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Maxham & Wing

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COURAGE.

BECAUSE I hold it sinful to despair,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife,
Because I lift myself above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the breezes blow,
By every ray and every rain-drop kissed,
That God's love doth bestow,
Think you I find no bitterness at all,
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?
Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day,
And in each one of these rebellious tears,
Kept bravely back, he makes a rainbow shine;
Grateful I take his slightest gifts; no fears
Nor any doubts are mine.
Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past,
One golden day redeems a weary year;
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound his voice of cheer.
Then vex me not with chiding—let me be;
No need to be glad and grateful to the end;
I grieve you not your cold and darkness—me
The powers of light befriending.

[From the Galaxy.]

NOTHING BY HALVES.

[Continued.]

There came a very bitter hour to Richard; he felt that he had given his heart to a soulless doll, who cared more for the gratification of her vanity than anything else. Helen was quick to discover that he regarded her as a child, to be petted, trained, schooled, and she resented it with hot passion. She knew what, in his blind man's arrogance, he failed to discover; love had suddenly developed her into womanhood; the careless, blossom-like season of her girlish years was gone forever.

Relations helped on the mischief—they invariably do in such cases. They pitied Helen one day, and blamed her the next, till at last the fiery temper which until lately she had never accused herself of possessing, flamed up, and she proved to them that she would endure neither sympathy nor interference. So they took out their commiseration and condemnation in looks, and drove her so near mad that she used to wish the race of kindred an extinct species.

Lent was very early that season, and after its austerities brightened into the rejoicings of Easter, Mrs. Doshamer gave the last ball of the season.

It was late when Helen entered the room; she had detained her stepmother by one pretext or another, and was several times on the point of declaring that she would not go; but destiny had still another blow to deal her undisciplined soul, and some impulse stronger than she could resist forced her out.

The first sight which met her eyes in the dancing-saloon was Falmore and Mrs. Vincent whirling down the room to the music of a waltz, which a few months before Helen and her lover had decided they were always to dance together. In a more reasonable frame of mind she might have remembered—what was really the truth—that Falmore was not actually to blame; but to her morbid feelings it appeared a fresh insult. Mrs. Vincent had said with her easy audacity:

"This waltz is mine; *la belle* is not here yet, so I can claim the privilege of friendship and ask for it."

As Falmore led her to a seat he saw Helen sitting at a little distance. He hurried toward her and received only petulant replies in answer to his greetings.

"Please remember I have light gloves on," she said rather rudely as he took her hand.

He had meant to explain how it chanced that he had profaned their waltz; but now he was angry in his turn, and remained obstinately silent.

"May I have this glass?" he asked, after making a little effort to talk pleasantly.

"I'm sorry," she replied; "I have just promised it to Charley Ames—here he comes now."

She rose, took the young fellow's arm, and swept away with a careless nod to Falmore, beginning at once a lively conversation with her companion that was gaily and bitterly to Richard just then.

"What, deserted and alone? Don't look so gloomy; children will be children! I have told you twenty times she means nothing by her attempts at flirtation."

Mrs. Vincent slipped her hand through his arm as she spoke.

"You are quite mistaken," said he stiffly. "I am very glad of it; but if you are cross don't scold poor, unoffending me. I'm tired; let's go over into the little room across the hall."

He led her away in silence to the half-lighted apartment, which chanced to be empty, and they sat down. Falmore was wretched and did not hesitate to complain. She pitied and soothed him; made excuses for Helen, and added to his irritation. He told her how truly he had loved this child, and how plainly she had showed that she was not even capable of appreciating the gift offered to her.

"When she grows older she may learn better what it is worth," Mrs. Vincent said.

"I have ceased to hope it," he replied wearily. "I have done all I can."

"You must be patient."

"I have been," he interrupted, and his man's arrogance made him believe he was speaking the truth. "She cares nothing for my wishes or opinions; yet I think it is something when a man of my age says to a girl of hers, I love you."

"My poor friend!" murmured Mrs. Vincent, and tears of real sympathy gathered in her eyes.

Half to hide his emotion, half in idle gallantry, he raised her hand to his lips. A sound at the door made them both look up. Helen Brevort was standing there gazing full in their faces, with an expression Falmore was never likely to forget.

Mrs. Vincent laughed outright, really attaching no importance to the scene, saying as she passed Helen: "Come and console your inconsolable. I must go and dance."

Helen did not answer; she walked on into the room, still gazing fixedly at her lover with those cruel eyes, which had neither softness nor mercy left in them. He rose mechanically, and she thought he meant to leave her without a word.

"One moment," she said in a voice so low and stern that it did not sound like hers. "I will not detain you long, and it is for the last time."

Helen! he exclaimed, half in anger, half in astonishment. "What is the matter—have you quite lost your reason?"

"No, I have found it," she cried with a bitter laugh, and to hear in one of her eyes. "I have found it! Just a word, and then you may go back to that vile woman who is a fit associate for a man like you."

Helen!

"Stop!—don't you speak—let my turn now, and I will finish. I have known for a good while that you were false. I have been patient; your own lips, your own act, have set the seal to my doubts."

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WATERVILLE, MAINE..... FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1870.

NO. 18.

"You are going too far," he said harshly. "I have borne a great deal from your impossible temper, but there are limits to my endurance."

"There are none to your treachery," she answered. "I'll not waste words. Take this back!"

She wrenched from her finger the sparkling brilliant she had placed there as a sign of their betrothal, flung it on the floor at his feet, saying in a low, dreadful tone: "I have done with you! Don't ever dare to speak to me—to look in my face!"

"Helen!" he cried again, this time in sharp agony, because he realized now what she was to him.

"Don't take my name on your lips," she said. "We are strangers."

"What have I done—what does this mean?" "Will you stoop to duplicity after what I heard and saw?" she broke off with a shudder. "Oh, you are capable of anything; but you cannot deceive me now!"

"Let me explain."

"Let you tell more falsehoods, you mean. No, I have had enough. I am weary of them. Why should you try to deceive me? I am nothing to you."

"I love you, Helen," he groaned.

She moved forward a step, her hands clenched themselves, her cold white passion was fearful to watch.

"If I were a man," she whispered, "I'd kill you where you stand. Don't insult me again, or if there's one of your sex in yonder room with honor enough in his soul to avenge a helpless woman, I'll call him here!"

By this time Falmore was as angry as she, and the stubborn obstinacy which was one of his worst traits, asserted itself.

"If lifting my finger, if speaking one syllable would right me in your eyes, I'd neither stir nor speak. You have outraged me beyond what any man ought to bear. I will never forgive you."

"Forgive me?" she repeated. "To dare do it would be the most unparliamentary insult of all. You pretended to love me; what end of your own you hoped to serve I can guess now. You thought me a child, to be coaxed into goodness—to be kept blind—to serve as a shield between you and your infamous love."

"Go on," he said, "I would not stop you if my fate or eternity was concerned."

"You made a mistake. I am not a child. I am a woman, strong to feel, strong to resent, and I would be strong to revenge, only I should scorn to seek it against a man so base and degraded as you."

"I wouldn't try to stop you," he said again in the same steady voice, "not if heaven would open to me for the speaking a word."

"Easy to assume that tone when you perceive I am no longer to be duped," she cried. "I have done now. Go your ways; they shall never cross mine again. Take with you my hatred and contempt. Take with you the consciousness that you have blighted a woman's soul. God shall deal with you for that. It's not grief—I don't think it. I've no broken heart to mourn over, but you have destroyed my faith in humanity; you have placed me face to face with wickedness such as I never dreamed of, and God will punish you for the work."

Before he could move or speak again, she was gone. He stood there a few moments in the pleasant gloom, while the echo of the merry music surged through the room and her terrible words seemed still ringing in his ear. The last of his youth had been wrenched from him with a sudden shock, and he was stranded without warning on a bleak, desolate middle age. He had loved this child so truly, had thought her everything noble and pure, and she showed now a fiendish Medusa exulting in the pain she had wrought. She had dared to believe him false; if she had loved him, no evidence, not even that of her own senses, could have shaken her faith.

