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Maxham & Wing

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WHAT THEN?

What then? Why, then, another pilgrim song;
And then a hush of rest, divinely granted;
And then a thirty stage (Ah me, so long!)
And then a brook, just where it most is wanted.

What then? The wailing of the midnight wind;
And then a hush of rest, divinely granted;
And then a hush of rest, divinely granted;
And then a hush of rest, divinely granted.

What then? I am not careful to inquire;
I know there will be tears, and fears and sorrow;
And then a hush of rest, divinely granted;
And then a hush of rest, divinely granted.

What then? For all my sins his pardoning grace;
For all my wants and woes his loving kindness;
For darkest shades the shining of God's face;
And Christ's own hand to lead me in my blindness.

What then? A shadowy valley, lone and dim;
And then a deep and darkly-rolling river;
And then a hush of rest, divinely granted;
And then a hush of rest, divinely granted.

What then? A hush of rest, divinely granted;
And then a hush of rest, divinely granted;
And then a hush of rest, divinely granted;
And then a hush of rest, divinely granted.

THE GLASS OF COOL WATER.

"It is such a pity," said Mrs. Lee, turning her eyes from the window. A child stood near her, looking out upon the road—a small blue-eyed cherub-like creature that made you think of a better country than the one we dwell in. A man had just passed, and it was of him the lady spoke when she said, "It is such a pity."

"A greater pity for his wife and children," replied Mrs. Lee's sister. "Oh dear, it's a pity for all of them, and for you, too, in a troubled voice. 'Why doesn't the man drink cold water when he is thirsty, and not pour burning liquor down his throat? The one would refresh and satisfy him, while the other quenches his thirst for a little while, and makes it stronger when it returns. I've thought, more than once, of meeting him with a cool glass of water as he came past, in hope that on drinking it, he would turn back to his shop and not go on to Huber's tavern.'"

"That would be too pointed," said the sister.

"It might do good," Mrs. Lee went on. "Suppose he did feel a little annoyed; and he would hardly refuse the cool drink, and that once taken he might not feel so strongly drawn towards Huber's; might in fact, go back to his work instead of keeping on to the tavern. The next time I saw him coming, I could offer the drink again, and with it a pleasant word. I could ask about his wife and children, and show that I felt an interest in him. I'm sure, sister, good would come of it."

The sister did not feel so hopeful. It will take more than a glass of water to satisfy his fiery thirst," she answered. "And then, you know," she added, "that Barclay is easily offended. He would understand just what you meant, I fear, and grow angry and abusive."

"Perhaps you are right," said Mrs. Lee. "We're here alone here all day, and it would hardly be safe to provoke the anger of a drunken man."

"Not at all safe," was her sister's reply. "It's a great pity for him and his family, but I fear that we can't help."

"I don't believe it would make him angry to offer him a cool drink of water." The child who had been listening to her mother and aunt, said this quite earnestly.

The two women looked at each other but did not answer the child.

Mr. Barclay was a carpenter, and his shop stood on the road not far distant from the home of Mrs. Lee. He had at one time been very well off, but like too many others, he would take a glass of liquor now and then. This led him off into the company of those who visit the taverns and alehouses, and by them he was too often drawn away from his shop or his home. So neglect of business was added to the vice of drinking, and the carpenter's way in the world turned downward instead of upward.

Mr. Barclay had several children. The youngest of these was named Fanny and she was just four years old. He was very fond of her, and often struggled with his appetite for liquor on her account. Many times had he gone backward and forward before the tavern door, love for Fanny pleading against love of liquor, and urging him to spend the few pennies in his pocket for a toy or some sweets, instead of for beer or spirits. But the dreadful thirst for drink almost always got the mastery. Poor man he was in a very sad condition.

On the morning after the day on which Mrs. Lee and her sister were talking about him, it happened that Mr. Barclay was without a coin in his purse. What was he to do? Not a single glass of liquor could be had at Huber's tavern, for he was already in debt there, and they had refused to trust him until the old score was paid off. But how was he to go all that day without a single drink of beer or whiskey? The very thought made his lips feel dry and quickened his craving thirst.

He opened a drawer to get a handkerchief, when something met his eyes that made him pause with a strange, eager yet pained expression of face. At first a light had flashed over his countenance; but this faded out quickly. He stood gazing at the object with an irresolute air, and then, shutting the drawer quickly and hard, he turned away and walked to the other side of the room. For some time he remained there quite still, his back to the drawers. A very bitter struggle was going on in his mind. Alas! he was not strong enough for his conflict.

Slowly, step by step, listening as he moved across the room, looking just like a thief, Mr. Barclay returned, and opening the drawer he had closed so quickly a little while before, he thrust in his hand.

What did he bring? I grieve to say that it was a little wooden box, only a few inches square, he had made it himself for his dear little Fanny. There was a small hole cut in the lid which was fastened on with screws. Fanny's money box! yes, even so. The pennies were very few that came into the child's possession; but all she had received for many months were in this box. She was saving them to buy a present for her father at Christmas.

A desperate look was on Mr. Barclay's face as he clutched this box. Hurriedly he took from his pocket a small screw-driver, and in a moment or two the lid was off. Half the pennies were emptied into his pocket, and then the lid screwed on again and the box returned to the drawer.

He had scarcely taken a breath while the box was in his hand. Now he sat down, like one suddenly robbed of strength and panted. The dark flush went off his face, and he looked pale and guilty.

"Father!" It was Fanny herself. The loving child came in and put her arms about his neck. He felt as if clasped in a vice. It was as much as he could do to keep from pushing her with his strong arms away.

"Are you sick, father?" the child had caught a glimpse of his pale, disturbed countenance.

"I don't feel very well," he answered. His voice had so strange a sound to his own ears that it seemed as if some one else were speaking.

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WATERVILLE, MAINE....FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1871.

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Waterville Mail.

"I'm so sorry" and Fanny drew her arms tighter about his neck, kissing him.

This was more than the wretched man could bear. Rising hurriedly, and almost shaking off his child, he left the house and started for his shop that stood nearly a quarter of a mile distant. He did not go to work immediately, but sat down on his bench. He had no heart for work just then.

"Oh, Jim Barclay!" he cried out at last, in a tone of mingled shame and anguish. "That you should come to this!"

He got up and walked about like one bewildered. Just then a man rode up to the door of his shop.

"Is that shutter ready for me?" he asked.

"It will be done to-morrow," answered the carpenter.

"Just what you told me yesterday," said the man, roughly. "The fact is, Jim Barclay," he added, "there's no dependence on you any longer, and I shall take my work somewhere else."

The carpenter was in no mood to bear patiently a hard speech from any one, so he replied as roughly as he had been spoken to; the customer rode off in anger. Barclay stood looking after him as he moved down the road, his excitement gradually cooling until the blindness of passion was gone.

"Fool every way!" he muttered, turning slowly to his work-bench, and taking up a plane. "It wasn't so once. No dependence on Jim Barclay."

He was hurt by the accusation. The time was when no mechanic in the neighborhood could be more depended on. If Barclay promised a piece of work it was sure to be ready. Alas, how changed! He was just as fair in promise now—just as sincere, perhaps, when his word was given—but in performance how slow! He would start in earnest every day, until the desire for liquor grew strong enough to tempt him off to Huber's tavern for a drink. After that, no one could count on him. When he returned to his shop he would be a changed man. Instead of going on steadily with the job he had begun, and finishing it, he would put it aside for something neglected on the day before; work at this for a short time, and then go to something else—at last growing so bewildered that he would drop his tool and go off to the tavern again, often not returning to his shop that day.

Some panels of the unfinished shutter lay on Barclay's work-bench. He took them in his hands, turned them over, ran his eye along the edges, and then stood hesitating what to do. This shutter was not the only job that should have been ready, according to promise days before. He began to be weary just as it had been with him so many times. But where to begin his day's work, which of his neglected customers to serve first; he did not know, his hands were unsteady; a sense of heaviness weighed down his limbs—in body and mind he felt wretched. He thought of Huber's and a refreshing glass. Just one drink and his shattered nerves would be steadier for the day's work. Then he thought of the pennies in his pocket—the carefully saved treasures of his dear little Fanny, stolen from her that morning, and such shame fell upon his heart that he sat down on his work-bench and groaned in pain.

"I'll get one glass," he said, starting up; "for I must have something to put life into me. The pennies are only borrowed; and I'll return them, two for one."

This thought that he had only borrowed the pennies, lessened the pain at his heart. "Just one glass to make me all right." And off he started for the tavern, which stood on the roadside some distance away.

Between the shop and tavern was a pleasant cottage. Mr. Barclay was nearly opposite this cottage when out ran a child holding in her little hands a glass full of water, her golden hair tossing in the wind. She was about Fanny's age and beautiful as a cherub.

"Won't you have a cool drink, Mr. Barclay?" said the child, stopping before him and offering the water, while her earnest, tender eyes, blue as violets, were lifted to his face.

Surprised and started by this sudden vision of innocence and beauty, Mr. Barclay did not hesitate for an instant, but took the glass and drank at a single draught every drop of the cool, pure water. "Thank you, my dear! dropped from his lips, as he handed back the empty vessel; and then he stooped and kissed the child. She did not turn from him and go back into the house, but stood between him and the tavern gazing up into his face. He took a step forward. The child caught his hand.

