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Maxham & Wing

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## SOWING IN TEARS.

MARIE DUCHESNE.

HERE in the twilight valley-land I sow,  
In the dim twilight sowing, with a prayer  
That the seed fall on good ground, while I go  
Onward, nor wait to see the grain appear.

While still before me stretch the barren fields  
Up the steep mountain sides, where now I tread,  
Far on the good land lies, where breaks the day,  
Where the blind see, the hungry ones are fed.

But may I enter? I, who bring no sheaves!  
'Twas twilight yonder, and I could not see!  
These fields are heavy with their golden grain—  
Let me a gleaner mid the reapers be!

[From Harper's Bazar.]

## THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

NOTHING could have been more unfortunate for Badroul Basoun than Mrs. Boabdil's visit. Some people are so much thistle-down; individually insignificant, formidable with a favoring wind! Now, there had been a breeze that morning in Aladdin's palace—about the wonderful lamp, of course! Badroul Basoun insisted that a wonderful lamp in a family is a pest; the very notion of the generations of pretty little Mrs. Aladdins, who had scoured and burnished the lamp, and lived and loved in its light, and now were dead and gone, crumbled away into ashes and dust, gave her a chill; and Aladdin pestered her about the lamp. In virtue of its magic sympathies, if there was gloom and unkindness in the house it burned low, and if it burned low there was damp discomfort every where, spite of fires and sunshine. It was worse than a lively conscience, this lamp. Conscience can be stifled. The lamp burned clear for nothing short of peace and love, and so backed up all Aladdin's arguments; and Aladdin argued a great deal lately. He was growing cross and neglectful. Some times he forgot to hold the door open for her. He would talk with that stupid Simmons about geology by the hour; and when she cried because he forgot to kiss her, he said, "Bother! That was the word—Bother!" And then he went out, and shut the door so hard after him that it jarred the whole palace, leaving poor little Badroul Basoun in a passion of indignation to debate whether she should or should not sell the lamp, burning with a flickering, reproachful flame.

It was then, of all times, that Mrs. Boabdil, of all other people, must drop in for a chat, and ferret out the whole truth in five minutes.

"Headache, my dear? Yes, yes; I know what such headaches mean; and Mrs. Boabdil peered intelligently into the little woman's quivering face. "It is the old story. There was a time when I had such headaches myself."

"But you had no lamp, you know?"—Badroul Basoun only half relished the Boabdil partnership—"and it is the lamp that causes our trouble. Oh dear!" breaking down into sobs, "only to think how Aladdin left me this morning! If I ever marry again, though I am sure I don't want to, my husband shall not have a wonderful lamp in his family. Aladdin actually slammed the door, Mrs. Boabdil!"

"They all have wonderful lamps," quoth Mrs. Boabdil, grimly, "every soul of them."

Badroul Basoun looked up in quick astonishment. "But our lamp, Mrs. Boabdil—it has been in the family for centuries. It has a history of its own. They say 'instinctively lowering her voice'—that the very existence of our house depends upon it."

Mrs. Boabdil darted a glance of extreme scorn, first at the dim-burning lamp, and then at the speaker, and answered, oracularly, "Oh! the general sheepiness of women!" Then, patting Badroul Basoun's shining hair: "My dear, excuse me, but women are so like sheep, coming on one after the other to be gullied by the same stories, to attempt the same impossibilities, to shed the same tears—in short, to play the fool in exactly the same way, century after century! I declare I lose patience! Aladdin spends his evenings out, and you are blue, and the lamp burns low, and it is your fault for being sulky; Aladdin snaps, and you snap back; the flame flickers—your fault again; you are twisted and lectured all day long by that bit of brass, and you are not to rebel, for it is a wonderful lamp, part and parcel of the Aladdin fortunes; a magic talisman, for which you are to be thankful; and meddle with it at your peril, for touch that and the very roof vanishes from over your head! No wonder that the law lords women and idiots together! As if the whole thing were not a masculine invention for insuring good behavior, a one-sided juggle!"

"You are much mistaken," broke in Badroul Basoun, hotly.

"Oh! am I? and there was about Mrs. Boabdil that air of thorough conviction so disheartening even to the bravest. "The lamp is a juggle and a failure in every other case."

"I have yet to see one in any other house," out in Badroul Basoun. "There is the house on the hill, and Dr. Antrim's, and Cousin Frank's, and Mr. Macabee's, and Inwood. If such lamps were in the market you would see them there."

"But I have seen them there," retorted Mrs. Boabdil. "I saw each couple light such a lamp, and set it reverently over their hearth. In each house there has been the same shock, the same terror, the same sharp awakening, intolerable disappointment, and gradual, enforced resignation. Do you doubt it? You will make calls to-day. Go and ask them in what forgotten corner they have thrown the lamp lighted with such fond reverence and tender vows. Ah! Badroul Basoun, yours is the old story, poor child! 'As inevitable as the winter's snow.' More so. It would be easier to get out an almanac of a married life than one for the year; and the sooner you dismiss your dreams and illusions, and accept the fact, however unpleasant, the better."

Badroul Basoun got up from among the cushions, and looked at Mrs. Boabdil with a terrified face.

"Do you mean to say," she asked, drawing her breath fast, "that there are no married people who enjoy a lasting happiness and an enduring love?"

"I mean to say," answered Mrs. Boabdil, with a satirical smile, "that doubtless God might have made such a couple, but doubtless God never did."

