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Maxham & Wing

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ENDEAVOR.

A MOANING cry, as the world rolls,
Through gloom of sorrow and glory of sky,
Rings in my ears forever;
And I know not what it profits a man
To plough and sow, to study and plan,
To reap the harvest never.
"Abide, in truth abide,"
Spoke a low voice at my side,
"Abide thou, and Endeavor."
And even though, after care and toil,
I should see my hopes from a kindly soil,
Though late, yet blossoming ever,
Perchance the prize were not worth the pain,
Perchance this fretting and wasting of brain
Wins its true guerdon never.
"Abide, in love abide,"
The tender voice replied,
"Abide thou, and Endeavor."
"Strive, endeavor—'t profits more
To fight and fall, than on Time's dull shore
To sit an idler ever;
For him who bares his arm to the strife,
Firm at his post in the battle of life,
The victory fifteth never."
"Therefore in faith abide,"
The earnest voice still cried,
"Abide thou, and Endeavor."

[From Harper's Magazine.]

UNCLE NATHAN'S CHARITY.

BLACK Dinah, the factotum of Wellsford, had been all day cleaning paint and windows for Mrs. Prescott, and now, with a deep sigh of satisfaction she had settled down, with square-shouldered comfort, to take her nooning in a strengthening cup of tea off the end of the kitchen table. Old Dinah had lived long enough in Wellsford to establish a reputation. She had her rights and privileges secured; and nobody thought of checking the free flow of her conversational powers.

"Lor' bress you, honey," said she, her face aglow under the wisp of cotton handkerchief twisted about her head; "I'm as chirky as I kin be robin de lin'; for I can't do chorin' I kin do nussin', and nussin' is pretty ginal; but if nussin' runs short, dar's washin', dat's mighty tidy; and it's all along of Mass' Prescott. Pomp and me w' lous dat; for he am de friend of poor folks; and if dey be culled, makes no difference whatevver dey be."

"I guess he's a clever man," responded Mrs. Prescott, with a strong Yankee accent, as, mounted on a chair, she set away the medicine bottles on the top shelf of the cupboard, which had just been scrubbed sweet and clean; "for I've summered and wintered with him over thirty five years. He lets me fume and fret, and don't check up hard, for he knows I'm tender-bitted. Mother took things hard, and I'm like her. But I don't say he ain't trying sometimes. I tell him charity begins at home, and his notion is that every poor, miserable tramp and vagabone comes along is his kin. He brings 'em in, tracking the floor, and smoking their dirty old pipes in my window-curtains, till I haven't a mite of patience left."

"Bress your heart, chile," responded Dinah, like a great black peace-and-plenty, at the same time lifting a capacious blue saviour to her lips; "Mass' Prescott mines what de Lord Jesus says 'bout sittin' down wid publicans and sinners. I don't spees dey be de same publicans we has nowadays what 'lected Mass' Linkum. I reckon, honey, dey was only poor white trash."

"Well," said Mrs. Prescott, in answer to Dinah's profound philosophical remark, as she got down off the chair, "I hope to goodness there won't any poor, miserable creature come along to-day that'll have to be took in and fed. There ain't a moule cooked in the house, and every thing is in the suds. The stair carpet is up, and all the chambers are turned out of the windows. I had to put off house cleaning a week on account of that co-repeter that was staying here. Husband ain't a professing Christian, but I guess he feeds more ministers than any man in Wellsford. Coleporter met me peddler in plain English, for he had a package of books to sell. I took a squint into his sack, and there wasn't but one extra shirt, and that was ragged; and his socks were all in holes. I tucked in a couple of pairs I'd been knitting for husband; but I kept whist about it, for I thought he'd think it looked shaller after all I'd said. It did me good though, to see the poor soul eat. I don't believe he had a full meal of victuals for a month; and I when he began to drink milk I got scared fairly to see him take such a pull; it did seem as though he was noller clear through."

"Specks he was, honey," returned Dinah, wagging her head profoundly, "ef he b'long to de lean kin. 'Pears like dey neber can get enuf; but Mass' Prescott feeds 'em all alike, as de sun shine on de debil and de good. Dars some folks, honey, dat tink deys a leetle better dan de Lord, but Mass' Prescott ain't one o' dem kin. Poor brack folks, ef dey is ignorance, knows when de Lord is smilin'; and if I goes juss to de kingdom, and de door is shut, and Gabrel won't open it now for ole Dinah, I jess wait till Mass' Prescott comes along, and den I ketch hold of his coat tail; for he neber would be happy in Abraham's bosom ef he knew dar was some poor creeter a-moanin', and a-beatin' at de gate."

Old Dinah took up her scrubbing pail and went off to purify the front chamber with soap and water; but Mrs. Prescott sank down in her favorite rocking-chair in a long stream of spring sunshine, with the contents of the buttery standing about her on the kitchen floor. Pots and pans, pickle jars and preserve crocks, had been remorselessly turned out of their dwelling-place in the middle of house-cleaning. The good woman's hair was tousled. She had dropped her collar off somewhere, and her work-apron was twisted half round her body, over the worst calico dress she possessed. There was a glimpse of a clean white stocking and a tidy shoe underneath, but the tired flush on her face made her regardless of outside appearances. She put her head back wearily against the cushion of her old rocking chair, that seemed at that moment the best friend she had in the world, and thought to herself that she would like to creep away from all the dirt and confusion into some hole and sleep a week. Young leaves were fluttering about the dooryard trees; the pink tips of the orchard buds were gently expanding; the lilac bushes by the window were tassled all over with purple blossoms; the greensward was resplendent with splintering golden dandelions. There poor tired Mrs. Prescott was nodding in her chair, with a great blue-bottle fly buzzing about her head, and tortured by a dream of the house turned topsy-turvy, with Deacon Minturn, his wife, and thirteen children just arrived to spend the night.