"Oh, don't, Mr. Barclay!" she cried eagerly, and in such a pleading voice that her tones went further down into his heart than human tones had gone for a long, long time.

"Don't what, little darling?" he asked bending towards her in new surprise.

"Don't go to Huber's any more," answered the child.

Mr. Barclay drew himself up and stood for many seconds just as still as a statue. The child looked at him with a half-seared expression on her countenance, but she kept firmly hold of his hand. Suddenly catching his breath like one who had been deprived of air, he stooped quickly and touched the child's pure forehead with his lips. He said not a word, but stood up straight again, turned resolutely, and went striding down the road in the direction of his shop.

From the window of the cottage mother and aunt looked on the scene in surprise, half trembling in fear lest the man should do some violence to the child, yet rebuked for their own lack of confidence in the means her simple faith had made so strong for good. "The act was her own. They had no hint of her purpose until they saw her crossing the road with the glass of water in her hand. Her own act, did I say? Let me lift your thoughts higher, dear children who read this. God's love and pity for the poor drunkard had flowed into the child's heart and moved her to do just what she did. So it was God acting through her! Just as he acts through every one of us when we try to do good to others. Think of this. God working through us—making us the ministers of His loving-kindness, angels of mercy?"

Mr. Barclay returned to his shop, took off his coat and went to work. The cool water, but more the good resolutions which the child had awakened in his mind, gave tone and refreshment to body and mind. His nerves, all unstrung when he started for the tavern, were steady now. No tremor ran through his hand

when he grasped chisel or plane. He wrought with a sense of pleasure in his work which he had not felt for a long time.

After an hour this feeling began to wear off, and the old heaviness and thirst for liquor returned. His thoughts went back to Huber's tavern and the tempting liquor to be had there. But there was something in the way that he could not pass—not fierce lions, such as frightened poor Christian in *Pilgrim's Progress*; but a pure and innocent child! He felt sure that when she saw him coming along the road she would meet him with her sweet pleading face and the glass of water, and that to pass by would be impossible.

"Go round by the old mill," said a tempting spirit in his thought, "and the child will not see you."

He harkened for a moment to this suggestion, and then with an almost angry tone, as if rebuking the tempter, said—

"No! no! no! God's angel met me in an evil way and turned me back. I will not go round by any other way."

There was a spring not far from his shop. He drank freely at this, and then, refreshed, he took up his work again. How clear his mind was! clearer than it had been for a long time. Like a beautiful picture framed in his thought and holding his gaze with a kind of fascination, was the image of that lovely child meeting him in the road and offering her glass of cool water. It was perpetually before him, and the longer he looked upon it, the softer his heart became, and the stronger his good resolutions.

For the first time in months—it might almost be said in years—Mr. Barclay came home, that evening sober and in his right mind. What a great throbbing of joy his pulse gave, as he saw the look of happy surprise in his dear wife's face, and felt the delight of dear little Fanny's heart as she sprang into his arms and hugged him in a way that told what a new gladness was in her soul. Not until he had, unseen by any one, returned the pennies to her box did a red spot of shame fade from off his manly cheeks.

Mr. Barclay was never seen at Huber's tavern again, nor in any other tavern.

"I," he said to a friend years afterward, in referring to this period of his life, "the old score came back, and my thoughts went off toward Huber's tavern, it never got past the white cottage; for out from its porch I would always see that Heaven-sent angel-child, and to have passed her would have been impossible."

FRENCH POLITENESS.—When I was a boy, and studied first books of history and geography, there was in one of them a picture in which a Frenchman was represented as taking off his hat and making a ceremonious bow to a lady; underneath, as a part of the pleasing fable in which the youth were then, and may be, in many cases, to this day are instructed, was printed that the French were the most polite people in the world. If courteously speech, flatteries, conventionalities, and certain external forms constitute politeness, then the French are the most polite people; but if politeness embraces in its true definition, as I hold that it does, spontaneous unselfishness, refined generosity, carrying kindness into common acts, unselfishness into daily life, and a willingness to make some self-sacrifice for others, making itself felt more than seen—then there never was a more monstrous humbug than French "politeness." It is nothing more than a certain set of hypocritical forms, the thin, deceptive varnish which is substituted for the clear, solid crystal of hearty honesty.

The Frenchman will raise his hat at a funeral, will "mille pardons, monsieur," if he accidentally jostles your elbow, bow gracefully to the *dame du comptoir* as he leaves a restaurant; do these and a thousand graceful and pretty things that tend to exhibit himself, and that cost nothing; but how seldom does he perform an act that calls for the slightest self-sacrifice! He never surrenders a good place that he holds for an inferior one to a lady, an aged person, or a stranger; but he will, if possible, by some petty trick at an exhibition, a review, or public display, endeavor to obtain it from them for himself. The excess of civility shown by the cringing and bowing shopman, with verbiage as supple as oil or supplied with patent hinges in the middle, he expects to put into the price of the goods when he cheats you in your purchases. Attendance in sickness, and service at your hotel, are measured by the franc's worth, till at last, understanding the hollowness of French politeness, its hypocrisy and artificial nature, you long for less ceremony and more heart, and feel that there is much of the former, and little, if any, of the latter, in the Frenchman's code.—[Curtis Guild's "Over the Ocean."

PARTIES AND SUPPERS.—The time will soon come when people of really fine culture will not think of giving their guests a late supper; indeed, of the twenty most intellectual and refined homes to which I have been invited in America and Europe, not one gave any refreshments at an evening party, with, perhaps, the exception of wine in France, and lemonade in this country.

If people have no brains, but have good stomachs, then I advise eating on all occasions; in fact, it is the only thing left. Such people may have already eaten three meals, but when they assemble in the evening at a sociable they had better feed again, and feed hearty; what else is there to do? They can't sit and stare at each other by the hour, and it wouldn't be good manners to lie down on the floor and go to sleep. After they finish the more substantial meals and things, they can fill up the rest of the evening with nuts, apples, cider, and other trifling things.

But if people happen to have a love of music, paintings, conversation—the finest of the fine arts—bright games, charades, dramatics, or any other of twenty amusements—if they happen to have a love for anything above cold pork, then I advise them, when assembled in a social way, to give their brains a chance, and not stuff their stomachs; the former is human, the last is pigish.—[Dio Lewis.

A chemist of the New York Health Department, who has been examining the colored candies prepared by confectioners in that city, reports that in those of orange and other yellow colors, he found chromate of lead and gamboge, and cautions the public especially against green in candy. He gives the components of highly flavored candies, also as deleterious.

OUR TABLE.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY begins its second volume with a number (for May) which is quite remarkable for the surpassing excellence of its engravings and the extraordinary interest of its contents. The noble head of Geo. MacDonald, which forms the frontispiece, serves to call renewed attention to his fascinating story of Wilfrid Cumberland. The leading illustrated article, by Gov. Langford, gives an account of some of "The Wonders of the Yellowstone." The district described lies in Montana and Wyoming, and is pronounced by scientific men to be more crowded with natural wonders than any other portion of the globe. The discoveries made by the party of which Gov. Langford is the historiographer, consisted of singular rock formations, all kinds of boiling springs, a mud-volcano, and geysers more numerous than those of Iceland. In the second article, which will appear in June, the geysers will be more particularly described. A charming chapter of "Reminiscences of Charlotte Brontë" is furnished by her schoolfellows and life-long friend, the Caroline Helstone of Shirley; the illustrations being from sketches and photographs procured by the publishers at considerable expense in England. The other illustrated articles are a curious paper on the "Aye-Aye," by Bart G. Wilder; a translation and a fac-simile of the famous "Mona Lisa," recently discovered, and which dates back 500 years before Christ; and the beginning of an interesting series of biographical sketches of "Living American Artists," by D. O. C. A. Townley, with finely executed portraits of A. B. Durand and D. Huntington. Mrs. Oliphant, author of *Mis M. J. J. J.*, etc., one of the finest and best of living story-writers, has written especially for Scribner's a novella of remarkable freshness and interest, which begins with this number, and has the taking title of "Norah: The Story of a Wild Irish Girl." Edward Eggleston, whose Thanksgiving and Valentine stories have proved so popular, contributes "Ben: A Story for May-Day," the scene of which is laid in the West. "Our Labor-system and the Chinese" is a timely paper by Frank H. Norton. The poetry is by Hiram Rich, H. E. Warner, Samuel W. Duffield, and C. Smith. The Editorial Department is unusually full, and contains articles on "European Change," "Compulsory Education," "The International Commission," "Commissioner Wall's Report," "A Phase of Child-Life," "The Art of Exasperation," "Sourness and Success," "The Modern Maying," "English Water-Colors," "Nilsson," "The Dramatic Season," "Darwinism," &c., &c. A clever design by Rush, "Five Minutes for Refreshments," forms the last page of a brilliant number. Subscribers will do well to send for the cover for the first volume, thus laying the foundation of a valuable illustrated library.

[From Chamber's Journal.]
THE MORAL ALCHEMY.

