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Maxham & Wing

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ALICE CARY'S SWEETEST POEM.

Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of the dim old forest,
That seems best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden,
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest;
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
That tremble to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of the old forest
He leath in peace asleep;
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the wind that blew,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the Autumn eves
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Sifted down on his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seems best of all.

[From Wood's Household Magazine.]

MRS. DOBBS'S MISTAKE.

BY R. M. HARTZ.

"I vow, if ever there's a boy to be found when I want anything done," called out Mrs. Dobbs, going to the door and shading her eyes with her hand; "Billy!"

"What, mother," answered a boy. He was sitting under a peach tree, whittling, trying to shape out an arrow.

"Come here."

The tone was imperative and the boy hastened to his mother.

"Here take this basket down to Mrs. Carter's; and do you go quick, and come right straight back. Do you hear?"

"Yes, m."

"Well, start then, and put away that stick. If you take that with you, you won't get back to-day."

The boy laid down his stick, put his knife in his pocket, and taking the basket from his mother's hand, started slowly away.

"Move faster than that," she shouted, as she entered the house.

"Don't speak so cross, Mary," said an old lady who sat sewing carpet-rags and rocking the cradle with her foot.

"I can't help it," answered the woman. "I've got to speak just so or he won't move a step, he's so confounded lazy."

"If anyone else should say he was lazy, you'd be apt to resent it," said the old lady in a quiet way.

"Billy is smart enough when he's a mind to be," said his mother vigorously stirring up the fire. "But he is so tantalizing sometimes. He always pokes along when he knows I'm in a hurry. Where's Harry?"

"Here mother," said a bright handsome boy, who stood at a table mending his kite.

"It's a wonder you're here when you're wanted. Go get me some wood, Come, move," she added, as the boy entangled his kite cord.

He started instantly, moving lively and dodging as he passed his mother, for fear of a blow. He soon brought in the wood.

"Now go down to the tater patch and dig a few taters for dinner," handing him a basket. "Be quick."

"Mayn't I pick up my kite first?" said the boy.

"Yes, pick it up and take it out of my way, or I'll stick it in the stove," said his mother.

The boy gathered up the kite and started on his errand.

"Dear me," said the woman, "it seems to me that everything goes contrary this morning; it's eleven o'clock and my dinner scarce begun and there's the baby wailing up too."

"I'll take care of him, Mary," said the old lady. "Don't get so hurried, Mary, it don't pay; be a little patient."

"It's very easy for you, aunt Becky, to talk about patience, but it's a different thing for a woman to practice it who has five children to do for and the work besides. Seems to me a woman that raises a family earns her way to heaven without any other preparation," and Mrs. Dobbs rolled out the piecrust, slapping the rolling pin down with such force that the six-month-old baby raised up in his crib.

"If we could enter into the sheep-fold by virtue of our own works, perhaps it would," said the old lady, taking up the baby.

"I tell you it takes all the romance out of our lives to be always a drudging," said Mrs. Dobbs, as she flew to the stove with a pie in each hand.

"There's many a one has a harder lot than you do," said the old lady.

She was standing in the door-way with Mrs. Dobbs, big fat baby in her arms; the clear September air reflecting its serenity in her calm face. Surely one would say that she had passed over so far calmly; but show me one who has seen fifty years and not weathered rough gales. "There's many a harder lot," she said in a lower tone of voice. "There's many a one has sickly children and a drunken father for 'em. That's something you know nothing about, Mary Dobbs."

Mrs. Dobbs was sitting more fore into her pan as her aunt said this. She turned around and looked Aunt Becky straight in the face, and said—

"If I had a drunken husband, he'd rue it as much as I would."

"I reckon he would," said the old lady. But what would you do?"

"What would I do? Aunt Becky Reynolds, do you ask me such a question? I know what I would do. I wouldn't work my finger ends off, then turn 'round and give him the money to spend for grog, as Lucindy Morse does!"

"You don't know what you'd do," said Aunt Becky, as she walked back and forth through the kitchen with young Dobbs in her arms.

"I don't see any reason to suppose that I shall have any chance to prove what I would do."

"I shouldn't wonder, Mary Dobbs," said the old lady, in a nervous manner, "if you would have some judgment sent on you for not counting your blessings as they come."

"I should like to see them first," answered Mrs. Dobbs, snappily. "If a houseful of young ones and a scanty purse are blessings I can count them faster than I want to."

"So you ought, so you ought," repeated the old lady. "There's worse evils than a houseful of healthy children and scanty purses."

"I don't want to see them then," said Mrs. Dobbs.

"Didn't I come back soon, mother?" It was Billy's voice sounding so cheerily that it might have served to drive all the dissatisfaction out of the woman's heart, but she would not suffer it. "Yes, for once," she answered. "Run quick and fetch me some wood."

The boy's countenance changed instantly, and he walked slowly off, muttering to himself the while—

"It's no use trying to please mother. She never gives us any credit for it any how. I did hurry down there and back again, thinking she'd say something kind about it. I wish now that I had gone with Phil Carter down to the lake, he wanted me to go; but I thought I would hurry back, and all I got for it is a growl. I wish I was big; I wouldn't stay round here long; I'd go out west." Thus musing he entered the house just as Harry returned with the potatoes for his mother.

"Billy," said Harry, "I wish you'd fix my kite for me."

Now Billy was usually a kind boy, but just now he felt hurt, so he answered—

"Fix your own kite."

He glanced up and saw Aunt Becky looking with sad eyes at him, he felt guilty, so he turned and said,

"Well bring it out doors, and I'll fix it for you."

Becky Reynolds was Mrs. Dobbs's maiden aunt. She had a little home of her own, in the neighboring village, but spent the most of her time among her relatives, especially with Mrs. Dobbs. She would come and remain weeks at a time, and during her visit it was almost incredible how many jackets and trousers were made and repaired, to say nothing of the carpets and patch-work which were sewed up.

Mrs. Dobbs had but little time for sewing, for she had a large family to work for with no help except what Grace, her oldest child and only daughter could render, out of school hours.

Her husband, Robert Dobbs, was, as Aunt Becky often declared, "just the best man in the world." He never was known to complain if he was not ready when he came in, but always had a pleasant word for the children and a "can I help you Mary?" for his wife, who, it must be confessed, very often answered in no amiable mood. But he was always making excuses for her—Mary had so much to do and so much to vex her that she could not always be pleasant, and then she was a neat housekeeper, a good careful wife and a thorough worker. No man wore whiter shirts than his were, and no one's children around there looked cleaner than his, and he could overlook many faults in view of her good qualities.

Aunt Becky was an observing old lady, and had noticed with pain, her niece's scolding, fault-finding disposition, and had frequently chided her for her unjust remarks to her husband and children.

"You expect too much from them, she would say. 'If you would just praise them whenever they deserve it they would try to merit it more.'"

