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Maxham & Wing

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TWO LETTERS.

We are Dalrymples, and I am Margaret—called "Peg" by seven younger brothers when they are cross, and "Daisy" when they are affectionate; and I am not sure that the last estimate with them is not worse than the first.

My story (what there is of it) begins on a certain black Monday, when everybody was cross from having more than his or her share of work. The baby had elected me for her bondswoman in lieu of her usual nurse, who was drafted for the chamber-work.

It was such a breathless July day, and there were so many of us about the house, that the air seemed to be drained of all its freshness before it reached me. I was oppressed all day with a curious weight on my senses, as if something dreadful were going to happen. The baby's fat arms and hands appeared to multiply to a Briarrose extent, all pulling at my hair and eyelashes at once. I had to pinch myself to destroy the illusion. A sickly little breeze stirred the tops of the cherry trees, and I carried the baby to the window, balancing her on the sill while I leaned out to breathe it.

Here's your letter from Charlie, called out Frank, next boy but one to the baby. "I ran all the way from the office with it, 'cause you are so glad to hear from him."

I opened the letter with a faint flutter at my heart; it was very strange the words would not steady themselves to be read:

MY DARLING COUSIN:
"She has accepted me with all my imperfections on my head, and I am the happiest man on this footstool. I want just one drop more, and that is your sympathy. But I forget that you do not even know who she is: no more did I three weeks ago."

A great bumble-bee seemed to buzz in my ears to this tune: "Charlie's going to marry another woman—never cared for you at all—at all—at all," trailing off into a prolonged hum.

The next thing I knew I was lying on the lounge in Mother's room with a wet towel round my head, while she chafed my hand's and somebody else tugged at my stay-lacings.

"What is the matter? Have I been run over or struck by lightning?" I asked, falling giddily when I tried to raise myself.

"You fainted away at the window. You have taken care of other people one day too long."

An appalling stillness reigned through the house—a state of things unknown since the baby's advent two years before. Could it be possible that I had let her fall out of the window, and she was now being laid out in the next room?

"The baby!" I gasped.

"Oh, I packed her off at once to Aunt Jane. She thought you were lying on the floor wholly for her benefit, and was sitting on your head when I went into the room. Whatever becomes of the rest of you, she will live into the eighties."

She had got me into bed by this time, and with a final pat all over me, which only mothers know the trick of, she left me alone.

How blissful the heavy quiet was for a moment! and then it flashed upon me that there was something waiting my leisure to be thought about. Charlie's letter, and Charlie himself! We were step-cousins, if there is such a relationship—a very elastic connection at least—which had served to make us alternately familiar and distant. He had been my devoted admirer so long that any other state of things was difficult to conceive of in my weak condition.

I had never put myself through any mental catechism as to my own regard for him, and he had asked no question tending to that end. But, "woe is me!" the idea had somehow got itself rooted in my mind that he would never want to marry any other woman.

If I had ever had time to analyze his behavior, I might possibly have seen what a spongy piece of ground my feet were planted on; but there was always the house-keeping wheel wanting a spoke, or the baby, or the next child, or the next but one, to use up every atom of space in my thoughts; and I had drifted on from childhood to twenty years with the idea that if I ever did possess my soul in peace, I should owe it to Charlie.

It was a matter of perfect indifference to me whether Charlie's letter went on to give a "local habitation and a name" to the fatal she who had cut the ground from under my feet. I hoped vindictively that it would be a very long engagement, and Charlie might weary for some of his old sparring-matches with me.

"You have a bright spot on each cheek, Daisy. You are feverish, and must have a doctor," said my mother, coming in.

"Oh don't go and make me ill in spite of myself. I only want a long sleep and a vacation from boys."

Mother began to move restlessly about the room in a way to make a well person feverish. I knew she had something on her mind, and was faltering between two opinions as to whether she should speak or keep silence.

"Make a clean breast of it, little mother," I said at last, when I could bear it no longer.

"Margaret, when you read Charlie's letter?" she said; "we found it in your hand after you fainted."

"Yes—at least enough to learn the news it contained. I did not reach the lady's name."

She looked at me now so affectionately that my lips would tremble, and I laughed to hide it.

"Did you think it was the letter that upset me so? Not a bit of it. I have had a feeling of walking on my head all day."

She gave me an unbelieving kiss, and went away with the trouble still in her face. I made up my mind to get up betimes in the morning, and work so hard and so cheerfully that I would shortly banish out of all idea of my loveliness.

By dint of counting several millions, and persistently thinking of sheep going over a wall, I caught some slurs and parings of sleep through the night, but it was so spotted with visions of Charlie in all sorts of affectionate attitudes with the lady of his love that it was a dead weight than lying broad awake. When I did get up and dress, I was glad to find I had not dreamed of anything, and I fell into a dreamless sleep for some hours, and waked to the sound of a strange voice. The door was open, and a long glass hanging near it reflected the doctor as he trod the long hall softly—not our old doctor, who had been like a father to us, but his young partner, whom I had seen only once or twice in church.

It is a fancy of mine that young men and maidens wear masks toward each other; they put them on when they are introduced, and it takes years of acquaintance to bring them really face to face. Even a long engagement may fail to do it.

If I had met this doctor in a crowded room with my thoughts distracted by erratic hairpins and the consciousness of my best gown, I might never have seen in his face the true "Byard" expression, "without fear and without reproach," which makes noble the rugged features.

She never had a day's sickness before,

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mother was saying; "and perhaps she has only worked too hard."

"Was there any mental shock which may have combined with the heat and overwork just now?" asked the doctor.

"I am not sure; she did receive a letter just before she fainted which contained rather startling news."

"Will you give me some water?" I called to her lest the new doctor should gain the key to my trouble and use it like a scalpel.

It is a great drawback to my mother's faith that it does not admit of auricular confession. She is so determined to let all our little skeletons out of their closets, that such a thing as a secret is unknown in the family.

Dr. Hayes put on no professional airs, nor did he "talk shop" after the manner of most doctors: he felt my pulse, to be sure, and gave me one or two searching looks.

"Are you in great haste to be well?" he asked after a while.

"That is of course, is it not?"

"Not always. You ought to make yourself as black as possible for a month. Put a fly-leat into your life."

"It may sound conceited, but I could not possibly be spared for half that time. Have you seen the census of our family?"

"No."

"We are seven, and two more. I am the eldest; and then there is an unmitigated row of boys, till you get to the baby, who is two years in age and a patriarch in mischief. I give you three days to make me well. Mother may manage to keep her head above water till then."

"Then you must promise to think as little as possible of agitating things."