In this the art of living lies.—Dr. Cotton.

A GROUP of young people, composing the family of Mr. Mansfield, were one winter's night collected in the drawing-room, around the central table, gazing with eager curiosity upon an engraving which that gentleman had just unrolled before them. It represented an antique and spacious apartment, lighted by a single lamp, which seemed but to make "darkness visible." The occupant of this gloomy chamber was a spare old man, whose sunken eyes and wrinkled brow bespoke a life of mental labor. He was represented to be busily engaged with some occupation, the object of which fairly puzzled the younger children, and the heterogeneous articles which surrounded him did not tend to elucidate the mystery.

"This is an alchemist in his laboratory, making experiments in order to discover the philosopher's stone," Horace Mansfield at length observed, addressing his brothers and sisters in a tone expressive of pride at his superior knowledge. "What an absurd idea!" he added, looking somewhat contemptuously on the figure before him.

"In our enlightened days it does indeed appear so, Horace," his father remarked; "yet persons possessed of learning and ability engaged in the pursuit. It was the mania of the middle ages, and was not confined to men who might be supposed to have had leisure for the study, but was even pursued by princes. One of the German electors was surnamed *The Alchemist*, of which title he is said to have been more proud than of his electoral dignity." Mr. Mansfield then proceeded to explain to the younger children the motive which had induced the alchemist to spend his days and nights in deep study and repeated experiments, and lamented that so much valuable time should have been devoted to a fruitless pursuit, whilst that which was really useful, and would have tended to promote the interests of mankind in general, has been left unexplored.

"And yet, papa," exclaimed a thoughtful boy, who had been looking very earnestly on the picture—"and yet, if gold could have been made so easily, how much could have been done for the poor!"

"I question, my dear, whether benevolence ever instigated the pursuit," Mr. Mansfield returned. "And had the discovery been made, it is doubtful if the same value would have been set upon this now rare metal. Such things, my children, have no intrinsic worth. The value set on them is purely artificial, on account of their scarcity. Thus you see if what is termed baser metals could be transmuted into gold by a chemical process, that mineral would not be held in the same high esteem as at present."

"Where do you mean to put this pretty picture, papa?" asked a little fair-haired girl, as she climbed to her accustomed seat on her father's knee.

"I intend, my dear, to have it hung up in the school room," was his reply.

"The school-room! I thought, papa, that you did not approve of pictures in the school-room?" chimed in another.

"I do not approve of such as would be likely to distract your attention from your studies; but when I have told you how, in my youth, I learned a lesson from a picture similar to the one before us, I hope you will always think of it when you see this." The children looked up with pleased and eager glances.

"May I guess what it was, papa?" asked Horace with an air of self-importance.

"To be sure you may; but I doubt if you will succeed."

"You wish the alchemist's incessant labor and contempt of difficulty to incite us to perseverance in our studies?"

"That would be an excellent moral to draw from the subject, Horace; but that was not the lesson I learned from it."

"Well, then, papa, we must leave it to you to tell us what it was."

"When I was a youth of about your age, Horace," Mr. Mansfield began, "I had conceived a great desire to follow one of the learned professions; not that I had any particular talent

for any, but I had adopted the erroneous idea that it would increase my importance. My father had, I knew, other views for me. I was his only son, and being engaged in a flourishing line of commerce, he naturally wished me to be associated with him, more especially as he was in delicate health, and had a large family of daughters to educate and provide for. I never thought of disputing my father's authority; yet my obedience was of a description which I now think of with shame, for it was anything but prompt and cheerful. I consequently commenced my new duties with a spirit altogether at variance with their proper fulfillment. As might be expected, I was always unhappy. I considered myself an injured individual, and deemed that my prospects in life were entirely blighted. Whilst my mind was in this desponding and discontented state, a relative of my mother's paid us a visit. He was one of the most delightful specimens of cheerful old age I ever met with. He had spent a life of activity and usefulness, and was ever ready to sympathize with and encourage the young in a similar course. He very soon discovered my source of regret; but he did not make any remark until a circumstance occurred which gave him an opportunity of teaching me a lesson.

"I accompanied him on a visit to an exhibition of pictures, where, amongst other gems of art, was an exquisite painting, the subject of which was similar to the engraving we have before us. I was much struck with it, and stood for some considerable time riveted to the spot; then turning away with a bitter smile, 'Ah, would,' I murmured, 'that I had been the fortunate discoverer of that stone!' This brief exclamation was not intended to meet the ear of my aged companion; but it did so; and he eagerly inquired whether I desired the *fame* of the discovery, or the unbounded *wealth* it would produce. 'The wealth, sir!' I energetically replied; 'but not for its own sake, for I am not avaricious;' and encouraged by his manner, I then proceeded to open my heart to him, by making him acquainted with my severe disappointment. Nothing further passed on the subject until we were on our way home, when, with a good-humored smile, the old gentleman addressed me. 'I have, my dear young friend,' he said, 'been turning your wish over in my mind; and thinking it unlikely that it will ever be realized, I have hit upon an excellent substitute. I looked up, not a little puzzled to divine his meaning, but made no remark. 'The philosopher's stone,' he resumed, 'is, I believe, now generally admitted to have been a mere chimera of the imagination; but it is in your power to effect a transmutation of infinitely more value, and this is no secret science. The experiment may be tried by any one.' I really do not understand you, dear sir," I returned with some anxiety, supposing that he was about to make a revelation which would further the objects of my desire. 'Providence has not permitted you to follow the bent of your own inclination,' he resumed. 'You are dissatisfied, and consequently unhappy; thinking, like the prophet Jonah, with his gourd, that you "do well to be angry." Now, if, instead of brooding over what you deem to be your misfortunes, you were to try, by the magic power of a moral alchemy, to transmute your duties into pleasures, you would, I think, find the result successful. You look surprised and incredulous. My young friend," he pursued; "but I can assure you that the thing is practicable, because I have made the experiment myself. When the occupation is simply manual, we may employ our thoughts upon more agreeable and congenial subjects; but when they are necessarily chained down to an uninteresting employment, the very fact of its being a duty, if it be discharged with a cheerful spirit, may invest it with a charm. Will you try this moral power?" he asked, affectionately taking my hand.

"I will—I will, sir!" I exclaimed. 'You have made me thoroughly ashamed of my discontented spirit.' And I did try it, my children, and having experienced its happy effects, recommend you all to make the same experiment for yourselves."

MEN WANTED. The great want of this age is men—men who are not for sale; men who are honest from centre to circumference, true to the heart's core; men who will condemn wrong in a friend or foe, in themselves as well as others; men whose consciences are as fixed as the needle to the pole; men who will stand for the right if the heavens should totter and the earth reel; men who will tell the truth and look the world and the devil right in the eye; men who neither brag nor run; men who do not flag nor flinch; men who have courage without shouting; men in whom the courage of overwhelming life runs still and strong; men who do not cry nor cause their voices to be heard on the streets, but who will not fail nor be discouraged till judgment be set on earth; men who know their message and tell it; men who know their places and fill them; men who know their own business; men who will not lie; men who are not too lazy to work nor too proud to be poor; men who are willing to eat what they have earned, and wear what they have paid for. These are the men who move the world.

It is to be feared that many Christians think their whole duty is done when they avoid evil. Their piety is negative rather than positive. A preacher says: "A man who stays at his home does not commit as many sins as a man who travels on the road. Nothing is so truly faultless as nothing. If a person wants to be safe, let him get under the soil. The grave is the fool's paradise. It is no trouble for a man to break a sheep to the harness, but let him try to break if he wants to know where there is real blood. De'en't it more honorable in a man that works, than victory is in a sluggard. Living just to get to heaven is selfishness, and truly selfishness in Christianity is one of the worst kinds of selfishness."

THE BEST DAYS ARE NOW. I think that the civilized world never was so happy in ancient times as it is now—relatively, I mean, compared with what civilization is now doing. If you go back two thousand years, even, you will find it to be so. Men like to praise old times. They like to praise, for instance, the good old hearty days of England before King Henry VIII reigned, when there was simplicity, and when there was a rude yeomanry virtue, and when men were gay and happy. I tell you that were you to take these men up, and carry them back there, and let them sleep where men slept then, and let them eat what

men ate then, and let them do what men had to do then, and take away from them what men did not have then, but do have now, you would hear the most piteous moaning and whining and complaining that ever afflicted your ears. For we have grown in the number of enjoyments, in the refinements of sensibility, in the realization of life, in all the sweet elements that go to constitute satisfaction in life. No pen can record, no tongue can tell, the growth that has been made in five hundred years. The world is steadily growing.

Comparative measurements of the interiors of skulls in the cranial collections of Drs. Davis and Morton tend to contradict the view that the skulls of civilized men are of greater capacity than those of savages. The average of the measurements are: for the Teutonic family, 94 cubic inches; for the Biquinaux, 91 inches; for negroes, 85; for Australians and Tasmanians, 82; for Bushmen, 77 cubic inches. But there are Biquinaux skulls of 113 inches; an Australian skull of 113.5 inches; an Esquimaux skull of 113.1; a Marquesan skull of 110.6 inches, etc., while the largest Teutonic skull is only 112.4 cubic inches. Another fact bearing on the case is that the comparison of skulls of prehistoric men does not indicate any marked diminution of the size of the brain case.

