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Maxham & Wing

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[From Harper's for July.]

PROFESSOR HERON'S MISTAKE.

[Concluded.]

But sooner or later this doubt that was beginning to cloud his heavens must end, this hope that threatened to vanish into fear must be arrested forever, like the fleeing smile petrified on the marble face, or—he hated to remind himself of the alternative. “Why not know the worst now?” he thought, leaning out of his study window, in the sultry summer weather, while the stars wasted in the sky, and the morning opened like a white flower with a golden stem. “Why not know the worst now?” Therefore, when the day was spent, when the evening was settling down upon the sleepy town, he bent his steps to the house of Mr. Reed. He found that gentleman smoking on the veranda, and listening to the pensive air which Gillian coaxed from the old upright piano, in the dark,

“If I should come, if I should go, I would be better so, I would be better so.” Then a softer, and the song broke off. “Sit down, Professor,” said Mr. Reed; “you are a welcome stranger. Gillian, bring Mr. Heron’s pipe.”

“No pipe to-night, thank you,” he said, looking at Gillian, who had appeared in the doorway like a faintly outlined shadow, the shadow of something, you would have said which the wind agitated.

“Is that you, Miss Gillian?” asked the Professor. “Are you not afraid of the dark, alone?” “He treats me as if I were a child,” thought Gillian, giving him the tips of her cool fingers; and then there is no love so exacting as that which deems itself slighted. “He will be soon undeceived,” she added.

“Girls know how to people the dark,” explained Mr. Reed, “with their fancies and their lovers. Gillian has hers to keep her company as well as the rest.”

“Which?” demanded the Professor, quite savagely.

“Both. Fancies as well as lovers—oh, Gillian?” But Gillian was at the piano again, drawing out long-suspended chords, like deep-drawn sighs, every one of which struck on the Professor’s heart like a blow; every one of which said to him, “I could love, but not you;” every one of which answered back to her in antiphon, “He could love, but not me.”

“Yes,” pursued Mr. Reed, while Gillian was listening to the prophecy of the chords, and Heron was trying to forget it. “Yes; my Gillian’s life has rounded into an idyl at last. You do not find us exactly where you left us, my friend. I have often remarked, that affairs go on at a dead-level for months, or it may be years; but one has only to turn one’s back before Fortune steals up and accomplishes some long-intended design. Is it not so?”

“And what,” asked the Professor, “what has she accomplished for Gillian during my absence?”

“She has sent Gillian a lover.”

“That is not strange. It has not even the advantage of being new. She had lovers before.” “But this one has announced himself. He will not take No for an answer.”

“Then doubtless he will be rewarded with Yes. And your—daughter?”

“She leaves the decision to me.”

The Professor made no rejoinder; he did not see his way clearly.

“Well?” Mr. Reed suggested, after a pause.

“Is it well that she should have no bias, for or against?” urged Mr. Heron.

“I don’t say that she hasn’t. I have good reason to believe she has, or she would have dismissed him at once. She said to me, ‘Mr. Oxford wishes to marry me. What shall I do?’ ‘Act your pleasure, my child,’ I answered her. ‘I act my pleasure when I please you,’ she returned. ‘Mr. Oxford is devoted to me; he is handsome and high-bred; but my judgment may possibly be worthless in the case. How do I know I am doing rightly if I accept him?’

“Her heart should teach her that,” interrupted Mr. Heron, slowly.

“But women are not to be judged after ourselves, from our own stand-point,” objected her father. “They need the judgment and sanction of old and dear friends, to whose opinion they have been used to defer. Gillian needs your judgment, Professor, and mine, in this business. It’s a sentimental whim of hers, I tell her; but it’s sincere, all the same.”

“Miss Gillian wants me to tell her when to marry!” exclaimed the Professor. “Did she ask my opinion?”

“Not precisely. I said, ‘Shall I talk to the Professor about it?’ ‘Do,’ she answered; ‘it is of vital importance to me. It is a time in which I need help.’

“Strange,” thought the Professor. “Could any living creature, could the whole University, help me to love Gillian better, confirm my good opinion of her?”

“Well?” repeated Mr. Reed, when the silence had been sufficiently marked.

“Well,” echoed the Professor. His voice was so terribly thin and weak, that had Gillian stopped to listen, she must have known something was amiss; but she went on with her chords remorselessly.

“Mr. Oxford is a gentleman and a linguist,” he went on to say. “He is as old as I am,” to himself in parenthesis. “He has fortune and family. I know of no one to whom a woman might intrust her happiness with greater security. I endorse Mr. Oxford in every respect.”

“Thank you, thank you, my friend,” said Mr. Reed. “I knew you would do him justice. Gillian will thank you too.”

“Miss Gillian is welcome,” still speaking in that thin, hurt voice. “The clocks are striking nine.”

“They are fast, every one of them!”

“I must love you and leave you.”

“So soon? But you will be coming again; it isn’t as if you were away among the mountains,” striking a match to light Mr. Heron down the steps; for it was a fancy of theirs to sit in the dark on summer nights. Mr. Reed had once laughingly observed: “Talking in the dark is like thinking out loud; one doesn’t feel the restraint of an audience. Love is easier made in the dark, eh, Gillian?”

“I don’t know, Sir,” Gillian had replied. “I don’t think I should care for love that could be put out of countenance by daylight.”

“Good-night,” said the Professor now, trying to speak naturally. “But, wait, here’s Blank’s direction, which you wished me to get for you. I took it down in my note-book. I had nearly forgotten it. 97 Rue de Beurre.”

“A thousand thanks. I intend to send it to him to procure me a late publication bearing on the subject of Pure Reason. I like the way the French have of treating the subject. Did you not drop something? Ah! I have it—a leaf from your note-book.”

“Thanks, and good-night again,” returned the Professor. “How delicious your sweet-briar is; it’s enough to insure pleasant dreams to sleep in its neighborhood.”

“So Gillian says.”

“I shall help myself to a rose, then,” continued Heron, “I want a little pleasant dreaming of my own.”

Had they forgotten Gillian? She sat quiet still at the piano, wondering about it. Mr.

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Heron had never left her like that before. Was he angry with her for having a lover, or had she no hold whatever upon his thoughts?

Mr. Reed returned soon from escorting the Professor to the gate.

“Rest easy, little one,” said he; “Mr. Heron indorses Mr. Oxford in the most generous manner. He thinks Mr. Oxford is capable of making you happy, my child. This is a great comfort to me. Did you not hear him?”

“No; I was not listening. Then you told him. How did he—what did he—say?”

“I have just told you the substance of his remarks, child. He recommends Mr. Oxford to your good graces; is not that enough?” So do the best-intentioned people garble the simplest conversation.

“I am obliged to him,” murmured Gillian, feebly.

“Yes; the Professor is a friend in need, a sterling gentleman. I used to think—that is, I once half thought he had a fancy for you himself.”

“You must—have—been—mistaken.”

“Doubtless, doubtless. Besides, he would have declared himself before this. The Professor is no trifter, nor one to allow another the advantage in such an affair. When he has any thing to do, he does it with a will.” It never occurred to Mr. Reed that one may be energetic in searching the heavens, speedily in following the flight of a comet, and yet slow to believe that the planet of Love is a reality in one’s own particular sky. “No,” persisted Mr. Reed; “the Professor is not a marrying man, I think. He likes pretty women as one likes fine pictures, or a good prospect from the window; but there is nothing personal in his admiration of them. Sitting by one’s own hearth, with wife and children glorifying it, I don’t believe he ever thought of such a thing. You see he has no such needs. Science is his sweet heart.”

Which shows how well Mr. Heron was comprehended by his circle of friends.

Gillian did not reply to this. Was it possible that no woman would ever touch his heart? She was suddenly afflicted with a profound pity for the sex.

She sat there long after her father had gone to rest, thinking her tiresome thoughts, bearing the burden not quite alone, for the Professor, in his lonesome study, was bearing the same burden too, but feeling it heavy upon her heart, for all that. Plainly, her little scheme had not succeeded. Mr. Heron had not fallen into the little trap her inexperience had set for him. She had thought, “If he cares the least little bit in the world for me—and sometimes I believe he does—it will move him to know that I have another lover;” not that Gillian was one to urge her lovers forward to confession, but she would fain set her heart at rest, now and forever, concerning the Professor, and she judged that she might gather some sort of assurance, pleasant or painful as it might be, from his words and actions, following on his knowledge of Mr. Oxford’s designs. But as far as Gillian could understand, having trusted to the ears of another, he had dropped nothing that could lead one to suspect his feelings toward her to be other than those of a cordial friend, rejoicing in the prospect of her good fortune. Even her father had been struck by the Professor’s purely friendly view of the situation, and it did not occur to Gillian to inquire if her father were one to observe faithfully in such a matter, or to comprehend efficiently, the feelings of a person whose intellectual nature only he had held familiar intercourse.

Well, since no one loved her half so truly as Mr. Oxford, why not consent to his love? Why not make some one happy, though it should be at her own expense? Why should Mr. Oxford be made miserable because she could not “reach her rose”? He would come for his answer next week; should it be Yes, or No?

How often we are called to observe upon what slight threads our behavior hangs! If the wind had not risen a little gustily, just then, very possibly Gillian’s answer would have been Yes. Victor Hugo asserts that it was only a few drops of rain which decided the fate of Waterloo; so it was but a breath of wind that interfered to Mr. Oxford’s discomfiture. Very possibly he himself may have felt the wind rising, as he loitered in his spicy garden, thinking of Gillian and her answer to his suit; for she had desired him to take her negative as a finality, and it had only been at his express solicitation that she had been brought to consider it for the space of a week; so it may be that he felt the wind rising a little roughly, and said, “There is going to be a change of weather,” little guessing how it was to affect his own fortunes. So the wind came up from the southeast, and bent the syringa-bushes, and ruffled the sweet-brier, and set a bit of paper floating like a great white moth, from one end of the veranda to the other, where Gillian sat. “What on earth’s that?” said she, startled by the sudden apparition of this piece of white paper that had taken wings, and then she put out her hand and captured it. She carried it into the house and turned up the gas to inspect her trophy—memoranda merely—the titles of some German scientific works—the name of a street in New York—of a firm in Holland. There was another side to the paper, however; there always is another side to every thing. She turned the leaf over and read: “A Sonnet to Gillian!”