"Hullo, here I are all the folks asleep? or ain't there any of you to home?"

Mrs. Prescott woke with a start, and there was the good-natured face of a countryman thrust over the sill. He was a young fellow, with big upper jaw and shovel teeth. He wore a long tow frock over his other clothes, and carried an ox-goad.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Welcome?"

"Yes marm. I made a pretty considerable of a row round these diggings, but I couldn't start any body, so I thought I'd come and peck in at the window. I've got a yoke of pesky cattle round by the gate. They ain't more than half broke, and will run like all possessed if they take a notion to; so I can't stop; but here's a letter I got for your folks out of the post-office."

"Oh, I hope she'll let me love her, I like you so much. I can't remember my father."

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WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1871.

NO. 5.

He threw a buff envelope in at the window, and then clattered back along the plank walk that ran round the house.

"Why, it's from Ray," said Mrs. Prescott to herself as she adjusted her specks over the bridge of her nose and proceeded to slit the end of the cover. "He says he's coming home a month earlier than he allowed—will be here next week. Dear me, how glad we shall be to see the boy! such a great lumux as he has grown—always playing his pranks."

Ray was the youngest son. The other children had married and settled at a distance from home. He had been through college, and was teaching in an academy; and yet his parents hoped he would eventually come and live on the old place.

"I am getting up an appetite for your bread-and-butter, doughnuts, and baked beans," the letter ran. Boarding-house hash don't agree with my constitution, but it don't seem to 'stunt' my growth, for I have quite stretched out the sleeves of my best coat."

"Growing!" exclaimed Mrs. Prescott, aloud, "and he is six feet in his socks this blessed minute." She sighed to herself as she thought of the way the big fellow had of stalking into the house, and throwing open doors and windows, admitting flies, light, and dust, her three abominations; how he would stretch himself on the best sofa, and crumple the tidies up under his back, and preach about not having any thing in a house too good to use. Beside, Ray had sworn off against sleeping on feathers, and against fried pork. He was always exhorting her to observe the laws of health, and like many other matrons of her class, the excellent woman did not love the laws of health, therefore she sighed as she looked at the confusion around her, and thought she almost wished her great boy, with his new fangled notions, had put off coming home until house cleaning was over.

Dinah had mopped up the steppey floor, and set things in train for supper; and now she unlocked the skirt of her dress, and rolled down her sleeves, and pinned a bright plaid shawl over her shoulders, with a comfortable sense that she was going back to Pompey and the little home cabin.

"It's be right smart 'bout comin' roun, 'n de mornin'," said she, "so don't bodder. Pompey tole me to ax you for de loan ob an ole booky-tion, Missy Prescott, to pick out de big words for his preachment up at de Corners. De brack folks like a big soun' mighty well, an' I spees dey ain't de only ones."

"Dictionary," repeated Mrs. Prescott, helplessly. "I haven't the faintest idea where it's to be found."

"Neber mine. Pomp kin make up de words out of his own head, an' if de folks don't know what dey mean, dey'll tink he's powerful smart preacher."

Dinah took up the little tin bucket filled with battermilk which Mrs. Prescott had given her, and trotted out of the yard gate and off down the road, where the sun was shining low and level, making the grass blades sparkle with hundreds of diamonds. A gentle breeze ran along the tops of the fruit-trees, where the blossoms were ripest, and shook down showers of white petals. Sweet perfumes came up along the stone walls, where blue violets had opened their eyes, and buttercups were beginning to nod. Far ahead Dinah could see the brown roadway, and the shady bridge, and the turn-out through the creek, where peppermint was growing. Beyond that point something was kicking up a great dust against the sun, with rattling wheels and the beat of horses' hoofs. There were two teams running a race, and presently a white horse and green-bodied democrat wagon hove in sight.

"Bress my ole eyes, if dar ain't Mass' Prescott drivin' like split!" thought Dinah. "And he's got somebody in wid him; an' ef it's company he's takin' home, I 'lows he'll ketch it."

In a moment more the democrat wagon was alongside; and Uncle Nathan, as he was called, spoke cheerily to old Dinah, who stood courtesying and beaming upon him from the piazza. There was a young girl on the seat beside him, wrapped in a large black shawl. Her face was pale, lit by a pair of loving brown eyes, with the patient look which comes from illness.

"I hope you didn't get scared," said Uncle Nathan to his companion as he turned the butt end of his long new whip in the hollow of his hand and let old White breathe after the stretcher he had given him. "I know it looks kind of weak to see an old fellow like me racing horses; but I do like to take the conceit out of them boys. Mike Higgins yonder thinks his black mare can say good-by to anything on the road."

"Oh, I wasn't frightened a bit," replied the young girl, glancing up into his face with a flush of healthy excitement, which made her look almost beautiful. "I liked it, for it's more than a year since I've had a real country ride."

"That's too bad," said Uncle Nathan, switching away at the grass and weeds by the roadside. No wonder you look so peaked. You've been cooped up in a close room while you were getting your growth, like a potato that's sprouting in the cellar. But there's lots of air up here in Wellsford. It don't cost nothing; and you must take the breath of the cows—they say it's good for weekly folks—and drink all the new milk you want. I shan't let you touch a needle till you begin to plump up; but I guess it won't hurt you to do a little light clorin' round."

"Oh, how kind you are!" returned the young girl, with her soft eyes growing humid. "You know, Mr. Prescott, I should like to pay my way. I never mean to be a burden so long as I can crawl round; but I'm afraid your wife won't be glad to see me. She'll think I'm intruding."