The inference to be drawn from these facts is that the brain of man has not grown with his advance in intellectual power; but that it was provided full grown in the first place, and also embodying a stock of nervous force sufficient to answer all the exigencies of his future states.

TARDY SENSITIVENESS.—An exchange has the following picture: "It is strange how sensitive some men are. They will get drunk, rave about the streets yelling like savages, go home and beat their wives, turn their children out of doors, pay a fine before the magistrate, and having made themselves as notorious as is possible, will slide round to the editor and beg him with tears in their eyes, not to bring any disgrace to their families by mentioning that little affair in the paper! It is a great pity that such sensitiveness should be so tardy in making its appearance. It always is too late."

REVERIE OF REPENTANCE.—There exist thousands of persons who are given to what may be called the reverie of repentance. For there are thousands of persons who feel sad that they are such wicked creatures. Really they feel that it is too bad. They at times fall quite into a minor key. Perhaps if they are educated to music, they sit down to the piano and play touching airs, and sing of the villainess of the heart till tears flow down their cheeks. They pity themselves that they are so pitiable. But how much repentance is there in all this? Is there any definiteness in it? Does the man say "I am proud as Lucifer?" Not a word does he utter on that subject. Does the man say "I am meanly selfish?" Oh no, he only says "I am sick of sin." Does the man say "I am unscrupulous; I am untruthful; I give way to debauch in this direction, and to animal appetites in that?" Does he follow the example of that surgeon who, when called to dress a wound, probes it in all directions and cleanses it thoroughly, before he binds it up? Does he sit down and explore his heart with a searching and a minute examination? No; he does not want to go too particularly into it. He merely wants to have a feeling of regret in view of his general sinfulness.

THE DEAD OF OUR WAR.—At the banquet of the Army of the Tennessee in Cincinnati the other night, General Swayne responded to the toast, "Our dead not dead, but gone before," in the following impressive words:

"Our dead are the true cost of the war. For silver and gold still multiply, and also art and science grow. The nation has new life in all its churches, and a free and equal lives forever in the flag where all the world may reach. The dead alone are dead. Sometimes, perchance in trial or distress, a wishful thought has gone in search of them, as those who were allowed in one hour to sun up and discharge all that remained for them of life, and then realized that since antiquity it has been said that it is sweet as well as glorious to die in arms for a country. Still they are dead, hopelessly dead, for the mother and wife, mournfully dead for the wayward boy; bitterly dead to the hour of want and need of a strong hand; dead also to our love; and yet they live as those whose works do follow them."

Unnumerable colored children south of us are learning busily the shape and structure of our like men. Many a time have I seen them and remembered that our dead men teach all those schools! So, too, it has been taught a pretty speech that liberty and union were one and inseparable, and it was whistled loud down the wind until death followed the denial, and men read the oracle involved. Let no man doubt it for the evils of the present day. They are only the mill of the gods, slow grinding, and these dead may yet teach that truth to all the world. We count them dead and reckon up our loss. God simply seems to make them of more use.

IN-GROWING TOE NAILS.—This most painful of the diseases of the nails is caused by the improper manner of cutting the nail, (generally of the great toe) and then wearing a narrow, badly made shoe. The nail, beginning to grow too long and rather wide at the corners, is trimmed around the corner, which then gives temporary relief. But it then begins to grow wider in the side where it was cut off; and as the shoe presses the flesh against the corner, the nail cuts more and more into the raw flesh, which becomes excessively tender and painful. If this state of things continues long, the toe becomes more and more painful and ulcerated, and fungus (proud flesh) sprouts up from the sorest points. Walking greatly increases the suffering, until positive rest becomes indispensable.

Waterville Mail.

ETH MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... APRIL 21, 1871.



AGENTS FOR THEM.

S. M. PETERSON & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10
Water street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles
Advertising Agent, No. 1 Scollay's Building, Court Street,
Boston; Geo. F. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40
Park Row, New York; and T. O. Ryan, Advertising Agent, 129
Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the Waterville
Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and sub-
scriptions, and to forward them to the publishers, and to sub-
scribe for the same on their own account.

ALL LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS
relating to either the business or editorial departments of the
paper should be addressed to "MAXHAM & WING, or WATER-
VILLE MAIL OFFICE."

Special Notice

HAVING just added to our JOB PRINTING depart-
ment a first class fast press, with choice selections of
fashionable TYPE, we are now prepared to execute all
orders for JOB PRINTING at short notice, in the very
best style, and on the most reasonable terms. Special
pains will be taken to give satisfaction in Circulars,
Bill-Blanks, Business Cards, Town Orders, Bank Checks,
Books of all kinds, large and small Posters and Adver-
tisers, Labels, Tickets, Programmes, Price Lists, &c.

Ticonic Division celebrated the anniversary
of their organization on Monday evening.
A well executed drama, with palatable refresh-
ments and lively merry-making among the
young folks, filled the genial portion of the pro-
gramme. Joshua Nye, Esq., in consideration
of his proposed removal to Augusta, had been
specially invited to be the guest of the Division
on this occasion. He was briefly addressed by a
committee of the Division in which he was
assured of their warm personal regard and con-
fidence, not only as a temperance man, but as a
friend and citizen. Mr. Nye responded at
some length, in a usual easy but earnest man-
ner when talking of temperance. He said he
joined Ticonic Division twenty-five years ago,
and had since found many true and efficient
friends among its members; that in the cause
of temperance they had stood by him in some
of his most arduous work. He spoke of the
progress of the cause in the past, and of the
signs that promise its success in the future. He
alluded with much earnestness to the young
but large band of "Cold Water Templars" un-
der his care in this place, commending them to
the special interest of those older in the cause.
He should not surrender his charge, but should
continue to meet them at stated times. He had
great faith in the efficiency of this department
of temperance efforts, especially in its results
upon the future. He said he was by no means
to take leave of Waterville. His present du-
ties made it proper to reside elsewhere, but a
residence of eighteen years had resulted in
friendships and sympathies here that would
never be forgotten.

At a very temperate hour the company ad-
journed, after one of the most pleasant of its
list of a dozen similar festivals; confident as
ever that their moral and social efforts are pro-
fitable to themselves and to community.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. Franklin Priest, who runs
a planing machine at the furniture manufactory
of Dow & Co., in this place, was severely hurt
in his right arm and hand on Thursday. While
oiling or adjusting some part of the iron work,
a boy assisting thought he was directed to start
the machine, and Mr. Priest's hand and arm,
half way to the elbow, were drawn between an
iron wheel and a fixed piece of the wooden
frame, a trifle less than an inch apart. The
pressure stopped the machine, and it was found
necessary to break the wheel with an iron bar
in order to release the arm. Dr. Campbell was
called, and found that although the hand and
arm were so severely crushed, no bones were
actually fractured. The injury is very serious
and painful, but much less than might be ex-
pected from such an accident.

Maj. Marston, acting as street commis-
sioner in this village, is making commendable
efforts to overcome some of the "boiling
springs" that have been so much and so long
in the way of walkists. For what he is doing
at the corner of Temple and Main-sts, he has
the sympathy and the thanks of all who have
passed that little mud-hole daily for so many
years.

We invite attention to the advertisement
of Mr. J. F. Elden, in the line of furniture,
carpets, crockery, and a choice selection of
housekeeping goods. His large and neatly kept
establishment in Boutelle Block is one of the
business ornaments of our village; always of-
fering a very choice selection of goods, to a
large and growing list of customers.

No doubt our citizens will take proper in-
terest in the entertainment to be offered on Mon-
day evening, by the young ladies of the Classi-
cal Institute. The avails are to be used by
the graduating class in meeting the expenses
of their coming Commencement. Very pleas-
ant dramatic performances are promised, with
music, refreshments &c., Tickets 25 cts.

REV. WM. H. KELTON.—In a notice of his
decease and funeral exercises, in the *Waterville
and Reflector*, occurs the following:—

He was scholarly in all his tastes and habits;
he was a clear thinker and an able preacher;
he was a faithful and laborious pastor; he was
a ready and quiet and strong helper in every
Christian enterprise; he was a kind and con-
siderate friend to his ministerial brethren, with
an injurious word for none, and a hearty grasp
for all; he was a "brother beloved" in many a
household circle; we hardly need add he was an
affectionate husband and a tender father.

"Mr. Kelton was born, we believe, in 1835.
He entered New Hampton Theological Institu-
tion in 1855—having previously spent some
time at Bangor Theological Seminary—and
graduated in 1858. He was ordained over the
church in Bluehill, Me., and subsequently be-
came pastor at West Waterville. Both these
pastorates he filled successfully, but was com-
pelled at length to resign all pastoral labor for
a time in consequence of the failure of his health,
which was greatly impaired by labors at the
South in the service of the Christian Commis-
sion. When his health was in a measure re-
stored by respite and travel, he settled, in 1865,
in North Scituate, and though the disease still
wrought in him which finally resulted in death,
he did the work of a well and strong man, su-
peradding to the ordinary duties of a pastor the
responsibilities and cares and labors involved
in building a most commodious and tasteful
house of worship, and an excellent parsonage
for a church, of itself, peculiarly unequal to
the task. The former, which, exclusive of its
furnishings, cost \$11,000, was dedicated last
year free from debt. Nor did engrossment in
material service divert our brother from the
proper care of souls. The year in which the
house was completed he baptised twelve, one-
third as many as were baptised in the entire
Association. His labors from the first were
attended with much spiritual prosperity.