For a moment she covered her eyes with her hands, like one coming suddenly from the dark into a lighted room. It was an optical delusion; she did not believe in it. But when she chose to open her eyes again, there it was, and in the Professor’s handwriting! And to make certain of that, she hunted up some notes he had addressed to her father, on current subjects of no particular private interest, and compared them. There was not a shadow of doubt. It was the Professor’s; he had dropped the leaf from his note-book, and it had escaped her notice. And then? Why, he must love her, after all; she should certainly not say Yes to Mr. Oxford now. How could she ever have thought of it?

Now I am aware that the Professor never intended this sonnet for publication, and that it will not at all advance his literary reputation; but in making up the sum of his mistakes I feel bound to give it in, as part and parcel thereof, premising that Mr. Heron was a lover, and not a poet:

“Shall I forget you, when long years have flown,
And all the loveliness that is your own
Has into withered wrinkles grown—
When the blue lustre of your eyes’ magnificence
Is but a memory of the blither times?”

“Ah! while your heart is great as it is good,
I can not then forget you, I will not.
Shall I forget you? Oh, when that shall be,
I must have lost the light from land or sea—
I must have closed my eyes eternally!
For while my heart beats, or my spirit lives,
Mid all the hopes that gracious Heaven gives,
To love you still, as here on earth I love,
Oh, this it is that perfect heaven to prove!”

But when Gillian had slept on it, she woke up with a doubt, giving the same impression as a cloudy day when one wakes and looks for sunshine. There might be another Gillian than herself. Thus, while she poured the coffee for her father, she asked, crimsoning to the temples: “Isn’t Gillian a rare name, father?”

“Yes; I should say it is somewhat rare. You were named for your great-grandmother De Champs, who was born at St. Bartholomew.”

“And you have never heard of another Gillian? I should like to be the only Gillian in the world. None of your friends have ever spoken of one—Mr. Rydal or—the Professor?”

“Why I’m not certain about that. I’ve read the name; and now I think of it, there was a Gillian Rogers, a music-teacher, who boarded in the house with Heron last year. I remember it because he used to speak of her kindness in playing the music of Bach for him, of which he is a particular admirer.”

Gillian’s hand shook at this revelation, and riled the coffee. “I wish I could play the music of Bach.” She was mortified that even in the seclusion of her own heart she had appropriated what had been intended for another. Then, like one drowning, she caught at quite humbly, recurring to the sonnet:

“I don’t seem to recollect her. Was she pretty? Had she blue eyes?”

“If it hadn’t been for her eyes and her music, I should have called her plain. For the music made you forget her features, and at last led you to invest them with somewhat of its own charm; and her eyes were black as sloes, and brilliant as stars.”

“Then that is settled,” said Gillian, forgetting herself, and speaking aloud.

“What is settled, child?”

“Oh—the coffee. Isn’t it?”

“Indeed, I was just about to remark the contrary. However, one’s coffee can’t always be clear as amber. Pass the cream, Gillian. This little pitcher descended with the name. They say that little pitchers have great ears. If this one could only give us the benefit, we should hear many fine sayings of the French wits who assembled at the table of your ancestors.”

But Gillian cared little for French wits or silver heir-looms just then. The possibilities of the present were more potent with her than any realities of the past, however brilliant.

But when a fortnight had elapsed, and the shadow of the Professor had not darkened their doors, Mr. Reed began to grow uneasy. As for Gillian, established in certainty, she felt that she could now wait patiently a thousand years.

“I believe I’ll go down to the Professor’s room,” said Mr. Reed at last, “and ask him up to tea to-night.” But he returned in short metre, alone and discomfited.

“What do you suppose has possessed the man, Gillian?” he asked. “If you will believe it, he has packed up and gone off to the Continent!”

Gillian answered with a vacant stare.

“I feel hurt,” continued her father—“never to come and say good-by. Can we have offended him?”

“Is it the Professor ye’re telling of?” asked the servant who was busy herself in the room. “Sure an’ he left a card of his own, an’ I put it in the basket, thinking ye’d be after seeing it, to be sure; an’ if ye didn’t, he’d be coming again, an’ it wasn’t no great matter no way.”

So the card was hunted up, and found to be the bearer of this message, in pencil:

“Sorry not to find you in. Come to say good-by to you all. I sail in the *Petrel*, for Havre, to-morrow. Hope to see you again three years hence! So don’t forget. Yours truly,
RAYMOND HERON.”

“Very satisfactory!” growled Mr. Reed.

“Very sudden!” commented Gillian. “Very mysterious—very, very, very cruel!” she added, in the solitude of her heart, where a great deal was going on, silently and painfully. Three years! What should she do with them?

“Mr. Oxford is in the drawing-room, Miss Gillian,” announced the servant.

“He has come for his answer,” whispered her father.

“I know it,” returned his daughter.

“I confess myself favorable to him. Nothing can be urged against him. And then, Gillian, remember the Professor!”

“I shall remember the Professor!” and passed into the drawing-room.

Three years that seem such an eternity to the young, who have not learned the art of waiting gracefully—even three years have an end, by they over so barren of pleasure or fruitful of pain.

“And so does a continental tour,” thought Professor Heron, pulling at Mr. Reed’s doorbell. “Am I cured, or only convalescent? Or is love like rays of light, which reach and influence us long after the star has left its place in heaven?”

He found Gillian watering her plants, which three years of painstaking had created into a sort of fragrant wilderness, filling an entire alcove of the parlor.

“Good-morning!” said he, with the most cordial manner at his command. “I hope I find you well, and that three years have not sufficed to erase me from your memory.”

“Professor Heron! I am glad to see you. You bewildered me for an instant.”

“I can understand it. When one is not thinking of a person who is supposed to be at the other end of the earth—”

“That’s just it. I was thinking of you; and I was bewildered at having my thought realized so suddenly.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Oxford; this is a most gracious welcome home.”

“Mrs. Oxford!” repeated Gillian, laughing. “I don’t know her. You are mistaken. I am Miss Gillian still. Nobody has taken pity up on me.”

“So much the worse for them. But when I left you, were you going to take pity upon Mr. Oxford. How is this?”

“I did not love Mr. Oxford, Mr. Heron,” she answered quietly.

“Miss Gillian,” pursued the Professor, “I believe I made a mistake in going away.”

“Do you?” said Gillian, moving her fingers nervously.

“Do you think I made another in coming back?” He had her hand now, and was reading her face with an interest he had never given to “La Verrier,” to Greek ode or Latin hexameter. “Do you think I made another mistake in coming back, Gillian, to ask—to beg for your love?”

“I hope you may never have reason to think so,” she answered him. “I should not like to be called *Professor Heron’s Mistake*, you know; she laughed; and as to the rest, why, one has a right to ask for one’s own.”

“And you are my own?”

“Yes.”

WHOLESALE TALK.—Caroline H. Dall sends the following criticism to the Boston Advertiser:—

In Lippincott’s Magazine for August, there is a story called “The Hungry Heart,” to which I should like to draw attention, as a sample of a class of stories increasing in number and harmful in tendency, apparently,—without the knowledge of their authors. “The Hungry Heart” is written by one who has a keen insight and a forcible style. He is capable of serving us with the very best, and for that reason it is more generous to select his story for criticism than that of a weaker man. The heroine of this story, a Mrs. Duvernois, leaves her husband, whose chief deficiency seems to be that ignorance of women to which ninety-nine men out of a hundred may plead guilty. In a little sea-side place where she passes the summer Mrs. Duvernois is looked upon as a widow, and in that character marries a young Dr. Leighton, who has never been farther from home than Harvard college. So far as the story is concerned, she marries him in the coolest fashion, without a thought of the man whom she has left, and whose money she is spending and with only the sentimental dread that possibly his love may not last.

One would have thought that Dr. Leighton could hardly have got through the medical school without discovering that it would be a prudent thing for a man to know something of his wife’s family; but he asks no questions, and marries his “darling.” By and by, James Duvernois claims her. She leaves Leighton for months, and he is too generous (!) to ask one inconvenient question. When she returns, her first husband follows her. In the endeavor to escape from both without detection she goes mad and drowns herself. The story is told as if any woman might do this, and any woman be driven to it, by the ordinary disappointments of married life. For all that appears, it was the most natural thing in life for a woman, refined, educated and in good social life, to take the fearful risk and succeed in cheating two intelligent men. Such representations go to make public opinion, and as the guardian of public morals, the press should call attention to them. Hearts may be hungry, but society has something to say when appetite is to be satisfied. Men may be unsympathetic, but women must be self-denying, and be grateful when fortune does not throw them under the foot of tyranny or vice.

In a twenty-five years’ contact with the lower classes of women, I have never seen the woman who would be guilty of such a folly, nor the man stupid enough to be so deceived. A woman may leave a bad husband, and become another man’s mistress; but where in this country is the woman who would think it possible to dare the terrors of the church and the law in such a way? Ignorance would save her by showing the loss of character and impossibility of success. Conscientiousness would never turn her head that way. Let us look the truth in the face, and call things by their right names, and in time a better day will dawn.

Novels are works of art. Like statues and pictures, they should foreshadow the ideal. If they do not uplift, they must deprave.

FAVORABLE REPORTS OF THE INDIANS.—General Parker says all reports for the last five or six days from the Indian country are quite favorable. He does not believe there will be any trouble with the Sioux or other northern Indians, and hopes to avoid trouble with the southern Indians, some of whom have recently shown indications of hostile intent. Three or four members of the peace commission will probably leave for the plains at an early day, and if all cannot go the commissioner will send other gentlemen as temporary substitutes to represent the views of the department. He will soon take steps to learn the will of the Osages in Kansas as to giving up their lands under the terms of the late act of Congress.

INTemperance in New York.—For the three years from January, 1867, says the N. Y. Evening Post, the late Metropolitan Excise law was in force in this city. Its immediate results were a marked diminution of arrests for drunkenness and disorder, a decrease of upwards of two thousand in the number of liquor shops, and an annual revenue of one million and a quarter of dollars from licenses. One of its most striking effects was seen in the proportion of Sunday arrests as compared with those of other days.

Under the previous law arrests on Sunday had exceeded by about 25 per cent. those on week days. While the Metropolitan Excise law was enforced the average number of arrests for drunkenness and disorder on Sunday was 65, and 117 on Tuesdays, being a difference of 80 per cent. in favor of Sunday.

The last Legislature repealed this law—with what results citizens are fast learning to their cost. During May and June just passed the arrests averaged 295 on Sunday and 230 on a week day. To say nothing of the alarming increase of crime indicated by these figures, the proportion of Sunday arrests is very significant. From an average of 90 per cent. more on week days than on Sundays, we have here an average of 30 per cent. more on Sundays than on week days. This, of course, is due to the opening of the liquor shops on Sunday and the night before.

