



6-16-1871

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 24, No. 51): June 16, 1871

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 24, No. 51): June 16, 1871" (1871). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 407.
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SONG OF THE FURBELOWS.

Work! work! work!
Vainly, folly, and sin;
With a work! work!
Stitching these fustian in
And 'tis oh! to be a slave
And with the fiddle thrum
With a work! work!
Or of life an eternity long!

Work! work! work!
For fashion that never flags;
But what are its wages, when human souls
Are covered with filthy rags?
Or, naked, they stand before His sight,
That pierce the hearts of all,
With nothing to thank for their pitiful blank,
Save folly's meretricious trail!

Click! click! click!
The useless machine runs on!
Click! click! click!
Till mountains of rilling are done,
Band, and puffing and frill;
Full, and empty, and band;
Bells, and stonings, and furbelows, still
Crowding the brain and the hand.

O women! with brothers dear,
O women! with husbands and sons,
Do not alone these trappings you wear,
To give a thought of a soul to save,
Walls stitch! stitch!
Too hurried for needle to stop;
In your own hearts, while sewing your gowns,
The seed of a bitter crop.

Of selfishness, folly, and pride;
Backstitching, rags, and crime—
(Each to the other so closely allied!)
Harvest unfurling gathered in time;
While work! work! work!
With never a thought of a soul to save,
Except, as you go through frivolity's show,
And come to mortality's end.

—Mary C. Webster.

[From Harper's Weekly.]

MRS. DANA'S SECRET.

"The Lawrences are going abroad," said Robert Dana to his young wife one evening. "I met Tom to-day, and he said he and Carry would sail on the 26th, and the furniture be sold at auction."

"Oh, how we shall miss them! and what a pity to have that handsome old furniture scattered among strangers! We have had many happy times there, Robert."

"Yes, Annie; it was there I first saw you, do you remember? You were playing chess on that old Chinese chess-table, so absorbed that you did not see me come in; and I stood wondering who that little maid in blue could be. I don't like to have that table sold at auction, dear; I wish it would occur to Carry to send it to us as a farewell present."

"That would be very nice; but as she is not at all romantic, she has no idea how or why we value it."

"I suppose if I offered to buy it, Tom would not accept any pay; and then we should feel as if we had begged a present."

"Yes; and besides, we can not afford it, Robert."

"How much is it worth?"

"It must have cost a hundred dollars when it was new; but I presume it will go for fifty, as it is somewhat defaced. We must not think of it, though, dear. You know the last of our 'luxury-fund' went for the Dickens reading, and we agreed to have no more treats till fall. I dare say we should not play very often if we had it—reading aloud is so much nicer. Did you bring home Harper's Weekly?"

Thus the brave, conscientious little woman turned away from the tempting theme, and it was not resumed between them. Annie Dana, however, had a great fund of that tough quality which is now blamed as "obstinacy," then praised as "firmness." The more she told herself the chess-table was unattainable, the more did a persistent inner voice reply, "I must have it!"

But, how? Dana's of course, came to her, but none that seemed practicable. When she awoke in the night, the weary question flashed back, and with it, like an inspiration, its answer. She would write a story for the Magazine, and so earn the needed money. Had she not at school, several years before, sent two or three anonymous stories to a country weekly, just for the frolic of it, and had they not been printed? To be sure, they were not paid for. She would almost have scorned money then, so deliciously sufficing was it to see her own words in print. But there must be the solid reality of payment now; and how delightful to surprise Robert with the table, show him her articles, and enjoy his appreciating praise! But before this dizzy climax could be reached much must be done. What should she write about? When find time? How bid for the table? And all without Robert's knowledge? Absorbed in these questions, she appeared absent during breakfast, greatly to her husband's surprise and mystification. After she had put two spoons in his saucer, asked for butter when already supplied, and poured maple sirup over her steak, he began to be alarmed, insisted on feeling her pulse, and inquired if she had slept well. Annie disclaimed sickness, but admitted that her night had been restless; and finally to please him, promised to take a nap during the day. Never having concealed any thing from him before, the weight of a secret was far from pleasant; but she consoled herself by thinking how well it would all end. For the first time since she knew him she was eager to have Robert go, so eager was she to be free to plan, perhaps to write, her story. Her usual duties about the house were faithfully performed; but the outline of a romance was flitting through her head all the time, and she was glad when free at last to sit down at her desk.

After three weeks this tedious work was done. She was arranging her newspapers when Robert's step was heard on the piazza. She nervously crushed the MS. into her port-folio, and was just turning the key as her husband entered, but looking so guilty and confused that she exclaimed,

"How scared you look, Annie! Did you take me for a burglar?"

"Oh no; but aren't you early! There's no bad news, is there?"

"No, no, little woman, nothing of the kind. Been writing to mother? She'll be glad to hear from you. Are you going to let me read your letter?"

Annie was in the closest getting her slippers, so he did not see her troubled face as she made some evasive answer, and changed the subject. Robert referred no more to her writing, and Annie believed his suspicions were not excited—that he would think of it no more. This was far from being the case, however.

The day before the Lawrences sailed Annie mailed her precious MS. It was too large to be put into a street box, nor would she have dreamed of intrusting so sacred a secret to any thing less impressively official and safe than the central office itself. Had not a dreadful tradition reached her of lighted matches dropped into the boxes by fustian boys? It was as pleasant to go down State Street alone. She hoped she should not meet any one that she knew—Robert least of all. Fortunately his office was safely remote, in Pemberton square. At last she gained her destination, pushed by the crowd, flushed from being stared at, breathing fast with hurry and excitement, but quite resolute, and with a sort of vague belief that she was more likely to succeed in her plan because it was painful in the execution. In her ignorance of postal law, and her fear lest some harm might befall her MS., she had wrapped, tied, and sealed it with comical security, thereby doubling

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its weight. She was somewhat surprised to be charged thirty-six cents postage; but had you told her to cut open the ends, label it "Author's MS.," and put on a couple of two-cent stamps, she would have been shocked by the insecurity and publicity of such a method. In her anxiety to make the address legible she had printed it so that "Editors of — Magazine," etc., etc., might have been read across the street. Inclosed with the story was a note asking the editors to accept "Stella's Summer by the Sea," and address reply to "Mrs. Cynthia Sullivan, Brookline, Massachusetts." This elegant *nom de plume* had been adopted, after days of deliberation, for two sage reasons: "Cynthia" was so uncommon there would be small probability of its being borne by any one else, while the common Irish "Sullivan" might induce the postmaster to suppose, when she called for a letter, that she inquired in behalf of a cook. She could but laugh at the sagacity and ugliness of the combination. Her darling was now fairly committed to the rude world. She felt like a mother on the marriage of an only daughter, she hurried away, frightened, proud, hopeful, fearful, and was soon safely homeward bound in a brown car. Ah! Annie, you little knew that your husband's eyes were on you as you fled through that crowd; that his evil genius was whispering that Tom Lawrence's office was on State Street, whence you came with that agitated look! All the evening he expected to hear his wife mention her trip to the city; but having had but the one secret errand, she made no allusion to it, and, of course, her silence confirmed his fears of something to conceal, and was laid away in his memory, with many another little mystery, to be brooded over in solitude. Annie was naturally so entirely ingenuous and confiding that it was impossible she should have secret occupations without betraying the fact in a hundred little ways, and her husband having—unfortunately for both—a suspicious and jealous disposition, had been tormenting himself all this time in silence, and giving a dozen morbid interpretations of the preoccupation, the changes of color, the willingness to be alone, the reluctance to account for her time, and the locked desk—all of which we had noticed since the Lawrences decided to go abroad. Yes, he had been keen enough to date the change correctly, but his unhappy temper led him to argue thence in a sadly unjust manner. In his defense let it be known that his childhood had been a warped and unhappy one; that until he met Annie he had been a lonely, almost misanthropical man, who, having conceived long against poverty, injustice, and repeated loss, had acquired a certain cynicism, a want of faith in others' sincerity or his own success. Brighter days' truer friends, and Annie's love had done much to free him from these chains, but the tendency was still there. In an evil hour he remembered that Tom Lawrence, had once been an auditor for Annie's hand and fancied that perhaps she now regretted her choice. Was not Tom rich and successful, and a far more genial and lovable man than he? This demon of jealousy, once admitted, was not easily exorcised; and though Robert struggled against it, and sometimes banished it for days, it would return and torment him, till even Annie's caresses seemed but indications that she was acting a part—trying from a sense of duty to love him. With such a fire within, no wonder his moods were fitful—his manner now strangely harsh, now mournfully tender. Sweet-tempered Annie ascribed it all to the cares of business, dull weather, and east winds; feared he was dyspeptic, and strove with forty sunbeam power to charm him into serenity. As days went on she had her own inward anxiety to bear, for no reply came from the editors. Every other day she inquired at the post-office for "Cynthia Sullivan," but without success, till at last, during the third week of suspense, an envelope bearing that graceful name, was actually handed out to her. Well was it that the postmaster was boxed in behind his wooden barriers, or he must have observed Mrs. Dana's strange agitation over her cook's letter. She lost all sense of the ground beneath her feet as she hurried through the village, and out on a by-road, where seated in a gap of the wall, behind a tangle of clematis vines and barberry bushes, she read, through happy tears these beautiful words:

"What she does well," muttered Robert, bitterly: "she shut me out of her confidence long ago."