"I will try," I said meekly, feeling myself blush furiously, and wishing somebody would play Othello to me so far as to hold a pillow tight over my face. When he was gone I remonstrated feebly with the authoress of my being.

"Why will you make a father confessor of everybody?"

"My dear, it was only the doctor. I thought he ought to know all about it."

"A doctor is none the less a man and a brother, and troubled with like infirmities to the rest of the world. It will be all over to you that I have been disappointed, and have turned my face to the wall."

"Then I hope you will show them a very cheerful face when you are well again, though it may be an effort at first."

Her sympathy was almost too much for me, but I fought myself valiantly.

"I won't have you settle down to the idea that I have given all for love. The buttons and patches have always had the first place in my mind, and bid fair to keep it till the last boy is grown up. That letter was only a signal when I was just ready to go off. If I had been perfectly well, a dozen letters saying that Charlie had turned Mormon and married as many wives, would not have toppled me over like that."

"You're a true Dalrymple," sighed my mother.

I was filled with profoundest pity for all the Dalrymples if I were a true one. What hypocrites they must have been! "I don't see my way clear to be a Mariana in the Moated Grange," if I had ever so much inclination. With seven brothers to supply with court-plaster and cravats, I might be "awary and awary," and "would I were dead," but I could not give my whole time to it, and I should go to my grave unsung, as sure as fate.

"Don't talk nonsense, Margaret; it is a very serious time with you."

"I will be as funereal as you like on any subject except this. It is only in your own mind that the time is out of joint."

"And you have never really cared for Charlie?"

"To tell you the truth, I have never had time to think about it. I should have been more than woman if I had not rather liked to have him dangle after me, but now I mean to esnare Dr. Hayes, that we may all be sick luxuriously and have no bills to pay."

The trouble was all gone out of my mother's face when she said good-night at last.

I hoped wearily that everybody would not be so hard to convince, for another such victory would ruin me.

When Dr. Hayes came next day I was propped up with pillows, making a very high-colored cravat, while three budding dandies sat on the bed and hailed my successes.

"This will never do," he said, turning out the boys, cravats and all, with a master stroke of generalship. (I admired him, not without awe, from that moment.) "Is this the way you follow my prescription?"

"I hope you don't call cravats 'agitating things.' To bunch up ribbons in a sensational manner is my sole talent; when everything else fails, I shall throw myself upon the world and make a fortune at it. I will make a 'tie' for you if you will cure me very soon."

"Don't make any more, then, till I ask you for mine."

"But you might forget even to ask for it, and then think of the sevenfold anguish of the boys."

"Never fear; it is a weakness of mine never to forget anything."

When he went away he made a speech to the boys, which made them his friends for life, and freed me from their rough attentions for my whole month of illness, for it really did stretch to that length. The doctor came every day, and in the first week he fell into the habit of bringing me something to look at till his next visit. The first was a bunch of blue-and-white violets, that he had found growing on a bank in a lonely ride.

He seldom overstayed ten minutes, but those minutes were so full of enjoyment and kindness that they made the whole day fragrant. I would not have believed it possible that I could so long have believed it possible that I could lie four mortal weeks in bed, in an easy-chair, for day after day, neither happy nor unhappy, but rather between. I had a glimpse of the reason one day, when the doctor said he was coming only once more. I started a little, being weak you know; and as he had been counting my pulses and had forgotten to put down my hand, he knew that his words had moved me. His eyes looked into mine with a question in them, which brought a swift blush into my face for his real answer, but I gave him another without delay.

"I am such a bundle of habits, I shall miss you terribly for a day or two, when I come to

that quarter hour in the twenty-four which you have filled so kindly of late; but I shall soon be swallowed up in the family maelstrom."

"And forget me entirely, you would say?" "I fear so, indeed."

The brightness in his eyes was not at all dimmed by my rough speech.

"I shall see you once more, to-morrow," he said, with the true professional bow, and departed.

"And you shall see me at my prettiest," I thought with an instant's resort to woman's weapons.

As the time drew on for the doctor's last call (I seemed to connect something portentous with it), I got myself up with extreme care in a white merino wrapper, only used on state occasions, and the faintest of little scarlet jackets edged with swan's down. I stood a long time before the glass, putting up and taking down the long brown hair which was one of my strong points.

The door was suddenly thrown open, but it was not Dr. Hayes who rushed into the room and seized both my hands with tremendous intent to kiss me, as in the old days. I slipped out of Charlie's grasp into an arm-chair and braced myself to an encounter.

"Oh, Maggie, to think that you have been ill so long and not a word sent to me! But you are looking so lovely, you must be well again."

This was mollifying, in spite of that elect lady of his, whom I kept rigidly in my mind's eye.

"He's come! here he is!" was Frank's cry to the rear-guard, and they all poured in, perching themselves close about their favorite.

"I couldn't imagine why you didn't answer that letter; was it too silly?"

"Was it the letter I brought to you?" said Frank, swooping on the white merino.

"Yes, yes," I cried, to ward him off at any cost.

"Charlie, do tell us what was in it. Daisy fainted away as soon as she read it, and has been sick ever since."

If you could have seen Charlie's face! A month before, such a speech would have made me long for a trap-door, but now a curious bravely possessed me to watch the effect of it. He glanced at the boys desperately, but I had no idea of sending away my natural defenders.

"Look here, you fellows," said Charlie, at last, "I want to tell Maggie something."

"And you don't want us to hear it? Never you mind; we'll get it all out of Maggie when you're gone." And they all trooped out with heads high in the air.

"Is this true, Maggie?—only tell me is this true?" and all at once he was on his knees beside my chair, realising my face as a near-sighted person does a book.

"I don't understand you, Charlie."

"Yes you do. Was it my letter that—that?"

"Gave me a slow fever, do you mean? How absurd; I had been ill for days, and when I gave in at last, it happened to be your letter and the baby that I held in my hands, but I should have fainted all the same with a dust-pan and brush. Now tell me something about that 'lovely woman,' and get off your knees to begin with."

"Not till you confess that you cared more for my letter than for the dust-pan."

"Now, Charlie, I want to reason with you."

"Heaven forbid! You have coaxed and teased and scolded me ever since I knew you, but reasoned with me never."

Then mother's welcome step sounded in the hall.

"Hang it!" said Charlie, getting on his feet at last. "What a house this is!—one might as well live out of doors."

"We never did have a sitting with closed door, and I don't know why we should begin now."

"Charlie, you have stayed too long when Maggie is so weak. Go away now, and come to-morrow."

Charlie took himself off with a very ill grace indeed.

"Has the doctor been here, mother?"

"No; I saw him driving down the 'Precinct road.' He can't be back before afternoon. You might as well take a nap."

