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Maxham & Wing

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HEAVEN.

How sweetly strange will be the day
When we shall no more kneel and pray
For daily bread; but, wondering, say,
"We hunger now no more!"

When we shall feel the cooling rill,
And feel the fountain's freshness fill
The vital, happy air, and still
Thirst not forever more!

When we shall fly on errands vast,
And pass o'er great winds past,
While Heaven's revolving ages last,
Yet we no older grow!

When we shall plan for endless years,
And joy in God, and know our fears
Lie in the sole tomb that appears,
The tomb of all our woes!

There beckoning to some shining throne,
Our suffering darlings crowned, our own,
Shall fold us in a bliss unknown;
The patient, tried, and true!

And if, obeying Love's command,
Among those ransomed ones shall stand
Some soul uplifted by his hand,
What praise will be to due!

Oh! to see our Savior smile,
We being certain all the while
The sin that did our souls defile,
And made us cry "Unclean!"

Is blotted out; as from the sky,
When the great sun goes shining by,
Are the dark clouds threatening lie!
As if they had not been;

So that He whom our souls adore,
Can look us through, and o'er and o'er,
Nor find one stain forevermore;
And we can look on Him,

Nor shrink, nor strive to hide, nor sigh;
But find His Heaven's joy to lie,
Full in the light of His pure eye,
Made pure like Him by Him.

—Helen L. Brown, in *Evangelist*.

THE SADDEST OF ALL IS LOVING.

From Harper's Magazine for July.

But this state of affairs was not of long duration.

October found them once more together.

Mr. Heaton had gone to Washington, not only to see about a house fit for entering, but as much to see about Dick's orders as any thing else, and had secured, besides a removal to the Observatory at Washington, a delay of two weeks, "to be disposed of as you like," he wrote to Dick; "but I would suggest that two dear women are still at Wells, without a man to look after them. No slur upon our faithful old servant Mose; but I flatter myself you or I would be a trifle more acceptable. I can't go for ten days at least."

And Dick had not been slow to take the hint. He met Ruth with,

"I have only learned that I can't do without you at all, Ruth; and the probability is, mother, turning to Mrs. Heaton, that I shall resign when an order comes to go to sea."

One week of the precious leave had already gone when there came a day into the life of each which neither ever forgot.

Ruth and Dick had had a pleasant ramble that morning over some of the neighboring hills, and had returned with their arms laden with flowers, which were to decorate Mrs. Heaton's room. As they entered the parlor, Ruth saw upon the table a letter addressed to Dick, and snatching it hastily, asked, with a merry laugh, if she might be the first to read it. Dick, who had thrown his flowers down upon the sofa, and was lighting his cigar, said, "Yes; but if it is an unpaid bill, don't read it."

"If you have any such things you have been sailing under false colors." How her thoughtless speech came back to her in after-days. She was slowly breaking the seal.

Presently Dick started as a cold, unnatural voice half whispered,

"Take your letter, Dick. I can't read it. I don't understand it."

And turning, he saw Ruth very pale, with a strange, bewildered look upon her face. With a dread presentiment he took the letter from her hands, and read the words:

"Am I to live forever on the memory of those few weeks? You are very cruel not to come to me when you must know how utterly miserable I am, with all kinds of jealous fears taking possession of me. Why should that other woman keep you from my side? You cannot be to her what you are to me. And oh, Richard, is it not enough that I love you!"

"LOUISE RANDALL."

Dick's strength had never been put to such a test as when, with apparent calmness, folded the note, put it carefully in its envelope, and, turning to Ruth, said:

"How far did you read, dear? I wish I might have spared you this."

"I—I am sure I am very stupid, for I can not think what she means"—putting her hand to her forehead, as though trying to comprehend it all. "What is it about being miserable without you?"

"Ruth, this is something I can not explain. Another's honor is at stake, and you must trust me."

"Must trust you! Another's honor at stake! Do you mean that Miss Randall would not wish me to know? It can't be that you—that she—Oh, Dick, I'm afraid I am beginning to understand."

"Would to heaven you had never seen this!" His voice and words seemed to bring her back to herself.

"But I have seen it, and have read enough to know that I am not the only woman who claims your love. I know too, now, that you lingered weeks with her at Niagara when you might have been with me, and perhaps have given every right to send such words to you as she has."

"If you were not greatly excited you could not say that. Try to listen calmly to what I have to say."

He led her to the sofa, and Ruth never forgot how tender his voice sounded as he stood before her and said,

"You are the only woman I have ever loved, and no other has power to take me from you. Miss Randall is a beautiful, fascinating girl whom I met for a few weeks and whose society I enjoyed at the time, but to whom I have given scarcely a thought since."

"How does she dare, then, write you as she has, knowing too, that you are here with me, your promised wife! Dick, have you never spoken one word of love to her; one word to lead her to write as she has?"

He could not lie to the truthful face before him. He felt that a confession must be made, which was becoming every moment more difficult, and so he told her all—withholding nothing, and throwing no blame where he felt that it was not deserved. As he finished with the scene on the piazza the night before he left, she shuddered slightly. Then she spoke calmly:

"Thank you for being frank enough to tell me the whole truth. Further concealment could have done no good. It would have been better for both had I known it from the first. Very little need be said now, and we must speak no words that we shall regret hereafter. Of course it is all over between us. You have no right to expect any thing else."

She had risen proudly as she finished. Dick's voice startled her as he exclaimed,

"Ruth, you can't mean that this is to separate us!"

"I think it can hardly be otherwise after what you have told me. At least in your calm moments, you will not doubt the course I take."

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WATERVILLE, MAINE..... FRIDAY, JULY 14, 1871.

NO. 3.

She had been unusually quiet thus far. It had cost but little effort to maintain perfect control of voice and manner, for pride had sustained her throughout. But now as she looked up at Dick, standing pale and motionless, with a hopeless, helpless woe in his face, all his devotion to her and all her love for him rushed over her, and, in an agony she had never known before, she threw herself upon the sofa and burst into tears.

Perhaps it was best for Dick that he should turn comforter, and thus lose in some degree a sense of his own grief. Kneeling by her, he folded the little figure in his arms, and whispered words of love and comfort until Ruth almost smiled through her tears. Her mood had changed, and wounded pride and indignation had given way to better feelings. A deep yearning took possession of her as she held out her hands, with the cry,

"Oh, Dick! you have been mine so long, how can I give you up?"

"Ruth, I shall not go away from you. You told me once I might always stay."

"But then I did not know how that could make another suffer. Oh, Dick! if she loves you as I do—but she can not."

"No, darling, she can not. And I do not love her. If you send me away from you, I shall not go to her."