Some one says the wheelbarrow, for simplicity of construction, strength, and general moral excellence, is the superior of the Velocipede, and ought to be encouraged.

Hazing is now a thing of the past at Bowdoin. Expulsions and suspensions have exerted a healthy influence.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.—The following remonstrance addressed to Congress, protesting against the extension of the right of suffrage to women, is now in circulation for signatures.

We, the undersigned, do hereby appeal to your honorable body and desire respectfully to enter our protest against an extension of suffrage to women; and in the firm belief that our petition represents the sober convictions of the majority of the women of the country.

Although we shrink from the notoriety of the public eye, yet we are too deeply and painfully impressed by the grave perils which threaten our peace and happiness in these proposed changes in our civil and political rights longer to remain silent.

Because, Holy Scripture inculcates a different, and for us higher sphere, apart from public life.

Because as women we find a full measure of duties, cares and responsibilities devolving upon us, and we are therefore unwilling to bear other and heavier burdens, and those unsuited to our physical organization.

Because we hold that an extension of suffrage would be averse to the interests of the working men of the country, with whom we heartily sympathize.

Because these changes must introduce a fruitful element of discord in the existing marriage relation, which would tend to the infinite detriment of children, and increase the already alarming prevalence of divorce throughout the land.

Because no general law, affecting the condition of all women should be framed to meet exceptional discontent. For these, and many more reasons do we beg of your wisdom that no law extending suffrage to women may be passed, as the passage of such a law would be fraught with danger so grave to the general order of the country.

Since the beginning of the year small pox has caused as many as 5000 deaths in Paris, and everybody there, medical or non-medical, is described as being struck with surprise at the extensive development of a disease which, according to common belief, had been driven away, with the black death and other plagues of the middle ages, by Jenner’s discovery. The Paris population had, however, treated vaccination practically with neglect. Now the authorities show themselves aware of the urgency of practising vaccination and re-vaccination on an extensive scale.

As Gov. Fairfield, of Wisconsin, and a friend were riding by rail from Madison lately, two young ladies with their beaux entered the crowded car, and the distinguished gentlemen surrendered their seats to the fair ones. But great was their surprise to see the young men occupy their seats and take their fair companions upon their laps. “By George,” said the Governor, “we might have done that.”

“When trade grew slack, and notes fell due, the merchant’s face grew long and blue; his dreams were troubled through the night, with sheriff’s bailiffs all in sight. At last his wife unto him said, ‘Rise up at once, get out of bed, and get your paper, ink, and pen, and advertise to all good men.’ He did as his good wife advised, and in the paper advertised. Crowds came and bought of all he had; his notes were paid, his dreams were glad; and he will tell you to this day, how well did printers’ ink repay.”

One Addison Gilbert of Philadelphia, was arraigned before Trial Justice Woodward at Windrop on Thursday, charged with assault with intent to kill (the daughter of Daniel C. Dudley of Monmouth. He was found guilty and fined \$8 and costs.

A correspondent writes to the Lewiston Journal that the buildings of the Poor Farm in Ramford were burned Tuesday noon, together with one yoke of oxen, two hogs and two pigs. Fire caught in the barn. Mr. Elliot went from the house and observed the barn to be burning, opened the lean-to door hoping to save them. The flames made very quick work, and destroyed the house also.

EARTHLY RICHES.—There are young men here who are going to be rich; and let me tell you—and you will never forget this—that you must not be rich for yourselves alone, but that you must organize your riches so as to make other folks happy, if you want to be remembered. Do this, and as long as the world stands you will never be forgotten. And if you want to know what to do, let me tell you to commence doing something to-morrow. A man who is going to do good with his money when he shall have got a great deal of it, makes a bargain with the devil; and the devil outwits him. Where men are going to use their money so that it will do good when they get through with it, the Lord is apt to get through with them before they think of being through with their money. If you want to be benevolent by and by, be benevolent now. Form the habit of being benevolent by giving at least a little of your means for benevolent purposes as you go along. It is not a bad rule to lay down, for every man to say to himself: “I will spend for other people one tenth of the clear income that I receive.” It is not a mere professional saying. I tell you, if you give away a portion of the profits of your business for the benefit of others, it will sanctify the rest. It will bring a moral element into your life. Say to yourself: “I will give one tenth part of my receipts, whether those receipts be large or small; and it shall go for the good of others, and not of myself.” Wherever you are, and whatever circumstances you are in, do something that shall go on benefiting men after you are dead, if it is only to plant a tree or a bush to beautify a house or enhance the comfort of travellers. Do not be contented with simply helping your own self.—[Beecher.

INFALLIBILITY OF THE POPE.—The liberal Catholics look upon the dogma as a final blow at episcopal independence. M. Jules Gailhard, a French Catholic, declares that the dogma will annihilate within the church freedom of conscience and of will. All over Germany a spirit of revolt begins to show itself. In Switzerland secession is openly discussed. The Spanish newspapers ridicule the dogma; the English Catholics are indignant; and our obstinate American bishop of Little Rock seems

as likely to furnish the foundation for the Catholic Church of the future as the Rock of St. Peter. Thomas Nast has a drawing in this week’s Harper which illustrates aptly the achievement which the Pope has just accomplished. A big tree with its roots in the soil of the Dark Ages, represents the Nineteenth Century, and a stout limb is marked in large letters “Roman Catholic Church.” Astride of the limb, with his face toward the tree, sits Pius IX, sawing away with an expression of imbecile satisfaction upon his countenance. The saw is Ecumenical Council, and the limb already bends and cracks under the weight of the industrious pontiff, who as soon as his work is fairly done, is evidently going down among the debris at the foot of the tree.—[Port. Adv.

THE Fenians are on the war path. For two reasons, one political, one religious, they sympathize with France in the present war. In the first place England is Prussia in sentiment, and they hope that she will become involved in the struggle as the ally of Prussia. In the second place they believe, or profess to believe, that France represents the cause of Catholicism against Protestantism. So “President” James Gibbons summons the Brotherhood to arms, first taking the precaution to appoint a convention at Cincinnati on the 23d of August. The “opportunity,” he says, “is before us,” and he adds that the convention means war, not talk. So we may expect the Fenian army to embark for Europe soon. The event is to be regretted, for in order to prevent the departure of the expedition, it will be necessary to call out an extra squad of police in our large se

Waterville Mail.

OFFICE MAXIM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE . . . JULY 29, 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 Scollay's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. F. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. C. Evans, Advertising Agent, 120 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 either the business or editorial department of the paper should be addressed to MAXIM & WING, or WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,
SIDNEY PERHAM
OF PARIS.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE TO CONGRESS,
JAMES G. BLAINE.

TICONIC WATER POWER CO.—The promised success of our free bridge enterprise is calling attention to other town and village interests. Among these the one most directly to be affected is the Water Power Company. This stock was very justly promised a rise, dependent upon the erection of a free bridge. It had fallen without apparent reason, immediately after the organization of the Company—even while real estate in our village was going up 25 per cent. solely by the encouragement diffused by this enterprise. It could doubtless be shown that at the very hour that individuals were selling their stock at a reduction of 50 per cent., many of the houses and lots that composed the property of the Company were worth at least more than cost;—and this while the Directors were taking judicious and well advised measures to advance the value of the stock. This strange state of things was no doubt brought about, mainly at least, by a rush of large numbers of the smaller stockholders to sell their stock. A few larger sales completed what might justly be termed a panic; for certainly nobody could see any reason for it. Of course the large shareholders, and those who intended to hold on and push forward the enterprise, could not see the stock thus courting depreciation outside, and therefore reluctantly bought it in. To-day even, nobody pretends to give a shadow of reason why the stock should not be selling at par; instead of which it can not be sold at all, within the bounds of reason.

Just now, when there is promise of a revival of business ahead, there is much talk and some complaint in regard to this favorite interest. It ought to look upward. Its stock ought to be sought for, in a village where there are three flourishing banks to one saw mill. There is no tangible reason for the present state of things; nothing better than positive stagnation, apathy, on the part of our citizens, towards an enterprise to which they ought mainly to look for any prosperity that is to be thrust upon them.

We speak of complaints. They are not many or serious, and not unlikely are born of ignorance. Why might not the Company be vitalized into renewed faith and confidence by investigation? The last annual meeting drew together but a baker's dozen, and these the large stockholders. The treasurer resigned his office without making any report. Of course such a state of double darkness would engender complaint and suspicion, especially when urged on by a continued decline of the stock. Let the Company lay its annual report before its shareholders, and let them and our citizens know the really hopeful and sound condition of its affairs and plans—as everybody in fact now feels sure enough—and stop all this talk about "big fish eating up little ones." We suggest to the directors whether the publication of the Treasurer's report would not have this effect. It is at least the right of both these classes to have it; and while it promises to be of mutual benefit, of course there is no objection. We predict that this would prove the entering wedge to a reconciliation that would at once send the stock up 50 per cent. of its present value.

[We have called attention to this subject because we took some small share in urging our citizens into it, promising to be faithful in watching its interests and helping it onward. There are other suggestions that might prove healthy and could do no hurt.]

The Railroad Anti-Consolidation Committee of Portland, has reported, appealing to the people of Maine to take action in town meetings, and calling upon the State Government to interpose and prevent consolidation.

It is not very complimentary to the good sense of Dickens that he always used blue ink on blue paper. It must have bothered his correspondents.

The Republican State Central Committee, of Maryland, at a recent session passed resolutions of sympathy with Prussia in her struggle with France, and subscribed \$100 to the fund now being raised for Prussian hospital purposes.

The discovery of a treaty proposed to Prussia by France, as the price of peace after the war of 1866, and again revived recently when France asked the cession of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg and the conquest of Belgium, assisted by Prussia, has aroused a new fever of excitement in England and on the continent. Its provisions were never made public till recently and it monopolizes the attention of the press in London and Parliament. Intense indignation is manifested at the duplicity of the powers concerned. The action of Napoleon is considered as insulting to England. The Belgian government knew of its existence a short time ago.

The terms of the proposed treaty were as follows:—

In the first article Napoleon admits and recognizes the late acquisition of Prussia from Austria. In the second the Prussian King engages to facilitate the French acquisition of Luxembourg. In the third the Emperor acquiesces in the union of the North and South German States, Austria excepted. In the fourth, France, finding it necessary to absorb Belgium, Prussia lends her assistance to that measure. The fifth article is the usual one of an offensive and defensive alliance between the two nations.

