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Maxham & Wing

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## THE PATH.

BY NELLIE M. SOULE.

Jon 38: 7-28.

Above the eagle's flight, the vulture's peering,  
Higher than ever lion's whelp hath trod,  
Widest, for eyes the heavenly hills-top bearing,  
The pathway for the chosen of our God.

"Tell me its entrance, I would hither hasten."  
I asked with outstretched arms, the pulsing sea;  
Beating on rocks her ceaseless diapason,  
Ever the ocean answered, "Not in me."

With lamp of science for my needful lighting,  
I searched the earth; I delved where wonders be;  
Beld of the years the mystical handwriting,  
But still the earth made answer, "Not in me."

To hoary mags, jewels of my buying,  
Rare orient pearls I brought, and Ophir gold;  
"These for the truth," I cried. Their grave replying,  
"The secret of that pathway is not sold."

No mention made of all my toilsome findings!  
From earth to peopled air I turned in vain.  
Above the eagle's flight, still above the windings  
Of Wisdom's way, which still I strove to gain.

I saw the travellers in the path immortal,  
The goal in view, the glory in their eyes!  
I, just without the mystic, narrow portal,  
Longing to run their race and win their prize.

'Twas pain untold; despairing, lost, prone-falling,  
With blanched lips I faltered—"Conquered now,  
I come, O God! contrite, heart broken, calling,  
From gloom for light. Thou knowest, only Thou."

"Thou, who in might hast measured out yon ocean,  
Weighed these wild winds, sent down the early rain,  
Marked out the way for Nature's dire commotion,  
Thou art the Wisdom I have sought in vain."

"I am the way; my fear is the Beginning."  
The Highest Voice responded, near and sweet.  
"Child, go in peace; rest thee from pain of sinning."  
Behold! O joy! the highway 'neath my feet!

From somewhere, far beyond the path uplified,  
Even higher than the way His children trod,  
Sweet strains of murmuring music to me drifted,  
There's joy among the angels of our God."

There's joy on earth—the joy of blessed endeavor,  
Of daily journeying on the path of life;  
That, 'mid life's pain and passion, still doth ever  
Shine more and more unto the perfect day.

(From Wood's Household Magazine.)

## HE WOULD TELL HIS STORY.

SCENE—In a School-room Twenty Years Ago.

BY KEFA MANSFIELD.

"I wouldn't go down to the brook, Libby! Don't waste your face one bit! Let the blood all be on it till the school-master comes. Don't take off your apron, either! Tie it right on, again, and let him see the whole. I'll run and meet him and tell him all about it as soon as I see him coming. Jim Jones has just cut three great hickory sticks and hid them under the school-house, so as to have them ready for the school-master. You know he always sends Jim after the sticks. I hope he'll break every one of them over old Ben Farewell's back. Hateful, old, freckled-faced creature! how mean he looks!"

"So I say," said Jim Jones, and "so I say" and "I say," was echoed from one side of the room to the other; and most of the scholars cast a look of cutting contempt upon a sandy-haired, freckled-faced boy of sixteen, who stood in one corner of the school-room, and looked as defiant and savage as some wild beast at bay.

"There, there! the school-master is coming," cried Julia Frink, the girl who advised Libby Arnold not to wash her face, and she rushed out to meet the teacher.

"Oh, Mr. Willet," she exclaimed, "Ben Farewell has almost killed little Libby Arnold. And he talked awfully to her. He said he wished her father and mother were dead. I never heard anybody swear so dreadfully as he did. Old Lijah Kidder don't swear any worse when he's drunk, and everybody calls him a dreadful swearer. You shall punish Ben severely, shan't you?"

Mr. Willet, the teacher, was a calm appearing middle-aged man. He was extremely deliberate and cautious in all that he did; and he had the reputation in that district of being a very just man, and he prided himself upon it. To Julia's question he quietly replied:

"I shall inquire into the case, as soon as I open the school; and I certainly shall endeavor to see that justice is done.

Cool and impartial as he tried to appear, a shrewd observer would have detected a look of satisfaction on his countenance when Julia told him how Ben had abused Libby, and how awfully he had sworn. Not that he was pleased to have Libby, who was one of his pets and the only daughter of the most influential man in the district abused, but he thoroughly disliked Ben, and he was glad of a plausible opportunity to give him a regular breaking-in, so as to humanize," he said to himself. Ah, how many teachers, before that time have thought that was the way and about the only to humanize, civilize, and even Christianize coarse and refractory pupils!

Mr. Willet walked into the school room very deliberately, took off his hat and overcoat, and hung them in their accustomed places and then took his rule and rapped three times on his desk. That was the signal for the scholars to go to their seats. In half a minute all were in their usual places in the school-room, and the silence was so great one could have heard a pin drop. The scholars watched him with almost breathless attention to see what would come next. He stepped into the middle of the room and said slowly and quietly—"he was always very careful to lower his voice instead of raising it, when anything unusual was up—it had a peculiarly awe-inspiring effect upon the school.

"I fear that we have serious business on hand; and as I may want to question several of you, you need not any of you take your books at present.

"Elizabeth Arnold, I see that your face, and hands, and apron are covered with blood. What is the matter? What has happened to you?"

"Ben Farewell, he threw—" commenced half a dozen of the younger children together. Mr. Willet cut them short and said that they must remember that it was contrary to the rules of the school for any one to reply to his questions, except the one who was questioned.

Now Elizabeth told everything just as it transpired.

"Ben Farewell threw a great, hard snow-ball at me, and it struck me right on my nose, and made it bleed awfully; and he said he hoped he had broke it; and that he wished my father and mother were dead. All the scholars heard him say so."

"What did you do to make him so angry?" Mr. Willet asked, in a tender, pitying tone.

"Nothing."

"She lies," Ben said gruffly.

Every scholar looked amazed at Ben's audacity, for heretofore, no matter what he was accused of, he had always hung his head and maintained a sullen silence. What would Mr. Willet say! What scholar had ever dared to speak like that, in his presence, before!

"Be very careful, sir," Mr. Willet said, in the same unexpected tone, "what language you use in this school-room. Do you mean to have me understand that you did not throw a snow-ball at her?"

"No, I don't mean to have you understand any such thing, 'cause I did throw one at her, and I'd throw a dozen at her if I'd a had 'em. But she said she didn't do nothin' to me, and I say again, she lies."

"O-o-o-h! Why-e-o-o!" said several of the

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scholars in Libby's class. "She never touched him; she never went near him."

Mr. Willet enjoined silence once more on the scholars, and then said to Ben very gravely, and a little lower and a little slower than he had spoken before:

"After I am through questioning Elizabeth you will have an opportunity to tell your story. But remember that it will not help your case any to use rough language."

"No, I don't expect that that, nor nothin' else will help my case any for I ain't Mr. Arnold's son. The Lord knows I am glad I ain't though, for if I was that lying little imp would be my sister."

Mr. Willet never had a scholar answer him with such boldness and recklessness before. He still controlled his voice, but his pale face flushed in spite of himself, as he replied—

"I have cautioned you twice in regard to your language, but you seem disposed to disregard my cautions and act in defiance to my authority. I will say to you now, that every word you speak, before you are questioned, will add to your troubles."

"Elizabeth, you say that you did nothing to provoke him. Did you not say something to offend him."

"I only said what all the scholars say and think about him. I spoke to him about looking so dirty and shabby; and I told him he would be a little more decent if he would wash his hands before he came to school."

"Was that all?" Mr. Willet asked, with just a slight emphasis on the "all" as though that all was a very slight provocation for a stout boy of sixteen to snowball a little ten year old girl.

"Yes, sir," Libby replied, with the slightest sound of exaltation in her tones. She felt sure that she was coming off triumphantly as she usually did. She was the best dressed child in school; and by far the most beautiful girl in that district if not in the whole parish; and she had been so repeatedly told so, the facts were well impressed upon her mind, and she wondered that anybody should dare be rough with her, if she were impudent and exasperating.

Mr. Willet said after a slight pause: "All of the scholars who were present this noon may arise," his rule went up as a signal, and simultaneously two-thirds of the school arose.

Each scholar standing, who can testify that Elizabeth has told the truth may raise his or her right hand."

Twenty-nine right hands instantly went up. There were thirty scholars standing. Mary Lee, the owner of the right hand that was not raised, was not a scholar to be passed by in silence. She was a fair complexioned blue-eyed girl, only twelve years old, the youngest scholar in the first class but by no means the poorest. Mr. Willet esteemed many of his scholars very highly, but among them all, she was his especial favorite. He had never had occasion to speak reprovingly to her. And he would as soon have thought of doubting that the sun would set that night, as of doubting her word. He said, with more surprise than his scholars had ever seen him manifest before:

"How is this, Mary? Do you think all these scholars, who have held up their right hands, are mistaken?"

The tears trembled in Mary's blue-eyes as she modestly, but firmly, replied—

"It seems to me that they are."

"In what way, Mary? you don't think that Elizabeth and twenty-nine other scholars are trying to deceive me and wrong Benjamin do you?"

"I should not like to say that, sir; but I am sure they have not been trying to do as they would like to have others do to them. Ben did throw the snow-ball at Libby, but he never provoked him in the first place. He never begins any of the quarrels."