Mrs. Boabdil delivered herself of this abominable sentiment with the air of quiet conviction that marked all her talking. There was this formidable element in the woman—she believed in herself. Then you are to understand that for weeks Badroul Basoun's heart had been sore, and she had fretted. This was her first year of married life. She knew life as she had seen it in her father's drawing room. She believed that her love and Aladdin's had attained its full growth; also that it was incapable of any change; also that it was immortal. She held that her own character was formed, quite and complete. She knew nothing about Aladdin's outside world, considered it of small importance, and naturally wondered when it jarred against hers. Aladdin was, if he had known him, a very good fellow, but he was puzzled with the whims and wonderful reasoning of his princess, and inclined to make too little of what to her were serious matters. They were in the transition

state that comes sometimes before that closer union that I think might be called the true marriage. Their inexperience needed some angel: a word fitly spoken: some gracious and loving woman; and an evil wind blew them—Mrs. Boabdil!

"I don't believe that," said Badroul Basoun, quickly. "It is not right to say such a thing, Mrs. Boabdil."

"Oh! of course not. Call indifference love, call dissensions happiness, and see how much good it will do you. Shut your eyes to the facts. The Macabees are your next-door neighbors. Mr. Macabee vows he would rather attend a funeral than a wedding. Mrs. Macabee is ill in bed, her eyes quite in the back of her head, her breath coming in labored gasps, when Mr. Macabee can't find this mustard. Up comes Mrs. Macabee as if on a spring, her arm straight out, her finger pointing, and, 'Was there ever such a stick as John Macabee?' cries the all but dying woman. Their quarrels and her lectures are the amusement of the village; and yet I remember when John Macabee nearly killed Jim Larkin only for an impatient look at his Beesie; and for the lamp, bless you! you would have supposed it would have burned on their tomb, to hear them talk when they lighted it. I tell you it was always the case. There are all manner of shades and variations in the method of doing it; but the two souls that in the poet's dream are to grow into one, in the reality fall apart; and the lamp, having been discovered to be simply a *carin blanche* for the husbands, is silently set aside. You talked of the house on the hill. Its eldest son has just married, and I saw him with his young wife, wreathing their lamp with roses. The old people looked on with a sort of uneasy sadness. Old Mr. and Mrs. Ratcliffe are a very respectable couple, but should you ever suppose they had been lovers? Well, my dear, Mrs. Ratcliffe was the beautiful Anna Rich, and her cruel guardian was determined that she should never marry Harry Ratcliffe; and only to get a look at her the young gentleman bribed her coachman, and drove the ladies himself to a ball; and now the two look on, as I tell you, uneasily at their handsome son and his pretty wife; and Mrs. Ratcliffe says, with a sigh, 'Ah! they will soon get over that.'"

"I don't believe it!" That was poor little Badroul Basoun's only argument against her tormentor. "Mr. and Mrs. Ratcliffe may do as they like, but I never will believe that Aladdin will not care for me, and that I shall be indifferent whether he comes or goes. I love him better than all the world, and I would rather die than be turned out of his heart. There!" And Badroul Basoun looked at Mrs. Boabdil like—well, say, like a ferocious dove. All unheeding, Mrs. Boabdil goes on with her argument.

"Neither would I believe it, my dear, only I am afflicted with eyes and ears. There is your cousin Frank. She washes and brushes Nellie and Sallie; she gives directions about little Peter and Jim and Cad. She orders the dinner, and gets up the wash, and snubs the grocer, and buys the curtains, and plans an alteration in the drawing-room. She is wanted constantly by somebody all day long, and wears a fagged, unrested look. She consults her husband's whims, but she has no illusions about him. I heard her tell Mollie the other day, 'Girls are great fools; why can't they see that men are only grown-up boys?' And her husband is a good one, as husbands go. He provides liberally for her and the children, and spends about four hours awake in her house, and interchanges ideas with her about sugar and butter, and differs from her on every point, and secretly wonders that certain other ladies outside have so much more sympathy with him. They never quarrel; but could two souls live further apart? You spoke of Inwood. I should like to know if Mrs. Inwood is any thing more than an upper-housemaid? What does she know of her husband's plans and projects? He goes whirling all over the Union, to carry out schemes of which she hardly knows the name. He has a whole world, an entire life, into which she never gets a peep; and he would no more dream of troubling himself about her inner life than of inquiring into the sentiments of a mouse or a canary-bird. Is that a union of two souls, or a partnership? And these are the respectable, everyday examples—the average! I don't mention Dr. Antrim, who has not spoken to his wife in fifteen years; or Mrs. Carr, who treats her husband to a set of hysterics a day; or Mr. Martin, who throws cups of tea at his wife, and kicks the baby; or Mrs. Talmadge, who is stitching away her life to support her deserted children; or Mr. Johnson, who regularly staggers home intoxicated; or Mrs. Simon, who gives her husband cold meat for dinner, leaves the baby to scream, and trips away to a concert; and yet you know all these people. They are not examples laboriously culled from newspapers, but your neighbors, living just around the corner or across the street; men and women who started as fairly as you. Why do you the inevitable inference, and cry out as if you were specially hurt, and insist that you will prove the exception to the law? Be a brave woman. Call a spade a spade. Give up your one-soul theory; put out that rubbishy lamp; take a business-like view of the situation; prepare to assert your equal rights in your partnership. Give up being an angel, and you will fare all the better as a woman who has her eye-teeth out."

