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Maxham & Wing

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"A letter for ye, Miss Granger," and Bridget laid it on the table beside the young lady, and went away.

Edith took it up and a bright blush suffused her cheek as she recognized the handwriting of her address. She opened it with a little flutter of joyous expectation, and glanced about the room in pleased recognition of the fact that she was alone.

She had read it all once and again; every word was engraved on her heart; yet she would read it many more times ere she grew weary of the pleasant task.

"And he loves me—asks me to be his wife," she murmured, folding and pressing it to her heart. "How strange when Belle is so much more beautiful and attractive in every way than I! Ah! I am surely the happiest girl in the land."

She sat musing for some minutes—the glad, sweet smile still playing about her mouth, the love-light yet shining in her eyes—then turning to her writing desk and selecting a tiny sheet of delicately tinted and perfumed note paper, and envelope to match, she wrote a few lines on the one, and an address on the other. She looked fixedly at the latter for a moment, then threw it aside and directed a second with more care. Her hand had trembled a little in writing the address on the first.

"Miss," said Bridget, again appearing this time with a card, "there's a lady in the parlor askin' to see ye."

"Thank you; say that I will be down in a moment," Edith answered; and as the door closed on the servant she began a careful perusal of what she had written. She would not for the world that he should find in it the smallest mistake, and she would satisfy herself that it was not lacking in proper maidenly reserve, nor yet too cold and formal.

This done, it was quickly folded and put into the second envelope, and that sealed and stamped.

She had been writing to home friends and others, and a little pile of letters, all ready for the post, lay on the table beside her desk. With a smile and a blush this was slipped in among them. Then the other, to which it was an answer, received another, though hasty perusal, was again pressed to her heart, and the next instant had found a resting-place within the bosom of her pretty morning dress. It was far too precious to be exposed to the gaze of other eyes.

A glance in the mirror to see that nothing was amiss with her toilet, and Edith stepped lightly down the stairs and into the parlor, where a fashionable young lady-friend somewhat impatiently awaited her coming.

The call was allowed to become rather unfashionably long, it being one of farewell; for Edith was to leave that night for her distant Western home in Chicago. "Then another call and another succeeded till she grew restless with the thought of the importance that her letters should go by the next mail, and the fear that they would be too late for it."

At last she knew it not, worse consequences than that were to result from her unwilling detention in the parlor.

Fearing that her delay had already exhausted the patience of her caller, she had hurried from her room without gathering up her papers, or closing her writing desk. And thus Belle Stanton found it on her return from some errands for herself and her guest, on which she had gone out very soon after breakfast.

From Bridget, who admitted her, Belle learned that Miss Granger was in the parlor, detained there by callers; and that she had also received a city letter.

At that last piece of intelligence, Belle's face paled and flushed, and paled again.

"Could it have been from him?" she muttered, as she hurried up the stairs, unceremoniously opened the door of her friend's room, and walked in.

One hasty glance around showed her the open desk, the pile of letters by its side, and that no one was there to watch her movements. With quick but cautious step she drew near the table; and taking up the letters, she eagerly scrutinized the address upon each. Her great black eyes flashed, her white teeth were firmly set, and she half stamped her foot with rage as she read upon one the words, "Walter Maynard, Esq., No. 42—Walnut Street, City," traced in Edith's delicate and graceful chirography.

"Yes, it was from him, and this is her answer. Oh! if I only dared open and read it! Has she accepted him? Bah! of course she has; what woman in her senses would be fool enough to reject such an offer? Wretch! I could crush her, to think she should stand before me the very one, the only one, of my admirers that I cared to win. Father and mother ought to have had more sense than to bring her here; and for such a long visit. Yet, who would have dreamed that she, with her plain face and simple ways, could have captivated me out?"

And Miss Stanton glanced admiringly at the face and form reflected in the opposite mirror. Then her look came back to the letters, and she stood for several minutes with them in her hand.