He remembered there was a private staircase by which he could reach the dressing-room without meeting the crowd. He hurried away, so utterly crushed by the desolation which had ruined his last hope, that there was no longer place for his anger in his soul.

Up to the last Helen supported her role; never had she looked so handsome, never been so gay. She snatched a leaf from Mrs. Vincent's book and beat her at her own art. All the while there was a mad thought in her mind that it was the end; nothing could come after—not life itself could support this agony.

The next day came, and at noon a letter was handed Helen; it was from Falmore. Her first impulse was to tear it unread, but she broke the seal.

"I am on the steamer bound for Europe; be content. I have written to your relatives that you broke our engagement. I could not allow your pride to suffer by any hints that it was my doing. Take your life—free from me. In this world we shall never meet again, and I think Heaven will be merciful enough to keep us worlds apart in the hereafter."

Helen remained a few weeks longer in town; then it was almost the first of May, and she persuaded her stepmother to go up to their quiet place in the country. She had borne her despair and made no sign; allowed her relatives to comment and upbraid; gone about among her acquaintances with a smiling face which told no tales; but her strength was at an end. She must have solitude; she could act a part no longer; she would not stay where cruel eyes could search her face and show by their glances that they read her secret.

Mrs. Brevort was an invaluable companion at such a time; she let Helen alone; she had just sense enough to do that. Her delicate health gave her occupation of which she never wearied. Her medicine bottles were legion; she weighed her food in a tiny pair of scales, rose, ate, walked by rule, and had so dwarfed her naturally small mind, that she was quite content with her existence. She had neither leisure nor inclination to attend to Helen. She loved the girl; was rather glad to learn that the engagement had been broken, because now she should not be left alone.

Often afterward Helen Brevort wondered how she lived through that summer without going wholly mad or ending her life by the crowning act of a coward.

The very brightness and beauty of the season was an added pain—every sight and sound of nature inexorable torture. She had no hope here, no faith at times in the hereafter. Either the merciful Father was in her distorted

vision a cruel, merciless abstraction, or she sank passively into the black horrors of Calvinism and believed that she was working out a predestined curse.

However strong words I might employ to describe the state of her mind, however exaggerated the language might appear, it would faintly express a title of her suffering. I can only say, thank God there are some happy souls who cannot comprehend. God be merciful to those who from experience are able so to do.

It could do no good to any human being to record the suffering of those days and weeks; I shall pass on to the period when a change came.

Early in the autumn Mrs. Brevort was seized with a really serious illness, and Helen was forced out of her selfish solitude. She did not attempt to evade her duties; night and day she was at her post. But at first the task was wearisome; after that she fulfilled it in a sort of martyr-like spirit, which was just as morbid and wrong.

But the hour came in which she saw the sufferer face to face with death, as they both believed, and the patience and courage displayed by this weak woman, whom she had always regarded with a sort of affectionate contempt, broke the cloud which obscured her soul. She understood for the first time that in allowing her sorrow to become a tyrant, she was torturing existence for all eternity.

Mrs. Brevort recovered, and by the day she could leave her room Helen was like another being. I do not mean that she ceased to suffer, or that she rushed into saintly perfection. But she tried hard to forget herself, to accept her burden as a discipline out of which good might come, and ceased to dwell with bitterness upon the wrong she had endured. She had advanced a great step; when any human being makes such an effort, he is helped. Helen knew that the brightness could never come back to her life, but she learned that it was not at an end, and courageously accepted her position.

The weeks passed on to November, and then her good resolutions received an unexpected shock. She heard from some chance visitor that Mrs. Vincent was staying in the neighborhood, and she had a hard struggle not to insist upon her stepmother's going away at once.

It was only the day after that she stood at the entrance to the grounds, just returned from a walk. Before her was a steep hill; she saw a party of equestrians riding down, one lady in advance, galloping recklessly forward and waving her hand back to her companions in a mocking challenge.

On dashed the horse; a moment more, and it was evident the rider had lost control of him. The men of the party saw it too and hurried on, but could not overtake the frightened beast. On they came—nearer—nearer! Just at the foot of the hill the horse stumbled and flung his rider over his head. She fell heavily to the ground and lay quite still, only a few feet from the frightened girl.

After the first instant of horror, Helen rushed forward and bent over the prostrate form. She was looking in the face of the woman who had helped to break her heart, and the face was that of the dead.

When the party reached the spot, Helen had raised the drooping head and was supporting it on her knees. She knew most of the group, and after the first terror-stricken exclamations, some one said:

"What is to be done—is she dead?"

"No," Helen answered. "Carry her to our house—go for a doctor somebody, at once."

They carried the unfortunate creature up to the dwelling; she was laid on a bed—everything done that could be; then Helen went to inform her stepmother. Mrs. Brevort had learned of the accident and was dreadfully frightened; but Helen could always soothe her, and presently nervousness was forgotten in other sensations, when she was startled by her daughter's answer to one question.

"Is it anybody we know?"

"It is Mrs. Vincent," Helen replied.

"Oh, what will you do?" moaned her stepmother.

"Take care of her," returned Helen; "at least I am human, mother."

The doctor arrived, and with him a famous surgeon, who happened to be visiting at his house. Mrs. Vincent was dreadfully bruised—one arm broken; but if there proved to be no internal injury, she would recover.

So Helen's task began. The utmost watchfulness was needed to guard against fever, and no nurse could be procured whom the physicians were willing to trust. Helen assumed the duty; it was too clear to be mistaken, nor did she wish to avoid it.

Lat: in the evening Mrs. Vincent came to her senses, and found Helen sitting by her bed. It was some time before she could remember what had happened; then she grew so excited that Helen became alarmed.

"I can't stay here," Mrs. Vincent said wildly; "I remember you—you hate me—I always wondered why."

"It's a question of getting well now," Helen answered. "You are in good hands—we shall bring you through nicely; only you must be quiet and obey the doctor."

That odd companionship lasted for a fortnight. Mr. Vincent was absent in Europe, and there was no relative to come and share Helen's vigil. The time came when the sufferer was out of danger—could sit up—talk—be read to; and it was impossible for two women to be thrown together in the situation of such intimacy without becoming well acquainted. Mrs. Vincent learned to understand and appreciate Helen, and in her turn Helen so far got the better of her rancorous feelings, that she admitted to herself the woman was not the wicked siren she had believed her, and had probably been in a great measure unconscious of the fearful evil she had wrought.

Mrs. Vincent had only heard that Falmore was gone, and the engagement supposed to be broken. Troubles connected with her married life had occupied her all the spring, and she had scarcely remembered either Helen or Richard—certainly never connected the incident of the ball with their rupture.

The confinement of that sick-room gave her more leisure for reflection than she had found in years, and as Helen's character unfolded to her keen perceptions, she perceived the changes in her, and knew how horribly she had suffered from that broken engagement. She saw, too, how wrong her own conduct had been, and, true

to her habit of doing nothing by halves, was determined before she went away to get at the truth, and learn if the harm was irreparable.

There was confidence between them on every subject but one—Richard Falmore's name had never been mentioned. In her weakness, Mrs. Vincent talked more freely of herself than she had ever done to any human creature, and Helen pitied her sorrows till she learned to love her, as we do those whom we are allowed to aid. It was the last night they were to spend together. Mrs. Vincent was well enough to go back to town, and the next morning was to start.

"Don't leave me yet," she said, after Mrs. Brevort had been in to speak a few cheerful words, and Helen had made a move to go away herself. "I can't sleep; put the light out; let's sit a while in this lovely moonlight."

Helen obeyed her in silence.

"Come here," Mrs. Vincent said suddenly, and as Helen approached her she drew her into a seat by her side. "You've been very kind to me," she went on; "I don't try to thank you—"

"Of course not," Helen interrupted; "there's no need."