Suddenly the door re-opened. Annie came quickly out and down the avenue toward him. Does she see him? Oh no! She is searching for the lost envelope. Her husband drew back into the shadow of the hedge, watching unseen her hurried motions.

"What shall I do?" she exclaimed, in a low, troubled tone, close beside him.

His jealous mood flashed over him like a wave; he stepped suddenly out before her, saying, in a cold, hard voice, as he thrust forward the envelope,

"Perhaps this is what you have lost!"

His unexpected appearance, passionate gesture and rude tone gave Annie a terrible shock. Starting backward, catching her breath with a gasp of fright and pain, she lost her footing on the icy slope, and fell down an embankment of several feet on to the carriage drive below. Terrified and remorseful, Robert was beside her instantly, only to find her lying, white and silent, on her side, her left arm broken under her.

Neither of them ever knew very clearly what happened during the next half hour. Robert took his wife into the house. The doctor came, set her arm, prescribed for a disposition to fever, and ordered entire quiet. Annie scarcely spoke. The doctor was surprised to see one usually so bright and brave, now apparently entirely subdued.

How could the good man know that the husband, whose loving concern was shown in every tone and movement, had been the cause of the accident and of the mental distress, beside which the physical pain was as nothing? Annie had been perfectly aware of her husband's state of mind when he sprang out upon her. She knew that he suspected her of something wrong; that he was angry; had prejudged her cruelly. With all her sweetness of temper and warmth of heart, she had a good share of personal dignity and womanly pride; and to be condemned unheard, on a mere mystery of appearance, was more than she could well brook. She was too much hurt to offer any explanation. How could she when he had asked none? No; she lay perfectly still, submitting passively to all they did. Robert was more wretched than she, for he felt guilty. The white patience of his wife's face, her silence, and the bandaged arm across her breast reproached him horribly. He showed the doctor out, and returned to the chamber. Annie did not look up. Martha, the cook, who was very fond of her young mistress, was sitting beside her.

"If you please, Mr. Dana, I'll stay with her while you have your tea. It's all ready below, Sir."

Annie did not speak; so he went down and made a forlorn attempt at a meal. How empty the room was without its queen! how utterly desolate! He kept trying to think what he knew said in that wild moment at the gate. He knew he had called her by every loving name while she was bringing her in, but he could not remember that she had returned one kiss, one member that she had turned once, "Take care, Robert; it is broken;" and afterward, "Don't mind it; it does not hurt much;" but her eyes had been averted, and her voice had a repressed tone he had never heard in it before. By-and-by he went back, sending Martha away. Annie's eyes were shut, but he felt sure she was not sleeping. Her cheeks were brightly flushed, her breathing rapid.

"She is as unhappy as I am," thought Robert. "How can she have the perfect repose the doctor ordered till we understand each other and are reconciled? This silence is killing us both. Somebody must speak first. It is she who is in the wrong, surely it is; and yet why cannot I look at her and believe it? Why do I feel myself the guilty one?"

He leaned over his wife and studied her sweet face eagerly, as these thoughts agitated him. She felt him near, and yet how distant! Hot tears sprang to her closed eyes, hung on her thick lashes, ran over her burning cheeks, but she dared not look up. Pride was afraid of giving way. Robert saw her lip tremble, her tears fall, and he broke down.

"Oh, Annie, my wife, speak to me! look at me! I am afraid I have been harsh and cruel to you; but why, why do you have a secret from me?"

Wide open, honest, fearless were her eyes then.

"Robert! Robert! it was no harm. Could you not trust me? But I will tell you every thing. I will never have another secret. I have hated myself all the time. But it was only a story, for a surprise; and I am so glad that I need not be any more!" And then she burst into such wild sobbing and crying that Robert was fairly frightened.

He had never seen her beyond her self-control before, and like all usually quiet and serene persons, her giving way was entire, and most distressing. It was a long time before she could tell her story coherently. In vain Robert begged her to wait till morning, assuring her that he was perfectly satisfied. She felt she could not sleep till every cloud was cleared away; so at last—interrupted by her own tears

usual one frosty evening in November, as he turned up the hill from the station he saw his wife, a few rods before him, coming from the post-office with a letter in her hand. She went slowly homeward, reading as she walked, too much absorbed to hear him behind her. "What can interest her so?" he wondered. Just then the envelope, a common yellow one, fell from her hand and fluttered down the icy path toward him. He picked it up, intending to laugh at her carelessness, but one glance at the address drove all color from his face, all jesting from his mind. "Mrs. Cynthia Sullivan," in a strange, masculine hand. For a moment Robert stood still; the November night seemed to close dark and cold around him with a chill that penetrated to his heart. Looking up at last he saw his wife's light figure for an instant on top of the hill clearly traced against the lowering sky, then it turned into their own avenue and disappeared. Sintram-like the husband stood listening to the demon within him. Every half-forgotten mystery rose as an accusation against poor Annie, carrying all good resolutions away like a flood. "A secret correspondence? A feigned name! What could it all mean?" Crushing the hateful envelope in his hand, he strode fiercely on, determined to show it to her and demand to be told all. He reached the gate just as Annie entered the house. The light from within gleamed down the path a moment, then the door closed, and all was dark and cold.

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or laughter, by his tender caresses and self-reproaches—the whole history of the manuscript, the table, and letters was told. How the husband felt, as every link in the chain proved her so tender and true, can not be described. Suffice it to say that he, in his turn, laid bare all his heart before her, and that upon these hours of suffering and confession, of humiliation and joy, their mutual confidence and love were rebuilt upon a tried and perfected foundation. The next morning a reply was mailed to the editor's letter, the innocent cause of the trouble. It had contained merely a request for permission to alter the name of Mrs. Sullivan's story; and with Annie's acquiescence, the correspondence ceased, and "Mrs. Cynthia Sullivan" was known no more in the literary world.

A few weeks later, on the evening before Robert's birthday, his wife failed to meet him at the door on his return from the city, but in the parlor he found her, blushing and radiant, sitting at the dear old chess-table, trying in vain to keep up the traditional look of absorption in her game. The only drawback to the correctness of the picture was the sling in which she was still obliged to carry her arm. Perhaps it was this which sent the rare tears to her husband's eyes as he knelt beside her and held her close to his heart.

Thus the quaint old Chinese table became one of the most cherished of their household gods, the companion of many a cozy winter evening; the silent preacher to Robert against all impatience and suspicion—to Annie against any concealment or dissimulation. When February's magazine was published, Annie's arm was entirely strong again, and she enjoyed to the full the long-desired pleasure of hearing her story read and praised by the voice dearer to her than all the world beside.

THE TRIUMPH OF CIVILIZATION.—The ratification of the treaty with Great Britain by the Senate of the United States, without amendment, ensuring, as it does, its acceptance by the British government, is occasion of rejoicing to the whole world. Not only does it remove the danger of a hostile collision between the two great powers directly concerned, but it diminishes greatly the liability to the horrors of war throughout Christendom. The treaty is as much a success of humanity as it is a triumph of diplomacy. When one considers the importance of the issues involved, and how nearly allied they are to national pride, and also that they stand related to a war which left us peculiarly alive to everything affecting our standing and rights, it may be regarded as equally a matter of surprise and gratitude, that we have escaped a bitter and bloody contest with the mother country. The quarrels of relatives are proverbially malignant. Solomon said, "A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city," and their contentions are like the bars of a castle. Hatred that comes from a disappointed or outraged love is intense above all other. In proportion as we had England in affection, because of common blood, literature and religion, did we feel grieved at her want of sympathy in the hour of our trial, and indignant at her scarcely concealed joy at our misfortunes. The ravages of the Alabama upon our commerce, when she had been fitted out at a British port against the expostulations of our Minister, filled all hearts with bitterness which was not diminished when our success in putting down the rebellion had placed us on vantage ground. The magazine of passion was all prepared, and but a spark was needed to ensure an explosion.