"That's so! the Lord knows that's the truth!" Ben said excitedly. And stepping out from his seat so that he could look Mary squarely in the face, he added—"Thank you Mary Lee. The Lord bless you foreverlastingly! You're the first person that's took my part and tried to help me out of trouble since my mother died. I've wished more'n fifty times this winter, I'd a died when she died, and I—"

Ben in his excitement, had evidently forgotten, for the moment that he was in the school-room. Suddenly recollecting himself, he broke off in the midst of his sentences, crimsoned deep or than ever and brushing a tear from each eye with his grimy hands he took his seat. But he continued to gaze at Mary as though he doubted the evidence of his senses. Was it a fact that the truthful faced, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl, who was considered a pattern scholar by the whole school, had looked upon him compassionately and spoken a kind word for him?

Mr. Willet was in a dilemma. His dignity and authority, and his reputation for being a just man, must be maintained. In all his experience as a school-teacher he had never been so put to his wit's end before. He hesitated longer than usual before speaking. Ben noticed his embarrassment, and was disposed to seize what seemed to him, a favorable opportunity to speak for himself. He rose suddenly, and went with rapid strides up to Mr. Willet. Some of the older boys jogged each other's elbows and whispered "Now for it. He's going in for a regular fight. Shouldn't wonder if he should beat." And all of the little scholars looked frightened, and some of them began to cry. But the scholars were all mistaken that time.

Ben looked down upon the floor and said rather a piteously—"Mr. Willet, you told me, a few minutes ago, that I seemed disposed to act in defiance of your authority. I ain't disposed to do no such thing. And I didn't mean to say another word till you asked me to; but when Mary Lee spoke a good word for me, I was so kind of surprised I spoke right out 'fore I thought. I hope you'll excuse me for that."

He glanced at Mary and she looked at him approvingly. That gave him fresh courage. He felt that he was a human being, and that the rest of the scholars were no more than that. He was sorry that he had not controlled himself better, that noon; but he felt conscious, as a general thing, of having done about as well as he could, under very adverse circumstances; and he thought if they knew his history they would look upon him in a very different light. The very thought cheered him, and it seemed to him that the chains and fetters that had held his spirit so long in thralldom had fallen off,

and that all the manliness there was in him was trying to assert itself, and that he must speak and give full vent to his feelings, or die. He looked at Mary again, and he was sure of one person's sympathy and pity, at least. He would tell his story, no matter what Mr. Willet said or did after it.

He said—"Mr. Willet, Libby Arnold has told her story. Shall I tell mine, now?"

"It is my practice," Mr. Willet replied with an extra touch of pedagogic dignity "to hear both sides of a case before deciding as to the merits or demerits of my pupils, when there has been trouble between them. I am ready to hear what you have to say; but be very careful, sir, that all you tell is the truth."

Ben had resolved that he would be exceedingly wise, prudent and respectful. But Mr. Willet's caution, in regard to telling the truth, brought all the hot blood back to his face. He straightened up and looked his teacher squarely in the face, and the words came out rapidly and earnestly; but there was no cringing in his tones as he said: "I know, Mr. Willet, as well as you know it, or any one else knows it, that I am a coarse, ignorant boy; but I'm no liar, sir, and what's more, I despise liars wherever they're found, whether it's in Mr. Arnold's family or somewhere else. But, may be, I'm most too hard in speakin' so, 'cause I don't suppose Libby Arnold, nor any of the rest of the scholars, know just how I'm situated. When Mr. Dunbar moved from the lower deestrice up to this deestrice this fall, I felt as though I'd about as lives go without any more schoolin', as to come here 'mong strangers. And I wouldn't have come a day, with these dirty pitched clothes on, to be the laughing stock of the whole school, if old Dunbar wouldn't a gin me the time he promised the s'lect men I should have to go to school, to study in to home. But I knew he wouldn't if he 'greed to. I knew I should be called off for somethin' or other all day long. I thought, too, that my mother, if she could speak to me would tell me I had better go to school and do the best I could. So I determined I would come, if I did feel ashamed to not know no more; and did look, as old Nat Fisher always tells me, like the devil's rag baby. But Nat knows that I ain't to blame for lookin' so, and I thought like enough the school-master would understand that it wasn't my fault. But the first morning I came here and see you look so clean and perticklar like, and your hands jest as white as a lady's, and heard you charge the scholars to allers be careful to have clean hands, so as not to soil their books, I noticed you looked at my hands as though it made you sick to see 'em. All the scholars looked right at me when you did, and my face burned they stared at me so; and I heard Libby Arnold whisper to Julia Frink, 'Do see how red her face is! I should think he'd be a-hamed! It's too bad to have such a boy come to our school. I knew then how things would go with me this winter. I held my book afore my face and tried to study, but I couldn't. I thought that this was a mighty hard world for some folks to live in, and that it was a little harder for me than anybody else. My hands looked dirty, to be sure, but I had done the best that I could to get 'em clean. I don't b'lieve there is a scholar that could keep their hands lookin' any cleaner than mine, if they had to handle so many things, that would stain 'em up, as I have to; and had to do all the barn chores all winter, without a speck of a mitten on. I allers have to wash me in a hollow stone out by the well, if it's cold as Greenland. And I ain't allowed to have a drop of warm water nor a bit of soap, neither. Old Dunbar's wife says it won't do for paupers to be too perticklar. She wonders how they should cumulate so much property; if they had spent as much time as I do in washin' 'em. I reckon, too, any scholar there is here would like to set down to the stove, noons, and warm their feet, if they hadn't no stock in's on all winter, nor no other chance to come near a fire. They tell me that such a great dirty clown as I ought to keep out of the way and let the rest have a chance at the stove. I've never hindered the rest from comin'. I allers go round the backside of the stove, as far out of the way as I can git."

"I don't believe all his stuff. I don't believe but what he has got stockings on," Julia Frink whispered to the girl beside her.

Ben glanced at her indignantly, and she knew that he had overheard her. He stepped hastily to the teacher's desk, and drew out from behind it the only chair there was in the school-room. Julia shrunk back behind the scholars beside her, as though she feared he was going to strike her with it. Mr. Willet looked at him in silence, as if dumb with astonishment. Ben placed the chair in the middle of the room, and putting the toe of one of his hard stiff boots under the lower round, and placing the toe of the other boot against the heel, he carefully drew out his foot. It evidently hurt him, for he winced as he did it.

There, now, what do you think about my havin' stockin's on?" he said, holding his poor lacerated foot toward Julia. "Did I tell the truth or not? I've got a stockin' on each toe, haven't I? Don't you wish you had some like 'em? There's plenty more of the same kind in mother Dunbar's rag-bag. May be I could sly some out for you. That's the way I had to git mine. She says I'm quite too lavish with paper rags, and she wants to know how she can trade with tin-peddlers if I waste her rags so."

His toes were done up in strips of old calico, which were stiff with blood. His feet had been touched with frost, one cold Saturday when he was telling 'trees in the woods, and his hard boots had chafed them till they were raw.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A correspondent furnishes the Rural New Yorker the following as his mode of relieving choked animals: When the animal is choked, take a loaded gun, slip up by the side of the animal, place the muzzle directly between the horns, about three inches forward of them, and discharge the piece. A sudden spring of the animal backward results, and the obstruction is removed.

The Scientific American says it is now "impossible to construct a burglar-proof safe—for the thief, with his cylinders of compressed hydrogen and oxygen, can, in a few seconds, burn holes of any size in the hardest metal, his fire drill enabling him, in a few minutes, to work his way into the strongest safe that was ever constructed."

[From The Household.]  
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

"The pity of it, Iago! O, Iago, the pity of it!"

We were talking of a recent marriage the other day, my dear Mrs. Jones,—as you remember; and your words when speaking of it were as sadly pathetic as are those of Othello which I have quoted above. It was "such a pity," you said; the saddest thing you ever heard of,—etc., etc. Indeed you went farther than that, and said it was horrible; it was fearful to think what young girl was bringing upon herself. You wondered if she knew what she was about; if she had the slightest conception of what was involved in such a marriage.

What were the circumstances?—A pure, fair, sweet-faced girl, with eyes as blue as her own violets,—innocent, pleading eyes that might melt a heart of stone, had given herself in the holy (?) bonds of matrimony to a man full thirty years older than herself,—of impure life and habits, a profligate upon whose very face was stamped the record of his evil deeds, his long-continued debaucheries.

It was horrible. One could but wonder how it was brought about. It was impossible to look upon the pair without wondering if the days of necromancy had returned; it seemed so beyond belief he could have won her without the aid of magic arts. You thought, instinctively, of philters and love-potions, of crooked bags gathering unwholesome herbs by moonlight, of witches muttering incantations as they stirred their simmering caldrons.

Could nothing have been done to prevent this sacrifice?—Well it was hardly a case in which neighbors could interfere; and family friends, if there were any, (which may well be doubted) did not. So the church set its seal upon the transaction, the parties were duly married, according to law if not according to gospel, and the world is expected, not having forbidden the bans, to hold its peace forever after.