"You've taught me a great deal," continued Mrs. Vincent, pursuing her own train of thought. "How changed you are from last winter. I thought you like all other girls! You used to vex me too by your petulance—you did not like me—truth now!"

"No," Helen said simply.

"Will you tell me why?"

"It would do no good; I like you now."

"Not unless you are frank with me—I choose that as a proof. Helen, may I ask you a question?"

"Yes," she said, trying hard to make her voice calm.

"Why did you and Richard Falmore quarrel?"

"That question I cannot answer—you have no right—"

"Stop, Helen, don't make me feel impertinent—I'm not brave nowadays. Let me talk about him!"

"He is nothing to me—not even an acquaintance; why should I?"

"The man a woman has loved must always count for something in her memory," returned Mrs. Vincent. "Richard Falmore was better than most of his sex. I think his obstinacy was his worst fault."

Helen felt herself growing angry; her old belief of the woman's duplicity came back for an instant.

"I don't want to hear any more," she said.

"But you must! Helen, lying here all these weeks, I have gone over my whole life—oh the poor wreck! I believe I counted for something in your trouble—you must let me clear myself."

"You shall do so," Helen replied in a rather hard tone.

Mrs. Vincent told the entire story of her friendship with Falmore—even to her angry feelings on learning that he had kept his engagement a secret. She did not spare herself in the least, but it was plain enough she had been far from deliberately planning a wrong action by either of the lovers. She told Helen how her willfulness had vexed Falmore into an effort to punish her; how she herself had been angry, and sought to teach the girl that she was not to be taught with impunity.

"Now what made the final break?" she asked abruptly.

"He did not love me—he thought me a child—reason enough," Helen answered. "I was a woman, and I resented his conduct; you would have done so too."

"But the final cause?"

"I wouldn't ask that," Helen cried irritably. "I have ceased to blame you; I can believe it was idle coquetry on your part—"

"Then I was to blame!"

Helen said more than she intended, and tried to go back from her words.

"You mustn't do that," urged her companion. "You don't want to be cruel to me! Helen, tell me the truth—I implore you on my knees. She threw herself on the floor, hiding her face in her companion's dress, and sobbed uncontrollably. It was useless to persuade—to argue; she would have the truth and at last, fearful that the hysterical excitement might do her harm, Helen spoke:

"Do you remember when I came into the room the night of the ball?"

"Yes; you were vexed at finding us there."

"Mrs. Vincent, I heard what he said—"

"Yes; he complained of you; it was weak and wrong, and I was wicked to let him. Go on—you shall tell me—I'll never stir till you do!"

"Then, if you will make me speak! I heard what he said to you—I saw him kiss your hand."

"A bit of silly gallantry—"

"Stop, Adelaide! I say, I have ceased to blame you. I don't believe he ever spoke so before, or that you would have allowed it again. Oh remember what he said; don't make me go on!"

Mrs. Vincent struggled to recollect the conversation; the whole truth flashed suddenly upon her.

"Now I remember. Oh my poor girl! You heard his last words only! Helen, before God, I swear that this was what he said: 'I think it is something when a man of my age says to a girl of hers, I love you.' Then I cried out in great pity for his distress; he kissed my hand; I saw you and ran away."

Helen's face was buried in her hands; Mrs. Vincent drew them away, calling: "Do you believe me?"

"Yes," she answered; "freely, fully."

"Then it is not too late—"

"Far too late," she broke in. "Richard Falmore wanted to marry a child, somebody who would be his slave, his pet! I am a woman, strong to feel, to resent; he never loved me as I really am!"

Mrs. Vincent did not argue further. They talked for a long time still, and when they separated there was no cloud between them.

That night before she slept Mrs. Vincent wrote a long letter to Richard Falmore, and the next morning took her departure.

After she went away the weeks passed quietly with Helen. It was much to know that at least she had no reason to feel contempt for the man she had loved; it took the last bitterness out of her heart.

The lovely autumn days drifted on almost to

winter. Mrs. Brevort began to weary for town, and it was decided that they should return.

Through the beauty of a late sunset, Helen went out for a parting ramble among the hills. She sat down to rest on an eminence above the house, and watch the last glories of the floating clouds fade into the gray of evening.

A step disturbed her reverie, a voice called her name; she turned—Richard Falmore stood before her.

"Helen," he cried, "I have come back. I know everything now! At least I want your forgiveness." She could not move; she could feel how deeply pale her face was, but she steadied her voice to answer, "You have it; be generous in your turn."

"I have nothing to forgive," he said eagerly. "I was a blind, arrogant idiot; I see more clearly now! Even before I received Mrs. Vincent's letter, I had learned to regard my conduct in its true light."

"Let us both remember the lesson," she said faintly.

"Is that all? Helen, don't break my heart, much as I deserve it! I bring it to you again, I ask you to bless my life by sharing it! Be my wife—not a child to be tutored; a true, faithful woman, more than my equal in all that is pure and noble."

He was holding her hands, his eyes were gazing into her own; he read there the assurance she had no strength to speak.

The crimson radiance died out in the western sky, the pale moon rose through the fleecy clouds. Hand in hand they turned away to enter upon the new life, wise enough now to guard sacredly the happiness which had been a second time offered.

FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

AN APPEAL FOR PEACE.

The Universal Peace Union of America.

Indifference is impossible. The magnitude of the interests involved in the present war in Europe—the most causeless of wars, arrests attention.

Thousands of hearts are in agony. What voice can be heard? What appeal will be heeded?

Weakness and pride, and want of moral courage, have brought sufferings crying aloud for repentance and relief. For ourselves we feel our want of strength. Can we reach a single ear, or heal a wounded civilization and Christianity?

Three thousand miles cannot cancel our obligations.

Moved by sympathy and love for all, irrespective of geographical limits, or questions of aggression or defence, of reproach or justification, we simply but ardently, appeal to those in power, to a common humanity, to professors of religion irrespective of name, to wise statesmanship, to apply that law which is understood by every conscience—"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

The spectacle of populous and splendid cities in a state of siege and the cries of distressed thousands, fill us with anguish. The labor of years and the magnificent works of art, under going ruthless destruction, in time may be replaced; but there are human beings, whose groans are not heard, now starving and exposed, in abject suffering for the common necessities of life, shut up in Paris and other cities, and they demand immediate relief.

We appeal to Prussia, in the flush of what the world calls victory, a nation professing Christianity, to practice now the oft-repeated and church-lauded injunction—"If thine enemy hunger, feed him, if he thirst give him drink," and reject a custom so monstrously inconsistent, to starve out the enemy and cut off his supply of water.

We are neither unmindful of the manner in which you have been assailed, nor without comprehension of the difficulties surrounding your Bismarck in negotiating for peace, and are not willing to suppose that he and your whole country do not desire an early settlement; but we fervently entreat, be merciful with the fallen; they are your brothers—imagine your situations reversed—negotiate with every representative having reasonable authority, and thus prove your sincerity for ending this terrible destruction. We feel assured that in this way opportunities will offer for honorable adjustment, and if so sure guarantees of peace—Freedom, Equal Rights, Justice, Inviolability of Human Life and Brotherly Love will be promoted.

No one can expect to escape retribution for wrong doing, and for all who take up the sword, there is a heavy penalty; and although you exact and receive territorial or revenue concessions and compensations, you cannot escape the responsibility.

We appeal to France, to every one with any semblance of authority, to accept a situation the natural consequence of war—if not on one side certainly on the other. Had you been victorious, you would, perhaps, have acted no very different from your neighbors.

Used the thousands whose lives have been cast in humble places, and who are the real sufferers! The mothers, the wives, and children, composing more than half of creation, who do not make the wars, whose hands are tied, and whose sufferings in indescribable ways, are unheard and unheeded. Do not sacrifice that peaceful army of workingmen, the grand pillars of a nation's prosperity. Think of all, even if

Waterville Mail.