The Prussian authorities say that their court refusing to listen to these propositions is the real cause of the present war. Under date of London, July 26, a dispatch says:—

The excitement occasioned by the publication of the secret treaty proposed between France and Prussia is increasing and the evidence becomes more clear that the treaty is genuine. Nearly all the journals have editorial remarks on this subject and all in a similar tone. "France must explain this offensive treaty" are the words of the Times and burden of the London press. There is no question but that the press, the Times particularly, is seeking to make the treaty a pretext for the intervention of England in favor of Prussia.

Strange to say, the Maine Farmer don't like Fireman's Musters, and in some remarks upon the proposed Tournament at Augusta, is bold enough to speak out as follows:—"These squinting contests are humbugs and we hope no encouragement will be given to the proposition by our citizens or the municipal authorities."

We wonder if the Farmer would not be equally irreverent on the subject of Prize Base Ball matches or Horse trots to draw a crowd for the benefit of hotel keepers and drinking saloons.

FATHER HILLS is lecturing on physiology and the laws of life down at Houlton.

The Editors and Publishers of Maine and New Hampshire had their reunion at Rye Beach, N. H. this week. We acknowledge the receipt of a free pass over P. & K., P. S. & P., and Eastern R. R. from J. W. Clapp, Esq., the gentlemanly and efficient ticket agent located at Augusta, but we find ourselves unable to use it.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES ran into the dirt at Bowdoin, this year, as we have known them to do here, through the ingrained coarseness of some of the performers. Referring to the Chronicle at Brunswick, Tenney, of the Telegraph, who is not very squeamish, says:—

"We protest against the introduction of anything in a class exercise that can reasonably offend the religious faith of any person, or that borders upon indecency. Neither oaths repeated, nor indecency however veiled, are permissible in a mixed audience."

There will be two sermons at the Baptist Church next Sabbath, and the Sunday School will be held an hour and a half earlier than usual, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M.

A Heavy Fire occurred at East Boston Monday afternoon, involving a loss of about \$500,000, destroying the principal part of the island ward, burning over seven or eight acres, consumed fifty dwellings, the Presbyterian and Central Square Baptist Churches and several industrial establishments.

MR. W. H. EMERY, one of our Waterville boys, who is now located in a flourishing business in Chicago, is here on a visit to his old friends, who are pleased to notice that the climate of his western home has not impaired his health and vigor.

MR. G. B. BROAD, of our village, has obtained a patent for a shawl-strap of his invention.

Nearly all the business portion of Colebrook, N. H., was destroyed by fire on Sunday last.

MR. GEO. A. L. MERRIFIELD, so pleasantly remembered in the catalogue of Waterville boys, takes a vacation from the Pension Office at Washington to enjoy the semi-centennial of Colby—accompanied by Mrs. M., of course.

MISS HELEN E. SMITH, a young lady who had a foolish habit of taking arsenic to improve her complexion, died in great agony from an overdose of the drug, on Monday of last week, while on a visit to friends in Belfast.

FISHERMEN!—The Waterville Perch Association will hold its annual festival at North Pond early in the week after Commencement. (More particular notice next week.) The genial "Old Guard" are pledged to allow no "bridge" to stand between the two villages on that day, and the North Pond House is already laying in its stores. Have the bait ready, and the lines prepared to fall in pleasant places.

HEAT.—The thermometer has rarely failed to reach 90 deg. daily for a week past—going up to 103 on Sunday, at the farm of Mr. Moses A. Gatchell, across the river, and making 100 at various places in this village—100 at west village.

CATTLE MARKETS.—A large supply of cattle, sheep and swine at Cambridge and Brighton this week, produced a decline of prices for superior as well as inferior grades.

COMMENCEMENT

At Colby University will occur next week, and the arrangements are as follows:—

Sunday evening, July 31.—Sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society, by Rev. Dr. Shailer of Portland.

Monday, Aug. 1.—Junior Prize Declaration at the Baptist Church at 8 P. M.

Tuesday, Aug. 2, will be devoted principally to the exercises attendant upon the semi-centennial anniversary of the College. At 9 A. M. there will be a meeting of the Alumni in the Memorial Hall, when the general necrology of the institution will be presented by Prof. C. E. Hamlin. President Champlin will deliver a Historical Discourse at the Baptist Church at 11 A. M., after which will come the Dinner of the Alumni at their new Hall in the Memorial Building. In the evening the anniversary of the Literary Societies will be held at the Baptist Church, with an oration by Judge Russell, of Boston, but without the usual poem. After the oration there will be meetings of the secret societies and suppers at their halls. The examination for admission is also on Tuesday.

Wednesday, Aug. 3.—Commencement Day. Graduation exercises at the Church at 10:12 o'clock A. M., followed by Dinner in Memorial Hall. In the evening there will be a Concert at the Church by the celebrated Germania Band of Boston, who will be in attendance on all of the three days exercises. The President will hold a levee at his residence, on Wednesday evening, as usual.

A correspondent of the Watchman and Reflector says:—

A large attendance of the alumni and friends of the college is expected. Invitations have been sent to all the graduates whose place of residence is known, and already, in reply thereto, a large number have signified their intention to be present. Among these are Hon. Henry W. Paine, of Boston; President Martin B. Anderson, of Rochester, N. Y.; R. W. Wood of Concord, N. H.; Judge J. G. Dickinson of Belfast; Col. F. S. Hestlin, of Savannah, Ga.; T. F. Batchelder, Esq., of San Francisco, Cal., and others. At 9 o'clock A. M. Prof. Hamlin will present the necrology for this first half century of the college. This necrology has been prepared with great care, and is believed to be complete. It is already in the hands of the printer, and will make a pamphlet of about two hundred pages.

One of the wants of the college at the present time is a new building for a cabinet and laboratory. It is expected that the trustees, at their annual meeting, will adopt measures for the erection of such a building. Larger and more convenient recitation rooms are also very much needed. By remodeling the old chapel these could be provided; and plans with this object in view have been prepared by Mr. Esty, of Boston, the architect of the "Memorial building," which if adopted and carried out will sufficiently meet this want. It is hoped that the trustees will make an appropriation for this purpose.

THE CONCERT of the Germanians, next Wednesday evening, must not be forgotten nor neglected. Remember, it is a benefit of the graduating class, whose heavy commencement bills are lightened to the extent of the receipts. They give us several free entertainments, literary and musical, during the year, and the citizens should be generous to them at this time. But there is no need to urge an attendance upon the score of generosity; for with the celebrated Germania Band to perform the instrumental, and Mrs. Smith to do the vocal, there is a full assurance that all who go will get the full worth of their money. We trust that the audience will be limited only by the capacity of the house.

THE BOSTON ADVERTISER, with characteristic enterprise, on Wednesday issued a supplement containing not only a full and accurate map of the seat of war, showing also such distant points as Berlin, Vienna, Stettin, Bremen, London and Paris, but a large amount of statistical, descriptive and historical matter, interesting in connection with the war, and prepared expressly for its columns. It will be valuable for preservation and reference.

RAIN!—It commenced raining in the night of Thursday, and at the time our paper goes to press, there is hope of a continued supply. The drought had become so great that a drenching of twenty-four hours would hardly meet the want. Everybody rejoices.

FIRE IN HARTLAND.—We learn from the Somerset Reporter that Robinson's saw mill in Hartland Village, was burned on Monday evening. Insured for \$800.

The census of Bath shows a considerable decrease in the population of that city. The town of Vassalboro' has fallen off about 200. The increase in Skowhegan is 214.

BOLD VILLAINS.—On Thursday of last week one W. H. Tupper, of Canaan, assuming the name of Henry Smith, hired a horse and buggy of O. C. Holway, of Waterville, to go to Hartland. During the night he was joined by a brother, as is supposed, and the two broke into a store in Canaan, loaded the team with plunder and started northward. Pursuit was made and the two brothers found by a Hartland officer; but not daring to arrest them without a warrant, he employed a man to watch them while he went for one. The man looked the other way, and the two thieves harnessed up and drove off. They have since been heard from, but not overtaken.

Rev. Mr. Hawes, of Philadelphia, will preach at the Congregational church on Sunday afternoon.

A country poet, after looking about life has come to the following rhyming conclusion:—

"Oh, I wouldn't live forever,
I wouldn't if I could;
But I needn't fret about it,
For I couldn't if I would."

Mr. Frelinghuysen has not yet decided to accept the English mission. Since the announcement of Mr. Motley's recall, the manifestations of regret are most numerous and influential among Americans and the friends of America in England.

B. H. MADE, Esq., of Bangor, was severely injured on Monday by being thrown from his wagon by a runaway colt.

OUR TABLE

THE GALAXY for August has a portrait of Mark Twain and the following table of contents:—

The opening chapters of "Overland," a novel by a writer already distinguished in American literature; American Timidity, by T. M. Coan; Bread and its Adulterations, by John C. Draper; Once, by W. T. Ritter; Diplomatic Incidents, by Thurlow Weed; Diana, by Howard Glyndon; Sister Diana, by W. A. Thompson; Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, by Justin McCarthy; The Story of a Mystery, by James F. Pitts; How Napoleon I. Managed a Theatre, by Margaret J. Foster; The Vaccination Question, by Frank P. Foster; Lenore, by S. S. C.; The Styles of Disraeli and of Dickens, by R. G. White; The Galaxy Miscellany, by George Gummeter; Drift-Wood, by Philip Quilbret; English, American, French and German Literature; Memoranda, by Mark Twain; Nebulae.

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

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE for August, a capital number, opens with a story entitled "Great-Grandfather," by that prince of story tellers, Hans Christian Andersen; and the number is filled with an admirable blending of the entertaining and the useful, including a continuation of "The House that John Built," by Frank R. Stockton; chapter xi. of "The Young Virginians," by Porto Croyon; "The Voice," by Charles R. Treat; "How Bees are Born and Brod," by Arthur Gilman; "How Railroads are Made," by Jacob Abbott; with funny poetry in "Father Gander's Rhymes about the Animals," by C. P. Cranch, and "Little-folk Songs," by Alba. Of course there are other articles and a profusion of embellishments, as usual. The *Riverside* is a most excellent magazine for the young.

Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York, and H. O. Houghton & Co., "Riverside Press," Cambridge, Mass., at \$2.50 a year.