"If I only dared to destroy it," she muttered, "or even to open and read it. And if I could find his. But, of course, she'd be careful to hide that. I dare say it's lying against her heart this minute," she added, with a bitter sneer. "But what's this? Another envelope directed to him, I declare! Not quite so prettily written, eh? But well enough for my purpose; for I have it now. Mr. Walter Maynard shall at least be tortured by suspense for a little while, and mayhap lose his ladylove altogether. A fit punishment for his desertion of me for a newer face."

As she muttered the words between her clinched teeth, the envelope was hastily examined, and being found empty, was sealed and stamped. Then the little pile of letters was carefully replaced exactly as Edith had left it, except that the empty envelope was substituted for the full one directed to Walter Maynard. That Belle still held in her hand, while again she glanced about the room. She could not quite make up her mind to destroy it, but it must be hidden somewhere. A pair of tall, rather narrow, crossed-vaser stood upon the mantle; they were merely ornamental, never used, never looked into, and not transparent. A happy thought struck her; she hastily crossed the room, and standing on tiptoe, dropped the precious letter into one of them, tending it a trifle to secure its fall to the bottom. She heard a turning away with a triumphant smile, and muttered, "I'll take it out sometime; but it'll be there for years and nobody be the wiser."

At the same instant the door opened, and Edith entered. Belle started and colored guiltily, but her friend scarcely noticed, so engrossed was she with her own happy thoughts.

"So you have brought me the books?" she asked, glancing at a parcel on the table. "Thank

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you very much; for as all my packing is still to be done, I should hardly have had time to go for them."

"You're very welcome. And now, as I have my things on, you'd better let me mail your letters. I see you have several of them there ready, and if they don't reach the lamp-post within the next ten minutes, they'll be too late for the next gathering up."

Edith hesitated and blushed.

"I'll promise faithfully not to look at the address on a single one," said Belle holding out her hand for them with a teasing laugh.

"I don't like to trouble or tire you," objected Edith; "you have already had quite a long walk."

"Nonsense! I'm not a bit tired, and it won't trouble me in the least. The nearest lamp-post is hardly a square-off."

Edith was more than half reluctant to accept the offer, but as the putting on of her own walking dress, hat, and gloves would consume some little time, she saw that this was her only chance of sending her letters in season; and taking them from the table—as she did so, adroitly slipping out of sight, between the other, the one that bore her lover's name—she put them into Belle's hand, saying with a smile and a blush: "I shall be much obliged; for one is to Aunt Clifford, to let them know when to expect the home; and it ought to go by the first mail to insure its reaching her in time."

"All's fair in love, and she'd no business to come here and cut me out," muttered Belle, as she slipped the empty envelope into the letter-box.

CHAPTER II.

It was a mild spring day, and Walter Maynard sat at the open window of his office. The postman, as he passed, handed him three letters—two encased in yellow envelopes directed in large, bold characters, the other a tiny, delicately tinted and perfumed thing, bearing his name and address written in a graceful female hand—a hand which he had seen several times before, and now recognized with a thrill of delight, which was yet not wholly unmixed with doubt and anxiety, as pushing the others aside, he carefully broke the seal of this.

His countenance fell; blank astonishment, bitter disappointment, deep chagrin, and burning anger and indignation were by turns written on his frank, handsome features. The envelope was empty. He tossed it from him, set his foot upon it and ground it into the floor with the heel of his heavy boot, then snatched it up again, tore it into fragments and threw it into the grate.

"I will forget her! she is unworthy of me; utterly unworthy of such love as I have lavished upon her!" he groaned, dropping his face into his hands. "A rejection kindly worded and showing some sympathy for my disappointment, would have been hard enough to bear; God knows, but this—this is ten times worse; for it can mean nothing but scorn, contempt, and aversion. And yet how utterly unlike any thing I could have imagined of! so modest, so gentle, and unassuming; so modestly, yet evidently pleased with my attentions."