"Pshaw! don't call me Mr. Prescott. Call me Uncle Nathan, or Uncle Nate; I don't care which; and you needn't fret about the folks at home." They had gained now a little rise of ground, from which the well-shaded homestead could be seen, and the face of the kind-hearted man clouded over a little in spite of his re-assuring words. "I forgot all about its being house cleaning time," he added, "and Patty—that's my wife—may scold me some for bringing you home when the house is in such a mess, for she is an awful neat woman; but I never mind what she says when she's tucked out, and you mustn't. She's easy ruled when she's tired, like other folks; but her heart is just as soft as a baby's; and in less than a week I shouldn't wonder if she was most eat up with you."

"Oh, I hope she'll let me love her, I like you so much. I can't remember my father."

"Oh, I hope she'll let me love her, I like you so much. I can't remember my father."

He died when I was a little thing; but I'm sure he must have seemed just as you do."

Such loving innocence and truth looked out of the brown eyes into that Uncle Nathan felt his kind old heart growing warm and soft. He turned and put his big brown hand in over the little hand that lay on the shawl.

"Your name is Charity, ain't it?" said he. "That's a good name, and I guess I shall have to call you my Charity; for I hain't got any girl of my own."

There wasn't much more said, and Charity sat still and looked at the stars, which were kindling in the purple sky. When they drove into the yard in the brown dusk Mrs. Prescott was gazing rather grimly out of the window.

"You just sit here and hold on to the lines, while I run into the house a minute," said Uncle Nathan. Charity's heart sank as she realized that he had gone to reconnoiter the interior on her behalf; but, nevertheless, she could see by the remnant of daylight left that it was a nice old place, with green fields about it, and a great comfortable garden.

"Now I want to know if you've brought somebody home with you, Nathan Prescott?" was the greeting of his wife, in no very pleasant tone of voice, as he crossed the threshold. "It's a burning shame if you have, for I'm up to my eyes in work; and a man that had a particle of feeling for his women folks wouldn't pile things on in house-cleaning time. I'm so tired I can scarcely draw one foot before the other." She dropped down on a chair, and put her handkerchief to her eyes with a deeply injured air.

"Now don't take on so, wife," said Uncle Nathan soothingly. "Wait till you hear my story. She's a poor young seamstress that's got a hacking cough and a pain in the side, and wouldn't last long bending all day over the machine, and wearing her life away in Miss Bright's shop. Dr. Mayhew spoke to me about her. Says he, 'You like to do a good deed now and then, and if you'd befriended the young thing, and take her out to your place to recruit, it would be an act of christian charity.'"

"You might have considered me," broke in Mrs. Prescott. "I'm in a pretty plight, to wait on sick folks, when there ain't a chair in the house fit to ask anybody to sit down on."

"She don't need a mite of waiting on," returned Uncle Nathan, still more coaxingly. "They've kept her shut up in that shop till she's begun to wilt, but a little fig it house-till out here won't hurt her a bit."

Mrs. Prescott made no reply. She turned about impatiently, and began drumming on the window-pane, while the meat frizzled and fried over the stove. Uncle Nathan stepped back to the wagon to help out Charity.

"I'm afraid Mrs. Prescott won't be glad to see me," said she, timidly.

"Pshaw!" returned Uncle Nathan, with assumed bravado. "Don't you worry about that. She's tired out cleaning house; and it's enough to make a saint touchy."

"This is Charity Fillmore," said he, as he preceded the shrinking young girl into the kitchen, with his arms filled with grocery bundles. Mrs. Prescott was standing up, lone and hopeless, by the table, lighting a candle. She gave merely a cold nod, and pointed to a chair, and poor Charity slid into it, with her heart as heavy as lead. She was tasting the bitterness of the unweleome guest.

"Charity might as well sleep up in the middle chamber," said Uncle Nathan trying to be cheery. "She can go right up there, can't she, and take her things off?"

"There ain't but one bed up in the house, and things are all in heaps everywhere," returned his wife, rather glumly, as she drew some potatoes from the steaming pot on the end of a long fork.

"Never mind, Charity; you come with me, and we will soon make a shakedown that will answer for one night." They went up stairs together, and pretty soon the chamber door opened, and Mrs. Prescott called out, "Supper's ready!"

On descending they found her seated at the table, looking woe-begone. She had poured out three cups of tea, and was dishing the stewed peaches.

"Ain't you going to eat anything, Patty?" inquired Uncle Nathan, as he cut the meat, while his wife settled back in her chair, and put her hand wearily up to her face.

"No; my head aches; and I'm too tired to touch a mouthful; but I'll try and swallow a cup of tea."

"If you are going to have one of your bad headaches you'd better go right to bed, and let me straighten things out for the night. The dishes can stand until old Dinah comes in the morning."

"I could wash the dishes if you would let me," said Charity a little timidly. "My aunt, who brought me up, taught me to do house-work. It was after she died that I had to go into the shop."

Mrs. Prescott looked at the girl, and saw that she had a modest face, almost pathetic in its pallor, large eyes and silky brown hair that went rippling all over her small but shapely head.

"The result was that Charity was allowed to wash the dishes. Uncle Nathan brought in the wood for the night, and piled it up by the stove with some kindlings and shavings. Then he came and stood by Charity while she was working away at the sink.

"You mustn't feel homesick," said he in his kindly way, for bimby he shall get sicked up, and things will seem different. I should be sorry if the croaking of the frogs over in the pond made you lonesome."

"There isn't any danger," returned Charity. "I know what a pretty old place this must be in the day-time; and the grass and trees and the blue sky are just as new to me as if I had never seen them before."

"I want you to make yourself at home," returned Uncle Nathan; "and I guess you'll like to hunt hen's nests in the barn. You may ride old White round through the lots if you take a notion. It won't do you a mite of harm to play tomboy. Mother and me, we ain't much company for young folks; but Ray will be home next week." Charity longed to ask who Ray was; but she kept still, and he lifted his big hand and laid it gently on her head. "How soft your hair is!" said he. "It's like the silk that comes on corn when it begins to tassel out."