Yet what a misfortune to the world, as well as to ourselves, such a result would have been. Blood would have flowed in torrents, our foreign commerce would have ceased, our debt would have been made an intolerable burden, and our homes would have been dark with sorrow. The same would have been true of Great Britain; and each country, at the close of the contest, would have been left weak, crippled, disabled for great enterprises of civilization and religion, embittered in feeling, and a whole generation behind what it might have been in all national development. Moreover, the evil custom of war over international differences would have had an added instance to quote for its perpetuation, and barbarism would have retained its hold unrelaxed upon mankind.

But peace has now won a signal victory, owing to the good sense and Christian sentiment of the two nations, and the wise forbearance and patience of the two governments. A generation ago, with so many and so grave points of difference—the Alabama claims, the fisheries, the San Juan dispute—war would have been inevitable. But the statesmen on both sides felt that it would be a disgrace to the intelligence of the age, not to be able to effect a peaceful settlement of the controversies. With that spirit they have persisted in tentative efforts at a solution, till this treaty has crowned their efforts and attested their wisdom. It gives one fresh hope for the world. The prophecy with regard to the beating of the sword into the plowshare does not seem quite so unlikely to be fulfilled. In despite of French madness and bloodthirstiness, we see signs of peace, presages of the day when the pure-minded statesman shall furnish small opportunity to military ambition; when national differences shall end in treaties instead of wars, and arbitration shall render armies and navies things of the past. For, as the poet phrased it in his song:

The pen shall supersede the sword
In the good time coming!

THE ADVANCE.

REMEDY FOR NERVOUS HEADACHE.—A well-known Kentucky minister, subject to severe spells of nervous headache, was in our office the other day, says an exchange, during one of these attacks. Major Brown of Mexico, was also present, and proposed to relieve him in ten minutes, which he did most effectually. The following is the prescription:

Take a desert spoonful of common soda, such as is used in making bread, and dissolve it thoroughly in a quart of cold water. With this thoroughly shampoo the head for about five minutes, scratching the skin of the head and the back of the neck with the finger-nails. Then rinse the head with clean cold water. Major Brown says he has used this remedy in perhaps a thousand cases since 1853, and never once failed to give relief in five or ten minutes. This remedy is for nervous headache, and not for those affections of the head arising from a deranged stomach.

OUR TABLE.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY FOR JULY leads off with a splendidly illustrated article, by J. T. Headley, on "Philadelphia." Those who do not know what rapid strides the "Quaker City" has made in late years, will be surprised at the evidences of progress and improvement furnished by both pictures and letter-press. The next article is a very interesting account of Mr. W. H. Hallowell's "Jaunts in Japan," in which some valuable information is given concerning out-of-the-way portions of that marvelous island. The most important essay in the present number is Horace Bushnell's able discussion of "Free-Trade and Protection," in which this distinguished writer and thinker presents what seems to be a very common-sense and judicious view of a much-mooted question. Miss Louisa Bushnell follows her father with a charming account of a "Fete-day at Malmesbury," which will be read with peculiar interest at this time. A most curious article is E. W. Wright's "Samson's Riddle Solved—the Lion-cub errors The Lion-cub," by which the learned writer appears actually to have discovered the solution of Samson's celebrated riddle, which has puzzled the world for three thousand years. "Mrs. Richardson's timely and sensible 'Plea for Chinese Labor'" will meet with the approbation of every American housewife; and "Black-Log Studies," by Charles Dudley Warner (author of *My Summer in a Garden*), is one of the most witty, thoughtful, and suggestive papers of the writer of this generation nearest to Charles Lamb. In the story element, this number is particularly strong. First, there is MacDonald's grandly beautiful Wilfrid Cumberland; then we have a capital Fourth of July story, "The Gunpowder Plot," by Edward Eggleston; unique in plot and thrilling in narrative, with a splendid illustration by Victor Nebligh; a tale by Julia C. R. Dorr, with the title of "My Husband's First Love," and "Edson's Mother," a quaint story by Susan Coolidge. The poetry is by R. H. Stoddard, Miss M. A. Hopkins, and Thomas Dunn English, the latter furnishing a successful study in the slave dialect, entitled "Cecilia Rowan." The editorial departments are, as usual, very readable; in the "Topics of the Time" are discussed "Three places of the Woman Question," "Louisville and School Reform," "Rather a Slim Religion," and "The Legal Tender Decision." In the "Old Cabinet" we find "Papa's Christ," "A Protest," "The Pyrrhic Camp," and "Orange Peels." In "Home and Society" are pleasant papers on the "Pairing Season," "A Sheltering Arms," "Midsummer Eve," and "Bones." "Culture and Progress Abroad" treats of Henry Parry Liddon, the celebrated English divine, and other subjects, and in "Culture and Progress at Home" there are notices of the Academy Exhibition and of new books. The "Etchings," consist of another clever poem by Baker, "Up the Aisle," with exquisite illustrations by Miss Ladygar, being a sequel to "Love's Young Dream," and closing a number of Scribner's which will form delightful reading for summer days.

Published by Scribner & Co., New York, at \$3 a year.

TILTON'S JOURNAL OF HORTICULTURE opens with an article on Orchard Culture, followed by an illustrated chapter on New Strawberries, and another on Dwarf Peas. There are also articles on the Management of Fruit Trees that Bear every Alternate Year; Keeping Grapes; Maurice Bernardin Rose; Scraping Apple Trees, etc.; with an abundance of Notes and Gleanings. This work is both good and cheap.

Published by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE for June completes another volume of this popular monthly, with a number full of good stories, a sample of which we frequently copy for our readers. Wood is a live man, and is building up a fine circulation for his magazine. His liberal system of premiums brings him in hosts of names, and he has enlisted some of the best writers in the country to increase the usefulness and interest of the work. Wood's Pocket Magnifier, one of his premiums, is a neat and handy little instrument, which all will be glad to have. It is sent with the magazine for a year, for \$1.50.

Published by S. S. Wood & Co., Newburgh, N. Y., at \$1 a year.

MR. GREELY DISGUSTED WITH THE TEXAS DIET.—Texas is a great State geographically, with immense natural resources and gigantic possibilities; but she has not yet justified her early promise. Her wealth in soil and cattle, with the ease wherewith an abundance of food may be secured from these with little labor, has blinded her people to many shortcomings which should not have endured so long. Her habitations, as a whole, are far smaller, ruder, and less comfortable than they might and should be. She ought to pay for ten million panes of glass and hire ten thousand glaziers to set them directly. She is in urgent need of twenty thousand more school teachers and fifty thousand instructed cooks. It is a grief to see beef that might be broiled into tender and juicy steaks fried or stewed into such repulsive, indigestible messes as I have encountered at all but her two best hotels. It is a crying shame that a region where the peach, the grape, the pear, the strawberry, etc., grow so luxuriantly on meat, bread and coffee, even if these articles were what they should be and in Texas are not. In Labrador or Alaska such a "hog and hominy" diet would be faulty; under this fervid sun it is atrocious. No family which has been five years or over in Texas has any right to live so badly. I judge that there are, at the outside, fifty acres of cultivated berries of all kinds in the State, perhaps as many grapes, and possibly one peach tree to each family, though I consider that a high estimate. At all events, not one family in every ten has either fruit-tree, grape vine, or strawberry-bed, down to this hour; and fruit makes no part of the average meal. Yet the profusion of wild grapes (mustang) in the Brasos bottoms, covering nearly every tree for miles after miles, argues that choice grapes would grow here if any one would only plant them; while I know that peaches and strawberries are now nowhere more luxuriant or prolific. Almost every one owns land; those who do not easily might; but the great majority seem content to live as the pioneers of Texas had to, on coarse gross food alone, when they might have fruit, milk, etc., by moderate exertion. The girls working in Lowell factories would strike the first day that they were fed like the family of a Texas planter who owns five thousand acres of land and a large stock of cattle. I speak of these things at the risk of giving offense; because they ought to be discussed till corrected. The Texas pioneer, living a hundred miles from anywhere, with a neighbor to each ten miles square, no roads and no bridges, had to fare as he could. There is no excuse for cherishing his privations after all excuse for them has passed away. If half the money spent in the State for liquors and tobacco were devoted to making dwellings comfortable and supplying their tables with fruits, etc., the whole people would be happier and better.—[Letter to the Tribune.]

Great preparations are being made in Berlin for the celebration of the victory on the 16th

inst. At the head of the column entering the city will be borne 81 eagles captured from the French army, the royal family and the detachments of the victorious army.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune has recently had an interview with that sterling Democrat, Robert Toombs of Georgia. It fills two columns of the Tribune, but the following are sample sentences:

"The Ku-Klux is the natural protest of an oppressed people against tyranny. This town is the Ku Klux headquarters. I carried this county secession in 1861, with only seven votes against me, and there is not a single white radical living in the county. We've no use for them here. I would consent vote for Greeley than for any Democrat upon Vallandigham's platform. Greeley and the Republicans first got it up—it's their patent—and I have more respect for them than for such scoundrels as Vallandigham, who wants to establish his 'idea.'"