He rose, shut the window, seized his hat, and going out, hurried down the street with giant strides, vainly striving by rapid motion to still the tumult within his breast, and withdraw the barbed arrow that was ranking in his heart.

CHAPTER III.

EDITH WAS ON her knees before a trunk in which her skillful hands were rapidly bestowing the various articles of her wardrobe, while Belle, insisting upon being made useful, stood by giving gratuitous advice, and now and then handing something from the table, the bureau, or the bed.

"How happy you look," she remarked; "I declare I do believe you're glad to leave us; and it's a real shame, considering how much we all think of you."

"O Belle! I don't; I'm sure you must know I'm sorry to leave Philadelphia, where everybody has been so kind to me; and especially to part with you and your father, and mother, and Juliette; but still one can't help feeling a little glad at the thought of home, after six months' absence."

Edith's tone was very earnest.

"Ah! well, I'll forgive you, if you'll look a little sorry before you go," laughed Belle, adding to herself, as she turned away to hide the gleam of malicious satisfaction in her eyes, "and that I think you're pretty sure to do, my lady, for doubtless that letter was expected to bring him here to-night. Happiness is very becoming; I didn't know she could look so pretty; but it won't last."

All the afternoon that sweet love-light was in Edith's eyes, while ever and anon, when sitting in silence and unconscious of observation, soft blushes came and went on her fair cheek, and smiles dimpled about her mouth. But as evening drew on the blushes and smiles became fewer and fainter, till they ceased altogether, and the brown eyes no longer shone with joy and love, but were filled with a sad, wistful, troubled look.

Tea had been over for some time, her trunk stood ready in the hall, the hour for leaving was drawing near, and yet she came not, though he had said if his suit was accepted he would come and take her to the cars. "At every ring of the door-bell she started and trembled, and strained her ear to catch the sound of his step or voice. Alas! all in vain and her heart sank lower and lower."

The family were all gathered in the parlor, and Juliette, Belle's little sister, came and sat close by Edith's side. The child had grown close by Edith's side, and was very fond of the young lady's guest, and was grieving sadly that she was about to leave them.

"I wish you wouldn't go," she said. "I wish you'd stay always; and so does Mr. Maynard, for I asked him and he said yes. I wonder why he does not come to say good-by; I'm sure he ought to when he likes you so much."

"Nonsense, Juliette! what a rattle-pate you are," exclaimed her sister.

"You've almost made Miss Granger cry. You look sorry enough now, Edith. I wouldn't it I were you, I wouldn't care for him if he didn't care for me," she added in a malicious whisper close to Edith's ear.

An indignant flush rose to the fair cheek, and the soft, brown eyes, almost flashed with momentary anger.

But the carriage was announced, the adieu was quickly said, and she presently found herself on the way to the depot in company with

Belle and her older brother, Albert Stanton. They talked gayly and continuously, but Edith sat in almost total silence, battling with her tears, forcing them back to their fountain, and vainly questioning with herself as to the cause of her lover's failure to keep his promise. "Had her letter miscarried? Had he met with some accident, or been taken suddenly ill?" she could only ask, but no answer came to relieve her torturing suspense. Yet there was still a lingering hope in her heart that he might meet her at the depot or on the train.

The same idea had occurred to Belle also, and she insisted upon going into the car with Edith, and remaining close by her side till the last minute. Then they parted, the one to return home full of malignant triumph, the other to go on her way with a sad and sinking heart, wondering if ever she should hear of Walter Maynard again, or if otherwise, life could have in it one ray of brightness for her.

CHAPTER IV.

It was Christmas Eve. There were sounds of mirth and revelry in Mr. Stanton's house. The parlors were ablaze with light and filled with guests, Mrs. Stanton's set—whom she was entertaining there, while in the rooms overhead her little daughter Juliette endeavored to do the same to some of their children. Belle was away, spending the holidays in New York; and so there was no need to invite her companions at that time.