BRIAN, MAX, AM, DAN, L. WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... OCT. 28, 1870.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

S. M. PETERGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 21 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles Advertising Agent, No. 1 Broadway, New York; Geo. F. Howell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington street, Boston, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions at the same rates as required by the Post Office and the rates as required by the Post Office.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS relating to either the business or editorial departments of the paper should be addressed to "MAXIM & WING, OF WA. STATE STREET, BOSTON."

PROF. C. D. ROBINSON, whose dramatic readings have been favorably known to a few persons in this place, gave a very pleasant and interesting entertainment at the Classical Institute on Wednesday evening. After years of labor before the public in this very difficult department, Prof. Robinson has won a place in the front rank, so that he finds, wherever he goes, a hearty welcome among the few whose cultivated taste enables them to appreciate his entertainments. His selections are so varied as to interest all classes, and he never fails to win the earnest admiration and hearty applause of his audience.

At this exhibition there was marked expression of a wish that Prof. Robinson should be heard in Waterville by a larger audience; and arrangements were made for another reading on Monday evening, at the same place, when the price of admission will be put at 15 cents. We can hardly doubt that this plan will secure a good house; in which case we feel sure that all will be richly satisfied with the entertainment. We know of no public reader whom we could more confidently commend to a Waterville audience.

A TOUGH ONE.—The newspapers are circulating the wonderful fact—if it is a fact—that Michael Edwards, of Virginia, is the oldest fireman in the U. States, being one hundred and four years old. The fact is added that he has used tobacco ninety years; his mother having died when only one hundred and three! Mike must be a tough fellow, and is no doubt indebted to his pipe for the privilege of living a year longer than his mother did. Pass it round, especially among those boys who are beginning to suck the color of bacon from their pipes, that Mike Edwards, the oldest living fireman, outlived his mother by using tobacco! What an argument in favor of tobacco! Suppose that somebody reveals the fact that the old lady died with a meerschaum in her mouth!—what then?

If the B. & M. and Knox and Lincoln Railroads continue as they have begun they bid fair to be first class roads—for reducing the population of the country. Though not yet in running order, they have already run up a long list of severe accidents.

We have had it in our mind for several weeks to more a vote of thanks to the proprietors of the several tenements in Boutelle Block, for the general "slinking up" of their fronts, which has improved the appearance of the Block very much. In addition, Messrs. Arnold & Meader have righted up the old building which they use as a deposit for stores, &c., and given it a fresh coat of paint, which makes it look almost as good as new. Report has it that T. W. Herrick, Esq., who owns the vacant lot between this last named building and the People's Bank, is about to build a wooden store upon it.

The U. S. Government is determined that for once they shall have the election laws enforced in the city of New York; and the reckless democratic press is doing its best to inaugurate a rebellion in consequence. We shall soon see what the end will be, and whether political knaves and their desperate tools are to ride rough shod over the peaceable portion of the voting population.

DICKENS'S WORKS, in every desirable shape, may be had cheap of H. O. Houghton & Co., the well known Riverside publishers of Cambridge, Mass. See their advertisement in another column.

The police of Augusta seized about one hundred gallons of intoxicating liquors, mostly whiskey, from the store of Bartlett & Hartwells, wholesale dealers, one day last week. This is hitting the right nail on the head.

Edward H. Howell, indicted at this term for the murder of John B. Laffin at Hallowell was brought into court, and the Judge at his request assigned Messrs. Pillsbury and Libby for his counsel. He pleaded not guilty. He was then remanded but no time was assigned for his trial.

Albert S. Nichols was also arraigned for breaking and entering Waterville post office, and pleaded not guilty.

Ticonic Division, this week, will hold its meeting on Saturday evening.

RAILROAD SECURITIES.—The N. Y. World says there are \$662,000,000 of funded debt (mostly bonds) upon 30,000 miles of Northern and western railroads, represented by 235 corporations, and of these there is not one in a hundred that does not pay its interest regularly, and probably none upon which there will be any eventual loss. While a first mortgage for a moderate amount upon a finished road, or one in hands strong enough to complete it without depending upon the sale of its bonds, is thus shown by experience to be good, investors would do well to scrutinize new railroad enterprises closely. To be entirely safe, they should be upon a finished road—a real, existing property—or else upon a road so nearly done, and in such strong hands, that there is no doubt that it will be finished. Our finished railroads are all doing a profitable business, and their mortgage debts are as safe as any security can well be, and those on the newer lines now pay about one-third more interest than Governments. The Central Railroad Co. of Iowa seems to be one of the strongest of the new companies. Some of our leading bankers are among its largest stockholders and they have very quietly spent several million of dollars in finishing their road. Like good, strong men, they have asked assistance from nobody, but having finished their work, they offer the remaining million of their bonds at a price at which they will be taken forthwith. Jay Cooke & Co. have examined into the security, and say they believe it to be as safe as well as profitable. The Bonds can be obtained of the Treasurer of the Company direct, at 32 Pine street, New York, or of its advertised agents, or through banks and bankers generally.

GENEROUS.—The "Mason & Hamlin Organ Co." of Boston, (see their advertisement) have lately donated to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions twenty of their best Cabinet Organs, to be used in the cause of Missions as the Board may see fit. The money value is between four and five thousand dollars. The great success of this Company in the manufacture and sale of their popular organs enables them to be thus generous. May their continued prosperity be according to their liberality.

The Grand Division held its annual session at Gardiner this week, with a large attendance, many prominent members of the order, in and out of the State, being present.

THE WAR.

There is much talk of intervention and armistice, but every thing moves on just the same. The French give England but little credit for her sudden movement in the interest of peace; believing that she is moved by fear of Russia. The Prussian forces around Paris are getting the big guns into position in preparation for bombarding certain portions of the city.

Of Bismarck's position a correspondent at headquarters writes as follows:—

Oct. 19th.—I had an opportunity to-day to hear Bismarck's opinion regarding the political and military situation. He declared that the position of Prussia had never changed from the hour of the declaration of war by France, to the present. Though compelled unwillingly to draw the sword, he declared that they never would sheathe it until Germany was safe from the future cruel assaults, ambitions and insensibility of her unprincipled neighbor. He makes the same declaration now, confident in the justice of the cause. Said Bismarck: "We anticipated victory, but it was left to the experience of war to teach us what guarantees would effectually accomplish the object we had in view at the commencement. The blood, treasure and suffering it cost us to win our past victories, convinces the Prussians that they can hope for no full security without reclaiming those territories wrenched from Germany for the purposes of aggressive lust and conquest. Prussia earnestly desires peace; but only a peace, which will give a full security for the future."

In reply to a question whether Germany is able to stand a long campaign, he said: "The people who talk of the exhaustion of Germany are utterly ignorant of the facts. We have large resources at hand and the hardest work is over. While we are anxious for peace, we have no fear for the future." Regarding an armistice, Bismarck said: "The chances of war complicate the negotiations for peace. Prussia is willing to listen to proposals seeking the end of the war, from any quarter likely to lead to practical results, in view of the demoralized state of France, no matter whether it comes from the Empire or the present Provisional Government, but an armistice is useless unless made so as to lead to peace."

It is reported that Garibaldi has defeated the Prussians, capturing two retrailleuses and 150 horses, and has made an effective disposal of a large force protecting Lyons from the advance of the Prussian. His command is daily increasing in importance. The Prussians withdrew all the troops they had sent beyond Orleans and are apparently expecting an attack there.

Dispatches from Tours announce that a young girl of that city is creating the most intense excitement by imitating Joan of Arc. Hundreds of enthusiastic persons have joined her standard. Her appeals for recruits are said to be singularly patriotic and eloquent.

The troubles at Marseilles are increasing. The Red Republicans are largely in the ascendant and are in open rebellion against the Republican authorities at Paris and Tours. They have gone so far as to offer a reward for Gambetta's head.