"Not if I ask it?"

"When our engagement is broken, you will have no right to ask any thing; least of all, this."

"Oh, Dick! I fear I am doing wrong in listening to you. I am not doing as I would like done by—I can't tell—am I?"

Her weary, puzzled look and tear-stained face touched him beyond expression. He had been pacing the floor. Now he sat down by her, and his tone was grave and earnest, as he continued to urge.

"Ruth you know what your influence has done for me, and I tell you now that that woman will ruin the seven demons in my heart. I won't go back to her. Oh, Ruth! keep me good and pure by letting me go on loving you."

And what was the poor tired child's answer, but to clasp her arms tightly about his neck and whisper,

"You may stay."

The next day Dick's manner with Ruth was more than ever tender. Not alone because soon he must leave her for a while and go back to his lonely life, but because his eyes never once turned toward her that he did not think how very, very near he had come to losing her altogether. Louise's note he had tossed aside, thinking more of the harm it had done than of the answer it required. He did not dream that, having performed its mission, it was soon to be followed by another, which would complete what the first had begun.

Two days after Louise's note reached him came one from Mrs. Randall, which, on opening, he took at once to Ruth.

"I fear this means more trouble, and I have come to my good angel to ask her to meet it with me."

Together they read the singular communication:

"BOSTON, October 18.

"MY DEAR MR. FRANKLIN.—It is only lately I have learned you were my daughter's accepted lover. She has hitherto concealed it from me in the strangest way. I write to inform you that she is very ill, and if you can possibly come to her it is certainly your duty to do so; though I acknowledge I had hoped you would never cross our pathway again."

"You may have seen the accounts of the heroic way in which Barry Harwood lost his life in rescuing a child from a burning building. One paper actually alluded to his having had an affair of the heart which had made him desperate, and this was the one which my poor child read before I could prevent its falling into her hands. That night this high fever came on, which has been raging ever since. In her delirium she calls piteously for you. And, much as I dread seeing you, I must beg you to come."

"Had you heard of Mr. Harwood's death before, Dick?" Ruth asked, with something of precision in her tone.

He looked at her inquiringly. Was this the only thought she had in this moment of acute anguish to himself? He could not know the lesson she had learned in the suffering of two days before. She comprehended now very quickly what her own duty was, and as quickly determined to go about it in the best way that she might help Dick faithfully to perform his.

Her firm, quiet manner and reassuring look made him answer as directly,

"No. Poor Barry! Love never brought him much happiness, and he is away from the misery of it now. I am glad he died that way."

"This was a man's view of it," Ruth told him so, and added,

"I want you to go to-night, Raed. Papa will come back to-morrow, and we shall not be alone."

"Go where?"

"To this poor mother who wants you. You can solve this mystery."

He interrupted her by covering his eyes with his hand, and muttering,

"I can not see that woman. It will be more than I can bear to witness her suffering."

"You mean—"

"I mean Louise. Ruth, my courage is not equal to this. My darling, cannot I write to Mrs. Randall?"

"Dick, I must ask even this of you."

She was still so completely her old self—talking just as if she were urging him merely to go to the village against his will—that he looked down at her and tried to smile. But he could not. Turning from her, he walked to the window, and tried to stifle the sobs that shook his frame. Ruth could hardly refrain from going to him then, and clinging to him, and beseeching him only to stop, and she would concede everything. But she sat down and waited for a few moments.

"Dick, if this were your sister you would go to her."

"But she is not my sister, and the woman loves me."

Again she feared her calmness might leave her. "Raed, will you come and sit down by me? There—so."

He had thrown himself on an ottoman at her feet, and she had taken his face in her two hands and was looking down at him, as he ever afterward loved to remember, with a blessing of peace in her eyes.

"If I, your own Ruth, can ask you to go, is it too hard for you?"

He took her hands in his, rose to his feet, and with something of his natural tone of voice, said,

"I will go now and get ready. I do this simply because you ask it, though I confess I should be ashamed that, as a man, my sympathy

and honor are no more aroused by the appeal of this letter. Your words have inspired me with both."

"Mamma must not know what has called you away, Dick." She was stowing some lunch away in his bag.

"This will be the first time we have deceived her, Ruth."

"Don't call it deceiving." She looked at him reproachfully. "She hasn't known about Miss Randall, and it would be useless to worry her now. I think you could be back before your leave is out."

Mrs. Heaton pitied him, but wished him *bon voyage*, and bade him hurry back.

"I shall go to the station, mamma," Ruth called from the foot of the stairs, "and Mose will see that I come back all right."

They hadn't much time before the train came, and it only stopped the shortest minute; Ruth said. Their good-by was in the carriage.

"I go for your sake, Ruth."

"Oh, Dick, you ought to go for your own!" How she trusted him now! A smile of satisfaction broke over his face at the thought of it. As the train whizzed off he caught one glimpse of a sunny face at the carriage window, and could not tell whether she had thrown a kiss to him or had held out her hand in benediction.

Dick had been gone three days when a telegram came addressed to Ruth. It ran thus:

"I am ordered to sea at once. Sail from Boston in the Constitution on Saturday. Will try to come to say good-by."

Ruth was frightened, and read it aloud.

"I should like to know," cried Mr. Heaton, "if this is the way they keep their promises at the Navy Department?"

"Oh, papa—"

The grief in her face and her voice recalled the fact that any amount of present indignation could not postpone Dick's departure now, and the old gentleman gave vent to his feelings in an expression which sounded very much like "By thunder!"

"Don't, papa." It was almost like a wail.

"Ruth, my own darling little Ruth." He had taken her on to his knee, and laid her head upon his shoulder. "Tell me now, sweet, why did the boy go away before his leave was out, anyhow? I've thought it a little strange all along."

She was tired out with worrying all these days alone, and this, with the thought of that other woman so near him now, made her tell in broken sobs the whole story.

"This is a grievous case, daughter," he said, as she came to the end. "Father must manage it for you."

"You don't blame Dick, father?" She lifted her head from his shoulder.

"He can't come back into my heart, my child; and if he has not already gone out of yours, so much the worse for us all."

He carried her up stairs to her mother's room, and went off to telegraph Dick not to come, even if he had time, and then wrote him why.

Franklin had found Mrs. Randall eagerly looking for him, and the torrent of abuse from that good lady's lips was not less than he had expected. Louise's delirium was over, and her physician and old friend, knowing well the true cause of her illness, felt that it was better she should see Franklin at once; and on being told by Dick how the matter really stood, he had said, with almost a father's tenderness,

"My good fellow, she ought to have known this long ago. Tell her now, in the fewest words possible, and leave the rest to me."