"I don't want my eye-teeth out, and you must not speak to me like that. I will not listen to it!" cries poor little Badroul Basoun, quivering with wrath and grief; for though she had all along stoutly declared that she did not believe, she did believe; and the poisoned shaft remained, although the enemy fled. What right had she to expect exemption from the common disaster? It was coming already. It was plain enough that Aladdin was no longer interested in his home. He would stay away for weeks together, like that disagreeable Mr. Inwood; and she would grow stout and dull, like Mrs. Ratcliffe. She was losing her looks already; and the rest of her life would be given over to basking and sewing and housewifery. Oh! what a dreadful stretch it looked; for she could not reasonably expect to die under any phase or forty years yet! "Call a spade a spade!"—miserable formula, with which has been buried, how many times, all the grace and tenderness of a life. Aladdin's income was limited, and certain little economies and prudent inventions had been Badroul Basoun's great delight, because they were for love's sake. How miserable they looked now! "Call a spade a spade, and do away with the one-soul

theory." Her marriage, then, was simply a business partnership, on a very small capital; a poor speculation. If there was to be no love, no romance, no self-sacrificing tenderness, no steady growth of affection, to make petty cares sacred, and give a motive for daily exertion, why then was Badroul Basoun, and many other women, most miserable. Mattie, for instance. Her speculation must have proved even worse than Badroul Basoun's. She had married an enterprising young engineer, and was living somewhere in rooms, and almost all the girls had cut her.

In Badroul Basoun's frame of mind she was very much at the mercy of each new impulse. Now that she had remembered Mattie, she was possessed with a feverish desire to go and find her; to get to Mattie's experience; to know whether she was frantically despairing or stupidly resigned. Consequently, just as Mattie was triumphantly setting in the last piece in the sleeve of a gown, which I mean to make immortal, there came a tap at the door—Badroul Basoun.

"You darling!" cried Mattie, enthusiastically. "Think of an angel, and—You know the proverb. I was just thinking of you."

"For the first time, I am afraid; you remember, I made the last call six months ago." Meantime the two young women performed the customary feminine embrace; and Badroul Basoun thought to herself, "How happy she looks; and what a cozy drawing-room!" while Mattie commented to herself, "She has been crying, poor thing!" saying briskly:

"But, dear Badroul, I have so little time. You forget how horribly poor we are. I am my own maid. There is an old woman who comes here, and does what Jim calls the drudgery, because he insists that I am not to do it; and, my dear, pursued Mattie, with misanthropic eyes, "she scrubs the doors in the dish-water, and washes the marbles last; and then I just do the whole thing over quietly, and say nothing about it, for Jim can't afford to pay a more efficient woman. So you see!"

"You poor child!" murmured Badroul Basoun compassionately, and feeling that she ought to thank her stars that Aladdin was not in such straits as that.

"Poor!" Mattie pulled up a hassock in front of her guest, and, sitting down, took Badroul's hands in hers, and looked up in her face with eyes full of brightness. "I am so glad you said that, for I want to talk to you about it. I can talk to you, dear Badroul; I know we are poor, from the India shawl and point lace points of view; and though I don't care much about India shawls, I should like at least a Tilly Shorby to wait on me, you know, and a grand piano, and a microscope for Jim, one of the expensive sort, you know; and a table-cover to match the carpet—I like things to match; and walnut bookshelves in those spaces there; and a set of your china; and oh! Badroul, to feel that I could wear as many white wrappers and ruffled skirts as I like! I was always extravagant about such things; and yet don't you think we are very cheerful here?"

"I was thinking," admitted Badroul Basoun, in surprise, "that I had never seen so cozy a place. One would suppose you had a lamp like that—is it I mean—when—?" She stopped short, blushing scarlet, and looking distressed; but Mattie was preoccupied with her argument.

"Why so we have; that is just it. We have just such a lamp, and you know how different every thing looks in its light. To piece out a sleeve is a dull, miserable, poverty-stricken business, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed," assented Badroul, warmly. "I hate it. I had rather lose a garment than spend my time eking it out. I really believe."

"Well, now, see here!" and Mattie held up triumphantly the gown on which she was sewing when Badroul came. "Do you want to know how many pieces there are in this sleeve! I twenty-seven, my dear. Think of that! And I enjoyed putting them together. Actually, in this light, it looks prettier to me than your suit—though that is lovely, by-the-way. Jim brought home the dress for a surprise, and denied himself, poor fellow; to buy it; and then bought a short pattern, you see. One sleeve was lacking; nothing but shreds to make it. But I was so determined I really believe that I stretched the cloth; and then, as I worked, I had such happy thoughts about this good, brave heart, all devoted to me, that the lamp shone brighter than I ever saw it. The room was full of a light that you could feel as well as see; and there I was saying to myself what a clever fellow Jim was, and how brave and determined in fighting our way up hill; and with it all, how tender and thoughtful for me. And I would not change places with the finest lady that orders her dress-maker to send home five dinner dresses and three carriage dresses, all by next Wednesday; not I!"

Mattie stopped short, and there was certainly tears in the eyes of both women. Badroul spoke first:

"Dear Mattie, I am glad you are so happy; but—"

"Well—but what?"

"I hate to say it, Mattie, but there are so many unhappy marriages, and so many respectable people who are just as indifferent to each other as sticks of wood or blocks of ice. They get on perfectly well, but they don't care for each other. Don't you believe—I am afraid—that in every house, sooner or later, even where there is a lamp like ours, it goes out?"

"No, I don't!" Mattie says this very stoutly, and evidently preparing for defense.

"But Mrs. Boabdil says statistics would prove—"

"My dear Badroul, what have we got to do with statistics, aren't we statistics ourselves—a part of them, I mean? When a woman like Mrs. Boabdil comes to me with her statistics, I just say, 'Madam, by your leave'—and down dipped Mattie in a Lancashire courtesy that made Badroul laugh—"I am a very small fish, but I see perfectly what the other minnows are doing in the pool in which I live, and I am not going to be drowned in your ocean of statistics."

"But, Mattie, if they prove—"

"Dear Badroul, hear me out. Do you deliberately believe that God has created a beautiful sham on purpose to wreck us all and break our hearts? That is what it would amount to, you know, if there was no real, enduring love—outside of the romances. And for the statistics, what are they but the records of people like ourselves? If Mrs. Boabdil brings them to me, how do I know but she has invented them, or is mistaken? But I do know that I am hap-

py, and I could mention a dozen others in a breath who are just as happy; and that is much more satisfactory authority than Mrs. Boabdil."