Drip, drip, drip, fell the rain. Mrs. Dobbs always was out of sorts rainy days, for if the children were not at school they had to be in the house, and everybody knows that five children, four of them boys, can make almost any amount and kind of noise. And although Mrs. Dobbs scolded and fumed she could not make grown up people out of these little folks. She was in the kitchen "doing up" the dinner dishes, so did not know that Tommy, the little three years old, had the chairs in a row, himself seated upon the table, holding a row string, which was fastened to the furthest chair, "playing stage," he said.

Billy and Harry were playing marbles, and had the carpet kicked up in sundry places, while baby was amusing himself by examining the contents of the work-drawer, which Tommy had left open in his search for a string.

The mother tired, and cross, came in, her face turned red and her eyes flashed, as she saw the topsy-turvy room.

"Such a looking place!" she exclaimed. Get up and fix that carpet," administering a cuff on Billy's ears and aiming one at Harry.

"I declare you'll set me crazy yet! Tommy Dobbs, how many chairs do you want? Put 'em one away and get off that table!"

Tommy scrambled down, and Billy and Harry took themselves out of the room.

"I declare, I wish there never had been a boy born," she said, as she vigorously commenced putting things in their places. "I'll be so glad when you're all grown up and gone from under my feet."

"Hush, hush, Mary; don't say that," said Aunt Becky coming down the stairs. "You'll be sorry some day that they're grown up. They are less trouble now than they'll ever be."

"I can't see how that is," said Mrs. Dobbs. "They certainly are more trouble now than they can be then."

"Now they are hand trouble; then they may be heart trouble," said the old lady, sadly. "You're always taking their part, aunt Becky, see her noise. 'You and Robert never can see any faults about them. If you both had the bringing up of them you'd ruin them.'"

"How so, Mary?"

"You'd hum them to death."

"I don't think anybody can accuse either Robert or me of humoring the children," said Aunt Becky.

"I should like to know what you call it then?"

"There. I knew you must admit it," said her niece, triumphantly.

"No; I do not admit it, Mary," said the old lady. "Putting them and humoring them are two different things. Humoring them is letting them have their own way in matters where they are not capable of discerning right from wrong. Putting them is fondling them—coddling them; and that hurts no child."

"Harry," said Billy, as they stood out of steps, after their mother had sent them out to Ben Johnson's and play on the tavern steps. "Old Ben likes to have us boys down there. They say he throws pennies sometimes, and the boy that catches them can have them."

"Providing they spend them in his grog shop for candies or anything," said Billy.

"Mother's awful cross, ain't she?" he continued, as they jumbled over the back fence.

"Yes," said Harry. "I don't believe she likes us like Phil Carter's mother does him. She lets him play in the house as much as he wants to, and what do you think, Billy? She says she'd rather Phil would have a house full of boys than that he should run down street and play."

"Mother was awful good, though, when you

were sick last winter," said Billy. "She used to take you on her lap and kiss you like a baby, and one day, I remember, she cried all day long, because the doctor said he was afraid you were worse."

"That's so," said Harry, somewhat puzzled. By this time they had reached the tavern. As it was a rainy day the place was well patronized. Gangs of men and boys loafed round the door and upon the piazza.

The Dobbs boys were shy about going in, as it was the first time they had ever visited the place, but finally seeing some of their companions there, they took courage and went up the steps.

They enjoyed the games of pitch-penny and the coarse jokes of the men with pleased surprise. After a few hours they returned home well pleased with their afternoon's entertainment, and made up their minds to go there again.

They were not at all afraid that their mother would find out where they had been; for she never asked them any questions concerning their whereabouts, as long as they were not troubling her with their noise, though to do her justice, she would have been sadly troubled had she known where her boys had spent their afternoon.

Nothing grows faster than children! This is hard to realize, where one has the care of so many as composed the Dobbs family. At least Mrs. Dobbs thought so, and, although as years passed on and no more were added to her flock, she saw no cessation from toil. The children, especially Harry, were fond of company; but their mother would never allow them to invite their chums to the house to spend the evening.

"It's all nonsense," she said. "I have enough of my own to clean up after. You shant bring a whole pack here to muss up things."

"But I will clean up," timidly said Grace, pleading for the boys.

"I tell you I won't have it; that's enough," and Grace knew it was of no use to coax.

"I am afraid that Harry is going in bad company, mother," said Mr. Dobbs; one evening, when they were alone.

"What makes you think so?" said Mrs. Dobbs, looking up quickly from her sewing.

"I have reason to think that he loafs around the tavern's nights."

"Well, it's your place to go there and bring him home. I don't see what gets into the boys. Billy is as grim as a bear, too. Seems like they'd rather be at any place than home."

At that moment Harry entered.

"Where have you been?" inquired his mother, in a sharp tone.

Harry made no answer, merely mumbling out something entirely incoherent.

"I want this stopped," said his mother.

"The next time you come home after bed-time, you can stay out all night."

Harry walked on up stairs, never replying to his mother.

"No, no, mother," said Mr. Dobbs, "don't do that."

"Yes I will," she answered decidedly. "That'll teach him to come home in season."

"Maybe not," said he. "It might drive him away, entirely."

"I declare Robert Dobbs, if you had your way, not one of the children would ever be punished," said she, vigorously shaking out her sewing, and folding it up, and preparing to retire for the night.

"I believe in punishing them, but not in the way you mean. Harry is too large to be whipped, of course, and a punishment that brings with it anger and resentment, will never generate good effects."

Mrs. Dobbs did not reply, and her husband talked on more to himself than as if any person were listening.

"If the doors of his father's house are closed against him, where will he go? That must not be; no, no, but how shall I draw him away from these evil influences? Harry is a good-natured, noble-hearted boy, but he has fallen among thieves, who will strip him of every coming garment, unless he is brought to see his danger. In the will I trust. Father of Light, lend me wisdom." Surely no prayer uttered from such humility and faith, ever went unanswered!

"A fine looking muss here is," exclaimed Mrs. Dobbs, as she entered the kitchen one day after Billy had made the fire. "A fine looking muss indeed. Shavings and ashes from one end to the other."

"I was just going to brush it up, mother, don't get mad about it," said Billy.

"Just a going to! why didn't you do it, then. It's a pity you can't make a fire without littering up everything this way."

"The wind blew in at the window, and it scattered it," said Billy surlily.

"You can always find some excuse for your carelessness," said his mother in no gentle tone, as she left the kitchen.

Billy sat down on the edge of the woodbox, with his elbows on his knees, and his head between his hands, gazing thoughtfully into the fire. Grace coming in shortly found him thus, and going up to him, laid her hand on his shoulder and said:

"What's the matter Billy?"

"I'm sick and tired of home, and everybody besides."

"Oh, Billy, don't say so."

"It's the truth, sis. Mother is all the time finding fault. I've been trying all my life to please her, and I can not do it, and I've about made up my mind to clear out."

"Oh, don't, Billy, for my sake and father's don't go away!" said Grace.

"That's all that has kept me till now," he answered, "and since Harry has become such a loafer, I feel as though I cannot stand it any longer. Do you know, Grace," he continued, looking up for the first time since she entered, "do you know that Harry drinks?"