I scorned the idea in my heart. Go to sleep after such a scene with Charlie, and perhaps something going to happen when Dr. Hayes came! Impossible! I lay back in the easy-chair and shut my eyes, so as to think better, as people do in church. It looked very much as if Charlie was off with the new love, and wanted to be on with the old; or else he meant to be "a bother" to me, but I was overburdened already with that commodity. I wondered now how I could ever have thought of trusting my whole life in his hands—he was so boyish, so impulsive, so inferior to Dr. Hayes. The doctor must have had it all his own way in my mind for a long time, for when I opened my eyes the afternoon sun was streaming in at the windows.

The room was empty, but some one had been there and gone; on a little table beside me lay an exquisite bunch of English violets, and a letter: "Miss Dalrymple"—that was all. I turned it over and over before I took the plunge of opening it. It began:

"MY DEAR DAISY:
"I hope this letter will not wholly surprise you. I meant to keep heart-whole until I could marry. Map proposes, but Love disposes without consulting him at all. You gave me heart-strings a tug the first time I laid eyes on you, and in these few weeks I have learned to love you dearly. I do not ask you to love me now in the same unreasoning way. A long engagement is the most harrowing thing in life; I would not so bind you to my will and pleasure if I could; but the diabolical fact is, that I could not marry for two or three years yet even if all things go well with me, and they have for me."

My mother reduced herself to starvation-point to give me my education and profession. I must make up her little property to her before I can think of myself, and saving is slow work. I entreat you not to suppose that I take anything for granted as regards your feelings toward me. It may be that you are already attached, or even engaged, to some one else. If it be so, I shall find it out in time, and gather grace somehow to be resigned to my fate. I only ask you, if you are altogether heart-free, to think as kindly of me as may be while I am working

hard to deserve you. I might have kept back my declaration of love till I could have offered marriage at the same time—most men do, I believe—but I thought it might some time give you a moment's pleasure in the depth of some worry, of the height of boy-tyranny, to think that one man had eyes to see the sweet unselfishness of your character, and love you for it as long as he lives.

"Good bye my Daisy, for a long time."

"JULIAN HAYES."

The apologetic delicacy of this letter, the self-sacrifice of confiding his love to me without asking anything in return, was too much for me. I had liked him very much before, but now I fell in love with him beyond all hope of rescue, and all the more because I suspected that he had heard of Charlie's defection, and had hit upon this way of applying balm to the wound.

I was wrought up to quite a pitch of self-sacrifice myself, but there was really nothing for me to do but to get well as fast as possible, and lift a corner of my mother's burden. My business at present was to keep Charlie at arm's length, which was easily done with just a word in mother's ear; the moment he appeared she left everything to brood over me as if I were the only chick left of her nine. He had to go back to his work in the city without relieving his mind of the burden which seemed to lie heavy on it.

I thought of my next meeting with Dr. Hayes with a flutter of dread, but he behaved so entirely like other people on that occasion and many succeeding ones that I had to take his letter out of my treasure box and read it over at least twice each time to convince myself that I was not dreaming it all. The letter was an unspeakable comfort to me, holding out a distant yet sure entrance into a peaceful home, which should be my very own. When I was stung all over with pin-pricks of vexation, I said in my heart, as perhaps Rachel did, when she saw Jacob afar off tending her father's sheep, "It is only for seven years—and not for ever," and even if the seven years were doubled, I knew that boys like mine, improved with keeping, and he had promised to love me while his life lasted. Somehow I never doubted that promise. Steadfastness was written all over him. Sometimes in church I stole furtive looks at him, and wondered if I could ever become used to walking up the middle aisle in his wake, as other wives did, when he was no blood-related.

It was nearly a year after my fever that I went every day for a few weeks to sit an hour with a poor girl who had been a seamstress in our family and in others in the village. She was the softest-hearted, meekest of women, having no will of her own, and no courage to assert it if she had. She was led away by some ruthless villain to commit the unpardonable sin among women, and though her repentance was swift and sincere, she was now forbidden every house except ours. Her health gave way under grief and reproach, and she fell into an old-fashioned decline, lying patiently on her bed until death should come to loose her prison-bars. Dr. Hayes visited her daily—not because his skill could avail anything, but because all others had forsaken her. His praise was always on her lips, yet I shrank from seeing him in her room, and carefully avoided the time of his visits. I was dropping strawberries into her mouth, one by one, as some feeds a baby, when I saw by her face that some one was standing in the door. I knew who it was without turning round.

"I must leave you now, and come again to-morrow," I said hastily, and rushed out of the room with the intent to escape Dr. Hayes if possible. He had stepped back a little, and now barred the narrow passage:

"I know that poor Theresa must have one friend, and yesterday I recognized that quaint little saucer of Japan china that used stand on your table. Why have we never met here before?"

"She used to sew for us; mother always liked her," I answered, wholly at random.

The doctor's face suddenly darkened:

"I have tried to plead that poor woman's cause in a great many houses lately, and they were all so interested and full of charity till I told her name, and then they all put on their armor of self-righteousness and would have none of her. One would think all their brothers had been valiant and all their sisters virtuous."

"Why did you not come to us?"

"I was afraid you would be cruel and hard like the rest, and call it virtue. I might have known I could trust you. Will you forgive me, Margaret?"

He put out his arms, and I made just the least step forward. If he kissed me many times in that little passage way, dusty with cobwebs, no one knew it except the dying woman with in the room, and she told the secret only to the angels, whom she joined that night.

This chance meeting made no difference in our relations to each other. The doctor had evidently yielded to a sudden temptation, and if he did not repent it, he at least set a double guard over himself for many weeks after.

It was not long after this that Charlie came home for his vacation (he was clerk in some wholesale place in the city). He walked into mother's sewing-room and threw down the gauntlet the very first day.

"Where's Maggie?"

"In the garden with the baby; which was true enough five minutes before. One may have too much of a baby, as well as of any other good thing, and having deserted her, I was seated on the piazza basely listening to every word spoken within."

"I'm glad she's out of the way for once. I haven't had a crumb of comfort with her since that miserable engagement of mine and the letter I sent her."

"What do you mean by your miserable engagement?" said mother with dignity.

"Oh, it was a mere child's play. I was bewitched with her prettiness and her flitting ways, but the moment I had committed myself I found how empty-headed she was, and how little she cared for me; so it was very easy to get up a little quarrel and break the engagement. The fact is, I loved Mag all the time. Now, auntie, won't you tell me if she cares for me the least bit?"

"My dear boy, mother was, beginning (all boys are dear to her) when I put my head in at the window."

"And if I did care for you, what is to ensure me that you would not be bewitched by the prettiness of yet another young woman,

who might prefer to hold on to her 'fish' after she had caught him?"