LATEST.—Under Berlin dates of the 27th, we have news of the surrender of Bazaine's whole army at Metz, numbering, according to King William's dispatch, 150,000, including 20,000 sick and wounded.

It is stated that the French Government will soon be obliged to leave Tours and go to Clermont.

The English Government is greatly annoyed by the resolute refusal of Russia to take any part in the recent attempt at negotiating a peace; and the attitude of Austria is equally unsatisfactory.

OUR TABLE.

THE RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE for Young People presents a very attractive number for November, but announces that it holds in reserve an abundance of good material for December. It opens with Pictures in Black, with Verses in Black and White; then follows another chapter of The House that Jack Built; and we have another instalment of Little-Fox Songs; the Fox contributes his share of the Chain of Stories; Jacob Abbott continues to tell How Railroads are Made; Lucretia P. Hale adds another chapter of Effie and Her Thoughts; Our Naval Heroes has an addition of Commodore Hull and "The Constitution"; there is an attractive chapter on Beech-nutting; and many more good things which we will not enumerate, with numerous fine embellishments, which always have a charm for young folks.

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

GODLEY'S LADY'S BOOK is out with a beautiful number for November, with a steel plate, "Our Contributors," a six-figure colored fashion plate; a large decorative sheet, containing 33 designs of dresses, and other articles of the wardrobe; riding habit; hats, bonnets, etc.; various designs for the work table, etc.; a fancy alphabet in colors. The literary attractions, too, are of a high order. This favorite magazine for the ladies will enter upon its Forty-First Year with the January number, and those who think of forming clubs had better commence at once. This magazine has many valuable features, peculiar to the work, which can be properly appreciated only by personal examination.

Published by L. A. Godley, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year, with favorable terms to clubs.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for November is remarkably good, and its young readers cannot fail to be delighted with its abundant supply of stories and other interesting reading and its beautiful pictures. Mrs. Whitney's story is one of the strongest and most attractive features; Mr. Twissbridge has a graphic sketch of a boy's visit to Pompeii; Mr. Barry's Lessons in Drawing are continued; there is a new packet of letters from William Henry; there is abundant entertainment around the wonderful Evening Lamp, etc.

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

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for October contains an elaborate review of Laurence Oliphant's "Piccadilly," now republished after a lapse of several years the author of which has proved the sincerity of his levelling notions by abandoning his position among the British aristocracy and allying himself to a communistic sect on the shores of one of the great lakes of this country. The other articles are: a continuation of Earl's Den; Fiction as an Educator; Boating on the Thames; Strangers in the House; The Fenian Raid and the Foreign office; two brief papers on the war by "Cornelius O'Dowd," and "The European Hurricane."

The four Great 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; any 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; wood 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 is but 56 cts. a year.

SCHIBNER'S MONTHLY.—Our old friend, "Hours at Home," we shall see no more; but in place of it, as we have previously announced at some length, we have a new magazine with the above title, profusely illustrated, and making a comely show inside and outside. Its pictorial and literary excellencies are seen even on a slight inspection, and we are confident that the more it is known the better it will be liked. The number opens with a humorous poem, "Jeremy Train," which thoughtfully assigned may be safely set down as the work of Dr. J. G. Holland, (Timothy Tiltcomb) the editor of the magazine. The two other illustrated contributions are—"The Bottom of the Sea," by T. Edwards Clark, and an account of a leading New York Orphan Asylum, by Mary E. Dodge. Two serial stories are begun—"Nataqua," by Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, and "Wilfrid Cumberland," by George MacDonald. There is a short story by Dr. Hayes, of Arctic Adventures; an essay on "The Bondage of the Pulpit," by W. C. Wilkinson; a characteristic poem by William Morris, and several minor pieces and editorial and literary departments. The new monthly makes a very good beginning, and having a field of its own will immediately attain a permanent popularity. It can be found with all periodical dealers.

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

THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.—For nearly a quarter of a century past, Benson J. Lossing, the artist-author of "Field Book of the Revolution," "History of the United States," etc., has been one of the most diligent and successful laborers in the rich field of American history, travelling over a wide circuit of country to procure sketches of various scenes and objects of historical interest—for it is his good fortune to be equally happy in the use of both pen and pencil.

Attractive and popular as all his works have been, Mr. Lossing's latest volume is justly considered the crowning success of his life—the title of which is as follows:—THE HOME OF WASHINGTON; or, Mount Vernon and its Associations, Historical, Biographical and Pictorial. It is a subscription book, being sold to the agents entirely, and is put forth by that enterprising firm, A. S. Hale & Co., of Hartford, Conn. It is a beautiful book, of ably quarto form, printed on superfine and elegant tinted paper, and got up in the highest style of the typographic art. A steel-plate portrait, from the celebrated painting of Gilbert Stuart, and an engraving of Mount Vernon, also on steel, embellish the front of the book, while the text of the work is illustrated with no less than one hundred and forty-eight of Lossing's charming pictures, *vis à vis* of interesting MSS., etc. The binding is both elegant and substantial.

"The Home of Washington" is undoubtedly the most complete, satisfactory, and delightful record ever prepared of the domestic and private life of "The Father of his Country." Every American is, of course, familiar with the General, the Statesman, and the President, but this work reveals to us the Man, in all the dignity and beauty of his personal character. It also furnishes a great amount of fresh and interesting matter, not attainable from any other source, and is the only work extant describing fully the condition, past and present, of Mount Vernon. Many of the illustrations describe articles of which the originals are now lost to the world forever—swept ruthlessly away by the storms of civil war.

It is peculiarly appropriate as a holiday gift book, and we commend this "household treasure" to the attention of our readers, whether book agents or book buyers. A. S. Hale & Co., the publishers, are a firm who publish only first class works, and equip their agents in the very best style.

THE NURSERY.—We can hardly imagine anything nicer for young children than this charming little magazine, with its wealth of pretty stories and bright life-like pictures. The November number is unusually brilliant and will not fail to make the eyes of little ones glisten with pleasure. Evidence of tact and good taste is seen on every page, and the work is heartily commended by parents and teachers all over the country.

Published by John L. Shores, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

THE ECLECTIC.—The November number of this rich repository of foreign periodical literature, has a fine steel portrait of Bernier, the great French lyric poet and song writer, and the table of contents is one of unusual interest and variety. The leading article, "Earl Stanhope's Reign of Queen Anne," is an excellent essay upon the second great period of English History; the next tells of an episode in the life of the great Frenchman, Fenelon; and the third, "About How the Old Egyptians Lived and Died," is a more attractive paper upon a subject similar to the one treated so consummately in the October number. Among the other prominent articles

we may mention the second of Prof. Seeley's lectures upon "The English Revolution of the Nineteenth Century"; "The Duel of the Nations," which treats lucidly of the causes of the present war; "Algal," which develops a most interesting discovery in astronomical science; "Portraits and Memoirs," a very pleasing collection of personal reminiscences; the "Romance of Medicine," which combines instruction and amusement in a rarely successful manner; and the commencement of what promises to be a very interesting and powerfully written story. There is a stirring "Ballad of Zaphier Fight," and other good poetry, and other departments are well filled, as usual. The Eclectic gives the cream of the foreign quarters, magazines, etc., and the man who thoroughly masters its contents every month will find himself posted on all current topics of interest.

Published by E. R. Felton, New York, at \$5 a year.

One night last week a saloon-keeper of Evans, Colorado, moved his establishment to the suburbs of Greeley. On Sunday the citizens marched in a body to the saloon, and compelled the proprietor to move his liquor, and then set fire to and destroyed the building. No liquor is allowed to be sold in or near Greeley.

A LADY who visited an Oshkosh (Wis.) hotel, and blew out the gas on going to bed, when awakened by a servant exclaimed, "Something's the matter with the air here in Oshkosh."