So their interview had been very short. As Dick came down stairs the doctor met him, and, grasping his hand, was about to speak, when Dick interrupted him:

"Gracious Heavens, doctor! That woman's face will haunt me to my dying day. Tell me before I go that I have not killed her."

"No, my lad; bless you—no, no."

Dick wrung his hand, and went quickly out of the house to breast a driving storm of wind and rain back to his hotel.

Here he met one of his Portsmouth friends, who told him of his orders, which were probably traveling around after him. Next morning he telegraphed to the Navy Department to know what they were, and sent the substance of the message when it came to Ruth.

Mr. Heaton had wisely calculated on Dick's leaving to go to Portsmouth, and there his letter found him.

And so Dick, with no time to go to Wells, and a command from Mr. Heaton not to communicate with Ruth in any way, left the country which had become so dear to him in these summer months, because it was hers, without one word of farewell.

Exiled from home and from the one heart he would have given all the world to have had place in, he took a sad pleasure now in thinking that the little hand from the carriage window had been extended in blessing, and his young, buoyant nature responded to every suggestion his fancy could make of a blissful going home and being forgiven.

Louise, as health returned, became the hardened woman one dreads to meet. Every softer feeling seemed dead forever, and only the harm she did lived on.

Ruth, in the busy round of gaiety at the nation's capital, watched for Dick in her heart, and for all naval officers with her eyes, while papa believed she was forgetting the past in the brilliant triumphs of the present.

There were night-watches at sea, when the old tars, if they had cared to listen, might have heard a song which sometimes ran this way:

"And thus forever, throughout this wide world,
I love a sorrow proving;
There are still many sorrowful things in life,
But the saddest of all is loving."

When musicians in Massachusetts want to give a concert on Sunday evening, they call it sacred, and then sing or fiddle what they please. The brass band of Haverhill gave one sacred performance last Sunday with a great deal of drum and trombone and triangle, much to the scandal of the soberer sort. An old manager once explained the way in which he arranged a sacred programme: "I take an old glee, for instance, 'Tell me, Shepherds, tell me, pray, have you seen my Chorus pass this way?' I strike out Shepherds and put instead Brethren; I substitute David for Chorus; and it goes beautifully."

Maine has 67 pupils in the deaf-mute asylum at Hartford.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CUSTOMERS.

BY NOO PATTERSON.

The Photographer's customers are almost as variable in their likes and dislikes as they are numerous, being in many cases dissatisfied with a good picture and pleased with a bad one. It is a fact, remarkable as it may seem, that seventy-five per cent. of the people in general do not know what really constitutes a good picture, and it is a still more remarkable fact that seventy-five per cent. of the people who do know will always expect and try to get them at the rates asked for trashy and inferior work. This can be said only of photography. Imagine Mrs. So-and-so going into a dry-goods house and trying to buy silk per yard at calico rates. She would be thought crazy, and yet just such crazy acts are daily being committed upon us poor photographers by people who are recognized as sane. Among the worst class of the most troublesome ones we have to deal with are those who think they know something about photography; they have either once boarded where a photographer did, or perhaps some distant relative has in some distant way been connected with the art. One can always tell these people by their wise remarks. Here's a case now: enter two ladies, the operator meets them with a pleasant smile and a cheerful "Good morning, ladies." "Good morning, Mr. operator; we just thought that we'd drop in and sit for some cards. You know a cloudy day is better than a clear one, so you see we know something about photography." The day is "a cloudy one" not those white, fleecy clouds, but the dark, dismal, heavy lowering clouds which cast an even sadder gloom over all things. Of course these ladies know what position is most becoming to them, and if it is of no use visit to you, remonstrance would be of their first. Their next visit you may succeed in making a picture of them. Another class are those who come in, examine the album of specimens, and finally exclaim: "Oh, that's very pretty! now I want a picture just like that." The "that" that that person refers to, is a full profile, and the subject that wants to be "just like that," has a regular canal boat rudder nose, the most prominent feature they have, in fact they nose a great deal. Of course it would not do to make a picture like that, for she would most certainly throw up her long dainty hands in astonished disgust and exclaim: "Oh! it's horrid, it doesn't look a bit like me!" The only way to manage these people is to deceive them, by taking a view of their faces to suit yourself. Another pleasant (?) class are those ladies who may be classed as the "highly toightly" sort; who put on airs enough to sail a ship, (yes, and wear dry goods enough to furnish the sails.) They generally wear long train or train dresses, and always want their pictures taken to show the whole of their dress. The operator in order to adjust the head rest and at the same time prevent stepping on the great trail of finery that is dusting his floor, must assume various greivian bend positions until the difficult task is accomplished, and perhaps, just as the plate is about half exposed, he will be astonished to hear the subject exclaim, "Do you think the whole of the trail is showing?" Only another plate spoiled—time and trouble are nothing. The lady doesn't see why that wasn't a good one. You must keep at work until you do succeed—that's all. Another class are those who come when you are always busy. You will see from four to seven young ladies come in together, and perhaps think you will now have your "hands full." They all rush up to the show-case, and after the excitement is over you have discovered there is one lady wants six cards taken, and that the rest have only come as a body guard of honor to see her properly executed, or come with her for company, confusion or fun—the latter doubtless. You may—that is if you are decidedly cross—manage to keep this regiment from the operating room, but nine chances out of ten, their winning ways overcome your rules of order, and then there is fun—for them. No use describing this scene, for in the poetical language of a recent New York society organ, "You know how it is yourself." Well it was best after all that they did go upstairs, for if other customers should come in and see such a crowd waiting, they would soon leave, saying they would come in again, and then go to your nearest neighbor and sit for their pictures; that's the way they do. The next case we mention is the mother and her babe or the babe and its mother. Of course the operator is very fond of children—babies especially. Oh, yes, he dotes on babies—at least so all mammas seem to think. The fond parent knows that Mr. Operator will not have any trouble with her little Willie. She knows—so she says—that most of babies are a little troublesome to take. Little Willie has his trial, and little Willie's little legs and arms get in motion like a supple-jack with some one pulling the string. Another trial, when the result is four heads and one body; mother thinks that is too much of a good thing. Willie, it is thought, has the appearance of sitting still now, so the third trial (Willie, getting to be quite a lawyer) is given. The tired operator, who must however still keep smiling, watches his opportunity, pulls off the cloth, and—Willie was still, but the slide wasn't pulled out; and just at the nation, to add fuel to the fire, up the stairs rushes his assistant two steps at a time, and to console him whispers in his ear, "Most ready? seven down there waiting, and two gone that could not wait." Once again with patience (to all outward appearance) unruined, another plate is brought out, and after a new series of pantomimic fandango performances, Willie's attention is captivated and his picture captured; and soon the operator cries out "all right," and mother and babe depart in peace. Another pleasant task is taking a group that comes late in the afternoon—eight of them, and young ladies. First Miss Simpkins, she must break out in a giggle, when the plate is about half-exposed—that sets the rest off. With the mild remonstrance of "please ladies try and see if we can't do better this time," a second effort is made. No laughing this time but you find no less than three that have moved. Once again the effort is made; by this time they begin to feel the responsibility of their situations, they are growing tired of the fun, and an earnestness in the cause this time secures the result you are striving for.