"Oh, Billy!" said Grace, covering her face with her hands.

"It's so," he continued. "He has never been real drunk that I know of, but that will soon follow, I'm afraid."

"I think that is one reason, why mother is so cross," said Grace.

"I don't know. I cannot see much difference. She always would scold."

"She was not going to let Harry come in the other night when he staid out so late," said Grace. "I really believe if it had not been for father he would have been obliged to sleep out doors."

"Poo! father!" said Billy. "Grace, it's a hard thing to say, but I think mother is a good deal to blame for Harry's misconduct."

"How so, Billy?"

"Why, you see, she never would allow us any fun at home, nor any company. Boys like these things, and will go where they can find them; and Harry is very fond of frolic and company."

Grace said nothing.

"I don't see how you stand it, sis," he said after a pause.

"I do get tired of being found fault with," she answered. "But then you know its mother."

Grace would have said more, but she heard her mother's voice calling to her, so tenderly kissing her brother, she left him. Ah! how little she thought that would be the last kiss she would give him for many a long day!

"How sis ever grew up so good is a mystery to me," he mused when she had gone. "But she is just like father, takes everything easy. I wish I could."

That night Harry did not go down town. A violent cold had prevented. So he and Billy spent the evening together in their room.

"What are you going to do to-morrow?" inquired Harry, as he saw his brother proceed to pack a small valise.

"I've made up my mind that I can do better in some other place, so I'm going to try it," answered Billy.

"But where will you go?"

"I hardly know yet. Out west somewhere."

"Does mother know it?"

"No, not yet. I guess she'll not care much. I appear to be so much in her way."

"Well, perhaps it is the best thing for you. But where will you get the money?" inquired Harry.

"I have a little saved up," said Billy, "enough to get away from here with." Harry said nothing, and the boys fell to musing. At length Billy said:

"Harry, I wish you would promise me to do better. It nearly kills father and Grace the way you go on."

"I am sorry," said he penitently. But it's just this way. Mother won't allow us any company here, makes everybody go to bed like little children. I go down street to pass away time, the boys meet me—'you know the rest. I've been so ashamed sometimes, that I think I will go off somewhere where I will never see anybody again.' And the boy—for he was scarcely more—looked the picture of humility and despair."

"I wish you were going with me," said Billy. "I wish so too," said Harry, but that is impossible for I have no money."

"If I get along well," said Billy, "and see a good chance for me, I'll send for you. But I must be off, for the train passes at daylight, and it's nearly four miles to the station. Good-by, Harry. Tell father and Grace and all the rest, that I will write to them soon, and that I expect some day to come back to see you all."

"Grace," said her mother the next morning, "Go up stairs and call the boys, the great lazy things! Tell them if they don't come right away, they won't get any breakfast."

"Harry is up, mother. I saw him come through the yard, answered Grace.

"What could have started him out so early, I wonder?" mused his mother, as Grace went to call Billy.

She soon returned with the news "that Billy was up too; and, mother, the bed looks as though one person had slept in it."

"Where's Billy?" inquired Mr. Dobbs, as the family were seated at the breakfast table.

"I went to call him, but he was not there," said Grace, a sudden thought darting through her mind.

"Do you know where he is, Harry?"

"I know pretty nearly. He's gone away. He told me to tell you that he was going away, but would write and let you know soon."

"I reckon he'll be glad to come back again," said Mrs. Dobbs, nervously catching up the coffee-pot, and pouring out the coffee.

Not a word was spoken, nor a mouthful swallowed, except by the little ones. The food seemed to choke them all, and after a few moments, Mr. Dobbs rose from the table, followed by Grace and Harry. Mrs. Dobbs tried to appear calm, but the pallor of her face, and the nervous twitching of the mouth and hands, told that she was deeply moved.

"Tell me all about it, Harry," said Grace, as they met in the hall. Harry told her the conversation of the preceding night, and added:

"He'll come home some day a rich man, and I am going too, Grace, just as soon as I can get away."

It was not many months after this that Harry's prophecy was fulfilled. Billy wrote glowing accounts of the great West where he had located, and Harry followed him.

"I hope they'll both find out their mistake," said Mrs. Dobbs, as the family sat together the evening after Harry was gone. "They'll get enough of it. But them youngsters always think they know so much more than any one else."

Five years have passed away, and we will look once more upon the Dobbs family.

Aunt Becky is still at their bedside a permanent member of the family now, and although time has dealt gently with her, she is no longer able to assist about the house-work; but many are the odds of things that are transferred into hand-ome rugs, carpets, and bed-quilts, by her skill and industry.

Mr. Dobbs looks prematurely old, but is still the same cheerful, benevolent man he always was. Mrs. Dobbs has changed in appearance very little. The firm set mouth is a little relaxed, and the hair, once so shiny and black, is a little silvered, but she is the same energetic thorough-going woman, and neat house-keeper, though I think she allows Tommy and Johnny more privileges than were granted to the older boys at their age; for she never opens her mouth while said boys are cutting up papers for kites, and tearing muslin into shreds for a sail. Perhaps through all these years she has learned wisdom. Learned it as most of us do—by that stern teacher—Experience.

Grace is standing near her mother, reading aloud a letter. When she has finished she folds it up and says:

"Now, mother, I want to ask you for something I never asked for before, and you must promise to let me have it. Will you?"

"That depends upon what it is," says her mother, pleasantly.

"No; it does not. It must not be conditional. say yes, mother."

"Well, yes. Now what is it?"

"I knew you would, you good, kind mother," and she clasps her about the neck, and whispers something in her ear.

"What's going on?" inquires aunt Becky, who has grown so deaf that all this is a pantomime to her.

"Why, auntie," says Grace, right in her ear. "Billy and Harry are coming home in two weeks, and we are going to have a grand party. All the young people in the village will be invited, and some old ones too!"

"I want to know! Well things, have changed!" says the old lady, suddenly discovering moisture on her glass.

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.—Celia Burleigh appears before the public as a lecturer this winter. She is one of the most talented and finished writers and speakers of which America can boast. Her lecture for the season is on "The Rights of Children." Among many excellent things she says—

"At a much earlier age than is customary with most parents, I would have them begin to teach the child to provide for its own wants and meet the exigencies of its own daily life. And there need be no such difference between the sexes in this matter as custom has led us to suppose. The boy no less than the girl can be taught to take pride in a neatly kept room, in orderly closets, and in tastefully arranged bureau-drawers; to have a place for everything in its place; to know what garments will be needed for the coming season, and to ask father or mother to go with him to select them, instead of having everything provided without thought or care on his part. I have even a secret conviction—that the mystery of his own buttons might be acquired by a boy of average intelligence, and that to take care of his own room would not necessarily lessen his chance of a noble and self-respecting manhood."