Now a marriage like this is revolting in its every aspect. If it were for a moment possible to believe that the girl loved this man whom she has made lord of her being, that thought would itself be revolting. If the instincts of womanhood are not pure enough, keen enough, far reaching enough, to serve a woman in such a stress as this, what are they good for? of what earthly use are they even?—But, if she does not love him, the case is even worse. What will she have to sustain her through the coming years? How will she be able to endure the close intimacies of the marriage relation? how will she bear the slow deterioration of herself that is sure to follow? She will inevitably "lower to his level" day by day; she will see the glory fade out of her life; she will feel her aspirations after purity and holiness and all that pertains to the higher life grow weaker and weaker; she will see her dreams die one by one, and perhaps—and this is saddest of all—she will cease to grieve over their burial. For one cannot touch pity without being defiled.

No good, pure woman can marry a bad man, knowing that he is bad; knowing that he is full of all spiritual uncleanness, without finding that her own standard of what is good and pure and right is gradually, insensibly lowered. Mind you, I do not say that this is the case when a husband falls from his high estate after marriage. The wisely love that lives through all things, even through sin itself, is so holy that careless tongues should not dare to mention it. But she who voluntarily gives herself to one whom she knows to be bad, not only runs a fearful risk, but she degrades her own womanhood, and it will surely avenge itself.

Marry him to save him? to convert him from the evil of his ways? Ah, my sisters? "lay not that flattering union to your souls." Doubtless good women have, ere this, married bad men from the very best of motives. Occasionally they have succeeded in their holy mission. But few of us are angelic enough to dare such frightful odds; few of us are strong enough to save drowning men. We are far more likely to drown with them; or if not drowned, to come up from the dark water torn by the ragged rocks, beaten by the treacherous waves, spent and breathless from the unequal contest.

But my dear Mrs. Jones, did it ever occur to you that society is in a good degree accountable for such ill-assorted marriages as the one we are talking of? And by society, I mean you and me and all the rest of us. Did it ever occur to you that women have much to contend with, that their way is hedged in by difficulties, that their feet are hampered by circumstances, and that often they walk through the open door of matrimony simply because it seems to be the only door that is open? They "stay not on the order of their going"—but go merely because it is easier to go than to stay.

You do not know what society has to do with the matter. Let me tell you then. Society frowns virtuously, it is true, when a girl makes an unequal or a degrading marriage. But, nevertheless, it tells her by implication that any marriage, even a poor one, is better than no marriage at all. It jests at "old maids" and sneers at old-maidhood. It thinks Miss So and So is getting rather *passé*.—She must be nearly or quite twenty-five! It wonders how old Miss Blank may be, and intimates that she was on the stage (of society) as many as ten years ago. It thinks it is very strange that none of the Smythe girls have married; and Mrs. Grundy maintains that according to the best of her knowledge and belief, it is exceedingly mortifying to the Doctor, their father! Of course all parents expect their daughters to marry sometime and are disappointed if they do not. It doubts whether Miss Thompson has "ever had an offer;" it curls its lip sarcastically when Miss Jones, not your daughter, my dear madam!—puts a flower or two in her faded hair, and hints that a cap would be more appropriate. In short, it smiles broadly upon sixteen, and turns up its graceful nose at thirty-two.

Now do you suppose that this same sweet, impressive sixteen hears and sees all this, and is not influenced thereby? Is not the lesson so plain that the way-faring man though a fool may read it? Be sure that sweet sixteen will read every word of it, and she will give it a free translation thus:—"Marry as speedily as possible girls, before you grow old and faded; and I, society, find it necessary to sneer at you. Angle for husbands beside all waters, and seek for lovers as for hidden treasures. So shall

you be wise and honored and escape the awful curse of old maidenhood."

Perhaps poor little sixteen or eighteen, as the case may be, is too genuinely modest to follow this advice literally. She does not go angling for a husband, for her—one utterly unworthy of her, it may be,—one who is to her as a Satyr to Hyperion. She does not care much for him. But it is "nice" to be engaged and to wear a solitary upon the first finger of her left hand; it is "nice" to be a bride and to have bridal presents, wear a veil and orange blossoms, receive congratulations and all that; more than all, it is a dreadful thing, a shameful thing, to be an "old maid," and who knows whether she will ever have another offer? So she suffers herself to be caught. Ten to one, society frowns after all, and thinks she might better have waited awhile—never once seeing that the girl's course was the legitimate fruit of its own teachings.

The crown of wife-hood when it fits the brow, when it is placed thereon by the rightful hand, and when it is grandly worn, is a royal diadem. But are those three conditions always met? It is so often a crown of thorns that it were well if maidens were taught to be more chary of accepting it; if they were taught that the loneliest single life was less lonely than a loveless marriage; if they were persuaded that any woman can live her life out alone far more wisely, more calmly, more happily, more honorably, than as the wife of a man to whom she must look down rather than up, and who can never call out what is best and highest in her own nature. You know, my dear Mrs. Jones, that I believe in marriage. But I do not believe that all marriages are pure and honorable and holy. It takes more than the benediction of a priest or the dictum of a magistrate to make a true marriage.

It is hardly to be expected, perhaps, that women, young girls especially, should always be able to discriminate between the false and the true. But ought we not to help them? Shall we not teach them to wait till the right man comes, even if they have to wait forever? Why should they be in haste to take the snood of the virgin from their hair? Let them be taught that it is infinitely better never to marry than to marry the wrong person; let them be taught that the estate of the unmarried woman is just as honorable as the estate of the wife, and there will be more true marriages.

But girls sometimes marry for a home.—Do they?—Let us talk about the matter a little.

Society is to blame for this also. Public opinion says it is not as honorable for a woman to work for a living as it is for a man to do so. A man loses caste if he does not work; a woman loses caste if she does. To be sure there are a few things, two or three, that a woman may do without offending the autocrat who rules over the destinies of woman. She may teach, she may write, or she may be an artist. But suppose she abhors teaching—and has neither the ability nor the inclination to write or paint?—perhaps she has a genius for business;—the multiplication-table has no horrors for her, and she can make change easier than she can make biscuits. She goes into a store, a shop—if she can find a merchant liberal enough in his views to give her employment. What is the result?

She is fortunate if she does not have reason to feel before the week is out, that she has in a measure lost caste. I need not go into particulars. You know very well, Mrs. Jones, and every other woman knows, the thousand different ways in which society can show its displeasure, its disapprobation. Meanwhile the girl's brother "obtains a situation" in a store directly opposite. Is he degraded by so doing? Is his social position damaged? By no means. Mrs. Grundy takes my young lord to her bosom, metaphorically speaking, and feeds him with macaroons, salads and creams. In most countries, a young man who is a clerk, is "in society;" a young girl who is a clerk is out of it.

Is this just? Is this right?—And the same rule holds good through all the ramifications of society. The woman who "works for a living," whether she sews, or does housework, or stands behind a counter, finds herself tabooed, and perhaps shut out from the only society she craves.

Is it any wonder girls are tempted to marry for homes?—Is it strange that they accept what they are taught to consider honorable serfdom, in place of work which does not lift them to the same plane on which it places their brothers?

"But the pity of it, Iago! O, Iago, the pity of it!"

"Now, gentlemen," said a peripatetic lecturer to a somewhat noisy crowd who had gathered to one of his lectures in an eastern village, "how many of you would like a good blackguard story? All in favor will raise their hands." Nine tenths of the dexter paws present instantly went up, and there was a sudden hush of all noisy demonstrations. The lecturer went on with his original subject for a few minutes, when some incautious individual broke out with—"Say where's that story?"

"Bless you," was the reply, "I did not intend to tell any such story. I only wanted to know how many blackguards are present." You might have heard a pin drop any time during the lecture after that.

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.—We believe that the number of "unhappy marriages" is vastly overrated by nearly everybody. There is so much talk on the subject that it is easy to forget that for every instance of complaint there are thousands of beneficent and prosperous unions, of which the world never hears. Then, again, we have long been convinced that the fundamental thought or idea of most of these reformers is an error, and a most mischievous one. What is an "unhappy marriage?" What is a happy one? Most people who complain of the present system of marriage show clearly that they think that the chief evils and unhappiness in the lives of men and women who are "not happily married" result from marriage itself or from what is false and bad in it. Their criticism depends chiefly upon the notion that a proper union, a "happy marriage," would insure a happy and prosperous life for nearly everybody. We think that most people are as "happy" in marriage as they deserve to be, that they have about as much of good in it as they are capable of enjoying. Not everybody, of course, but we think that it is true of the great majority of all the married people around us. It is absurd to think that so much

misery and wrong, so much self-hness and cruelty, so much that is low, animal, and unlovely in the lives of men and women results from their being "mismatched." In some cases there is no possible mating that could make the joint life much better. In fact, as things now are, marriage is the source and nurse of many of the best qualities in the lives of most men and women. We think there is nothing plainer than the fact that the average tendency and effect of marriage is beneficent and elevating. Looking at men and women as they are, we think it wonderful that marriage does so much for them and has such power to lift up their lives to light and beauty.—[Universalist—Christian Leader.

CAUSE OF POLITICAL CORRUPTION.—Men become wearied with the strife of politics, hopeless of effecting reforms, distrustful of public virtue, indifferent to the fidelity of public officers, and as long as they do not suffer in their own persons or property, they feel free from any obligations to active duty for the public good, either in the punishment of evil-doers or for the advancement of the general interests of their fellow citizens. This naturally leads to the very state of things so much dreaded. For the intelligent, virtuous, and religious to fail in the performance of their duties as citizens, is to hand over the people to the care of those who have the least qualifications for this trust, to render the enactment of improper and unjust laws as an easy matter, and to make the execution of wholesome laws impossible or a mere form. In this way the greatest corruptions have crept into state and municipal governments, and many good laws have become practically inoperative, while vice and crime have gone unpunished. We rejoice to believe that the people are becoming awake to the dangers to which they have been exposing themselves, and that some proper sense of responsibility is beginning to be felt.—[Presbyterian Banner.