Badroul Basoun sighed deeply. Mattie eyed her keenly; and then she said, very softly, and blushing, "Badroul, I should like to tell you something—something I never told any one before. There was a time after our marriage, when I really fancied myself unhappy. Jim is a clever fellow always planning something, and he does a great deal of thinking, and doesn't like to be disturbed; and often he comes home completely tired out; and of course it is not reasonable to expect that he could always be on the alert, as an evening in our courting days, when he came to me for only an hour or two. But I got in my silly head that he was growing indifferent. I pouted and sulked, and I am really afraid to think of what might have happened, only for Aunt Maria. Do you remember her, my dear? She is as sweet as she looks, and always has led the happiest life. When I told her, in a perfect passion of tears and misery, all my misgivings, she only smiled and said, 'The two grand mistakes again!' Whereupon I was all curiosity to know what she could mean; and this is the answer she gave me:

"I am an old woman, Mattie, nearly at the end of a long married life, in which I have also seen many other married lives, happy and unhappy; and so many wives, sensible women otherwise, thinks that a husband's love is to be measured by the number of bows and compliments he makes her; and so many men and women think their love a finished thing—no longer subject to laws of growth! If that was so, it would then be subject to decay, and in time would crumble away, like the stones and bricks of a building. But, on the contrary, it is a tree to grow; and sometimes it will be visited by sunshine, Mattie, and sometimes by cold, nipping weather and storms; but it will bring you together so closely that in the end you will be indeed one, and each day your love will bring you a little nearer heaven."

"Now, Badroul, of course I knew that, but I had never thought of it before in just that way; and ever since, when there comes to us any little vexation, I only say, 'But we are growing together into heaven, for all that!' and so we are. Why Badroul, what are you crying about?"

"That night Aladdin came home somewhat doubtful, and inclined to be sulky, and found Badroul Basoun radiant, and the house full of the brightness of the wonderful lamp. That blessed little Mattie!"

WHAT IS LIFE?—A friend sends us this reverie-rhapsody:

We have been writing way off into the night. The ticking of the clock—it brings tears to our eyes,—that steady, light, heavy,—light, heavy,—light, heavy,—oh! 'tis ticking one life away!

What a little incident! Yes, but it has turned all our thoughts. We were writing a letter to an old friend, a noble-hearted, genial but dignified, Harvard scientist. We were forgetful of time and place, of the howling storm outside, and the loud "tick tick," "tick tick," "tick tick."

Ah, what a start it gave us—it was only a little mouse; how quick we felt the shiver of the storm blast outside the window! We kept turning around, now, very cautiously, to see if it is still lying there on the cold, iron grate. We half expect to see that it has really scampered off, that it is again jumping about over the floor and running cunningly under the chair, to jump out again over the rocker and scamper off frightened, then to come bounding back, stopping, of a sudden, cautiously, then advancing boldly, then standing toyingly, then springing away to hide. Hark! No, it is still lying there on the cold grate.

It was cruel, and we can scarce write it. He has squeezed his little body under the door, and then, of course, not harming us, really amused us with his playing. He, doubtless, thought it quite a new sensation to be on a carpeted floor; so he told us plainly how he enjoyed it. But we soon happened to think of a neat (?) way to trap him, and all so quickly and so quietly, that it was immediately done. Having put the edge of the mat under the door, so he could not get out, and then made a run-way under the mat, all was fixed. So we rattled the sofa, when away little dot scampered, not across the floor as he had done when less fearless, but sliding the wall, like the Trooper's man, "Phil." He found the gate-way closed, so he sprung by and went around the large room, past chairs, secretary, stove, once more to the sofa. Then again we started him on his travels. Poor fellow! he dodged into the little run-way under the mat. He then, very deliberately, knelt down to his death. A hand at each end of the run-way,—a drawing of them together,—a trembling little lump,—a heartless pressure for a moment.

Then came a revelation of feeling and sorrow that we could not undo the game we had just played so basely. We hesitated, disliking to lift the mat. Turning it back, slowly, we saw him there, looking to us just as he had done a minute before, but stirring not. Had anything escaped up through the mat and between our fingers? We had not seen anything fly away. Cautiously we touched the warm body of little *mus*. It did not tremble. The thumping of a little heart has ceased; and, yes, the ticking of our watch has stopped. Is the watch dead, like the mouse? How did life get out of this golden casket, so tight? Alas! but have we not the key? and can we not make it live again? Here: "tick, tick, tick, tick." So, after all, you are not like poor, little *Mus*. Here, the key to whose breath we have not. What beautifully bright eyes those are, *Furry*; how pleading they look, and so like back, but lusterful garnets! What cunning teeth, and curious ears, and delicate whiskers! Your whole "make-up" is a great marvel. But the life-principle, where is that? Ah, we have long sat at the feet of Agassiz, but have yet to learn what life is. To Huxley we have looked, and still uncertainty fills us. We have been a lover of rocks that we might know a little of the ancient forms of life. We have handled fossils, studying them eagerly; what life is, we do not know!

To-night, the fires have gone out. The third fire in our room, that within our own breast, may soon be burning low even as the lamp which is not getting quite empty. What is life! And what is it to die?—[Advance.