As for the girl, I see no reason why she should not be taught the use of the jack-knife, the hammer and the saw, to drive a nail, tighten a screw, or put up a shelf in her room. Every girl should, if possible, have a garden, and learn to take a pride in her acquaintance with nature, in her robust health, and her ability to endure fatigue. Each should be taught what is traditionally proper for the sex to which he or she belongs; but I should by very far from saying, 'Only this and nothing more.'

In an exchange we find the following, which relates to the same subject—

Waterville Mail.

EST. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

WATERVILLE.... MAR. 1 1871.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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A MEETING

called by the Selectmen of Waterville, was held at the West Village on Monday last, at which the following officers were chosen, generally by a unanimous vote, only about two hundred ballots being thrown, and only a dozen or so of the citizens of our village being present, very few of whom took any part in the meeting.

Moderator—S. Heath.
Town Clerk—E. R. Drummond.
Selectmen, Assessors, Overseers of Poor, and Highway Surveyors—A. P. Benjamin, J. M. Libby, and George Rice.
S. S. Com.—B. F. Folger.
Treasurer and Collector—Wm. McCartney.
Town Agent—John Ayer.
Auditor—S. Heath.
Inspector of Police—W. W. Edwards.
Truant Officers—Joseph Percival, A. P. Benjamin, and C. R. McFadden.
Constables—H. B. White, N. P. Downer, A. T. Webb, E. W. Dyer, G. H. Esty, W. W. Edwards, J. G. Proctor, C. A. Dwyer, J. P. Wilbur, F. S. Chase, C. E. Joy, G. D. Pullen, Wm. P. Blake, Benj. Hersom, Albin Emery, Pound keeper—Jas. Stackpole.
Cullers of Hoops, &c.—G. H. Boardman, Watson Hamilton.
Fire Wardens—E. L. Getchell, B. C. Benson, J. Cornforth, E. H. Piper, H. B. White, Wm. Getchell, Jr., N. H. Wilbur, J. M. Libby, R. Cornforth, C. R. McFadden, H. W. Getchell, C. Crowell, and J. B. Bradley.
Fence Viewers—H. B. White, James Stackpole, Cyrus Wheeler, L. A. Dow, Abraham Morrill.

Sections—W. L. Maxwell and A. T. Webb.
Pine Grove Com.—E. G. Meader, L. E. Crommet and W. L. Maxwell.
Com. Com. W. Waterville—Benj. Hersom, R. C. Benson, Julius F. Hallert.
Health Com.—Jos. Percival, Atwood Crosby, M. H. Holmes, and A. P. Benjamin.
Town Hall Keeper—M. N. Soule.

Being authorized to do so, by vote, the Selectmen have appointed the following:—
Measures of Wood & Bark—Henry B. White, E. H. Piper, James S. Craig, E. A. Hilton, Nathaniel Meader, E. C. Lowe, Wm. M. Buck, Calvin Crowell, Alfred Winslow, A. R. Small, Chas. F. Stevens, A. J. Parker.

Surveyors of Lumber—James S. Craig, Theodore Crommet, Samuel Scammon, O. H. Smith, E. G. Meader, H. A. Bocheider, E. W. Bates, E. A. Bailey, Brice Shapley.
The following sums of money were voted:—
For Schools, \$5,000, which is \$500 more than last year; for support of Poor, \$3,500, same as last year; Roads, Bridges, and Sidewalks, \$3,000 in money, and \$3,000 in labor—same as last year; and \$500 additional for new roads; Current expenses, \$1,800, same as last year; to apply to Town Debt, \$3,000.

Voted to authorize school Districts to choose their Agents, and to authorize the Agents to employ Teachers. Voted to print three hundred copies of the School Report, "under the direction of the Selectmen."

The Treasurer was made Collector, and his compensation was fixed at one per cent. on the bills committed to him.

A vote was passed to tax Dogs, and to appropriate \$500 for providing night watchmen in the two villages.

The article which proposed to raise \$2,000 for Soldiers' Monuments was dismissed.

A road leading north from Chaplin street, in Waterville Village, was accepted, provided no land damages are claimed; and also a road from Swan's Hill to Lewis Wilson's House.

The article proposing to discontinue the road from the West Waterville and Fairfield Meeting House leading west to the Ten Lot Road was dismissed; and also the articles proposing the following new roads:—From Main Street, in Waterville Village, near Chas. Gullifer's, east to College Street; from Water Street to Mechanic Street, in West Waterville; from the Ephraim Holmes road to the Ten Lot Road.

The following articles were dismissed:—Fixing a time when taxes assessed shall be paid and charging interest therefrom; authorizing the sale of lots in W. Waterville Cemetery, the proceeds to be appropriated to building a receiving tomb, &c.; authorizing the purchase of a fire engine for W. Waterville village; authorizing the sale of Town House and lot in Waterville Village; to divide the Town; providing for building a new pond and the removal of the old one; consolidating school Districts Nos. 4, 13, 16 and 17, and setting off Samuel James and others to school districts Nos. 1 and 6.

FAST DAY.—Thursday, the 13th of April has been appointed to observe as Fast Day in this State by Gov. Perham.

OUR TOWN MEETING.

Never before, at our annual town meeting did anybody inquire whether a quorum were present. Now the question did not reach the ingenious criticism of the chair, or the clerk might have been required to nonsuit the voters on the ground of non-appearance. A sad minority of the one thousand voters in town made themselves known at the ballot-box! Many of these wore in their faces tokens of inquiry as they looked first at the moderator and then at the men at his elbow—as though they were whispering to themselves, "Wonder if I'm in the wrong box?" That man! and those counsellors! Ovid never rhymed a metamorphosis like this.

Well—all this is understood at home; but to our readers abroad we must explain. A year ago a working majority of the voters, mainly at the west village, protested the free bridge, elected officers of congenial faith and locality, and virtually removed the seat of government to their own vicinity. Putting the town into a lull, and scowling at their old associates, they left them to the work of building the bridge, with the threat that the town should "never unwillingly pay for it." The town hall being at the east village, town meetings had always been held in it except when a special vote, dictated by accommodation and fairness, directed the voters to the west village. Now in the spirit of anti-bridge justice, once, twice, and even thrice in succession, the selectmen require the voters to meet at the west village. This, say the eastern party, is "one too many"—and they refuse to heed the call. The warrant threatens to sell the town hall, divide the town, build a pound at the new seat of government, and commit other vagaries pertaining to the bridge controversy. No matter, say the east villagers; let them work! Right is right, and if the selectmen persist in this kind of injustice, fair-minded men will soon leave them in a minority. So town meeting was ignored, and left almost entirely to the tender mercies of the western division.

Melancholy indeed were the "first impressions" of the few who, as spectators or reporters, took the morning train to headquarters. All surprise had been guarded against, so that the moderator and 1st selectmen were beyond help from the east. It was only when the tall form in the chair filled the background, that one could know that all was well. No party lines would be allowed to dictate justice at his hands. All alike were his friends, for with all alike he had breaded hotter battles than this. "Order is heaven's first law," said the moderator—and nobody doubted the need of such a law, after a very slight experiment. In this respect the day was one long to be remembered, with the single regret that it was not enjoyed by the whole town.