HEAD AND HEART IN THEOLOGY. There are a multitude of questions concerning Christian doctrine, which at a certain stage seem to the mind of paramount importance, but, when it has gained the inner heart of Christian life, are felt to concern only the external form. They may have a real value to those who are in need of symbol and of adaptive statement. They may be as school masters to bring us to Christ. But when we reach Christ himself, love becomes our teacher, and the teachings of love are very simple. The theologian will perplex himself as to how the Atonement can reconcile God to man, but he who looks upon the Cross itself asks no questions there. Now good men tremble lest Science contradict the Bible account of the creation; but when we feel beneath us an omnipotent arm, and feel that by it all things in heaven and earth are swayed, we have no fears lest the Creator be dethroned, or lest he contradict himself. And we in these words undervaluing the intellect as an agent for reaching truth? We would not do so. We honor those who defend our Christianity by argument and by study. For them there is a field of noble and useful work. Nor do we bid any man who is laboring in any doubt to distrust or silence his reason. But we say there is a higher evidence than that of the intellect—it is that of the experience and the life. We would give proper weight to the testimony of the Bible, of the Church, of the Christian apologist. But above them all is that direct and personal knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ which is possible to man. There is no such assurance, no such peace, no such joyful confidence, as that of him who walks hand in hand and heart to heart with Jesus. [Beecher's Christian Union.

THE COMMON SCHOOLS.—Superintendent Johnson has issued a circular, addressed to the school committees, supervisors, district agents and educators of Maine. After calling their attention to the remarkable interest in educational questions all the world over at the present day, he proceeds to some practical advice: 1. That the greatest care should be exercised in the selection of teachers. 2. That every teacher should be examined and obtain also a certificate before applying for employment, instead of being employed first and examined afterward. 3. That the supervision and the inspection of schools should be more strict. 4. That the common school instruction should be limited to common school studies. 5. That school attendance should be increased in every possible way. 6. That the interest of parents should be roused and stimulated. In conclusion, Mr. Johnson invites criticism of two bills which, he says, will probably be laid before the next legislature—one providing for the establishment of free high schools to take the place of the obsolescent academy system; and the other, for a mill tax on the State valuation to increase the school fund. This is a practical way to test the propositions, and will beyond doubt secure a thorough discussion



## Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, MAY 5, 1871.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

B. W. PETERGILL & CO., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York; S. R. Niles Advertising Agent, No. 1 Bechler's Building, Court Street, Boston; Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Advertising Agents, No. 40 Park Row, New York; and T. O. Evans, Advertising Agent, 129 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the Waterville Mail, and are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us.

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

## Special Notice!

HAVING just added to our JOB PRINTING department 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-Heads, Business Cards, Town Orders, Bank Checks, Blanks, of all kinds, large and small Posters and Doggers, Labels, Tickets, Programmes, Price Lists, &c.

Having made expensive additions to our office, and contemplating still further outlay, we are driven to the collection of what is due us. We are therefore preparing bills to send and present, and trust our friends will, by paying them promptly, enable us to meet our engagements. We mean this particularly for those whose bills have been long standing.

Spring continues to advance, without interruption from the snow storms many predicted. The first May-day we ever saw in Waterville came in a snow storm, and more than half a foot of drifted snow was piled up for the action of subsequent sunshine. "Seed time and harvest" followed, as they will this year; but the sheep did not go to pasture in the middle of April. Somebody—who was it?—told us he came to Waterville forty years ago and found the farmers doing a considerable portion of their spring plowing in March. This year considerable has been done in April—with how much profit to the crop remains to be determined. Old and dry pastures, that were closed last year, start slowly, but the old mowing fields have wintered well and are promising good crops of hay. Some of the new fields have not done so well. The spring rains have been liberal and well distributed, though not excessive. The willows and the lilac are already showing their leaves—a little.

SET BACK.—After several days of cool weather, a cold rain storm commenced on Thursday afternoon, which in the evening changed to snow, and this morning the aspect is decidedly wintry; but as the rain continues the prospect for sleighing is not very bright.

WHO ELSE?—On Wednesday, May 3, we had an abundant dish of asparagus—of fair growth, but lacking a little development—from a bed sown less than two years ago. Last year we cut it a few times, more because we wanted it, than for the profit of future crops and left it entirely uncovered during the winter—as we did the first winter. It has started early, and in good vigor, and not a single root appears to be killed or injured. The bed was started by sowing the seed two years ago—the soil fairly rich, but prepared only with the common spading fork. The whole preparation was just that of an ordinary bed. This spring we have given it a slight dressing from the stable, mixed with ashes and salt. It promises to reward our labor abundantly; and we give the details of our progress because the opinion prevails that much labor and preparation are essential to success in preparing an asparagus bed. It is just as difficult as to raise a bed of beets, and no more. First, know how, and then do as well as you know. So we did. Hadn't you better try it?

Where are the hand organs? Here it is well into May, and not one has been heard in the streets of Waterville this Spring.

P. S. We handed that conundrum to the compositor, but before it was in type, "the sound of music smote upon the ear," and looking out of the window we saw that the organ man had come—and a woman with him.

WHAT kind of an idea of high art the Portland Advertiser has may be gathered from the following paragraph:—

There is a law in this State against idlers and vagabonds. It is a good wholesome law and ought to be enforced more than it is. If it was tried on those hoppers, walkists or runists who are loafing about from place to place, making indecent exhibitions of themselves, nobody would complain.

THE BRUNSWICK TELEGRAPH, which has lain dormant for a few weeks, while the office was undergoing repairs, is once more up and at 'em. Tonney drives a sharp quill, and though a genial fellow in the main, he once in a while dips his pen in acid, and the result is that somebody is made to squirm.

**TICONIC VILLAGE CORPORATION.**—At the annual meeting last Monday afternoon, E. L. Getchell was chosen Moderator and H. B. White Clerk. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Supervisor.—C. R. McFadden. Treasurer.—I. H. Low. Chief Engineer.—E. L. Getchell. 1st Assistant.—H. G. Tozier. 2d " Geo. Jewell. Auditor.—E. L. Getchell. Firewards.—Joseph Percival, H. W. Getchell, Noah Boothby, Alben Emery, B. P. Manley, J. P. Caffrey, Wm. Getchell, Jr., I. S. Bangs, E. A. Hilton, G. L. Robinson.

Voted to pay the men of the two engine companies as usual, under the usual restrictions.

Voted to appropriate \$50 to pay for the ringing of one of the bells in the village. The Supervisor was not present, being detained at home by sickness, but the Chief Engineer and Treasurer made brief reports. Mr. Getchell reported the fire department in good and efficient condition—two good engine companies numbering between fifty and sixty men each; with apparatus in serviceable condition and cisterns in fair repair. Some additional hose would be needed before long.

No fires had occurred during the year; but a few alarms had tested the promptness of the firemen.

The treasurer's report was a very short one as a large share of his occupation had been taken from him. The Selectmen, after assessing a tax in accordance with the provisions of the charter and the vote of the Corporation, had committed the bills to the town collector who resides at West Waterville, instead of putting them into the hands of the Treasurer of the Corporation, according to law. Of the whole amount of the tax—something over five thousand dollars, and enough to discharge the whole indebtedness of the Corporation and provide for the running expenses this year—the town collector had as yet only paid over \$2,250, which sum had been applied as directed by vote. Doubtless it will come out all right; and yet it looks a little funny that Ticonic Village Corporation employs a West Waterville man to collect its taxes.

**BASE BALL STATE CONVENTION.**—We learn from the Ken. Journal that the Junior Base Ball Clubs of the State held a convention in Augusta on Wednesday evening. The Conglomerate Club of our village was among those represented. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

C. W. Foster of Portland, President; G. C. Flagg of Augusta, George Briggs of Portland, Vice Presidents; J. F. Day of Deering, Secretary; W. W. Morse of Augusta, Treasurer. Voted to purchase a gold mounted, rosewood bat and case, with silverplated ball, the whole costing \$25; as the emblem for the championship for the present season, commencing on the first of May and ending on the first of November.

It was voted to hold a tournament at Brunswick on the second Monday of June, open to all the clubs of the Association.

The next meeting of the Association will be held in this place on the first Wednesday in May, 1872.

Marston, who achieved notoriety by sailing over the Augusta dam in a boat, wanted to do it again, but the police interfered. What have the Augusta police got to do with the navigation of the Kennebec?—[Republican Journal.]

Augusta claims exclusive jurisdiction of the Kennebec river, and the Legislature has confirmed her assumption.