The next class are those that make you feel bad when they come; feel bad for them and yourself also. They are the nervous class—

who always come and say, "I had rather have a tooth drawn than have my picture taken," and the expression in their pictures, generally testifies to the truth of their assertions. The only way to make a satisfactory picture of these croakers is to manage in some way to draw their mind from the painful operation about to be performed. In some way, if possible, cause them to forget what they are sitting for.

The class that pleases the photographer and the photographer always pleases, are those that come and think the operator knows his business and are willing to sit in any way he thinks is best for them. It is a pleasure to photograph such people, and they always make pleasing pictures, while those who invariably insist on having their own way and awkwardness, get as their reward pictures just as they are, notwithstanding how emphatic they may declare, "it don't look a bit like me." Now the photographer who is not at all times prepared to meet these ups, and downs with patience and cheerfulness, "stands in his own light." And if he does pass through these numerous ordeals, trying as they may be, and remains calm, polite and attentive, he may be considered as a veteran soldier who performs his duty unflinchingly, and will in time receive the promotion his conduct merits, for the people will hasten to advance him to the rank his meritorious conduct shall make him worthy of. On the other hand, he who performs his duty in a half-way manner, shows to his customers his temper, and is not prepared to make himself the true servant of the people, will soon, like a traitor soldier be cashiered, and in his way promoted as his notorious conduct merits. So if you are desirous of increasing your business, and wish to succeed, you must remember what your customers expect of you, and let your conduct be according.—The Photographer's Friend.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.—The *Literary World*, in its review of "Pink and White Tyranny," Mrs. Stowe's new novel, quotes the following concluding passage of the work, with approval, as being strong and sound:

Well, then, it has been very surprising to us to see in these our times that some people, who really at heart have the interest of women upon their minds, have been so short sighted and reckless as to clamor for an easy dissolution of the marriage contract, as a means of righting their wrongs. Is it possible that they do not see that this is a liberty which, once granted, would always tell against the weaker sex? If the woman who finds that she has made a mistake, and married a man unkind or uncongenial, may on the discovery of it, leave him, and seek her fortune with another, so also may a man. And what will become of women like Lillie, when the first gilding begins to wear off, if the men who have taken them shall be at liberty to cast them off and seek others? Have we not enough now of miserable, broken winged butterflies, that sink down, down, down into the mud of the street? But are women reformers going to clamor for having every woman turned out helpless, when the man who has married her, and made her a mother discovers that she has not the power to interest him, and to help his higher spiritual development? It was because woman is helpless and weak, and because Christ was her great Protector that He made the law of marriage irrevocable: "Whosoever putteth away his wife causable her to commit adultery." If the sacredness of the marriage-contract did not hold, if the Church and all good men and all good women did not uphold it with their might and main, it is very easy to see where the career of many women like Lillie would end. Men have the power to reflect before the choice is made; and that is the only proper time for reflection. But when once marriage is made and consummated, it should be as fixed a fact as the laws of nature. And those who suffer under its stringency should suffer as those who endure for the public good. "He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not, he shall enter into the tabernacle of the Lord."

The Engineering and Mining Journal of July 4th, remarks that it is time that the consumers of coal began to look to their interests, and give at least a passing thought as to the chances for high prices of that commodity during the coming fall, and closes by saying "it would seem the dictate of prudence on the part of families who have the means of securing their supply of coal now at about the customary prices, to do so at once, and thus save themselves from being caught again the coming winter, and from the extortionate prices which monopolists are preparing for them."

An official report of the international Revenue Bureau says of two hundred and sixty-three thousand gallons of brandy in the country, only one hundred thousand gallons are made of fruits, the rest being compounded from various spirits. There is no hope that this suggestive bit of information will lessen the consumption of the villainous fiery compounds now sold as brandy.

Mr. P. S. Gilmore will leave for Europe in a few days to interest the magnates of foreign lands in a grand International Jubilee, which it is proposed to hold in Boston. The object of his visit is to secure the co-operation of foreign governments, and to induce them each to send their best bands to this world's gathering.

The Maine Farmer is not at all excited by the literature of the Augusta and Portland conventions. "Both platforms," says the Farmer, shows the finger marks of the politician. They neither are, nor are designed to be frank statements of principles or intentions. They are essays toward the solution of politician's problems; viz: first how to get into power, second, how to keep there."

Terrible accounts are still received of the famine in Persia. At Yazd, 500 children have been killed and eaten by the starving Mohammedan population. So severe is the famine in certain parts that not only have the dates and sugar of caravans been seized and eaten by the starving inhabitants of villages through which they passed, but pack mules were greedily devoured.

Judge Paxon of Philadelphia has decided that a procession has no right to interrupt the ordinary travel on a street.

HOW TO MAKE BOYS FARMERS.—Induce them to take an interest in the farm, in the implements, in the stock; tell them all your plans, your successes and failures; give them a history of your life, and what you did and how you lived when a boy; but do not harp too much on the degenerate character of the young men of the present age; praise them when you can, and encourage them to do still better.

Let them dress up for the evening, instead of sitting down in their dirty clothes in a dingy room. Provide plenty of light; thanks to kerosene, our country homes can be as brilliantly and as cheaply lighted as the gas-lit houses in the city. Encourage the neighbors to drop in evenings. Talk agriculture rather than politics; speak more of the importance of large crops, of good stock, of liberal feeding, and of the advantage of making cattle comfortable, rather than of the hard times, low prices and high wages. Above all, encourage the boys to read good agricultural books. Papers are well enough, but an intelligent boy wants something more and better. Get him some good agricultural book to study, read it with him, and give him the benefit of your experience and criticism. When he has mastered this, buy him another. In our own case, we owe our love for farming principally to the fact that our father talked to us of everything that was doing on the farm; answering all our questions and encouraging, rather than refusing, our childish desire of helping him plow, to chop, to let off water and fire the brush heap.—[Am. Ag.]