The words were nothing; the manner was exceedingly kind. The young girl had never been treated so before by a great tender-heart

ed man whose nature was both fatherly and motherly. The tears welled up into her eyes. She longed to tell him how much she thanked him, but the sentence grew too big and staid in her throat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE STORM CLOUD IN THE FUTURE.—The recent terrible events in Paris have created a profound impression in all civilized countries. It is not merely that a revelation broke out in the French capital, and was quenched in fire and blood. It is not merely that a carnival of butchery and destruction for a period passed through her streets. Similar scenes have been witnessed before in Paris. The deep sensation which the recent outbreaks have produced is due to other causes. For the first time in modern history, the great, mute, hard-pressed under class is seen raising its terrible head from beneath the weights which have rested on it for ages, and claiming with fiery passion what it supposes to be its rights. The spectre which rises above the flames of Paris, terrifying all European nations, is something more terrible than Revolution; it is the phantom of Socialism—a of toiling, ignorant and impoverished multitude, demanding with blood and iron 'an equal share in the wealth of the rich.

All nations possess this ignorant working class. All this class except our own have been pressed down with unjust burdens. All have a capitalist and aristocratic class, who have been favored by legislation and custom until they have appropriated to themselves a disproportionate share of the blessings Providence meant for all. All, in their facilities for education, in the extension of political rights, in opening an equal career for every man, have forgotten the poor and laboring masses. They have neglected popular schools, and the lowest ranks of the community have become infected with socialistic fallacies. They have never offered to the workmen a share in the Government, and those men have, of course, felt that they had nothing to do with the State, which was only a tyrant and plunderer of the poor. They have forced on those people a State Church, and have presented a priesthood always in sympathy with the rich and the powerful, while "the people" have come to look on the Church as a hypocritical institution designed to hood-wink and enslave the masses, and to regard religion as a superstition in the interests of the prosperous.

The fortunate and the powerful have built their structures of society and Government, and have put out of thought the dense multitudes of ignorant and hard working and down pressed men. No change has been offered the poor and unfortunate. The wealthy and high-born and learned have had all the opportunities of life. The result of all this in Europe is perfectly natural. The working and poor classes of every country are in no sympathy with either State or Church. They believe both to be burdens on humanity. They demand an utterly new society. They wish to reconstruct the world on fresh principles. They have society as it now is; they too often despise religion; they trample on the existing laws of property and business; they call for new customs, a new marriage law, a new distribution of property, a new Church and State. This great passionate, discontented mass has just revealed itself in the convulsions of Paris. Horrible as its excesses were in the French city, the British "Internationals" do not hesitate to express their sympathy with them, and they have unquestionably the sympathy of the "La Salle" wing of the German working classes, and of the corresponding faction in all other countries. Even here there have been words of apology and sympathy for these wild revolutionists.

Each nation will now feel its tremendous responsibility for the existence of those classes which breed "Communists." Each will, without doubt, adopt the means which have been so efficacious here in checking the growth of a wild and ignorant socialism. Every civilized country will see the pressing necessity of providing for its poorer classes free schools and a good popular education. It will be more ready to extend suffrage, and give all portions of the community an interest in its prosperity. It will see the wisdom of separating Church and State and leaving religion solely to voluntary support. It will lighten taxes and tithes on the poor, and facilitate the division and sale of land. Even then, however, there will remain in the United States, and in every country, the natural discontent which the poor will always feel at their condition, and the eternal bitterness between labor and capital. But here labor will gain all that can be gained in its struggle, through legislation; and capital will feel an increasing responsibility in all measures and institutions which tend to elevate and educate the lowest classes; so that in this country, at least, we may hope that the ill-boding cloud of Communism will pass away without the storm breaking forth.—N. Y. Times.

HONOR THE SCISSORS.—Some people, who are ignorant of what good editing is, imagine the getting up of selected matter to be quite the easiest thing in the world to do, whereas it is the nicest work that is done on a paper. If they find the editor with scissors in hand, they are sure to say, "Eh! that's the way you get up original matter, eh!" accompanying their new and witty questions with an idiotic wink or smile. The facts are, that the interest, the morality, the variety and usefulness of a paper depend, in no small degree, upon its selected matter, and few men are fully capable of the position who would not themselves be able to write many of the articles they select. A sensible editor desires considerable selected matter, because he knows that one mind can't make so good a paper as five or six.—[American Newspaper Reporter.]

A party of Boston men recently visited a Nevada silver mine, and upon coming out of the tunnel, one of them offered their guide, who chanced to be one of the principal owners of the mine, a half dollar for his trouble. The miner looked at the money a moment, and then, turning to the man said, "May I ask you how much you are estimated at home to be worth?" "About \$25,000," replied the Bostonian. "Well," said the miner, "I guess I won't take your half dollar. I made a quarter of a million here last month."

The Rockland Free Press says if you want to serve your country, keep a Free Press, and then people will know where to find a brace of puppys.

"John Rogers' nine children and one at the breast, were but nine as I make it," said Harry.

"There were ten as I figure it up," said his guest.

"Or there would not have been one to carry."

There never was a wit at the bar so ready as Curran. Upon one occasion, when he had laid down some points which did not find favor in the eyes of the presiding judge, Lord Clare said: "If that be the law I may as well burn my books." "Better read them, my lord," replied Curran.

The witty John Clark, the barrister who was lame, overheard a lady remark to a friend, "That's John Clark, the lame lawyer." Mr. Clark, who was passing along the street, turned round, and addressing the lady, said: "No, madam, I am a lame man, but not a lame lawyer."

This article is from a valuable agricultural journal: "Don't let your cattle stray; they wander to the most mysterious places; we once saw a cow hide in a shoemaker's shop."

WHAT THE MICROSCOPE REVEALS.—WITH A MORAL.—Lewenboeck tells us of an insect seen with the microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only equal a mite.

Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand.

Mold is a forest of beautiful trees, with the branches, leaves, and fruit.