Generally, it may be said, there is no complaint with the result. Pledged as they were to the theory of light and economical taxation, there was no danger that the town debt would get any undue favor—and it didn't. It stands firm and safe, unless like some other investments, it is eaten up with interest. This is no common thing, and will probably not happen. So far as we hear, the selectmen are satisfied that the place of meeting, as well as the various other Quixotic adventures of the warrant, were dictated by the magnanimity that becomes their position and dignity as the guardians of the town. Nothing narrow or unfair appeared to them, and of course they imagine they hear, in the votes of the two hundred and odd freemen there assembled, a voice saying unto them "All right, good and faithful servants of the (whole) town!"

ELECTIONS.—In Bangor, Dale, the Republican candidate for Mayor, was chosen on Monday by a majority of 76 to a vote of nearly 3,000, notwithstanding 105 votes were thrown for a radical temperance Republican. The Republicans also elect six out of seven of the Aldermen, and the Board of Councilmen is also strongly Republican.

In Belfast, Wm. E. Marshall was elected Mayor, by a large vote, without opposition. The whole issue depended on railroad matters, and no politics were concerned. The result is express against leasing the railroad to the Maine Central upon terms less than the original offer of that company, and in favor of extension towards Moosehead Lake.

In Biddeford, E. W. Wedgewood, Democrat, was re-elected Mayor by about 300 maj. The Democrats carry six of the seven wards. In Augusta, the Republican candidate, J. J. Eveleveth, was elected Mayor, receiving 150 majority over Daniel Williams, Democrat. The Republicans carried six out of seven wards.

The following officers were chosen at the Town meeting in Vassalborough: Moderator, C. B. Bates; Town Clerk, W. H. Bates; Selectmen, Assessors and Overseers of the Poor, W. H. Bates, J. H. Allen, E. W. Bush; Treasurer, L. Butterfield; Town Agent, John Mower; Supervisor of Schools, J. H. Jackson; The following town officers were elected in Beaton on Monday: Moderator, Sidney Skilling; Clerk, Bryant Roundy; Selectmen, James W. Sylvester, Bryant Roundy, Howard W. Dodge, Treasurer and Collector, Otis Roundy; Supervisor, Albert D. Hinds; Constable, James Hodgkins.

The following is a list of the Town officers elected in Clinton on Monday: Moderator, W. H. Bigelow; Clerk, E. G. Hodgdon, Seamen and Assessors, Orrin Smith, Jonas Chase, T. M. Galusha; Treasurer and Collector, Benj. Morrison; S. S. Committee, Martin Jewell. Voted to raise \$2,000 for poor and town charges, \$2,000 for schools, \$1,000 for roads and bridges, \$1,000 to pay town debt. The above persons were elected without regard to politics.

The Argus says that the committee appointed to examine the iron bridge across the Presumpscot at Scarappa, are unanimous in recommending it.

Upwards of two thousand pairs of shoes per week are now manufactured at the National Military Asylum in Augusta.

OUR SUPERINTENDING SCHOOL COMMITTEE

consists of three members, one of which goes out each year. There were three candidates this year to fill the vacancy left by Mr. B. F. Folger, of the West Village—the retiring members, J. G. Soule, and I. J. Thayer—the last two being residents of "rural districts." Mr. Folger was re-elected—receiving 133 votes, while Mr. Soule received 77 and Mr. Thayer 2. Without raising any question as to the comparative qualifications of these gentlemen, we would respectfully inquire with what propriety one member of this Committee is selected from the West Village, while that District, by special act of the legislature, is exempted from the jurisdiction of the Committee. Even last year while that member, in conjunction with the other, was selecting teachers for all the other districts in town, the West Village selected its own teachers. Perhaps this is all right, but we can't quite see it.

WINSLOW.—The following officers were chosen on Monday:—

Moderator, J. P. Garland.
Selectmen, J. C. Hutchinson, L. Hodges, Oscar Wall, Supervisor of Schools, Oscar Wall, Town Agent, C. C. Cornish, Collector and Constable, R. Moor. The town voted \$1500 for schools.—\$200 less than last year.

Raised \$2,400 for Support of Poor, and other town charges and expenses; \$2,000 to be expended on highways and bridges; and the Selectmen were authorized to raise by loan or otherwise \$1,000 additional, for repairing three bridges in Town. Forty-eight hundred dollars have been raised during the past year and paid towards Winslow's portion of Ticonic Bridge. Voted not to tax dogs, reversing the action of last year. Voted to authorize District agents to employ teachers.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION is decidedly unsatisfactory. The democrats have carried the State, electing the three representatives to Congress, a majority of the Senators, and three out of the five councillors, but in the House the Republicans have a small majority.

LATER.—There is probably no choice of Governor by the people—the scattering votes, which sum up to about 1200, defeating Weston. The House is probably democratic. It is hoped that one republican representative to Congress is chosen.

Simpson, of the Belfast Journal, keeps two sets of birds, but it is not often that he has occasion to use both in the same paper. He did, however, this week; and the contrast between the defiant cockerel that crows over New Hampshire and the sneaking chicken that laments over the result in Waldoboro', that stronghold of democracy, is striking.

MAJOR SAMUEL A. FOSTER, U. S. A., son of Nathan Foster, Esq. of Gardiner, died in San Francisco, Cal., on the third inst., at the age of 30 years—as we learn from the Home Journal.

EXTRA MEETINGS have been held at the Methodist Church this week, Rev. Ezekiel Robinson, of Portland, being present and assisting. There is considerable increase of interest.

Take notice, little boys and girls, that Dr. Percival advertises to buy all the checker-berry leaves you will bring him. It is only fun to pick them, in the warm sunny days. Just read his advertisement.

PROF S. K. SMITH, of Colby University delivered a lecture "on Eloquence, or what constitutes Eloquence," at Skowhegan, on Wednesday evening. The Reporter hystows upon it high praise, and in closing its notice says:—

Those who know Prof. Smith regard him as one of the ablest writers and soundest thinkers in Maine; and many regret that he does not let his light shine more outside of the rather narrow limits of his profession.

DAVID HANSOM's saw mill at East Benton was severely damaged by the ice freshet.

WARREN JOHNSON, of Topsham, has been re-appointed State Supt. of Common Schools.

Joshua Nye, of Waterville, has been appointed one of the Trustees of the Orphan Asylum at Bath.

THE SAN DOMINGO TORPEDO, which blew up Sumner, it is said, was also the cause of the terrific explosion in New Hampshire.

WATERVILLE BOYS may have very little done for them at home, but they almost invariably come to prosperity and honor abroad. Albin F. Emery, son of our citizen with almost the same name, a prosperous provision dealer in Augusta, has just been chosen as one of the Aldermen of the city.