"Brother Kelton died in his prime, but he
has done up a large life work."

SCHOOL MEETING.—Two or three small
written notices, only one of which is posted in
what may properly be termed a public place,
though it may fulfil the requirements of the law,
does not constitute a good and sufficient notice in
these latter days—and thus it came to pass, on
Monday evening, that while the people at large
were not present at the School meeting in Dis-
trict No. 1, there was a full attendance of those
who had been privately notified that there was
an expensive school house in the warrant and
came to vote against it. We do not believe
that many desire to build a school house at this
time—but some action was needed on certain
other articles, which, in their haste to adjourn,
the voters completely ignored. Such were
those calling for a further appropriation needed
to maintain the schools the same as last year,
and the one calling for an appropriation to pay
for a plan and specifications, procured by a
committee appointed by the District last year.
This Committee did what they were directed to
do by a vote of the District, and their doings
were approved, the plan and specifications ac-
cepted, and a building committee was chosen to
carry the plan into execution. True, at a sub-
sequent meeting the vote to build was reconsidered;
but to refuse to pay the bill incurred by the
committee or even to consider the subject,
might be termed boy's play if it was not so
sneakingly mean. We do not believe the Dis-
trict can so easily dodge its responsibility.

Charles H. Redington was chosen Moderator
of the meeting, H. B. White re-elected Clerk,
and M. B. Soule, Esq. chosen Agent. The
Classifying Committee, as usual, was made up
of the Agent and the two members of the Town
S. S. Com. resident within the limits of the
District—Rev. Dr. Sheldon and Prof. M. Ly-
ford. The District voted to continue the ar-
rangement with the Classical Institute for the
instruction of the High School pupils, if it can
be done on the same terms as heretofore. The
length of terms of schools, &c., to be left with
Classifying Committee. The old agent had a
report to offer, but no time was given for its in-
troduction.

Quite a scene occurred in Lewiston, on Fast
Day. Rev. Mr. Boothby, the City Missionary,
took occasion in a public prayer to mention the
Mayor, hoping he would enforce the liquor
law and save the people from the evils of free
rum. At the close of the prayer, Mayor Gar-
ceron arose and "pitched into" the prayer
and the man who made it, in a style more forcible
than elegant. The *Journal* reviewed the
Mayor in a two column article, which must have
been about as unpalatable to him as the prayer.

They have lost a good mechanic at West
Waterville. Mr. Elijah Woodman, so well
known among the horse men, for his skill in
shoeing, has gone to Methuen, Mass., and what
we lose the people of that region will gain.
He has left in his place, however, a "chip of
the old block," as will be seen by referring to
his advertisement in another column; and his
old friends and customers are requested to give
the son a trial and see if he does not worthily
fill his father's place.

COLBY UNIVERSITY.—The annual prize
declamation of the Sophomore Class will occur
next Wednesday evening, 26th, at the Baptist
Church. The music for the occasion will be
furnished by Johnson's Band of Lewiston.

THE CHAMPION HOPPER has been in our
village, creating quite a furore among the ju-
veniles. After perambulating the village, in
costume, with drum and accordion, he hopped
from the Continental House to the Colleges
and back again, and gathered quite a harvest
of dimes.

HON. J. NYE, being about to leave town,
requests all those old and young who have ever
been connected with his Section of Cadets of
Temperance, to meet him at Town Hall to-
morrow evening, Saturday, April 22.

MR. JAMES CONANT, of our village, was
thrown from his bake cart last Saturday and
quite seriously injured, but is able to be out,
though very lame yet.

OUR TABLE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for May concludes the
forty-second volume. The Publishers have fulfilled the
promise made by them at the commencement of this
Volume—that it should surpass its predecessors. The
number opens with a very suggestive illustrated paper on
the "Westover Estate in Virginia, tracing the fortunes of
the Byrd Family and its connection with Colonial and
Revolutionary associations. "The Monarch of Moun-
tains" is a paper on Mont Blanc, and the illustrations
are from photographs. The Fourth Paper of the "Flori-
da Reef" series is occupied with an account of the Dry
Tortugas in 1868. "The Story of Punch and Judy" is a
complete version of this world-renowned puppet drama,
with illustrations by George Cruikshank. "The Ameri-
can Baron," with its characteristic illustrations, is still
continued. "Frederick the Great" is concluded in this
number. Mr. Moncre D. Conway contributes an inter-
esting and timely paper, entitled "Religious Relics in
London." "Anteros" and "Anne Furness" are con-
tinued. The shorter stories in this number are "A Song in
Gold," by W. S. Nowell, a beautiful fancy, so exquisitely
expressed that it may be called a prose poem; "Ar-
chie Hatchington," a brilliant character-sketch, involving
also a sad life-history, by D. R. Gaskell, in which this
department of literature is not surpassed by any living
writer; "Dead-Headed," a humorous story by Miss S. C.
Woolsey; and "The Noble Love," a beautiful story by
Justin McCarthy. The poetry of the number consists
of contributions by Elizabeth Akers Allen, Julia C.
R. Dorr, and Mrs. R. H. Stoddard. Thirty pages are
devoted to the special Editorial Departments. The
"Essay Club" gives a suggestive essay on literature as
a profession; treats of the results of the rapid com-
munication established between America and Europe, and
especially its effect upon New York as a metropolis; and
reads Mrs. Candour a lesson concerning the work and pay
of clergymen. The "Literary Record" covers the no-
table books of the month. Eight and one-half pages
are devoted to the "Scientific Record." This Depart-
ment—the only well-organized and complete monthly
record of the progress of science that is published—con-
tains all the recent scientific discoveries, and explains
their practical application. It is as entertaining as it is
instructive. "The Historical Record" gives a carefully
prepared summary of events down to the 28th of March.
The "Drawer" is full of amusing anecdotes.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE for May, has
its usual interesting table of contents. Oliver Optic's
story, "Gringle and Crostree," "Elijah Kellogg's story,"
"The Spark of Genius," and "So-hie May's story," "The
Doctor's Daughter" are all continued, and are all illus-
trated. Then we have the second of "The Vacation in
Petrolia" papers, written by a resident in the Oil Regions,
and exceedingly interesting. George S. Burleigh writes
of "Diamond Cutting," and there is an unusual variety
in the popular "Pigeon-hole Papers," "Head Work,"
and Editorials.

Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, at \$2.50 a year.

The schools of our village, all take a short
vacation this week.

CONGRESS adjourned yesterday afternoon.

HENRICKSON has Harper's Magazine for
May, brimful of pictures, stories, etc., which
everybody will want and which will do every-
body good to read. Buy it.

FRANCE.—Fighting continues around Paris,
but with what result it is very difficult to say. The
Versailles government forces continue to
shell the city, doing much damage. There is
talk that the Prussians are to interfere, and many
of the citizens are leaving Paris.

President Grant has issued a proclamation,
calling for a session of the U. S. Senate on the
10th of May next to receive a communication
from the executive on important business.

SHERIFF BARTON's health is reported to be
improving and there is hope that he will be
able to attend the Court in May.

"The Lewiston Journal displays a fine-look-
ing girl in a sewing machine advertisement. Can a
customer order a machine with that at-
tachment and what is the figure?"—[*Belfast
Journal*].

If the "attachment" is right, the "customer"
may of course "order." The figure is a
won and an ought.

After a second session of the, Coroner's Jury,
in the case of James Rice, the following verdict
was returned:—

"That the said James Rice came to his death,
at the dwelling house of Luther G. Wentworth
in Winthrop, between the hours of four and six
o'clock on the morning of April 21, 1871, from
some cause to the jury unknown. And the jury
do not find any suspicion or imputation of wrong
on the part of the wife of the deceased, or the
family of the said Luther G. Wentworth.

BASE BALL.—The "Conglomerate" Base
Ball Club "have reorganized for the coming
season, with the following officers:—Pres. F.
M. Wilson, Vice Pres. C. P. Weston; Sec. A.
L. McFadden; Treas. James Lowe; Direc-
tors, A. H. Kelly, G. H. Sturdy, E. M. Mar-
ston. The nine to be sent into the field this
year is by far the strongest ever in this place,
and we have no doubt but the Club will be able
to hold its own with any in the State. Capt.
of first nine, C. W. Foster; Scorer, C. H.
Sturgis.

CROWELL & Co., will open this week, at
the store formerly occupied by E. Blumenthal
& Co., a fine assortment of *Fancy Goods*. The
store has been overhauled and repainted, and
will make a good stand for business.

THE GRAND DIVISION S. O. T. will hold a
session in Augusta, on Wednesday the 26th
inst., commencing at 4 P. M.

SIXTY gallons of dangerous fluid was seized
at the store of Bartlett & Hartwell, Augusta,
on Monday, says the *Journal*.