EUROPEAN & NORTH AMERICAN RAILWAY.—Chief Engineer Burpee has just been on a tour of inspection over the whole line of this railway, and reported by letter to the Company's office yesterday, that everything was working favorably. The line from Mattawamkeag to "Kingman's" is a distance of eight miles, will be ready for the rails by November 1st with the exception of a few deep and difficult cuts, which will be ready for the iron as fast as it can be furnished. On the line from the Calais road to Mattawamkeag, men are in on every mile, and the work of grading is going on very rapidly. The same may be said of the line between the Calais road and St. Croix which will be completely graded by Dec. 1st. Nearly eight miles of this road are already graded and ditched, ready for the iron. Between 500 and 600 men are constantly employed on the road, and the work is being pushed as fast as possible.—Bangor Whig.

THE PLACE FILLED.—Prince Amadeus, the young man who has accepted the situation left vacant a year ago by Isabella of Spain, is twenty-five years old, the second son of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, is brother-in-law of the King of Portugal and of Prince Napoleon, besides being Duke of Aosta.—These are his qualifications for the crown; and he being willing, and his father being willing, and all the brothers-in-law being willing, and the people of Spain having no objection, it is likely he will step into the vacancy and make himself, if no one else—comfortable.

A WESTERN CORNELIA thus maternally addresses her eldest jewel: "My daughter, you are now fifteen years of age, engaged to be married, and without a freckle on your face. I have done my duty."

SENATOR Morton has formally declined the mission to England, because the Democrats controlling the legislature of Indiana would elect his successor from their own party. He cordially thanks the President for this mark of his distinguished favor in tendering the mission, and the President has replied in terms equally friendly.

SINCE Queen Victoria took her place on the English throne, every other throne in Europe, from the least to the greatest, has changed occupants.

THE most prominent candidates for the presidency of the senate are M. D. L. Lane, of Cumberland County, Charles Buffum, of Penobscot, and Reuben Foster of Kennebec, who is speaker of the house at the last session. F. A. Pike, of Calais, is the most prominent candidate for speaker of the house.

Gov. Scott, of South Carolina, telegraphs to the Secretary of War that an outbreak occurred at Lauren's Court House on Thursday last. A band of ex-rebel whites in the interest of the so-called reform party attacked and destroyed the ballot boxes at the election of the day previous, and shot three officers of the State police. Gov. Scott asks for support from the United States, and Gen. Terry being apprised of the facts replies that he will support the executive of the State with any military aid he may require to restore order.

KANSAS City has had a bull fight, and has got enough of such sport to last her for the present. The Times says: "It was characterized throughout by the most bloodthirsty inhumanity on the part of those conducting the affair. At a signal, two half-starved Texan bulls were brought into the arena, and then began a series of beating, punching and gouging as to make the blood run cold. The attempt was useless—the bulls would not fight; and leaving the animals more dead than alive, the exercises closed." The Times protests, "in the name of common decency and humanity, against a repetition of the Spanish bull-fight."

INTERESTING TO COUNTRY GIRLS.—Everybody has heard of the curious bill of a Boston dressmaker by the name of Flint, (formerly of Maine, and near Waterville,) against a Revere House boarder by the name of Coobridge. Mr. C. had just married a beautiful girl, and signified to the dressmaker that he was able and willing to pay for making Mrs. C. one of the best dressed ladies of "her circle." When the dressmaker, six or eight months later, handed him a bill of over \$1800, she found him able, without the willing, and proceeded to try legal suasion. After the courts had made what they could of it, they referred the case to an auditor. "In the auditor's report, according to the Transcript, the charge for making the black suit was reduced from \$202.50 to \$89.50. Making and trimming purple silk suit, from \$172 to \$70.17. The famous \$15 a yard tea-rose silk sent to the vulgar suit of \$9.08 per yard; while the poor lace overskirt and fichu which it was claimed cost \$18 to make, had to content itself with only \$7.39. But the greatest of all reductions was in that *chef d'oeuvre*, that immaculate Hernani suit with its magnificent tea-rose silk trimmings, put on at the enormous expense of seven dollars a week! For this the modest sum of \$223.33 was asked, and \$82.48 awarded! The costs of court, which fell upon the defendant from the beginning of the suit, will be much less than the large discount the jury made upon the original bill. The auditor's fee for his long and patient examination of the case was \$250. The cost of the two trials were about the same

The Bangor Whig gives the particulars of the attempted highway robbery of Mr. Harden, at Ellsworth, and the arrest of his assailants as follows:—Mr. Harden, had closed his store for the night, and was walking home, when two persons came up one of whom struck him on the side of the head with a stick of hard wood, knocking him down. The blow partially stunned him, but he quickly regained his feet and shouted, whereupon the ruffians fled. Suspicion falling upon George Cook (lately released from State Prison) and Charles Royal—two "hard" fellows who had been about town together a great deal lately, Col. Spurling, Sheriff, went to Cook's father's house in the morning and enquired for George. The old man said he had not been at home since the day before, and possibly he might be at the mill. Col. Spurling thereupon went to the mill, where he saw George, who was piling slabs, start and run. He was soon caught. "Well, George," said the Sheriff, "you might as well give up—your chum has let the cat out of the bag!" "Has he?" replied George, "then I may as well tell my story," and he made a full confession, by which it appears that he and Royal had had the robbery in view for a week. They went to Mr. Harden's house three times the night of the assault before he returned home, ringing the bell asking if he was in. Finding that he was still at the store, they went back and laid in wait for him, with the result above stated. Royal has been arrested, but will not acknowledge that he was connected with the affair. Mr. Harden at first thought he was wounded by a pistol ball, the concussion was so great, but the appearance of the wound and the confession of Cook show that he was struck with a bludgeon.

STILL ANOTHER GREAT BANK ROBBERY.—The public are startled with another of the strange and audacious bank robberies that have been so common. On Tuesday night last the First National Bank of Grafton, Mass., was robbed of all its funds. The watchman, Mr. Daniels, was gagged and handcuffed. Five burglars were engaged in the robbery. The whole amount taken is estimated at from \$200,000 to \$300,000. The robbers gagged and bound the watchman and fastened him in the coal room. The watchman states that only five of the gang were in the bank, but they told him there were 12 in all. The burglars took away the bricks around the safe, being several hours at the work. After securing the treasure they made a hasty retreat about four o'clock in the morning. They stole a horse and wagon in the vicinity, which was found in Worcester, leading to the supposition that they came there and left on the early train. The bank offers a reward of \$10,000 for the capture of the thieves and recovery of the treasure, and Geo. F. Slocum, one of the directors, offers an additional reward of \$5,000.—[Courier.]

ANOTHER FEARFUL DISASTER AT SEA.—Steamship Cambria, which left New York on the 8th inst., for Glasgow, struck at 10 o'clock Wednesday night on an island on the north coast of Ireland and became a total wreck. Thursday afternoon a boat was picked up containing a sailor and the corpse of a girl. He stated that four other boats containing passengers left the steamer but none of them have yet been heard from. His own boat was upset and all drowned but himself. The Cambria left New York October 8th, with a cargo of wheat, flour, cheese, cotton, apples and barrel staves, and 127 passengers—42 cabin, 18 second class and 67 steerage.

The Superintendent of the Eastern Express Company has directed his agents to decline to forward money to parties in New York who advertise to forward counterfeit money. He says if the money is received the order is not answered. If ordered C. O. D., they send a package of trash not to be opened till paid for, in either case the sender being swindled.

IMPORTANT R. R. DECISION.—Judge Dickerson, who is holding court at Ellsworth, announced on Monday the decision of the Law Court in the Equity case, Kennebec & Portland Railroad Co. vs. Portland & Kennebec Railroad Co., and, dismissing the Bill. This is a matter of much importance, as it will relieve the defendant company from the assaults made upon its credit, and enable it to raise the means, it is hoped, in season to meet the city and town bonds issued in aid of the railroad, which fall due on the first of November of the present year.—[Ken. Jour.]