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Then came a revelation of feeling and sorrow that we could not undo the game we had just played so basely. We hesitated, disliking to lift the mat. Turning it back, slowly, we saw him there, looking to us just as he had done a minute before, but stirring not. Had anything escaped up through the mat and between our fingers? We had not seen anything fly away. Cautiously we touched the warm body of little *mus*. It did not tremble. The thumping of a little heart has ceased; and, yes, the ticking of our watch has stopped. Is the watch dead, like the mouse? How did life get out of this golden casket, so tight? Alas! but have we not the key? and can we not make it live again? Here: "tick, tick, tick, tick." So, after all, you are not like poor, little *Mus*. Here, the key to whose breath we have not. What beautifully bright eyes those are, *Furry*; how pleading they look, and so like back, but lusterful garnets! What cunning teeth, and curious ears, and delicate whiskers! Your whole "make-up" is a great marvel. But the life-principle, where is that? Ah, we have long sat at the feet of Agassiz, but have yet to learn what life is. To Huxley we have looked, and still uncertainty fills us. We have been a lover of rocks that we might know a little of the ancient forms of life. We have handled fossils, studying them eagerly; what life is, we do not know!

To-night, the fires have gone out. The third fire in our room, that within our own breast, may soon be burning low even as the lamp which is not getting quite empty. What is life! And what is it to die?—[Advance.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, was so delighted with Foreyette Wilson's poem of "The Old

py, and I could mention a dozen others in a breath who are just as happy; and that is much more satisfactory authority than Mrs. Boabdil."

Badroul Basoun sighed deeply. Mattie eyed her keenly; and then she said, very softly, and blushing, "Badroul, I should like to tell you something—something I never told any one before. There was a time after our marriage, when I really fancied myself unhappy. Jim is a clever fellow always planning something, and he does a great deal of thinking, and doesn't like to be disturbed; and often he comes home completely tired out; and of course it is not reasonable to expect that he could always be on the alert, as an evening in our courting days, when he came to me for only an hour or two. But I got in my silly head that he was growing indifferent. I pouted and sulked, and I am really afraid to think of what might have happened, only for Aunt Maria. Do you remember her, my dear? She is as sweet as she looks, and always has led the happiest life. When I told her, in a perfect passion of tears and misery, all my misgivings, she only smiled and said, 'The two grand mistakes again!' Whereupon I was all curiosity to know what she could mean; and this is the answer she gave me:

"I am an old woman, Mattie, nearly at the end of a long married life, in which I have also seen many other married lives, happy and unhappy; and so many wives, sensible women otherwise, thinks that a husband's love is to be measured by the number of bows and compliments he makes her; and so many men and women think their love a finished thing—no longer subject to laws of growth! If that was so, it would then be subject to decay, and in time would crumble away, like the stones and bricks of a building. But, on the contrary, it is a tree to grow; and sometimes it will be visited by sunshine, Mattie, and sometimes by cold, nipping weather and storms; but it will bring you together so closely that in the end you will be indeed one, and each day your love will bring you a little nearer heaven."

"Now, Badroul, of course I knew that, but I had never thought of it before in just that way; and ever since, when there comes to us any little vexation, I only say, 'But we are growing together into heaven, for all that!' and so we are. Why Badroul, what are you crying about?"

"That night Aladdin came home somewhat doubtful, and inclined to be sulky, and found Badroul Basoun radiant, and the house full of the brightness of the wonderful lamp. That blessed little Mattie!"

WHAT IS LIFE?—A friend sends us this reverie-rhapsody:

We have been writing way off into the night. The ticking of the clock—it brings tears to our eyes,—that steady, light, heavy,—light, heavy,—light, heavy,—oh! 'tis ticking one life away!

What a little incident! Yes, but it has turned all our thoughts. We were writing a letter to an old friend, a noble-hearted, genial but dignified, Harvard scientist. We were forgetful of time and place, of the howling storm outside, and the loud "tick tick," "tick tick," "tick tick."

Ah, what a start it gave us—it was only a little mouse; how quick we felt the shiver of the storm blast outside the window! We kept turning around, now, very cautiously, to see if it is still lying there on the cold, iron grate. We half expect to see that it has really scampered off, that it is again jumping about over the floor and running cunningly under the chair, to jump out again over the rocker and scamper off frightened, then to come bounding back, stopping, of a sudden, cautiously, then advancing boldly, then standing toyingly, then springing away to hide. Hark! No, it is still lying there on the cold grate.

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Is the place to buy goods of any description. A nice line of  
**BOOTS AND SHOES.**  
A good stock of  
**DRY GOODS.**  
A full stock of  
**GROCERIES.**  
And as good an assortment of  
**FLOUR**  
as can be found in town, embracing the lowest, also the high  
grades of St. Louis manufacture.  
The highest market prices allowed for all kinds of  
PRODUCE in exchange for GOODS.  
Please call at the Cash Store.  
**MITCHELL & GILMAN.**  
West Waterville, Dec. 1870.

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Now is the Time to Subscribe!  
HARPER'S, Atlantic, Galaxy, Scribner's New Monthly,  
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A FEW more of these Comfort Boots, for ladies,  
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TO ORDER,  
Of the best stock and at the lowest prices,  
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CHAMBERLAIN'S, and genuine Old Castle Soap, for sale  
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**IRA H. LOW & CO., Druggists.**

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We have now ready for sale, at our Repository at  
Waterville & Kendall's Mills,  
A large stock of elegant and thorough-bred SLICES,  
which we will sell  
**CHEAP.**  
Also a General Assortment of  
**FANCY GOODS.**  
Orders for MUSIC, BOOKS, &c., not on hand, respect-  
fully solicited and promptly attended to.  
Friends and the public generally are invited to give us  
a call.