**MAINE METHODIST CONFERENCE.**—At the recent session in Portland, the following among other appointments were made:—

Gardiner, P. E. Brown; Bath, Beacon St., R. Anderson, Wesley Church, W. S. Jones; Richmond, N. Hobart; Bowdoinham, F. C. Ayer; Brunswick, J. McMillan; Lewiston, Park St., C. J. Clark, Main St., H. B. Abbott; Monmouth, E. K. Colby; Leeds, B. Lufkin; Hallowell, O. M. Cotsens; Augusta, E. Martin; North Augusta and Sidney, F. W. Smith; Waterville, A. S. Ladd; Kendall's Mills, D. B. Randall; Fairfield, West Waterville and North Sidney, J. Gibson; Skowhegan, Parker Jacques; Madison and Anson, C. K. Evans; Mercer and Norridgewock, D. Perry; New Sharon, R. H. Kimball; Fayette, D. Waterhouse; Wayne, W. H. Foster; Kent's Hill and Readfield Corner, E. Robinson, J. L. Morse; East Parsonfield and Belgrade, J. R. Masterman; Winthrop, A. R. Sylvester; Wilton, T. P. Adams; Farmington Falls and Vienna, supplied by E. R. French; Maine Wesleyan Seminary, H. P. Torsey, D. D. President; J. L. Morse, Professor; C. A. King, transferred to Nebraska Conference and stationed at the second church at Omaha; J. O. Thompson transferred to Providence Conference and stationed at West Dennis; James H. Moores transferred to the East Maine Conference.

Resolutions complimentary to F. A. Robinson, late Professor of Kent's Hill were adopted; also resolutions thanking S. R. Beeson, R. B. Dunn, Wm. Deering, Obadiah Huse, E. G. Gammon, Anson P. Morrill, for liberal gifts to the Maine Wesleyan Seminary.

The Committee on Tobacco reported a resolution against the use of the same, which was adopted.

Dr. H. P. Torsey was appointed to preach the educational sermon at the next conference. The Bishop was requested to appoint Rev. O. M. Cousins, State Temperance Agent.

Rev. Parker Jacques was appointed vice president of the Sunday School Union and Rev. I. Luce and S. R. Leavitt of the Portland district, Rev. A. S. Ladd and E. R. Drummond of the Gardiner district, and Rev. Howard B. Abbott and Mr. Nevins of the Readfield district, Sunday School Committee.

**BROTHER MOODY** takes hold of work at Skowhegan with a will, as he does everywhere. If industry, experience, and a strong determination to do the honest thing, will ensure success, he is bound to have it. We know he will be a courteous neighbor and an honorable competitor.

Our subscribers at Kendall's Mills, and the region round about, will be interested in the Spring announcements of J. T. Murray, in Millinery and Dress-making.

**THE ALBUM** presented to Mr. Nye is at Crossman's Photograph Rooms to give Cadets of Temperance an opportunity to insert their pictures. About a hundred have already been put in, and we know nothing would please Mr. Nye more than to have portraits of all his little friends. Let the parents take notice.

**PROF. S. K. SMITH**, of Colby University, who has been preaching to the Baptist Church at West Waterville, for nearly two years, will be ordained as its pastor on Wednesday next, May 17th. The Council will meet at two o'clock P. M., and the ordination services will probably be in the evening. Rev. A. K. P. Small, of Portland, will preach the ordination sermon.

**THE AFTERNOON SERVICE** at our churches next Sabbath, and during the Summer season, will commence at half past 2 o'clock, instead of at two, as during the winter.

**REV. B. F. SHAW**, of our village, still continues to prosper in his field of labor at Dexter. A good degree of religious interest is reported there, and last Sabbath Mr. Shaw extended the right hand of fellowship to twenty-one persons, who were welcomed into the church to which he preaches.

**MR. E. C. LOWE**, one of the veterans of the Maine Central Railroad, an earnest, warm-hearted temperance laborer, and a man of many friends—has been confined to the house and quite a share of the time to his bed for nearly ten weeks, by a severe attack of his old enemy, rheumatism. He is a great sufferer, but a patient one, and we hope soon to see him out in the sunshine.

**THE METHODIST**, a live, progressive paper, announces still further improvements. It will publish regular reports of the sermons of Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage, the eminent Brooklyn divine; sermons by Bishop Simpson, Mr. Spurgeon, and others; a Lecture room talk, weekly, by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; a serial story by Mrs. Jennie Wilgong; and its editorial corps is strengthened by the addition of Rev. Abel Stevens, L. L. D. well known for his able History of Methodism. See advertisement for further particulars.

**TICONIC ENGINE CO. NO. 1**, at their annual meeting elected the following officers for the ensuing year:—

Foreman, W. B. Arnold. 1st Assistant, Christian Knapp. 2d, " Nathaniel Meader. Hose Master, C. Henri Williams. Clerk, F. M. Getchell. Ass't do, W. H. Rounds. 1st Pipeman, J. G. Stover. 2d " Wm. Small. Steward, J. B. Wendell. Standing Com.—C. G. Carleton, H. G. Tozier, W. H. Watson.

**WATERVILLE FISH MARKET.**—Simpson & Co. have crossed the street and taken the store next south of J. P. Caffrey's, where they display all kinds of fish fresh—corned and smoked, and they feel confident that no customer who calls will go away disappointed. Their communications with blue water are such that their fish will be found in prime condition at all times, nice and sweet. They invite all to come and examine.

**THE people of Winthrop** are busy perfecting the arrangements for the centennial celebration. Ex-Gov. Chamberlain will give the address. Hon. S. P. Benson will read a Historical sketch of the place, and a poem will be recited by John W. May, Esq. of Auburn.

**P. T. BARNUM** is out with a monster show—not to make money, he says,—oh, no—but from purely benevolent motives, to give the people more than their money's worth of moral amusement. His exhibition is a museum, menagerie and circus combined, and he has sent it out to make a tour of the country.

**A VETERAN OFFICE HOLDER.**—Mr. H. B. White, of our village, has served as Constable for 31 years; as Clerk of the Corporation 26 years, and as Clerk of District No. 1 about 20 years.

**WATERVILLE 3 Engine Co.**, were out with their machine last Saturday evening; but their annual meeting for choice of officers, &c., was adjourned to to-morrow evening, Saturday, May 6th.

**FRANCE.**—The struggle in and around Paris still continues, but if we are to credit the reports the Commune is daily growing weaker and must soon succumb.

**ANOTHER SCHOOL MEETING** of District No. 1 next Tuesday evening, May 9th, as will be seen by notice in another column.

It gives us pleasure to welcome our old friend and fellow citizen, Dea. Samuel Doolittle, back to his home. He has been to California to visit his son, and returns hale and hearty, well pleased with his trip and the country he visited, but not sorry to find himself at home again.

It is not unlikely that ex-governor Chamberlain will be called to the Presidency of Bowdoin College, made vacant by the resignation of President Harris.

**THE CHAMPION HOPPIST** hopped away from Skowhegan without paying his bills. Same here.

The President has issued his proclamation against the Ku-Klux.

**ALMOST AN ACCIDENT.**—The elevator at Dow's furniture manufactory, by the parting of the rope, came down by the run on Wednesday. Two persons were in it who only received trifling injury.

The hoof and mouth cattle disease has reached Virginia. It has also reappeared in Rhode Island.

## OUR TABLE.

**THREE SUCCESSFUL GIRLS.** By Julia Crouch. New York: Hurd and Houghton. Riverside Press, Cambridge.

Three country girls, sisters, each with a special talent—music, an artistic, one literary—leave their quiet happy home, impelled by a desire for larger opportunities and deeper culture, and go to New York. They are brave, sensible and clean hearted; and they succeed, as they deserve to. This volume is a record of their sayings and doings, and while very wholesome makes very interesting reading.

The book comes to us through Lee & Shepard, of Boston, and is sold in Waterville by Pray Brothers.

**CULTURE AND RELIGION** in Some of their Relations. By J. G. Sharp, Principal of the United College, St. Andrews. Reprinted from the Edinburgh edition. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Riverside Press, Cambridge.

This book consists of five lectures, originally delivered to the students of the United College, on the following topics:—The Aim of Culture—its Relation to Religion; The Scientific Theory of Culture; The Literary Theory of Culture; Religion Combining Culture with Itself. The Literary World, in its notice of it, says:—

The gist of the author's opinions is that Culture must begin with Religion, and in it. In the second lecture he examines Prof. Huxley's theory, and in the third, Matthew Arnold's. He concludes in reference to science, that "no telescope will enable us to see God;" and of Art, "a sweetness and light" deeper than he remarks, that culture being put in the supreme place, offers hope to humanity by enlightening self, not by dying to self. The work is admirably written, and will take a high place among the multiplying works which treat of the conflicts between Religion, and Reason and Science.

It comes to us through Lee & Shepard, of Boston, and is for sale in Waterville by Pray Brothers.

**THE LITERARY WORLD**, a high toned critical monthly paper which has been published in Boston for a year, will be enlarged to twenty quarto pages, with the June number. It is not filled with false pretensions, but contains choice readings from the best new books, and contains candid critical reviews. To one who is anxious to buy the good books as they are issued, but who does not wish to fill his shelves with worthless trash, it must be a valuable help. It is also valuable to those who would like to learn something about many good books which they are not able to purchase.

The price of *The Literary World* will hereafter be \$1 a year, which is cheap enough; but to those who will take a few of the back numbers, and begin with either the January, February or March numbers, it will be sent for 50 cts.

Published by S. R. Crocker, office with Nichols & Hall, 23 Bromfield St.

**EVERY SATURDAY** for last week contains the first of Bret Hart's new "Condensed Novels." It is entitled "Lothar, or the Adventures of a Young Gentleman in search of a Religion—by Mr. Benjamin." Of course there is food for mirth in the cleverly executed travesty.

