CARLETON,  
Main-St., Waterville.

# A Card to the Ladies.

## DUPONCO'S GOLDEN PILL.

Infallible in correcting irregularities, and removing obstructions of the monthly period. It is over forty years since these pills were first brought to notice by Dr. Duponco, of Paris, during which time they have been extensively and successfully used by some of the leading physicians, with unexampled success. Ladies in poor health, either married or single, suffering from any of the complaints peculiar to Females, will find the Duponco's Golden Pills invaluable. viz: General Debility, Headache, Painfulness of the Uterus, Retention of Menstruation, Pain in the Back and Limbs, Pain in the Loins, Bearing-down Pains, Palpitation of the Heart, Nervousness, Irritability of the Stomach, Indigestion, Rash or Eruption of the Face, Dizziness of the Sight, Fatigue on slight exertion, and particularly that most annoying, weakening ailment, so common among Females, both married and single, the Leucorrhoea or Whites. Females in every period of life will find Duponco's Pills a remedy of natural origin, and perfectly safe. They regulate the debilitated and delicate system, prepare the youthful constitution for the duties of life, and when taken by those in middle life or old age they prove a perfect blessing. There is nothing in the pills that can do injury to the system. Safe in their operation, perpetual in their happy influence upon the Nerves, the Mind, and the sufferer's organization.

S. D. HOWE, Proprietor, N. Y.  
ALVAIL LITTLEFIELD, Boston, Agent, N. E. States.  
Ladies by enclosing \$1 by mail will have the Pills sent free of charge.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

# GEO. W. PARLIN.

## Surgeon Dentist,

WEST WATERVILLE.

(OFFICE IN BLANDIN'S BLOCK.)

ALL Dental operations performed in a careful and scientific manner. Particular attention given to inserting ARTIFICIAL TEETH in full and partial sets, on Vulcanite, (hard rubber), which for beauty and durability is unsurpassed. All work warranted. Prices reasonable.

West Waterville, June 1, 1870. 40 ft

# Furniture,

at REDINGTON'S.

# FEATHERS,

at REDINGTON'S.

# FARMERS!

INSURE IN THE PHOENIX

Assets, \$1,578,007 88.  
L. T. BOOTHBY, Agent.

# Horse Blankets and Sleigh Robes,

A GOOD assortment, for sale cheap at G. L. ROBINSON & CO'S.

# OIL CLOTHS

In good variety, at REDINGTON'S.

# CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES,

DIFFERENT STYLES, just received at REDINGTON'S.

# SPRING BEDS,

at REDINGTON'S.

# Crockery and Glass Ware,

at REDINGTON'S.

# 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 CHAMBER SETS, Walnut, Chestnut, Ash and Pine. The Pine sets I have made by as good a workman as can be found on the river. And they are worth very much more than those turned out by the most of the large.

I shall keep a large variety of LAMPS, BRACKETS, GLOBES, &c. &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 sell on cash. As I am anxious to please them, and to secure for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

# Rubbers, Rubbers!

MEN'S, BOYS' & YOUTH'S  
RUBBER BOOTS,  
Women's & Misses'  
—RUBBER BOOTS—  
Just what every one ought to wear in a  
Wet and Spishy Time.

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

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

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

## BOOTS & SHOES,

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

Don't mistake the old place—  
At MAXWELL'S.

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

# PURCHASERS OF MUSIC

Will consult their own interests by subscribing to PETERS' Musical Monthly. It is issued on the first of each month and gives all the latest and best Music, by such authors as Haydn, Kinkel, Thomas, Bishop, Danks, Becht, Frey, Keller, Wyman, etc. Every number contains at least Twelve pieces of new and good music, printed and bound in full paper.

PETERS' Musical Monthly is a sheet music, from the same plates, and sold at from 30 to 50 cents each, and all we ask for this valuable music is 30 cents a copy. 80 cents a year, and we guarantee to every yearly subscriber at least choice new music.

We do not expect PETERS' Musical Monthly to pay us as a Magazine, because we give too much music for the money. It is issued simply to introduce our new music to the musical world. Our subscribers send and play the music we give them. Their music is all ready to hand. We give them the music, like call and buy it in.

MONTHLY sheet music from where we make

remember: every yearly subscriber gets, during the year, at least 150 pieces of our best music, all of which we afterward print in sheet form, and sell for over \$50. It is published at the Mammoth Music Store of J. L. Peters, 520 Broadway, New York, where every thing in the music line can be had. No matter how small your order, it will be promptly attended to.

Sample Copies can be seen at the office of this paper

# THE SALEM PURE WHITE LEAD

WARRANTED as pure and white as any lead in the world sold by

# MACHINERY FOR SALE.

(TO CLOSE A CONCERN.)

The following Machinery and other property will be sold at very low prices, to close the firm of Drummond, Richardson & Co.—namely:

The entire Machinery and Tools of their  
Door, Sash & Blind Manufacturing,  
Embracing everything necessary to a first class establishment. They are all in good running order.