**WANTED!**

AT KENNEBEC COTTON MILLS,  
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

**CARDING ROOM HELP,**

WEAVERS, & SPINNERS.  
Apply at the mill to  
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Books that no family can afford to be  
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**ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY,**

Incorporated 1810. Charter Perpetual.  
CASH CAPITAL, \$3,000,000.00.  
Losses Paid in 51 years, 28,000,000.00

**ASSETS, (At Market Value.)**

Cash in hand and in Bank, \$801,148.45  
Real Estate, \$25,918.14  
Mortgage Bonds, \$15,160.00  
Bank Stock, \$1,448,896.00  
United States, State, and City Stock  
and other Public Securities, 2,294,132.50  
Total, \$5,705,050.00

**LIABILITIES.**

Claims not due, and unadjusted, \$293,918.04  
E. G. MEADER, Agent.  
WATERVILLE.

**SERGE & LEATHER BOOTS.**

FOR Ladies and Misses, selling low  
at MAXWELL'S.

**PIANO FOR SALE.**

A choice second-hand Piano, in good  
condition, is offered for sale on easy terms. Apply to  
Winslow, Jan. 14, 71—2m25—**JOHN BUCKNAM.**

**FOR SALE, CHEAP!**

A LARGE lot of Druggist's Tincture and Powder  
Bottle, also, Prescription and Counter Scales.  
Also, a Soda apparatus, with Draft Stand and marble  
on counter and good copper fountain.  
Also, a few empty Oil Cans, holding from 25 to 50 gal-  
lons.  
This is a rare chance for any one proposing to estab-  
lish a store, as we will sell them very low.  
Inquire of, or address,  
**IRA H. LOW & CO., Druggists, Waterville, Me.**

**L. T. BOOTHBY,**

General Insurance Ag't,  
Office in Phoenix Block,  
WATERVILLE, ME.

Representing the Leading Insurance Companies of  
New England and New York.  
Reliable Insurance effected on all kinds of property on  
most favorable terms.

**COMMON SCHOOL BOOKS,**

**NILSSON'S PERFUME.**  
PHOTOGRAPH given to purchaser of each bottle.  
PRAY BROTHERS.

**DISTILLED CEDAR WATER,**

AND OIL OF CEDAR.  
For destroying vermin on cattle, may be had at the Perical  
Foundry.  
Water 10 cts a Gallon. ON 25 cts. two Gallon Bottle  
GEO. G. PERICAL.

**ALL LOSSES**

HONORABLY ADJUSTED and promptly paid by  
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**NEW GOODS**

JUST RECEIVED from New York and Boston, at  
PRAY BROTHERS' Bazaar of Toys & Fancy Goods

**FRENCH SATINS,**

IF all shades at  
**McFADDEN'S.**

**BLACK VELVET.**

VERY cheap at  
**McFADDEN'S.**

**Kendall's Mills Column.**  
**NEW OPENING.**  
**J. P. MURRAY,**  
**Millinery and Fancy Goods.**  
MAIN STREET,  
KENDALL'S MILLS. 18

**DON'T YOU KNOW**  
That you can  
**Save your Toll**  
By buying \$5.00 worth of Goods at  
**GERALD & ALLEN'S**  
Hardware and Store. Wishing to close out our large  
assortment of Stoves of all kinds, we are determined to sell  
to every person wanting anything in our line, what will give  
us a call.  
Kendall's Mills, Jan. 10, 1871. 29

**REMOVAL.**  
**DR. A. PINKHAM.**  
**SURGEON DENTIST.**  
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.  
Has removed to his new office,  
**NO. 17 NEWBELL ST.**  
First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to ex-  
tend all orders for his new dental services.

**E. W. McFADDEN.**  
**Attorney and Counsellor at Law,**  
AND  
**Insurance and Real Estate Agent.**  
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

**NEW FIRM**  
AND  
**NEW GOODS.**

The Subscribers, having formed a Co-Partnership under the  
name of

**Pray Brothers,**

Have established themselves for the present in David Sho-  
rey's Building,  
**One Door North of Esty & Kimball's.**

**DEALERS IN**

**Books, Stationery,**

Blank Books, Common School Books, Slates,  
Wrapping Paper, Paper Bags, Twine,  
Picture Frames, Travelling Bags,  
Curtain Shades and Fixtures,  
Cord and Tassels,

**FANCY GOODS.**

Orders for MUSIC, BOOKS, &c., not on hand, respect-  
fully solicited and promptly attended to.  
Friends and the public generally are invited to give us  
a call.

**JAMES J. PRAY.**  
**HENRY A. P. PRAY.**  
W. Waterville, Nov. 1, 1870. 19

**All Right, Again!**

**WM. L. MAXWELL**  
having procured two  
**FIRST CLASS**  
**WORKMEN.**

Is ready to fill all orders on Peg-  
gled Boots at the shortest no-  
tice possible. Also

**REPAIRING**

done in the neatest manner at  
short notice.  
Or if you want ready made

**BOOTS & SHOES,**

or  
**RUBBER BOOTS & SHOES**  
of most any kind, call at Maxwell's and get them, for he has  
the largest stock and best assortment to be found in town,  
and of a superior quality.

**ARTIC OVERS.**

Congress and Buckle, Men's, Women's and Misses', which will  
be sold low for cash.  
Nov. 10, 1870. 20

**NEW EXPRESS.**

The Kennebec and Boston Express Co.,  
will run from Boston and Portland to Kennebec, touch-  
ing all stations on the Kennebec. Leaves Boston at  
night and Portland at 5 A. M., arrives at Waterville at 2 P. M.  
Leaves Waterville for Portland and Boston at 7 A. M.  
All orders forwarded by us favorably attended to.  
Parcels and orders going for Portland, Boston, and down Riv-  
er stations must be handed into the office the night before.  
Good Messengers on the trains. Give a try. Prices reas-  
onable.  
**LITTLE & B. K. W., Proprietors,**  
20

**T. M. GODING, AGENT, WATERVILLE.**

**Hair, Nail, Teeth, Flesh & Cloth**

**BRUSHES.**  
COMBS of all kinds. Hand Mirrors, Buff Boxes, Toilet  
Powders, and Wafers. A splendid lot going cheap at  
LOW & CO.'S Drug Store.