**THE LADY'S FRIEND** for May is a good number. The steel plate is a beautiful picture of the pride and glory of California—the majestic Yosemite Valley, with its wonderful towering walls of rock, its waterfalls, and clear stream winding through. Then the colored fashion plate is of unusual interest as it presents as with actual portraits of distinguished personages—the former Prince Imperial of France, the Princess Alexandra, the ex-Empress Eugenie, the Princess Louise—all, of course, attired in the latest style. There are other engravings, with a piece of music—"The Little Church and the Corner," and the stories and other reading are of the usual merit.

Published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year.

**THE MAY GODEX** has a beautiful frontispiece entitled "Rustic Gallantry," a fine display of colored fashion plates, an extension sheet well stocked with elegant and useful patterns, and a page devoted to the dressing of little girls' hair, that will be sure to recommend itself to the attention of mothers especially. L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

**MERRY'S MUSEUM**, for May is a nice number, as the boys and girls all say. Among the good things in its pages are "The Orchard's Grandmother, Rough, Lion the Fire Dog, Step by Step, Knocking About, Discontented Hans, etc., with a lively Dialogue, a piece of music, and the Puzzle Drawer and Monthly Chat.

Published by Horace B. Fuller, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

**GOOD HEALTH**, a journal of Physical and Mental Culture, concludes its second volume with a well filled number of May, containing articles on Stimulants, Injuries and Diseases of the Eye, Means of Preserving Health, Poisons, Consumption, Improper Food, Adulteration of Food, etc. A new volume of this first class health journal will commence in June, in which many valuable improvements are promised. It is doing much to improve the health of the people.

Published by Alexander Moore, Boston, at \$2 a year.

**ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE** for May with the *Children's Hour* enclosed has made its welcome appearance. The former always abounds in wholesome literature, while the *Children's Hour* is a perfect little gem in its way. It delights the children without being in any respect childish. It mingles entertainment with instruction in just the right proportions. The Arthur family have good reason to be proud of these two charming publications.

Published by T. S. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia.

**NEW MUSIC.**—The True Cross, Sacred Song; Underneath the Violets, Ballad; Come, rest your little darling; Favorite Mother Song and Chorus; Pleasant thoughts of long ago, Song; Spring Tide, Trio from Harvey; Spring and Autumn, Quartet; May Song, Quartet; Sweet is the time of Spring; Our Lord is risen from the dead; Let God be True; Ghost Quartet; Blue Bird Schottische; Standard March; Belle Marie Mazurka; Belle of Saratoga, Valse Sentimentale; Cinnamon Rose Schottische.

The above pieces, printed from 36 full-size Music-plates, are contained in the May number of Peter's Musical Monthly, for which the Publisher asks the modest sum of 30 cents. Send 30 cents for a sample copy, or \$1 for the January, February, March, and April numbers, and we are confident you will thank us for recommending it. Address, J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New-York.

The second annual reunion of the Alumni of Colby University (formerly Waterville College), resident in Boston and its vicinity, was observed Tuesday evening by a dinner at the Parker House. Some fifty or more gentlemen were present, among them some of the most eminent graduates of the University.

Dinner was served at eight o'clock, and an hour was agreeably passed in its diligent discussion, after which Mr. Paine called on the chairman of the committee appointed at the last reunion to draft a form of organization, Rev. Dr. Lamson, to report the result of its action.

Dr. Lamson then submitted his report, that the association be known as the Boston Alumni Association of Colby University; that its aim is the promotion of good fellowship and the preservation of college associations; that it do meet once a year in Boston; that its officers shall consist of a President, a Recording Secretary, and an Executive Committee of five.

The report was accepted and adopted, and a committee of three was appointed by the chair to select a list of officers under the new constitution to serve for the ensuing year. Rev. Dr. Lamson, A. H. Briggs, Esq., and Prof. Hamlin were affirmed this committee. They subsequently reported the following list of the officers:

President, Hon. H. W. Paine; Recording Secretary, Rev. O. S. Stearns, D. D.; Executive Committee, A. H. Briggs, Esq., A. R. Crane, L. Dutton, W. Lamson, D. D., O. S. Stearns, D. D.

Mr. Paine accepted the Presidency in a pleasant speech, wherein he expressed gratification over the absence of the reporters, since

such absence gave warrant for greater freedom of expression.

Mr. Briggs read letters of regret for non-attendance and of sympathy with the objects of the association, from Hon. A. G. Jewett, the Mayor of Belfast, class of '26; S. B. Page, of Ohio, class of '55; Hon. J. S. Wiley, class of '30; Hon. C. R. Whidden, class of '43; Hon. Albert W. Paine, class of '30; Gardner Colby, Patron of the University.

Rev. Dr. Lamson, Dr. R. W. Woods, of the class of 1829, who has resided in the Sandwich Islands for nearly forty years, Rev. Dr. G. W. Bosworth, of Haverhill, Mr. Ephraim Hunt, of the Boston Girls' High School, Professor Hall of Waterville, D. F. Crane, and A. H. Briggs made short addresses, and the concluding speech was by Dr. Champlin, President of the University.

The festivities were concluded at an early hour, and the company separated with expressions of gratification over an evening so pleasantly and profitably spent.

The Independent very truly says that the civil war now raging around Paris, has profound social as well as political significance. It is a conflict between the few and the many for the government of France; between an oligarchy of lazy poverty and the vast majority of an industrious, thrifty population; between anarchy and order; between wild dreams of an impossible community of goods and the divinely ordained institution of property. In other words the question at issue is, whether half a million of voters—or the majority of them—living in Paris, shall govern the seven and a half millions inhabiting the rest of France. The Parisians have so long been accustomed to regard Paris as France, and to see the whole country follow her lead, that it really seems to them as if it were a kind of rebellion on the part of the majority of the nation to take the management of their own affairs into their own hands.

The Assembly represents very fairly the whole of France; while the Commune represents only the worst part of Paris and of some of the larger provincial towns. This last element entertains the profoundest contempt for *les ruraux* as they call the laborious peasantry, who hold the great proportion of the soil, and who are most conservative in all their ideas that relate to property. These last, on the other hand, have a natural and strong detestation of the Red Republicans, whom they look upon as the enemies of property and as ready to seize upon their small possessions, as well as upon the accumulations of the rich, as soon as it is worth their while. The former are debauched in their morals and without principle or faith; the latter are simple and domestic in their habits, sincerely religious in their minds, if mistaken in their faith and misled by their spiritual guides. In a conflict between these two antagonists there can be no question to which side all good men should give their sympathies.

The Maine Central Railroad Company have received another splendid new engine from the Taunton works, called the Skowhegan, and expect still another from the same place next week.

The stockholders of the Belfast and Moosehead R. R. Co. have voted, nearly unanimously, to lease their road to the Maine Central R. R. Co. for 50 years, at an annual rent of \$36,000.

Miss A. B. RAFTER, for many years engaged in the millinery business, in Gardiner, died suddenly from a paralytic shock on Sunday.

Avery Putnam, a New York merchant, was riding home in a horse-car Wednesday night with some ladies when he had some words with a rowdy who insulted them. On leaving the car the man struck him over the head with a piece of iron inflicting injuries of which he died Friday. His funeral will take place Tuesday and nearly all the places of business in the vicinity of his store on Pearl street will be closed. When Foster the murderer, was told of the result of his act he fainted, but on recovering became dogged, surly and insulting, and denied all knowledge of the act. Putnam was a native of Worcester, Mass. He leaves a wife and son thirteen years of age. Goldsmith the conductor of the car, has surrendered himself and will be detained as a witness.

William Foster, the murderer of Putnam, has been indicted for murder in the first degree.

**FIRE IN STETSON.**—The house, out-buildings and Barn in Stetson Village owned and occupied by Mr. Edward Carter, were entirely destroyed by fire Sunday evening. All the household goods, furniture and clothing of the family were burned in the house, and Mr. Carter, his wife and daughter barely escaped with their lives in nothing but their night clothing. A large amount of wood was burned in the wood-house, and in the barn, ten head of cattle, a number of hogs, several tons of hay, two or three carts and carriages and all the farming tools were consumed. The origin of the fire is not known. The loss is estimated at \$10,000 on which there is \$1200 insurance.—[Bangor Whig.]

**DEATH OF JAMES M. MASON.** James Murray Mason, ex United States Senator from Virginia, and Commissioner to England for the Southern Confederacy, especially remembered in connection with the Trent affair, died at Clarendon near Alexandria, Virginia, at ten o'clock on Friday night. For some time his health has been failing and within the last two months he has lost his eyesight. He died of general debility, the nervous system being generally deranged.

Speaking of the brutal murder of Putnam in New York by one Foster, the son of a rich Tammany leader, the Tribune says the inquest shows clearly that the devil that did the deed was raven, the cause of nine tenths of the murders in that city. Foster, the murderer, was unquestionably crazed with drink and hopelessly under its maddening control. The same cause lies at the bottom of nine tenths of all the crimes committed, and of all the poverty and misery. In every possible sense a shop where any kind of intoxicating liquors are sold at retail, is the worst nuisance to which any community can be subjected.