To Belle's great vexation and chagrin, Walter Maynard's visits to the house had been very rare since Edith Granger went away, but he was there to-night in compliance with a very urgent entreaty from little Juliette, that he would attend her party. Belle complained that he had grown sullen and morose, but Juliette never found him so, and to-night he entered heartily into the sports of the children.

They were playing "Hunt the Thimble." It became his turn to hide it. The little party had been given the range of several rooms for the evening, and leaving them hiding their eyes in one, he passed on into another, the same that had been occupied by Edith during her last winter's visit—a fact which had come to his knowledge through Juliette, who was very fond of talking of her young lady friend.

He thought of Edith as he crossed the threshold—thought of her with mingled pleasure and pain, for he had never yet been able to tear her image from his heart, nor had he ever learned why his offer had received so strange and unkind a response.

He stood still for a moment, full of these thoughts of her, then a little voice calling out from the next room reminded him of his errand. He glanced about him; the vases on the mantel caught his eye.

"Just the thing, if, as I presume, they are empty," he said to himself, stepping softly across the floor. He took one down and looked into it. Something white lay at the bottom, and then came over him a sudden and irresistible impulse to learn what it was. He drew it forth and—could he believe his eyes? It was a letter directed to him, in Edith Granger's handwriting. He started and staggered as if struck by a heavy blow.

The vase had well-nigh fallen from his hand; but he recovered himself, set it carefully back in its place, and dropped the thimble within it. His brain was in a whirl; he could not restrain his impatience to learn the contents of the missive so mysteriously lost and so strangely recovered. He closed the door to guard against interruption, tore open the envelope, and at a glance took in the purport of the few lines written months ago in answer to his avowal of love and offer of his hand. There could be no mistake, for date and name were both there; and how his heart bounded at the words of frank yet modest avowal that he was not an object of indifference to her, and bidding him come, as he proposed, should his offer be accepted, and accompany her to the depot.

But the children were growing impatient and he heard them coming in search of him. He thrust his new-found treasure into his breast pocket, and throwing open the door, summoned them to hunt the thimble. Then beckoning a servant aside, he told her where he had hidden it, and intrusted her with a message of apology from him to her mistress, to the effect that she must pardon his sudden departure, as he was unavoidably hurried away by urgent and most important business.

In a handsomely furnished parlor, a young girl was sitting alone. It was the evening of the twenty-sixth of December, a time of general merry-making and festivity, but Edith had no heart for such things now, and had begged to be left at home alone while the rest of the family were enjoying themselves at a grand concert.

She tried to read, but finding it impossible to fix her attention upon the author's words, laid her book aside, and seating herself on a low ottoman beside the glowing grate, fell into a deep reverie, her thoughts travelling back to the time of her visit to Philadelphia, a year ago, and to the great joy and bitter disappointment the last day had brought to her.

Not one word had she heard from Walter Maynard since, nor had she ever obtained the slightest clew to the mystery of his failure to keep his appointment. But she knew that he was living, and in health and prosperity, for Belle Stanton, with whom she occasionally corresponded, had now and then spoken in her letters of his visits to her father's; and from other sources she had heard from him as rising in his profession.

For a time she had indulged a faint hope of hearing from him, but it had died a lingering and painful death, and she felt that he had treated her very ill; yet, still love pleaded that there might be some excuse she little dreamed of.

A quick ring at the door-bell started her. The next moment the parlor door was thrown open, and—could she believe it?—he stood before her—he with the same manly bearing, the same bright, beaming face as of old; and what strangely mingled regret, love, and joy spoke in his glance, and in the deep tones of his voice, as he held out his hand, saying, "Edith, dearest, will you, can you forgive me the wrong I have done you? I ought never to have treated you so, and I ought never to have read with-out a personal interview. But on that day the mail brought me nothing from you but an empty envelope; and scarcely forty-eight hours have elapsed since your true answer came into my hands."

