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Maxham & Wing

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PROFESSOR HERON'S MISTAKE.

PROFESSOR HERON used often to go up to talk with Mr. Reed on those days about the alluvial deposits, the latest asteroid, the effects of climate on character, the philosophy of the Greeks, the Civilization of the Chinese, the mummied kings of old Egypt. On one such day Gillian came into the room. It is true, the Professor had seen her before—she had been wont to pass before his vision as a ray of light, without attracting any particular regard; no, I am wrong there, he would have paused to analyze a ray of light; he had never once paused to divine Gillian, though she had been often in the room, bringing the fruit, the pipes, sometimes sitting there at her work. His telescopic glance swept all the fields of air and earth, but had failed to take into account this pretty insect fluttering at his elbow. But to every heart, however deeply interwoven with the operations of science, there comes an instant of individual revelation, when the soul knows itself, comprehends its own unique aims and satisfactions. And so now when his eyes fell upon Gillian they remained fixed there, so to speak. He experienced an uneasy and unfamiliar sensation when their glances met, like the shock of a battery. And did Gillian observe this change? Perhaps so, for a smile, like the sheen of a star, rested upon her face, seemed to radiate from her soul and suffuse her whole being; for a young and lovely woman does not suffer her presence to be ignored for long without taking vengeance at last.

"So, suddenly, the Professor began to put forth new traits of character; having studied the heavenly bodies so long, he began to bethink himself of the earthly. He threw aside his shabby garments, he paid attention to the color of his tie, to the polish of his boots, to the complexion of his shirt frills, to the suggestions of his barber.

One day when he rang at Mr. Reed's door, Gillian herself opened it. Her father was not at home; would the Professor come in and wait? Wait with that divinity to attend him? What better thing could he do? Walk out with her, perhaps, into green lanes and blossoming fields.

"Miss Gillian," he faltered, "the day is so fine, it seems a wrong to waste it indoors; will you come out and walk with me?"

"Is it so much to ask?" he asked, and with a smile, "or perhaps you have an engagement?"

"Yes," she answered; "I am housekeeper. I should be glad to go, but you see I am like a child tied to the door-knob."

"But would you be glad to go," he repeated; "that is a most gracious refusal. Then I will stay and help you to keep house, if I may."

They went into the family room together then, where Gillian had been interrupted in watering her plants. "You will excuse me," she asked, "if I attend to these thirsty beings?" as she went about her graceful business. But what would she say next? Evidently he was waiting for her to speak; she could think of nothing worthy of the situation. To talk to the learned Professor about her narcissus, about the last novel she had read, about last Sunday's sermon, seemed simply absurd. What then?

The burden of her ignorance was weighing upon her with exceeding heaviness; she resembled a blighted flower that hung its head. There was Orion, to be sure, and the last comet, and—and—Oh, how intolerable it would be to spend one's life with a learned professor, and never dare to say one's own soul was one's own for fear of running against some profound metaphysical contradiction! And here, in her perplexity, she overthrew her favorite ivy. Professor Heron sprang to the rescue in season to save it from destruction. "Ah," said he, "if any thing had happened to it I should not have forgiven you. See, it is like a beautiful thought that wanders whither it will, perpetually inspired with new strength to lift itself nearer heaven!"

"What a blundering sentence!" he thought; "she will take me for a darning old book-worm! Oh, that I might exchange some of the profundities of the craft for the graces of small-talk; for the touch and go of everyday conversation!"

"Perhaps," he continued aloud, seized by a sudden inspiration—"perhaps you have never heard of the old legend of the ivy?"

"No; I have read so little; I have studied not at all," she apologized.

"That doesn't signify," he reassured her; "it makes one stupid to study."

"I shouldn't suspect it. But the legend—the ivy?"

"Oh yes, the ivy! Once upon a time as all old-fashioned stories begin, there was a beautiful girl who had a lover; I dare say she had more than one—beautiful girls usually have, I believe. She had blue eyes, too, this lovely girl; I have seen eyes that resembled hers. You have blue eyes; have you not, Miss Gillian?"

"But I like brown eyes better; I wish your beautiful girl had had brown eyes."

"Oh! I am positive that they were blue; the legend doesn't say so, but I have never thought of her otherwise; blue eyes are so much kinder; they absorb the light; sometimes they are like deep wells, clear as crystal, where you can detect all that goes on below; sometimes they build up walls of lapis lazuli between you and the soul beyond. The doctrine of—Excuse me. I will not digress further. Well, then, this lady with the beautiful blue eyes—ay, you may smile; a smile is to the face what sunshine is to the earth."

"A problem in proportion," interrupted Gillian.

"An illumination, and a creative force. But we shall never catch up with the legend at this rate; so, if you will trust me, this lady treated her lover unkindly; he asked her to marry him, and she answered, 'Wait.' By-and-by he urged the question. 'A patient waiter is no loser,' she replied. But he persisted yet the third time. 'This is the last,' said he; 'if I am to wait now it will be forever.' Still she, secure in her charms, returned, 'Wait forever, then, sweet Sir.' So he took her at her word, and traveled into foreign countries; and one day she grew sick with longing for him, and she sent her messenger abroad, saying she was waiting for his return."

"And a patient waiter is no loser," he sent her answer. And so, waiting and longing, one day she died; and when the spring blossomed in the land, behold, a strange plant putting up its leaflets above her grave, which grew and thrived and waxed strong and threw out its arms in all directions, journeying further and further every day, as if reaching after something beyond, till the country people swore it was the lady's soul traveling to overtake her lover."

"What atribution!" remarked Gillian.

"Yet I would rather be travelling on my footstools than be rooted on a grave. It would seem like growing nearer to him, as if one were, somehow, serving him."

"But what a thankless office: constant effort, with no reward in store. For, you see, she has not yet overtaken him; she still stretches and pushes forward. But her where you will, she is off and away like any truant."

# Waterville Mail.

"But when one loves, you see, one doesn't stop to count the cost, or measure the recompense—at least, I suppose not."

"You are quite right. Ah, here is your father!" and then Gillian slipped away.

One night Professor Heron went to Mrs. Lavender's reception. He had had a dozen minds about going; but when, on entering, he caught sight of Gillian, he blessed his stars, and was just on the point of taking forcible possession of her, when a young man of the period whisked her off to join the Lancers. So the Professor contented himself with looking on, while this mustached youth clasped her hand and whispered in her ear. The Professor gnawed his own silky moustache dangerously; if he could only dance, he would not suffer this thing. He could reckon the flight of comets he could weigh the universe; but I verily believe he would, at that moment, have willingly resigned his chair, and forgotten his lore, if he might thereby have been endowed with a sudden knowledge of the Lancers! Some dowagers at his elbow, but shielded from him by a certain partially looped over their retreat, were gossiping quietly by themselves; now and then he caught a word or sentence without giving heed; now and then the flutes blew out a strain as sweet as summer wind, and drowned their chat.

"They would make such a fine couple!" came to him by-and-by, from he hardly knew where; had the violins spoken, or the group behind him? And of whom? Gillian and the young man in whose arms she was floating further and further away from himself? for the Lancers had dissolved into a waltz. Was this evening but an epilogue in his life, in which he should always see her floating further and further away from him, in the arms of another? "They are so admirably suited to each other in years, in tastes, and pursuits," continued the taunting voice, "and Miss Gillian will have nothing when her father dies!" So perhaps, he was not suited to Miss Gillian in any respect—so much older, so much absorbed in abstract sciences; plainly, people had not thought of coupling them together; he would have been angry if they had, and he was now angry that they had not. At least he would make his adieu, and go to the dressing-room for his hat. This was no place for him; there evidently was no place for him out of the study; he had sworn from his orbit for a little, only to find how little it comforted him; he had dreamed of a fireside and a home, but such dreams were not for him. He was moving away to put his intention into execution when Gillian layd him.

"You have not spoken to me to-night!" she said, poutingly.

"And you have not given me a chance," he returned brightly.