Dr. Dollinger and his most prominent adherents have at last formally declared war against the Pope and those who maintain the authority of the Vatican council. The affair arose from the publication, by several German Bishops, of a pastoral in which they required the faithful to obey the decrees of that council, but explained them in a way different from what is usual. Dr. Dollinger and associates have replied formally to that document, and in plain terms repudiated the excommunication passed upon them. "We repudiate," says the manifesto, "the threats of the Bishops as unjustifiable, and their violent measures as not binding and invalid." They go on to state that the decrees of excommunication issued against those who reject the Vatican decrees, "are as null and void as they are unjust, and can neither deprive the faithful of a right to the sacraments of Christ, nor priests of their power to administer them." This plain

Waterville Mail.

B. P. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JULY 14, 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. PETERSON, 111 & Co., No. 10 State St., Boston, and 27 Park Row, New York.
S. R. NILES, No. 1 Southway Building, Boston.
GEO. J. HOWELL & CO., No. 40 Park Row, New York.
T. O. 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 MAXHAM & WING, or WATERVILLE MAIL OFFICE.

Special Notice!

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

Waterville Classical Institute.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.
Waterville is now favored with two commencements a year, and it is not for us to decide which is the more interesting. They are both very pleasant occasions, and that of the Institute seems to grow in interest and importance with each succeeding year.

The first entertainment to which the public were this year invited, was the Oration before the Literary Societies, on Thursday evening, by Prof. G. Anderson, D. D., of the Newton Theological Institution. He came, he said, to present a few plain, practical thoughts upon a hackneyed subject—"Utility in Education;" and plain and practical it was, without sensational points or rhetorical flourishes. It was a strong and earnest plea for a liberal education, as opposed to that which is narrowly utilitarian; for a thorough culture, broad and generous, which develops man as man—instead of that practical training and development, which, impatient for material results, ignores the man and hastily trains each individual for his narrow professional groove. In opposition to the popular cry, he contended "stoutly for the study of the ancient classics and the higher mathematics, as being the best help for the development of reason and language, thought and expression; the two hemispheres of true and symmetrical education. It was an able discourse, and the audience listened to it with marked interest.

Friday forenoon was devoted to the Annual Exhibition, with the following programme:—

- 1—Our Country's Greatest Glory.
- 2—National Glory.
- 3—Essay, Changes.
- 4—Launching of the Ship.
- 5—Life.
- 6—Essay, Life.
- 7—Emmett's Defence.
- 8—Defence of the Bible.
- 9—The Patriot's Password.
- 10—Essay, Work and Win.
- 11—American Nationality.
- 12—Freedom and Patriotism.
- 13—Pericles to the People.
- 14—Essay, Sunshining and Clouds.
- 15—Abolition of War.

Prizes were offered to the young gentlemen for the best declamation, and to the young ladies for excellence in composition. The committee on declamations were Rev. Mr. Ladd, Mr. Hadley P. Hanson of Boston, and Mr. W. H. Lambert, Principal of the Augusta High School, and they awarded the 1st prize to Frank H. Smith, and the second to Lewis M. Palmer. They also made favorable mention of Edwin C. Long, Henry Hudson, Jr., Edward J. Colcord, and Albert M. Spear. The committee on compositions—A. A. Plaisted, Hadley P. Hanson, and Mr. Waldron—awarded the first prize to Olevia C. Hilton and the second to Phileena N. Folger. On Friday afternoon occurred the Commencement exercises proper, with the following programme:—

- College Preparatory Course.**
- 1—Extract, National Justice.
 - 2—Lessons.
 - 3—Extract, Education.
 - 4—Progress of Civilization in the United States.
 - 5—Labor and Success.
 - 6—Man's Weakness and Nature's Power.
 - 7—Extract, Darius Green and his Flying Machine.
 - 8—Aspiration for Honor.
 - 9—Extract, Christianity versus Infidelity.
 - 10—The Hope of our Country.
- Ladies' Collegiate Course.**
- 1—Hidden Treasures.
 - 2—Elin.
 - 3—Air Castles.
 - 4—The Word of God.

- 5—Mutations of Time.
- 6—Ancient and Modern Chivalry.
- 7—There's a Niche for every Scour.
- 8—Climbing the Heights. A Poem.
- 9—Little Things.
- 10—Nature's Silent Work.
- 11—Rocks. Valedictory Address.

The young ladies and gentlemen acquitted themselves in a manner highly gratifying to their teachers and friends, and there was a very pretty tableau at the close, as they came upon the stage to receive their diplomas and sing their Class Song, written by Miss Sawyer, which we give below:—

Oh, classmates! as we gather now,
For this, our final parting,
Let's clasp the hand and join the song,
All other care forgetting.
For now we are every word
In haste or anger spoken,
Each tender, friendly spoken,
Teachers and friends assembled here,
Always so true and kindly,
One farewell word before we go,
To you we love so fondly:
We oft have wounded your kind hearts,
Enough with care remembered,
But in the thoughts of Auld Lang Syne
O, let not those be remembered.

And now the moment has arrived
When we indeed must sever
The bond that's held us through these years,
Forever, yes, forever.
We may not ever meet again,
A bond as now unbroken;
But in each heart will oft revive
The vows we here have spoken.

A large and delighted audience were in attendance upon all the exercises, and their enjoyment was heightened by the rich music furnished by Chandler's Band, of Portland. This Band, assisted by several talented vocalists, gave a Concert on Friday evening, which drew a good house.

Everything passed off in a very agreeable manner, and the graduates of '71, together with the faithful teachers of the Institute, may well feel proud of the record they have this year made.

MORE JERSEYS.—Dr. Boutelle and Mr. C. M. Barrel attended the recent auction sale of Jerseys in Canada, and made some very choice purchases. Dr. B. returned with four very valuable animals, two cows and two heifers. They will make a marked improvement in his former superior herd—unquestionably the best in Maine, if not in New England. Mr. Barrel bought a cow and heifer at high figures; but the offer of a hundred dollars advance in gold, after the sale, induced him to part with the cow. The heifer he brought home. These purchases are an important addition to the choice Jersey stock in Waterville.

BROTHER NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS: We rise to explain, and to get information. One of our authorized city agents, who is directed to take advertising for us at the rates charged at our office, sends us an advertisement of a patent medicine at a certain price, which is satisfactory. The year following a travelling agent of the medicine firm, calls upon us, and says that his employers have concluded to negotiate their own advertising hereafter, and as they are doing the work of the advertising agency, he claims a discount equal to the commission we allow the advertising agent—twenty-five per cent. Upon our demurring to this way of doing business, he assures us that our brother publishers all do so. Gentlemen—is this true? and if so, upon what business principle do you justify yourselves?