"Walter, is it possible? Ah! then I have nothing to forgive."

Edith's hand had been placed in his, her waist

encircled by his arm, ere his apology was half made. Upon comparing notes, they had little difficulty in conjecturing to whom they owed the failure of their true love to run a smooth and even course; but in the gladness of their reunion they were almost willing to forgive and forget.

The Stantons were spending the summer at Saratoga. The season was one of unusual gaiety, into which none seemed to enter with greater zest than Belle. She was constantly carrying on a flirtation with one gentleman or another. But while outwardly chafing, sorely, over the disappointment occasioned by the non-appearance of Walter Maynard, who she had hoped would follow her thither; for indeed he had said that he would; and she lived upon that promise from day to day.

The evening was cool enough to make the spacious, well-lighted parlors of the hotel very comfortable, and most of the guests were assembled there, some promiscuous in arm, others sitting or standing about in little groups, engaged in lively chit-chat. On one of the sofas sat Juliette Stanton, amusing herself by watching what was going on around her.

"Look, Belle, look!" she cried out suddenly to her sister, who stood near, flirting with a New York exquisite; "there is Mr. Maynard; and with my Edith on his arm, too. When ever did he find her?"

And without waiting for an answer, she slipped off her seat and ran to meet them.

"Mr. Maynard and Miss Edith, too, how glad I am to see you!" she cried, giving a hand to each, and claiming a kiss from the lady. "Mr. Maynard, why did you run off in such a hurry from my Christmas party? I've never had a chance to ask you about it before."

"Because this lady sent for me."

"Did she? Why how odd! But come speak to Belle; she's just over here."

She led the way and they followed.

"Miss Stanton," said Mr. Maynard, "allow me to introduce my wife. An empty envelope kept us apart for a time, but the faces becoming propitious, a long-hidden letter, fortunately discovered by the proper owner, brought us together again."

It was a complete surprise, not a whisper of the engagement having reached her ear, or a suspicion of the discovery of the lost letter crossed her mind. And the look he gave her—saying as plainly as any words that he knew all—how it humiliated her; while the proud smile bestowed upon his bride was as a dagger to her jealous, envious heart. For an instant her cheek grew deadly pale, then the color rose to her very hair. But controlling herself by a mighty effort, she called smiles to her lip, and to her tongue soft words of congratulation and wishes for their future happiness.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.—A correspondent, fresh from reading the reports of a convention of prison reformers, offers this suggestion for their meditation:

It has been repeatedly declared by our courts of justice, and demonstrated by prison statistics, that full three-fourths of the crime committed in our land, is in consequence of the use of intoxicating drinks. This being an admitted fact, what course of action should be adopted to suppress this destroyer of the lives, liberties, and best interests of any community?

Why is it that when our great and good men meet for the reform of prison discipline, or the establishment of asylums for imbeciles, reform schools, and kindred objects, that no voice is heard, no suggestion made to prevent the evils which all so deeply deplore. Surely the old adage that "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," would apply with intensified force in this case. No other evil, with but a tinge of its baneful influence, would be so tolerated. Who does not know, that if the combined influence of the religious, moral, tax-paying community, could be brought to bear upon this subject as it should, a remedy would soon be found?

GETTING RID OF DOUBTS.—The way to get rid of doubts in religion, is to go to work with all our might and practice what we don't doubt. For example, there's the sermon on the Mount. Nobody has any doubt about that, there it lies—plain enough and enough of it—not a bit of what's called, theology in it. Not a word of information to settle the mooted questions men wrangle over, but with a direct answer to just the questions any thoughtful man must want to have answered, when he looks at life. Is there a father in the heavens? Will he help us if we ask? May the trouble of life be our discipline? Is there a better life beyond? And how are we to get that? There is Christ's philosophy of life in that sermon, and Christ's mode of dealing with actual existing society; and he who undertakes in good faith to square his heart and life by it will have his hands full. The world has been traveling eighteen hundred years and not come fully into the light of its meaning. There has never been a Christian State or a Christian nation, according to that. That document is in modern society just like a lump of soda in a tumbler of vinegar, it keeps up a constant commotion, and will do so till every particle of life is adjusted on its principles. The man who works out Christ's teachings into a palpable life-form preaches Christianity, no matter what his trade or calling. He may be a coal heaver, or he may be a merchant, or a lawyer, or an editor—he preaches all the same. Men always know if when they meet a bit of Christ's sermons walking out bodily in good deeds; they're not like worldly wisdom, and have a smack of something a good deal higher than common sense, but when people see it they say, "Yes—that's the true thing."—[Mrs. Stowe, in "My Wife and I."