"Margaret, I'm ashamed of you!"

"Never mind," said Charlie. "She would never let me come near her, and now she knows it without my taking the trouble to tell her."

"Know what?—that you will like me passing well until you are caught by some other fisher of men? You have Ferdinand's faculty of loving several women for several virtues."

Charlie was so vexed at this thrust that he departed without any leave-taking; he came back in the evening to be forgiven, but could not break through my bulwark of boys.

There was a picnic next day—an annual bore which had been submitted to with Christian patience for many years in our village, because no one was strong minded enough to put it down.

I made ready my white pique suit and a gorgeous Roman sash (which my father brought home from his last voyage. "Up the Straits,") thinking only of Dr. Hayes and Charlie, and overlooking the fact that I could never go anywhere without two Dalrymples at least in my train. We had to ride a mile or two in a great open wagon with an awning over it. Charlie intrigued for a seat beside me, and obtained it. Dr. Hayes was opposite, and had no more words for me than for other people; but when the sun shone into my eyes, I was scarcely conscious of the annoyance before he had let down a loop of the awning. He was always planning for my comfort when no one else was the wiser for it. It was like being upheld by wings invisible to all eyes but my own. After the bustle and chatter of the first start was over, everybody listened to what Jennie Hood was saying to her neighbor (her rule was, "Always to say something, if it wasn't so bright:").

"You will see, if you take notice, that people like best those who look least like themselves. Tall men if they follow the natural height, pick out little wives to hang on their arms like work-bugs. I am five feet one, and no one under six feet need apply."

We all laughed, and began to compare notes on the subject.

"There's Charlie Remington," Jennie went on, "with his light Saxon complexion; he will fall in love with a brunette of the deepest dye."

"Not so," said Charlie. "I will have a brown-haired woman or none."

"Did she have brown hair?" I whispered.

"The woman that I like best has pounds and pounds of it," returned Charlie in the same tone, winding on his finger the long curl that hung over my shoulder.

"As for Dr. Hayes," said Jennie, "being neither light nor dark, his fortune is hard to tell. Blondes and brunettes may both have hopes of him."

"Of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God," quoted the doctor, with a flash at Charlie and a smile at me.

"What queer things Dr. Hayes says!" said Jennie Hood when we had left the wagon.

"He looked at you, but he could not have meant you, because you don't know one tune from another."

"Of course not," I said innocently.

We were going to "the Island," a long strip of piney land in the river, cut off from the mainland by a ranting, tearing brook, not quite deep enough to drown one, but sufficiently so to make a tumble from the slippery log, which made the only bridge, anything but comfortable.

It was Charlie who gave me his hand over the abyss, but Dr. Hayes gave his mind to the safety of my brother Frank and the baby—an act for which King Arthur would have made him knight of the Round Table. The baby had added more than a year to her age since I first introduced her, but not a grain to her discretion. We first drew lots as to the lady who should make the tea and coffee and the gentleman who was to feed the fire. There may have been bribery in the matter, but the lot actually fell to Charlie and myself, and the rest of the party dispersed to find bark for plates, and kill time at any cost till dinner. The children went away in Dr. Hayes' company to fish for minnows.

"Now could anything be more delightful?" said Charlie. "I should have torn my hair and hooted, if I had had to dawdle off with Jennie Hood instead of helping you to make tea."

"Alas for my white gown!"

"Pshaw! does a woman never think of anything but her clothes?"

"Rarely; it must be all-absorbing if she does."

"Sit down here and be a good girl," said Charlie, throwing himself on a bed of soft moss.

Waterville Mail.

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THE WAR.

All the efforts for an armistice, with a view to negotiations for peace, appear to have failed, and the Prussians are closing in upon Paris, which is making all possible preparations for defense. Accurate calculations place the number of the advancing Prussians at 400,000. Strasbourg still holds out, but must yield soon. There is a report that Bazaine has escaped from Metz, and is marching to the relief of Paris.

It is almost certain that Prussia will refuse to entertain the proposition looking to the armistice, mainly because it would delay army operations in case negotiations were unsuccessful until an unfavorable season set in and render the situation of the army much less favorable. At Paris the Republicans are said to be strongly in favor of peace on any honorable terms.

Advices from Strasbourg are to the effect that the heroic defense is drawing to a close and surrender is imminent, occasioned by the failure of ammunition and provisions. The Prussians have consented at the request of Switzerland to permit non-combatants to leave Strasbourg.

The Emperor at Wilhelmshöhe enjoys entire freedom of action. It is said he looks thirty years older than he did in 1865. Bismarck is reported as saying, "Our people think we must have those provinces France took from us many years ago. We must at least render France powerless to menace us by the same road. Metz and Strasbourg we must have, and we ask no more than is necessary to our own safety."

The French fleet has withdrawn from the mouth of the Elbe.

London, Sept. 15.—The Daily News this morning contains a letter from Berlin, giving the views of the Prussian government. The writer says that Prussia will not negotiate with the present Government at Paris. Prussia proposes first to occupy Paris. A Regency Corps Legislative and Senate will then be summoned and will be expected to name Commissioners to treat on the Prussian basis, and when this treaty is signed Napoleon will be released and France will be left free to choose her own Government.

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT at Paris would have been accepted by the Prussian Government if the exactions proposed by Prussia had been assented to. These embraced the cession of Alsace and Lorraine and the dismantling of the French fortifications on the German frontier. The provisional Government refused to listen to any proposition for the surrender of French Territory.

Victor Emanuel has taken possession of the States of the Church, as he says, in obedience to the papal demand of his subjects, who demand a united Italy. His troops are everywhere welcomed by the people. What the Pope will do, or where he will go remains to be seen.

In Spain the republican spirit is rapidly rising, and Gen. Prim is reported to be uneasy and busy with preparations to repress any demonstrations by the people.

THE STATES OF THE CHURCH of which the Italian army is now taking possession are about half as large as Maine and have a little more than 3,000,000 population, of which the city contains slightly over 200,000. The city was given to the Church in the eighth century by Charlemagne. It remained a papal possession until 1809, when it was annexed to France by Napoleon. It was then incorporated into the Kingdom of Italy. They were subsequently restored, excepting Milan and Venice that were formed into the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, and ruled by Austria until 1860, when all of Italy except Venice and part of the Papal States were erected into the Kingdom of Italy. The blow now struck has been threatened so long that it loses something of its strangeness, without affecting its importance. Italy would long since have realized what is now achieved but for French occupation of Rome, overruling Garibaldi and Mazzini and their adherents, and at the same time repressing the more orderly political advances of the Italian government. The current occupation appears to be the act of the Kingdom itself without the aid of the hands, societies and clubs who have long plotted kindred action. It is stated that a vote will be taken on the question of incorporation, and that the ecclesiastical functions of the Pope will not be interfered with.