We dare say the Bangor Whig knows what it affirms when it says that after a stove has been once thoroughly blacked, it can be kept looking perfectly well for a long time by just rubbing it with paper every morning. Now rubbing with dry paper is also the best way of polishing knives, spoons, and tin ware after a scouring. This saves wetting the knife handle. If a little flour be held on the paper in rubbing tin ware and spoons, they shine like new silver.

**SEVERE EARTHQUAKE IN CHILI.**—On the 5th ult, Chili was visited by the most severe

earthquake experienced since 1861: That day being a church holiday the people were busily engaged in devotion, when at 11 a. m., without the usual premonitory rumbling, an earthquake burst upon them. The loss of human life from the earthquake was not considerable; indeed more casualties occurred from confusion and precipitation in leaving the churches, etc., than from falling buildings.

The Lewiston Journal says Father O'Reilly, in a lecture at St. Joseph's Church on Sunday, took a strong ground in favor of temperance, and urged the people to abstain from all intoxicating drinks.

A bill was presented in the Ohio legislature to give the soldiers at the National Asylum in Dayton the right to vote at all the elections. It failed in the House, for want of a majority of a full House, although it received a majority of those present.

David Harrington, mail carrier at Oak Hill Station, while reaching out the mail to the Mail Agent on the 1 o'clock p. m. train for Portland, Wednesday, was struck by the car and instantly killed. He was about 75 years old.

Capt. Samuel Benjamin died in Winthrop village, April 27th, aged 84 years. He was an old citizen having moved into town in 1806, and held office in town a long series of years.

Hon. William McLoon, a prominent ship owner and the wealthiest citizen of Rockland, died Sunday morning at the age of 68 years.

The Sixteenth Annual International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, will be held in Washington on the 24th of May.

The Ohio Legislature passed a sensible law that the books in use in the public schools of the State shall not be changed oftener than once in three years and then only by a vote of two-thirds of the respective school boards.

An army of caterpillars is on the move through Illinois, devouring in its march leaves, buds, and everything of a succulent nature.

A tremendous crevasse is now issuing from the Mississippi at Bonnet Carre, forty-five miles above N. Orleans, deluging the whole country between that point and Lake Ponchartrain.

Miss Mary Hunt of Benton, submitted to a surgical operation for the removal of an ovarian tumor from the bowels, at Augusta, on Wednesday and died on Friday, as we learn from the Journal.

The Age says the increase of freight over the Belfast railroad is quite observable from week to week. A good many cargoes of heavy freight are arriving to be forwarded to Skowhegan and other points north of the Maine Central. A cargo of 3000 bushels of corn is now discharging, and four cargoes of plaster rock from Lubec and one or two cargoes of lime are coming in to be discharged this week.

JOEL PERKINS, charged with murder and incest, has been convicted at Litchfield, Conn., of murder in the second degree, which sends him to State Prison for life.

Mr. William Low, the well known Bangor market man, died very suddenly on Monday morning at his residence. His disease was congestion of the lungs.

Regular trains between Bath and Wiscasset, on the Knox and Lincoln road, will commence running Monday.

Elbridge Reed, of Medway, was arrested last fall on suspicion of murdering John Ray of that place who disappeared last September, and whose body was afterwards found secreted on an island. After examination before a trial justice he was discharged, the evidence against him being considered insufficient to commit him for trial. Further developments have led to his re-arrest, and after an examination at Lincoln on Monday, he was fully committed to jail in Bangor to await his trial in August next. He was accused by the deceased of an improper intimacy with his wife, and she is supposed to be implicated in the affair.

## SPRING GOODS!

## The Latest Styles

Just received, suitable for SPRING WEAR

## A LARGE ASSORTMENT







MISCELLANY.

ONLY A WORD.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,  
A parting in angry haste,  
The sun that rose on a bower of bliss,  
The loving look and the tender kiss,  
Has set on a barren waste,  
Where pilgrims tread with weary feet,  
Paths destined never more to meet.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,  
A moment that blots out years—  
Two lives are wrecked on a stormy shore  
Where billows of passion surge and roar,  
To break in a spray of tears—  
Tears shed to blind the severed pair,  
Drifting seaward and drowning there.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,  
A flash from a passing cloud—  
Two hearts are scattered to their inner core,  
Are naves and dust forevermore.  
Two faces turn to the crowd,  
Masked by pride with a life-long lie,  
To hide the scars of that agony.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort,  
An arrow at random sped—  
It has cut in twain the mystic tie  
That had bound two souls in harmony,  
Sweet Love lies bleeding or dead,  
A poisoned shaft, with scarce an aim,  
Has done a mischief and as shame.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort—  
Alas! for the loves and lives  
So little a cause has rent apart;  
Tearing the fondest heart from heart,  
As a whirlwind rends and rives,  
Never to reunite again,  
But live and die in secret pain.

A frivolous word, a sharp retort—  
Alas! that it should be so!  
The petulant speech, the careless tongue,  
Have wrought more evil and done more wrong,  
Have brought to the world more woe  
Than all the armies, age to age,  
Records on history's blood-stained page.

Dr. Dollinger, who has just been excommunicated by the Pope, is the one Catholic divine of Germany who enjoys a European reputation both without and within the borders of his own communion, whose piety no Ultramontane has ventured to question, and whose rigid impartiality, as well as his profound learning, no Protestant Scholar would hesitate to acknowledge. He is 73 years of age. Before the decree of excommunication, the Bishop of Munich demanded that he should give in his adhesion to the new dogma of Papal infallibility within ten days. Dr. Dollinger replied to this formal request maintaining his original position unchanged, and absolutely refusing his adherence to the doctrine of infallibility, or, as he himself puts it, "of the omnipotence and infallibility" of the Pope. For this decision he gives his reasons at length, and asks that he should be allowed to lay the considerations which it is expected will meet shortly at Fulda, or that being refused, before the Archbishop's chapter. The reply thus concludes:

As a Christian, as a theologian, as a historian, as a citizen, I cannot accept this doctrine. As a Christian—for it is irreconcilable with the spirit of the Gospel and with the clear expressions of Christ and the apostles; it will raise up that very kingdom of this world which Christ rejected, that dominion over communions which he denied to all, and to himself. As a theologian—for the whole genuine literature of the Church stands opposed to it. I cannot accept it as a historian—for as such I know that the persistent endeavor to realize this theory of the dominion of the world has cost streams of blood, has confused and ruined whole countries, has shaken the beautiful organic constitutional structure of the more ancient Church and has produced, nourished, and maintained the worst abuses in the Church. Finally as a citizen I must reject it, since by its claim that states and monarchs, and all political organization, should be subjected to the Papal power, and through the exempt position demanded for the clergy it lays the foundation for endless ruinous division between the clergy and the laity. For this I cannot conceal from myself, that this doctrine, the result of which was the destruction of the old German Empire, will, in case it should become dominant among the Catholic portion of the German nation, immediately plant the germ of an incurable decay in the new Empire which has been just built up.

THE MAN THAT WOULDN'T VOTE.—I know him; he happens to be a neighbor of mine, and a very good neighbor he is—that is, I suppose he would be. But I am a little afraid of him; he won't vote.

He lives in a self-governing country,—that is, in a country where the people govern themselves, and he is contented to let other people govern him. I wish you could see some of them.

He says he don't like the candidates. "Well then, vote on the other side." "But I like them still less."

"Then take the best you can get. If you are stuck in the mud, you don't wait for dry ground. You take the best way out, even if it is a muddy one." "But I don't like the way things are managed."

"Well, then, take hold and help to manage better." He shrugs his shoulders. "I tell you the reason he does so—it is too much trouble to attend to his duty."

I have met this man before. We were once together on board a vessel, she sprang a leak! "All hands to the pumps!" He did not move a finger;—"I'm only a passenger!"

"Never mind, come to the pumps!" "But the captain did not handle the ship well. I ought to have taken in that top-sail hours before."

"No matter, come and pump!" "But some of the men are drunk, and things are all in disorder. There is no discipline."

"So much the more need. Pump!" "No, I'm disgusted with the whole thing."

"That does not help the matter; do your duty!"

Just then a sail, hove in sight, and we were saved—no thanks to him.

I heard a story once, and a circumstantial one, of the chain of results that hung upon one vote. It was startling. Of course no one knew which vote it was. But it was only one. Since that time I have been afraid to neglect my duty in that line. So I make it a point to be at home and to vote early. If things go wrong, it shall not be my fault and that is some consolation when trouble comes.

Seriously solemnly, it is a time when every man's voice and work are needed on the right side. The greatest dangers are those that work in the dark.

Father Taylor was no grammarian and his sentences ran on in a very mixed up way. Once, says James Freeman Clarke, when all entangled in the exuberance of his own speech, he quite got astray, he stopped and said these words: "Brethren! my nominative has lost its verb and can't find it—but I'm bound to the Kingdom of Heaven all the same."

500 VOLUMES IN ONE.

Agents Wanted

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

Under whose critical supervision the volume was compiled.  
THE handsomest and cheapest subscription book extant.  
Over 500 pages, beautifully printed, choice illustrations,  
handwritten in gold, a library of over 500 volumes  
in one book, whose contents, of no ephemeral nature or  
interest, will never grow old or stale. It can be, and will be,  
as its leaves hold together.

"A perfect surprise. Scarcely anything at all a favorite,  
or at all worthy of place here, is neglected. It is a  
book for every household."—N. Y. Mail.  
"It is one of the most valuable collections in the English  
language which, in its compactness and variety of selection and  
arrangement, can at all compare with it."—N. Y. Times.