WINTER EVENINGS.—These long winter evenings in the country may be made of all pleasant times the most delightful to the children of any family. Try it, dear overworked mother; forget that you are growing old, and for once at least, an hour after supper, make one of your children's amusements. Try and remember some games of your childhood and teach them how to play them. Join in their mirth and child noise if they grow noisy. If you can read aloud well, read them some pleasant sketch or story in the last magazine or paper. Be sure they will enter into the spirit of it, even if it seems to you beyond their comprehension. Encourage them to talk to you of the trials and pleasures of the day at school, and send them to bed with the happy feeling

that there is no place so pleasant as home, and no woman on earth like their mother. It takes but little to please children. Simple pleasures are their delight and the greatest safeguard amid the temptations that will beset every one of them, at school and as they go out into the world, is the memory of the happy fireside that awaits them at home.

We visited not long since where a family of little ones from twelve years old, down to the wee one of three, were hushed into silence on their seats for an hour or two after supper and then marched to bed on tiptoe, lest "father" should be annoyed while he read in his arm-chair the evening paper. We were not surprised when ten o'clock came, to see two elder boys come in from the street, where they had been learning lessons they will never forget. We did not think it strange that they found no attractions in a home like that! But if music and cheerful games and entertaining reading had been the order of the evening around the fireside, they would have preferred to stay there. Think of it, mothers and sisters, and strive to make the evenings of winter delightful to all who dwell with you—even if at first it requires some sacrifice.—[By Mrs. Ellen S. Tupper.

And agent of the American Missionary Association furnishes this fresh illustration of the peculiarities of human nature:

On a Sabbath afternoon in the autumn of 1867, I presented our cause in a crowded house in the town of —. In the course of my address I noticed, in front of me, a fine looking, well-dressed man, bearing all the marks of wealth and high social position. His eyes, riveted on the speaker, were brimming with tears, rendering necessary the frequent use of his handkerchief. Indeed, he seemed so moved and interested that I almost forgot the great auditory around me, and talked and pleaded with him alone. When I reached the home of the good deacon with whom I stopped, I described my auditor, and found that he was what I expected, a leading citizen, wealthy and of high social standing.

The deacon, too, noticed his emotion, and said, "I know what he gave; how much do you think?"

I replied, "I should not suppose that a man in his circumstances could afford to be moved as he was for less than ten dollars."

"Ten dollars!" was the reply; "he gave three cents!"

Tears, I have since learned, oftentimes flow from very shallow springs. But I still wonder how a man could weep so much for "three cents!"

LEONARD CHANTE, known as the Newburyport "fire-bug," has received a life sentence to the State Prison for numerous incendiary acts in that city and vicinity.

CANADIAN OPINIONS.—A dispatch from Toronto says that the Canada papers representing various political parties, express great satisfaction at the appointment of the Commission to settle the difference between England and America. They consider that the appointment of the two Canadian statesmen of the Commission secures a just representation of Canadian rights. They express the hope that the result of the deliberation will be a fair settlement of all differences, and that each country will go on its own way trying to do what is fair, and right to its neighbors. They say, "We don't wish to be annexed to our friends across the line. Let both countries understand this, and if we cannot become one nation let us continue good neighbors and good customers to one another, as in the past."