WATERVILLE WARRIORS.—For years the "FARMER" has advised its readers to buy a wringer with cog wheels in preference to one without a cog wheel attachment. It is just as important that the cog wheels be so arranged that they will not entirely play apart when wringing large articles, for then the use of the cog is lost when most needed. We have examined several machines with cogs on one and both ends of the shaft, and find the cogs on all the machines play apart except the "Universal" which we can recommend to our readers as a durable wringer and just what is needed in any family. [New England Farmer.]

THE ELECTION.—The result may be stated briefly thus:—Hon. Sidney Perham elected Governor by between seven and eight thousand—Chamberlain's majority last year being a little over six thousand. All of the republican Representatives to Congress are elected. The Legislature largely republican, with slight democratic gains, owing to local troubles. The Senate will probably stand 28 republicans to 8 democrats; and the House, 111 republicans to 15 democrats.

We give a list of a few of the Representatives elected:

Augusta, William T. Johnson, John W. Chase; Belgrade, Charles W. Stuart; China, Geo. F. Clark; Clinton, J. F. Lamb; Gardiner, D. C. Palmer; Hallowell, Ariel Wall; Monmouth, James G. Blossom; Mr. Vernon, Calvin Hopkins; Waterville, Solyman Heath; Windthrop, A. P. Snow; Windsor, Horace Colburn; Mercer, S. H. Willard; Norridgewock, Joseph Taylor; Palmyra, Nathaniel Graves; Skowhegan, Geo. W. Hathaway; Bangor, Abraham Sanborn, James F. Rawson, Philo A. Strickland; Portland, Percival Bonney, H. H. Burgess, Nathan Cleaves, Chas. H. Haskell.

CATTLE SHOWS.

Somerset Central, at Skowhegan, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th.

West Somerset, at North Anson, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 11th and 12th.

East Somerset, at Hartland, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 13th and 14th.

Madison Town Show, on Blackwell's Hill, Thursday, Sept. 15th.

Norridgewock, Smithfield and neighboring towns at South Norridgewock, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 5th and 6th.

Kennebec, at Readfield Corner, Oct. 5th and 6th.

North Kennebec, at Waterville, Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 3d and 4th.

East Kennebec, at South China, Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th.

Androscoggin, at Lewiston, Oct. 5th and 6th.

North Franklin, at Phillips, Oct. 12th and 13th.

Oxford, at South Paris, Oct. 4th, 5th and 6th.

Waldo, at Belfast, Oct. 4th, 5th and 6th.

West Penobscot, at Exeter, Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th.

North Waldo, at Unity, Oct. 4th and 5th.

Penobscot Central, at East Corinth, Sept. 19th and 20th.

Dealers in hair are taking advantage of the jute panic to put their articles into the market. In the absence of proof to the contrary we suppose that all the injury results from the wearing of an immense foreign mass upon the back of the head, and this equally whether the chignon is made of jute at 75 cts. or hair at \$75. Better discard the hideous deformity altogether.

The sentence of a number of Brooklyn politicians to imprisonment for terms ranging from ten days to three months each, for illegal voting last November have been fully confirmed and will be immediately executed.

THE Chinese are committing further outrages on the missionaries and making preparations for war.

A PRETTY CORRECT VIEW.—The Telegraph's Paris correspondent says that the American recognition is really of little value there and is regarded more as the good will of a power without material weight in the European system.

He presents a wretched specimen of religion who labors more to convert Christian men to his own sectarian views than sinners to Christ.

THE N. Y. Tribune says that elections have ceased in that city. A few smart villains determine in secret conclaves how much they must cheat to make the State "safe" for their ticket; then they forge the naturalization certificates, hire and train the "repeaters," corrupt the needful inspector and canvassers, and the job is done.

The beer drank in the United States in one year costs the drinkers twenty-one millions.

There is no truth more important and few less thought of than this; the more we forsake simplicity in anything, the more we multiply the means of corruption and error.

Enjoy the blessings of this day if God send them; and the evils bear patiently and sweetly. For this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to to-morrow.

"For myself," said the great Spinoza, "I am certain that the good of human life cannot lie in the possession of things which, for one man to possess, is for the rest to lose, but rather in things which all can possess alike, and where one man's wealth promotes his neighbor's."

The Augusta Journal says: "Our venerable and respected citizen John McArthur, died at his residence in this city yesterday morning, at the age of 64 years and four months. He was a native of Livingston and lived in Brooks and Parsonsfield, removing to Augusta 23 years ago."

Brewer and Seaport Republicans instruct their nominees for the Legislature to support Chamberlain.

More than 25,000 French prisoners were captured in front of Sedan before its capitulation on the 2nd instant. By the capitulation 83,000 prisoners were surrendered; of these 14,000 were wounded. Besides the prisoners there were four hundred field pieces including 70 mitrailleuses, 150 siege guns, 10,000 horses and an immense amount of war material were surrendered.

It is said that the casualties of the war thus far aggregate 400,000, more than one-half of them either dead or maimed for life.

A profuse and many times excessively offensive discharge from the nose with "stopping up" of the nose at times, impairment of the sense of smell and taste, watering or weak eyes, or impaired hearing, irregular appetite, occasional nausea, pressure and pain over the eyes, and at times in the back of the head, occasional chilly sensations, cold feet, and a feeling of lassitude and debility are all symptoms which are common to Catarrh yet all of them are not present in every case. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures Catarrh in its worst forms and stages. It is pleasant to use and contains no poisonous or caustic drugs. Sent by mail on receipt of sixty cents. Address R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo N. Y. A pamphlet sent free. Sold by druggists.

The infamous Eyre of the steamer Bonbay, evades the verdict of suspension from command, by shipping nominally as first mate, though he in reality commands his steamer, the same as before the trial.

Wendell Phillips accepts the labor-reform nomination in Massachusetts in which he says:

No social question ever gets fearlessly treated till we make politics turn on it. The real American college is the ballot-box. On questions like these a political party is the surest and readiest way, if not the only way to stir discussion and secure improvement.

The extension of the Androscoggin Railroad across the river at Farmington is nearly completed. The bridge is about 2200 feet in length, running somewhat circuitously. The grounds are being prepared on which a large passenger and freight depot are to be erected. The machine shop, which is now on the west side of the river will probably be removed, eventually, to Brunswick. The village corporation have voted to expend \$2500 in making roads from the depot to the centre of the village.—[Port. Adv.]