Butterflies are fully feathered.

Hairs are hollow tubes.

The surface of our bodies is covered with scales like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores. Through the narrow openings the sweat forces itself like water through a sieve.

The mites make five hundred steps a second.

Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea.

Moral.—Have some care as to the air you breathe, the food you eat, and the water you drink.—Horns and Health.

MEDICAL MICROSCOPY.—It is difficult, says the American Journal of Microscopy, to imagine how any physician can practice with satisfaction to himself and for the good of his patients, without the aid of the microscope. In all the recent text books relating to pathological anatomy, diagnosis, and other departments of medicine, constant allusion to the developments of the microscope in throwing light on the essential nature of disease. We hold that the physician who ignores microscopic analysis and investigation is not fit to treat obscure and complicated disease. As an illustration of this a case came under the care of the writer—of a gentleman who for years had suffered intensely from dyspeptic symptoms accompanied by great mental depression—so peculiar as to deprive him of nearly all social enjoyment, or business energy. He had been treated by many physicians but got no relief. His urine had never been analyzed. Upon placing a portion of the sediment, prepared according to Dr. Bird's directions, under a moderate power, the specimen showed the presence of a large quantity of the crystals of oxalate of lime. The diagnosis was now clear enough, and the treatment plainly indicated. A complete recovery followed in a few weeks.

The literary world is agape with wonder over a new California genius and poet, one Joaquin Miller, who "grinly hugging his manuscripts made ready for the press across the continent, posted through New York city, set his back against Boston, and sailed for England; where in London, at his own expense and without the aid of a publisher, he brought out an edition of five hundred copies of a collection of original poems, which at once created a sensation in the great metropolis, and won long columns of praise from the leading London critics." He is as much talked about, and asked about as Bret Harte was a little time ago. He is said to be an unadulterated American of the West—a rough, "unvarnished" Californian, an original forty-niner and a genius. He has lived a good part of his days in California, and has roughed it at the mines and led a life as unlike that of a poet's as one can imagine.

THE WIGGLE-WAGGLE WALK.—It is a bright day, and the ladies are out in force. Now let us notice how they walk. Why, they don't swing their arms at all! Their arms must be laced down to their sides? No, they are holding their arms still. Their arms look for all the world like the wings of a Christmas turkey, all tied down and ready to be put into the oven.

It must be hard work to walk in that way! It is very hard indeed, and you see they have to walk slowly, and wiggle their hips.

What a funny motion that wiggle is. I should think fastidious people might call it vulgar and immodest.

Oh, well that depends upon the fashion. That wiggle-waggle is all the go now.

I should think it would lame them across the back.

It does; there's not a lady in twenty, who is not lame across the small of the back. Let a man wear a shawl and hold it together in front with his hands, and he will not walk far before his back will ache.

It is a hard strain upon the spine to walk without swinging the arms.—[Dio Lewis.]

THINGS THAT HURT THE TEETH.—Among the things hurtful to the teeth, we notice the bad habit of using them for purposes for which they were never intended. Persons who with their teeth crack nuts, draw corks and nails, lift heavy weights, and bite thread—a thing especially to caution ladies against—only expose to premature decay, organs indispensable to nutrition and beauty. Smoking is also to be deprecated, for it corrodes the teeth, and the sudden change many times in inhaling cold air causes an inflammatory action of the mucous membranes of the mouth. The continued use of pipes, and cigar holders, being made of hard substances, wears away the teeth. Look at an old man who smokes a clay pipe, for example, and you will find the lateral incisor and cuspid worn to such a shape that they exactly fit the stem of his pipe. There is a habit which the ladies have of putting pins and needles in their mouths and often carrying them there for a long time. This is no little matter, for the contact of these hard bodies, pressed with more or less force, will wear away the enamel, and sometimes induces caries of the whole tooth.—[Dr. Ambler.]

A new keg, churn, bucket or other wooden vessel, will generally communicate a disagreeable taste to anything that is put into it. To prevent this inconvenience, scald the vessel well with boiling water, letting the water remain

in it until cold; then dissolve some pearlash or soda in lukewarm water, adding a little lime to it. Wash the inside of the vessel well with this solution. Afterward scald it well with hot water, and rinse with cold water before you use it. The reason for this is the ready combination of resinous matter with alkalis to form compounds soluble in alcohol.

Some one asks Mr. Beecher whether it is improper for a woman to read printed sermons to a country church without a pastor, and gets this response.

Let all things be done unto edifying, whether man or woman be the doer. It were a pity to waste through prayers and sermons as a solemn sleepy Sunday service—a penance between two weeks of sin. But if a woman can so read prayers and sermons, by whomsoever written, as to interest and quicken the spiritual life of neighbors, and lead them toward prayer, and hope, and holy living, let her go forward fearlessly and read. And if, while thus reading a prayer or a sermon, a glow come over her, and a light shine within her, and words of prayer or exhortation come forth unbidden and unexpected, let her not be ashamed, for she will not be the first woman, by many thousands, through whom the Spirit of God hath spoken.

The eminent English agricultural chemist, Dr. Volcker, asserts his belief that it is impossible to determine from a soil-analysis whether land is productive or not. To those who only imperfectly know the teachings of modern agricultural science, it appears very simple to remedy a deficient soil by finding out through analysis the wanting constituents, and then supply them. But this is not so. Not only is it difficult exactly to analyze a soil, but many other conditions besides the composition of the land have to be observed. The state of combination in which the mineral constituents of a land are found, the physical condition of the soil, the presence or absence of some matter injurious to the growth of plants, all these are so many important points upon which soil-analysis throws no light whatever.

A Philadelphia ministerial conference has been discussing the question whether the wine made by Jesus from water at the wedding in Cana, was intoxicating or not. They could not decide, but took the safe ground that whether it was or not, wine is now intoxicating and should be left alone.