TERMS LIBERAL. Selling very rapidly. Send for Circular  
and Terms to J. B. FORD & CO., 27 Park Place, New  
York.

Stereoscopes,

VIEWS, ALBUMS, CHROMOS, FRAMES.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,  
591 Broadway, New York.

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 GRAPHOSCOPES,  
NEW VIEWS OF YOSEMITE

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,  
591 Broadway, New York,  
Opposite Metropolitan Hotel,  
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF  
PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS.

Cheaper than Dirt!

Why those nice TOILET SOAPS selling at  
LOW & CO.'S DRUG STORE.

IVY LEAVES.

I will pay, until Jan. 1, 1872, per cent. of 2 cts. per lb. for  
Ivy (sometimes called Boxberry or Checkerberry) Leaves  
and Stems, (not roots) of fine good condition. They may be  
left at J. J. Percival's foundry at any time; or, when traveling  
is good, I will send a team weekly or semi-weekly over  
any route not over 12 miles long, when I can get 400 lbs. to a  
tip. I shall make a few trial trips to about every place in  
the vicinity. It leaves heat & dry they are spoiled, but  
they can be kept covered with cold water in barrels a month,  
or spread 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 wait any more! Wintergreen. Will buy  
Tansy, Spearment, Wormwood, Pennyroyal, and Caraway  
Seed in fall.

OEO. G. PERCIVAL.  
Waterville, March 15, 1871.

Magazines for 1871.

Now is the Time to Subscribe!

HARPER'S, Atlantic, Galaxy, Scribner's New Month-  
ly, Appleton's Journal, Eclectic, Goddard's, Peterson's,  
Demorest's, Leslie's, and all the Magazines of the day,  
are furnished at subscription prices, free of postage, by  
O. 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  
O. K. MATHEWS.

NOTICE.

Particular attention given to the manufacture of  
MEN'S AND BOYS'  
Calf and Kip Boots

TO ORDER,  
On the best stock and at the lowest prices,  
At MAXWELL'S.

On 1st of Jan. 1871,

Close Our Old Ledger.

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

ARNOLD & MEADER.

BOOKS for sale by O. K. MATHEWS.

Books that no family can afford to be  
without.

TALK ABOUT PEOPLE'S STOMACHS,  
HEALTH AND DISEASES. By Dr. DIO LEWIS.  
HEALTH BY GOOD LIVING. By Dr. HALL.  
SLEEP, or Hygiene of the Night. By Dr. HALL.

VALENTINES for sale by  
O. K. MATHEWS.

FOR CHAPPED HANDS, &c.  
ROSA Glycerine, Peach Plasma, Camphor Ice, Cold  
Cream, Glycerine, Lip Falve, &c., at  
LOW & CO.'S New Drug Store.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—In Probate Court at Augusta, on the  
second Monday of April, 1871.  
A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT purporting to be the last will  
and testament of LARON YOUNG, late of Waterville,  
in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:  
Ordered, That notice thereof be given three weeks success-  
ively prior to the second Monday of May next, in the Mail,  
a newspaper printed in Waterville, that all persons interested  
may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augus-  
ta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should  
not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and tes-  
tament of the said deceased.

H. K. BAKER, Judge.  
Attest: J. BURTON, Register.

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tament of the said deceased.

H. K. BAKER, Judge.  
Attest: J. BURTON, Register.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S.

A SELECT BOARDING  
AND  
DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.  
No. 45 Danforth Street, Portland, Me.

Trinity Term begins April 17, 1871. Address  
1m42 REV. DAN'L F. SMITH, A. M., Rector.

COW FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale his "Big Durham Cow,"  
reported at the last fair as giving 45 lbs. milk a day  
—weight 1450 lbs.—has made 2 lbs. of butter a day for  
weeks together. Also her heifer CALF, 9 months old,  
weight 500 lbs. Such an opportunity  
Waterville, April 11, '71. JOHN LUBLOW.

FREEDOM NOTICE.

I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that I have given to my son,  
Johann Vanuga, his time until he becomes twenty-one  
years of age, and I shall hereafter neither claim his earnings  
or pay any debts of his contracting.  
PETER YEAGUE.  
Waterville, April 18, 1871.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION.

MISS M. A. BODFISH will receive pupils in Instru-  
mental Music, at her home on College Street.  
TERMS—\$3.00 per quarter.  
Waterville, April 12th, 1871.

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-  
ecute 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.

F. Kenrick & Bro.,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN  
Carriages and Sleighs,  
KENDALL'S MILLS.

Representatives at Kendall's Mills and Waterville, Me.  
F. KENRICK. 30 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 Shor-  
rey'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 Pictures,  
Cord and Tassels,  
Also a General Assortment of  
FANCY GOODS.

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

JAMES J. PRAY,  
HENRY A. P. PRAY.

Waterville, Nov. 1, 1870.

All Right, Again!

WM. L. MAXWELL  
having procured  
FIRST CLASS  
WORKMEN,  
Is ready to fill all orders on Peg-  
ged 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  
got the largest stock and best assortment to be found in town,  
and of a superior quality.

ARCTIC OVERS.

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

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 Fever and Ague, Intermittents, Biliousness and all dis-  
orders arising from malarious causes. They are highly re-  
commended as an Anti-Dyspeptic, and in cases of Indigestion  
are invaluable. As an Appetizer and Rejuvenator 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 toxic sub-  
stance 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  
Pharmacopoeia. It costs but little to give them a fair trial,  
and

Every Family should have a Bottle

JAS. A. JACKSON & CO., Proprietors,  
Laboratory 205 & 107 N. 2d St., St. Louis, Mo.  
Sold by J. H. LOW & CO., Waterville.

RARE CHANCE!

HUMAN HAIR  
Arranged in all the latest styles. Wigs, Switches, Chignons  
and all the latest fashions. Hair combed from the  
head and made into switches. The Ladies are invited to call  
and examine. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DRESS CUTTING taught by Actual  
Measurement. Price \$1.50. Agents Wanted. Patterns cut to  
fit without trying on. An early call is desired as her time in  
this place is limited. Room over Mr. Maxwell's Store.  
MRS. S. W. WILLIAMS.  
234

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—In Probate Court at Augusta, on the  
second Monday of April, 1871.  
A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT purporting to be the last will  
and testament of MARK H. ROWE, late of Waterville,  
in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:  
Ordered, That notice thereof be given three weeks success-  
ively prior to the second Monday of May next, in the Mail,  
a newspaper printed in Waterville, that all persons interested  
may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augus-  
ta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should  
not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and tes-  
tament of the said deceased.

H. K. BAKER, Judge.  
Attest: J. BURTON, Register.

FOR SALE.

THE place known as the Gilbert Homestead, on  
1 Mill Street. Terms cash. Enquire of T. J.  
BOULE, near the premises.  
Waterville, April 12, 1871. 3w42

A GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY

DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA  
VINEGAR BITTERS

Hundreds of Thousands  
Bear testimony to their Won-  
derful Curative Effects.

WHAT ARE THEY?

They are a Gentle Purgative well adapted to the delicate pos-  
sibilities of the human system, and will cleanse the blood and  
purify the system of all impurities. They are sold in bottles  
of 50 and 100 cents each.

FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS, whether in young or old,  
they are a singularly safe and reliable remedy. They are  
adapted to the delicate possibilities of the human system,  
and will cleanse the blood and purify the system of all im-  
purities. They are sold in bottles of 50 and 100 cents each.

THEY ARE NOT A VILE  
FANCY DRINK,  
Made of Poor Rum, Whisky, Fraud Spirits,  
and Refuse Liquors doctored, speed and sweet-  
ened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetiz-  
ers," "Restoratives," &c., that lead the tippler on to  
drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made  
from the Native Roots and Herbs of California, free  
from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the  
GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and A LIFE-  
GIVING PRINCIPLE, a perfect Renovator and  
Expurgator of the system, carrying off all poisonous  
matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condi-  
tion. No person can take these Bitters according to  
direction and remain long unwell, provided the bones  
are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means,  
and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

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

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION. Head-  
ache, Pain in the Shoulder, Coughs, Tightness of the  
Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach,  
Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation  
of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the  
region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful  
symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the stomach and stimulate the liver,  
and liver and bowels, which render them of uncom-  
mon efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities  
and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

FOR SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetter, Itch,  
Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Psoriasis, Boils,  
Caruncles, Ring Worms, Scald Head, Sore Eyes,  
Scalpitis, Itch, Scurs, Discolorations of the Skin,  
Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name  
or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the  
system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

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

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

PIN, TAPE and other WORMS, lurking in the  
system of so many thousands, are effectually de-  
stroyed and removed. For full directions, read carefully  
the circular accompanying each bottle, printed in En-  
glish—German, French and Spanish.

J. WALKER, Proprietor. R. H. McDONALD & CO.,  
Druggists and General Agents, San Francisco, Cal.,  
and 32 and 34 Commerce Street, New York.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

DR. G. S. PALMER,

DENTAL OFFICE,  
over  
ALDEN'S JEWELRY  
STORE,  
opp. People's Nat'l Bank  
WATVILLE ME

Chloroform, Ether or Ni-  
trous Oxide Gas administered when desired.

L. P. MAYO,

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

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