DANGER!—"The dangers that threaten our republican institutions," is the present popular topic with democratic papers. Those who do not read them may think we joke in this assertion, but it is a veritable and sober truth. Ever since the republican party began the work of saving the country from the rebels under Jeff Davis and his democratic assistants, the democratic papers have been croaking about these "dangers." They began with the election of Abraham Lincoln, and they reached their climax at Richmond. True, destruction did not come as threatened, but the delay is only to magnify the avalanche that is about to overwhelm the country—if the republicans continue to hold political power. There seems to be but small hope that these dangers will be removed by the coming election.

MR. DEXTER A. HAWKINS,—formerly prominently identified with the educational interests of our State—recently made a clear and able report upon the financial condition of the city of New York, of which he is now a resident. It was presented to the Council of Political Reform. The Times endorses it with marked approval.

"THE OLD FLAG," one of the best dramas founded on incidents in the late war of the rebellion, will soon be performed in Waterville by members of Post 25, G. A. R., of Bucksport, assisted by their lady friends. Those who have seen the piece pronounce it excellent in every particular, and it has just had a long run in many of the principal cities and towns of Massachusetts. At Bucksport, where it was played three nights, the citizens are enthusiastic over its merits and the fine manner in which it was presented.

The Standard pays our Photographic artist, Carleton, a well deserved compliment, styling him "chief in the Kennebec Valley." He has with him, now, Mr. A. R. Simmons, formerly of Augusta, and these two make a strong team.

OUR TABLE.

THE current number of APPLETONS' JOURNAL (No. 131) contains the opening chapters of a new novel, entitled "Good-bye, Sweetheart." This story is by the author of "Red as a Rose is She," one of the most brilliant of recent novels, which last year was the sensation among readers of fiction. The author is remarkable for her great vivacity and animation, the perfect naturalness of her scenes, and the genuine "flesh and blood" of her heroes and heroines. "Good-bye, Sweetheart" opens as brightly as its unique title would lead one to expect; it is like the odors of June roses, or new-mown hay, indescribably fresh and delicious. It will be the leading feature in Appletons' Journal for some months to come. It must be remembered that this is but one of many strong attractions in this sterling Journal, which is rapidly growing in popularity.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, at \$4 a year.

THE ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WEEKLY for July 15th contains a variety of interesting matter, among which are the following illustrated articles: Egyptian Nile Boats; Lake George; Life in the Coal Mines; The Tree-Chapel of Alvonville.

The paper enters, with this number, upon the second quarter of its existence, and the publishers, in order that they may better introduce it to their friends, offer to send it to any new subscriber, from the present date to the first of January, for seventy-five cents; a rate which, it is believed, renders it the cheapest illustrated paper in the country. The paper is enriched by articles from Drs. Adams, Skinner, Schaff, Badington, Cayler, and Rankin, Professor Baird, J. S. C. Abbott, Dr. Hall, and others; Darling, Harte, Gifford, Rastetter, and Chapman have contributed to the art department.

While the paper has never lost sight of its Christian aim, it has illustrated the breadth of the Christian religion by the range of its topics.

Published by the American Tract Society, New York, at \$2 a year.

AN interesting, wholesome and attractive paper for the children is the Young People's Helper, published monthly at Rockland, Maine, by Z. Pope Vose at 50 cents a year. Each number contains 16 large pages, and it is, all things considered, the cheapest youth's paper for the price in the country. A splendid list of premiums is offered for obtaining subscribers. Send for a sample copy.

The growing popularity of George Sand in America is demonstrated by the fact that no less than three American publishing houses are now reproducing her works in this country. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, print a class of this versatile writer's works entirely different from that printed by the other two. We have just received from them a paper-covered edition of *The Last Altar*, a Love Story. The topic is a purely sentimental one, and the interest centres in a "musical artist," who wins the affections of noble women, and is restrained by principle from taking an unwarrantable advantage of their confidence. Price 50 cents.

Hurd & Houghton are about to publish the "Riverside" edition of the works of J. Fennimore Cooper, in thirty-two volumes, crown 8vo, with tinted paper steel plate and wood-cut illustrations, to subscribers only.

"OLD AND NEW."—We have ever had a good opinion of this magazine, but it was wonderfully heightened, when through the courtesy of the publishers, we received the back numbers since January, all at once. We felt that we had a feast before us. It is a live vigorous monthly with heart in it.

"THE MONITOR, an Independent Journal," is the title of a new weekly paper just started in Portland, by J. B. & A. W. Hall. The senior member is well known among newspaper men, having been formerly connected with several publishing enterprises. "The Monitor" is favorably disposed toward Spiritualism, and has commenced the publication of the Genealogy of Hatterville Hall and his descendants, as a serial.

THE NEW YORK METHODIST is one of the best religious papers on our exchange list. Edited with distinguished ability, it happily unites a fearless independence with the devotional fervor peculiar to the sect. It now appears in an enlarged and improved form, and is still put at the moderate price of \$2.50 a year, with liberal inducements in the way of premiums, &c. Methodists who desire an excellent family and denominational paper, and one that is independent of Conference or other official support, should subscribe for the Methodist.

THE CELEBRATION of the Anniversary of the Baptist Sabbath School, last Sunday, was a very pleasant and interesting occasion. Kind and generous friends brought rich floral offerings, which, disposed about the pulpit in many graceful forms, gladdened the eye of the beholder. A wreath encircling the name, "PARTRIDGE," was brought in as a tribute to the memory of Dea. Partridge, an early pioneer in Sunday School work in Waterville, by pupils who still reside here and who remember him with gratitude. The historical address, delivered by the Pastor, the Rev. Mr. Burrage, we shall publish next week.

The first of a series of out door meetings by the Young Men's Christian Association of Waterville, was held on the Common last Sabbath evening. Another will be held at the same place next Sabbath evening at 6 1-4 o'clock; if the weather proves favorable; but if the weather should not be pleasant, it will be held at the Rooms of the Association, as usual.

Editor Shorey, of the Bridgton News can't "play Indian," not much. He announces the birth of a daughter, and tries to hide a giggle of proud delight beneath a modest blush. But its no go, old fellow. You are crazy to throw up your hat, kick up a shindy and yell a wild cahoot; and you know it, you dissimulating hypocrite.

GEN. CHAMBERLAIN, as was expected, has been chosen President of Bowdoin College, but we believe has not yet accepted the office.

THE GRASSHOPPERS have come to be a burden in Maine; but consolation is found in the great law of compensation—if grasshoppers are numerous then fat turkeys will abound.