The Boston Lyceum Magazine says that professional lecturers almost always prefer the refreshing neglect of a hotel to the exhausting hospitality of a private house. If you are a minister given to "exchanging" you probably know how it is yourself.

In a town in Ohio not long ago, the women went in bands of two and three with their knitting and sewing into dress-shops of the place, and spent the whole day with their work, and talked politely upon various topics. Husbands and friends came in, saw how things looked, and had not the courage to step up to the bar and drink. This was kept up for several days and the result was every shop in the place was closed.

Although Mr. John Hay assures it his saint, Jim Bludso "never flunked and never lied," the Independent finds it difficult to understand how a man could have had

"One wife in Natchez under the hill, And another one out in Pike," without being a most abominable liar.

TEACH CHILDREN TO CONVERSE.—Comparatively few people know the real value of being able to converse well. And yet is there really any accomplishment that is as valuable and delightful? Ambitious mothers exert every energy to have their daughters accomplished in music, drawing, painting; to have them perfect in the sciences and literature; but how few think of the one over-crowning excellence of all, the art to convey to others in a clear, sensible, and attractive manner, the stores of the mind? Great care should be taken to make the ideas of children correct; they should be taught to look carefully at small things—at everything desirable to know at all—to understand thoroughly, and then

Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DANIEL WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JULY 28, 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 required at this office:

S. H. PETERSON & Co., No. 10 State St., Boston, and 87 Park Row, New York.

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Advertisers abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

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

FOR GOVERNOR,
SIDNEY PERHAM
OF PAINE.

COLBY UNIVERSITY.—The commencement exercises of Colby University begin on Sunday, July 30th, with a sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society by the Rev. Geo. B. Ide, D. D.

Monday evening the annual prize declamation of the Junior class will occur.

Tuesday afternoon the Alumni will hold their annual meeting for choice of officers, &c., at Memorial Hall; on which occasion the beautiful monument, recently placed there, will be dedicated with appropriate services, and brief addresses may be expected from several gentlemen.

Tuesday evening Rev. J. D. Fulton will deliver the oration before the Literary Societies.

Tuesday evening, immediately after the Oration before the literary societies, the Delta Kappas will celebrate their twenty-fifth anniversary. Hon. Josiah H. Drummond, of Portland, one of the founders of the chapter, is expected to be present and give some reminiscences, and W. S. Knowlton, of Monson, to deliver a poem.

Wednesday forenoon come the regular exercises of the graduating class.

Class day is assigned to Thursday. The exercises will be as follows:—Oration, by D. A. Hamlin; Poem, by W. F. Marston; Historian, F. A. Wilson; Prophet, G. S. Paine; Address at the tree, W. B. Matthews.

Music will be furnished by Chandler's Band and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. The concert is to be given Wednesday evening.

THE CONCERT, on Wednesday evening next, by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, we trust will be liberally patronized by our citizens, for two good reasons—it will be a musical entertainment of the highest order, and the proceeds will go to help defray the heavy graduation bills of the Senior class. Our citizens are favored with several free entertainments during the year, at the expense of the students; and surely they can afford to pay liberally once, especially as they are sure of getting the full value of their money.

SOMETHING NEW.—We have before spoken of Broad's Patent Shawl Strap, which is rapidly securing a market in all parts of the country. But "experience makes perfect," and accordingly Mr. Broad has made an improvement upon his own work, for which he has just procured a patent. The new strap is better adapted to large bundles by securing them more completely, and has the benefit of great simplicity and beauty. To all travellers the shawl-strap has become a necessity of fashion, so that the demand is immense. Mr. Broad seems determined to hold the market, and justly too, so far as we have ever seen any others than his—which is unrivalled.

On Thursday last week, while three young men were bathing in the Sebasticook, near the head of the Nine-mile Rips, they started to wade across the river; and as they walked along, they all plunged into a deep hole of which they were unaware. Two of them came up and made their way to the shore; but the third, a son of Mr. Clarendon Wood, about 18 years old—never rose, and was drowned. His body was afterward hooked out of the hole.

DR. AUSTIN THOMAS, a graduate of Colby, now employed as an assistant in the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane, at Concord, sends us a copy of the annual reports of the officers, &c., recently made to the Legislature. The number of patients now in the asylum is 225. Very gratifying results in the way of recoveries during the past year are reported; and the Superintendent takes occasion, after trial, to recommend hydrate of chloral as a remedy for wakefulness.

HURD & HOUGHTON's beautiful edition of Hans Andersen's works will be completed with one more volume, making eleven in all, soon to be issued. It is entitled "Pictures of Travel," and will contain, besides his travels in Sweden and the Hartz Mountains, sketches of Swiss scenery at Ragatz and Lucerne, an account of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, which he witnessed in 1860, and his visit to Charles Dickens, an interesting outline of which appears in "The Story of My Life."

DR. BOUTELLE'S JERSEY STOCK.—Regarding this as the leading Jersey herd in Maine in respect to purity and excellence of blood, a more particular description will doubtless interest many of our readers.

The herd now numbers thirteen pure-bred animals, exclusive of spring calves, whose pedigrees are all recorded in the "Herd Register" of the American Jersey Cattle Club, the 1st vol. of which, after something more than two years of laborious research on the part of the Secretary and Executive Committee, has now been published, supplying a trustworthy Herd Book that should be accepted as final authority in all questions of pedigree. In the selection of the herd especial reference has been had to better qualities, and it is believed to comprise as fine animals for dairy purposes as any in America. Among them are several which were prize takers upon the Island. A portion of the herd was entered for competition at the New England Fair held at Portland in September, 1869, and each one of them left the grounds decorated with a "blue ribbon."