"What do you look forward to in future?"

I asked. "How can you escape the results of the war?"

"We will fight you again as soon as we can get ready, he answered, 'and I believe we can get ready much sooner than most people think.'"

"You cannot seriously believe that the people are losing the hope that they will see Shiloh in their day, but they are training their children up to take up the work. There is not an honest man in the Radical party in Georgia. We don't want Northern men to come here; let them stay at home, where they belong; this is our country, and we want to keep it for ourselves and our children. If people who call themselves our conquerors insist on coming here against our wishes they need expect no welcome from us. We will have nothing to do with them. Why can't you let us alone?" he went on excitedly. "If your idea of government is not a lie stay away and let us manage our own affairs. We don't want to have anything to do with you. We had the satisfaction of killing more than 200,000 of you, and if my advice had been followed the war would not have ended until we had killed more."

"The Cincinnati Gazette says: 'Unfortunately the people of the South applaud Davis's utterances. Here is where the danger lies, and this is the indicator that points to danger. Davis says wait until the democratic party get into power and we shall regain what was lost in the field, and the people who follow him and crowd upon him and overwhelm him with demonstrations of confidence say amen. This is not discreet, we admit, but it is better—it is an honest expression of what is running in the heads of Southern democrats.'

Hall's Journal of Health gives the following advice to summer laborers: "Those who have to work in the sun in the heat of summer will find upon a fair trial, an incalculable advantage by arranging to take their breakfast and be ready to go to work as soon after day-light. Leave off work at twelve o'clock; take dinner, sleep two hours and begin work again at three. Or it might be better to stop at one o'clock and resume work at four, and be in bed at nine o'clock; this will give them full six or seven hours' sleep at night, and nearly two in the daytime. Thus refreshed by a sleep in the afternoon, they will be able to work with the vigor of the morning, and will escape the dreadful task of three hours' labor in the hottest part of the day which is so fatal to many. Hod-carriers, brick-masons, carpenters, and other mechanics make a sad mistake when they wait until after sunrise of a summer's morning before they begin their day's work; the result being that in the cool of the day they do nothing, and work hard in the broiling sun during the fiercest heats of midsummer. Many of these men may be seen any summer day at noon, during the time allowed them for dinner, fast asleep on the bare ground, which, if the least damp, causes them to wake up with a disagreeable tiredness and stiffness, ending after a while in rheumatism, to trouble them through all after life. A coat for a pillow, and even a newspaper spread under them, would be a great protection; but a hard board would be much better, in the absence of a stout coat."

The Bangor Whig says of the class which was graduated from the Bangor Theological Seminary last week, the following have procured places of labor: Mr. J. E. Kilkenny, Walker of Forest Grove of Oregon, goes as a missionary to Turkey; Mr. John T. Ben of Boston, Mass. goes to Tallahassee, Fla.; Mr. Alvin B. Jordan of Raymond, to Turner; Mr. Albert N. Jones of Weld, to Brooke; Mr. William C. Hulse of Johnston, Wis., to Michigan; Mr. D. W. Hardy of Chicago Ill., to Sherman Mills; Mr. Edward P. Eastman of North Coova, N. H., to Conway; Mr. Wm. H. Bolster of South Paris, to Wisconsin.

Hall's Journal of Health says that the longer a person can put off drinking a glass of water on a hot summer's day, the better it will be for him; for if he drinks largely early in the day, the thirst will be increased with an uncomfortable sense of fullness, large perspiration, increased liability to colds, with a debilitated condition of the system. In taking a glass of water or other cold

Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE, JUNE 16, 1871.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

The following parties are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions for the Mail and will do so at the same rates as those published in this office:—
S. M. PIERCE & Co., No. 10 State St., Boston, and 87 Park Row, New York.
S. H. NILES, No. 11 Seaville Building, Boston.
GEO. F. ROWELL & Co., No. 40 Park Row, New York.
T. C. EVANS, 106 Washington St., Boston.
Advertisers abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

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

"THE NEW DEPARTURE," as the recent movement for the redemption of the democratic party is termed, as embodied in the Ohio resolutions, is thus set forth. "Denouncing the extraordinary means by which they were brought about, we recognize as accomplished facts the three amendments to the Constitution recently declared adopted, and consider the same as no longer political issues before the country." Another resolution demands that the rule of strict construction be "vigorously applied now to the Constitution as it is," including the recent amendments, and pledges the Democratic party of Ohio "to a full, faithful, and absolute execution and enforcement of the Constitution as it now is, so as to secure equal rights to all persons under, without distinction of race, color, or condition."

DROWNED.—A fine little boy, George S., five years old, only child of Mr. W. A. Getchell, residing at the Tufton Simpson homestead, in Winslow, was drowned in the Kennebec on Saturday of last week. He had been visiting a few hours at his grandfather's in this village, and later in the afternoon was taken home in a carriage by his uncle, Maj. M. P. Getchell. Pleased with his ride, the child begged to return, and to quiet him had leave from his mother to go as far as the next house towards the river and play with other children there. As he did not return at the proper time, inquiry was made without effect. Search was continued through the night, and on Sunday morning the body was fished from a small eddy near the eastern end of the railroad bridge. The bank was high and steep, and the wind blow hard, and it was concluded that he lost his balance while throwing stones into the river. Both Mr. and Mrs. Getchell were disabled from joining in the search—the former from a late accident, and the latter from sickness—and their distress during the long night, and especially after the fatal result was discovered, need not be described. In their severe affliction they have the deep sympathy of many friends.

FRANCE.—The details of the recent siege and capture of Paris and the subsequent scenes of bloody retribution, are absolutely sickening, and if the reports are true it is difficult to tell which party behaved most like fiends. Men, women and children were indiscriminately butchered by their frenzied countrymen. Minister Washburn reports that an employee of the legation counted at one time the dead bodies of eight children on one street, the eldest not more than 14 years old, who had been seized while distributing their incendiary bombs and shot on the spot. And the saddest reflection is, that all this blood will have been shed for naught—that some unscrupulous adventurer will worm himself into place and power, seize the reins of government with a strong hand, thwart the will of the people and strangle the infant republic.

THE LION OF LUZERNE.—A copy of Thorwaldsen's celebrated statue, erected for the Alumni of Colby University, by Milmore, of Boston—has arrived, and workmen are putting it in place in the hall of the Memorial Building. The critics at the Hub speak highly of Mr. Milmore's portion of the work.

"CHARLES MARTEL"—or "General" as he was always called, having seen service in the Mexican war—the old well known janitor at the College, and the favorite of all the boys and girls of the village, paid his old alma mater a visit this week to take his friends by the hand and to see how the institution flourished under a change of name. He returned to Canada on Thursday, with substantial tokens of regard from his old friends, who kindly cared for him while here.

A NEW SALOON CAR, from the Company's shops in Waterville—a novelty here but common at the west—has just been put upon French's freight train from Kendall's Mills to Portland. It has a lookout on top for the conductor, where he may sit and watch the train and see that every thing goes right, and that every man is at his post and doing his duty.

THE RESOLUTES of Portland bore off the prize bat and ball from the Base Ball tournament at Brunswick on Tuesday. The Conglomerates, of our village, were there and took a hand but failed by a trifle of obtaining the prize.

THE MAINE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION met in Portland on Tuesday. The President, Dr. B. F. Baxton, of Warren delivered an able address, in which he alluded to the failure of securing a law making vaccination compulsory but insisted upon the profession's taking a strong stand upon this matter, and initiating a movement towards securing a full supply of vaccine matter throughout the State; urged the importance of adhering strictly to their order of ethics, as this is the foundation of their claim to public respect and the strong bond of fraternal union; dwelt at length upon the claims of the General Hospital, and spoke in terms of approbation of the labors of several members of the profession in Portland. The following officers were chosen:—

President Dr. A. J. Fuller of Bath.
1st Vice-President, E. Stone, Deering.
2d Vice-President, Fashor, Harland.
Corresponding Secretary, S. H. Weeks, Portland.
Treasurer, T. A. Foster, Portland.
Publication Committee, C. O. Hunt, Portland; W. W. Greene, Portland; F. H. Gerish, Portland; E. F. Sanger, Bangor; T. H. Jewett, South Berwick.

Standing Committee, S. C. Gordon, Portland; B. F. Sturgis, Auburn; R. R. Jones, Bangor; J. B. Walker, Thomaston; D. L. Lamson, Fryeburg.

Papers and reports of interest and value were presented, and in the evening the annual address was delivered by Dr. Calvin Seavey, of Bangor, who took for his subject, "The Physical and Moral World and their Phenomena."