The last Revolutionary pensioner Daniel
Frederick Bakeman—is now residing in Free-
dom, Cattaugus County, N. Y. He has a
pension of five hundred dollars a year. His
age is 109 years.

The steamers running between Portland and
Boston will—on and after next Monday—leave
Boston at 7 P. M. instead of 5, as at present.

HORSE STOLEN.—On Tuesday evening some
wretch stole a good mare from the stable of
Mrs. W. R. Chandler, in Unity. A mouse
colored horse, with a line down the back, will
be readily followed if the track is once taken.

PROF. GREENLEAF—an eccentric old gen-
tleman, 70 years of age, the author of a gram-
mar, and well known in many parts of our State,
died recently in Burnham.

SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The Winslow Sabbath Schools met in Con-
vention at the M. E. Church on Thursday,
April 13th, at 10 o'clock A. M., Rev. J. Din-
more in the chair.

The first hour was spent in devotional exer-
cises, then reports from the different S. Schools,
all of which were reported as having a growing
interest. Rev. Mr. Bean, who was appointed
to deliver an essay on the question, "Shall
works of fiction be put into S. S. Libraries?"
being absent on account of sickness, E. R.
Drummond, Esq., of Waterville was appointed
to open the question, and said he should answer
yes, but not without many qualifications.

Rev. Mr. Ladd, of Waterville, followed. He
thought the question not an open one, for while
many books of facts were entirely unfit for the
S. School Library, who would object to *Pilgrim
Progress*, though known to be an entirely fic-
tious work. Mr. Ladd would have a committee
appointed to select the books and give each
book a careful reading.

The next question, "How shall the scholar
be taught to study the lesson?" was assigned
to the Secretary, C. H. Keith, but he being de-
tained at home by sickness Mr. Edward Paterson
opened the question. He thought it best
to have the lesson committed entirely to mem-
ory. Others spoke on this question and all
were in favor of having more Bible and less
superficial work.

The question, "How shall the heart and con-
science be reached?" was discussed by Din-
more, Ladd and others. The general conclu-
sion was that there is no new method—the great
work being to keep the little ones in Christ, and
to lead the older persons back to Jesus.

At the close of this topic the Convention ad-
journed to meet at 1 o'clock P. M., and though
it was Fast Day, all seemed well provided with
baskets of goodies, which, with Miss L. Taylor's
hot coffee, gratuitously provided, reminded one
more of Thanksgiving than the old times Fast
Day.

At the appointed hour the Convention was
called to order, and after spending a short ses-
sion in devotion proceeded to discuss other ques-
tions relating to S. S. interests. Mr. Drum-
mond illustrated how to teach an infant class.
Then came an address from Rev. Mr. Ladd—
subject, "What should parents do for Sabbath
Schools?" and though Mr. Ladd said his sub-
ject had been fired into most terribly by other
speakers" it was listened to with much interest.

The black-board exercises were conducted
by J. Dinmore, after which the question box
was opened, which was found to contain num-
erous questions proposed by different members of
the Convention, which were answered princ-
ipally by Dinmore, Ladd and Drummond. Sing-
ing was interspersed conducted by Mr. O.
Taylor. The exercises were calculated to pro-
mote our S. S. interest in a high degree.

Adjourned to meet the third Saturday of
June next, at 10 o'clock A. M., in the Baptist
Church in Winslow.

G. W. FILES, Sec. pro tem.

WHAT ONE FARMER THINKS.

Gentlemen Editors:—Having been in nearly
every town on the Kennebec River, from Bath
to Solon, since the commencement of the pres-
ent year, my attention has been called more
especially to the manner in which orchards are
cultivated, or neglected, as I am trying to grow
one of choice fruit for myself. In many
places old orchards are standing as bold wit-
nesses against their negligent owners and a
disgrace to the community in which they exist;
while those showing the kind care of the hus-
bandman, though less numerous, stand as living
witnesses, in favor of the skill and wisdom of
their owners. But what I wanted to speak of
most was the importance of the real necessity
of planting nurseries and raising our own apple
trees, instead of buying N. York trees. Plant-
ing our own native trees, and grafting them, is
our fancy or taste may dictate, is the only sure
way of getting a good reliable orchard, in qual-
ity as well as in productiveness. They are
more hardy, better adapted to our soil and cli-
mate, and will stand the heat and cold much
better than those brought from distant States.
According to my own observation a very much
larger per cent. of our Maine trees live, grow
and mature than of those brought from New
York.

There seems to me to be a real necessity to
raise up young trees to supply the waste and
decay of our old orchards. Would it not be for
the interest of the whole State if the trustees
of our agricultural societies generally would
offer less premiums at our annual exhibitions
on apples and offer a few premiums for seedling
trees? although the premium might be small,
yet sufficient to induce many to try their hand
at raising seedling trees. A premium of five
or ten dollars would pay for plowing, carting,
dressing and planting half an acre and there
could be trees enough started on that for several
large orchards.

Also one other subject of equal importance
I wish to mention, and that is draining wet
land. Thousands of acres in our State are ly-
ing useless for want of proper drainage, which,
if drained, would be considered our best grass
lands. I think if the trustees of our agricul-
tural societies would offer a few premiums on
under draining and less premiums on trotting
horses and best herds of stock (where only a
few dollars get it every year) I think the State
would not only be much more benefited but
would be better satisfied.

OBED EMERY.
Fairfield, April 17th, 1871.

The Ken. Journal, in behalf of the musical
artists connected with a Gift Concert at Au-
gusta, apologizes for the lottery part of the en-
tertainment, with which they had nothing to do.
The cure for this gift nuisance rests with the
people, let them remember, and if they refuse
to countenance them all such affairs are doomed.

Next week we shall publish the premium
list of the N. Ken. Ag. Society.

STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE.—We learn that
about a year and a half ago, Mr. Albert Good-
speed of North Vassalboro', formerly farm and
stock manager for Hon. T. S. Lang, disposed
of his property in the village and left for the
West to buy a home for his family. Shortly
after his arrival information was received by his
wife that he was in Michigan and had gone
into the woods. Since that time he has not
been heard from, and there are apprehensions
that he has met with foul play. His wife and
family, after waiting in such long and painful
suspense, have gone West in the hope that
they may discover his fate.—[*Maine Farmer*].

Several weeks since fifteen barrels of whis-
key were seized at the depot in Dexter, and
were ordered to be restored to the New York
owner by the Justice. A second seizure was
made by other parties before the liquor could
be taken out of town, and a trial of the libel
was had Monday, before Justice McGrillis, and
the liquor has been declared forfeited.

JENNY LIND.—A paper in New York some
time ago published a story to the effect that
Jenny Lind's husband had squandered all her
fortune, and the ill-matched pair had separated
by mutual consent. Three London journals
were rash enough to copy this bit of scandal,
and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, having sued them
for libel, has just recovered three verdicts with
damages amounting in the aggregate to \$10,-
000. He might have had more, but he only
demanded enough to reimburse his expenses
in vindicating his reputation. It appeared
on the trial that not only are Madame Gold-
schmidt and her husband a very happy couple,
but the fortune which belonged to the famous
singer when she married has since been doubled
thanks in part to the excellent management of
Mr. Goldschmidt and his professional earnings.
The wife testified with some emotion to her
husband's kindness and domestic virtues; and
Mr. Goldschmidt swore that far from being a
gambler, he could not so much as play whist,
and instead of being a dissolute spendthrift he
did not even smoke.

SAD AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—A corre-
spondent writes us from South Norridgewock,
that Mr. Charles H. Jones, only son of Daniel
Jones of Fairfield, was almost instantly killed
at the Eaton School building in that place, on
Tuesday morning last by the falling of a heavy
piano, which he was assisting in carrying
down a steep flight of stairs. He was about
twenty years of age.—[*Maine Farmer*].

The N. Y. Herald of Wednesday morning
says: "The fishery question has been settled
by the Joint High commission. It has been
agreed as a basis for settlement, that the Ameri-
can fishermen may cast their nets anywhere
in Canadian waters without reference to dis-
tances from the shore, and fish for anything
but bad or salmon. The Canadian fishermen
are to enjoy the same privilege with similar
restrictions relative to shad, salmon and shell fish
in any American waters north of the 39th par-
allel of latitude."

SENATOR SUMNER'S RECENT SPEECH.—
We give below the conclusion of Senator Sum-
ner's eloquent speech in favor of the bill to en-
force the provisions of the 14th amendment.