EVERY SATURDAY for this week has an unusual array of attractive embellishments, including an original picture of "Little Nell and her Grandfather," by Mr. Eytting, and two fine pictures from the Graphic, the "Odalisque" of Richter and "Virginia Drowned;" also two more capital Newport pictures.

The issue for Aug. 6th has another instalment of Dickens's novel, with two capital seashore studies by Winslow Homer, "High Tide" and "Low Tide," an original piece by Mr. Jewett, and several of the Graphic's best things, including its "State Ball at Buckingham Palace" in an extra sheet.

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

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for August.

Among the Ladies Magazines, this is fast taking the lead, not only for the high character of its readings, but for the beauty of its illustrations, and the fullness and variety of its fashion and needlework departments. Miss Townsend's new story, "Jacqueline," increases interest with every number; while the admirable series of articles on "Woman's Work and Woman's Wages," show a breadth and common sense in their treatment of a difficult subject, worthy of all praise. T. S. Arthur & Sons, Philadelphia, publishers of this elegant periodical, are untiring in their efforts to make it the leading Lady's Magazine of the country. Price, \$2 a year.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, published by T. S. Arthur & Sons, Philadelphia, comes to our table for August as pure, and fresh, and beautiful as ever. To our readers we would say, take as many magazines for your children as you can afford, but whether you take one or five, be sure that you let them have "The Children's Hour." The price is only \$1.25 a year, and your children should have it if it cost twice as much.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for July has the following table of contents:—

Army Enlistment Act; Getting out of the Smoke; John, concluded; Lecky's History of Morals; Dolite and the two Smiths; The Lords and the Irish Land Bill; Note to our Review of "Lothian."

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 37 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum;—For two of the Reviews, \$7; any three of the Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$13; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works are sold by periodical dealers.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 56 cents a year.

THE NURSERY for August contains three pretty poems by Mary N. Prescott, Marian Douglas and Emily Carter, and designs by Miss Humphrey, Fritsch and Flinzer. It contains no less than twenty-five illustrations, and is a grand "vacation" number. The six beautiful bound volumes of this charming juvenile magazine are sent for a dollar apiece to any address.

Published by John L. Shorey, 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

GOOD HEALTH for August has a third paper on the Means of Preserving Health, and a third paper also on the Circulation of the Blood; also articles on Muscular Motion, The Mineral Constituents of Vegetables, Getting Cured, Wounds and Warts, Snake Bites and their Antidotes, The Eyesight and the Microscope, Cocoon, New Bread, Summer Complaints, Balloons and Ballooning, Instinct and Reason.

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

A drunken fight at the door of Lashus's saloon, on Thursday evening, attracted special attention from one of the policemen. One fellow came very near being arrested by a blow under the eye. Luckily the row did not spread far enough to frighten any of the officials. If the liquor holds out there is to be a second heat on the same track.

WAR NEWS.—The more important items of war news are that the French army concentrated at Strasburg and Belfort has been moving toward the frontier, that Denmark has proclaimed neutrality, that the French troops are to be withdrawn from Rome, and that the Emperor was to leave Paris immediately for the front. The excitement in England over the alleged secret treaty continues, and evidence accumulates that at some time or other such propositions were under consideration. France alleges that Bismarck was the original contriver of the plan, while the English minister at Berlin telegraphs that the original draft is extant in the handwriting of Count Benedetti. There are rumors of a skirmish near Metz, in which three Prussian officers were killed. A strong French fleet has passed into the North Sea. Paris is getting into a condition for defence. At Cologne, preparations are making for a siege. A proclamation by King William contemplates as results of the war a durable peace and the union and independence of Germany.

The advices from Shanghai up to July 4th, show that the attack on the foreigners at Peking was directed only against the French though other foreigners were accidentally killed. The house of the Sisters of Mercy was destroyed and the inmates ravished by the Chinese.

INDIA.—INSURRECTION IN AYA.—A despatch reports an insurrection in the Principality of Aya, resulting in the massacre of 1400 persons.

Hon. John L. Stevens and family reached Rio de Janeiro on health, June 20th.

REST AND MEDITATION.

To you, worried and jaded, thin and haggard men and women, does not that vision of Isaac, peering that field and filling his soul with holy thought, come to you over the waves of centuries and the crashes of world-wide battles, very much as some memory of your childhood, some sweet, quiet untroubled scene of your early days comes over the fever and the jostling march of your later tried and tempted years? The world had leisure once; and Isaac could take a whole evening for thinking about his departed mother, and dreaming about that coming wife, he had never looked upon. But in this age who gets time to think about dead parents, or to dream over a coming wife, or even to pay very much attention to one who has come? That we may somewhat get the force of the analogy to which we refer, let us for a moment steady ourselves in the whirl of the present to consider how we have been caught in its eddying involutions. Do you remember when you were a boy or girl? You were at school indeed, but there was a kind of delightful leisure in all the studies and all the surroundings. The red school house that stood so quietly and respectfully among the lazy maple trees, its green shutters swinging so comfortably, or its opened windows that looked far into the summer haze, through which the breezes floated, seeming so suggestive of an infinity of time and space. And, then, inside, the regular, unhurried, unhindered movement of lessons, the quiet method and the methodical quiet; and, then, the long hours of leisure between the early breakfast and school time; the long noon hour, under the shade of the trees, and the whole half day, as it used to seem to be after school was over; and then those Saturdays; were there ever such days as those? coming every week, too, and lasting from blessed morning to blessed night—time enough to pick flowers and hunt chestnuts over all the hills, and as we grew a little older, and the sentiments of life developed, time to go into the fields and meditate with intensity, with foreboding delight, as only a school-boy can. But how is it now? Ah, you are caught in the mills, not of the gods, but of men, and you can not stop, for the wheel carries you round. Suppose I should come to you, some bright afternoon, just as you are leaving "Change, and rushing for your office, and taking you by the button-hole, should say to you "Come, let us go out on the green hills yonder, and meditate," you would almost take me for an escaped lunatic. "Meditate? Go out in the fields? Why, I haven't thought of such a thing these twenty years. When the heat comes, and my wife and children wilt, I send them out to the springs to sit on a veranda, and drink spring water, and about the first of September I'll take a night train and run out there and bring my family back; but go to the fields? What for, pray? Don't they bring the wheat and the corn to me, and as for the meditation, either looking backward or forward, why every present moment crowds me with such a rush of worrying things my life is shut by iron walls within that minute. I have no connections with the past. I have no look into the future, and, like the veriest weather-cock, I am kept whirling and twisting to keep the direction of the present rush." Well, now, that is too bad, and yet I know of the vast multitude of our active business men, it is most strictly and unceasingly true, and it is just about the way this great world has gone. In its boyhood, in the days of Enoch and Abram and Isaac and Jacob, it had leisure; it had time to feel the pulse of nature, and get the inspiration of its bound. But the world's growth has accelerated its motion. It thought less; began to trade and fight more. Then came the collisions of empire with empire—the grand excited dramas of Persia, Syria, Egypt, Greece, Rome and the Northland. Then science added its impulsion. Mechanics invented wheels and grooves, and sent the world spinning down the hill. Gunpowder, printing presses, steamboats, railroads, telegraphs, like so many wheels within wheels, hurried the excited world forward. The field in which Isaac meditated is far away. Through the blinding dust of the highway you cannot even see it; can see no more than a man on a night express, with his eyes full of smoke and cinders, can see the clover blossoms along the iron track. No! We are far, far from that quiet and beautiful time—from its restful poetry and its sublime philosophy. We are studying utilitarian sciences now. We know the pressure of steam to the square inch of boiler; we know how far a thimble full of lightning will carry a word; we know how much iron it takes to color our white, exhausted blood, and how much quinine it will take to float us through the next depression in the cotton market; but what do we know of the still depths of memory—those streams that flow down the dim mountains of the past? What do we know of God, and the soul, and the life to come, and the faith that, through reverent meditation, stretches up to him? I say what do we know, and I might add, what do we care about these things? So absorbed are we in the grindings of the present. We have no ears for, no understanding of those things that come as the dews come—silently to him who silently waits for them. But perhaps, some men will say, "I am not utterly incapacitated for these finer delights of contemplation. I feel the need of a refreshing of my life, and I am going to have it. It is true, I do not go out into the fields to meditate, but this very spring I closed out my business for a year, just on purpose that I might have leisure, and now I am packing up to go to Europe." But now, honestly, my friends, let me tell you that that is not meditation—that is not leisure. Your habits are upon you—habits of hurry and excitement, and the mere fact of going to Europe, or anywhere else, will not change them. It is not a change of place you need, but a loosening of your old and worldly self. You will not be truly meditating even when you get into the fields of Europe. Most of our business men, when they do take a summer of leisure, go to the continent as if they had been shot out of a cannon. They are excited and fussy, and breathless, even at the foot of Mont Blanc. The awful stillness and grandeur of that white-robed priest of nature cannot quiet or calm them. They are utterly incapable of getting into harmony with its glory, or into fellowship with the God who settled its broad foundations. Amid all those scenes that are calculated to inspire the life and renew the youth, they rush nervously on from railroad to railroad, as if making connections for bank or "Change. They are restless in Jerusalem because there are no daily papers; uncomfortable in Damascus because there are no street cars, and with the pyramids because there is no elevator to lift them to the top.—[From a sermon by the Rev. C. L. Thompson.]

Mr. Luther Turner of Phillips was tossed by a Jersey bull which he was attempting to yoke, and very severely injured a few days ago. He will be confined to his bed for some time.

Connect link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms.—Flash.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.—The Emperor of France went to the front on Thursday accompanied by Prince Napoleon. Previous to leaving he issued an address to the Garde Nationale appealing to their patriotism and devotion to maintain order in Paris and to contribute to the security of the Regency of the Emperor. No foreign military officers are allowed to accompany the French army to observe its movements. The French press claims that Russian sympathy is with France and not with Prussia. A forward movement is to be made immediately.

Bismarck, in a dispatch to the North German Ambassador to England, confirms the authenticity of the secret treaty published in the London Times. He says that since 1855 France has incessantly tempted Prussia with offers of territorial aggrandizements at the expense of Belgium and South Germany. He is confident that France will not obtain any enlargement of territory even by fighting for it, and says that if the disclosure made by the Times had been withheld, France, though fully armed, would have repeated her offer of peace at a cost of the Kingdom of Belgium.

Count Benedetti's draft of the secret treaty between France and Prussia is not the only document of that kind which exists. Napoleon at one time opened similar negotiations presenting views with regard to Switzerland, and intimating that he did not know where France ended and Italy began. The papers proving this statement it is understood will soon be produced.

Some one makes these wise suggestions on How to Speak to Children:

It is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporal punishments, or by rewards addressed to the senses, or by words alone. There is one other means of government, the power and importance of which is little regarded. I refer to the human voice—the soft, gentle, soothing modulations of the human voice; and this seems to be the more excellent way. A blow may be inflicted on a child, accompanied with words so uttered as to counteract entirely its effect; or the parent may use language in the correction of a child, not wrong in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence. A sweet voice is a great moral power if it is employed wisely. What is it which lulls the infant to repose? It is not an array of mere words. There is no charm to the untaught one in mere letters, syllables, and words. It is the sound striking the little ear, that soothes and composes it to sleep. A few notes, however unskillfully arranged, if uttered in a soft tone, are found to possess a magic influence, to quiet and prepare for repose. Think you that this influence is confined to the cradle? No, it is diffused over every age, and ceases not while the child remains under the parental roof. Is the boy growing rude in manner and boisterous in speech? I know of no instrument so sure to control these tendencies as the gentle tones of a mother's voice. She who speaks to her son harshly, does but give to his evil conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame. In the pressure of duty we are liable to utter ourselves harshly to our children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone. Instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves directly to increase them. Every fretful expression awakens in him the same spirit which produced it, and so does a pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings.

Whatever disposition, therefore, we would encourage in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone in which we address it. Anger, severity of reproof, harsh words, are of all things the worst. They excite evil passions, lead to resistance, and become the stimulants of disobedience and evil conduct. Speak gently to every one, but especially to children.

Two hundred and eighty Mormons from Europe en route for Utah, have arrived in New York and 400 more are coming next week.

Rev. C. M. Emery, of Thomaston, pastor of the Baptist church, baptised six persons on the 16th inst., three of them adults, as we learn from Zion's Advocate.

A horse valued at \$300, belonging to George W. Chase of Gardiner, died from the effects of the heat Sunday.

In the House of Commons Monday night, in answer to a question, Mr. Gladstone said that the negotiations for the settlement of the Alabama claims stood where they did a year and a half ago. The United States having declined the offer made by England, the next advance was due from the American government.

"The Best the Cheapest."

Clippers 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 Manoeuvring, Safety to Driver and Team, Center Lifting Draught, running directly to the Outer Bar, which when it meets an obstruction 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 get in the team by shaking the harness or bearing on their necks.

The Clipper was awarded the preference at field trials at Lewiston, Waterville and Bangor. In some of these trials were all of the following machines—Buckeye, Kniffin, Wood's Union, American Advance and others. On the one horse trial at Lewiston, a horse weighing only 1200 pounds was used, and at Bangor, one weighing only 750 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 of them in Maine, a very few of which have been sold.

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

J. H. GILBRETH, KENDALL'S MILLS.

Wilson Low, Esq., of Fairfield, owning one of the best farms in that town, wanting a new mower, took a "Bangor" and "Clipper" on trial at one time, and PURCHASED the Clipper. He used the Buckeye for eight years.

"MAINE HAMLETTON." See advertisement in Maine Farmer, or send for a circular.

Waterville Mail.

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

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Editors and Proprietors.
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DEPARTURE OF MAILS.
Western Mail leaves daily at 10 A. M. on at 9:45 A. M.
Augusta " " " 10 " " 9:45 " P. M.
Boston " " " 10:30 " " 4:10 " P. M.
Salem " " " 4:30 " " 4:10 " " "
Norridgewock, &c. " 4:45 " " 4:30 " " "
Relief Mail leaves
Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 A. M.
Office hours—from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M.
C. R. McFADDEN, P. M.

A FEW WORDS ON DRESS.—"A woman," in the New York Tribune, has a most sensible article on dress, in which she pleads for more plainness and simplicity, as well as more individuality, complaining with a "few plain notes to which reference may be had in time of need." These we give, and commend them to the attention of each of our woman readers:

1st. Nothing that is not really beautiful or graceful in itself can be made so by fashion. Our eyes grow morbid that is all. An awkward line is awkward always, though all woman-kind adopt it.

2d. Things really graceful and beautiful in themselves may suit one class of persons and not suit others.

3d. Dress should supplement your good points and correct your bad ones. As for instance, if we happen to be tall and thin, fichus, ruffles, puffs, flounces will increase our apparent size and give beside a look of daintiness to our toilet. A square solidly built person in the same garments would look smothered and apologetic. Such require simple lines, heavy folds, and sweeping drapery. The aim of the one should be lightness, of the other dignity.

4th. Whatever is your style of looks, the general outline of the costume should be simple and the lines unbroken. A dress cut up into details—ruffles here, bows there—is like a thing set bottom upward. The ornament—wherever it may be—should be subordinate. Imagine a lily with three flounces round its belt and a pleated pistil! But even the lily has its ornaments, and the long tube and glittering anthers set in the pure, unsullied white, make its whiteness more intense. Nature is profuse in detail, but she never forgets this fundamental law of taste.

5th. Above all things be neat. Dainty precision and freshness is as essential to a woman as to a flower. Better a clean chintz gown than a dragged silk however costly.

6th. The first instinct about a new fashion is the true one. Don't wait until your eye has lost its accuracy and your judgment its edge. Subject the thing at once to the general law, and make your decision final.

For all we have said we are perfectly aware that we shall continue to go on pretty much in the old way. For one thing, "it is our nature to," and for another, our milliners and dress-makers won't let us do otherwise; they are in league with the fashion mongers. So all I ask of you to remember are these three propositions:

1st. It is better to look like a woman—if one happens to be one—than like anything else, even a fashion plate.

2d. It is better to look like one's best self than like somebody else's worst self.

3d. It is of more importance that John, your husband, brother or lover should be impressed with your appearance, than Jane over the way, whose interest it is to have you ugly rather than otherwise, and who will like you none the better for being better looking.

THAT IRON IS VALUABLE AS A MEDICINE has long been known, but it is only since its preparation in the particular form of Peruvian Syrup that its full power over disease has been brought to light. Its effect in cases of dyspepsia, and debility is most salutary.

We learn from the Lewiston Journal that a barn and house in Turner, belonging to Messrs. C. H. and D. Barrell, the well-known owners of the granite quarry, were struck by lightning about 10 o'clock Sunday evening and entirely burned. Loss about \$5,000; insurance \$1,400. The barn of John G. Sweet at South Paris, was struck by lightning and wholly consumed the same evening.

GEN. SIGEL, of course, is ready to strike for fatherland, and in a recent speech thus appealed to the American people for sympathy:

The French people are a foe not to be despised; they are a great nation. But if there are 40,000,000 of Frenchmen, there are 54,000,000 of Germans. Napoleon has forgotten to count in the Germans of South Germany, the Germans of Austria, the Germans of the United States. They all stand by the Fatherland; they will remain firm in their support until the last Frenchman has been driven from the German soil, should they ever occupy it. The Germans will oppose the invaders with their whole strength; they have to match against the sickly child of France two princes vigorous in mind and body; against the arrogance of Grammont the courage of Bismarck; against an artificial fanaticism a calm firmness and perseverance. We expect in this struggle the sympathy of America—we expect it in the name of the services which we have rendered to the cause of the United States, in the name of the 200,000 German soldiers who have fought for the preservation of the American Union, as German citizens of America, as the mediators of the future close alliance between the American and German nations.

A Washington special states our navy is to be placed on war footing immediately. Orders have gone forward from the Navy Department to the Commandants of the Navy Yards to hasten with all possible speed the work on every vessel that can be placed in commission. Additional laborers are being engaged at all the yards.

SUSAN B. Anthony is \$10,000 in debt by publishing the Revolution.

ONE word about Dives. Rev. John H. Rice, in a discourse preached in his hearing about the year 1829, in Cedar Street Church, N. Y., said substantially of this rich man, "Nothing is said against him, that, in our view, was very bad. He was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. Very many do the same now. And it is not said he was uncharitable or cruel. He did not lick his dogs upon the beggar, but let them lick the sores of the poor Christian who laid at his gate, and even allowed his servants to feed him. After a sumptuous dinner he permitted them to shake out the crumbs to Lazarus. So at present the rich professor often fares luxuriantly and then shakes out the crumbs to the Lord's poor and destitute! Dives, for aught I know, might have been an elder in the church, for there are elders who do as Dives did, and no more."

Great demonstrations were made at Dublin Saturday night in favor of the French. A meeting of 500 persons were addressed by prominent Fenians.

SENATOR Carpenter, in an address to the law students of Columbia college at Washington, the other day, said: "Whatever else you determine, leave this city of Washington; leave this city as the beloved of the Lord fled from the cities of the plain." But the Senator has not resigned his seat yet in order to get away.

A New York paper, *apropos* of the season, says a college graduate will discuss in five minutes the weightiest political and moral problems of the age and settle them finally.

A CLERK in an Erie hotel has a magnificent scheme in view. It is a circular hotel, to rest on a pivot like a locomotive turn table. The object is to give every guest a "front room," (that being an almost invariable request) by assigning guests to the places then in front, and turning them to the rear upon the advent of others.

COL. David H. Buel, in charge of the arsenal at Fort Leavenworth, was assassinated Saturday night while returning from a party at the house of Gen. Sturgis. The assassin is unknown. Colonel Buel is a West Pointer and after the war closed, was for a time in command at the U. S. Arsenal in Augusta. [The assassin has been arrested.]

An infuriated subscriber writes to the *Cleveland Leader* as follows: "I shall take the *Leader*, probably, till I can find a paper that does not publish base ball matters. They are *base* in more senses than one. A pack of lazy dogs is going round the country playing ball for money! While at it you may as well crack up dog fights, bull fights, bull baiting, and 'seven up' for money, as professional base ball."

THE "American workmen" at North Adams who have been "driven from their labor by the coolie importation" it now appears, were nearly all French Canadians and Irishmen.

About thirty Baptist clergymen of New England have already signed a declaration of faith which allows each church to fix its own terms of communion.

It is said that in 1847 the moustache was so rare that Admiral Parker, having noticed some of the officers of the fleet with the hirsute ornament, issued an order that they should remove their moustaches, and "not make themselves look like brute beasts and foreigners."

Davy Crockett once graphically described the condition of a party of friends after a particular jollification, who were so tipsy that neither of them could hit the ground with his hat three times throwing.

Dr. J. C. Holland is to edit *Hours at Home* with a quarter share in the proprietorship.

The opinion is still entertained in official circles at Washington that England will be involved in the European war before it is over.

A force of United States cavalry was recently defeated in a five hours' fight with Indians in Texas.

TURKEY AND TURKEY—BUZZARD.—"Names are things," was the trisyllabic remark of a celebrated British statesman. Even so in Maryland, Lawyer—was a candidate for the Legislature. On an election tour through the northern portion of Hartford County he stopped at the house of an old farmer, who asked him who he was. The lawyer, not knowing the farmer's politics, and wishing to be on the safe side, answered, after a moment's hesitation, that he was a "Democrat Republican." "A what?" "A Democrat Republican," repeated the legal gentleman. "Well, Sir," said the man of the soil slowly. I am very fond of turkey, *very*; but I don't like turkey-buzzard.

The central shaft of the Hoosac tunnel has been sunk ten feet into the tunnel; ten more reaches the grade. The rock is softer, and two faces will soon be worked.

THOMAS Money, the Irish historian, and chief of the anti-Chinese party, offers himself as a candidate for Governor of California, with a promise that he will raise 100,000 militia, and send the Chinese home within three months after his election. Suppose some Chinaman should make the same offer with regard to the Irish, what would Thomas Money say then?

RECRUITING for the French army has been going on in Montreal for a few days. The recruits have their passage paid to Europe where they are promised a bounty. Most of the recruits have been Irishmen.

GOVERNOR Holden, of North Carolina, refuses to surrender to Chief Justice Pearson the citizens of Alamance county arrested and held by Kirk through the Governor's orders. Kirk has now in custody over 100 citizens, and it is said that Gov. Holden has ordered a military commission to assemble at Yanceyville to try them. Three companies of artillery from Fort Monroe have been sent to aid Gov. Holden in enforcing the laws in that State.

THE interest of the Americans in the progress of the European war is the interest of spectators only. It is impossible for them to look on without a bias on one side or the other, and a strong mixture of hopes and fears for the result. But it is no quarrel of ours. The Atlantic still rolls between us and the noise of the disputants and the roar of battle. Whatever directions the war may take hereafter, it is inconceivable under any circumstances that either the rights of the combatants or the interests of civilization should call for our interference. It is a war for the balance of power; and there is nothing in that which an American can recognize or understand as a just cause. It is an appeal to the methods of barbarism by the most highly civilized nations, and the results to them can hardly be less disastrous and appalling than to nations less highly favored. Looking only at the sacrifices impending—sacrifices of life, of treasure, of domestic happiness, of national repose and prosperity—there is nothing in the inevitable conflict that is not to be deplored. [Boston Adv.]

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, with the first of July begins the second volume of the year. It is superfluous to describe and almost superfluous to praise this, which is undoubtedly the most successful technical journal of America. On the whole it has well deserved its success—not but there might be a better technical journal, simply as a technical journal; but that it has given scientific and technical information carefully, skillfully, and correctly to the largest possible audience. It is one of the many good points of the Scientific American that it is not above being understood. There is scarcely any subject connected with the mechanic arts which it does not treat intelligently, and it has become indispensable to every one—mechanic, farmer, business or professional man—who would keep himself informed of the progress of the nation in the mechanic arts and sciences. During the year it has widened its field and increased its interest by greater attention paid to the natural sciences, treated in a popular manner. We hope that it may go further in this direction, and that, when it has occupied the whole field, and does in reality represent thoroughly the "scientific" American, no intelligent American family will be without it. Of course there are always many—especially women and children—who care little for mechanics. But there are or should be—very few who are not or cannot be made to be, interested in some branch of natural science, so when this field is adequately occupied, we may expect to find the Scientific American in "my ladies' chamber" by the side of the Bazar, Every Saturday, and the magazines. It is hardly fair to ask this journal to be "all things to all men"—and moreover, when it is already so much to so large a class.—[Railroad Gazette.]

A frightful crime has come to light in the West. Some speculators have been buying infected buffalo robes from the Indians of the plains who are afflicted with small-pox, and have transported them East and resold them, so that the loathsome disease has been scattered broadcast in the States. The facts have only recently been discovered. One thousand and three hundred robes have been seized by the government at Union station. The managers of the Pacific railroad are using every effort to prevent the passage of any more of the death-spreading merchandise over their line.

A convention of the seal manufacturers of the United States was held at Springfield a few days since, and the following resolution was passed: Whereas, The practice of warranting sealers is detrimental to the interest of the merchant and jobber as well as the manufacturer, therefore be it Resolved, that we hereby pledge ourselves to discontinue the same for one year from date. The convention adjourned to meet in the same city on the 21st of July, 1861.

"There was a frog who lived in a spring. He caught such a cold he could not sing."

Poor, unfortunate, Batschian! In what a sad plight he must have been. And yet his misfortune was one that often befalls singers. Many a once tuneful voice—among those who belong to the "genus homo"—is utterly spoiled by cold in the head, or on the lungs, or both combined. For the above mentioned "croaker" we are not aware that any remedy was ever devised; but we rejoice to know that all human singers may keep their heads clear and their throats in tune by a timely use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and Dr. Pierce's Alt. Ext. or Golden Medical Discovery, both of which are sold by druggists.

NOTICES.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN INVALID.
PUBLISHED for the benefit of young men and others who suffer from Nervous Debility, etc., supplying the means of self-cure. Written by one who cured himself, and sent free on receiving postpaid direct envelope. Address, 64 44 St. NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION is oppression after eating, or belching up of wind, and always follows Costiveness. HARRISON'S PERISTALTIC LOZENGES give permanent relief. They are pleasant, portable, do not require increase of dose, and never fail. Also; a guaranteed cure every kind of case. For sale at No. 1 Tremont Temple, Boston, by E. A. HARRISON & CO., Proprietors and by all Druggists. Mailed for 60 cents. 4p 2m 5f

USE RENNE'S PAIN KILLING MAGIC OIL.

"It Works like a Charm."
Have you Headache? Use Renne's Magic Oil!
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Have you Sore Throat? Use Renne's Magic Oil!
Have you Sore Eyes? Use Renne's Magic Oil!
Have you Sore Feet? Use Renne's Magic Oil!
Have you Sore Hands? Use Renne's Magic Oil!
Have you Sore Nails? Use Renne's Magic Oil!
Have you Sore Lips? Use Renne's Magic Oil!
Have you Sore Tongue? Use Renne's Magic Oil!

This is the Best Family Remedy, to cure all kinds of Pain you ever tried.

It is clean, 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 got it on hand they will send for it, and sell you Genuine Renne's Pain-Killing Magic Oil, at the manufacturer's lowest price at retail. 67¢ sold by all Druggists, Merchants, and Grocers. 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, PITTSFIELD, MASS.
Sold in Waterville by J. H. L. & Co., and J. H. Planted & Co., and by all druggists in West Waterville and Kendall's Mills. 11p 5c 2m 5f

Twenty-seven Years' Practice

In the Treatment of Disease in the Female, has placed DR. DOW at the head of all physicians making out a 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 Street, Boston.

N. B.—Board furnished to those desiring to remain under treatment. Boston, July, 1870. 4p 2

MANHOOD, 164th 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 MANHOOD, the treatment of Nervous and Physical Debility, Strangity, &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 that person holds the relation of Parent, Protector, or Clergyman. [London Medical Times and Gazette.]
"MANHOOD." The experience and reputation of Dr. Curt 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 Mail.]
Sent by mail on receipt of Fifty Cents. Address the Author, Dr. CURTIS, 14 Chapman Street, Boston, Mass. [4p 4m 5f]

Marriages.

In Waterville, 26th inst., by Rev. A. S. Ladd, Mr. Melville F. Archer and Miss Maria V. Green, both of Fairfield.

Deaths.

In Sidney, 26 inst., of Typhoid Fever, Laura Ella Lyon, daughter of Asa J. Lyon of West Waterville, aged 7 years and 10 months.

In No. Vassalboro', 26 inst., Emma Campbell, aged 26.

In Skowhegan, 9th inst., Bella F. eldest daughter of John O. and Adeline Hill, aged 39 years, 1 mo., 17 days.

New Advertisements.

AN APPETITE.

If one can't eat, to do his best.
If nothing else the hunger causes,
What gives him not a moment's rest
Till he's devoured the widow's houses?
DOD'S PEPPINE.
For Sale by all Druggists. Price One Dollar.

AGENTS WANTED.—(50 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 Roman, Whisky, Peppermint and refined Liqueur, doctored, spiced and sweetened to please the taste called "Tonics," "Restorers," "Appetizers," &c., that lead the tipple and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair. They are the GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND LIFE-GIVING PRINCIPLE, a perfect Renovator 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., Druggists and Gen. Agents, San Francisco, Cal., and 24 Commerce St., N. Y. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

WANTED AGENTS.—To sell the OCTAGON SEWING MACHINE. It is licensed, makes the "elastic Lock Stitch," and is warranted for 5 years. Price \$15. All other machines with an under-feed sold for \$10 or less in infringement. Address OCTAGON SEWING MACHINE CO., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Pittsburgh, Pa., or Boston, Mass.

10 A DAY—Business entirely new and honorable. Liberal Inducement. Descriptive circulars free. Address J. C. RAND & CO., Bladeford, Me. 4m 2f

WANTED AGENTS.—To sell the HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Price, \$25. It makes the "Lock Stitch," and is warranted for 5 years. It is the only licensed under-feed Shuttle Machine sold for less than \$50. Licensed by Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker and Singer & Co. All other under-feed Shuttle Machines sold for less than \$50 are infringements, and the seller and user liable to prosecution. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. 2m 5f

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 future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P.O. Drawer No. 24, Fultonville, N. Y. 4w 4

Why Don't You Try
WELL'S CARBOLIC TABLETS.

THEY ARE A SURE CURE FOR SORE THROAT, COLD, COUGH, DIPHTHERIA, CATARRH OR INFLAMMATION; ALSO A SUCCESSFUL REMEDY FOR KIDNEY DIFFICULTIES.

Price 25 cents per box. Sent by mail on receipt of price by J. Q. KELLOGG, 34 Platt St., New York, Sole agent for N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

"WONDERS OF THE WORLD."

OVER ONE THOUSAND ILLUSTRATIONS. The largest, best selling, and most attractive subscription book ever published. Send for Circulars, with terms at once. Address, U. S. PUBLISHING CO., 411 HING CO., All Rights Reserved. 4w 1

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Great interest in the War is now ready. Agents wanted. Send circulars, with terms and a full description of the work. Address National Publishing Co., Boston. 4w

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GOLD PRICES.

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WATERVILLE BAKERY.

CRACKER

VERY LOW

Rates at which they will be sold offer great inducements to purchasers.

A good assortment of

Second-hand Carriages

On hand, and new ones exchanged for second-hand.

ORDERS AND INQUIRIES SOLICITED.

CHANCE FOR BUSINESS.

OWING to infirm health, the subscriber is desirous of disposing of his stock and stand in trade. Good business will be given to any one wishing to go into the DRUG AND MEDICINE business in Waterville. Also, for sale, a few desirable House Lots between Ticonderoga and Emerson Bridge; Five Shares Ticonderoga Water Power Stock; One Share in Union Church; Two Jersey Horses, full blood; One good family carriage, covered. 4
Waterville, July 22, 1870. 4
WILLIAM DYER.

NOTICE.

THE Trustees of Colby University will meet at the College Chapel, Tuesday, Aug. 2, 1870, at 10 o'clock A. M. Waterville, July 19, 1870.—2w 5
B. F. SHAH, Sec.

An American Girl Wanted.

To do the work in a small family. Enquire of Gardner & Watson, or at the Mail office. 4
July 19, 1870.

WANTED.

A FIRST RATE workman, to bottom Calf Boots. Good pay and steady employment. Waterville, July 26, 1870.—4
WM. L. MAXWELL.

FOR SALE.

House and Stable on College Street, Owned and formerly occupied by Dr. B. Porter. Also One Cow. One Light open Wagon, nearly new. One Second-hand Buggy. One Narrow Buggy. One Sleigh. Harness. Buffalo Robes, &c. (4 w)
P. C. PORTER.

Crockery and Glass Ware,

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New Advertisements.

MOUNT PLEASANT INSTITUTE.—Private Classes for Boys, Amherst, Mass., Estab'd 1846. H. C. Nash, A. M., Principal.

WANTED.—Agent to sell the "LIFE OF GEORGE FRANKLIN" illustrated, and published at a price suited to the times. No year time to make money. B. P. RUSSELL, Publisher, Boston, Mass.

PATENTS.

Inventors who wish to take out Letters Patent are advised to consult with MUNN & CO., editors of the Scientific American, who have procured claims before the Patent Office for over twenty years. Their American and European Patent Agency is the most extensive in the world. Charges less than any other reliable agency. A pamphlet containing full instructions to inventors is sent gratis. MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, New York.

Newspaper

Advertising.

A Book of 125 mostly printed pages, lately issued, contains a list of the best American Advertising Agencies, giving the names, circulations, and full particulars concerning the leading daily and weekly Political and Family Newspapers, printed in the United States, and the leading Foreign Newspapers, published in the United States, Agriculture, Literature, &c., &c. Every Advertiser and every person who contemplates becoming a publisher, will find this book of great value. Mailed free to any address on receipt of fifteen cents. GEO. P. ROW, Editor, 414 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa. In its issue of May 22, 1870, says: "The firm of G. P. Row & Co., which issues this interesting and valuable book is the largest and best Advertising Agency in the United States, and can cheerfully recommend it to the attention of those who desire to advertise their business scientifically and systematically in such a way; that is, so as to secure the largest amount of publicity for the least expenditure of money."

B. FAHNESTOCK'S

VERMIFUGE

CAUTION.

Should occasion require you to purchase B. A. Fahnestock's Vermifuge, be particularly careful to see that it is the Vermifuge of B. A. This is the article that has been so Favorably Known Since 1829, and purchasers must insist on having it. If they do not wish to have an imitation forced upon them.

J. H. TAYLOR & CO., Sole Manufacturers of the J. H. TAYLOR'S MATCH and Melick's Patent Vapor Burner. Best Illuminating Oil, Packed in 100 lb. casks and shipped in order for domestic use. 226 Pearl Street, New York.

SALESMEN

Wanted in a paing business. S. KENNEY, 413 Chestnut St., Phila.

MONEY

Tinner, Farmers and Merchants who want MONEY, to make money, address at once, with stamp A. T. SINKER, Indianapolis, Ind.

WEIGH

THESE WORDS.

All who suffer from indigestion, bilious disorders, nervous affections, and general debility of the system, are invited to consider these facts, viz: That the curative operation of Tarrant's Effervescent Salts is a perfect one, in all cases of Chronic Nervousness, affecting the entire system, it is for a few days affords the most astonishing relief, and rarely fails to produce a complete and permanent cure. It contains no material in the slightest degree deleterious. It has the unqualified approval of the best physicians. Thousands, in every part of the country, gratefully acknowledge its power to soothe the excited nerves, and restore the falling strength.

Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage.

Six packages \$1.00 "Postage 6 cents."

It is sold by all dealers in drugs and chemicals.

TURNER & CO., Proprietors, 129 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

FRENCH HAIR CRUR, curls straight hair. Price 50 cents, warranted. C. W. SMITH

MISCELLANY.

WE BROTHERS BROWN.

BY HIRSH BICH.

We sing no songs of amps or kings,
We write no love-lore songs,
We tend no coqueting columns on,
Yet we uphold its glory,
High, brothers, high,
The banners fly and fly—
We brothers brown—
We two bare hands,

In many a port the latches fall,
The ship is full and ready,
The craven reef is just a-ble,
Look lively, lads and steady,
Sway, brothers, sway,
Haul and belay, belay—
We brothers brown—
We two bare hands.

In forest deep awaiting us,
The keels to be are growing—
The sea has never sailed on,
The winds are never blowing,
Swing, brothers, swing,
The axes ring and ring—
We brothers brown—
We two bare hands.

The prairies roll and loom and lure
As were the world one meadow:
The clouds are only looms that drop
Their rippling waves of shadow,
Sow, brothers, sow,
The grain will grow and grow—
We brothers brown—
We two bare hands.

The sea is kind; throw net and line,
It cannot well deny us—
There's always need upon the land—
The winds were made to try us,
Pull, brothers, pull,
Our nets are full and full—
We brothers brown—
We two bare hands.

We sow and pull, we swing and sway,
We whirl the wheel of Labor,
We bring the day when king and king,
Will be but man and neighbor,
Sing, brothers, sing,
Our song shall ring and ring,
We brothers brown—
We two bare hands.

The Pilgrim Society of Plymouth is preparing to celebrate the 22d of December this year in an appropriate manner. It is understood that Hon. Robert C. Winthrop will deliver the address. Since the last celebration there have been wars and rumors of wars, and nations have risen and disappeared; but the land of the Pilgrims has kept on its even course, prospering in spite of all calamities, and adding new glory to the history of the country. The Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary will be observed with special interest at the beginning, so far as can now be seen, of a new era of peace and prosperity.

The Lewiston Journal says a young lady in that city who has been accustomed to wearing a bamboo switch, complained of a disagreeable sensation pervading the back of her head. Upon examination, live creatures resembling fleas, but about twice their length, were found in her scalp. Her hair was immediately cut close, and a physician consulted for advice in the matter. He at once decided that the difficulty was caused by wearing the chignon from which the creatures proceeded. A place on her scalp as large as the palm of one's hand was eaten like a honey-comb. Several other similar cases are reported in this vicinity, one or two of it is said, fatal. No little excitement is created in consequence, and a rapid decline in chignons is inevitable.

SCARLET FEVER.—An eminent physician robs scarlet fever of many of its terrors by prescribing for the patient warm lemonade with a little mucilage, as often as desired, and the application of warmth to the stomach. He directs that a cloth be wrung out of hot water and laid on the stomach, renewing as it cools. Nothing else but the lemonade is to be given. With this treatment, he guarantees that not one in a hundred cases will prove fatal. We have known cider alone to cure more than one obstinate case. A vegetable acid appears to be a specific in colds and fevers.

The French Liberals are as ready for war with Prussia as anybody. Few but the irreconcilable, impracticable wing oppose the Emperor. M. Provost Paradol, the new minister to this country, in a work published two years ago, maintained that the destiny of France was to crush the new colossus which threatened to bestride Europe. That remains to be seen. For our part one colossus is as bad as another.—[Portland Advertiser.]

In consequence of the repeated strikes and demands of the Crispins, several of the leading shoe manufacturers of Lynn have closed their manufactories, and will not yield to the prices asked by the workmen. It is an unfortunate state of affairs. The fall trade will soon be over. Shoe dealers are giving their orders in other shoe towns, and ere next winter some must feel the bottom of their pockets if they fail to make "hay while the sun shines." At last accounts the manufacturers have concluded to sign an agreement to close up until they can have their shoes made as cheap as in other cities.

The New York Tribune has a long letter from Detroit, which professes to give the originals of some of the characters in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." George Harris is said to have been the pseudonym of Lewis Clarke an intelligent slave, owned in Kentucky. In 1841 he escaped to Ohio and spent some time at Oberlin, where he acquired a fair education. He aided one or two of his brothers to escape from bondage and assisted them to an education. Lewis afterward went to lecturing, and stumped the Northern States on the anti-slavery platform. He is now a farmer and lives in Canada. For the other characters in the story, we have Samuel Peter, a Methodist minister in Canada as Uncle Tom; Della the sister of Clarke, as Emeline, etc.

PRUSSIA AND THE UNION.—In 1866 Bismarck said to an American: "In our relations with the United States I never had a doubt. The Tory party in Prussia, to which I am supposed to belong, at the outbreak of your war besought the King to recognize the South. I opposed it most inflexibly. To me it was clear that the North only could be the true ally of Prussia; with the South we had nothing in common. The Government of Prussia never wavered in its friendship for you. It is a traditional policy with us. Frederick the Great was, I think, the first European sovereign to recognize your independence. I am heartily glad to know that America understands and reciprocates the friendly feeling we have steadily maintained."

A lightning lady was some time ago struck by lightning, and lay for hours unconscious, dead to all human appearance. She distinctly heard her friends say she was "unquestionably dead," and she would have been buried alive had not her brother insisted on working for her restoration, which he at length accomplished.

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

At 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.

Waterville, March 1, 1870.

O. F. MAYO

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THE above change of business, makes it necessary to settle

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

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,

Chairs, Mirrors, Seals, &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 CHAIR SETS, Walnut,

chestnut, Ash and Pine. The Pine sets I have made

by a good workman and can be found at the river. And

they are worth very much more than those thrown together,

as most of them are.

I shall keep a large variety of LAMPS, BRACKETS,

GLASS, &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 Water-

ville will sell on. All I ask is for customers to price them,

and judge for themselves before purchasing.

C. H. REDINGTON.

17

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