ARKANSAS.—Political affairs in this State underwent a sudden and complete revolution on Monday, by which Gov. Clayton has triumphed and secured the U. S. Senatorship, and at the same time leaves the State government in the hands of his friends. Lieut. Gov. Johnson knocked the bottom out of the impeachment scheme by resigning his place, and was appointed Secretary of State, vice White, who resigned. The Senate at once confirmed him, and chose Mr. Hadley their presiding officer. Gov. Clayton then appeared as a candidate for the U. S. Senate, and he will doubtless be elected; Mr. Hadley, who would then be Governor, is Gov. Clayton's right hand man. And so peace is restored at Little Rock.

Col. Alfred E. Buck of Foxcroft, more recently member of Congress from Alabama, has been appointed appraiser of merchandise in the Mobile custom house.

ELECTION OF A VIRGINIA SENATOR.—The Legislature of Virginia on Tuesday elected John W. Johnston, Conservative, U. S. Senator, by 108 votes to 50 for John K. Popham, the Republican nominee.

KING VICTOR EMANUEL denounces as a forgery, the letter credited to him by the Paris correspondent of the London Times, expressive of surprise and disappointment at the hard terms inflicted upon France and especially as to the cession of territory.

OUR TABLE

LITTLE MEN.—The admirers of Miss L. M. Alcott, and those especially who have read and re-read so much delight her famous volumes, "The Old-Fashioned Girl" and "Little Women," will be glad to hear that she is soon to publish, simultaneously in the United States and Great Britain, a companion to the latter book, to be called "Little Men," in which our old friends, the "Little Women" are to be introduced in their new relations in life—as mothers and aunts of the Little Men, John Brooke's boys. Miss Alcott's note to her publishers is so full of womanly sympathy that we cannot help printing it:

"I was just getting well into my work on 'L. M.' when sad news of dear John Brooke's death came to darken our Christmas and unsettle my mind. But I now have a motive for work stronger than before; and if the book can be written it shall be, for the good of the two dear little men now left to my care, for long ago I promised to try and fill John's place, if they were left fatherless."

Messrs. Roberts, Brothers of Boston, are Miss Alcott's publishers, and they hope to be able soon to announce a definite time for the publication of the new book. "A NEW HEALTH JOURNAL.—Health and Home is the title of a new Health Magazine, of 44 pages royal octavo, just issued in very neat form by W. R. De Puy & Brother, 805 Broadway, New York. In their prospectus the publishers promise a high-toned, practical health journal, edited not in the interest of any medical party or clique, but one which shall 'gleam from all fields; hold under contribution all schools of medicine, and seek aid from all intelligent accessible teachers.' The first number now before us has a varied and inviting table of contents, which needs only to be seen in order to awaken attention. It furnishes not only a number of elaborately prepared papers, but also a great variety of miscellaneous facts, hints, remedies, etc., for the family circle. The publishers offer it to subscribers at \$1.50 a year, and call for canvassers in all parts of the country, to whom they will pay large cash commissions.

THE IRISH WORLD is the name of a large eight page sheet, which comes to us from Boston. It is devoted to the interests of the Irish Race and the Catholic Religion, and this includes self-government for Ireland, Catholic rule in America, and war on Anglicized ideas everywhere. It goes in with vim for the cause it advocates, and uses pen and pencil to exalt the Celt over the Saxon. It furnishes news of special interest to the Irish World, and for literary entertainment it is publishing in weekly instalments, "The Arabian Nights," "The Story of a Conscript, or a Tale of Napoleon's War," "Atala, or America a Hundred Years ago," by Chateaubriand; and biographical sketches of "The Marshals of France," &c. Its chief editor is Hon. W. E. Robinson, late Member of Congress.

The price is \$2.50 a year, and it is published at 22 School Street, Boston.

KENDALL'S MILLS ITEMS.

Town Officers, Fairfield.—James Plummer, Moderator; Simon S. Brown, Town Clerk; Elbridge G. Pratt, Charles Cornforth and Elias B. Starbird, Selectmen, Assessors and Overseers of the Poor; James Plummer, Sup. School Com.; Raised \$1500 for Support of the poor; Raised \$3600 for schools; \$1000 for Highways and \$2000 for incidental Expenses. Authorized School Agents to hire teachers.

Fairfield Savings Bank.—The Fairfield Savings Bank was organized on the 4th of March by the choice of William Conner, David Vickery, Naham Totman, Cyrus K. Foss and John H. Gilbreth, Trustees. The Trustees subsequently chose Wm. Connor, President of the Corporation, Elhanan W. McFadden, Treasurer, F. E. McFadden, Assistant Treasurer. A Steam Fire and Bank Proof Safe has been ordered and the Bank is expected to go into active operation on the 1st of May.

Notice.—There will be religious services at the Methodist Vestry each evening of next week excepting Saturday; also each afternoon excepting Monday and Saturday.

There will be a brief sermon each evening (excepting Wednesday on which evening there will be a prayer meeting from 8 to 9,) followed by a Social Meeting.—Rev. Mr. Robinson, of Portland will be with us.

Rev. C. W. Morse, of Gardiner, will preach at the Methodist Church next Sunday.

A. S. LADD.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD CO.—At a meeting of the Directors of the Maine Central Railroad, held in Augusta on Tuesday, the following officers were elected:

Financial and Purchasing Agent, Joshua Nye, Waterville.
Treasurer, J. S. Cushing, Augusta.
Assist. Treasurer, A. T. Thompson, Augusta.
Assist. Supt., L. L. Lincoln, Augusta.
Paymaster and Freight Accountant, F. E. Boothby, Waterville.
Gen. Ticket Agent, Jos. W. Clapp, Augusta.
General Freight Agent, Albion Hersey, Augusta.
Assistant Freight Agent, George S. Flood, Waterville.

Master Mechanic, J. W. Philbrick, Waterville.—[Kennebec Journal.
Edwin Noyes, of Waterville remains Superintendent.

The Panorama of California, which exhibited here two evenings this week, is a rare work of art in its line, and one of the most interesting we have ever seen. We regret that so few of our citizens saw it. The various views of the Yosemite Valley are wonderful and no doubt comparatively truthful. As a whole the exhibition was one to be commended to the best taste, and to be enjoyed by all.

The farmers are plowing in Oxford county, and in other places in Maine—so say the papers.

THAT NIGHT TRAIN over the Maine Central road will be put on immediately, as we learn from the Bangor Whig.

The Washington special of the Boston Advertiser says: "The House bills abolishing the duties on salt, coal, tea and coffee were reported to the Senate on Tuesday, and upon their reception Mr. Trumbull moved a vote of concurrence in the coal and salt bills, and expressed the hope that they would not be referred to the standing committee, as it was universally recognized that such reference would be but a mere matter of form, for which no necessity existed. The coal bill passed to its second reading, when Mr. Hamilton of Maryland objected, thus throwing it over to another day. Mr. Vickers of the same State took the same action with regard to the salt and tea and coffee bills. A careful estimate of the vote in the Senate demonstrates that both the coal and salt bills will pass by a decided majority.

The Secretary of War has ordered troops to be sent to Chester and York counties in South Carolina, to protect the people from Ku-Klux violence.