The report of the Treasurer, Dr. Foster, of Portland, showed a balance to the credit of the association of \$393.46.

By an accident on the Grand Trunk Railway, near Grafton Ontario, on Sunday morning, four lives were lost. The accident was occasioned by the neglect of an engineer to see a signal, and his approaching a station at an unallowable rate of speed. By the presence of mind of the operator at the station, who switched off the train at the last moment, a still greater loss of life was prevented.

CARLETON, our long established and enterprising photographer, who aims to be posted in all the latest improvements in his art, was in attendance at the recent Photographer's Convention held in Philadelphia; and through his thoughtful kindness we received several of the city dailies while he was there.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.—Among other appointments made at the late session in Dexter are the following:

Bangor Brick Chapel, C. F. Allen; Bangor Union Street, M. W. Marsh; Exeter, Stetson & Carmel, W. B. Fenelon; Dexter, A. S. Townsend; Windsor and South Vassalboro, supplied by M. Miller; Winslow, Vassalboro and Riverside, J. Bean; China, D. P. Thompson; Clinton and Benton, C. H. Bray; Unity and Troy, J. P. Simonton.

The annual meeting of the Eclectic Medical Society of Maine will be held at the Continental House, Waterville, Wednesday and Thursday, June 28th and 29th. Business of importance will come before the society and a full attendance of members is desired. All liberal physicians, who discountenance sectarianism in medicine and are interested in progress and reform, are respectfully invited to attend.

Per order.
We are pleased to copy the following well deserved notice of one of the veterans of the Maine Central Railroad, which we find in the Bangor Whig:—

CONDUCTOR GRAY has nearly finished his twenty-first year on the Maine Central Railroad. As conductor of the mail train for many years past, his unvarying courtesy and gentlemanly attentions have won him many warm friends among the travelling public, who will wish him every success and a long and prosperous life.

A man in Belfast informs the Progressive Age that he saves his plum trees from the ravages of the black knot by driving small nails or tacks into the spot on their first appearance.

At the close of the term at Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, on Thursday evening of last week, Miss Emilie Marshall took the first prize for excellence in reading, and Miss Annie B. Gushee the second. In declamation, James M. Estes took the first prize, and Eugene E. Randall the second. Some fifteen hundred dollars have been devoted to repairs on the buildings, to be made during this vacation. Mr. Jones continues in charge of the school.

Among the most promising of the Knox colts in this section is the Bailey colt, two years old last August, called the "Thomas Lang," owned by Mr. E. C. Bailey, of Winslow. He took the first premium at the N. Kennebec agricultural fair last year. He's a beauty.

Of course we thank the Bangor Courier for its liberality in exchanging its daily for our weekly. The Courier is an enterprising and well filled paper, arriving in Waterville by the morning mail from Bangor, and bringing the latest telegraphic news to the morning dailies. It is a leader in state politics, and conducted with much ability.

Fine showers, in generous patches, were scattered here and there on Thursday. The 2.30 Skowhegan train down, entered one at Fishon's Ferry, finding the other edge at Waterville. It literally poured upon that little one-car train all the way, enough to satisfy the already well moistened earth. Indeed the stereotyped complaint of drought is pretty well dashed with cold water in all this region, just now, and field and forests are wearing their richest green. Farmers are smiling like new shingles on a patched roof.

The members of the Gardner High School will make an excursion to Waterville tomorrow (Saturday) forenoon.

HAWTHORNE wrote of Lincoln.—"It is the strangest and yet the fittest thing in the jumble of human vicissitude, that he, out of so many millions, unlooked for, unselected by any intelligible process that could be based upon his genuine qualities, unknown to those who chose him and unsuspected of what endowments may adapt him for his tremendous responsibility, should have found the way open for him to fling his lank personality into the Presidential chair."

What Hawthorne styles "the jumble of human vicissitude," others would regard as the hand of the Almighty moving in the affairs of the nation. Abraham Lincoln was of all men the one to fill the Presidential chair during the rebellion; but the wisdom of even our wisest men never would have put him there, if the long bloody struggle could have been fully foreseen. How often, during the early days of Lincoln's administration, did true patriots exclaim—"Oh for a President like Jackson—a stern military man, to move with greater energy and scourge these rebels into submission." Under the rule of a Jackson the rebellion might have been suppressed, but slavery would not have been abolished; and was not that a great end to be brought about by the war?

THE WILLIAMS HOUSE, which Messrs. Smith & Son are renovating for occupancy, we are pleased to notice is receiving a new coat of paint, among its other improvements.

See the advertisement of Kennebec and Boston Express. The Waterville agency is in good hands, at Low & Co.'s, and this line promises to give the best of satisfaction to its growing list of patrons.

PEOPLE'S BANK will construct its building of wood instead of brick as was talked, and it will only occupy the vacant space between the one they now occupy and the old storehouse of Arnold & Mendor. Regret is expressed that a flourishing institution—or two of them—could not have had more substantial lodgings and improved the street with a handsome building of brick. Work has already been commenced on the new building.

MR. WILLIAM BODGE, for many years a faithful and efficient conductor on the Maine Central Railroad, has been taken from the freight train and put in charge of the Pullman Train from Bangor to Kendall's Mills—an appointment eminently fit to be made.

L. D. Cobb, of Belgrade, formerly Baggage Master, takes the place vacated by Mr. Bodge. Marcellus Hayes, recently Brakeman on the Bangor train, succeeds Mr. Cobb as Baggage Master.

Mr. George W. Terry, of Waterville, the reliable manager of the Construction train for a dozen years or more, has been made Road Master, from Bangor to Danville Junction; and Mr. Frank G. Pressey takes the place vacated by Mr. Terry.

Mr. J. B. Chandler, of Waterville, has been recently made conductor of a freight train from Portland to Kendall's Mills.

The Kennebec Journal wants buns kept instead of dogs—a sly plan to undermine sausage factories and dog fights. We advise all 'small tax payers' to be on their guard against any such innovations.

The wife of Rev. W. A. Drew died in Augusta on Thursday.

The Methodists are arranging for a State Camp Meeting at their grounds in Richmond—to commence Aug. 8, and continue a week. A liberal and extensive plan is arranged for comfort and good order.

They are moving for a High School at Kendall's Mills, and have raised four thousand dollars and organized an efficient association to perfect the work.

THOMAS DARWIN, a Bangor boy, out in the woods with two mates and a revolver, a few days ago, lodged a ball in his brain by the accidental discharge of the pistol.

CIRCUS.—Those who allow themselves the recreation of one circus each year, will probably find the one promised in Waterville for Wednesday next as good, to say the least, as any that are likely to follow. There are some choice animals in the menagerie, and some of the best performers in the world are among its riders and other exhibitors. The balloon is an attraction offered free to all. It will be a holiday, at very little expense, estimating holidays by 4th of July, firemen's musters, Christmas or Thanksgiving; so that those who measure their enjoyments by dollars and cents can afford this one even better than some others.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.—The President really seems to mean business in his first step under that clause of the Appropriation Bill passed just at the close of the last Congress, which authorized him to prescribe such rules and regulations for the admission of persons into the civil service of the United States, as will best promote its efficiency. He has appointed a Board to convene at Washington this month, of which George William Curtis, the most intelligent and able public champion the cause of civil reform has ever had, is Chairman. The other members, so far as they are known to us, seem to be fit associates and co-workers of such a Chairman, and are: Joseph Medill, of Chicago; Alexander G. Catell, of New Jersey; Damon A. Walker, of Pennsylvania; E. B. Elliot, of the Treasury Department, and Joseph H. Blackfan, of the Post-office Department. There will be endless obstacles laid in the way of such a Board, and its most efficient service, but we trust the President will see "them through" the work to which he has invited them.—[The Advance.

The use of soap is not yet three hundred years old. What did the high bred ladies of the middle ages do when they accidentally got hold of the black side of a skillet?

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt until they are too strong to be broken.—[Dr. Johnson.

OUR TABLE.

THE YOUNG MECHANIC. Containing Directions for the Use of all kinds of Tools, and for the Construction of Steam Engines and Mechanical Models, including the art of Turning in Wood and Metal. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

A capital book to put into the hands of the ingenious boy, who begins to "tinker about" and wishes to know how to use tools and make things. The full title which we copy above renders it unnecessary to add any word of commendation or description, beyond this;—that it is a handsome book of about 250 pages; that it is a reprint of an English book, with corrections to adapt it better to the use of Yankee boys, and that it contains numerous illustrations of different tools and the articles to be made with them. The book will be a valuable and useful present for a boy.

Sent to us through the American News Co. of Boston, and for sale in Waterville by C. A. Henriksen, one door north of the Post Office.