"People who want chances usually know how to make them," she persisted. "I have been wondering what you were thinking about, leaning against the mantel there, while we were dancing. Is it an impertinence?"

"I am flattered that you find time to think of me in such society."

"One thinks such heaps of things while chattering with one's partner, you know."

"And hears so many things, too?" laughed the Professor. "I wish I could dance, Miss Gillian."

"You! You do so many better things. I wish I could read Sanscrit, and calculate eclipses."

"Let me teach you."

"Oh, I am such a dunce; mathematics always give me a stitch in the side. I have a total eclipse of the understanding."

It would seem that the Professor had already forgotten his intention of going home; for, instead of fulfilling it, he offered his arm to Gillian for the balcony. Why should he go now, when the evening was just opening to him; when he was beginning to feel the exhilaration of society; when he was beginning to find himself not so far out of place after all? So he staid and promenaded the balcony, with Gillian's smiling face upturned to his, with the stars like old familiar, looking on, as if in silent approbation.

"I am keeping you from dancing, I fear," he said at last, awkwardly enough; for how could Gillian return that she preferred it?

"Are you?" she said; "but no one has invited me to dance, you see."

"If we return to the parlors, no doubt but somebody will."

"I have bored him already," she thought, regretfully. "I am such a simpleton! Oh, I wish—I wish—"

"Miss Reed, shall I have the pleasure of the next cotillon with you?" aspired a handsome youth, while the Professor lifted the curtain for her to pass in before him.

"You see I was right," he whispered.

"You always are," indifferently, "whether you predict a comet or a cotillon." Then, in passing, she dropped a sprig of mimosa from her hair; the Professor stooped and picked it up. "I will keep it," he said interrogatively; she looked back and laughed like a pleased child. By-and-by he saw her bestow a rosebud from her bouquet on her partner. The Professor threw his bit of mimosa away in anger. When the dancing was all done, and while he conducted Gillian to her carriage, he said to her:

"Why did you give him the rose-bud?"

"Why? Oh, because he asked for it, you know."

"And do you give whatever one asks for?"

"Everything in reason—if I don't happen to want it myself."

"And what things are in reason?"

"Why—rose-buds and—"

"Mimosa?"

"Papa says mimosa is my flower; that I am like it, unobtrusive and—"

"Sweet," supplemented the Professor.

"Oh dear, I forgot; you will think I'm so vain. But you see I should only give mimosa to my best—to the people I like very much. Good-night."

"Good-night," said the Professor; and then he went back into the rapidly thinning parlors, picked up the despised sprig of mimosa, and went home to his solitude and his dreams. Thus his days went on, lighted by one sweet hope; sometimes he went to Mr. Reed's, and found Gillian alone; at other times he sat in his study, while Gillian's face looked at him from every page of his book, and Gillian's voice from every page of the lonesome heart; and then, before he was aware of it, he would be years away in the future with Gillian—that vague, delightful future that lent itself to any shape

of his imagination—for he no longer studied the sciences, unless love is a science.

Of course this sort of thing could not go on forever. He must tell Gillian about it some day. And then? Had she a suspicion of his feelings? Did she not regard him merely as a tedious book-worm, who amused her father? A sort of animated encyclopedia, very convenient to consult now and then, but good for nothing as steady reading? Thus the Professor resorted to various expedients in order to determine the nature of her regard for himself. At one time he absented himself for a week from her presence, and began to question if he did not lose more than he gained by the process, when she met him with the same smiling face, the same tranquil manner, showing nothing of all that flutter and commotion taking place under her finely fitting bodice. The perturbations of a planet could not escape the Professor, but those of a pretty woman were quite beyond his skill to detect. After this failure he tried her with the merest everyday salutation, giving her no further heed, while she sat near at work; but he observed no difference in her, or perhaps he did not know the difference when he saw it. Then he would surprise her by a sudden assumption of friendship; he would press her hand, ever so little, in saying good-by; he would put his soul into his eyes, and send it inquiring after hers; but did she blush, did the eyes sparkle unwontedly, did the hand thrill in his grasp? Sooth to say, she blushed if he but spoke of the weather; her eyes had constantly a sparkle of some hidden flame refusing to be smothered; and then the fingers of most nervous people have a touch of tremulousness, experience a kind of magnetic shock coming in contact with the fingers of another. Surely it required more wisdom, more science than Professor Heron could command to interpret the heart of this simple girl. Yet he kept it always in mind, like a hard problem, which puzzles while it fascinates, leading on through a labyrinth of figures to a wrong result.

It was about this time that Professor Heron took his summer's vacation, and found it a toil of pleasure. Never had the mountains appeared so "stale, flat, and unprofitable" before; it seemed as if the very spirit of beauty had deserted them, and they were no longer any thing but purple barriers dividing him from Gillian, which gave him a sense of imprisonment and suffocation. All these peaks and perfect outlines, shading off and dissolving into sunlight and cloud, only suggested to him the inaccessible and unattainable. So he left them—they did not harmonize with his mood—and returned home before his vacation was half completed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RICHARDSON, of the Portland Advertiser, discourses in the following irreverent way of literary titles:—

ABOUT DEGREES.—As the season of "easy honors" is passing a "song of degrees" may not be out of time. Herein reference is had to those mysterious appendages to our Republican names such as A. B., A. M., LL. D., and the like.

The chief value of a degree was formerly thought to consist in its significant fitness. It was conferred upon the student as a testimonial of scholarly merit; upon the jurist and divine in recognition of something achieved in his proper calling. Conferred "in course," it meant that a man had given his time to a retired routine of study and paid his money for competent instruction and an actual parchment—if honorary, it signified that by patient and thorough study, though self-directed, the recipient had proved himself worthy of distinguished notice. But in this fast age, the case is somewhat altered.

When Silas Peckham was called to the "presidency" of the Apollonian Institute, after it was too late to retract their steps, the trustees were chagrined to find that he had not received a classical degree much less a classical education. It was true he had long been a "scholar teacher" and was proud to be pointed out as a self-made man. He was "self-taught," which means he had reversed the usual order and received instruction from those who paid him their tuition. He had taught all branches that his scholars wished to study and qualified himself for the work as Rousseau tells us he gained his proficiency in music, by teaching. Such perseverance coupled with an originality of method in teaching himself so truly American was not long in being rewarded. This efficient business agent as he proved himself, of this popular seminary, was dubbed A. M. at the next commencement of Picwick College, because forsooth, he brought to the doors of his newly found "benign mother," half a score of rosy lads, his first annual offering to her freshmen class, the credit for whose "fit" was in reality due to a "senior" who must content himself for the next three years with his embryonic A. B.

The case of Rev. Jehoram Jones, D. D., is also not unfamiliar. He grew up with his denomination from the days of its weakness and obscurity. At length by dint of his own importunate begging it got a college of its own; and at the first annual commencement the worthy patriarch was told by the polished young president in sonorous Latin which was "as Greek" to those venerable ears of the way in which his services had been appreciated. But the old man was enabled to bear his honors with meekness for he had been kindly cautioned in advance that the event was to occur.

The Hon. Smith Tompkins, late Judge of Probate in one of the upper counties, got his LL. D. because he was able to pay for it. Having engaged in early manhood in a thrifty country grocery trade, and amassed a fortune as time went on, he gave a small farm on the outskirts of the village that had come into his hands by way of foreclosure and ten thousand dollars to the trustees of Tompkins College. The worthy Judge was its first "honorary," or as the same word appears in "trifling Latin" "honorary," so if strictly speaking, his degree was not in course, it certainly was a "matter of course."

Moral: Honorary degrees are the most economical for advertising purposes.

"A. M. IN COURSE."

There is only one thing worse than ignorance, and that is conceit. Of all intractable fools, an overwise man is the worst.