WESTERN CROPS.—In Kansas the wheat crop is harvested, and yields nearly 30 bushels to the acre in some places. Corn is from nine to thirteen feet high. The wheat crop of Jersey county, Ill., is estimated at 1,000,000 bushels. The Iowa wheat crop is doing better than was anticipated. The corn crop is ahead of anything ever before, and the potato crop is faring well. All the crops in northern Indiana are in splendid condition, and the yield of oats, wheat, corn, &c., will be large.

Great Catholic Riot in New York.

Wednesday last was the anniversary of the "Battle of Bozoyne" in 1682, between the Catholics under King James II and the protestants under the Prince of Orange. The protestants were victors, and the anniversary has been used as a knock-down between Catholic and protestant Irishmen ever since. Last year in New York, the picnic festivities of the Orangemen were attacked by the Catholics and a large number were killed. This year they arranged for a procession that should be strong enough to protect itself. For some weeks continued appeals have been made by the Catholics to the city authorities to prohibit the procession. Finally, on Monday the police commissioner published a proclamation forbidding the celebration. This looked like a Catholic triumph; and the Orangemen at once transferred their plan to the New Jersey side of the river, where their enemies threatened to meet them. The public were generally alarmed at the prospect of a bloody riot.

On Tuesday morning Gov. Hoffman came from Albany and issued his proclamation, giving the Orangemen full permission to observe their anniversary, and pledging the entire power of the state for their protection. The Governor of New Jersey issued a similar proclamation. A sect having any Christianity, or a people possessing any common sense, would have surrendered the pleasures of a riot to such pressure. Not so the Catholic Irishmen of New York. Instigated by bigotry and maddened by rum, they hailed the first opportunity on Wednesday to pitch into the ranks of their enemies. The result was that a hundred persons were killed by the troops, and from two to three hundred wounded.

Ample forces and military, were provided for any emergency that could happen; so that when the mob began firing upon the procession of Orangemen, an irregular fire was poured upon them along the line of several regiments. When the smoke cleared away a dozen dead bodies gave notice to the mob that the authorities were in earnest, and that mob rule in New York was at an end. In several places the mob was met with the same promptness. In addition to the large number killed and wounded, many of the leaders were arrested and sent to prison. No doubt they will be properly punished if they can be tried by a court not ruled by the Catholic priests and politicians of the city.

ANOTHER FRIGHTFUL RAILROAD ACCIDENT occurred on the New York and Newark Railroad, last Friday. By the carelessness of a switch tender, two trains ran into each other, the engines were demolished, several cars telescoped and were thrown from the track. Four persons were killed and nine seriously wounded, some being badly burned, as the cars took fire.

At stated Convocation (annual) of Drummond R. A. Chapter held at Masonic Hall, West Waterville, July 5, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Wm. Macartney, M. E. H. P.; George W. Gilman, Ex. Wm. H. Wheeler, Captain of Host; John U. Hubbard, Pri. Sg.; H. C. Winslow, R. A. Sec'y; A. J. Parker, Treas.; W. A. Farr, Supt.; George F. Allen, Mas. 3d Vail; C. E. A. Winslow, Mas. 2d Vail; N. Clemson, Mas. 1st Vail; J. P. Phillips, Sentinel. Stated Convocations for ensuing year first Wednesday each month. W. A. FARR, Sec.

O. E. EMERSON, though a little out of sight in his location near the grist-mill, is determined that people shall know where he is and that he sells furniture and stoves at very low prices. He is confident that he has the best cooking stove in the market. See his advertisement in another column.

THE CATHOLICS, as we learn, have purchased of Mr. John Ware the old Sanger homestead on which to erect a church. After a large outlay they have concluded to abandon their enterprise on the Plains, though it must involve quite a loss.

THE locomotive "Kennebec," which comes out of the Waterville shop with a new coat of paint, is pronounced by the Augusta Journal "as neat and pretty as any machine on the road."

MAJ. JOSEPH MARSTON, our Street Commissioner, is actively engaged in putting our streets and sidewalks in order preparatory for Commencement. We only wish he had more funds at his command, that he might make new what he is now obliged to patch.

PHOTOGRAPHERS, and their visitors, will find some valuable hints in an article upon our first page which we commend to careful reading.

THE EVILS of "INNOCENT" FLIRTATION, are well set forth in the story which we conclude this week. Young men and maidens—beware.

MORRELL, of the Home Journal, appears as one of the solid men of Gardiner, in a list of the big tax payers. He is also building a new house in a desirable location, "roosting high," though, fearing a flood. In explanation of this exceptional prosperity of an editor, we remark that he is an active and prosperous insurance agent.

THE MAINE CLASSICAL SCHOOL of the Congregationalists—intended for a feeder of Bowdoin College—has finally been located at Hallowell.

HON. JOSEPH HOBSON, of Saco, one of the largest lumber dealers in the State, has failed, and has effected a settlement with his creditors agreeing to pay twenty-five cents on a dollar.

THE RIVER DRIVERS are close upon us and the Kennebec is full of logs.

We find the following in the last Standard:—Joseph B. Chandler, being the next in rank, has taken charge of the mixed train between Portland and Augusta, formerly in charge of Charles Merrill before his suspension from duty.

STONE & MURRAY'S CIRCUS.—Those Kings

of Showmen, Stone & Murray, with their celebrated circus troupe will be in Waterville on Monday, July 24th. It is needless for us to remind our readers of the merit of their performances, or of the character of their exhibitions. Led by a desire to please and gratify their patrons, each year they have endeavored to add fresh novelties, and by presenting the very highest order of talent, to earn the kind appreciation of all who visit the circus. In this they have always succeeded, and the universal confidence, gained by the management, is a sufficient guarantee that whatever they announce will be produced. They claim to have this season a better company and more sensations than ever before. Our exchanges commend their performances very highly. Aside from the grand balloon ascension, and the tight wire performance by a lady, which are free attractions, the wonders of the arctic acts are great. We are told that the great manege act of Mlle Rosina, on her beautiful Danish palfrey, Dagamar, is claiming wide spread admiration, especially among the ladies, while the tricks of Snow Brothers' troupe of dogs, delight the little folks amazingly. Eminent stars from both hemispheres are included in the galaxy of performers. The jests of the clowns are free of all vulgarity, and everything done is in keeping with that sterling sense of propriety which has ever characterized the performances of the Great Stone & Murray Circus, which will be in Waterville, on Monday July 24th.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mrs. Butler, wife of E. L. Butler, of North Anson, died in an apoplectic fit on Tuesday, the 7th inst., at 11 o'clock, A. M. She complained of feeling unwell only a few minutes before her death.

ACCIDENT AT SOMERSET MILLS.—Mr. Wyman, an operative in the mill of Silas Bates & Co., stuck an axe into the side of his foot, Saturday morning, July 8th, injuring him quite severely.