The Nile expedition of Sir Samuel Baker has reached latitude 9 degrees north on the 15th of June, all in good health. The boats, fifty-three in number, had been safely transported through the Nubian Desert, more than eighteen hundred camels being employed in the operation. It being impossible for the expedition to advance any further at present, Baker has established a camp and set his fifteen hundred followers to planting corn. The corn will be ripe by the time he is able to move southward, in November. As yet he has not made any addition to the dominions of the Khedive, but expects to do so in the course of his southward movement.

Chief Justice Appleton has refused to issue the injunction petitioned for by Mr. John Ware to restrain the Maine Central Railroad from changing its gauge. The injunction was denied on the grounds that the Company has a right to change its gauge and the change proposed will not be injurious to the public.

On the 21st ultimo, the American steamer City of Yeddo exploded her boilers immediately before sailing from Yeddo for Yokohama, instantly killing 15 persons. 62 natives who were wounded have since died, and 64 more are still under treatment. The wife and child of Rev Dr. James, an American missionary, were instantly killed by the explosion. Capt. Crownshield, one of the saved from the U. S. steamer Oneida, was injured.

ROBERT Collyer says he does not remember a single preacher of the English race and of commanding power who was not a man in moderate circumstances. But rich boys should not give up.

SOFTENING OF THE BRAIN is becoming uncomfortably prevalent. Statistics show that in ten years, 1856-66, 11,685 deaths were registered from this cause in England alone. This disease emanates from over-taxing the brain and not supplying substance to replace the waste. By the use of FELLOWS' COMPOUND, STRAT or HYPOPHOSPHITES the material for thought is supplied, the mind made vigorous and the body fortified against disease.

FIRE IN NORRIDGEWOCK.—We learn by a dispatch from Augusta that the house and two barns belonging to Abel Woods, in Norridgewock, were destroyed by fire Tuesday night. Nearly all the furniture was saved, but all the hay, grain and farming tools were lost. Loss \$4000; insured for \$1000. The fire was set by the wife of Mr. Woods, who has lately become insane.—[Bangor Whig.]

A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.—No family should be without some efficacious remedy for the cure of affections, so universally prevalent, as coughs, colds, sore throat, whooping-cough, and croup—some remedy, too, which can be relied upon as safe and certain. DR. WISTAR'S BAL-SAM OF WILD CHERRY combines this desideratum.

Joseph F. Tuttle, D. D., President Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind., says of OUR FATHER'S HOUSE: Its illustrations are not only apt, but as facts they are very rich. There is scarcely a page where the eye does not detect some truth in history, or science, or some analogy between revealed truth and nature, which is well worthy of being retained for future meditation. The chapter on "Little Things" is full of facts which are calculated to delight and instruct. The illustration of the locus is one of rare beauty, and once read never to be forgotten. The book abounds in these striking passages, and after trial, I have no hesitation in speaking of it as a most attractive and admirable book for private reading, but especially for being read aloud in the family. To put it in a hundred thousand families would be a great thing for the minds and hearts of multitudes.

NOTICES.

THE CONFESIONS 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 post-paid directed envelope. A dozen, 50 cts. up. NATHANIEL MAYNARD, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FILES! FILES! FILES! Outward application to money thrown away. The only permanent cure is DR. HARRISON'S PERILOUS LOZENGES. They strike at the cause. They are pleasant, not like all pills, do they require use. They are exactly suited to obviate constipation—the cause of all health. For sale at No. 1 Tremont Temple, Boston, by E. A. HARRISON & CO., Proprietors and by all Druggists. Held out on the 10th.

MANHOOD, 154th Edition. A MEDICAL ESSAY on the Cause and Cure of Premature Decline, showing how health is lost, and how regained. It gives clear Synopsis of the Impediments to MARRIAGE, the treatment of Nervous and Physical Debility, Sterility, &c., and the remedial character, the results of twenty years' successful practice.

There is no member of society by whom this book will be so useful, whether that person holds the relation of Parent, Preceptor, or Clergyman.—[London Medical Times and Gazette.]

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

Sent by mail on receipt of Fifty Cents. Address the Author, Dr. Cutt, 14 Chapman Street, Boston, Mass. [p. 40] 30

Twenty-seven years' Practice in the Treatment of Diseases of the Female Sex, has placed DR. DOW at the head of all physicians making such precise specialties, and making him to guarantee a speedy and permanent cure in the most delicate and difficult cases. All other Menstrual Derangements attended with whatever complications. All letters for advice must contain \$1. Office, No. 9 Radi cottstreet, Boston.

N. B.—Board furnished to those desiring to remain under treatment. Sent by July, 1870.

Marriages.

In North Vassalboro, 31st inst., Mr. Edward F. Wyman to Miss Anna A. Appleton, both of Vassalboro'. In China, 4th inst., Mr. Gustavus F. Webber, of Vassalboro', to Miss Lizzie M. Jones, of China. In Augusta, 10th inst., Mr. Job E. Sherburne to Mrs. Melvina Parker, of Belgrade.

Deaths.

In Chicago, Illinois, of disease of the bowels, after a week's illness, John Wyman Bodfish, son of the late Maj. C. N. Bodfish, in the 31st year of his age. His funeral took place on the 12th inst. at Kendall's Mills, the place of his former residence, and his remains were taken to Bath for interment.

In Fairfield, 16th inst., Mrs. Thankful M. Jones, wife of Mr. Reuben Jones, aged 75 years and 10 months.

AUCTION.

Great Trade Sale!

75 NEW CARRIAGES

AT AUCTION,

SEPTEMBER 24th, AT PORTLAND, ME.

The undersigned will commence a series of FALL TRADE SALES, and offer 75 new carriages at auction at their residence, 100 Commercial Street, Portland, Me., on Saturday, Sept. 24, at 10 o'clock A. M.

These carriages embrace every kind made or used in this State, varying in price from \$60 to \$400 dollars. Many of them are new make, of the most elegant and desirable styles.

We design to make these sales permanent, and every carriage offered, will be sold without reserve. Catalogues with full descriptions will be sent by mail.

C. P. KIMBALL & LARKIN.

2w 12

WANTED!

A few more GOOD AGENTS to sell the most popular book in Maine. One Agent reports an average of 30 copies per day. Address J. W. LITTLE, 75 Essex St., New York.

LIME, HAIR, CEMENT, COAL,

KIP ON HAND AND FOR SALE BY

E. C. LOWE,

MAINE CENTRAL (UPPER) DEPOT,

WATERVILLE.

Sept. 15, 1870.

SHOEMAKER WANTED!

Wanted, Immediately, A FIRST RATE WORKMAN to do Repairing and Custom Work. WM. L. MAXWELL, Waterville, Aug. 25, 1870.