The Department of Agriculture has prepared a digest of reports on the condition of the crops for October, showing that the wheat crop of 1870 is 14 per cent less than in 1869, and the quality better. The corn crop of 1870 is the best for ten years. The estimates of the product is 250,000,000 bushels. Rye—yield in Illinois less than in 1869. Oats—crop is less than last year, excepting in the Southern States. The rye, oats, buckwheat and barley crops aggregate less than usual. The report indicates the average production of peas and beans—There is considerable reduction in potatoes, yielding from 15 to 44 per cent, in Western and Southern States. The sweet potato crop is unusually large. The cotton estimate in July was three and a half million bales, but the last months have been unfavorable and may reduce the total a quarter of a million bales. A large increase in the product of cane sugar is certain. There is no evidence of any large surplus to add to the supplies of the year.

An accident occurred on the Portland and Kennebec Railroad, at East Brunswick, on Thursday afternoon, by which one man lost his life, Geo. W. Crawford, conductor; and several passengers were more or less injured, but it is hoped not seriously. An empty platform car being thrown from the track brought the rear end of the first passenger car off the track and tipped the rear car over on its side.

JAMES Wellington was arrested in Bangor Monday for the larceny of a sum of money in Unity. He will be taken to Waldo county for trial.

Premiums awarded at the State Fair will be paid during this and next week, by mail, where necessary, "without any trouble to parties," says the Farmer.

Premiums of the No. Ken. Society may now be drawn on application to the Treasurer, I. H. Low. On account of short receipts, the Trustees have been compelled in accordance with the published conditions, to reduce premiums to one half of the sums offered.

The Universalists are holding a Sabbath School Convention in Auburn this week.

HORACE GREELEY has been nominated for Congress and is sick abed.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS of Maine are holding a Convention at Augusta this week. The attendance is reported to be large and the meetings very interesting.

BRIDGTON WEEKLY NEWS, is the title of Capt. H. A. Shorey's new paper. It is a very handsome sheet; and the editor's experience in Bath, with his native tact and good taste, will enable him to give his patrons the full worth of their money. Why didn't you send it sooner, Capt.?

They bury their dead in Dexter in a \$500 hearse.—[Ex.]

Do they? Here they bury them in the ground.

THANKSGIVING.—President Grant has appointed Thursday, Nov. 24th, to be observed as a day of Public thanksgiving and Praise—a day on which "to give thanks for the bounty of God during the year about to close, and supplicate for its continuance hereafter."

REV. S. P. SMITH, of the Canton Theological School, formerly of Augusta, who has been preaching for the Universalist Society at West Waterville for some time, has received and accepted a call to become its pastor, and will settle with them at the conclusion of his course at Canton (in July) next.

The stone piers of the new bridge are finished and doing service. The work on the western abutment is progressing. If the plank are on hand we shall soon report the bridge passable.

For sale, a Hinkley Knitting Machine, in perfect order—at the Mail Office.

A good family Sleigh, with phaeton top, never run, will be sold or bartered very low. Inquire at the Mail Office. Also, a few good grade fine wool store sheep, for sale, to let, or to hire kept—in small lots.

REV. CHAS. HAWLEY, Auburn, N. Y. says of OUR FATHER'S HOUSE: "Our Father's House," in style and topic, is as fresh as nature itself; and the wealth of illustration it brings from the material world to enforce religious truth, so in danger of hackneyed forms of statement, invigorating and must win for it not only a great popularity, but very wide usefulness. It will give me pleasure to commend its circulation in this vicinity, where "Night Scenes in the Bible," by the same author, met with a most favorable reception.

NO HUMBUG.—We do not wish to inform you, reader, that Dr. Wonderful, or any other man, has discovered a remedy that cures all diseases of mind, body or estate. And is destined to make our sublimity sphere a blissful Paradise, to which Heaven itself shall be—but a side show, but we do wish to inform you that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has cured thousands of cases of Catarrh in its worst forms and stages, and the proprietor will pay \$500 for a case of this loathsome disease which he cannot cure. It may be procured by mail for sixty cents, by addressing R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale at Drug stores. Dr. Pierce's private Government Revenue Stamp is on each package of the genuine.

A LARGE VOLUME would not contain the mass of testimony which has accumulated in favor of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry as a safe, efficient, and reliable remedy in curing coughs, colds and pulmonary disease. Many of the cures are truly wonderful.

FELLOWS' COMPOUND STREP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES will speedily and certainly arrest the depressing influences of disease upon the nerves and muscles. It restores the appetite and induces a disposition to take on healthy flesh. It causes the formation of living blood, strengthening the action of both Heart and Lungs. It sustains the system under trying circumstances, and causes the healthy development of all the organs necessary to our existence.

Every family needs to keep in the house, something that will cure headache, toothache, ache pain, lameness, bruises, cramps, and other kinds of pain and suffering, and what is there so good as Renne's Pain Killing Magic Oil. Try it. Sold by I. H. Low & Co.

WANTED.

At the Mail office a girl to set type. One living in the village preferred.

"The Best the Cheapest." GILBRETH Has a splendid stock of First Class Stoves, Hardware, &c. HE IS SELLING CHEAP.

His experience of over twenty years in the business, and a disposition to deal in the best quality, enables him to select a better class of goods than can be found in this part of Maine. Please call and examine and you will see they are from the most skillful manufacturers in the country. Having a large trade of course

He buys cheap and sells cheap.

J. H. GILBRETH, KENNEBEC FALLS.

Has a record of 100 yards in 10 seconds, of 1 half mile in 1:30 1-4, quarter 3:15 1-2 seconds. His oldest son ROBERT JOHN, won the 50 yards old pair at Waterville. His 8 years old son "Katie" won all, sold for five thousand dollars.

MAINE HAMBLETONIAN, has a grand old "Hinkley's Hambletonian," and is looking for a good one to sell for a doctor.

Has a record of 100 yards in 10 seconds, of 1 half mile in 1:30 1-4, quarter 3:15 1-2 seconds. His oldest son ROBERT JOHN, won the 50 yards old pair at Waterville. His 8 years old son "Katie" won all, sold for five thousand dollars.

MISCELLANY.

NOT LOST.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,
Spoken so low that only angels heard,
The secret of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men but marked by angels eyes;
These are not lost.

The sacred music of a tender strain,
Wrung from a poet's heart by grief and pain,
And chanted timidly, with doubt and fear,
To busy crowds who scarcely pause to hear,
These are not lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night,
Over solaced robes that once were pure and white;
The prayers that rise like incense from the soul,
Longing for Christ to make it clean and whole;
These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladden all our youth,
When dreams had less of self and more of truth;
The childlike faith, so tranquil and so sweet,
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet;
These are not lost.

The kindly plans devised for others' good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet, steadfast love, that strove to win
Some wanderer from the world's ways of sin;
These are not lost.

Not lost, oh Lord, for in thy city bright,
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light!
And things long hidden from our gaze below,
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know
They were not lost.

AN EARTHQUAKE AT SEA.—Capt. Preble of ship Ellen Goodspeed of Bath, writes home from Hamburg as follows concerning an earthquake at sea in July:

We were twenty-three days from the channel to the line, and thirty-six from the line to the Cape of Good Hope, having had light airs and calms all the way. We came south of Tasmania and up between that and New Zealand. On the 5th inst. made Macaulay Island, and at 1.30 felt a very severe shock of an earthquake which caused the ship to tremble violently. It lasted one and a half minutes. We were about eight miles from the island at the time. At midnight made Raoul Island and saw an active Subterranean Volcano near the shore in the S. W. Bay of the island. It drove up a dense column of steam and smoke to the height of from 2000 to 3000 feet, with such force that the wind did not seem to have any effect upon it till it was lost in the clouds. The water assumed a singular appearance. It was almost as black as ink and looked more like ink than like water. It was two days before it resumed its usual color. The steam observed the Heavens for a distance of more than fifty miles each way from the island and seemed to affect the wind so as to make it blow from all points of the compass toward the island.