**Cigars, Tobacco, and Pipes.**

The largest and best assortment ever in town and at the  
lowest prices can be found at  
**IRA H. LOW & CO.'S, New Drug Store.**

**BUY**

**PRAY BROTHERS.**  
**PENS, PENCILS,**  
**SEALING WAX and Writing Ink, at**  
**PRAY BROTHERS.**

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**PRAY BROTHERS.**

**BRUSHES.**

**PRAY BROTHERS.**

**WANTED.**

Let the money due me for goods sold; as I have need of it  
and can use it to good advantage to buy more goods at  
cash prices, and give my customers the advantage of cash pur-  
chases. Don't forget to call.  
Nov. 10, 1870. 20  
**WM. L. MAXWELL**

**ARE YOU INSURED?**

IF not call on  
**BOOTHBY.**

**CHROMOS.**

The Changed Cross;  
A PICTURE THAT PREACHES.  
An Ornament and Sermon combined. This beautiful  
Chromo, which is a gem of art, is now on exhibition at  
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**VINEGAR BITTERS**  
Are sold in Waterville by  
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**Don't wait for a Fire to Warn you**

Go at once and insure with  
**BOOTHBY.**

**FANCY GOODS.**

IF you want to see the best assortment ever in town call at  
**IRA H. LOW & CO.'S New Drug Store.**

**HOUSE FOR SALE.**

THE HOUSE and LOT on School Street, formerly occupied  
by F. Furbish.  
**GEO. G. PERICAL,**  
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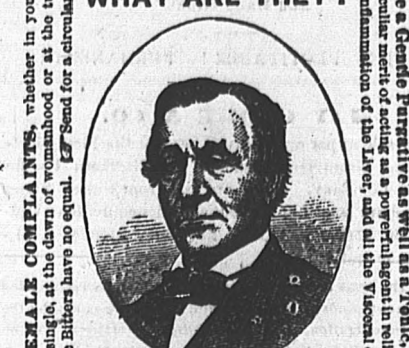
**FOR CHAPPED HANDS, &c.**

**ROSA OLIVEYER.** Peach Plaster, Gumbo Lin, Cold  
Cream, Glycerine, Lip Salve, &c., at  
**LOW & CO.'S New Drug Store.**

**JUST RECEIVED.**

A FRESH lot of Sea Moss Purine, Irish Moss, Gelatin  
Bones, Cream, Cat Meat, Corn Starch, Tapioca, and Rag  
at **IRA H. LOW & CO.'S New Drug Store.**

**A GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY**  
**DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA**  
**VINEGAR BITTERS**  
Hundreds of Thousands  
Bear testimony to their Wonder-  
ful Curative Effects.  
**WHAT ARE THEY?**



THEY ARE NOT A VILE  
**FANCY DRINK.**

Made of Pure Rum, Whisky, Proof Spirit,  
and Refined Liqueurs, doctored, spiced and sweet-  
ened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers,"  
"Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to  
drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made  
from the Native Roots and Herbs of California, free  
from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the  
**GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and a LIFE-  
GIVING PRINCIPLE,** a perfect Restorer and  
Invigorator of the system, carrying off all poisonous  
matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condi-  
tion. No person can take these Bitters according to  
direction and remain long unwell, provided the cause  
are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means,  
and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

For Indigestion and Chronic Rheuma-  
tism and Gout, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion,  
Biliousness, Remittent and Intermittent Fe-  
vers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys  
and Bladder, these Bitters have been proved suc-  
cessful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated  
Blood, which is generally produced by derangement  
of the Digestive Organs.

**DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION.** Head-  
ache, Pain in the Stomach, Congestion of the  
Liver, Dropsy, Scurvy, Eruptions of the Skin,  
Cholera, Diarrhoea, Sour Eructations of the Stomach,  
Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation  
of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in  
the Regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful  
symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the stomach and stimulate the tor-  
pid liver and bowels, which render them of unequalled  
efficiency in cleansing the blood, and imparting new  
life and vigor to the whole system.

**FOR SKIN DISEASES.** Eruptions, Tetter, Salt  
Rheum, Itches, Spots, Pimples, Pusules, Boils,  
Carbuncles, Ring-Worms, Scald Head, Sore Eyes,  
Erysipelas, Itch, Scour, Discolorations of the Skin,  
Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever na-  
ture, are literally dug up and carried out of the  
system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

One Bottle in such cases will convince the most in-  
credulous of their curative effect.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its  
impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples,  
Eruptions or sores; cleanse it when you feel  
stretched and sluggish in the veins, cleanse it when  
it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep  
the blood pure, and the health of the system will  
follow.

**PIN, TAPE and other WORMS,** lurking in the  
system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed  
and removed. For full directions, read carefully  
the circular accompanying each bottle, printed in four  
languages—English, German, French and Spanish.

**DR. WALKER, Proprietor, R. H. McDONALD & Co.,**  
Druggists and General Agents, San Francisco, Cal.,  
and 22 and 24 Commerce Street, New-York.

**SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS**

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over  
**ALDEN'S JEWELRY**  
**STORE,**  
"People's Nat'l Bank"  
**WATERVILLE, ME.**  
Chloroform, Ether or Ni-  
rous Oxide Gas administered when desired

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OVER I. H. LOW'S APOTHECARY STORE, OPPOSITE  
THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE,  
**Main-St., Waterville, Maine.**  
**M. B. SOULE.** **J. G. SOULE.**

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**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 had a very large Hospital experience. 29

**L. P. MAYO,**

**Teacher of Piano-forte and Organ.**  
Residence on Chapin St., opposite Foundry.

**GEO. W. PARLIN.**

**Surgeon Dentist,**  
**WEST WATERVILLE.**  
(OFFICE IN BLAISDELL'S BLOCK.)  
ALL Dental operations performed to a care-  
ful and scientific manner. Artificial  
Teeth given to inserting ARTIFICIAL TEETH  
in full and partial sets, on Vulcanite, (hard  
rubber), which for beauty and durability is unsurpassed.  
All work warranted. Prices reasonable.  
West Waterville, June 1, 1870. 49

**Call at Ira H. Low & Co's**

**DRUG STORE,** if you want to buy Genuine Patent Med-  
cines, Hair Preparations, Perfumeries, &c.

**Novelty Wringers.**

WE have just received six cases of the celebrated NOVEL-  
TY WRINGERS that we can offer at good bargains.  
**ARNOLD & MEADER.**

**MACHINERY FOR SALE.**

(TO CLOSE A CONCERN.)  
The following Machinery and other property will be sold  
at very low prices, to close the firm of Drummond, Rich-  
ardson & Co.—namely:

The entire Machinery and Tools of their  
**Door, Sash & Blind Manufactory,**  
Embracing everything necessary to a first class establish-  
ment. They are all in good running order.

**A Good Stock of**

**Doors, Sash and Blinds.**  
Including 125 Brown Ash and Walnut DOORS.

**One Good Team Horse.**

All the above property will be sold at a great bargain.

All demands due the firm must be immediately closed—  
and for this purpose have been left with B. F. Webb, Esq.,  
where prompt attention will be given. All demands against  
the firm may be left at the same place.  
**DRUMMOND, RICHARDSON & CO.**

**TRAVELLING BAGS,**

**PRAY BROTHERS.**

**ENVELOPES**

**PRAY BROTHERS.**

**POCKET KNIVES**

**PRAY BROTHERS.**

**TO PHYSICIANS.**

New York, August 15th, 1868.  
Allow me to call your attention to my  
**PREPARATION OF COMPOUND EX-  
TRACT BUCHU.** The component parts  
are, BUCHU, LONG LEAF, CUBES, JUNI-  
PER BERRIES.

Mode of Preparation.—Buchu, in decoction,  
Juniper Berries, by distillation, to form a  
fine gin. Cubes extracted by displacement  
with spirits obtained from Juniper  
Berries; very little sugar is used, and a  
small proportion of spirit. It is more pal-  
atable than any now in use.

Buchu as prepared by Druggists, is of a  
dark color. It is a plant that emits its frag-  
rance; the action of a flame destroys this  
fragrance, leaving a dark and glutinous  
deposition. The Buchu in my preparation  
predominates; the smallest quantity of the  
other ingredients are added, to prevent fer-  
mentation; upon inspection it will be found  
not to be a Vinous, as made in Pharmaco-  
peia, nor is it a Syrup—and therefore can  
be used in cases where fever or inflamma-  
tion exists. In this, you have the knowl-  
edge of the ingredients and the mode of  
preparation.

Trusting that you will favor it with a trial,  
and that upon inspection it will meet with  
your approval.

With a feeling of profound confidence,  
I am, very respectfully,  
**H. T. HELMBOLD.**

Chemist and Druggist of 19 years experience,  
(From the largest Manufacturing Chemists  
in the World.)

November 4, 1864.  
I am acquainted with Mr. H. T. Helmbold;  
he occupied the Drug Store opposite my  
residence, and was successful in con-  
ducting the business where others had not  
been equally so before him. I have been  
favorably impressed with his character and  
enterprise.

**WILLIAM WRIGHTMAN,**  
Firm of Powers and Wrightman, Manu-  
facturing Chemists, Ninth and Brown  
Streets, Philadelphia.

**HELMBOLD'S**

**Fluid Extract**

**BUCHU**

For weakness arising from indigestion.  
The exhausted power of Nature which is  
accompanied by so many alarming sym-  
ptoms, among which will be found, indisposi-  
tion to exertion, Loss of Memory, Wake-  
fulness, Horror of Disease, or Forebodings  
of Evil; in fact, Universal Lassitude, Pro-  
stration, and inability to enter into the en-  
joyments of society.

**The Constitution**

once affected with Organic Weakness, re-  
quires the aid of Medicine to strengthen and  
rebuild to be found in Helmbold's Fluid  
Extract BUCHU invariably does. If no  
treatment is submitted to, Consumption or  
Lunacy ensue.

**HELMBOLD'S**

**Fluid Extract of**

**BUCHU**

In affections peculiar to Females, is un-  
equaled by any other preparation. It is  
Chlorosis, or Retention, Painfulness, or  
Suppression of Catamenial Evacuations, Ul-  
cerated or Scattered Uterus, or any other  
all complaints incidental to the sex, or the  
decline or change of life.

**HELMBOLD'S**

**Fluid Extract of Buchu**

AND  
**IMPROVED ROSE WASH**  
will radically exterminate from the system  
diseases arising from habits of dissipation,  
and the capability of putting their system in a form to secure  
no inconvenience or exposure; completely  
superceding those unpleasant and dangerous  
remedies, Copious and Mercury, in all these  
diseases.

**HELMBOLD'S**

**Fluid Extract Buchu.**

In all diseases of these organs, whether ex-  
isting in male or female, from whatever  
cause originating, and no matter of how  
long standing. It is pleasant in taste and  
odor, "immediate" in action, and more  
strengthening than any of the preparations  
of Bark or Iron.

Those suffering from broken down or deli-  
cate constitutions, procure the remedy at  
once.

The reader must be aware that, however