The rails of the Knox & Lincoln Railroad are now laid to Wiscasset, and the construction train is rapidly ballasting and graveling the road to that place. It is expected to open the road for travel to Wiscasset by the first of April, and they further expect to have cars running to Damariscotta by June.

THE STORM. The rain of Saturday and Sunday nights made quite a rise in the rivers and streams throughout the State, carrying out the ice in the Androscoggin and Kennebec rivers as well as the Penobscot. The Androscoggin was higher than at any time since last spring. A Bridge between Wilton and East Wilton, on the Androscoggin Railroad, has been carried away, and the railroad bridge at Farmington somewhat damaged by the floating ice in the Androscoggin. One pier of the bridge between Auburn and Lewiston was moved nearly two feet by the same cause, and the bridge at Livermore Falls carried away.

We learn from the Kennebec Journal that just after the Saturday afternoon passenger train on the P. & K. Railroad had crossed the street span of the new bridge at Augusta, and was advancing on to the part leading across the river, the engine ran off the track from some unknown cause, and went for some distance on the ice in the course of an hour; but it was a narrow escape for the whole train.

A bold and successful escape was made by a convict in the Thomaston State Prison, at nine o'clock on Friday morning. The name of the prisoner is Henry Grant, he hails from Hampden, and he was committed for arson. He has been feigning sickness, and he was confined in his cell in the old prison, facing the street. The Deputy visited him on the morning of Friday, and on leaving to procure him some medicine, left the cell door unlocked. During his absence, Grant stepped to the window, raised it, bent the bars apart sufficiently to admit his body, dropped to the ground, ran across Main street, took to the woods, and has not been retaken.

The Farmington Chronicle says that on application of certain citizens of Jay, Judge Barrows last week issued a temporary injunction upon the officers of that town against issuing bonds in aid of the manufacturing company of Jay. On the question of a permanent injunction, a hearing is to be held before Judge Walton at the term of the Supreme Judicial Court now in session in this village. The case will be heard on Saturday.

An order has been issued by the German government stopping the departure of all troops now in France except the Landwehr, who will be permitted to return to their homes in Germany. No regular troops will be with-

Mr. Wm. Call, of Dresden, an old man 90 years of age, committed suicide by hanging himself Sunday afternoon.

The vote of Maine on Mr. Sumner's case was divided; Mr. Hamlin voting against, and Mr. Morrill for, retaining Mr. Sumner in the position he has held for the last ten years.

SAN DOMINGO.—A Havana despatch says persons who have arrived there from San Domingo say that the people, hearing that the commission had sent favorable reports, armed themselves and began burning with cries of "No Annexation." Luperon with other Dominicans is now in the north of Santo Domingo doing all he can to prevent annexation. It is reported that he was to act in conjunction with Cabral. It is reported that the Governor of St. Yague has abandoned the Baez party.

A Charleston despatch says the troubles between the white and negro militia in Chester county are subsiding. The citizens in a public meeting have pledged protection to all negroes to lay aside their arms and return quietly to their homes. There is now a strong fear of United States regulars in the county at the invitation of Governor Scott.

ALBANY, N. Y., March 15.—The jury in the Filkins case this morning rendered a verdict of guilty of robbery in the first degree. The court immediately sentenced the prisoner to 20 years imprisonment in the Clinton prison, being the full extent of the law. The prisoner's counsel will prepare a bill of exceptions.

SPRING GOODS!

The Latest Styles

Just received, suitable for SPRING WEAR.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT

FOR BOYS' WEAR.

Which I will sell

At Prices that cannot be beaten.

I AM MAKING UP

BOYS' CLOTHING,

Which will be made in the LATEST and best style.

LOW FOR CASH.

Call and examine my goods, and get my prices.

P. S. HEALD.

"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, with

disposed to deal in the best quality, enables him to select

better class of goods than can be found in this part of Maine.

Please call and examine and you will see that 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,

KENDALL'S MILLS.

(CONTINUED.)

228 12 226 34 220 12

GILBRETH KNOX

Has secured at Barrington Park, Providence, of 1 half a

in a race 130 1-4, quarter 34 1-8 seconds.

His latest colt HONEST JOHN, won the 4 year old par-

ty at Waterville.

His 5 year old colt "KNOX" won the 3 year old colt and gelding.

MAINE HAMBLETONIAN.

Aggrand of "Rydyk's" Hambletonian. See advt.

in Maine Farmer of week for a driver.

MISCELLANY.

OLD SONGS.

BY MISS MARIA STRAU.

They come to us in sweetest song,
The cherished tones of other years;
Around each tender heart they throng,
And silent melt affection's tears.
Soft as the light of infant smiles,
Sweet as the heart's sweetest control;
'Tis love aroused to sweetest wiles,
As melody awakes the soul.

They come to us in sweetest song,
The happy scenes of long ago;
Like sunny lights they glide along,
As o'er the sense they come and go.
Though like a fond and faded flower,
The pictures wear a sombre hue,
Beneath the touch of music's power,
They glow in colors soft and new.

They come to us in sweetest song,
The kindly words of olden days;
They tell us still to shun the wrong,
And cheer us through this dreary maze.
They come to us in sweetest lay,
And all their lullabies are true;
Sweet echoes from the silent way,
Our weary feet no more may tread.

They come to us in sweetest song,
Those hallowed themes of years gone by;
Like purest gems, though hidden long,
They wake, to beam their beauty's eye.
O music sweet, what jewels rare
Are borne upon thy golden wing;
Then fold not thou thy pinions far,
But e'er thy choicest treasures bring.

—Rel. Telescope.

Magazines for 1871.

Now is the Time to Subscribe!

HARPER'S, Atlantic, Galaxy, Scribner's New Monthly, J. Appleton's, Knickerbocker, Godey's, Peterson's, Demorest's, Leslie's, and all the Magazines of the day, are furnished at subscription prices, free of postage, by

G. K. MATHEWS, Phenix Block.

ALSO—Harper's Weekly, Every Saturday; American Union; True Flag; New York Ledger, upon which it is said more money is spent to make it good paper than upon any other paper in the world; New York Weekly; Saturday Night—and all the weekly papers usually kept by Periodical Dealers—are furnished at subscription prices, free of postage, by

G. K. MATHEWS.

"COMFORT BOOTS."

A FEW more of these Comfort Boots, for ladies, at MAXWELL'S.

NOTICE.

Particular attention given to the manufacture of

MEN'S AND BOY'S

Calf and Kip Boots

TO ORDER,

Of the best stock and at the lowest prices,

At MAXWELL'S.

DISTILLED CEDAR WATER,

AND OIL OF CEDAR.

For destroying termites on Cattle, may be had at the Percival Foundry.

Water 12 cts a Gallon. Oil 25 cts, two ounce Bottle 6 cts.

Geo. G. PERCIVAL.

SPONGES OF ALL KINDS.

CHAMOSKINS, and genuine Old Castile Soap, for sale

at MAXWELL'S.