A writer in Good Health says that the average weight, all the year round, of that portion of a woman's clothing which is supported from the waist is between ten and fifteen pounds; and that if a woman was sentenced to carry such a weight about for a number of years, for some great crime, the punishment would be denounced as an inhuman one; yet thousands of women daily endure such a punishment voluntarily, because it is the custom, and because they do not know the bad effects likely to follow it. The writer earnestly counsels women, not to adopt an attire similar to that worn by men, but to have their clothing suspended from the shoulders, by which dangerous pressure on abdominal muscles would be avoided.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—Saturday morning about nine o'clock, a sad and most terrible accident occurred in the town of Waldoboro, on the Knox & Lincoln Railroad. In making a dirt excavation, the bank caved in, burying four men. Elijah Condon of Friendship, was crushed by a rock weighing about a ton and a half, so that he lived but a few moments; Zenas Condon, his brother, had his back broken, and would probably die; James White of Nova Scotia, had his thigh broken, and James Donovan, an Irishman, had a leg and arm badly fractured, the latter requiring amputation near the shoulder joint. Both the Condons are married men with families. White and Donovan are unmarried.

When the Mississippi cavalry, retreating from Corinth, had joined Pemberton's army at Grenada, a lad came riding into camp, one day, crying out to the soldiers that he had brought important news from headquarters. "What is it?"

"A flag of truce from Grant."
"From Grant! What does he want?"
"Nothing much; only he says he wants to conduct the war on civilized principles; and as he intends to shell this here town, he requests that the women and the children, and the Mississippi cavalry be carefully removed out of the way of danger."—[Harper's Drawer.

Henry Ward Beecher said in his Sunday's sermon that, "We are not to believe that hell is literally a place of fire and brimstone any more than we are to believe that Heaven is really paved with golden paving stones. No one believes this; if they did there would be more misers anxious for their soul's salvation."

The friends of the Rev. John Allen, famous on every Methodist camp ground in New England as "Camp-meeting John," celebrated his golden wedding with many pleasant ceremonies in Boston, Friday evening.

One of the female medical students at the University of Michigan is something along in years, and isn't ashamed to let people know it, having registered herself as 52 years old.

A man, C. C. Lane by name, was taken out of Babb's saloon on Saturday night, 8th inst., to the Biddleford House, where he died in a short time. He was a clerk or waiter in that establishment. As this is the third person, within the last ten months, that has died or been carried out as good as dead, from this place, it is a somewhat unpleasant commentary on the nature of the goods (?) there sold, as also a dim reflection upon the owner of the building, who is a member of an evangelical church in this city, and in good and regular standing.—[Biddleford Journal.

The Sister of Charity, who is nursing Marshal McMahon says that he never uttered a complaint during the dressing of his wounds. No matter how they cut and backed in the frightful wound, which completely traversed his thigh, and in which a boy ten years old might turn his fist around, not a groan was heard. Whatever is given him, whatever is done for him, his reply is always, "Very well, my good Sister."

The divers who visited the wreck of the United States ship Housatonic, off Charleston harbor, a short time since, say they found the little torpedo-boat that was commanded by Lieut. Dixon, lying alongside of her, and having on board the skeletons of the eight men who volunteered for the enterprise.

What relation does a tenant bear to his landlord? A pay-rental relation.

New Firm.

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

BOOT & SHOE BUSINESS,
And will continue to occupy
The Old Stand opposite the Post Office.

Where will be found a full assortment of
BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,
For Ladies, Gentlemen's & Children's Wear.

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

We shall manufacture to measure
GENTLEMEN'S CALF BOOTS,
BOTH PEGGED AND SEWED.

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

Waterville, March 1, 1870. O. F. MAYO, A. L. MAYO.

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

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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 had have at all times a full assortment of

FURNITURE,
Lounges, Mirrors, Featherers, &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 offered in Waterville. Also

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

Burial Caskets and Coffins always on hand, at satisfaction. Prices

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

MIRRORS, LATEST STYLES, and all the latest and most improved PAINTING Furniture done at all times

All of the above goods I sell as low as any one in Waterville will or can. All I ask for customers to price them, and judge for themselves before purchasing.

REPAIRING AND PAINTING Furniture done at all times. C. H. REDINGTON.

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Kendall's Mills Column.

"Goods Well Bought ARE HALF SOLD."

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

FLOUR,
offered by LAWRENCE & BLACKWELL, at the

Grist Mill, Kendall's Mills,
This is no "advertising gas;" we are actually selling

splendid bargains, as our already large and rapidly increasing trade fully shows. Our stock is fresh, shipped

direct from our mill, and is complete in all grades required in a first class flour business.

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

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

REMOVAL.
DR. A. PINKHAM,

SURGEON DENTIST,
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

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

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

E. W. McFADDEN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

AND
Insurance and Real Estate Agent.
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

DR. G. S. PALMER,
DENTAL OFFICE,

over
ALDEN'S JEWELRY STORE,
opposite People's Nat'l Bank,

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

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

OFFICE
OVER I. H. LOW'S APOTHECARY STORE, OPPOSITE THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE,
Main-St., Waterville, Maine.

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

House, Sign, and Carriage Painting.
A. W. NYE,

At the old Silson Stand on Temple St.
Will be pleased to receive orders for House, Sign, and Carriage Painting, Graining, Paper Hanging, and Glazing.

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

Waterville, April, 1870. 45.

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

OPPOSITE THE P. O., WATERVILLE, ME.
Dr. Watson has been engaged in the general practice of Medicine and Surgery for more than twenty five years, and has also a very large Hospital experience. 50

L. P. MAYO,
Teacher of Piano-forte and Organ.

Residence on Chapin St., opposite Foundry.

WRITING DESKS
AND BOOK CASES made to order at REDINGTON'S.

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

L. T. Boothby,
FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.

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

Burial Caskets
AND Coffins, at REDINGTON'S.

WINDOW SHADES
AND Fixtures, at REDINGTON'S.

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

In White Gold band, Gold and colored band, Gold and Decorated Dinner Sets, 125 to 300 pieces.
Hanging in Prices from \$50.00 to \$150.00.

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

6m 61 No. 1, MAIN STREET, BANGOR, MAINE.

Burial Robes and Shrouds
Of all kinds, ready made, constantly on hand and very much cheaper than can be obtained elsewhere, at
C. H. REDINGTON'S.

SASH RIBBONS.
In all colors. For sale by E. & S. FISHER.

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

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES,
DIFFERENT STYLES, just received at REDINGTON'S.

SPRING BEDS,
NUMEROUS kinds at REDINGTON'S.

Horse Blankets and Heavy Robes,
A GOOD assortment, for sale cheap, at
G. L. ROBINSON & CO'S.

Oil Cloths,
In good variety, at REDINGTON'S.

PARAOLS
In BUFF, BLUE, GREEN, BLACK, &c. &c. For sale by E. & S. FISHER.

CAUTION.
I HEREBY forbid all persons trusting or harboring any of my family on my account, and shall pay no debts of their contracting. JOSEPH ROWE.

GOODS DELIVERED
ACROSS the Railroad bridge free of expense, from REDINGTON'S.

SCOTCH SUITINGS.
A SPLENDID line at the GOLDEN FLEECE.

FARMERS!
INSURE IN THE PHOENIX
Assets, \$1,575,000. L. T. BOOTHBY, Agent.

SPRING CARPETS,
at REDINGTON'S.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Summer Arrangement.
TRAINS will leave Waterville for Lewiston Portland, Bangor and intermediate stations at 5 A. M. (Freight), and 10 A. M.

Leave for Bangor and intermediate stations at 6 A. M. (accommodation), and 10 P. M. (Freight). Leave for Portland and intermediate stations at 10 A. M. (accommodation), and 10 P. M. (Freight).

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