A Good Stock of  
Doors, Sash and Blinds.  
Including 125 Brown Ash and Walnut DOORS.

One Good Team Horse.

All the above property will be sold at a great bargain.

For all demands due the firm must be immediately closed, and for this purpose have been left with E. F. Webb, Esq., who promptly attention will be given. All demands against the firm may be left at the same place.

DRUMMOND, RICHARDSON & CO.  
23

# THE SINGER

SEWING MACHINE AGENCY.

which has been over two years in preparation, and which has been brought to perfection regardless of TIME, LABOR OR EXPENSE, and is now confidently presented to the public as incomparably the BEST SEWING MACHINE IN EXISTENCE.

The Machine in question is SIMPLE, COMPACT, DURABLE and BEAUTIFUL. It is QUIET, LIGHT RUNNING, and CAPABLE OF PERFORMING A LARGE AND VARIETY OF WORK, never before attempted upon a single machine—using either Silk, Twist, Linen or Cotton Thread, and Sewing with equal facility the FINEST LINENS and coarsest mus (terse and anything between the two extremes, in the most beautiful and substantial manner. Its attachments for IRONING, BRADING, COILING, FURING, QUILTING, FELLING, TRIMMING, BINDING, etc., are NOVEL and PRACTICAL, and have been invented and adapted especially for this machine.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

Novelty Wringers.

We have just received six cases of the celebrated NOVELTY WRINGERS that we can offer at good bargains.

ARNOLD & MEADER.

# SPRING CARPETS,

at REDINGTON'S.

# Kendall's Mills Column.

## "Goods Well Bought ARE HALF SOLD."

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

## FLOUR,

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

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

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

LAWRENCE & BLACKWELL,  
Kendall's Mills, Nov. 12, 1869. 20

# REMOVAL.

D. R. A. PINKHAM.

## SURGEON DENTIST,

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.  
Has removed to his new office,  
NO. 17 NEWELL ST.,  
First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

E. W. McFADDEN,  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
AND  
Insurance and Real Estate Agent.

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

# DR. G. S. PALMER,

DENTAL OFFICE,  
ALDEN'S JEWELRY STORE,  
op People's Nat'l Bank,  
WATERVILLE, ME.

Chloroform, Ether or Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired. 50

# WE WILL SELL

## FOR

# THIRTY DAYS

## COOK, PARLOR, SHEET-IRON

## AND SOAP-STONE

## STOVES,

AT GREAT BARGAINS.

For proof of which examine the stock at

# ARNOLD & MEADER'S

M. B. Soule & Co.  
Attorneys at Law.

OFFICE  
OVER R. L. LOW'S APOTHECARY STORE, OPPOSITE THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Main-St., Waterville, Maine.  
M. B. SOULE. J. G. SOULE.

# House, Sign, and Carriage Painting.

A. W. NYE,  
At the old Stillson Stand on Temple St.

Will be pleased to receive orders for House, Sign, and Carriage Painting, Graining, Paper Hanging, and Glazing.

CARRIAGE REPAIRING  
will also be faithfully and promptly done. All work warranted and prices made satisfactory.

Waterville, April, 1870. 43.

J. D. WATSON, M. D.,  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

OPPOSITE THE P. O., WATERVILLE, ME.

Dr. Watson has been engaged in the general practice of Medicine and Surgery for more than twenty five years, and has also had a very large Hospital experience. 29 ft

# L. P. MAYO,

Teacher of Piano-forte and Organ.

Residence on Chapin St., opposite Foundry.

# WRITING-DESKS

AND BOOK CASES made to order at REDINGTON'S.

Large nice Hair Cloth Easy Chairs, FOR from \$18.00 to \$25.00, at REDINGTON'S.

# L. T. Boothby,

## FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.

Office at C. H. Redington's, opposite the Express Office, WATERVILLE, ME.

# Burial Caskets

AND Coffins, at REDINGTON'S.

# Repairing Furniture

DONE at REDINGTON'S.

# WINDOW SHADES

AND Blinds, at REDINGTON'S.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of June, 1870.

CERTAIN INSTRUMENT purporting to be the last will and testament of IVORY LOW, late of Waterville, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:

Ordered, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of July next, in the Mail, a newspaper printed in Waterville, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of said deceased.

Attest: J. BURTON, Register. H. K. BAKER, Judge. 52

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of June, 1870.

A testament of IVORY LOW, late of Waterville, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:

Ordered, That notice be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of July next, in the Mail, a newspaper printed in Waterville, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Attest: J. BURTON, Register. H. K. BAKER, Judge. 53

# FOR SALE.

A SECOND HAND BUGGY. Good style and in perfect order, has been run but one season. Enquire of ARNOLD & MEADER.

# MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

## Summer Arrangement.

Trains will leave Waterville for Lewiston and Portland, Boston and intermediate stations at 6 A. M. (Freight), and 10 A. M. (Passenger).

Leave for Bangor and intermediate stations at 6 A. M. (accommodation), and 4 P. M. (Freight), and 1 P. M. (Passenger).

Trains will be