TILL THE DOCTOR COMES; and How to Help Him. By George H. Hope, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

A valuable pamphlet, reprinted from the fifth London edition, with revisions and additions to better fit it for the American reader, containing a complete manual of directions in cases of accident, indispensable to every household. The knowledge and help which it professes would save many a valuable life which otherwise would be lost through ignorance.

Sent through the American News Co., of Boston, and for sale by C. A. Henriksen, Waterville.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL.—The number for June 24, completes another volume of this sterling illustrated weekly journal of literature, science and art. The spirit and freshness of this able periodical are giving it a wide popularity, which is a good indication of a healthy public taste.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, at \$4.00 a year.

NEW BOOKS.—Among the new publications of Lee & Shepard, the enterprising Boston publishers, are the following, which will be ready in June:—

UP THE BALTOG; or, Young America in Norway, Denmark and Sweden. By Oliver Optic. 16mo. Illustrated. \$1.50. This is the first volume of the Second Series of "Young America Abroad."

THE YOUNG DELIVERERS OF PLASANT COVE. By Elijah Kellogg, author of "Elm Island Stories." Arthur Brown, the Young Captain, &c. 16mo. Illustrated. \$1.25.

THE WIFE OF A VAIN MAN. By Madame Marie Sophie Schwartz. Translated from the Swedish by Miss Selma Borg and Miss Maria A. Brown. 8vo. Paper \$1.00, cloth \$1.50.

THE SWORD AND THE GARMENT; or, Ministerial Culture. By the author of "Gredo." 16mo. BENTLEY'S BARS. A Retrospect of an Ibsen's Asylum. 16mo. Cloth, \$2.00.

UNDERWOOD'S HAND-BOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Intended for the Use of High Schools, as well as a companion and Guide for Private Students, and for general reading. By Francis H. Underwood. Crown 8vo. Cloth, \$2.50.

ART: Its Laws, and the Reasons for them, Collected, Considered and Arranged for General and Educational Purposes. By Samuel E. Long, Counsellor at Law, Student of the English Royal Academy, and Pupil of the late Gilbert Stuart Newton, R. A. One volume, with fine steel plates and wood engravings. \$3.00. Sold by subscription.

THE SOUTH.—Mr. Greeley has been quoted as being very liberal towards the South, willing to forgive and overlook their dislike of the North and the government. Some of his letters and articles have been copied in democratic papers and perverted in meaning or colored to suit democratic ideas. But in his letter of June 1, published in the Tribune, he sums up his experience and opinions as follows:

The ancient aristocracy of the South remind me forcibly of the Federal equirearchy of our country after Jefferson's election as President. Instead of studying the new situation and seeking to master it, they content themselves with endless and fruitless complaining. They lament the sway of the "carpet-baggers" over their late slaves, but take no effective measures to contract it. Argues as some of the "carpet-baggers" are, they are all zealous for the education of the blacks, while the submerged aristocracy grudge every penny assessed on them for building schoolhouses and paying teachers as though it were to be thrown into the sea. The noblest, purest, most intelligent women of New England, who have come down here to teach black children, are shunned and banned by the aristocracy as though they were camp-followers of Sherman's army, and being thus doomed to associate only with blacks and live with them, are actually charged with this as a betrayal of low tastes, when it was the dictate of stern necessity. I apprehend that the land owners will in time be impelled by their hate of "carpet-baggers" to change their course, and seek a cordial understanding with the blacks; but they are not yet in the mood, and the longer they hold off the more difficult the task will prove.

The Ellsworth American speaks in glowing terms of the marble crop on Deer Isle. It says that one place has been uncovered, with a face of about twenty feet in height by some sixteen in width of sound marble without any crack or seam, and, from all appearances, the depth and breadth may be extended on to hundreds and perhaps thousands of feet with the same result.

The Augusta Journal says the farm house, four barns and out-buildings of Joshua Meserve in Richmond were destroyed by fire at noon on Friday last. It is supposed that the fire first caught from coals dropping from the cooking stove through a crack in the floor of the old house into the cellar, while the family were getting dinner. The loss embraced most of the furniture, about thirty tons of hay, and all the farming tools, amounting in all to \$3000. No insurance.

THE SELMA (Ala.) Times and Messenger is one of those who advise the Southern democrats to keep still, to be quiet, as Jeff Davis said, and wait for their allies to do their work for them. In its issue of May 31st, it says: "Let us throw aside some of our spirit against the encroachments of the Constitution, keep quiet, and let those who will have to control the voting of the Northern masses, in order to secure our triumph, mark the path which we are to pursue, and dictate the policy by means of which we are to win. We are willing to trust them, for we know the men with whom we are dealing; and the record of the South is made, and the Northern democrats know that we will never commit ourselves to any policy which will throw dishonor upon us as a people."

The managers of the national asylums for disabled volunteer soldiers are beginning to admit to their institutions disabled volunteer soldiers of the war of 1812 and Mexican war.

India rubber is worked into innumerable articles of use and ornament. Among other things it is now made into a very fine kind of artificial sponge which threatens to drive the genuine article out of use in many directions.

"There is no accounting for tastes." We chew tobacco, the Hindoos lime, and the Patagonians guano. Our children delight in candy, the Africans in rock salt, while the Esquimaux leap for a bit of tallow. To us turtles are a savory dish; the French revel on frogs and snails; other savages on snakes.

STORM AT GALVESTON.—A despatch says another terrible northeast storm struck that city Monday forenoon and continued with great fury till midnight, destroying telegraph and railroad communication and doing immense damage to the city and shipping. St. Patrick's church, just finished, was blown down and is a total ruin. Steamer Belle of Texas lost her chimneys. Steam lighter Emily, with 900 barrels of cotton on board, sunk, and also the steam tug Superior. A large number of small crafts were blown ashore but will probably be saved with little damage. Five vessels of the fleet anchored outside are missing.

The two boys charged with the murder of the Chinaman in San Francisco, have been held for murder in the second degree, and assault and battery. Their bail is fixed at 1500 and \$1000, and Judge Sawyer refuses to admit the testimony of Chinese witnesses of the murder.

Rev. Thomas Kenney of Milo, pastor of the Free Will Baptist Church in Lagrange, baptized five persons by immersion on Sunday, all heads of families, and at the close of the afternoon services they received the right hand of fellowship and united with the church. There is quite a religious feeling existing in the community at the present time.

UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.—On Thursday was held the meeting of the friends of Unitarianism. Much interesting information was given concerning the local conferences of the denomination.

There are seventy-one local conferences in the denomination, three of which are not solely Unitarian, one in Northern Vermont, one in Central New York, and one in Michigan. The first local Unitarian Conference was held in New Hampshire in 1863. Maine quickly followed this example. But it was not until 1866 that the system was generally introduced. The popular number of meetings held by conferences is three. During the past five years throughout the country 181 sessions have been held, and now throughout the country fifty-two are held annually, and the average attendance is about two hundred. During the past year there has been an aggregate of about 10,000 persons attending upon the conferences, and about 40,000 during the past five years. There are 280 well established churches connected with the conferences, and 50 that are not well established; the popular number of officers for each conference is 11, and of the whole number of conferences 11 have women on their board of officers; the conferences are, as a general thing, a great help to the churches, and have been instrumental in forming twenty-five churches.

A COLD WATER TEMPLE was organized in Hallowell on Saturday evening, under the most favorable auspices. Sixty members enrolled their names from the various Sunday schools in the city.

SUICIDE IN LINCOLN.—On Saturday afternoon the 10 inst., C. O. Shepherd committed suicide by taking a dose of poisonous substance and cutting his throat. No cause is assigned for the act but temporary insanity, superinduced by nervous debility. Mr. S. in the prime of life was an active business man. His age was about 67 years.

The Anti Secret Society Association met in Convention at Worcester, Mass., for a three day session on Wednesday. A very large number of clergymen and other leaders in the movement were present, and speeches were made especially denouncing Free Masonry, as incompatible with the spirit of free institutions, and urging its abolition by law.

The Trustees of the Seminary at Kent's Hill elected A. Fitzroy Chase of Wilbraham, Mass., Professor of Mathematics to fill the place of F. A. Robinson. Mr. Chase is a graduate of Middletown University. Mr. Joel Wilson of Gorham has been chosen Professor of the Normal department. The Steward, Mr. Orrin S. Dagget, having resigned his place, it has been filled by the election of the Hon. Moses French, a member of the last Senate from Somerset county.

The Maine Central Railroad is crowded by work, and although four new locomotives have been added lately, there is still demand for more.

Fires are raging in some of the woods in Arrostook county. The Sunrise says Mr. Wm. Marden of Mapleton had his house and barn and two horses burned June 5th. The fire caught while the family were at dinner, and so furious was the conflagration that there was no chance to get the horses from the barn, where they had been placed but a few minutes before.