BOOKS for sale by C. K. MATHEWS.

Books that no family can afford to be without.

TALK ABOUT PEOPLE'S STOMACHS,

By Dr. Dio Lewis.

HEALTH AND DISEASES.

By Dr. Hall.

HEALTH BY GOOD LIVING.

By Dr. Hall.

SLEEP, or Hygiene of the Night.

By Dr. Hall.

VALENTINES for sale by

C. K. MATHEWS.

SERGE & LEATHER BOOTS.

FOR Ladies and Misses, selling low

at MAXWELL'S.

LUMBER!

Hemlock, Hardwood,

and Carriage Ash.

Manufactured and for sale by

CROSBY & WALSH.

Jan. 1871. Benton, ME.

On 1st of Jan. 1871,

WE PROPOSE TO

Close Our Old Ledger.

ALL persons indebted to us will take due notice thereof and govern themselves accordingly.

ARNOLD & MEADER.

FOR SALE, CHEAP!

A LARGE lot of Druggists' Tincture and Powder

Bottles, also, Prescription and Counter Scales.

Also, a Soda apparatus, with Draft Stand and marble

counter and good copper fountains.

Also, a few empty Oil Cans, holding from 35 to 60 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., Druggist, Waterville, Me.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the

fourth Monday of February, 1871.

STEPHEN HUBBARD, Administrator on the Estate of JOHN

C. HUBBARD, late of said County, deceased, do hereby

having petitioned for license to sell the following real estate

of said deceased, for the payment of debts, &c., viz: A small

parcel of land occupied by the deceased as a garden.

ORDERED, That notice be given three weeks successively

prior to the fourth Monday of March next, in the Mail, a

newspaper printed in Waterville, that all persons inter-

ested in said estate, or who may claim to be interested in

the same, appear at a Court of Probate then to be holden at

Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not

be sold. Attest: J. BURTON, Register.

H. K. BAKER, Judge.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been

only appointed Administratrix on the estate of WILLIAM

A. PHILBRICK, late of Waterville, in the County of Kenne-

bek, deceased, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond

as the law directs. All persons, therefore, having claims

against the estate of said deceased, are hereby notified to

present the same for settlement at all such times and places

as may be required to make immediate payment to

February 27, 1871. 87 ELIZABETH A. PHILBRICK.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the

fourth Monday of February, 1871.

JOHN MATHEWS, CHARLES E. MATHEWS, Executors of the last will and testament of JOHN MATHEWS, late

of Waterville, in said County, deceased, having presented

their first account of administration of the estate of said

deceased, for allowance.

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively

prior to the fourth Monday of March next, in the Mail, a

newspaper printed in Waterville, that all persons inter-

ested in said estate, or who may claim to be interested in

the same, appear at a Court of Probate then to be holden at

Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not

be allowed. Attest: J. BURTON, Register.

H. K. BAKER, Judge.

FOR SALE.

THE HOUSE-LOT of School Street, formerly occupied by

J. Furber, is also a lot of about 16 acres on corner of road

to West Waterville, 2 1/2 miles away; also a lot of 10 acres

near the Mountain, in Maine, owned by Henry Taylor. Apply to

Geo. G. PERCIVAL, Administrator.

80

Kendall's Mills Column.

NEW OPENING.

J. P. MURRAY,

Millinery and Fancy Goods.

MAIN STREET,

KENDALL'S MILLS. 18

REMOVAL.

DR. A. PINKHAM.

SURGEON DENTIST,

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

Has removed to his new office,

NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.

First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to ex-

amine all orders for those in need of dental services.

E. W. McFADDEN.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

AND

Insurance and Real Estate A

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-

emaker's Building,

One Door North of Eddy & Kimball's.

DEALERS IN

Books, Stationery,

Blank Books, Common School Books, Slates,

Wrapping Paper, Paper Bags, Twine,

Picture Frames, Travelling Bags,

Curtain Shades and Fittings,

Cord and Tassels,

Also a General Assortment of

FANCY GOODS.

Orders for MUSIC BOOKS, &c., not on hand, respect-

fully a pleasure promptly executed. We have a large stock

of Friends and the public generally are invited to give us a

call.

JAMES J. PRAY.

HENRY A. P. PRAY.

Waterville, Nov. 1, 1870. 19

All Right, Again!

WM. L. MAXWELL

having procured two

FIRST CLASS

WORKMEN.

Is ready to fill all orders on Foot

Calf 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.

A FURTHER 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 8 A. M.

and Portland at 10 A. M., arrives at Waterville at 2 30 P. M.

Leaves Waterville for Portland and Boston at 4 A. M.

All orders forwarded by us favorably attended to.

Parcels and orders going to Portland, Boston and down Riv-

er stations must be handed into the office the night before.

Good Messengers on the trips. Give us a try. Prices reason-

able. LITTLE & B. R. R. Proprietors.

27 T. M. GODING, AGENT, WATERVILLE.

Hair, Nail, Teeth, Flesh & Cloth

BRUSHES.

COMBS of all kinds. Hand Mirrors. Puff Boxes. Toilet

Powders, and Waxes. A splendid lot going cheap at

LOW & CO'S New Drug Store.

Gigs, Tobacco, and Pipes.

THE largest and best assortment ever in town and at the

lowest prices can be found at

LOW & CO'S New Drug Store.

Nov. 10, 1870. 21

BUY

PENS, PENCILS,

SEALING WAX and Writing Ink, at

PRAY BROTHERS.

AT

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS,

PRAY BROTHERS.

AT

BRUSHES.

HAIR, Teeth and Nail, at

PRAY BROTHERS.

WANTED.

ALL the money due me for goods sold; as I have need of it

and can use it to good advantage to buy more goods and

cash prices, and give my customers the advantage of cash pay-

ments. Don't forget to call.

Nov. 10, 1870. 22

WM. L. MAXWELL.

ARE YOU INSURED?

I 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

the Bookstore of

C. K. MATHEWS.

L. T. BOOTHBY,

General Insurance Ag't,

Office in Phenix 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.

DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA

VINEGAR BITTERS

Are sold in Waterville by

IRA H. LOW & CO., Druggists.

Don't wait for a Fire to Warn you

Go at once and insure with

BOOTHBY.

If you want to see the best assortment ever in town call at

IRA H. LOW & CO'S New Drug Store.

FOR CHAPPED HANDS, &c.

ROSA GLOVERINE, Peach Plums, Camphor Ice, Cold

Cream, Glycerine, Lip Salve, &c. at

LOW & CO'S New Drug Store.

JUST RECEIVED.

FRESH lot of New Mexico, Irish Moss, Gelatine

Bacon, Cocoa, Oat Meal, Corn Starch, Tapioca, and

at IRA H. LOW & CO'S New Drug Store.

PERFECTION!

A NEW PREMIUM. Each purchaser of a bottle will receive

a handsome Chromo gratis. For sale by

IRA H. LOW & CO., Apothecaries.

80

A GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA