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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 01): June 30, 1871

Maxham & Wing

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## AT LAST.

Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself and said unto him, Rabbi.—(John xxi. 16.)

They told me 'twas a garden with the sweet bright flowers in bloom.

To me it was a sepulchre hidden in blackest gloom; No resurrection anthem filled the odor laden air, 'Only one sound crept heavenward; a heavy, hopeless prayer.

I knew that there were angels in the dark and mystic caves; But I looked for One, their master, the good, the strong to save; I cared not for the shining wings—He only unto me A refuge, and a savior, and a comforter could be.

But I could not find the Savior, and the morning was like night—

The garden held not Jesus, who only is the Light— I wandered, vainly looking for the Friend whose well-loved face

'Could change the darkened tomb into a glad, well-lighted place.

And then I heard a whisper. He only spoke my name, And swift into my spirit a flood of rapture came. I knew Him when he called me, and "Master," I replied, "Oh, having found thee, Savior, I can part with all beside."

Now earth is all a garden, 'tis here no dismal tomb; I do not lie in darkness, He scatters all the gloom; And gladly I am passing to the land where death shall be.

As a forgotten angel, and Christ shall speak to me.—*London Christian World.*

## THE SADDEST OF ALL IS LOVING.

From Harper's Magazine for July.

"He's angry with me." Spoken by Miss Randall, with the slight drawl and indifferent manner which had from the first proved so attractive to Richard Franklin. Quite her match in nonchalance, however, Dick merely glanced at his pretty partner and said:

"Shall we go back to the ball-room and try that waltz again? It is not always one can dance after Strauss music, and perhaps we are hardly wise to lose so many moments."

"Aren't you sorry for me? He was in a dreadful passion."

"Who?"

"Why, Barry Harwood."

"Was he?" They were whirling away in the giddy dance. Dick—always too fond of

waltzing to think of much else with such a partner and such music—at this particular time was so absorbed in the fascinations of the dip, which he had so recently accomplished, that he did not notice the upturned face, with its sweet eyes and mouth, asking sympathy and interest as plainly as though the lips had spoken. It did not, however, pass unobserved. Across the room stood Barry Harwood, frowning upon the young naval officer who for the past few weeks had won many of the smiles he had thought all his own. Louise Randall felt her heart grow cold as she saw the look he cast upon Dick, and clung closer to her companion's arm as they left the ball-room, walked down the stairs into the parlor, through the long windows out on the piazza which overlooks the Rapids of our grand old Niagara.

Many of the dancers had taken refuge here, and the piazza was crowded with faces, young and old. Light-hearted girls laughed and talked merrily with handsome men; mamma's conversed in low tones with one another; lovers quarreled and cooed in corners; some walked uneasily up and down, while others weary of the gay scene in which they had no share, sought the billiard-rooms below. All were finding what enjoyment can be found in such a place, and, while few were entirely happy, perhaps none were altogether miserable.

Louise was restless and ill at ease. Her evening with Richard had been at best unsatisfactory, and her lover was angry with her.

"Delicious waltz," said Franklin. "I hope

Miss Louise enjoyed it as much as I did."

"I sometimes think you are not capable of

any kind of enjoyment."

"Because I have failed to appreciate Miss

Randall's society? Surely you are unjust."

"I don't want to be unjust. You did seem

to enjoy it, and to me it is the one waltz ever

to be remembered, for 'her voice fell—' it is

the last. I promised Barry I wouldn't dance

with you again."

"Nonsense, Miss Louise, how absurd! Barry

doesn't mind me."

"He minds my dancing with any one but

him."

They were leaning over the railing now.

"I never thought, Harwood an exacting

man. I shall express my opinion of him to

himself, however, in the morning. A duel on

a small scale might furnish excitement for you

people. Even the Falls themselves must have

grown tame to those of you who have spent the

summer here."

She laughed a faint laugh, which quite died

away as Harwood's form emerged from the

darkness, and Harwood's voice said:

"I have been hunting you every where, Miss

Louise. Madam mamma wants you, and I am

sent to escort you to her, or—with an at-

tempt to flatter—'I should not claim that at-

tributes."

Left to himself, Richard stood leaning against

a pillar, with folded arms. He was thinking

over the last few weeks and the evening he had

just spent. He had but recently returned from

a voyage in the Mediterranean, and having a

leave of two or three months, he had come to

Niagara, expecting there to meet some old and

valued friends from the South, who had intended

there to take up their abode for the summer

months.

He learned that his friends, the Heaton's,

had changed their plans, and gone instead to a

more quiet place in the northern part of New

York State, where the mother, a delicate woman,

could breathe the fresh air from the moun-

tains, and be more secluded than at Niagara.

The night of his arrival he chanced to fall

in with Barry Harwood, whom he had known

some years before, and was persuaded by him to

stay over just long enough "to see the sights,"

you know.

Harwood was a good kind of a fellow, and

pleased to find so congenial a companion as

Dick. Next morning, after presenting him to

his beautiful fiancée, Miss Randall and her

mother insisted upon his giving up his rooms

at the International, coming to their hotel, and

considering himself one of their party.

How pleasantly the days had passed since

then! Was it any wonder that in the society

of Miss Randall he forgot all else? Forged

the summer he had promised himself with Ruth

Heaton—dear little Ruth!—the ideal of his

boyish days, whom he had thought of so fondly

all the long years away from her? Forged

even Barry Harwood, and stayed on and on,

unmindful that the bright days were slipping

away, and of the little heart up in the moun-

tains that longed so earnestly for his coming?

To-night, for the first time, it all came back

upon him, and he was too honest not to admit

to himself to stay longer where he was would

be worse than folly.

He was not a vain man. Nature had, indeed,

liberally endowed him in mind and person.

One seldom looked upon his length of limb and

breadth of shoulder without feeling that there

must be a corresponding strength and beauty

of heart and soul. But though not given to

overrating his own charms, he could not fail to

discover, by the light of to-night's revelation,

that Louise's preference for himself was as pos-

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itive as though she had been free to confess or he willing to ask it, and was compelled to acknowledge that he had been unpardonably blundering, stupid, and blind.

He could no longer think unreasonable the gloomy fits of jealousy in which Barry had of late so frequently indulged. His eyes were opened now, and from his heart he despised himself and pitied Barry, who, through him, had lost all that made the world brightest. Unwittingly he had done him the deepest injury—a poor return, indeed, for all Barry's friendship from one whose pride lay in his appreciation of and gratitude for a kind act; and now he felt that when on the morrow he should meet him face to face his punishment would be indeed begun.

Dick was a true-hearted fellow, with more refinement and delicacy of feeling than fall to the lot of lost men; and as the conviction that Louise looked upon him with partial eyes stole over him with increasing force, he resolved that after to-morrow he would go away out of her life, cost what it might.

After all, the sacrifice would not be great; for, as his thoughts went back to Ruth—a journey they took but rarely in these days—he could tell himself frankly that, though charmed with Louise he did not love her.

There was a fascination about the girl before which most men bowed. The far-off look in her eyes, the coquettish mouth, and the very touch of her hand had brought sad days into the lives of other women, and seemed likely now to ruin the happiness of Ruth Heaton. Yet Louise was not heartless, and seemed half-unconscious of the power she held. She was flattered and courted long before her school-days were over, and knew not what it was to have men pass her by unnoticed. Nearly a year before, she had engaged herself to Barry Harwood, because he was considered a desirable *parti*, and she liked no one better. Until she met Franklin she had worn her engagement lightly; but for the past few weeks not only had Harwood's society been a bore to her, but his very presence an annoyance. She did not ask herself why this was, nor did she seek to have it otherwise, but allowed herself to float along in a delicious dream, contented with the fact that each day found the tall figure by her side, and the blue eyes looking down into hers with undisguised admiration.

Yes, day after to-morrow Dick would leave them. To-night he would write to Ruth and tell her of his coming; his heart beat quicker at the very thought. To-morrow the remittance he had been daily expecting must come, and he could no longer have that excuse for delay. If not, Barry would, no doubt, be glad to furnish him with any sum requisite to his departure. This was Tuesday, and he should not stay a day longer than Thursday. Having come to this determination, he shook himself, as if to get rid of his perplexing thoughts, and walked back through the deserted parlors and off to his rooms, resolving not to write the letter, after all, but to give Ruth a surprise.

Meanwhile a scene had been going on between the lovers which neither had anticipated, but which events had predicted must take place as the consequence of an engagement entered into with a spirit of mere convenience on the one side and a mad infatuation on the other.

Turning away from Franklin, Barry said, "It requires very little penetration, Louise, to discover that you find Franklin a very pleasant companion."

"Well, I don't know why I should eternally talk to you, Barry, simply because we are engaged. I had always hoped I might be spared from marrying a jealous man."

"Jealous man! That's quite a joke! As repeatedly as I've been called 'a fool' for allowing so many flirtations to go on without a single prohibition. Upon my soul, Louise, this is hard!"

"What but jealousy, or some other equally small virtue, could induce you to Lore mamma with complaints of my coldness, and all that sort of thing, in the tiresome way you have for the last two or three days?"

"Has Mrs. Randall complained of my being 'tiresome'?" She seemed to agree with me in all that I said, and even to add a few remarks herself, in disapproval of this latest affair of yours."

"Well, I don't know that mamma herself was particularly bored, but I know I was when she talked to me about it." She finished this sentence with a yawn, and added,

"Come, take me up stairs now."

"Not until you have answered me, Louise. Has your mother been wearing one face to me and another to you? Is she not still my friend?"

"Of course she's your friend, Barry, and so am I. Only don't be stupid, or make a quarrel with me, or get mamma put out with me, as you certainly will if you tell her any more tales of my perfidy."

"Now you are trifling."

"Oh, well, call it that if you will. Only let me go to bed, for I am unconsciously sleepy."

Barry stopped suddenly. His short, rather thickset figure grew quite majestic as he straightened it to its full height, and with a determination which scarcely ever marked his appearance or manner when Louise was by, said:

"Louise, are you cold and heartless, or are you what I have loved to think you—what I will think you yet, if you will let me! Perhaps you do not care to hear all I have suffered since you met Franklin?"

Louise's heart pronounced her guilty, and she longed to ease her conscience by one of those concessions which never failed to soften her lover, and which none knew better than she how to make. Laying her hand upon his arm, she said, softly,

"Forgive me, Barry, that I have made you suffer. It is the same old story of my thoughtlessness and love of variety. Shall I ever make the good fiancée I ought to be? Will you forgive me this once, Barry?"

"That I will, Louise, and love you the better for having asked it of me. And now I will take you to your room; but first let me have your promise that this state of things is at an end, that I may once more lie down in peace."

"What state of things do you mean?" withdrawing her hand, which he had taken into his own.

"This flirtation with Franklin. I don't like to use harsh terms, but you compel me to do so by purposely misunderstanding what I say."

"It is not a flirtation, Barry, and I don't like you to say—oh things to me."

"Then, I swear it is something more;" and his voice grew low and husky as he added, "And, on my soul, I believe you are the unprincipled flirt I have tried not to think you."

"Barry!" imploringly.

"And what am I but one of the poor, miserable dupes who have followed in your path! Franklin comes next in order, and may the Lord pity him, for he will find no mercy at your hands."

"That will do. You have said enough." His lips moved.

"No appeal is necessary. You have insulted the woman you professed to love; and whether she has a heart or not, she has the sensibility to be deeply wounded by your words and the strength to tell you that all claim to her affection or regard ceases from this moment."

"Louise darling—"

"Hush! You have no longer the right to address me so. I shall never forget what you have said to-night. Here is the ring I have worn for your sake, and whatever else you may have given me shall be as faithfully returned. Good-night!" and without the slightest falter in her voice, or tremor in her frame, she swept by the stunned Barry and left him to look his trouble in the face, and fight it out alone.

He never knew how the night passed. Something brought conviction to his heart that all was over, and that any thought of reconciliation was hopeless. But not until long after did he realize that it was not alone her anger at him but her love for Richard, which had made the step she had taken so easy for her.

When Louise, upon reaching her room, had replaced her white dress by her soft blue wrapper, she threw herself into a low chair by the window, and began to think over what she had done. She had liked Barry well enough, and nothing had been further from her thoughts than to dismiss him as she had done to-night. She had been contented—yes, quite happy in the thought that some day she should be sole mistress of Harwood's home, and the wife of a man whom all men esteemed. Her mother had desired nothing better for her daughter; her friends were warm in their congratulations, and the envy she saw on many sides added to the enjoyment of her triumph.

Until Franklin crossed her path all had been well; but how could she see him day after day and be the one woman to fail to acknowledge his superiority? She was sorry for Barry, and sorry for herself too, and could not give up without a pang all her plans for the future, when she should be the wife of a man rich enough to gratify every desire of her heart.

But her cheeks burned at the insulting words he had used to-night came back to her, and she clinched her hands in indignation that a man should dare speak to her as Barry had done.

Then her thoughts turned to Franklin. Suddenly the fact that it was him she loved, and not Barry, came upon her with a startling conviction that sent the blood into her fair face, dyeing it with crimson blushes.

She had a hard struggle with herself that night; but before she slept came the resolve to make it all right with Barry the next day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ABUNDANTLY PROTECTED.—It was one evening, last summer, when a lady who belongs to the editorial staff of one of the leading dailies of New York had been detained by office duties until rather a late hour. Living on the Heights, in Brooklyn, but a short distance from Fulton Ferry, it was not much of a venture to go home without an escort, and so she started. On the boat standing outside enjoying the refreshing breeze after the day's toil, she perceived a gentleman (?) in rather close proximity to where she was leaning over the guards, but said nothing. "Are you alone?" said he as the boat neared the slip. "No sir," said the lady, and without further interruption when the boat touched, she stepped off. "I thought you were not alone," said the fellow stepping to her side again. "I am not," replied the lady. "Why, I don't see any one—Who is with you?" "God Almighty, and the angels—I'm never alone!" "You keep too good company for me, madam—good night," and he shot for a Fulton avenue car, then nearly a block away. The heroic woman was permitted to "keep to the right as the law directs," and enjoy that full measure of quiet satisfaction one always feels from keeping good company.

MODE OF MANAGING A RESTIVE HORSE. A groom mounted on a high metalled hunter entered the High street of Coldstream, and when opposite Sir John Majoribanks' monument the horse began to plunge and rear to a fearful extent, swerving to the right and then to the left, but go forward he would not, nor could all the exertions of the groom overcome his obstinacy. The street was filled with people expecting to see the animal destroy himself on the spikes of the iron railing round the monument, when Mr. McDougall, saddler, walked up to the groom and said: "I think, my man, you are not taking the proper method to make the horse go; allow me, if you please, to show you a trick worth knowing." "A well," said the groom; "If you can make make him go, it's more than I can;" when Mr. McDougall took a piece of whip cord, which he tied with a firm knot on the end of the animal's ear which he bent gently down, fastening the end of the string to the cheek buckle of the bridle; this done he patted the horse's neck once or twice and said: "now let me see you go home like a good horse." Astonishing to relate, the horse moved off as gently as if nothing had happened. Mr. McDougall says he has seen in London, horses which no manner of force could make go, while this mild treatment was always successful.—[Kelso Chronicle.]

FEELING IT PULL.—In the deepening twilight a pastor called at the house of one of his parishioners, and found a little boy with both hands extended upwards, holding a line.

"What are you doing here, my little friend?" inquired the minister.

"Flying your kite sir," was the prompt reply.

"Flying your kite?" exclaimed the pastor; "I can see no kite; you can see none."

"I know it, sir," responded the lad; "I cannot see it, but I know it is here, for I feel it pull."

So let us have our affections set on things above, that we shall have a sense of it which cannot be mistaken.

NEWSPAPER MORALITY.—It is a great mistake to suppose that newspapers can not deal with certain universal vices because to speak of them is to advertise them and really multiply vices. It is in this, as elsewhere, a question of method. A preacher may so set forth Christianity as to disgust every sensible hearer and repel those whom another shall persuade, as the South wind persuades buds in spring. There is no difficulty, however apparently unmanageable, that a newspaper may not deal with successfully if it deals skillfully. But the timidity and the prurency that are sometimes observable in the press are due mainly to the public itself—to the reader. If the debasing influence of French fiction is sometimes seen in the English novel, it is because the results of that influence are found to be acceptable to the reader. The excuse of a single reader, of that one, for instance, who is at this moment reading these lines—is that one man does not count; that his influence is nothing. And it is remarkable that an age which preaches so loudly the gospel of individual action, which asserts the very unit of society to be the individual, should be the time also in which every man is so likely to depreciate his individual influence and weight, and so apt to forbear the attempt to exercise it.

It would be curious to trace in this country which is politically organized upon the declaration of equal individual right, the reasons of this want of confidence in individual influence, and the lack of a deep sense of individual responsibility. Much, of course is attributed to the universal deference to the majority. As De Quincy says that a man who indulges himself in murder will presently come to Sabbath breaking and prostration, so those who defer to the majority in all great public concerns will find themselves easily yielding to it in private duties. The tendency of a popular system is to force a man to regard himself as one drop only in the flood of the majority. He forgets that the flood is only an aggregate of drops. So he does not feel that the public is but the private multiplied. He reads an offensive paper, he sees a mean action—"The public like it!" he says, with a shrug and a sigh. Who likes it? Does he like it? Does his neighbor like it? Why do they not bring their influence to bear? What he says is only an excuse for his cowardice.

If the public—if any number of persons—wish the press to grapple with great evils, to expose evil-doers of every kind, and not only to rebuke vice in the slums, but dishonesty and corruption in high position, it must steadily sustain it, while it holds it to the strictest responsibility. It was Cain who asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and there are many and many who still excuse themselves under the same plea. While, therefore, the honorable editor, whatever he may say, does not make his paper—as he ought not to make it—a mere dead wall upon which every quack and criminal may paste his placard at pleasure, but aims to make the honest, not the dishonest, convenience of the public his private profit, the individual reader has the same interest with the editor in the general well-being. He must do his part. It is not, indeed, entirely true either that the press makes the public or the public the press. But there is an immense reciprocal influence. And if the parent walking in the streets is shocked to see in the shop windows a certain kind of illustrated paper, to whose debasements his children even in passing are exposed, it is not enough for him to protest that the public delights in filth; for some terrible Nathan will say to every such David, "have you done, and are you doing, what you can as an individual to correct the taste which demands those pictures, or do you idly think that one man can do nothing?" Every man who does a great work believes, as effective reformers are always believed, that one with God is a majority.—[Editor's Easy Chair, in Harper's Magazine for July.]

HELPING OURSELVES IN HELPING OTHERS.—I was once walking with a farmer through a beautiful field, when he chanced to see a tall thistle on the other side of the fence. In an instant he sprang over the fence, and cut it off close to the ground.

"Is that your field?" I asked.

"Oh no," said the farmer, "but bad weeds don't care much for fences, and if I should leave that thistle to blossom in my neighbor's field, I should soon have plenty in my own."

I wish all fathers and mothers would think of that. The evil weeds in your neighbor's field will scatter seeds into your own. So it is worth while to pull them up in self-defense. Try to influence the little untamed child to follow the good, the true, and beautiful, not only for his own sake, but lest he sow evil seed in the heart of your own child, in spite of all your careful tending. Every weed pulled up in your neighbor's field, is a dangerous enemy driven away from your own.—[Selected.]

C. B. Stetson, who is doing the State good service, is now waging war against useless puzzles in school books. Greenleaf's arithmetic he considers particularly objectionable. The time spent working out its unpracticable problems, in learning rules of no manner of use, in the extraction of cube roots, etc., is thrown away. He reckons the damage of that book in Maine at \$40,000,000. In the matter of spelling too, he animadverted strongly upon the putting of uncommon words in the spelling books, simply because they are hard to learn. A class of negro children in a primary school in New England had 50 words given out to them at examination last year, of which *hermoneutics*, *clepsydra*, *causique*, and *corpheus*, are fair specimens! We wish Mr. Stetson God speed in his warfare against this wicked waste of brains.

Kate Field tells of an eastern man who was commending the services of a young Philadelphian to a Chicago merchant. "He comes of a very good family. His grandfather was a very distinguished man," said the East. "Was he?" replied Chicago. "That's of no account with us. There's less Daddyism here than in any part of the United States. What's he himself?" Miss Field thinks "Daddyism" is an inspiration and ought to go into the coming dictionary of Americans.

BANGOR, June 25.—A young man named Edward Jarvis had one of his eyes blown out by the accidental discharge of a pistol which he was carelessly handling.

## OUR TABLE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for July is a good number. The illustrations are numerous, as usual, and add much to the interest and value of the magazine. The following is the table of contents:—

The Mount Oenis Railway and Tunnel, by A. H. Guernsey; Foot and Pathway, by Miss H. R. Hudson; The United States Naval Academy, by Allan D. Brown; Along the Florida Reef, by Dr. J. B. Holder; The Recovery of Jerusalem, by Lyman Abbott; Put-in-bay, by William B. Hinkley; Antwerp, by T. M. Brewer; Kate Beaumont, by J. W. De Forest; Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada, by Clarence King; How I got my Overcoat, by George E. Vining, Jr.; Sappho, by T. W. Higginson; Transfigured, W. C. Wilkinson; Armageddon, by George Eliot; Our Whispering Gallery, by J. T. Fields; The Frost of Sierra Flat, by Bret Harte; Recent Literature.

Published by Harper Brothers, New York at \$4 a year.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY is always good, but the July number is unusually attractive. Longfellow and Saxe contribute poems; George Eliot furnishes a dramatic poem; Mr. Howells begins another of his charming sketches; R. H. Dana details the circumstances of his first interview with John Brown, while he was yet unknown to fame; Mr. Higgins connects Sappho with the Boston Woman Movement; Bret Harte has one of his characteristic stories—and the rest may be gathered from the following table of contents:—

How we met John Brown, by R. H. Dana, Jr.; From Generation to Generation, by Caroline Chesbrough; The Boy and the Brook, by H. W. Longfellow; Castilian Days, by John Hay; Their Wedding Journey, by W. D. Howells; The Vision of the Faithful, by John G. Saxe; Can a Bird Reason? by T. M. Brewer; Kate Beaumont, by J. W. De Forest; Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada, by Clarence King; How I got my Overcoat, by George E. Vining, Jr.; Sappho, by T. W. Higginson; Transfigured, W. C. Wilkinson; Armageddon, by George Eliot; Our Whispering Gallery, by J. T. Fields; The Frost of Sierra Flat, by Bret Harte; Recent Literature.

Published by James B. Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$4 a year.

THE GALAXY for July has a portrait of Mr. J. W. De Forest, author of "Overland," with the following contents:—



## Waterville Mail.

BPH MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JUNE 30, 1871.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

The following parties are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions for the Mail, and will do so at the rates required at this office:

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Advertisements are referred to the Agents named above.

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.

The late fearful accidents on the M. C. Railroad have turned public attention with great earnestness to the necessity of all possible measures for safety. Collision of trains, breaking of axles, and spreading of rails, are the causes generally given for all catastrophes that result in a public examination. For collisions it can never be said that "nobody is to blame," for everybody's common sense disputes it. It is always evident that they result from somebody's unfitness for the emergencies to which they are liable. It may extenuate the actual guilt of a conductor to show that he mistook the station at which he was to pass an opposite train, but it restores no life and makes no reparation to the public or the road. No emergency permits two trains to meet on the same track, and when they do so the government of the road should be held to a rigid accountability. It cannot be charged to providence, or be said that "no human foresight could have avoided it."

It is said, and we believe, that since the fatal collision at Hallowell two trains met on the same track between Waterville and Augusta, and with so little notice of each other that it was by the utmost power of both that a collision was prevented. No injury was done to person or property, and therefore the matter passed without the deserved exposure and penalty. We are also assured that on a branch of this road, within a short time, there was another meeting of a similar character; though with such warning that the two engines advanced no nearer than a quarter of a mile to each other, when the lighter one reversed engine and retreated to a turn-out. It is a natural suggestion, that if all these cases were properly exposed and punished it would tend to prevent such calamities as that at Hallowell. For who shall say that Merrill is guilty of any carelessness, or gave evidence of any incompetency, that may not as justly be imputed to these others?

It has too long been conceded that for the consequences of a broken wheel or axle nobody is to blame, because it could not have been avoided. Too many broken axles have been hunted from the debris of a wreck, to bear blame that belonged elsewhere. In the late disaster at Freeport a broken wheel was accused at first. Examination by Mr. Corser, one of the Railroad commissioners, convinced him that the theory of a broken wheel was erroneous, and he substituted a broken axle of the tender—"which," he says, "can be prevented by no human care or foresight." Whether the broken wheel or the broken axle is guilty of the sad results the public can never be convinced. It may be one or the other, or neither. But the danger comes from settling down upon the conclusion that broken axles are to go on with their work of destruction, because there is no remedy. Does it make no difference with the safety of an axle whether it bears ten tons or forty?—or whether driven twenty miles an hour or sixty?—or whether made of good steel or bad iron? Then there is, in degree at least, something for human foresight to do.

And these questions apply equally to the "spreading of the rails." Ten tons might not spread rails when forty tons would. If cedar ties are too weak, would steel be safer? Who inquires whether it "will pay?" Then hang the men, and done with it, who weigh human life against money. Who would have them live to economize their gains in this way?

The time has come—it came long ago—when the public should demand, to the utmost verge of legislation, all possible securities against these frightful accidents. If inferior material is liable, by lack of judgment or too stringent economy, to be used in responsible places, let a proper safeguard be applied to this point. If incompetent men are liable to be put in the wrong place, let a board of examiners watch over this danger. The jury of inquest suggest as an "extenuating" feature "in Mr. Merrill's case, his inexperience in running heavily laden passenger trains." But just in proportion as the jury take the burden from Mr. Merrill by this extenuation, they fix it upon the superior officer who put him in a place for which he was not qualified. Might not an examining board be a remedy for this danger? At least, shall not legislation endeavor to apply this or other safeguards against a great and growing danger, to which the money-made government of railroads

has been proved incompetent? Terrible admonitions, like the late disasters, are legitimate occasions for urging the public to a consideration of all inquiries bearing upon this subject.

**BLUNDERS.**—This is peculiarly a season in which farmers are likely to make blunders. While wool brings a high and growing price, and the flocks are but half their usual size, the butchers are paying so high prices for lambs that too few will be raised. The fattest and best will be sold, as usual, and next year though prices promise to be still higher, farmers will not be prepared to profit by it. Some will arrange to sell hay—a practice that has almost ruined the business of farming in Maine. They know the folly of it, but can't stand the temptation of twenty dollars a ton for hay. Calves are a drug in the market. Many who started to raise them have changed their minds since the hay crop has been found so light, and have fattened and killed such as ought to have been raised—especially considering the limited number of young cattle now growing in the State. Butter brings remunerating prices, but cows are scarce and high, and promise to be still higher next year, on account of what may properly be called the wanton destruction of calves. The lesson for farmers this year is the great necessity of higher culture of the hay crop. It is folly to talk of "keeping up" the farms while the beef, pork, mutton, corn, potatoes, wool, butter, fruit, wood, ashes, and every thing else that grows upon it—saying nothing of hay—is sold to be consumed elsewhere. Farm clubs may decide otherwise, but common sense contradicts them. Selling hay is only a quicker way to reach the barrenness that is sure to come by selling every thing that hay and pastures and cultivated fields produce, and returning to the land only the offal of the barnyard. The sooner this truth is believed the better.

**SPORT.**—A few gentlemen of this village, leaning to the growing idea of sprinkling the business of life with some of the spice of pleasure, have done a nice thing in the piscatory line. Starting with the fact that Waterville and North Pond are too far apart, they have selected an eligible point at East Pond, near the landmark known to fishermen as the "Red School-house," where they have provided in the best manner for meeting all the wants of fishing parties. A neat and spacious building, and a boat constructed specially for safety and comfort, are the two leading items. Cooking fixings, and a good man in charge are also provided. The boat is without sails—flat bottom—seats round the sides—with an awning when wanted. It is a good feature of the enterprise, that while it is intended for the special enjoyment of the owners, their families and guests, it will be held for the occasional accommodation of outside parties. It has a better feature still, that the owners are gentlemen who will see that "everything is just right."

**VISITORS.**—Among the welcome visitors to Waterville, for a summer vacation, are Maj. M. Getchell, of Tideout, Pa., and Mr. Wm. H. Arnold, of Chicago—not forgetting that this welcome is so much the better for the "butter half" in each case. Among the many sons of Waterville who have found success abroad, few have done her more credit, or are more cordially greeted in their annual visits. By-and-by a half-score of these successful "boys" will return to the old home, contented with their "pile," and adding their enterprise and capital to the natural advantages of the place, a new era will dawn upon one of the best and most beautiful villages in Maine. [This would be a pleasant thought if it were more probable.]

The annual meeting of the Eclectic Medical Society of Maine was held at the Continental House, Waterville, on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. A good number of the leading physicians of this school of the profession, with a few of their wives and daughters, were in attendance. Some formal preliminaries in the forenoon—giving way from 12 to 1 o'clock for a social dinner in landlord Smith's best fashion—prepared the way for the annual address, reports of committees, and a pleasant and animated discussion of the various interests of the Society, during the afternoon. The address, by Dr. Marble, of Gardiner, was a well written, logical and sensible production, urging the truthfulness and importance of the principles and modes of the practice in which the Eclectic differs from the Allopathic and other medical schools.

The address was followed by an essay from Dr. Shattuck, of Augusta, upon "The Importance of careful and Correct Diagnosis." It was a well digested investigation of the subject, dictated by a good knowledge of the wants of intelligent and earnest men, anxious to know the truth and do good.

Reports of marked cases in practice were detailed in familiar language by several members; followed by various business matters that consumed the remainder of the afternoon. An evening session, and a few hours given to business and social interview Thursday forenoon, closed an annual session that has seemed to give confidence and encouragement to those interested in the Eclectic school of medicine.

[We expected from the secretary the official report of this meeting, which has not yet come to hand.]

From a recent catalogue of the Morse Academy, at New Albany, Indiana, we learn that Miss Hattie Scribner, daughter of Kimball Scribner, Esq., formerly of Waterville, is teacher of Instrumental and Vocal Music in that institution.

The honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on Governor Perham at Bates College this week. How high is a Governor lifted by A. M.?

## RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.

Within a few days we have had two frightful and disastrous accidents on the Portland & Kennebec portion of the Maine Central Railroad. The first occurred on Monday, a mile and a half this side of Freeport. The train was the through mail from Bangor, which leaves Augusta at 12 m., with a Pullman palace car, and embraced cars from Skowhegan and Farmington attached. Nine cars composed the train, all pretty well filled with passengers, and under charge of Mr. Thomas Howard, a competent and experienced conductor, who had been for years employed on the road. As the train was rounding a curve, by the breaking of an axle or a wheel, a portion of it left the track, and when brought to a stand was in the following condition:—

The engine tore away from the tender and kept the rails, and saved the fireman and engineer from injury. The baggage car was completely demolished, with the end partially buried in the ground. It was from under this car that the dead body of Chase was taken. Next came an Androscoggin Railroad car, from Farmington, with the end stove in. Next a car belonging to the Knox and Lincoln road. Like the others it lay on its side with the end crushed in. The car from Skowhegan followed this, and it was almost a wreck. The Bangor baggage car stood diagonally across the way, with one end plunged in the bank. The smoking car of the Bangor train came next. It was turned diagonally across the track and had one end torn off. The two remaining passenger cars and the Pullman parlor car remained on the rails uninjured. The most fearful part of the disaster occurred on board the mail and baggage car, which was divided into several compartments. In the baggage department were four men; Mr. George Chase, baggage master, Augustus Larrabee, a spare baggage master, Albert Barron, brakeman, and Mr. Durgin an express messenger, who was off duty. Chase when the car turned over, was thrown out of the open door under the car as it went over and dragged along under the moving mass for some distance, and his body was awfully crushed and mangled. Larrabee had his leg broken between the ankle and knee by the baggage falling upon him. Durgin escaped with a few bruises. Mr. Tarbox the regular express messenger, who was in his department of the car, had his thumb broken and his hand badly bruised. Alfred Barron, the brakeman, heard the signal which was given from the engine when the accident was discovered, and stepped upon the rear footboard to set the brake. When the cars came together his leg was caught between them and the limb was crushed in a fearful way, and confined between the two so that it was found impossible to force the cars apart, and the man was thrown over and hung by his broken and mangled limb. Dr. F. N. Otis of New York, who chanced to be on board the train, amputated the crushed fragment with a common knife and saw, and so relieved him from his terrible position.

The Portland Press, from which this account is taken, says:—

Chase belonged to Skowhegan and leaves a wife and young daughter. He had been in the employ of the Portland and Kennebec Railroad Company about eight years. Barron also lived at Skowhegan, and leaves a family. Larrabee is a resident of Portland. He also is a man of family. The deceased are spoken of very highly by their comrades. Mr. Howard, who narrowly escaped death, being about to pass into the baggage car, when it left the rails, was quick to meet the emergency and did a hero's work in behalf of the suffering men and also to restore quiet and procure assistance promptly.

The Lewiston Journal adds:—Further details show that Barron died like a hero. It seems that his leg was caught between the iron brakes, and that neither axes nor other means could release him. He had remained in this situation for over an hour, when he pleaded to have some one cut his leg off. The surgeons, one of whom was Dr. Otis of New York, were agreed that this was the last and only resort to prevent bleeding to death, as he could not be reached for a ligature to be applied. The brave man, as soon as a hand-saw could be got—the only saw utensil at hand—actually took his knife from his pocket, and cut the flesh to the bone just above where the leg was caught, to give the surgeon a chance to saw the bone! In less time than it takes to tell it, the poor man was released from his perilous position, and removed to Brunswick, where he died at 7:15 P. M. He seemed to be conscious of his condition and said he had no hope of living, and called for his wife and two children, who were in Skowhegan. He retained his senses to the last. Deceased was about thirty years of age, a very powerful, muscular man. He formerly resided in this city and was in the army during the war.

At the coroner's inquest which was held on the bodies of George Chase and Albert Barron, victims of the recent railroad disaster at Freeport, the jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to their death in consequence of the accident, but from the testimony given, they were unable to decide what caused the accident. There is, however, very little doubt that it was caused by the breaking of an axle on the tender. There is no foundation for the rumor that was circulated that one of the wheels showed an old break, careful examination by expert railroad men failing to discover any signs of a previous break. The accident was apparently wholly unavoidable.

While the public were yet stunned by the shock of this accident, the report of another came over the wires. This occurred between Hallowell and Gardiner, and is thus detailed by Richardson of the Portland Advertiser, who was probably on the down train:—

The special train containing the returning delegates from the Democratic State convention left Augusta last evening at 5 o'clock, in charge of Conductor Charles Merrill of Portland. The train consisted of an engine, tender, baggage car, smoking car, and three passenger cars, all crowded except the baggage car which was empty. After passing the Hallowell station the train proceeded, on a down grade, at a rate of speed which gradually came up to 25 or 30 miles an hour. The accommodation train, which plies between Gardiner and Augusta, consisting of a light "dummy" engine with a single passenger train, left Gardiner before the special train left Hallowell. The conductor, John Holmes, remarked at Gardiner, that he expected the special train there at five minutes before 5, but proceeded under the general regulations giving him the right of way. He had on board as passengers two women, a boy, and three or four men.

At a sharp curve, a mile and a half below

Hallowell, a dredging boat lay off in the river, and shortly after 5 o'clock the workmen were horror stricken as they saw the two doomed trains approaching in opposite directions. They sounded their whistle, shouted and waved their hats, but to no purpose. As the engines came around the curve, they suddenly confronted each other. The passengers on the special train heard two sharp whistles, almost instantly followed the crash of the collision. The dummy train was light and ascending the grade, so that when the engine was reversed it was checked at once. The heavy train came down at full speed, and a gentleman who was riding on the opposite bank of the river said the engines, when they met, reared like two horses and then fell to the right away from the river, in a mass of hissing, seething ruin.

The shock broke the shackle of the dummy train and the passenger car was driven back several rods, but did not leave the track. The engineer and fireman saved their lives by jumping from the cab just before the collision. One passenger leaped out and went twenty feet down the embankment, to the water's edge, but escaped with a few bruises. All the passengers who remained in the car were injured. Mr. L. A. Field of Augusta received a bad cut in the ear. Capt. John H. Nason of Augusta had his hand cut and shoulder injured. Mrs. F. Crowell of Augusta—escaped with slight bruises, but her little boy was badly cut in the chin. Mrs. Edward Hartshorn of Hallowell, was injured in her limbs, but no bones were broken. A runner for a Boston house, who declined to give his name, had a bad cut over the right eye and a broken finger.

The only loss of life was on the special train. The engine was wrecked, the tender thrown down over the embankment, the baggage car completely demolished, and the smoking car driven by the weight of the train, was forced upon the mass of debris and completely shattered, but the passengers escaped with a few contusions. Two of the remaining cars were thrown from the track, and the passengers who were standing in the aisle were thrown down, but those who kept quiet suffered no serious injury. The engineer, David H. Berry, of Brunswick, was instantly killed at his post, crushed, mangled and scalded. The fireman, Wilson Cavill, of Augusta, escaped from the ruins in a pitiable condition. His face was covered with a complete mask of blood as he ran blindly to the rear of the train, and he was terribly scalded. It was supposed that his skull was fractured, and his death is reported this morning. The brakeman in the smoking car escaped miraculously. He was at his post at the moment of the collision, and had taken two turns on the brakes when the shock threw him through the open door half way across the car. Among the passengers slightly injured was Mr. Fogg, a Bridgton delegate. A lady with an infant in her arms leaped wildly down the embankment after the train had stopped, receiving some severe scratches from the underbrush. The widow of the fireman who was killed at Freeport the day before was on the train, but her heart was too heavy to be afflicted by this new calamity. She sat in her seat quietly, repeating her husband's name, "Poor Albert," "Poor Albert," over and over again.

The dead body of the engineer was taken to Hallowell in a boat. The wounded were placed in the one car which remained on the track and pushed back to Hallowell, followed by a sad little procession. The greater part of the passengers pushed on to Gardiner, taking the highway, and receiving cordial assistance from some kind-hearted gentlemen like Mr. McCausland of Farmington, and owing no thanks whatever to the Hallowell truckman who offered to carry them for \$3 a head. The people of Gardiner and Hallowell flocked to the scene of disaster en masse and rendered such service as they could. Most of the passengers remained over night at Gardiner, where they were hospitably cared for at the Evans House.

Wilkes Cavill, the injured fireman, died on Thursday, at his father's house, in Augusta. He was about 23 years of age. He was to be married on Friday.

At the coroner's inquest held at Hallowell, on Wednesday, Charles Merrill, conductor of mixed train, frankly acknowledged that at the time of the accident his train was where it had no right to be; that when he started from Augusta the agreement with the engineer was to stop at Hallowell and let the Dummy train pass; but that having got into an altercation with a drunken passenger just before he reached Hallowell, he "lost his points," so that he signalled the train to start from that place at which he should have stopped. After he left, however, he came to his senses, started to go and stop the train, (forgetting the bell-rope signal which he might have used, for the reason, as he says, that he has generally run a freight train, on which no bell rope is used) but that some of the passengers caught hold of him, and by questions as to the time of arrival at certain stations drove the whole thing out of his mind; and the next thing he knew he was lying on his back on the floor of the car! An honest, faithful and valuable man Mr. M. may be in some places, but it is very plain that he was the wrong man in that place. The verdict of the jury concludes as follows:—

We further find that the mixed train on which deceased was a engineer, left Augusta at five o'clock, thirty minutes later than its regular time, and that the accident was caused by the neglect of the conductor of the train, Charles Merrill, to observe the printed rules and regulations which govern the running of the trains, with which he was conversant, and had full knowledge of all their details; that this neglect on his part should not in any sense be excused or overlooked, when we consider the great trust that was for the time being committed to his hands. We further find that the only apparent extenuating feature revealed by the investigation was the trouble that took place on the train which he managed, between Mr. Merrill and a refractory passenger who used abusive language and refused to pay his fare, thus throwing him off his guard and causing him to forget to remain at Hallowell as he should have done, until the arrival of the accommodation train from Gardiner, which was then nearly due. Mr. Merrill's inexperience in running heavily loaded passenger trains is also acknowledged to have considerable weight in the minds of the jury.

We also find no blame can be attached to the managers of the Maine Central Railroad or any other individual connected with the Company.

They came near to having another destructive cracker fire in Portland the other evening. Boys must have their fun, you know.

The republican State Convention, at Portland, on Thursday, nominated Gov. Perham for re-election, by acclamation—as was expected.

THE MAINE CONGREGATIONAL CONFERENCE met in Bath on Tuesday morning of this week, Hon. Nelson Dingley of Lewiston acting as moderator and Dea. F. F. Duren of Bangor as Secretary. The attendance was large and the meetings interesting.

The subject of withdrawing from, the Am. and For. Ch. Union and uniting in the formation of a new organization or uniting with one already established came up and Rev. Messrs. Warren of Gorham, Fenn of Portland and Smith of Buxton were appointed a Committee to meet or communicate with the delegation which assembles at Springfield, Mass., June 28th, from other bodies in relation to the subject. It was voted to hold the next meeting at Skowhegan. First Preacher, Rev. J. Smith of Buxton; second Preacher, Rev. J. H. Gurney of Foxcroft.

Little showers, here and there, are thus far keeping off any severe drouth. Corn and potatoes are promising to be a tolerable crop; and while the hay fields threaten a very light yield, the pastures generally promise well.

THE MAINE UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION assembled in Bath, Rev. W. E. Gibbs, of Portland presiding. The permanent organization was effected by the choice of Hon. E. F. Pillsbury president, Hon. Charles Buffum vice president, Rev. Costello Weston secretary, and Hon. E. F. Beal treasurer.

THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON has been ratified by the British Government.

REMEMBER Gilbreth's sale of Jersey stock, at Kendall's Mills, tomorrow (Saturday) commencing at 11 o'clock. It will pay to attend whether you wish to purchase or not.

Mr. R. W. PRAY, of our village, has a nice Jersey heifer, two years old, which has yielded 11 pounds of butter per week for two successive weeks. Who has a better one?

"MOUNT WASHINGTON IN WINTER, or the Experience of a Scientific Expedition upon the highest Mountains in New England, 1870-71," is the title of a book to be issued on the 1st of July by Chick & Andrews, of Boston. The book has a double value, from the fact that it not only contains the scientific report, but graphically describes the whole winter's experience of the party, making it a most interesting book for the general reader. It will contain a Map of the White Mountains, and fifteen illustrations, making a book of over 350 pages, and to place it within reach of all it will be sold for \$1.50.

The book will be looked for with interest both by the scientific and the general reader.

There was a small audience but good trotting at the Waterville Park on Saturday last. The advertised match between Lady Burleigh and Butter Ball failed on account of the lameness of the latter—he did not appear. The noted Farmington horse, Daniel Boon, trotted against a brown mare owned by H. C. Burleigh, and won in three straight heats—the mare pressing him pretty closely at times, especially in the third heat. Another purse was well contested, in five heats, but we failed to get the names of the horses. After the appointed races, Lady Burleigh went round the track four or five times, to the great delight of the turf men. No such gait, they said, was ever struck on that track before—though they remembered Knox, Drew and McClellan, and especially Lady Otis. She is a square honest trotter, showing a singular combination of energy and quietness; firm under pressure, and showing good training everywhere. In four half-miles, at times urged to her best gait, she made not a single break, but bore herself squarely between the bit and the whip as though familiar with both. She promises to be the "winning horse" of many a hard race, if nothing happens.

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION, held at Augusta on Tuesday, nominated Hon. C. P. Kimball, of Portland, as candidate for Governor, and under the vigorous lead of the young democracy, adopted the "new departure"; but while accepting the situation they denounced the means by which it had been brought about. The anti-school law plank was not put into the platform.

Among the graduates of Miss Gilman's Boarding School, one of the select private schools of Boston, at its recent commencement, was Miss Caro R. Elden, daughter of Mr. E. T. Elden of Portland, formerly of Waterville. The Traveller says that the examination of the graduating class was very thorough and satisfactory, and their compositions "were noted for originality and depth of thought, and were delivered with grace and composure." The exhibition in music and drawing was equally satisfactory. Miss Gilman is a Maine lady, and her school has high rank among similar institutions.

"Better late than never."—Rebuke for her neglect to decorate the graves of the soldiers by the example of her sister cities and towns, and goaded partly by the sharp words of press and people, Augusta came not to the work on Saturday with an imposing demonstration. Among the exercises were an oration by Gen. J. A. Hall and a poem by H. S. Webster.

DR. CYRUS BRIGGS, one of the oldest and most honored citizens of Augusta, was found dead in bed, of apoplexy, in Salem, Mass., on Saturday morning last.

BASE BALL.—A match game for the Junior Championship was played on Saturday, in Portland, between the Resolute and the Electrics of Brunswick. The Resolute still retain the bat and ball.

Prussia wants to buy Heligoland, regarding its possession by a foreign power as a standing menace to Germany, and instancing its recent use by France. John Bull replies that he does not wish to trade it off, and holding his head pretty high, he adds that he will not even talk of selling, being bound to consider his own advantage only. There the matter stands, and what will grow out of it remains to be seen. The editor of the Portland Advertiser, who has been posting up in geography, volunteers the following information:—

Heligoland is a bare, precipitous rock with an area less than twice that of the city of Portland. It rises from the sea to the height of 200 feet and has a splendid harbor, on account of which and its nearness to the mouths of the Elbe and Weser, from which it is only 26 miles distant, the Germans desire it. Its population is about 2500 and it was a part of Denmark until England appropriated it in 1807.

"Signor Rubini's" humbug gift entertainment, which passed through this section recently, came to grief last Monday in Eastport. Indignant at the barefaced rascality of the whole thing, the audience took the law into their own hands and compelled a restitution of the entrance money, keeping the ticket seller under restraint until near midnight, when he was released. Will the people never learn that all gift enterprises are arrant humbogs?

How the world is given to lying! And it is a most melancholy evidence of the degeneracy of the times that newspaper correspondents even are getting careless in this respect. Seeing a long and circumstantial account of the summary dismissal of a conceited city runner from the Continental House in this village, in the letter of a Waterville correspondent of the Portland Press, we made a brief mention of it. And now comes landlord Smith, who assures us that the story has not the slightest foundation in fact; that he has turned no runner out in that style, and that no one has given him any occasion to.

The following delegates to the State Convention were chosen at the Republican caucus on Monday evening:—E. F. Webb, M. B. Soule, C. H. Redington, J. B. Bradbury, L. T. Boothby, W. W. Rideout, A. Winslow, A. R. Small, J. W. Gilman.

One thousand more Swedes are expected to arrive in Maine within a week, which shows that those already here, and who number 630, have sent back favorable reports to their old home. Those who have employed these Swedes as laborers like them much.

Two of the prisoners in Augusta Jail had matured their plans for escape from confinement, but they were defeated by the watchfulness of Sheriff Thompson, who at the last moment, on Sunday morning, ordered them into their cells for safe keeping—as we learn from the Journal.

JIM FISK will become famous if epigrams can make him so. Here is one inspired by his visit to Boston and his devotional service while there:

"Satan trembles when he sees  
The meaneast saint upon his knees."  
Imagine, then, his wild despair  
At seeing Colonel James at prayer.  
He never saw, in all his dreams,  
A meaneast saint than Colonel James.

STILL ANOTHER RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Portland, June 28.—About 4 o'clock this afternoon, a collision occurred on the Portland and Ogdensburg R. R. near Otter Pond. A construction train and an excursion train which was going to take a picnic home, collided, and a car loaded with stones was thrown on top of the engine, and some of the stones were forced through the head of the boiler. Six laborers were much injured, two supposed fatally. One had a leg amputated.

When the passengers for the West went through on the wrecked train on the Portland & Kennebec road, learned of the death of Barron, at Brunswick, they contributed \$150 for the relief of his family—a very tender acknowledgement of his heroism. He died at the post of duty.

A correspondent of the Lewiston Journal writes that a party of three or four went out on the North Pond in Smithfield on Friday in a leaky boat to fish. It soon began to fill up with water (there was nothing to bail with) and at once they made for the shore; finding it beginning to sink, a boy about fourteen years of age sprang into the water and swam ashore. Of the others, a father and son were drowned.

Rockland, Maine, June 26. Two Boston drummers were arrested here last night, for insulting respectable young ladies upon the street, and were this morning arraigned in the police court, when they pleaded guilty and were fined.

BANGOR ME., 28. A young man named Frederick Mills, an inmate of the family of Michael Gilligan Esq., has been arrested on charge of setting fire to the stable of the latter yesterday morning. He will be examined tomorrow.

## 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 sold

## LOW FOR CASH.

Call and examine my goods, and get my prices.

P. S. HEALD







MISCELLANY.

**MESSRS. EDITORS.**—The enclosed lines were suggested by seeing the old fort at Winslow almost tipping into the river. It seems too bad that such a relic of the early days of Waterville and Winslow should be allowed to go to ruin. In other States they strive to preserve the relics of earlier days, which remind us of the time when our forefathers fought against the savage, and strove to maintain a foothold in their primitive forests. Why should not we do likewise, even though we have nothing but one old block-house? Let us preserve it to one more generation at least.

THE OLD FORT.

The old Fort across the bay,  
Of a truth is rotting away;  
It has stood for many a day,  
'Twill soon be gone.

Those old timbers, firm and sound,  
Built upon the level ground,  
Mid the axes' ring and mallet bound,  
Will soon be gone.

Its usefulness outgrown,  
Its sister Fort of Marlboro,  
Itself near tumbling down,  
Too soon 'twill go.

Did not our fathers fight,  
For life and human right,  
Against the savage might,  
Within this fort?

Within those walls of wood,  
Their wives and children stood,  
While swiftly flowed the blood,  
In days long gone.

Now those defenders gone,  
And left the fort forlorn,  
Where many a fight was won,  
O'er savage foes.

It seems the bones of the dead,  
Must turn in their earthy bed  
Should they see the place where they bled  
In days long gone.

The fort is rotting away,  
Not long on the Point will it stay,  
It has stood for many a day,  
In sturdy strength.

But now it is bowing its head,  
To find in the river's bed,  
Where rests the Indian dead,  
A grave for aye.

'Tis better far to die,  
And in a grave to lie,  
Within the river night,  
Than live in shame.

For why should cattle dwell,  
Within this gray old shell,  
Where many a hero's knell,  
Rang out in blood.

And this in desolation,  
And vandalism and ruin,  
Dissevered from its station,  
It bows its head.

Then seek thy lonely grave,  
Beneath the rippling wave,  
Which ever thy form shall lave,  
While gentle flow.

And now farewell forever,  
We soon shall see thee never,  
Too soon alas, we sever,  
Farewell, forever.

Waterville, June 19, 1871.

**EVERY DAY RELIGION.**—We must come back to our point, which is, not to urge all of you to give yourselves up to mission work, but to serve God more and more in connection with your daily calling. I have heard that a woman who has a mission makes a poor wife and a bad mother; this is very possible and at the same time very lamentable; but the mission I would urge is not of this sort. Dirty rooms, slatternly gowns, and children with unwashed faces, are swift witnesses against the sincerity of those who keep other vineyards and neglect their own. I have no faith in that woman who talks of grace and glory abroad and who uses soap and water at home. Let the buttons be on the shirts, let the children's socks be mended, let the roast mutton be done to a turn, let the house be as neat as a new pin, and the home be as happy as a home can be. Serve God by doing common actions in a heavenly spirit, and then, if your daily calling only leaves you cracks and crevices of time, fill up these with holy service.

When Mr. Lincoln conferred with A. H. Stephens concerning the negotiations of peace during the war, the negro question came up. Mr. Stephens maintained the slavery doctrine that the negroes could not take any care of themselves, unless they were compelled also to support the whites. And he said to Mr. Lincoln, what will you do with them? Free them, replied the latter, and then the issue will be root, hog, or die. The result shows that Mr. Stephens was much mistaken in this estimate of negro capacity; indeed, his own slaves, who work his land on shares, have all proved the fallacy of his view. He recently told a correspondent that he found this more profitable than slave labor. The negroes all divided the crops themselves and brought to him his share. He depended entirely on their honesty, and he did not believe they deceived him.

A new style of brogan shoes has been made, composed principally of elm wood, got up in Massachusetts. The sole is divided at the ball of the foot, and reunited by a hinge of sole leather of suitable thickness, two inches wide, so as to give free play to the toes. A portion of the upper is made of leather, but they are toed and heeled with wood. They are, however, made in the modern style, and not like the sabot of France, which is all of wood, and turned up at the toe in the Chinese style. In the fastenings copper rivets are made use of, and all the parts where the wood and leather unite are packed with india rubber. These shoes will cost less than a dollar per pair, and are a modification of the common European wooden shoe; but it is doubtful if they will be found as good as the old English clog, which is one of the most comfortable of foot coverings when properly made, when the ground is covered with snow or mud.

Over 26,000 surviving soldiers and sailors of the war of 1812 have applied for pensions under the act of the last Congress, and the applications continue at the average of 176 per day.

The following recipe is said to have kept out moths from a furniture warehouse for ten years past: "Flour of hops, one drachm; Scotch snuff, two ounces; gum camphor, one ounce; cedar sawdust four ounces. Mix thoroughly, and strew, or put in papers among the goods."

The Maine and East Maine Conference of the Methodist church have appointed a joint committee, who, with the concurrence of the Kennebec Valley Camp Meeting Association, propose to hold a State camp meeting on the beautiful grounds owned by the association in Richmond, a few miles below Gardiner.

Every preparation is being made to have it the greatest camp meeting in every respect that was ever held in the State. It begins on Tuesday, August 8th, and closes on the 15th.

The Hartford Post thinks the best place and mode of recreation is home and near the place of business, merely loosening the reins and not throwing them over the dasher.

He who loves his flatterers, follows, without knowing it, the divine precept: "Love your enemies."

CARD !!



**Good as Ever!**  
The Banner (Gospel) man has had a touch of Colic; first dose great relief, second grip, double. Sure cure or no pay. I wonder I am out of bed and shall land there unless saved by Grace. As no charges are preferred against me by the M. E. Church, I ask Editor of Banner to take in hand, publish my sin or sins in tangible form as indelible matter. I will take it before the Grand Jury, at the next session, and give all the Universalist Brotherhood a rare chance to prove my guilt before a jury of 12 men at August. Will Editor Banner face the music, charge me with crime sufficient to exclude me from the kingdom of Grace and Glory eternally? I am waiting. West Waterville, 29th June, 1871. T. HILL.

General Insurance Agency.

J. B. BRADBURY

Has resumed the practice of Fire Insurance, At his Office on Main Street, and now offers the very popular and desirable

Participation Policies,

And all other approved forms, in perfectly safe and reliable Companies.

Public patronage is respectfully solicited. Waterville, April 29, 1871.

L. T. BOOTHBY,

General Insurance Agt.,

Office in Phoenix Block,

WATERVILLE, ME.

Representing the Leading Insurance Companies of New England and New York.

Reliable Insurance effected on all kinds of property on most favorable terms.



The originator of this wonderful medicine, claims to have discovered and combined in harmony with Nature's most sovereign medical properties that was ever before combined in one medicine. The evidence of this fact is found in the great variety of most obstinate diseases which it has been found to conquer. In the case of Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, and the early stages of Consumption, it has astonished the medical faculty, and hundreds of the best physicians pronounce it the greatest medical discovery of the age. While it cures the severest Coughs, it strengthens the system and purifies the blood. By its great and thorough blood purifying properties, it cures all humors from the worst Scrofula to a common Boil, Pimple or Eruption. Mercurial Discharge, Minors, Syphilis and Venereal Diseases, and their effects are eradicated and vigorous health and a sound constitution established. Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Fever Sores, Sores or Ulcers, in short, all the numerous diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying and invigorating medicine. For "Liver Complaint," Bilious Disorders and Habitual Constipation, it has produced hundreds of perfect and permanent cures where other medicines had failed. The proprietor offers \$1,000 reward for a medicine that will equal it in the cure of all the diseases for which it is recommended. Beware of counterfeits and worthless imitations. See that my private Government Stamp, which is a positive guarantee of genuineness, is upon the outside wrapper. This medicine is sold by Druggists at \$1 per bottle. R. V. FLEMING, N. B., & Co. Proprietors, at the Chemical Laboratory, 33 Seneca Street, Buffalo, N. Y. 1562-2888



**The Standard Household Remedy FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.**  
A POSITIVE CURE FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA, And all Diseases having their origin in an impure state of the Blood.  
AS A MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN IT IS UNVALUABLE.  
Beware of Counterfeits. Buy only of our Agent, J. H. PLASTERED, Waterville, PRICE 50 CENTS.

WING'S PILLS

Are an unparalleled cure for Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Liver Complaint and all low and Debilitated conditions of the system.

Have you Dyspepsia, and have you "tried every thing else" and buy a box of WING'S INVIGORATING PILLS and they will cure you.  
Have you Jaundice? One box of the PILLS will take you well.  
Are you troubled with LIVER COMPLAINT? Are you weak, low, spiritless, circulation sluggish, dull and sleepy? Appetite poor, constipation, with Kidney Complaint, with urine high colored, with Pain in the back, Headache, Nervousness, Fatigue, &c. &c.  
Be sure to try a box of the Invigorating Pills, and you will find it the most sovereign remedy that you ever used.  
Are you worn out, thin, indolent, nervous with troublesome cough, and perhaps Neuritis? Then go straightway and get a box of the pills, and all you will have to do is to take according to directions to be made entirely well.  
Are you now and have you been for a long time subject to severe spells of sick-headache, and have tried the "everything else" and are not cured? Now the time has come for you to get cured. Take the anti-bilious pills, and you'll not fail to get a happy experience as the result.  
The Invigorating Pills are a positive cure for Amenorrhoea and Chlorrhoea, or in other words for Irregularities, such as suppression and retention of the Catamenia.  
They will surely restore the natural function. Try them and you will find a true fact. This indispensable function of life and health is brought about by secreting or secreting and excreting, when the secretion has not taken place, no amount of powerful medicine will bring on the usual discharge immediately, no more than a powerful fertilizer will produce corn in a single day. The system must be invigorated, and the special organs nourished into activity, during the proper time by the pills, and a favorable result is sure.

FOR SALE.

1 PORTLAND WAGON. Good Style, at a Great Bargain. Inquire of JOSEPH TARDY, Temple St.

FOR SALE.

THE HOUSE-LOT on School Street, formerly occupied by J. Furbish; also a lot of about 16 acres on corner of road to West Waterville, 2 1/2 miles away; also a lot of 30 acres near Mountain, formerly owned by Henry Taylor. Apply to GEO. G. FERGUSON, Administrator.

YOU CAN BUY GOODS

AS CHEAP

OF MAYO BROTHERS

As at any place on the River.

Kendall's Mills Column.

**DRESS-MAKING**  
Done promptly in the LATEST STYLES at J. T. MURRAY'S, One door north of the Bank, 8m45 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,

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

**F. C. THAYER, M. D.**  
OFFICE

IN MERCHANTS' ROW, MAIN ST. OPPOSITE EAST AND KENDALL'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.

**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

**F. Kenrick & Bro.,**

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

**Carriages and Sleighs,**  
KENDALL'S MILLS.

Depositories at Kendall's Mills and Waterville, Me. F. KENRICK. 35 E. P. KENRICK.

**CARDS!**  
ALL KINDS.

Wedding, Address, Traveling.

Business, Tags, Tickets, &c., &c. &c.

Done in the neatest style and at the lowest rates.

At THE MAIL OFFICE.

**All Right, Again!**  
WM. L. MAXWELL

having procured two FIRST CLASS WORKMEN.

Is ready to fill all orders on Pegg'd Calf Boots at the shortest notice possible. Also

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

**THE CELEBRATED**  
**HOME**

**STOMACH BITTERS!**

Are endorsed and prescribed by most 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 malarious causes. 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 elasticity to the whole system. The 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 faculty as the best remedy for the Stomach. 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 J. H. LOW & CO., Waterville.

J. W. PERKINS & CO., Wholesale Agent, Portland.

A GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY

**Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS**

Hundreds of Thousands Bear testimony to their Wonderful Curative Effects.

**WHAT ARE THEY?**



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

Made of Pure Rum, Whisky, Proof Spirits, and Refuse Liquors distilled, speed 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 directions and remain unimproved, 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, Biliousness, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

**DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION.** Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Distention, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the stomach and stimulate the 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 system. When the blood is pure, the system is healthy, and the body is strong. For SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Pimples, Salt Rheum, Boils, Spots, Pustules, Bolls, Carbuncles, Ring-Worms, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, 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 effects.

Cleanse the Vitiated 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.

**PIN, TAPE and other WORMS,** lurking in the system of many thousands, are actually destroyed and removed. For full directions, read carefully the circular around each bottle, printed in four languages—English, German, French and Spanish. J. WALKER, Proprietor, R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and General Agents, San Francisco, Cal., 23 and 25 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 WATERVILLE ME

Chloroform, Ether or Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired

**To Smokers and Users OF THE WEED!**

We have just added to our stock of smoker's articles, some very fine brands of Tobacco, including the celebrated

**Morning Glory Detroit Tobacco,**  
In bulk and rolls.

Carrolls Lone Jack, Fureks, Jockey Club and Solance fine cut, Cable Twist, Fruit Cake, Genuine Navy, Golden Fish, Pure Natural Leaf and other PLUG TOBACCOS.

**CIGARS.**—The Real Havana Paragons, Figaros, Norligas and all other favorite brands.

**PIPE STEMS, TOBACCO HOLDERS, &c.** a full line of Meershaun, Imitation Meershaun, Briar, Cherry, Leather, Pipe, Novelties and Briar Holders, Cherry Stems, Amber Mouth Pieces, Bowls, Pouches, and Tobacco Boxes.

**RUSSIAN CIGARETTES, &c.**  
All of which we will sell as LOW as can be afforded. Call and examine 4m60

**IRA. H. LOWE & Co., Druggist.**

**SERGE & LEATHER BOOTS.**  
FOR Ladies and Misses, selling low at MAXWELL'S.

**LADIES;**  
You can get a pair of New York Boots at MAYO BROTHERS, opposite the P. O.

**GENTLE NOTE PAPER**  
IN BOXES of fine quality, and as cheap as the cheapest. C. K. MATHEWS.

**NOTICE.**  
Particular attention given to the manufacture of

**MEN'S AND BOY'S**  
Calf and Kip Boots

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

**Stereoscopes,**  
VIEWS, ALBUMS, CHROMOS, FRAMES.

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

Invites 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 GRAVOSCOPES.

**NEW VIEWS OF YOSEMITE**  
**E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,**  
601 Broadway, New York, Opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

**IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS.**  
6m40

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.**  
NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of DAVID BOUNDY, late of Benton, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has under taken that trust by giving bond as directed by law. All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

**EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.**  
NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed Executor of the last will and testament of CHARLES STUART, late of Winslow, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has under taken that trust by giving bond as directed by law. All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

FOR BOSTON

The new and superior mail-steaming Steamers JOHN BROOKS, and MONTREAL, having been fitted up at great expense as follows:—Leave for Portland, Portland, 7 o'clock and India Wharf, Boston, every day at 7 o'clock, P. M. (Sundays excepted.) Fare in Cabin, . . . \$1.50. Deck Fare, . . . 1.00. L. BILLINGS.

**MAINE STEAMSHIP COMPANY.**  
NEW ARRANGEMENT.

**SEMI-WEEKLY LINE.**  
On and after the 15th inst. the fine steamer Drigo and Franconia, will until further notice run as follows:

Leave for Portland, Portland, every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 6 P. M., and leave for New York, every MONDAY and Thursday, at 3 P. M. The Drigo and Franconia are fitted with the most convenient and comfortable route for travellers between New York and Maine. Passage in State Room \$2. Cabin Passage \$4. 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 YOUNG, Galley's Wharf, Portland. J. B. AMES, Pier 38 E. N. New York.

**MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.**  
Summer Arrangement. -- 1871.

ON and AFTER JUNE 1st, next, the passenger train via Lewiston, for Portland and Boston, will leave Waterville UPPER DEPOT at 11 A. M., and LOWER DEPOT for Portland and Boston at 11 P. M., via Bangor. Mixed train for Bangor will leave lower depot at 8 25 P. M. Night express for Boston, with Pullman car attached, leaves lower depot at 9 15 P. M. Trains for Bangor, Belfast, Dexter and Skowhegan leaves upper depot at 4 20 P. M., and from lower depot for same places at 8 A. M. and 4 20 P. M. Night express for Bangor and Skowhegan at 8 50 A. M., daily except Mondays. Freight trains, upper depot for Portland leaves at 5 A. M.; lower depot, 8 A. M. and 9 30 A. M. for Portland and Boston, and for Bangor and Skowhegan at 11 30 A. M. Through tickets are sold to Boston and baggage checked through the same as heretofore.

May 25, 1871. L. L. LINCOLN, Asst. Supt.

**New Firm.**  
WE have this day entered into copartnership, 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 the Waterville.

We shall manufacture to measure

**GENTLEMEN'S CALF BOOTS,**  
BOTH PEGGED AND SEWED.

REPAIRING of all kinds neatly and promptly 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 the business, and fair dealing to deserve and receive a liberal share of public patronage.

O. F. MAYO. O. F. MAYO. Waterville, March 1, 1870.

THE above change of business, makes it necessary to settle all the accounts of O. F. Mayo, and all indebted to the subscriber are requested to call and pay their bills immediately. O. F. MAYO.

**AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.**  
**R. H. EDDY,**  
SOLICITOR OF PATENTS

For Inventions, Trade Marks, or Designs. No. 70 State Street, opposite Kilby Street, BOSTON.

AFTER an extensive practice of upward of thirty years, A. continues to secure Patents in the United States; also in Great Britain, France and other foreign countries. Careful Specifications, Assignments, and all papers for Patents executed on reasonable terms, with dispatch. Researches made to determine the validity and utility of Patents of Invention, and legal and other advice rendered in all matters touching the same. Copies of the claims of any patent furnished by request, and assignments received in Washington. No Agency in the United States possesses superior facilities for obtaining Patents, or ascertaining the patentability of Inventions. All necessity of a journey to Washington to procure a Patent, and the usual great delay there, are here saved inventors.

TESTIMONIALS. "I regard Mr. Eddy as one of the