Nor am I deterred from the conclusion by
any cry of Centralism, or it may be of imperi-
alism. These are terms borrowed from
France, where this abuse has become a tyranny,
subjecting the most distant communities, even
in the details of administration, to central con-
trol. Mark, if you please, the distinction. But
no such tyranny is proposed by us, nor any in-
terference of any kind with matters local in
character. The nation will not enter the State
except for the safeguard of rights national in
character, and then only as the sunshine, with
beneficent power, and like the sunshine, for the
equal good of all. As well assail the sun be-
cause it is central, because it is imperial. Here
is a great centralization, here is a generous im-
perialism, shunning with patriotic care that in-
jurious centralization and that fatal imperialism
which have been the nemesis of France. I hail
that other centralism which supplies an equal
protection to every citizen, and that other imperi-
alism which makes equal rights the supreme
law, to be maintained by the national arm in
all parts of the land: Centralism, imperialism!
Give me the centralism of liberty. Give me
the imperialism of equal rights. And may this
National Capitol, where we are now assem-
bled, be the emblem of our nation, planned on
a hill-top with portals opening North and South;
East and West, with spacious chambers and
with arching dome, crowned by the image of
liberty. Nor am I deterred by any party cry.
The Republican party must do its work, which
is nothing less than the regeneration of the
nation, according to the promises of the Decla-
ration of Independence. To maintain the
Republic in all its unity and the people in their
rights, such is this transcendent duty. Nor do
I fear any political party which assails these
sacred promises even if it falsely assume the
name of Democrat. How powerless their ef-
forts against these immortal principles. For
myself I know no better service than that which
I now announce. Here have I labored steady-
ly from early life, bearing obloquy and eni-
mity, and here again I pledge the energies
which remain to me even if obloquy and eni-
mity survive.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commer-
cial, who has been travelling over South Car-
olina, sums up the situation there as follows:
"The people are poor, the Legislature cor-
rupt and extravagant, the taxes enormous,
and the state credit declining. Political an-
timony is at its bitterest. An armed secret
organization exists which proposes purification
by systematic whipping and killing indiscrimi-
nately administered to all, white or black,
who act or sympathize with Republican policy."

The Governor of Massachusetts went down
to take a look into the Hoosac Tunnel the
other day, and a venerable farmer, if we may
credit the Boston Transcript, addressed him
thus: "I have lived hereabouts, off and on,
about forty year, and my opinion is, that if I
was the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and
hadn't gone into't, I wouldn't go into't. But
if I had gone into't, and got as far as you be,
my opinion is that I dun'no what I should do
about it."

A TRAGEDY IN A STATE PRISON.—There
was a terrible tragedy at the Concord State
Prison Tuesday afternoon. Wm. T. Flanders,
an overseer, had some occasion to reprimand
a convict in the cabinet shop named Stuart for
laziness, when Stuart attacked him with a bed
post striking him on the side of the head and
knocking him senseless. He was prevented by
two of his fellow prisoners from following up
the assault. Flanders' head was badly crushed
and there are fears that his injuries are fatal.

The Clinton Herald, in commenting on the
case of the man at Hopkinton who was broken
of the habit of tobacco chewing by finding a
lizard in his "plug," expresses its astonishment
that a man who could masticate a plug of to-
bacco should back off the track when called up-
on to grind lizards. "For a first square meal
of either," says the Herald, "we should try
lizards."

A WRITER in the Newark Advertiser says
that Baltimore at the present time has the clean-
est streets and the best ordered people on Sun-
day of any large city in the Union. Every
place of amusement is closed and no business
of any sort permitted. Even the cigar shops
and larger beer saloons are shut, and not even
a confectionery store or any other, even by
stealth, is open. If keeping the Sabbath rig-
idly is Puritanical, Baltimore is even in advance
of Boston.

WERE THEY REPUBLICANS?—A New York
dispatch states that the bodies of seven men,
4 whites and 3 blacks, were recently discovered
on the shore of Deep Creek, Eastern Va.,
downed. All were tied together and each had
his hands tied behind his back.

PERPETUATING THE POTATO.—The results
of many years experimenting with the potato,
carried on with great minuteness by the late
Mr. W. Patterson of Dundee, Scotland, have
recently been published in the English agricul-
tural journals. Mr. Patterson studied the
culture and diseases of the potato very care-
fully during the greater part of his life, exper-
imenting largely in the propagation of new
varieties from the seed, and obtaining some
varieties of great value. He believes that every
variety of the potato becomes gradually weak-
ened by repeated planting and ultimately dies
out, and that there is no way of perpetuating
the plant but by propagating new kinds from
the seed or balls, secured from the best and
strongest varieties grown. This work must
be continued without ceasing, that new and
healthy kinds may be always ready to take the
place of old and worn out varieties. He regard-
ed it as desirable that fresh seed should be ob-
tained every year, as the liability to disease is
increased if the last year's seed is planted on
the same ground. Picking the balls was found
to improve the crop one-third, and more of the
strength of the plant goes to nourish the seed.

The Hoosac tunnel was advanced 405 1-2
feet during March—the east end 153 feet, the
central shaft 84 feet, and the west end 104 feet,
while 64 1-2 feet of brick arch was completed.
The water in the central shaft continues to ad-
vance, and will do so until the new pumps,
which are being put in position, are set in mo-
tion. At present it is about nine feet deep in
the shaft and tunnel, and as the tunnel is ex-
cavated for over 200 feet from the shaft a vast
amount of water will have to be pumped out
before work can be resumed.

A RICH but ignorant lady of Boston, who
was ambitious that her conversation should be
up to the transcendental style, in speaking of a
friend, said: "He is a *paragon* of politeness!"
"Excuse me," said a wag sitting next to her;
"but do you not mean a *parallelogram*?" "Of
course I meant *parallelogram*," replied the am-
bitious lady, "how could I have made such a
mistake?"

A CONTRIBUTOR in *Lippincott* says of Rus-
kin's personal appearance: "I think 'he is the
plainest man I ever saw'; at any rate, no face
has ever impressed me with so much ugliness.
And as if to intensify nature, his manner of
wearing his hair, and his rudely-fitting dress,
only emphasize the natural want of charms.
His face has neither fineness of feature nor win-
ning expression."

MISCELLANY.

THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.

I sat an hour to-day, John,
Beside the old brook stream,
Where we were school-boys in old time,
When manhood was a dream;
The brook is choked with fallen leaves,
The pond is dried away,
I scarce believe that you would know
The dear old place to-day.

The school house is no more, John,
Beneath our locust trees,
The wild rose by the window's side
No more waves in the breeze;
The scattered stones look desolate,
The sod they rest on
Has been ploughed up by stranger hands,
Since you and I were gone.

The chestnut-tree is dead, John,
And what is sadder now,
The broken grape-vine of our swing
Hangs on the withered bough,
I read our names upon the bark,
And found the pebbles rare
Laid up beneath the hollow side,
As we had piled them there.

Beneath the grass-grown bank, John,
I looked for our old spring,
That bubbled down the alder path
Three paces from the swing;
The rushes grow beneath the brink,
The pool is black and bare,
And not a foot for many a day
It seems has trodden there.

I took the old blind road, John,
That wandered up the hill—
'Tis darker than the shadow of a hill,
And seems so lone and still;
The birds yet sing upon the boughs
Where once the sweet grapes hung,
But not a voice of human kind
Where all our voices rung.

I sat me on the fence, John,
That lives as in old time,
The same half panel in the path
We used to go to climb,
And thought how, o'er the bars of life,
Our playmates have passed on,
And left me counting on the spot
The faces that were gone.

ON READING.

A WORD TO THE BOYS, FROM A FRIEND.

"We boys love stories." Of course you do. I like them myself, but the danger is, that with such a multitude of exciting, sensational ones, as are sold now-a-days, you will read nothing but stories. And that would be "paying, dear for the whistle," would it not? If for the sake of books that have not the slightest foundation in truth, nor, indeed, in the probable, written only to amuse, not more than a single grain of wheat hidden in a whole page of chaff, you lose all relish for a higher and better style of reading, you do yourself a grievous wrong.

I am not condemning you to dry, dull books. Indeed I am not. My own young days are not so far away but I know quite well what you want. But only think of the books that are waiting to take you all over this great world of ours; up into the arctic seas; down below the equator, showing you all the strange forms of life in those tropical regions; into the depths of the sea, and pointing out the still stranger forms of life there; whole volumes of travel adventure that will add to your stock of knowledge, as well as enlist your eager interest; and histories without end, that will charm you like a fairy tale, if you only give them a chance; taking you through, not the world merely, but through the past centuries, showing the grand discoveries and dreadful struggles which have made the world what it is now.

Then think of the stirring tales of real heroes, who have fought the battles of life and come off conquerors; have struggled through a boyhood of poverty and trial and temptation into a noble, resolute manhood. Isn't there enough in such examples as these to interest? Does it set your blood tingling to think what others have done and what you may do.

Now, a word about the newspaper. I always feel hopeful of a boy who reads habitually the daily or weekly paper. I set all such down for live wide-awake boys, when I see them taking such an interest in the current news of the day. But I wait first until I see to what part of the paper they turn most eagerly. If, as the sheet is unfolded, they run over the telegraph column to find out what is passing in other countries as well as in our own, then I know there is intelligent interest. Their ears have been open to the discussions among the older members of the family, and the mind has been at work, too. There is no excuse for ignorance now. When all the nations of the earth are knocking at each others' doors, we may learn what we will. If I see the eye brighten over some noble deed of charity to the poor and suffering, then I am glad; for I know there is a generous spark down in their own hearts that shall yet kindle into a flame of its own, and gladden others some day with other noble deeds. But if I see them with eager interest reading the horrible details of crime and murders, hope dies out of my heart, and I turn away with real pain. It is a crying evil of our day, this publishing in such minuteness these loathsome details of crime. I see no end or purpose of justice to be answered by it, but only fearful harm. Your young hearts should turn in instant recoil from such brutal tales. Boys! if the public Journal, that should be a school of better morals, spreads this snare before you, do not you walk into it. It will blunt all your finer feelings, and familiarize your mind with forms of cruelty and sin that otherwise you would never come in contact with. Every one knows that any thing made familiar to the mind loses half its deformity. Never suffer yourself to read one of these articles. If your eye catches the startling heading, pass it instantly by. Do not fill that mind of yours, which should be all manly and noble, with these dreadful pictures of sin and guilt.

I have said nothing about those poisonous books—low and vulgar—that sometimes find their way secretly into some boys' pockets. I trust there is no need to caution you against these. Never, never, read anything you would blush to have your mother or sister see. Read! but pray be careful what you read.

—[Heath and Home.]

A NICE YOUNG MAN FOR A "TEA PARTY."—Moses Coit Tyler is understood to be the author of "A Chat about Swinburne," in the Golden Age for this week, which contains the following remarkable statement:

"Swinburne vibrates between the inspirations of wine and the exasperations of madness; and between fear and disgust at his conduct, people are forced to exclude him from their houses. A sip of wine brings on the craze which leads him into behavior setting at naught all decency. What can be done with an ill-timed young poet who, invited to your reception, makes such havoc with the proprieties as to reach across the room with open jaws to bite the bare neck of a handsome young lady, whose beauty has attracted his gaze; or who turns from the person with whom he happens to be conversing to butt his head furiously against the wall? All who have heard of the drunken and demoralized eccentricities of Edgar A. Poe, can form some notion of the similar freaks of Swinburne."

Cal. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte is being lionized in New York.

500 VOLUMES IN ONE.

Agents Wanted

The Library of Poetry and Song,
Being Choice Selections from the best Poets,
ENGLISH, SCOTTISH, IRISH & AMERICAN.
With an Introduction
By WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

Under whose critical supervision the volume was compiled.
The Ransom and cheap subscription book extant.
Over 500 pages, beautifully printed, and illustrated.
A library of over 500 volumes.
In one book, whose contents, of no ephemeral nature of interest, will never grow old or stale. It can be, and will be, read and re-read with pleasure by old and young, as long as it leaves hold together.

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"We know of no similar collection in the English language which, in copiousness and felicity of selection and arrangement, can do all that this does."—N. Y. Times.

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VIEWS, ALBUMS, CHROMOS, FRAMES.

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INVITE the attention of the Trade to their extensive assortment of the above goods, of their own publication, manufacture and importation.

ALSO, PHOTO LANTERN SLIDES and GRAPHOLOGICAL.

NEW VIEWS OF YOSEMITE

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

591 Broadway, New York.

Opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

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6040

Cheaper than Dirt!

WHAT?

Why those nice TOILET SOAP'S selling at

LOW & CO'S Drug Store.

IVY LEAVES.

I will pay, until Jan. 1, 1870, per cent. of 2 cts. per lb. for Ivy leaves (not roots), if in good condition. They may be set at Jos. Perin's Foundry at any time; or, when traveling, good, I will send a letter weekly or semi-weekly, over any route not over 12 mi. long, when I can get 400 lbs. to a tip. I shall make a few trips to get every place in the vicinity. If the leaves are dry they are spoiled, but they can be kept covered with cold water in barrels a month, or pressed on a cellar floor a week. Any one can pick now and keep in cold water till fall. Children can make 40 to 50 cts. per day. Don't want any more Wintergreen. Will buy Tansy, Spearmint, Wormwood, Pennyroyal, and Caraway Seed in fall.

WATERVILLE, March 15, 1871.

GEO. G. PERCIVAL.

3841

Magazines for 1871.

Now is the Time to Subscribe!

HARPER'S, Atlantic, Galaxy, Scribner's New Monthly, Appleton's Journal, Eclectic, Godley's Peterson's, Democrat, 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 a 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.

FRESH Garden, Flower, Fruit, Herb, Tree and Shrub, and Evergreen Seeds, prepaid by mail, with directions for culture. Twenty-five different packets of either class for \$1.00. The six classes \$5.00.

20,000 lbs. Evergreen and Tree Seeds: Apple, Pear, Cherry &c.; Grass Seeds; Beet, Cabbage, Carrot, Onion, Squash, Turnip, and all Vegetables and Flower Seeds, in small or large quantities; also Small Fruits, Stocks, Holly, shrubs, Roses, Verbena, &c., by mail, prepaid. New Golden Brand Japan Lily, &c. Friend Desiring Catalogue send no money, address, gratis. Agents wanted. Wholesale List to Agents, Clubs and the Trade. Seeds on commission. M. M. & T. O. Old Colony Nurseries and Seed Warehouse, Plymouth, Mass. Established in 1812.

2m38

NOTICE.

Particular attention given to the manufacture of

MEN'S AND BOYS'

Calf and Kip Boots

TO ORDER.

Of the best stock and at the lowest prices,

At MAXWELL'S.

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.

BOOKS for sale by G. K. MATHEWS.

Books that no family can afford to be without.

TALK ABOUT PEOPLE'S STOMACHS.

By Dr. DE LOR.

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

G. K. MATHEWS.

TO LET—THE BRICK YARD

IN WATERVILLE, formerly carried on by Mr. Geo. Wentworth. The Brick Yard is only a few rods from the Freight Depot of the Maine Central Railroad. For further particulars inquire of

MRS. GEO. WENTWORTH.

Waterville, March 8, 1871.

87

FARM FOR SALE!

THE GEO. WENTWORTH FARM, situated about 1 1/2 miles from Waterville village and Kendall's Mills. Said Farm contains eighty acres of excellent land, sixty being under cultivation with a good barn thereon. For further particulars inquire of

MRS. GEO. WENTWORTH.

Waterville, March 8, 1871.

87

FARM FOR SALE.

ABOUT twenty-five acres of land, with good buildings thereon, on the road leading from Waterville Village to Kendall's Mills, will be sold at a bargain. THAYER & MARSTON. Apply to

Waterville, March 8, 1871.

87

Don't wait for a Fire to Warn you

Go at once and insure with

BOOTHBY.

FOR CHAPPED HANDS, &c.

ROSA Glycerine, Peach Plasma, Camellia Ice, Cold Cream, Glycerine, Lip Salve, &c. at

LOW & CO'S New Drug Store.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

THE Superintendent School Committee of the town of Waterville will be in session at the house of the subscriber in Waterville Village, Wednesday, the 26th day of April, at 10 o'clock A. M., and again at the Grammar School House in West Waterville Village, Wednesday, the 27th day of May, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the examination of teachers for the Summer Schools. All persons wishing to teach in the town of Waterville the coming season, are desired to be present at one of the aforesaid times and places.

By order of the Superintendent School Committee.

D. N. SHELDON, Chairman.

Waterville, April 4, 1871.

3841

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 execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

E. W. McFADDEN.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Insurance and Real Estate A

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

F. Kenrick & Bro.,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Carriages and Sleighs,

KENDALL'S MILLS.

Representatives at Kendall's Mills and Waterville Me.

F. KENRICK. 20 E. P. KENRICK.

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 Shorey's Building.

One Door North of Zesty & 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,

Also a General Assortment of

FANCY GOODS.

Orders for MUSIC, BOOKS, &c., not on hand, respectfully given to inserting ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

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 Pegg-
off Calf Boots at the shortest notice 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

got the largest stock and best assortment to be found in town, and of a superior quality.

Nov. 10, 1870.

20

ARTIC OVERS.

Congress and Buckle, Men's, Women's and Misses', which will

sell low for cash.

Nov. 10, 1870.

20

Cigars, Tobacco, and Pipes.

THE largest and most assortment over in town and at the

lowest prices can be found at

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

24

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.

THE CELEBRATED

HOME

STOMACH BITTERS!

Are endorsed and prescribed by more leading Physicians

than any other tonic or stimulant now in use. They are

SURE PREVENTIVE

For Feverish Ague, Intermittent, Biliousness and all disorders

connected with malicious causes. They are highly recom-

mended as an Anti-Dyspeptic, and in cases of indigestion

are invaluable. As Appetizer and Tonic, and in cases of

General debility, they have never in a single instance

failed in producing the most happy results. They are particu-

larly

BENEFICIAL TO FEMALES,

Strengthening the body, invigorating the mind, and giving

elasticity to the whole system. The Home Stomach Bitters

are compounded with the greatest care, and no toxicant

has ever been offered to the public so pleasant to the

taste and the same time combining so many remedial agents,

endorsed by the medical fraternity as the best known to the

General health, they have never in a single instance

failed in producing the most happy results. They are particu-

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RARE CHANCE!

HUMAN HAIR

Arranged as the latest styles. Wigs, Switches, Chignons

Washings, Curis, &c. Work done to order at short notice

Old Switches repaired and enlarged. Hair combed from the

head and made into switches. The hair is selected to suit the

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DRESS CUTTING taught by Actual

Measurement. Price \$1.00. Agents Wanted. Patterns sent

at without trying on. An early call is desired as her time in