The Journal says it is expected that trains will run over the Maine Central extension by the first of August.

The citizens of Hallowell propose building a new almshouse for the poor of that city.

"I knew he'd fail," said Uncle Scrogg, when he heard of the misfortune in business of a neighbor. "Why?" "Cause he would buy the earliest sarco that came into market."

Wounds from rusty nails, so often dangerous, or by a pitchfork, scythe, or by glass, or a severe bruise, are quickly relieved and cured by using Rempe's Pain-Killing Magic Oil. Sold by Planted & Co., Waterville.

EXTRACT.—"FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES" ranks foremost amongst the remedies used in Inipient Phthisis, Chronic Bronchitis, and other affections of the Chest, and I have no hesitation in stating it.

"St. John, N. B." S. Z. EARLE, M. D.

"I strongly recommend the use of FELLOWS' Compound Syrup or HYPOPHOSPHITES to all who suffer in any way from disease or weakness in the Lungs, Bronchial Tubes, or General Debility."

"Gatowon, N. B." J. H. W. SCOTT, M. D.

Hair Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer prevents the hair from turning gray, and restores hair to its natural color.

More than one hundred thousand persons annually die in this country from Consumption, which is but the child of Catarrh. \$500 reward is offered by the proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of Catarrh which he cannot cure. Sold by druggists, or send fifty cents to Dr. E. V. Pierce, 135 South Street, Buffalo, N. Y., and get it by mail. Don't get swindled by male quacks, themselves Dr. Sage. Dr. Pierce is the only man now living that has the right and can prepare the genuine and original Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and his private Stamp is upon the outside wrapper of every package of the genuine.

Dr. E. R. Clark's Vegetable Sherry Wine Bitters are a certain cure for female sickness, by taking a wine-glass half full before getting out of bed in the morning. Delicate Ladies will find it of great service by using it three or four times a day. Sold by all dealers in medicines. See advertisement.

Dr. Wing has been a student ever since he began to learn the A B C. Whether he is at home or abroad medical books are always with him, and every opportunity is occupied in study and observation.

"The Best the Cheapest." GILBRETH Has a splendid stock of First Class Stoves, Hardware, &c. HE IS SELLING CHEAP. His experience of over twenty years in the business, with a disposition to deal in the best quality, enables him to select a better class of goods than can be found in this part of Maine. Please call and examine and you will see they are from the most skillful manufacturers in the country. Having a large stock of course



He buys cheap and sells cheap. J. H. GILBRETH KENDALL'S MILLS.

228 1-2—226 3-4—220 1-2

GILBRETH KNOX

Has record at Narragansett Park, Providence, of 2 half mile in a race 1:12 1/4, quarter 21 1/2 seconds. His oldest colt HOMER JOHN, won the 4 year old purse at Waterville. His 8 year old colt "Knox-them-all," sold for five hundred and Dollars.

"MAINE HAMBLETONIAN," A grand old "Rydyk's Hambletonian." See Advertiser in Maine Farmer, or send for a circular.

SPRING GOODS!

The Latest Styles

Just received, suitable for SPRING WEAR.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT

FOR BOYS' WEAR.

Which I will sell

At Prices that cannot be beaten.

I AM MAKING UP

BOYS' CLOTHING,

Which will be made in the LATEST STYLE, and

LOW FOR CASE.

Call and examine my goods, and get my prices.

P. S. HEALD.

Report of the Condition of the

PEOPLE'S NATIONAL BANK,

AT WATERVILLE, IN THE STATE OF MAINE.

At the close of business, June 10th, 1871.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts,	\$162,177 45
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation,	150,000 00
Other Stocks, Bonds and Mortgages,	200 00
Due from Redeeming and	
Reserve Agents,	9,712 02
Banking House,	1,000 00
Legal Tender Notes,	12,000 00
Fractional Currency, including	
Nicks,	86 54
	\$337,028 54
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock,	\$150,000 00
Surplus Fund,	26,000 00
Profit and Loss,	11,233 80
Net Bank Circulation outstanding,	134,133 00
Dividends unpaid,	354 00
Individual deposits,	15,196 39
Due to Nat. Banks,	5 64
	\$337,028 54

STATE OF MAINE, County of Kennebec, ss. I, Homer Percival, Cashier of People's National Bank of Waterville, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.

HOMER PERCIVAL, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 15th day of June, 1871.
REUBEN POSTER, Justice of the Peace.

Correct—Attest, JOHN WEBSTER, L. E. TRAYLOR, N. G. H. FLETCHER, } Directors.

Report of the Condition of

Waterville Wednesday, June 21.

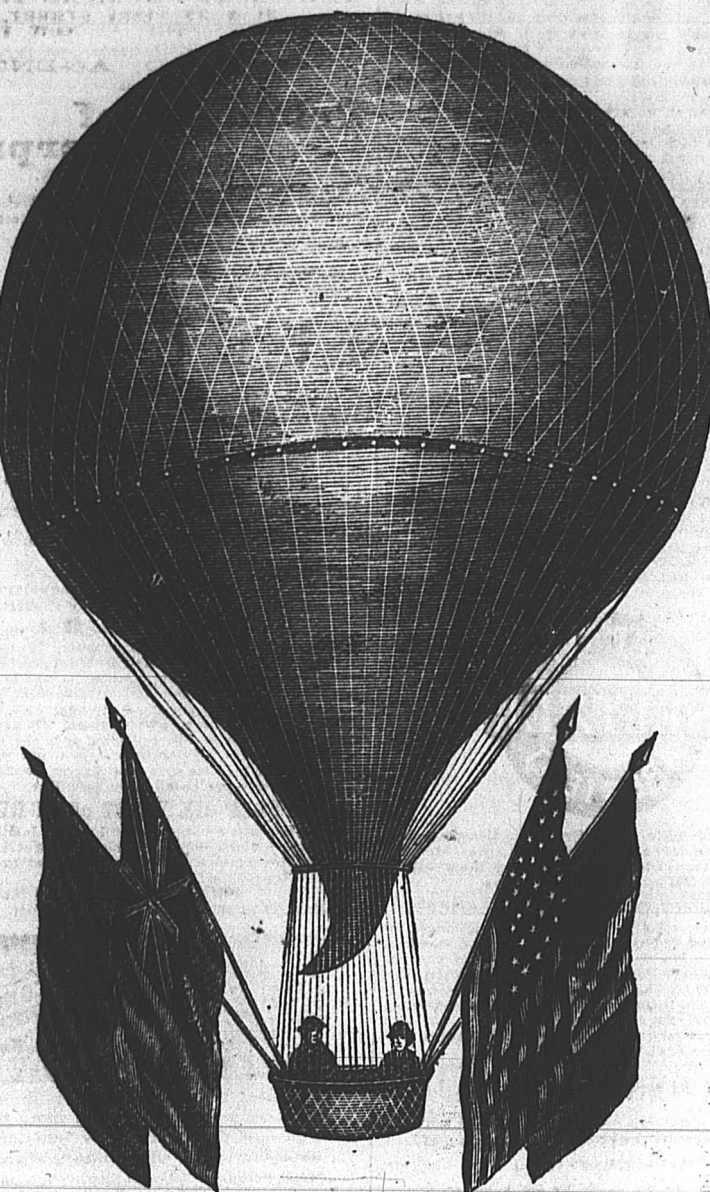
SUCCESS OF THE PERIOD!

MASSIVE COMBINATION.

The Greatest Enterprise of the Century!

GREAT MAMMOTH EMPIRE CITY CIRCUS, MENAGERIE AND BALLOON.

At Waterville Wednesday, June 21



Gratuitous Balloon Ascension.

Adjoining the Circus Pavilion—at 1 o'clock P. M.—prior to the Aerie Exhibition.
PROF. PENNO, the renowned French Aeronaut, will make one of his Aerial Flights in his monster Balloon, TALLULAH, entitled "A Journey above the Clouds." Eight mammoth air ships, 100 feet high and sixty feet in diameter, are carried with this great establishment, so that an ascension is guaranteed daily.

Two Performing Dens Of Living Wild Animals

From the almost impenetrable jungles of Asia and Bengal, and the dark caves of Ethiopia.
Performed by *Mlle. Minnie Williams, the Lion Queen*, Who stands without a rival in her profession—assisted by the intrepid WM. B. REYNOLDS.

A Drive of Bactrian Camels, from the Arabian Desert.