FOR BOLIVIA,

Via St. Thomas and Para.

The Steamship WM. THURBERG, F. H. Leonard, Commandeur, will sail on October 1st, and second, from New York, for Lima, Peru, and Callao, Peru, including mail, \$100 gold or its equivalent. Those who go out by this steamship to settle will receive 250 acres of land, as a free gift from the company. Full particulars will be sent by mail on receipt of a stamp. Apply at the office of the Company, 415 Broadway, or to BAKER HURDUT, 41 South St., New York.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE Subscribers have this day formed a Co-partnership under the name of IRA H. LOW & CO., for the purpose of carrying on the

Business of a BOOTSHOE and SHOE DEPOT, in Waterville, at the Store of Ira H. Low and the stand lately occupied by Wm. Dyer.

THE undersigned, having sold his stock of Drugs, Medicines, &c., to Messrs. Ira H. Low & Co., would cheerfully recommend them to his former patrons as experienced business men and apothecaries, both having had long experience in the business.

WM. DYER, Waterville, Sept. 1, 1870.

New Advertisements.

\$2000 PER YEAR and expenses guaranteed to all ambitious men and women selling our world renowned patent BALLOON BOWDITCH WIRE CLOTH LINES. For full Particulars address THE GILMAN WIRE LINES, 41 Wall St., New York.

INDIAN CURE

CATARRH AND DEAFNESS

I will send the receipt by which I was cured of Catarrh and Deafness. Address Mrs. M. C. LEONARD, 411 Hoboken, N. J.

FREE LOVE.

ITS VOTARIES, by Dr. J. C. HILL. The most stirring book of modern times. The whole subject laid bare and its hideousness exposed to universal exposure. Written in the interests of CHARITY, HUMANITY and PUBLIC GOOD. Sent free on receipt of a stamp. N. Y. C. Hill, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis.

"CHILDREN CRY FOR THEM."

WELLS' CARBOLIC TABLETS.

A SPECIFIC for all diseases of the RESPIRATORY ORGANS of MUCOUS MEMBRANE. No family should be without. They should be promptly taken in all cases of Croup, Hoarseness and in all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

FOR WORKS IN CHILDREN. They are simply invaluable and an excellent remedy when the Kidneys do not perform their functions properly. Send for Price 25 cents per box by mail on receipt of the price, by John C. Wells, 314 Fifth Street, N. Y. sole agent for the U. S., sold by druggists.

WOMAN'S

BY GEO. H. NAPHY, M. D.

THIS BOOK is the great success of the year. 45,000 have already been sold. It will sell with rapidity, and is everywhere in demand. It tells what every woman should know, and what every man should know. It is a book that should be in every family. Sent free on receipt of a stamp. Address, GEO. H. NAPHY, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

GETTING UP CLUBS.

Great Saving to Consumers.

Parties engaged how to get up clubs. Our answer is, send for Price List, and a Club form will be sent. It is with full directions, making a large saving to consumers and remunerative to Club organizers.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.

31 & 33 N. 5th STREET, NEW YORK.

P. O. Box 6043.

The Magic Comb

Wanted Agents to sell the OCEANOGRAPHY. This is a new and valuable book, and is the only one of its kind. It is a book that should be in every family. Sent free on receipt of a stamp. Address, THE OCEANOGRAPHY, 31 & 33 N. 5th Street, New York.

10 A DAY—Business entirely new and profitable.

Indemnities, Descriptive Circulars, etc. Address, J. O. RAND & CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

Wanted Agents to sell the OCEANOGRAPHY.

This is a new and valuable book, and is the only one of its kind. It is a book that should be in every family. Sent free on receipt of a stamp. Address, THE OCEANOGRAPHY, 31 & 33 N. 5th Street, New York.

New Advertisements.

DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA, MORBIDUS, CHOLERA, &c. certain and immediate cure. HARRIS' (formerly) VICTOR'S DIARRHEA REMEDY, used with increasing success since the Cholera of 1832. Sold by druggists generally. Prepared only by HARRIS & CO., New York.

Inventors

ADDRESS: RICHARD W. HARRIS, 409 Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa., for advice, terms and references.

J. R. CHAPMAN'S CHOLERA REMEDY

Prepared by J. R. Chapman, 100 N. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all druggists.

CAUTION.

Should occasion require you to purchase B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S VERMIFUGE, be particularly careful to see that the initials are B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S VERMIFUGE, and that the name is B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S VERMIFUGE.

HEALTH AND ECONOMY.

GILLIES' CRUSHED COFFEE

Prepared from different kinds of Coffee, the place of which which single has been mostly lost. Put up in Japan Tin Cans, 250 and 500 lbs. each, and for sale.

WRIGHT GILLES & BROTHER,

233 235 and 237 Washington St., New York.

Newspaper Advertising.

A Book of 125 c. loose printed pages, lately issued, contains a list of the best American Advertising Mediums, giving the names, circulation, and full particulars concerning the leading Daily and Weekly Political and Family Newspapers, together with all those having large circulations, published in the interest of the advertiser. Agents, Advertisers, and Every Advertiser, and every person who contemplates becoming such, will find this book of great value. Mailed free to any address on receipt of fifteen cents.

The Pittsburg (Pa.) Express, in its issue of May 29, 1870, says: "The book is a most valuable one, and every advertiser and every person who contemplates becoming such, will find this book of great value. Mailed free to any address on receipt of fifteen cents."

A. J. HARRIS, 409 Ninth St., New York.

CHEAP!

CHEAP! CHEAP!

CHEAP!

PORTLAND WAGONS.

FOR SALE.

CHEAP.

FOR CASH.

MISCELLANY.

THE THREE KITTENS.

An old brook even not far from here,
All cuddled up in a heap,
Are three little kittens so cunningly dear:
Their story, I know, you will like to hear,
While they are fast asleep.

Two are spotted with white—one is soberly gray,
Save the paws so soft and white,
And with whiskers so constantly play,
Which all mischief so contentedly fray,
And off they go as black as the night.

They are not the kittens of whom you have heard,
Who "lost their mittens" one day,
For they are so wise they think it absurd
To put gloves on the claws of their kind,
Who has only time to play.

Round and round they run in the funniest style
After each other a little gray tail;
But they fly round so swiftly, that all in a pile,
They huddle like leaves in a gale.

There's nothing like this so well as a ball
Of yarn all evenly wound.
Over, over they go with a rush and a fall:
One has it this time—then another—all—
Yarn and kittens like tops spinning round.

The old Mother Gray, with a face quite demure,
Sits winking at their droll play,
And once in a while she says with a purr—
"My dear little kits, you must ever prefer
At home with your mother to stay."

Be gentle and kind to all other cats,
And loyal to one another;
Be faithful in looking for mice and rats,
And always to give them a playful pat—
Respect and obey your mother."

Now what will become of those kittens three,
I'm sure cannot be told,
If with friends and each other they ever agree
Then, purring and meowing, their lives will be
Very happy as they grow old.

—Heath and Home.

PHYSICAL UPRIGHTNESS.—Bow-legs and knocking knees are among the commonest deformities of humanity; and wise mothers assert that the crookedness in either case arises from the afflicted one having been put upon his or her feet too early in babyhood. But S. Manchester physician, Dr. Crompton, who has watched for the true cause thinks differently. He attributes the first mentioned distortion to a habit some mothers delight in of rubbing the sole of one foot against that of the other; some will do to sleep with the soles pressed together. They appear to enjoy the contact only when the feet are soaked or slippery. So the remedy is obvious; keep the baby's soles covered. Knocking knees the doctor ascribes to a different childish habit, that of sleeping on the side with one knee tucked into the hollow behind the other, the patient has always been on one side, and the upper member has slipped the most deformed. Here the preventive is to pad the inside of the knees so as to keep them apart and let the limbs grow freely their own way. All of which is commended to mothers who desire the physical uprightness of their progeny.

Rev. B. F. Telf, who is writing letters from Europe to the Bangor Whig, thus sums up his opinion of the English people:—

The sum of my opinion of the English population, after my long experience, is this: The Queen is a good woman; and she has done her best to make her children good; but their position in life has ruined all, or nearly all, her boys. Among the noble families life is exceedingly ignoble; and I believe, if the truth were known, you would find among them only now and then a person of what we should style a good moral character. Some small portion of the laboring class are not only moral but religious; and they live like brutes! The middle class on the contrary, are a splendid people. They are the foremost people of the present age. The talents, the enterprise, the success, nay, the honor and glory of their native land belong to them. The two extremes of the English population are rotten with disease! The middle part maintains the country's life and health!

HEART AND HABIT.—The girl who promises to marry a man she knows gets drunk occasionally is tampering in a dangerous way with sacred life interests. No matter if society does call him a genial, social, generous fellow; refuse to marry him if he continues the use of intoxicating beverage at all.

Exact your every influence over the man you love to reform him. If he tries to give up drinking, but sometimes with one excuse or another, "treats the resolution," do not hope to complete the reformation by marrying him. An enemy could not deal him a worse blow than that.

You thrust upon him the responsibility of two lives, perhaps in a few years half a dozen, while he is unable properly to control and guide one.

The discouragements consequent upon gaining a livelihood for a family will drive him to drink—if he showed that tendency where he had only himself to care for. It is all very fine to talk about a man loving a woman and being sobered by the consciousness that she and innocent, helpless children depend upon him for their life and happiness.

If a young man has so little regard for his own future as to allow the habit of drinking whiskey to fasten upon him with such force that he has not strength to heed the pleadings of the beautiful girl he loves, he cannot safely trust him. Her beauty and young love—lighted with warm sympathies, as fresh and pure as the dew-laden flowers of spring—have less power over his nature than this wicked habit.

Can she hope when he assumes the cares and burdens of married life, the well-spring of manhood life could not find better will unfold? Vain hopes. Listen not to the pleading voice of love, which would deceive with such false reasoning.

Refuse to unite your destiny with that of such a man.

What if it does "break your heart, you love him so." Better break one heart now than have half a dozen innocent young hearts into the world to be broken with yours, and their lives ruined and ruined by a drunken father and a worn out, dispirited mother.

The wounds in your heart will heal under the sweet influence of the home and associations of your childhood. But if you leave these to share the fate of an unsteady, weak man, there will come more cruel wounds in your heart than you can now feel, which will cut deeper and deeper, and over be kept open and bleeding.

A young woman would take this serious view of the matter and stand firmly by such a resolution, they could do more to banish the evil of intemperance than can be accomplished in any other way.—J. N. Y. Dem.

Religion is a personal business; and if all the rest of the world were to forsake Christ, it would be our duty to follow him.

The population of New Hampshire has decreased about 9429. Only two counties show any gain.

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 REGGED AND SEWED.

REPAIRING of all kinds neatly and promptly done.

Attending to the needs of the community, we shall of course be able to give our customers even better terms than heretofore, and we trust our prompt attention to business and fair dealing to secure and receive a liberal share of public patronage.

O. F. MAYO & CO.

Waterville, March 1, 1870.

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

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THE OLD STAND

RE-OPENED.

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

FURNITURE,

Lounges, Mirrors, Feather Beds, &c.

And all goods usually kept in this line of business.

In addition to the above goods, I have the largest and best stock of

CROCKERY & GLASS WARE

Ever opened in Waterville. Also

Tapestry, Three-ply, Ingrain, Hemp, Straw,

and Oil Cloth Carpetings.

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

I shall keep a full assortment of CHAMBER SETS, Walnut, Chestnut, Ash and Pine. The Pine sets I have made by good workmen as can be seen on the premises, they are worth very much more than those known together, as most of them are.

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

MIRROR PLATES fitted to Frames of all sizes.

REPAIRING and PAINTING Furniture done at all times.

All of the above goods I sell as low as any one in Waterville will sell on.

All I ask is for customers to price them, and judge for themselves before purchasing.

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Kendall's Mills Column.

"Goods Well Bought ARE HALF SOLD."

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

FLOUR,

offered by LAWRENCE & BLACKWELL, at the

Grist Mill, Kendall's Mills,

This is no "advertising gas," we are actually selling

superior quality flour, as our already large and rapidly increasing trade fully shows. Our stock is fresh, shipped direct to us from Chicago, and is complete in all grades required in a first class retail business.

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

LAWRENCE & BLACKWELL.

Kendall's Mills, Nov. 12, 1869.

REMOVAL.

DR. A. PINKHAM.

SURGEON DENTIST.

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

Has removed to his new office,

NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.,

First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to see all orders for those in need of dental services.

E. W. McFADDEN.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Insurance and Real Estate Agent.

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

DR. G. S. PALMER,

DENTAL OFFICE,

over

ALDEN'S JEWELRY

STORE,

on People's Nat'l Bank

WATERVILLE, ME.

Chloroform, Ether or Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired.

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M. B. Soule & Co.

Attorneys at Law.

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OVER I. H. LOW'S APOTHECARY STORE, OPPOSITE THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Main St., Waterville, Maine.

M. B. SOULE. J. G. SOULE.

House, Sign, and Carriage Painting.

A. W. NYE,

At the old Station Stand on Temple St.

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

CARRIAGE REPAIRING

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