JULES FAVRE ON NAPOLEON.—In a recent discussion in the French Corps Legislatif the debate was enlivened by a speech of Jules Favre, the eloquence of which he has hardly ever surpassed in his best efforts. It seems like a dream to find that, in the year of grace 1870, in a country where the popular will is proclaimed to be the supreme law, a great orator should be under the necessity of demonstrating that the right of municipalities to elect their chief officers is the very essence of self-government. But it is even stranger to find the majority of a representative Chamber questioning so self-evident a proposition, and laughing the orator down when he pointed out what most school-boys know—that the inherent right of municipalities, first recognized in the thirteenth century at Laon, Sens and Beauvais, had been stamped out by the first Napoleon. Dazzled by the glitter of his military glory, France was still under the influence of his tyrannical ideas, under the false impression that a genius had saved her from ruin, while in reality he had ruined her and annihilated her liberties. This plain speaking caused a storm. Granier de Cassagnac exclaimed, "He covered France with institutions; you and your friends with ruins."

M. ESQUIROS—How about the two invasions?

PRESIDENT SCHNEIDER.—In any case he gave France an amount of glory which the country takes pride in, and which still lives in the memory of the people.

JULES FAVRE.—M. le President, you and I are old enough to have felt the deep humiliation—which we hope may never recur—of seeing foreign armies marching victoriously into Paris. That humiliating sight we should never have witnessed if liberty had commanded our armies instead of despotism. (Applause on the left, terrific uproar on the right.)

GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC.—The Emperor expelled the foreigners and you brought them to the frontier.

JULES FAVRE.—I am vindicating the glory of the country against the unconscious votaries of despotism, who are anxious to revive traditions which would once more bring about our degradation. (Immense uproar.)

PRESIDENT SCHNEIDER.—Now, M. Favre, pray confine yourself to your subject.

JULES FAVRE.—I cannot suppose that there is a single man in this assembly who will venture to deny that liberty did not exist under the First Empire.

GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC.—You are quite wrong.

JULES FAVRE.—Very well, then, get into the tribune, and defend the State prisons, the letters de cachet, and the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. (Loud applause on the left; tremendous uproar on the right.)

Fire-crackers, which a few years since half burned the city of Portland, have just done the same service for Keokuk, Iowa. It was on the Fourth of July. The same old story. A Guy Fawkes of a boy threw a lighted cracker into a stable yard. The loose straw ignited. The wind was high. The net result of that boy's Fourth of July: "Twenty-two buildings destroyed. Loss from \$45,000 to \$50,000." A most expensive jubilation. This (or something infinitely worse may occur on any Fourth of July in any city—all for the gratification of a childish love of noise. A great many cities and towns already prohibit the sale of the little incendiaries. Boston will not have one fired within its limits on "the Fourth" if the police can prevent it; and Keokuk will now probably follow the example of Boston.—[Kennebec Journal.]

Rev. M. J. Kelley, chaplain at the Tugus Asylum, has been appointed chaplain in the regular army, and to the great regret of the inmates and officers of the asylum, will leave for his new field of duty in a few days. Chaplain Kelly has been a most popular officer during his stay at the asylum, and has discharged his important duties to the acceptance of all concerned.—[Ken. Jour.]

The Advocate says that several fine buildings are in process of erection in North Anson. Mark Steward has nearly completed a cellar for a block of stores extending 90 feet back from the street on the "Bryant stand." Mr. U. O. Beale and S. S. Gould are among those building fine houses. The Cattle Show and Fair of the West Somerset Agricultural society will be held on the Fair Grounds October 6th and 7th.

PROVERBS BY JOSH BILLINGS.—Those persons who spend all or their spare time watching their symptoms, are the kind who enjoy poor health.

Whenever a minister has preached a sermon that pleases the whole congregation, he has probably preached one the Lord won't endorse.

I can tell exactly how my neighbor's yung ones ought to be fetched up, but I ain't so clear about my own.

If you want to find out a man's real disposition, take him when he is wet and hungry. If he is amiable then, dry him and fill him up, and you have got an angel.

The man who has never been tempted don't know how dishonest he is.

Beauty is the melody of the features.

Before you undertake to change a man's politics or religion be sure you have got a better one to offer him.

A. H. Eaton, Esq., County Supervisor, informs the Reporter that by actual count, he met in one day, week before last, two hundred and fifty Canadians on their way to the lower Kennebec, between the Forks and Moose river. It is estimated that more than a thousand have come through for the haying season.

The Journal tells of a mechanic employed in the railroad machine shop at Augusta who lives in a house which he has constructed this season without any outside help, digging the cellar, framing the building, and in fact accomplishing the entire work himself during his leisure hours.

If a person be pronounced by a jury, after a due investigation of the evidence, not to be responsible for the murder or arson he may have committed, he is not sufficiently responsible to be permitted to run at large. He should be confined, under judicious keepers, until his disease abates. In most cases, we believe that

this plea of insanity is a mere ruse on the part of lawyers for the defense. A man is in the habit of drinking rum until his nervous system is quite shattered; in his fits of intoxication or during the process of recovery, he does things that are quite delirious; he puts a knife, in an excess of drunken rage, into the bowels of his neighbor, or breaks his wife's head with a hammer, or shoots some one of whom an irritable fancy has made him jealous; and then when he is arraigned for the crime, there are thousands of persons to swear that they have known him to be out of his mind. He is released as insane; but we say that in every such case, when the prisoner is not hung or sent to Sing Sing, he should be sent for a number of years at least to an asylum. Whether insane or not, he is unfit for any social relations, and on the strength of this plea, should be taken at his word.—[Putnam's Magazine.]

A BRILLIANT BUT SAD CAREER.—I know nothing in fiction wilder or more romantic than the life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The son of an Irish actor, endowed with the most brilliant and varied gifts of nature, high spirit, a noble presence, imagination, wit, eloquence, all those qualities that win the admiration of men and the affection of women, yet without a shilling in the world to call his own, without either of those recommendations which form the passport to the highest circles of English society—high birth and university honors—the author of the "School of Scandal" rose by the mere force of his genius, and rose almost at a bound, to the highest position in the ranks of political and social life, at a period when political and social life in England was tainted by the narrowest and most exclusive spirit that has ever distinguished the aristocracy of that country. He held that position, and held it with *etate*, all through a long life, the rival of wits like Coleman and Horne Tooke; of orators and statesmen like Pitt and Fox, and Burke; and of men of genius like Byron and Scott. He died almost in the arms of a sheriff's officer, and was buried, with honors all but regal, with princes of the blood for his pall-bearers, in the sepulchre of great kings and statesmen. It was a brilliant but sad career, full of startling contrasts, marked by many humiliations and many victories, by great failures and great success; and yet now, when one asks of what remains of all success, it is not easy to frame an answer.—A speech or two, which no one now thinks of reading, except to trace, in its most vivid colors, when he thinks the false taste of the age in eloquence and wit; the floating recollection of a few epigrams and *bon mots*; and two or three sparkling contributions to the literature of the drama, are all that remain to mark the genius of the man who for thirty years was "the pride of the palace, the bower, and the hall."—[Chamber's Journal.]

HOME AMUSEMENTS.—What we need at this moment is more home amusements, home training and culture; and until fathers and mothers can be convinced of the necessity for these requisites, and urged into the adoption of them, the carnival of dissipation and crime will not abate, the young will go astray as they are now doing, and people will hold up their hands in horror at the degeneracy of the age. The youth of the United States go to perdition more frequently from neglect at home than from any other cause. The mechanic thinks he has no time to look after the habits of his children. He feeds them, clothes them, and sends them to school and the Sunday-school. Perhaps he occasionally drops a word of reproof or advice, in which he is joined by his wife, and they call that home training.

But what should be done? We venture to assert that if half the parents in the United States would give their attention, for the next ten years, to home amusements for their children—amusements which should involve healthful, rational enjoyment, the coming generation would be stronger men and women than those of any preceding generation. As a people, we know comparatively little of the philosophy of amusements. Parents discuss politics and fashion, scandal and crime, during their leisure moments at home, while the children sit by, longing for something to amuse them—something to make time pass more pleasantly and rapidly. The latter are sent away to devise their own sports, while fathers and mothers devote themselves to social engagements or personal ease. After a time the boys find their amusements away from home, perhaps in places of questionable repute; and the girls suddenly assume the airs of young ladies, and devote themselves to late hours, receptions, senseless small talk, and to beaux noted more for their fascinating manners than their good morals. So matters go on quietly, until society is startled by the announcement of unexpected crime or awful disgrace. Such dramas are being enacted every week of the year. Would not parents be repaid by devoting more time to the amusements of home and less to business, self-enjoyment and social pleasure?

We notice that many of the youngsters are in the habit of taking frequent baths in the river. The following may be of use:

1. Never go into the water less than two hours after eating—it is better to make it three.

2. Never go into the water when feeling much exhausted. It will do no harm to go in when you are warm and perspiring, if you are not tired.

3. Never go into the water when you feel cold and chilly.

4. Never stay in long enough to make you feel chilly.

5. Swim and exercise vigorously while in the water.

6. Wipe dry before dressing. If the sun shines, expose the body to its rays a short time before dressing.

7. As a rule do not go in more than once a day.—[Kennebec Journal.]

Mr. Fish protest as the Secretary of State, in indignant terms, against the Spanish decree of Emancipation. He declares it to be "a project for relieving the slave owner from the necessity of supporting infants and aged slaves, who can only be a burden, and of prolonging the institution as to abolebodied slaves." He further insists that the war in Cuba cannot end until the abolition of slavery is effected, and has instructed Minister Sickles to represent the disappointment of the American Government at the impotent conclusion of the Ministry and Cortes on this important question.

THE GREATEST MEN.—Boecher says: Aaron Burr was a keener thinker than George Washington. He was a far more ingenious man, a far more active man; and if he had been a moral man, and had maintained normal relations with himself, with his fellowmen, and with the laws of rectitude, he would have been an able man. Washington was a man of good sense, but he was not a man of genius in any direction except that of conscience. He was a man of singular equity, of great disinterestedness, and of pure and upright intent. Sagacious he was, by the light which comes from integrity. He endured, having faith to believe that right was right, that right was safe, and that right would in the end prevail. That which made Washington the only great hero of our revolutionary struggle was the light of the moral element in him—not any intellectual genius which he possessed; not any rare tact in administration, nor any remarkable executive power. And if you look back upon those names in our history that have best stood the test, you will find that they have been men who were fruitful in the highest moral elements. And as time goes on those men who lack these elements sink lower and lower until they reach the meridian, with undying splendor to shine upon history and the world.

The following description of a base ball pitcher in action will be appreciated by all who have watched this important member of the nine.—On receiving the ball he raises it in both hands until it is on a level with his left eye. Striking an attitude, he gazes at it two or three minutes in a contemplative way, and then turns it around once or twice to be sure that it is not an orange or a cocoanut. Assured that he has the genuine article, he then whisks once at the first baseman, twice at the second baseman, and three times at the third baseman, and after a scowl at the short-stop and a glance at the homeplate, finally delivers the ball with the precision and rapidity of a cannon shot."

The August Farmer says that Allen Lambert, Esq., has purchased the Dr. Snell estate on Winthrop street as a preliminary step towards the founding of a Home for Aged and Indigent Women in that city. The price paid by him for the property was understood was \$6000, and he proposes to fit it up and furnish it completely at his own expense, making a free gift of it for the purpose above stated on condition that a sufficient fund should be contributed for the permanent support of such an institution.

REVELATIONS OF THE CENSUS.—The Republican Journals have persistently asserted, and the Democratic papers as persistently denied that enormous election frauds had been perpetrated in New York in the interest of the Democracy. The census returns from ten districts in the city of New York show a population of 22,499. There is about one voter to six inhabitants, giving in these ten districts about 3,640 voters. The number cast was 47,615. It is impossible that the mistake in the enumeration can be sufficiently far from correct to account for this enormous discrepancy. Nothing but fraud on a large scale can explain it.

A correspondent of the Bangor Whig, in giving an account of the commencement exercises of Waterville Classical Institute, closes with the following suggestive paragraph, which we commend to a careful reading:—

Waterville has reason to feel proud of her institutions of learning. With the University and Institute situated in the village, with an excellent system of public schools, none of her children need grow up in ignorance. Yet it is a disgraceful fact, that a large proportion of the children of foreign parentage can neither read nor write. Scores and even hundreds of these children are growing from childhood to manhood under the very shadows of these institutions which will never take the first step towards enlightenment, whose education will be rather in the school of intemperance and evil.

The railroad bridge at Farmington is progressing rapidly. It is to cross the river by four foot spans, each of which will rest on a double pier of oak piles. It is estimated that it will take two months to complete the structure.

The Georgia question has been settled as far as Congress is concerned, by the passage of a bill, the effect of which will be to leave open the question of an election next fall, the provision being that an election for the members of the legislature and State officers shall be held in pursuance of the State Constitution, and nothing in this act relating to Georgia, shall be construed to limit or extend the term of office of any one.

Skilled labor always possesses a great advantage over mere manual ability. A farmer once hired an old negro to go to kill his hogs for him, and Sam charged him one dollar a head, which at the rate he was able to do the work, made his wages about fifty cents per hour.

"Why,



## Waterville Mail.

BPH. MAX JAM. DAN'L R. WING.  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JULY 22, 1870.



**AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.**  
S. M. PATTENGLASS & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10, State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles, Advertising Agent, No. 1 Seely's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. F. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 123 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by us.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS relating to the business of editorial department should be addressed to MAX JAM. or DAN'L R. WING, via Mail Office.

## REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,  
**SIDNEY PERHAM**  
OF PARIS.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS,  
**JAMES G. BLAINE.**

**WAR IN EUROPE.**—France has declared war against Prussia, and all Europe is in a glow of excitement. Prussia permits one of her subjects to become a candidate for the vacant throne of Spain; France protests because the Bonaparte family has a chronic dislike for the family of the king candidate; she sends a messenger to the king of Prussia to demand a stay of proceedings, with pledges for the future. King William declines to pledge, messenger is saucy, and king sends him off in a huff. Napoleon has found the chance he wanted and declares war. The king of Prussia has found the chance he wanted and accepts the challenge. Between fire and tow a spark proves enough. These natural enemies, who have so long hated and waited, are now rushing to the field.—Christian France and Christian Prussia hastening to deluge Christian Europe in blood, for cause so trifling as would not warrant the shooting of a dog.

Now comes the flood of speculation as to what is likely to follow. What other powers will push into the fight?—and what will be drawn in? Is Russia jealous of France, as a half century ago, so as to favor Prussia?—and will England be able to maintain neutrality? Will there be a general European war, such as wrought out the glory of the first Napoleon?—and will the contest be a long or a short one? More than all, what is to be the effect upon the commerce and general business of our own country? Of course they will want our bread stuffs and our—what else? Time will tell.

Thus far there has been no fighting, though reports have asserted a collision. The enthusiasm of the people, on both sides, is said to be up to a high mark. Napoleon is everywhere greeted with storms of applause. He is to take the field in person—the emperor and the young prince imperial accompanying him. The glory of the past is to be duplicated.

**WATERVILLE CLASSICAL INSTITUTE.**—From a newly printed catalogue of this flourishing institution, bearing the imprint of the Lewiston Journal Steam Press, we learn that the whole number of pupils during the year has been 228—in the Classical Department, 53 gentlemen and 77 ladies; in the English Department, 60 gentlemen and 38 ladies. The number of graduates from the College Preparatory Course in 1869 was 15; in 1870, 9. The number of graduates from the Ladies' Collegiate Course, this year was 8.

**THE ROLLER COMPOSITION,** prepared for printers' use by Mr. J. H. Osgood, 55 Congress Street, Boston, is the best article we have ever seen of the kind, and we can confidently recommend it to our brother craftsmen. Rollers made of it last a long time and retain their good working qualities. We have a pair which have been in use about nine months that are apparently about as good as when they were new; and the test of it is, these rollers need washing only at long intervals. One fact, however, may be mentioned, for ignorance of which we suffered a small loss, (or rather should have done so but for the generosity of Mr. O.) and that is that the composition cannot be melted after it has stood a few months.

**WEBSTER & HAVLAND** are busy with the bridge and are laying up a better wall on the Winslow shore than the contract stipulated. Workmen are also busy on the wood work. To facilitate operations and lay bare as much of the bed of the river as possible at the line of crossing, one of the unused raceways of the Ticonic Water Power Company has been opened, and flash boards put upon the dam.

Charles Russell, son of L. A. Holbrook, of Augusta, aged seven years, was drowned in the mill pond at Wyman's Mills on Bond's Brook, in Augusta, on Monday, as we learn from the Journal.

Our ferry boat is now run across the Bay with a cable and is doing enough to show that a bridge is a necessity.

**THE WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE** of Pennsylvania, graduated a class of fourteen in March, upon whom was conferred the degree of Doctor of Medicine. The number of pupils in the catalogue recently issued is 46, only one of whom belongs in Maine—Eliza M. Bab, of Eastport. From the Valedictory address delivered to the graduating class by Ann M. Preston, M. D., who is at the head of the institution, we make the following extracts:—

There are many to-day who look upon you with something, indeed, of sympathy, but with more of pity, believing that you have chosen a hard pathway, and that care and sorrow above the common measure must fall to your lot. We do not share in this feeling. If the care and anxiety be great, the compensations are yet greater; if the toil be heavy, we believe, with Ruskin: "That whenever the arts and labors of life are fulfilled in this spirit of striving against misrule, and doing whatever we have to do honorably and perfectly, they invariably bring happiness, as much as seems possible to the nature of man."

Medicine is surely destined to become a richer blessing to humanity than it has yet been. The advances already made are prophecies of greater to come.

Physiology is now giving light and life to practical medicine. Therapeutics at last is widening into a science, as it begins to be recognized that all surrounding influences—air, sunlight, food, sleep, clothing, exercise, and mental stimuli—are within its legitimate domain as truly as iron, opium, blisters, and bromides.

Nor do its boundaries stop here. *Morals*, also, belong to Therapeutics. Temperance, purity, faith, hope, and charity modify bodily processes; they ward off disease and prolong life; and the physician who does not realize this truth, and understand something of the reactions of the moral, intellectual, and physical life, does not possess the key to the best success in practice; is not yet initiated into the sacred mysteries of the divine art of healing. The earlier physicians were the priests of their time, and amid ignorance and superstition there was in this fact a dim recognition of the truth that the same great principles subserve the physical and moral life; and, in the words of a writer in the *British Medical Journal*: "Year by year we shall come to value dogmas and rules less, and principles more," in their application to both.

At present, nervous maladies, womanhood enfeebled and diseased, are the fashion of society; and perhaps the most frequent question that you will have to answer practically will be, "What can be done for our suffering women?" There is a deep conviction that these headaches, neuralgias, and weak backs are neither necessary nor destined to be the permanent condition of womanhood; and, Ladies, the philanthropist and scientist, who are seeking the remedy, look hopefully to the results of your knowledge and experience in their bearing upon this point.

When anxious fathers and mothers bring you their beautiful daughters, from whose young faces and steps the bloom and elasticity are departing, and ask your counsel, what shall you do? You look at those girls and at once take in their history. Kept long at school, and strained with many lessons at an age when the conditions of healthful growth and development were incompatible with sedentary habits and severe mental tasks; their bodies so tightly bound with clothing that by no possibility have the ever-moving vital organs been able fully to perform their functions; their extremities cold and thin, and the weight of their clothing supported, not by their shoulders, made by God to bear burdens, but by parts totally unfitted to sustain them! Released from school, they have bent long in the same posture over piano, fiddle, work, or exciting novel, instead of rejoicing in the open air, or in active muscular exercise; their homes, luxurious, it may be, have yet been grudgingly supplied with pure air and quickening sunshine; the passion for dress and company has been fostered until these have become the staples rather than the stimulants of their lives; while late hours, artificial lights, and continuous excitement have interfered with the nutrition of nerve tissue, and perverted the distribution of nerve force. You know that quiet, interesting, imperative work,—work for hands and for mind,—is essential to their health; and as you sigh over their wasted, suffering, unsatisfied lives, you cannot be content with the mockery of merely prescribing drugs, needful and beneficent as these may often be.

Some morbid Michelet may speak of this feeble womanhood as the necessary result of advanced civilization, but it is very clear to us that it is not a high civilization, but the failure to reach it, to which this is due. The highest civilization will surely be in harmony with nature, with health, with the moral and Divine law. It will drive out follies as well as fevers; it will foster pure, quiet, simple tastes, and will find its models of beauty in form and drapery, not in the vulgar devices by which fashionable mantua-making distorts and burlesques human proportions, but in the grace and freedom of artistic Nature, and the corresponding fitness of clothing.

The woman of a true civilization will regard as pitiful and barbarous the idea that uselessness is elegance, or that disease and languor are womanly; and she will surely escape the emptiness and dissatisfaction which oppress every human being—the proudest queen of fashion as well as the lowliest child of poverty—who does not cultivate and direct to ennobling uses, the powers and faculties which are the glorious birthright of humanity.

Ladies, society hails your advent into the field of medicine as among the heralds of this higher civilization—the civilization which is harmonious with Christianity; and you will prescribe for those who seek your advice in the knightly spirit of your profession, with all tenderness, but with all truth. Scorning make-believes and pretensions, with the authority of knowledge you will say, "These things you cannot do and realize the joy of health." Nor will you speak in vain. When an evil is once fully seen and admitted, and its cause understood, the remedy will surely be devised.

Whether giving advice to chronic invalids, or watching by the bed of pain and death, to whatever class of diseases and needs you may minister, you will share the life of "that common mass of humanity which toils along the weary ways of the world," as none others do. You will be entrusted with secret sorrows, be initiated inevitably into the hidden springs of domestic life, and become, for the time, in interest and sympathy, a part of the families into which you enter. Your suggestions will be respected and repeated, and your influence for good will be limited only by your own abilities, attainments, and character. How full of wisdom and knowledge should those be who thus penetrate household sanctities, and deal

with the delicate machinery of life! how stainless in honor, how prudent in speech!

There is one principle that covers all medical as well as general ethics, and this is embodied in the Divine rule: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." The practical carrying out of this rule will make you prompt, faithful, reliable. It will make the interests of your patients as sacred as your own, and their secrets as safe in your keeping as in the silence of the grave. In consultations, it will preserve you alike from the common temptation of agreeing with everything proposed by those with whom you consult, whether or not it really seem to you the best thing to be done; or the opposite fault of recommending a different treatment from selfish and unworthy motives. It will also suppress in you the injustice and pettiness of anger or resentment, in case your patients, in the exercise of their just rights, should chance to prefer other physicians to yourselves.

Some will seek your counsel, worn with overwork, diseased because they could not rest from their toils and command the comforts essential to recovery. Ladies, you will, we are sure, as the true friends of those who trust you, deal generously with such as these. Striving to make your work a blessing to humanity as well as to yourselves, you will minister to the poor and needy, not with the conscious superiority that would toss "a piece of gold in scorn," but in the sympathizing spirit of Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

I trust there is no occasion to warn you against the fault of those who habitually make their patients and practice a subject of conversation, and boast of their own superior skill and success. This form of egotism, hateful in men, would be certainly not less offensive in women. Persons of fine culture do not publish their special callings in common conversation.

Nor will you, we trust, waste your strength and sacrifice the repose and sweetness of life in personal dislikes and controversies. The jealousies of physicians have often been made the theme of vulgar comment, and those familiar with medical literature can but feel humiliated by personalities which sometimes there intrude. Even in England, where so many medical writers have evinced a wise and large spirit, this offensive antagonism shows itself in certain medical journals; and a medical friend, who visited the hospitals in the metropolis of that kingdom, informs us that the fact of a cordial reception at one hospital, and attendance there, seemed to prevent the same full friendliness at the next.

Ladies, we hope other and more beautiful things from you; we trust you will live on a plane far above petty jealousies and dislikes; that you will be not only just, but also magnanimous and courteous to all. It is no Utopian dream that it is possible to live truthfully and generously in the world. The cynic and worldling may sneer at the simplicity that believes and trusts in humanity; but the right-minded and prudent who habitually appeal to the best in others, find that best respond; those who trust in the right, find the right a sure defence. It has been well said, "One, on the side of God, is a majority," and we have seen in some late occurrences in which we have all been deeply interested, that even the prestige of position, and the pride of learning, brought to bear upon public feeling, may utterly fail of their object when put forth in defence of a wrong position.

Ladies, it is meet that you go forth to your labors, full indeed of that humility which belongs to wisdom, but full also of faith, hope, and glowing enthusiasm. And yet I know full well that your joy to-day is softened and tinged with something akin to sadness. You feel, indeed, the beauty and greatness of your work, but mingled with this is self-distrust, a sense of responsibility, the thought of an untried future! It is true, you must encounter trials, but if you avoid prejudices and keep your minds receptive and nobly ingenious, you shall learn something from every person and circumstance about you, and be able to rejoice, day by day, in the consciousness of ever widening knowledge and continually increasing power for good.

You love the profession of your choice, and believe in its power to bless society; and, although true work is in itself true success, irrespective of rewards, yet the faithful performance of the duties of your calling will often bring results to surprise as well as gladden your hearts. Among the experiences of my life, and they have been many and varied, among the affections and kindnesses which often have made me feel that "the lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places," there have been few manifestations more touching than the devoted gratitude of some who, when languishing in weakness and suffering, have deemed themselves helped by such offices as I have been able to bestow; and Ladies, among the enjoyments in store for you, next to the infinite peace that comes from the consciousness of duty performed, I could scarcely ask for you any sweeter than such as these.

Go forth prudently, truthfully, trusting in the eternal strength of the ever-living God, content "to labor and to wait," willing to accept toil and privation as well as ease and victory; and fear not but that a true and glorious success shall be yours—that this shall be to you the "Commencement" of a renewed life of enlarged activity, in which, amid cares and responsibilities, you shall often be led beside still waters, and lie down in green pastures.

Rum!—Levi Lashus, a Frenchman, who "keeps open quarters" in the old building next north of the Williams House, was investigated Wednesday morning by officer Edwards. Two packages or bottles of liquor were found—one in his boot and the other in a hole in the plastering. He was taken before justice Drummond and fined \$50 and costs. Lashus had just been legally warned out of the premises, on the supposition that he was selling liquor in violation of law—thus rendering the owner liable for heavy fine. Probably he will be expelled as soon as practicable, as the place has long been known as a bad one.

The boys are catching large numbers of white bass, with hook and line, in the deep pools at the foot of Ticonic Falls. "We saw a few big boys having some fun with a salmon on the Falls the other morning." Of course they knew it was not lawful to catch it, but they had it yarded in a deep pool, and armed with nets and gaffs, they stood watching for its approach, stirring it up occasionally, by a random dip of a net or the thrust of a gaff. By the way, we are informed that salmon have been seen this year as far up the river as Caratunk. They probably made their way over the east end of our dam early in the season.

## OUR TABLE.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY** for August has a continuation of Bayard Taylor's story; and there will be found the first instalment of extracts from the journal of an observing Virginian in New England thirty-five years ago, edited by Professor James Russell Lowell; a short Oldtime Story by Mrs. Stowe; the beginning of a lively story, "Half Way," by Mr. C. S. Barrow; "The French Claims," by E. H. Derby; a poem by Bayard Taylor, another by J. T. Frowbridge, and Mr. C. P. Cranch's "Ode" read at the Margaret Fuller Festival; an account of "The Grand Traverse Region of Michigan," by H. W. S. Cleveland. Its most notable paper, one that will be read with the greatest interest, is Mr. Fields's Budget of Memories of Dickens.

Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$4 a year, and sold by all periodical dealers.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE.**—The illustrated articles in the August number are—The Raquette Club by Charles Hallcock; South Coast Sanctuaries in England, Canterbury, by M. D. Conway; The Electric Light, by Jacob Abbott; Frederick the Great, continued; A Visit to Bankok, by Allan D. Brown; The Old Love Again, by Annie Thomas. Some of the other articles are—The Auto de Fe of 1765; Early History of Colorado; Two Hearts, by Harriet Prescott Spofford; By-Paths to Prosperity; Played to the End, by the author of "My Daughter Elmore"; American Artists in Italy, by Samuel Osgood, D. D.; As Easy as Lying; Two Poets; Only Clodhoppers, by Mrs. Frank McCarthy; Female Suffrage, a Letter to the Christian Women of America, part I, by Susan F. Cooper; Antares, by the author of "Guy Livingston." Of course there are the usually well filled Easy Chair, Literary Record, Scientific Record, Historical Record, and Drawer. A good number of a good magazine.

Published by Harper Brothers, New York, at \$4 a year, and sold by all periodical dealers.

**LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE** for July has the following table of contents:—Southern Society. Amy's Lover, by Florence Marryat. The one sweet thing that is lost to me, a poem, by Howard Glyndon. The Virginia tourist, continued, by Edward A. Pollard. The Emperor Alexander. The Old Book-shops of London and Paris. Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite, continued, by Anthony Trollope. The Hypothesis of Evolution, by Prof. Edward D. Cope. Our Castles, by Edward Spencer. The Hungry Heart. The Dominion Republic and Annexation, by H. Hargrave. Noncarnal's Bad Luck. The Island of Time, a poem. Monthly Gossip. Literature of the day.

Published by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, at \$4 a year.

**OUR YOUNG FOLKS**, with a poem by Dr. Parsons, a story by Miss Phelps, an essay by Colonel Higginson, a lesson in drawing by Mr. C. A. Barry, and a frontispiece by Mr. Eytzinger, ought to satisfy the most fastidious young folks and attract some little attention from the elders. But there is an abundance of good things besides.

Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$2.50 a year.

**GOOD HEALTH** for July has articles on Health and Occupation, Chinese Method of Breeding and Fattening Fish, The Circulation of the Blood, On Poison, Near Sightlessness, Presence of Mind, On Assimilation, Tea and Coffee, Vegetables Better than Nothing, Snake Bites and the Antidotes, Swimming, Treatment of the Apparently Drowned, Instinct and Reason; with numerous short articles.

Published by Alexander Moor, Boston, at \$2 a year.

**THE JULY MONTHLY PART OF OLIVER OTTIE'S MAGAZINE** contains the opening chapters of "PLANK AND PLANK," or "The Mishaps of a Mechanic," the second of Oliver Oatie's new "Onward and Upward Series;" excellent stories, including "Pierre and Pierre," a beautiful translation from the French, letter from Oliver Oatie, puzzles, four full-page pictures, and other illustrations, poetry, sketches, and a great variety of useful and entertaining matter. Published in weekly and monthly editions by Lee and Shepard, 149 Washington Street, Boston, at \$2.50 a year.

**THE MAINE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION** for July contains much of interest to all who are concerned in the education of the rising generation, parents as well as teachers. The chapters to "Schoolmistresses," "Character," and "Spelling," merit special attention. Published by Brown Thurston, Portland.

A man apparently insane, who gave his name as Daniel Hill, of Biddeford River, N. Brunswick, was found by watchman Wood in Gen. Smith's mill about 11 1/2 o'clock Monday night. He was arrested by officer Edwards, who took him to the lockup. On investigation by the selectmen next day it was not thought best to hold him, and he was discharged. He went directly to the Continental, and unobserved took possession of the first bed he found. When dislodged he went directly to Kendall's Mills, where after a long prayer on the steps of one of the churches, he entered and took possession of the building. He has since been seen wandering about this village. His insanity seems harmless, taking a religious garb.