Is replete with the first Equestrian and Acrobatic talent in the world, and among the brilliant constellation will be found



Mlle Louise LaClare, the champion fennu-erider of America.
Mlle E. Stokes, premier equestrienne from the Royal Circus of Britain.
Mlle Andrews and Louise, cordes elastique & volants, from the Poble Fanque Cirque, Paris.
Chasels Frills, the great British somersault and piroquette rider.
Barney Carroll, the great two-horse rider with his children.
LA PETITE ANNIE, the baby wonder, and MASTER WILLIE, the child somersault equestrian.
EDWIN WATSON, unequalled gymnast and equestrian.
WATSON BROTHERS, three flying men of the air.
GEORGE WATSON, tumbler and trapeze extraordinary.
TOMAS WATSON, trapeze, horizontal bar, and general artist.
SIGNOR BLISS, ground and lofty tumbling and trick clown.
JEROME TURTLE, terrific voltiuger and double somersault.
J. C. LONG, modern Hercules, light and heavy balance.
BILLY ANDREWS, the funniest Clown alive—JEAN JOHNSON, the world's greatest Jester; and an endless list of auxiliaries and assistants.

Herr Kopp's Silver Cornet Band.

Drawn by 12 Arabian Horses, and in the Oriental Chariot of OERON will parade the streets at precisely 10 o'clock A. M.

The strictest order enforced, and no smoking allowed inside the pavilion. Carpeted seats for ladies without extra charge.

Admission 50 cts.—Children under 10 years 25 cts.

To be at Augusta Tuesday, June 20—Waterville Wednesday, June 21—Skowhegan Thursday, June 22.

Kendall's Mills Column.

DRESS-MAKING
Done promptly in the LATEST STYLES at
J. T. MURRAY'S,
One door north of the Bank,
3m45 KENDALL'S MILLS.

MRS. A. ATWOOD
Returns her sincere thanks to her friends and patrons for past favors, and begs to inform them that she will have from this date a carefully selected line of

Fashionable Millinery.

And having secured
A COMPETENT MILLINER,
(MISS F. A. HAYES.)
Is prepared to fill orders promptly and in the most approved style. She is also desirous to call special attention to her new and choice stock of

FANCY GOODS.

Comprising
Kid and Lile Gloves, Hosiery, Real and Imitation Laces, Fancy Ribbons, Sashes, Trimmings of all kinds; Hair and Silk Switches, &c., &c.
All of which she is prepared to offer at the lowest market rates.
Kendall's Mills, Me. 6m47

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,
AND
Insurance and Real Estate A
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

F. C. THAYER, M. D.
OFFICE
IN MERCHANTS' ROW, MAIN ST.
OPPOSITE ELY AND KIMBALL'S STORE.
WATERVILLE, MAINE.
Dr. Thayer may be found at his office at all hours, day and night, except when absent on professional business.
46 May, 1871.

BILL HEADS!

Of all Quality, Style and Prices

AT THE MAIL OFFICE.

CROSSMAN'S New Photograph Rooms

(Lately occupied by W. J. Morrill.)
WILL BE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC ON
FRIDAY, APRIL 28th.
Work warranted or no pay.
Waterville, April, 1871 44

F. Kenrick & Co.,



MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN Carriages and Sleighs.

KENDALL'S MILLS.
Representatives at Kendall's Mills and Waterville Me.
F. KENRICK. 86 E. P. KENRICK.

All Right, Again!

WM. L. MAXWELL
having procured two
FIRST CLASS
WORKMEN,
Is ready to fill all orders on Pegg-
ed Calf Boots at the shortest notice.
Or if you want ready made
done in the neatest manner at short notice.
REPAIRING
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 OVEHS,
Congress and Buckle, 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 disorders arising from malassimilation. They are highly recommended 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 particularly

BENEFICIAL TO FEMALES,

Strengthening the body, invigorating the mind, and giving clarity to the whole system. This Home Stomach Bitters are compounded with the greatest care, and no tonic-stimulant 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. 3d St., St. Louis, Mo.
Sold by I. H. LOW & CO., Waterville.
J. W. PERKINS & CO.,
Wholesale Agent, Portland.
1y33

Don't wait for a Fire to Warn you

GO at once and insure with BOOTHELY.

CALL AT MAYO BROS.

AND get a pair of Gen's fine hand made Shoes.

FRAMES.

GILT and WALNUT FRAMES! In great variety kept constantly on hand and made to order by
C. K. MATHEWS.

A GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY

DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS

Hundreds of Thousands
Bear testimony to their Wonderful Cures.

WHAT ARE THEY?

They are a Gentle Purgative and will cure all kinds of constipation, biliousness, indigestion, and all the various ailments of the stomach and bowels.

THEY ARE NOT A VILE FANCY DRINK.

Made of Pure Ram, Whisky, French Spirit, and Refine Liqueurs, and is a powerful tonic, and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonic," "Appetizer," "Restorer," &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 Invigorator of the system, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. 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, Biliousness, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diarrhoea of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vilitated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, Headache, Pain in the Shoulder, Cough, Tightness of the Chest, Disinnes, 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 torpid liver and bowels, which render them of unequalled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

FOR SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Itches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ringworms, Scald Head, Ringworm, Erysipelas, 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 incredulous of their curative effect.

Cleanse the Vilitated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions or sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed 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.

FOR RHEUMATISM, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Sciatica, and other forms of Rheumatism, these Bitters are equally effective. They cleanse the blood and remove the poison from the system.

FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD, these Bitters are the only remedy that will cure them. They cleanse the blood and remove the poison from the system.

FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER, these Bitters are the only remedy that will cure them. They cleanse the liver and remove the poison from the system.

FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS, these Bitters are the only remedy that will cure them. They cleanse the kidneys and remove the poison from the system.

FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE BLADDER, these Bitters are the only remedy that will cure them. They cleanse the bladder and remove the poison from the system.

FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE UTERUS, these Bitters are the only remedy that will cure them. They cleanse the uterus and remove the poison from the system.

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FOR BOSTON

The new and superior sea-going Steamers
JOHN BROWN, JOHN BROWN, and JOHN BROWN, having
been fitted up at great expense as follows:
Leave Atlantic City, Portland, at 7 o'clock, A. M. (Sundays
excepted.)
Leave Boston, every day at 7 o'clock, P. M. (Sundays
excepted.)
Fare in Cabin, \$1.50
Fare in Steerage, 1.00
L. BILLINGS.

May, 1871.

MAINE STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

SEMI-WEEKLY LINE.

On and after the 18th inst, the fine steamer
Dixie and Franconia, will until further notice
run as follows:
Leave Dixie, Portland, every MONDAY and THURSDAY,
at 5 P. M., and leave Dixie, New York, every
MONDAY and Thursday, at 3 P. M.
The Dixie and Franconia are fitted with fine accommodations
for passengers, making this the most convenient and
comfortable route for travellers between New York and Maine.
Passage in Dixie Room, \$4.00; Cabin Passage \$2.50. Meals extra.
Goods forwarded to and from Montreal, Quebec, Halifax,
St. John, and all parts of Maine. Shippers are requested to
send their freight to the Steamer as early as 4 P. M., on the day
they leave Portland.
For freight or passage apply to
HENRY FOX, Gall's Wharf, Portland.
J. B. AMES, Pier 88 B. R. New York.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Summer Arrangement. - 1871.

ON AND AFTER JUNE 5th next, the passenger train via
Lewiston, for Portland and Boston, will leave Waterville
UPPER depot at 11 A. M., and LOWVILLE depot at 11 A. M., and
Boston at 11 A. M., via Augusta. Mixed train for
Augusta will leave lower depot at 8 25 P. M. Night express for
Boston, via Portland, will leave lower depot at 8 25 P. M., and
Bangor and Skowhegan at 4 40 A. M., daily except Mondays.
Freight trains, upper depot for Portland leaves at 5 A. M.;
lower depot, 8 A. M., for Portland and Boston, and for Bangor and Skowhegan, 11 30 A. M.
Through tickets are sold to Boston and baggage checked
through the same as here-to-fore.

EDWIN NOTES, Supt.
L. L. LINCOLN, Asst. Supt.

New Firm.

WE have this day entered into partnership, under
the name and style of MAYO BROTHERS, to carry
on the

BOOT & SHOE BUSINESS,

And will continue to occupy
The Old Stand opposite the Post Office,
Where will be found a full assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,

For Ladies', Gentlemen's & Children's Wear.

We propose to enlarge our stock, and shall keep the largest
assortment of Ladies', Misses and Children's Boots, Shoes and
Rubbers to be found in Waterville,
We shall manufacture to measure

GENTLEMEN'S CALF BOOTS,

BOTH PEGGED AND SEWED.

REPAIRING of all kinds promptly and done.

Aiming to do a cash business hereafter, we shall of course
be able to give our customers even better terms than heretofore,
and we trust by prompt attention to business and
fair dealing to deserve and receive a liberal share of public
patronage.

O. F. MAYO.
A. L. MAYO.

Waterville, March 1, 1870.