"GO" AND "COME."—"If you want your business done," says the proverb, "go and do it; if you don't want it done, send some one else." An indolent gentleman had a freehold estate, producing about five hundred a year. Becoming involved in debt, he sold half the estate, and let the remainder to an industrious farmer for twenty years. About the end of the term the farmer called to pay his rent, and asked the owner whether he would sell his farm.

"Will you buy it?" asked the owner, surprised.

"Yes, if we can agree about the price."

"That is exceedingly strange," observed the gentleman; "pray tell me how it happens that while I could not live upon twice as much land, for which I paid no rent, you are regularly paying me two hundred a year for your farm, and are able in a few years to purchase it?"

"The reason is plain," was the reply; "you sat still and said go; I got up and said come. You lay in bed and enjoyed your estate; I rose in the morning and minded business."

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but friction. Fear secreted acids; but love and trust are sweet juices.

A lad named Albert Richardson thought he would have some fun at school at Brewer so he put a lot of pepper on the stove. The result was the biggest fit of sneezing ever undertaken in Brewer. His father the next day paid \$10 and costs for Albert's fun, and then gave him a severe "strapping," which the lad thought was no fun at all.

DEATH OF ALICE CARY. Alice Cary, well known as one of the sisters Phoebe and Alice Cary, poetesses and contributors to various magazines and periodicals, died in New York on Saturday, after an illness of eighteen months, during which her sufferings were very severe. During the forty-eight hours preceding her death she was entirely insensible.

A colored minister opened the New Jersey Senate with prayer the other morning, and the Camden and Amboy Railroad has not thrown up its charter, either.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.—The great obstacle to a practical interpretation of our Lord's life is that its foundation principle is ignored. Men try to live the outer life, without the inner life, and, of course, fail. "My kingdom is not worldly," said our Lord once to his disciples, and the context shows what he means. It is this: The whole principle of Christ's kingdom is the opposite of shrewd, calculating, worldly philosophy. In the world, men advance by demanding. In Christ's kingdom, men conquer by yielding. In one, men rise by making other people suffer; in the other, men rise by suffering themselves. The world's beatitudes are, "Blessed are the rich," Christ's, "Blessed are the poor." The world's principle is greatness through power of commanding; Christ's principle is greatness through perfection of service. "If any man will be great among you, let him be your servant; and he that will be chiefest among you, let him be servant of all."—Rev. James Beecher.

HOW TO CLEAN CHROMOS.—In answer to numerous inquiries Prang's Chromo says: When you clean them, use a soft feather brush, or wipe them with soft chamois skin (a drop of oil may restore clearness), or with a fine linen rag very slightly dampened. Always tenderly. Next, whenever the original varnish coating is dulled, bruised or rubbed, re-varnish it with thin, mastic varnish.

Chromos like oil paintings should not be hung in a dark room, but in one with diffused light; and never exposed to the direct rays of the sun. The chromos after water colors keep and display better when placed under glass, as they lack the protecting cover of the varnish. The larger chromos, after oil paintings, display, as a general thing, best when framed like original paintings. It is not necessary to put any of these under glass; it is a matter of taste—preserving them, at the same time, from dust and rough handling.

CONUNDRUMS FOR THE SEXES.—For the girls: Could you love a man who wore false hair on his head when he had enough of his own? who painted his face and improved his form as you improve yours? who pinched his feet with small shoes, his hands with small gloves, his waist with corsets; and then, as if he had not deformed himself enough, tied a huge bustle to his back, and thrust tiny mountains of wire into his bosom? For the boys: Could you love a girl who daubed her upper lip with lamp black? who dangled her mouth with tobacco, and loaded the air with fumes of cigars? who staggered home several times a week the worse for liquor? who swaggered round the streets with questionable companions?