**WILLIAM ALLEN HATCH**, of the West Village, a graduate of Waterville College, class of '61, and who did honorable service in the army of freedom during the late war, is now a Professor in Girard College, Philadelphia. On Independence Day, at a celebration at the College he delivered an oration before the officers and pupils and invited guests, a portion of which is published in the Philadelphia Bulletin, with commendation. We are informed he acquitted himself with honor to his alma mater and with no discredit to his numerous friends in Maine. We copy the concluding paragraph of his oration:—

That proud title of citizens, brings with it important privileges and also important duties. Submission to law and respect for order are the first of these duties, and, as you will be a part of the government as well as one of the governed, see to it that no one represents your voice who does not also represent the truth, honor and devotion to the highest good of all. Let no party fealty or political jugglery blind your eyes to the true character of the man who seeks elevation through your vote or influence.

And above and beyond all these ordinary duties of the citizen, comes the highest, the best demand, which I pray God may never be made of you, but which, if made, I know you will respond to as bravely, as cheerfully, as faithfully, as did your fathers and brothers whose bones now lie scattered from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, some of whom are remembered in the marble yonder. The national life is of more value than the individual's life; the national honor should be as sacred as your own. The rights of the nation are the citizen's rights. Defend the national life as you would defend your own. Guard her honor as you ought to guard your own, even at the expense of life. Maintain her rights, for in so doing you maintain your own.

Statue of Pres't Grant with the inevitable cigar, take the place of the traditional Indian at the door of the tobaccoists in Chicago.

A rural deacon whose minister's sermons "scattered" somewhat, phrased it that he "raked with the teeth upwards."

The Somerset County Republican Convention will be held at Coburn Hall, Skowhegan, on Thursday, August 18th, at 10 o'clock A. M. for nominating candidates for the several offices to be filled this fall.

The drouth is getting almost alarming, so far as regards potatoes. Other crops will suffer according to their nature—hay none, for it is in the barn.

Those who would be sure to see the grand parade of the Circus should be watching between 9 and 10 o'clock Saturday morning. It will enter the village from the north.

The smoke that rolled over our village on Thursday afternoon is said to have come from Sidney bogs which are reported on fire.

The Union Advocate gives the following sensible advice:—

**SUSTAIN HOME INDUSTRY.**—Encourage your own—and don't take it all out in talk, either. Don't patronize foreign peddlers of any kind, whether of dry goods, clothing, fancy goods, jewelry, or what not. Every dollar spent here helps the business of the town and promotes the interest of the people generally.

See Mr. Dyer's card. A good chance for business.

**CATTLE MARKETS.**—Prices of low class beef have fallen, but the better qualities are firm.

Now, just before election, all the democratic papers are prating about taxes. One would think the entire democratic party expected to help pay for the Waterville free bridge.

That sharp joker, the Augusta Standard, accuses the republican journals of "attempting to defame the democratic city of New York!" Pretty good, friend Standard.

A lady who was not a Shakespearian scholar, hearing the "Merry Wives of Windsor" highly praised, inquired how many wives Mr. Windsor had.

There are serious political troubles in North Carolina and the State troops have arrested many citizens.

There will be no privateering in the present war, both parties to the contest having long ago signed an agreement to that effect.

**GOLD** has gone up with a rush and stands about 123. [Since reduced to 120.]

Professors Huxley and Tyndall, two eminent scientific men, are coming to this country for the purpose of lecturing.

Mr. W. W. Thomas has arrived in Aroostook with his first instalment of Swedish immigrants.

**HOW THEY LIKE IT.**—The Savannah Republican thus closes its brief announcement that Georgia is again, and for the third time in the Union:—

Then, good-by, General Terry, with your bayonets, your despotic orders and your blue coats! Good-by, *provisional* Rufus, and all else that comes under that detested name! And until overhauled again, good-by to the spawn of the d-l and wet-nursed whelp of his followers on earth—Congressional reconstruction!

Our Rose potatoes are as big as our fist, and "take on a bake" as though they were made for it.

Five hundred dollars is the sum up for a match race at the Waterville Park tomorrow. The race begins at 4 o'clock—just after the circus closes its afternoon exhibition. Burleigh & Shores in charge.

The thermometer has marked 98 deg. in Waterville within a few days, at a place where the same instrument has hung for over 35 years without indicating so extreme heat before.

The Youth's Temperance Visitor, published in Rockland for the last eight years, comes out this month in a new form, enlarged and greatly improved. It now appears as "The Young People's Helper and Temperance Visitor," with a very handsome new engraved heading, making a beautiful paper of sixteen pages, not excelled in typographical appearance by any juvenile paper. Though it will be strongly on the side of temperance, as heretofore, it will extend its range of topics, making its contents of a general character. It has some of the best writers among its contributors, is always pure, earnest, lively and entertaining, and will aim to be a true Helper and genial home companion to the young folks everywhere. It is only 50 cents a year, though as large as some juvenile papers at double the price, and its cheapness and excellence ought to give it a place in every household and obtain for it an immense circulation. Sample copies will be sent free and canvassers are wanted everywhere. Z. Pope Vose, Publisher, Rockland, Me.

**QUERY?**—Who ever tasted better Ice-creams than those served at Matthews's?

A Life Insurance decision was rendered in New York recently, which sustains a well-understood rule, and one which is essential to the safe management of a business which offers to fraud peculiar temptations and facilities. The holder of a policy issued by the Mutual Benefit Life, allowed the time for the payment of a renewal premium to pass; he was advised of the lapse and of the necessity for prompt payment to save the policy, and still did not pay. Finally, several months after date, he tendered payment by a remittance, which the agents, in obedience to positive instructions, refused to receive, unless accompanied by a medical certificate showing the individual to be in good health. Meanwhile he died, and it was then ascertained that he had long suffered from consumption, and that the tardy transmission of the premium took place when early death had become certain. The company properly refused to pay the insurance. Its liability was, however, twice affirmed judicially, but on appeal Judge Woodruff reversed the decision, and declared the company not liable. His judgment covers the equity of the case. A life insurance policy is a contract, which the insured as well as the company is bound to respect.

Farmers who are poisoned by poison ivy while haying can effect a cure by bathing the part poisoned for ten minutes with water hot as it can be borne, and repeating the application several times. So says an exchange.

On opening a box car of a train for Boston, a few days since, at Windsor, Vt., it was found that of one hundred and twenty-five lambs confined therein, and on the way to market, only four were alive! One hundred and twenty-one lambs crowded into a tight car, in a hot day, had been cruelly smothered to death. The loss of the property to parties concerned, \$500 or more, is but a small part of the punishment the inhumanity deserves.

**A GOOD SUGGESTION.**—The Somerset Reporter thinks the people will do well to settle the Senatorial question for themselves this fall, by instructing their nominees distinctly, leaving no occasion or excuse for such a scene as occurred at Augusta in 1869. We hope that will be done. The Reporter says:—

It is frequently urged that instructing candidates is a reflection upon their integrity and general sense of what is right and expedient. We fail to see it. If the people are not to have their wishes regarded by their servants, we fail to see the essential difference between a government of the people and of an autocrat. If the people, or a majority of them, desire a certain policy to be pursued by their agent or representative, it is *right* to instruct him and it is his *duty* to obey or resign the trust. "Unpledged" sounds well to novices, but those who have had more experience understand that it means traffic and dicker. Let the Republicans attend *en masse* their caucuses, instruct delegates and candidates, and the calling of the "third branch" at the State Capital will be one of the lost vocations.

The Dean of Westminster Abbey, in the course of a funeral sermon preached in connection with the death of Mr. Charles Dickens, read the following extract from his will, written May 12, 1869:—

I direct that my name be inscribed in plain English letters on my tomb. I enjoin my friends on no account to make me the subject of any monument, memorial, or testimonial whatever. I rest my claims to the remembrance of my country upon my published works, and the remembrance of my friends upon their experience of me in addition thereto. I commit my soul to the mercy of God through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter.