The Pullman Car company are to put more cars on the route between Boston and Bangor, as soon as they can be built.

ONE IN FIFTEEN.—One man in every fifteen insured by the TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford (Accident Department), has been paid a claim for non-fatal or fatal injury, disbursing nearly \$700 per day for every day of the Company's existence.

The difficulty between the priest of the Catholic church in Hudson, New York, and his parishioners, which has resulted in the barring out the past two Sundays, grew out of his refusal to allow the members of his parish the privilege of participating in the decoration of soldiers' graves, because it was a Protestant affair, and refused the administration of the temperance pledge to those who took part in the demonstration. He publicly struck one of his parishioners who stated his inability to pay what was demanded of him by the priest. He assumed the entire control of the means of the church, and acted the Autocrat to an extent that could only be limited by the law, or the forbearance of his people. The bishop of the diocese, on a representation of the facts, promised relief to the parish, but the offending priest has not yet been removed.—[Portland Press.

231,189.—On the 1st day of July, the TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY of Hartford, had written Twelve Thousand Life Policies and Two Hundred and Nineteen Thousand One Hundred and Eighty-nine Accident Policies.

A large number of railroad men, representing all the principal lines out of Portland, as well as other New England roads, attended the formal opening of the Portland & Rochester road on Tuesday. Many speeches were made at Rochester, before and after the collision, served by Webster at the town hall. This road is 62 miles long. It was first chartered in 1846, but nothing was done at organizing till 1848. Only 10 are living of the original 37 corporators. It was opened to Gorham in 1851. Much enthusiasm was manifested at Rochester on the arrival and departure of the guests.

A PROSPEROUS INSTITUTION.—The annual meeting of the TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, occurred on the 3d inst. The Secretary reports facts which will interest 40,000 policy holders, if no one else. Since organization, the Company has issued 219,189 accident policies, and 12,000 life policies; paid \$1,602,832, 23 for death and disability claims and has cash assets amounting to \$1,743,638.79. After amply providing for all liabilities including capital stock, the Company has a surplus (New York standard of reserve) of \$251,498.47 left. This showing is good enough for anybody.—[From Hartford Daily Courant, July 6, 1871.

MR. J. F. HUNNEWELL, of China, was thrown from his mowing machine on Saturday, and was quite severely injured in the back; says the Journal.

MR. SUMNER C. BAKER of Albion, was suddenly attacked on last Wednesday, with what was supposed to be bilious colic, and on Thursday evening expired. He was a well known and highly-respected citizen.

John D. Hamblet, an old resident of Portland, and nearly seventy years old, committed suicide on Monday morning by hanging, at the house of his son-in-law, with whom he was living on Grove street. He had been out of work the most of the time lately, and he was much discouraged in consequence.

The Maine Central Railroad Company pays a semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent. on the stock of the Portland & Kennebec Railroad on the 25th inst.

A WOMAN BURNED TO DEATH.—We learn from the Sunrise that on the 5th of June, Mr. Josiah Moore's barn in Lyndon was burned, and its entire contents; also a barn belonging to Elisha Reynolds. Mr. Moore, while trying to rescue his house from the flames, was badly burned, as was his daughter, while saving her little brother from perishing in the flames. But the most lamentable part of the affair was that Mrs. Sallie Reynolds, a widow lady aged 62, while aiding in saving Mr. Moore's family from the fire, was herself so badly burned that she lived only eight hours, her clothes being burned entirely off of her. The fire originated in a chopping about a mile and a half distant. The whole country in the Reynolds vicinity was on fire, and it was with the greatest difficulty that other buildings were saved.

Five young men from Dexter were out in a boat fishing on Sangerville Centre Pond, on Friday, when by some means their craft was capsized, and two of the party, named Frank French and Charles Libby, were drowned. One swam ashore, and two clung to the boat and were saved. The two who were drowned leave families.

The people of Monroe Centre celebrated the Fourth by holding a revival meeting, where five hundred persons were present. The day was spent from 9 o'clock A. M. till 5 P. M., with an hour's intermission, in exhortations and preaching.

Bowen, the bigamist, was released Saturday. His pardon is on the grounds that "he was innocent of any violation of law, that he acted in good faith, believing his former wife to be dead and it appears he rendered good service to the cause of the Union during the rebellion and since its termination, and has endeavored to lead an honest and upright life," as also that "United States Attorney Fisher would be gratified by the exercise of Executive clemency."

FRANCE.—Gambetta has written a letter rejoicing over the result of the elections, and urging moderation and patience on all. The lists of candidates voted for by the army were all headed by Gambetta's name.

President Thiers has written a letter to the Pope, inviting him to take up his residence in France. M. Thiers makes a humble apology to the Holy Father for the inability of France to interfere in behalf of the temporal power of the Roman States, but declares it to be his earnest conviction that Italian unity is not possible.

Syracuse had the most violent storm known for years on Sunday. Lightning struck in every part of the city, and one man was killed. In Dayton, Ohio, there was also a hard storm. The German Lutheran church was ruined, and four persons killed and twenty injured.

Tad Lincoln, son of Ex-President Lincoln, is seriously ill of diphtheria. His recovery is regarded as very doubtful. His mother is in constant attention upon him.

Dr. Burleigh of Dexter, well known as an experienced physician and surgeon, died very suddenly on Sunday last. Deceased was between 70 and 80 years of age, and among the first settlers of the town.

Mr. John Ray of Solon, a young man about 20 years old was drowned at Carratunk falls, just below the main pitch, last Monday. He was on the drive, at work on a jam of logs, and in an attempt to throw a warp from a high ledge on the shore to the jam, lost his balance and went in. He was swept under the jam of logs and never seen afterwards.—[The Union Advocate.

The Dunn Edge Tool Company of West Waterville, are laying the foundation of a new ax factory. The building will be about one hundred and thirty feet long, and will be so arranged as to take the material in the bar and turn it out fitted for the market, the whole of the process being conducted under one roof.

A Killing frost was reported in some parts of Vermont last Friday night.

The Journal says that on Saturday morning the house of James M. Morrill, of Winslow, was burned. Origin of the fire unknown. Loss about \$300.

The Journal says the Maine Central extension is rapidly approaching completion. It is probable that trains will run over it regularly by the middle of August, or by the last Monday, at the farthest.

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MAYING TOOLS,
Cheaper than Elsewhere.

As he has large stock of them and to close out
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A grandson of "Rydyk's Hambletonian." See Advertisement in Maine Farmer, or send for a circular.

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WOOLEN GOODS
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Now is the Time to Buy!
I am selling out my SPRING and SUMMER GOODS lower than ever, and if you wish to get the advantage of the market

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