The "Herd Prize" was received at the State Fair held in Augusta in September, 1870, and five of the animals received 1st prizes—two of them, Humboldt and Susie, the sweepstakes prize. The bull Tam O'Shanter, now two years old, and owned in company with two other gentlemen here, is at present used in the herd. He was imported from the Island by Thomas Motley of Jamaica Plain, Mass., with his dam Emily, and is from the celebrated herd of M. LeGallais. Mr. Motley was offered and refused \$800 for Emily soon after her arrival. His Sire and Dam are both "foundation stock" animals upon the Island.

The two cows Fancy and Hebe, which have been recently purchased, were imported with a few others, in 1868, by Sheldon Stephens, Esq., of Montreal. The three yearling heifers, Idalia, Pride of Lachine, and Amelia 2d, the latter belonging to C. M. Barrell, were selected as being the choicest ones of their age that were in the herd. Of this importation, which is believed to be one of the finest ever made, the Editor of the "Country Gentleman," in his paper of Aug. 13th, 1868, says, "This herd comprises twelve animals, ten heifers and two bulls. Five heifers and one bull were selected by Mr. Henry Tait, Steward of the Home Farm at Windsor, Eng., from Her Majesty's Herd of Alderneys. The remaining five, with a young bull, were selected by Mr. L. P. Fowler, of Little Bushy Farm, Herts. The herd before leaving England was much admired and gave entire satisfaction to Mr. Tait and Mr. Fowler. The animals are described as being perfection in form and of the best strains procurable." And in a still further notice in his paper of August 20th, 1868, he says, "Letters received from Mr. Henry Tait show that no pains were spared to get together as fine a herd in quality, pedigree &c., as could be purchased or got by special favor. Indeed that gentleman upon seeing the herd, including the animals that Mr. Fowler had collected to match those from the Royal Herd, wrote to James Duncan Gibb, who made the purchases, that they were the handsomest lot of Alderneys he had ever seen."

A Violent Hail Storm was experienced a little west of us last Saturday. A gentleman who went to East Pond on a fishing excursion on that day assured us that he drove his wagon through a piece of road where the hail had accumulated to the depth of five inches, much of it being larger than ounce bullets, and now and then one as large as a partridge's egg. The fields all about were as white as in winter.

The new baptistry at the Baptist Church, which has recently been put in proper condition, was used for the first time last Sabbath evening, at which time, after a discourse by the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Burrage, two young men, members of Colby University, were baptised in the presence of a large congregation.

Rev. C. M. Moor, of Augusta, who was severely injured, two years ago, while on his way to attend the funeral of a soldier at the Tugus Military Asylum, has just been awarded the sum of \$2,000 by the authorities of the Asylum, as we learn from the Gospel Banner.

The owners of the dam at Brunswick, following the example of Augusta, refuse to obey the directions of the Fish Commissioner and build a fish way. If law is disregarded at the Capital, what can you reasonably expect elsewhere? And if the reward of prolonged disregard of law in the one case is legal exemption from burdens, why not in the other?

BARNUM'S GREAT SHOW will be here tomorrow, and in all probability we shall have the largest crowd of visitors ever seen in Waterville. One of the objections to the show that we hear urged, is that there is really too much of it, so that one has hardly time to see all there is on exhibition. In that case each must pick and choose for himself, and spend his time upon that which will interest and profit him most.

We call attention to Mr. Allen's advertisement of Dye House. This is just what is needed in our village; and as we feel very confident Mr. Allen is a good workman, and able to give satisfaction, it gives us pleasure to advise everybody to become satisfied of his merit for themselves, by actual trial. Gather up the faded silks and soiled coats, and see what he will do for them. (Read his card.)

The democratic papers of New York are calling for the suppression of *The Times* and *Harper's Weekly*, both of which have been remarkably vigorous of late, in their exposure of the dominant party in that city.

The hay crop in Aroostook and Piscataquis counties is said to be excellent.

QUESTIONS OF LAW.

In a certain village, not a hundred miles off, some boys wishing most patriotically to have a little recreation, and to honor the nation's birthday, by way of ringing the only public bell in the place in a church belonging to a religious society, sought to do so covertly, by getting access to the bell rope; but a few individuals, aware of their intent, consulting together, concluded they wouldn't have the bell rung; nay, they wouldn't permit the boys to have the sport; so they procured a constable of the town with a posse comitatus, to go and circumvent the sport and to catch the young rogues, (if found) to be dealt with according to law.

QUESTION 1st. Is a constable, or any other civil officer, under any obligation to act in such a case without a precept issued by a magistrate of the law?

2d. Has an officer any legal right to act in such a case?

3d. Is there any law to prevent such sport?

4th. Wouldn't it be as well so to construe the legal enactment as to consider the boys a little, and allow them once a year to "ring in the glorious fourth"?

"From the still hour of midnight to dawn."

From the editor of the *Riverside Bulletin* wishes to know the explanation of the word *statia*, which occurs several times in Haliburton's "Sam Slick," in such phrases as "and his weak eye took to lettin' off water like *statia*." Ours may be but a "farthing candle," but we will let it shine on this dark subject. An old sailor of our boyhood acquaintance, we remember, used the word frequently, pronouncing it "*statia*;" and with him it served almost any purpose, as "lightning," "thunder," "timonation," &c., do for those whose stock of comparative is limited. "It snowed like *statia*," or rained or hailed; he worked like *statia*, or his finger ached like *statia*, &c. He had been in the West Indies, and we noticed that the name of the island, St. Eustacia, was pronounced in the same way—it was the island of *Statia*. We always supposed there was a connection between the two; but somebody else must establish it, for our candle is out.

We knew our Augusta friends would be troubled by those stolen salmon, notwithstanding their profane glee while eating them. So diseased are their imaginations that they cannot even contemplate Barnum's Show without seeing in it something fishy and scaly.