**BETTER AND CHEAPER MEATS.**—I do not want to see meat any cheaper; but I do want, both for our own interest and that of the consumer, to furnish meat of the best quality. Cheap as our mutton often is, it is the dearest meat in the market. Thousands and tens of thousands of sheep are sold that do not dress 35 pounds. From 50 to 60 per cent. of the meat consists of water. How much of the remainder consists of good digestible meat, and how much of the bones, skin, and tough indigestible muscle, is not yet been determined. But it is a pretty large proportion. We may urge the people to eat less pork and more mutton, but it will do no good unless we provide mutton that approximates more closely to pork in actual nutriment. We ought to be able to produce a pound of mutton that shall contain as much available nitrogen and carbon as a pound of pork, and at less cost. This should be the aim of our breeders and feeders. When this is the case, we shall be a mutton-eating instead of a pork-eating people. Our mutton must contain less water and more (invisible) fat. It must be grown more rapidly, and fatted while the sheep or lamb is growing. I believe that the time will come when we shall have sheep that can make as much fat and flesh out of a given amount of real food as a pig. At present, our best mutton breeds, such as the Cotswold, Leicester, and South Down, will not approximate to a pig in this respect—and the fact is not creditable to our intelligence and skill as breeders. Let us turn our attention to this subject.—[Jos. Harris in *Agriculturist*.]

Mr. Curtis says, in the Easy Chair, that the real significance of "Lothair" is not that a retired English prime minister writes a novel. Far from that. You may think the story foolish or delightful, and its author a genius or a charlatan. But its motto might as well be Hamlet's father's: "Remember me!" For he has remembered. The Roman Church drove his ancestors from Spain. With defiant pride they chose a name that marked them Jews of Jews. And now their descendants, having won every prize in the most powerful of Protestant states, turns in the fullness of his renown upon his old enemy, and haughtily cries to Rome, "You drove me and mine from moribund, miserable Spain! Be gone from England!" "Lothair" is the Jew turning Rome out of England.

## "The Best the Cheapest."

## 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 a Mowing Machine, that I believe the CLIPPER has more points of excellence than any other mower yet put into the market—such as Light Draft, Ease of Management, Safety to Driver and Team, Center Lifting Draught, running directly to the Cutter Bar, which, when it meets an obstruction often lifts and passes over it, instead of crowding harder downward against it, as many in the market do. The team walks in, and the wheels follow in the track made by the track board.

It does not pull the team by shaking the harness or bearing on the necks.

The Clipper was awarded the precedence at field trials at Lewiston, Waterville and Bangor. In some of these trials were all of the following machines—Suckey, Kniffa, Wood's Union, American Advance and others. On the one horse trial at Lewiston, a horse weighing only 700 pounds was used; and at Bangor, one weighing only 725 pounds, and neither had ever pulled a mower before.

I know these machines are durable, as I have had for the past three years a large stock of Repair parts, and nearly all there is in Maine, a very few of which have been sold.

I have an assortment of the best quality of Wheel Rakes, Scythes, Forks, &c., Oil for Mowing Machines, &c., &c.

J. H. GILBRETH, KENDALL'S MILLS.

Wilson Low, Esq., of Fairfield, owning one of the finest farms in this town, wanting a new mower, called a "Spartan" and "Clipper" on trial at one time, and PURCHASED the Clipper. He used the Suckey for eight years.

228 1-2—226 3-4—229 1-2

**GILBRETH KNOX** has a record at Narragansett Park, Providence, of 1 1/2 mile in a race 1:10 1/4, quarter 34 1/2 seconds.

His oldest colt, HONEST JOHN, won the 2 years old purse at Waterville.

His 8 years old colt "Knox-hamilton," sold for five thousand dollars.

**MAINE HAMBLETONIAN.** grandson of "Rydyk's Hambletonian." See advertisement in Maine Farmer, or send for a circular.







# MISCELLANY.

## WAITING FOR FATHER.

The gray of the twilight and glow of the fire, A little girl sat on the rug. She was waiting for father, and puffy sat high her, And also her friend, Mr. Pug. And the song in the heart of the little girl, As the light of the fire played over each curl, Was "Father is coming—hurray! hurray! Father is coming—hurray! hurray!"

She had spread out her soft woolen gown on the chair, With its fringe of beautiful blue, Had picked up her playthings that lay here and there, And fixed things as well as she knew. "For the room must be tidy and pretty and bright," She said to herself, "when he comes every night, And soon he is coming—hurray! hurray! Father is coming—hurray! hurray!"

How rosy her cheeks, and how sparkling her eyes! How dimpled her soft little hand! While Puss and Pug look on so solemn and wise As if the whole scene had been planned.

But now never would she, so demure and so three, That the little maid's heart could be singing with glee, "Father is coming—hurray! hurray! Father is coming—hurray! hurray!"

The sunlight has vanished, and black is the street, And beggars are dreading the night. The pavement is noisy with horse-speeding feet, And only the windows are bright.

When quickly the little maid springs from the rug, Leaving Puss half sleeping, but followed by Pug; Father is coming—hurray! hurray! Father is coming—hurray! hurray!"

—Hearth and Home.

A writer in an agricultural paper gives the following as his *modus operandi* in top-dressing: As soon after having as convenient, I commence getting out my dressing, spreading it as evenly as possible. By this practice, benefit of the heavy rains is secured, and an opportunity is given for the dressing to get somewhat pulverized and incorporated with the soil before winter. In early spring, I go over the land thus dressed with a hoe, pounding up all lumps remaining on the surface, and by this method the dressing is out of sight by haying time. When it is expedient to break up certain pieces of land, or where land is to be continued in grass for an indefinite period, then top-dressing comes in as an excellent substitute for using dressing on ground that is broke. The result of my dressing sward-ground in this way (although to a limited extent) thus far has been very successful indeed, and I shall continue to practice and recommend this method of using dressing until some better way presents itself.

In hot weather, it is almost impossible to prevent sinks becoming foul, unless some chemical preparation is used. One pound of copperas dissolved in four gallons of water, poured over a sink three or four times, will completely destroy the offensive odor. As a disinfecting agent to scatter around premises affected with any unpleasant odor, nothing is better than a mixture of four parts ground plaster of Paris to one part of fine charcoal by weight.

WASTE OF TIME.—The Lewiston Journal justly complains of the great amount of useless arithmetic in our schools. Tables are constructed to be committed to memory and practiced over by examples that serve to worry and confuse the minds of children. Let us take avoidance weight, and see how much of it is used in business. We never do business with drachms nor quarters. Then all that is necessary for such a table would be

# New Firm.

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

## BOOT & SHOE BUSINESS,

And will continue to occupy

The Old Stand opposite the Post Office.

Where will be found a full assortment of

## BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,

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

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

We shall manufacture to measure

## GENTLEMEN'S CALF BOOTS,

BOTH PEGGED AND SEWED.

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

O. F. MAYO  
A. L. MAYO.

Waterville, March 1, 1870.

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

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# THE OLD STAND

RE-OPENED.

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

## FURNITURE,

Longes, Mirrors, Sealters, &c.

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

## CROCKERY & GLASS WARE

Ever opened in Waterville. Also

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

Funeral 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 good workmen as can be found on the river. And they are worth very much more than those known together, a number of them.

I shall keep a large variety of LAMPS, BRACKETS, 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. All I ask is for customers to price them, and judge for themselves before purchasing.

C. H. REDINGTON.

17.

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# Kendall's Mills Column.

"Goods Well Bought ARE HALF SOLD."

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

## FLOUR,

offered by LAWRENCE & BLACKWELL, at the

## Grist Mill, Kendall's Mills,

This is no "advertising gas," we are actually selling splendid bargains, at 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.

REMOVAL.

## DR. A. PINKHAM.

SURGEON DENTIST,

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

Has removed to his new office, NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.

First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to 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,

OVER ALDEN'S JEWELRY STORE, on "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 & MEADERS.

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

OFFICE OVER I. H. 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 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.

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

OPPOSITE THE P. O., WATERVILLE, ME.

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.