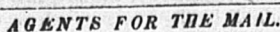
One of the most surprising things about modern London is the rapidity of its growth. Notwithstanding its already enormous size in 1849, not fewer than 225,323 new houses have been added to it since then, forming 69 new squares, and 5,831 new streets, of the total length of 1,030 miles! Nor has the growth of London apparently been checked, notwithstanding adverse times; for 5,167 houses were in course of erection in the month of February last. In short, as the French observer said of London, "It is not so much a city, as a province covered by houses."

RELIGION TAKES THE MAD OUT OF PEOPLE.—So said a little girl of five summers during our late meeting. This little girl knew quite well that her father, who was a member of the church, was at variance with an ungodly neighbor, for she had heard the matter talked of in the family circle. When that neighbor, who would not speak to her father, became a seeker of religion, the subject of their difficulty was often discussed in her hearing. She came to the conclusion that they were mad with each other.

When this little girl, who was a member of an infant class in our Sunday school, saw her father approach the penitent neighbor at the mourner's bench, and saw the revenged man leap from his seat and throw his arms around the neck of her father, and rejoice aloud, and when she saw him meet her mother also in the aisle with similar demonstrations of forgiveness and joy, her little head began to reason, and the conclusion she reached was this: "Mother, religion takes the mad out of people."

Here is embodied thought for a volume—fine motto for a sermon. Let who will work it out.—[Religious Herald.

HOW TO GET RID OF STUMPS.—W. G. Comstock, of East Hartford, Conn., wrote that when in the Northwest recently, he was told of the practice in the Superior region: "In the fall, bore an inch or an inch and a quarter hole, according to the size of the stump, vertically into the middle of the stump, eighteen inches deep, and put into it an ounce to an ounce and a half of saltpeter; fill the hole with water, and plug it up." In the spring, take out the plug, and put into the hole half a gill to a gill and a half of kerosene, and ignite it. It will go on burning without any blaze until the whole stump to the extremity of the roots is consumed, leaving nothing but ashes. The stump must be moist; an old dry stump



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relating to either the business or editorial departments of the
paper should be addressed to 'MAXHAM & WING, OF WATER-
VILLE MAIL OFFICE.'

LATER.—Since the above was written, a bill has been reported by Mr. Minot, chairman of the Committee on Interior Waters, exempting Augusta from the provisions of the fish law for three years. O, yes; let those poor fellows off for three years, and by that time, with the aid of Augusta (a centre of political manufacture

The Kennebec Journal says that Mr. Lang has sold Gen. Knox to New York parties for \$10,000.

The St. Sebastian is being spanned by a free bridge contracted and planned by Thomas Hull, chief engineer of M. C. B. R. Times are dull throughout the whole South.

The sudden reduction of cotton from 20 cts. to 12 cts. created a great depression in the cotton business, and the planters throughout all the cotton region in the south felt discouraged. Many of them had mortgaged their farms for

(For the Mail.

WEST WATERVILLE, February 15, 1871.

The drought is occasioning serious inconvenience to the manufacturing establishments throughout the country, and many mills are running on short time. It is a pity that more of our almost unbounded supply of water power was not usefully employed.

every member of the Legislature and every hanger-on at the Capital.

A WRITER in the London Lancet says a most instantaneous relief for facial neuralgia can often be obtained by the application of oil of peppermint to the part affected.

missioners. Bill to exempt railroad and steamboat companies from liabilities where free passes are given passed to be engrossed. The bill to exempt females from arrest for debt was indefinitely postponed.

He buys cheap and sells cheap.
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(CONTINUED.)

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MILBURN KNOX

Has a record at Garbagesquash Park, Providence, of 1 half mile in a race 1:10 1-4, quarter 34 1-3 seconds.

His oldest colt **HONEST JOHN**, won the 4 years old stakes at Waterville.

His 8 years old colt "Knox-them-all," sold for three hundred and Dollars.

"MAINE HAMBLETONIAN,"

A grandson of "Nystad's Hambletonian." See advertisement in Maine Farmer or send for a description.