Mr. C. E. Folsom is among the Summer visitors to Waterville, where he comes to spend the scythe manufacturer's annual vacation. He was for several years in this business at the west village, and is now one of an extensive firm in the same line at Scituate, N. H., where his old friends and associates here wish him any amount of prosperity—even as much as he had here.

Some pleasant showers, and a half day of most delicious rain, have added to everybody's comfort and profit during the past week. The grasshopper promises to be the only remaining burden to those who have no turkeys to fatten upon them.

FAST.—A man in Lewiston—so says the Journal—recently gave thirty dollars a ton for thirty tons of hay! The Journal now quotes hay at \$20 to \$25 at Lewiston. That hay-buyer had better subscribe for the home paper. Hay at \$30, and corn at 80 cts. I who ever knew such a thing?

Mr. F. K. BUTMAN, of Gardiner, a prominent and promising Maine landscape painter and a highly estimable man, died instantly one day last week. He was fifty years of age and leaves a wife and daughter.

A dangerous excitement still exists in New York city, which is fed by mischievous appeals in many of the Catholic and democratic papers. Serious trouble may yet ensue.

We learn from the *Standard* that Dr. R. E. Pattison, formerly President of Waterville College, is to fill the office of Vice President of Chicago University.

MAINE WESLEYAN SEMINARY.—See notice of commencement of the Fall Term of this old favorite institution, pleasantly located and efficiently managed.

A new cabinet has been formed in Spain, made up from the liberal element in Spanish politics.

THE VICTORY OF THE AGRICULTURAL BOYS.—The Boston *Post* in an editorial goes into ecstasies over the victory of the crew of the Agricultural College at Amherst. It says:

"Who would have thought that the handful of hearty lads up among the hills of the interior, challenged to tug at the oar by the same Harvard that pluckily crossed the Atlantic to contest for the boys with the Oxfofords of England, would have put the six cups in their pockets the very first time! They must have been as much surprised at their achievement as the Harvard itself. In the pools Amherst held such a modest place; there was a pile of money for those who knew just enough about it to believe more; and the bright eyes of beauty shone for the Harvard and Brown alone;—but between the prize cup and the lip there was a small slip; and the boys with the berry brown faces, in whose tough young muscles the yellow corn bread had entered as a saving element, whose nerves had not been sapped or shaken, and whose good red blood coursed through healthy channels from the heart to the extremities, pulled right away from their proud contestants and shot ahead to victory as if there was no place for them anywhere else. Old Connecticut river never heard such cheering before from its enamelled banks."

A drunken brute named Higgins, living in Bangor, beat his wife nearly to death a few days ago, as we learn from the *Whig*, but she hides away from the officers that she may not be compelled to testify against him. And she has done the same thing several times before.

OUR TABLE.

THE LIFE THAT NOW IS: Sermons by Robert Collyer, author of "Nature and Life." Boston: Horace B. Fuller.

The author gives prominence to "the life that now is," feeling "sure that if we can but find the right way through this world, and walk in it, the doors of Heaven are sure to open to us as ours open to our own children when they come eagerly home from school," and this perhaps will be admitted by men of opposing religious belief. This new volume of this eloquent Unitarian preacher will no doubt be warmly welcomed by all who sympathize with his religious sentiments, while no one can help being thrilled by the earnest appeals of this large hearted man. The sermons are under the following heads:—Vines and Branches, The Thorn in the Flesh, Every man a Penny, The Two Harvests, How Enoch walked with God, Holiness of Helpfulness, Gashum, Storming Heaven, Why Herod feared John, Marriage, Children and Childhood, Tender, Trusty and True, Patience, The Two Mites, Old Age, At the Soldiers' Graves.

The work makes a handsome volume of 356 pages, which is ornamented with a fine portrait of the author. For sale in Waterville by C. K. Matthews.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for August presents the following bill of fare:—

Wives and Wives-Maidens, by John Fiske; My Father's Shipwreck, A Quiet Life, by J. R. Rice; The Wedding Journey, No. 2, by W. D. Howells; Nichols Ferrar, by G. A. E.; Gladie, by Emily E. Ford; Kate Beaumont, No. 8, by J. W. De Forest; Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada, No. 4, by Clarence King; Encyclical, No. 4, by H. H.; The Singer, by John G. Whittier; Our Whispering Gallery, No. 8; Watch and Ward, No. 1, by H. James, Jr.; A Miller's Madrigal, by Hiram Rich; Recent Literature, by J. R. Sargent.

"Our Whispering Gallery" is mainly filled with letters from Dickens in relation to his last trip to America and a few written during his reading tour in this country.

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

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.—The August number of this excellent monthly is at hand; and in consideration of the summer weather, probably, shows a larger proportion than usual of light and entertaining articles. The heaviest on the list is a brilliant and suggestive essay on the "Downfall of a Bonapartism," and this is followed by a burlesque poem entitled "Platonic Paradoxes," "An Escape from the Prison of the Plomb," "An African Harlem," "Nathaniel Hawthorne," "English Republicanism," "Herschel as a Music Master," "Life in Mars," "Curiosities of Criticism," "The Dutchman at Home," "Aphasia," "A New American Poet," and several others. "Patty" is brought nearly to a close, and the editorial departments are unusually full.

E. R. Pelton, Publisher, 108 Fulton Street, New York. Terms \$5 per year; two copies \$9; single copies 45 cents.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for August contains three more chapters of Trowbridge's story, "Jack Hazard and his Fortunes;" A Journey to San Francisco; the first chapter of a story by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, "The Girl who could not Write a Composition;" How we hunted the Whippoorwill; A Humble-Bee's Nest in a Hay-Field; two or three Odd Fish; the second chapter of "One Little Indian Boy," by Helen C. Weeks; with much more that we will not enumerate, and numerous spirited illustrations.

Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$2.50 a year.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY for August has two fine steel engravings—"Lungenbohl," and "The Improbable;" and wood engravings accompany the following articles:—"Knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" Tapestry and Carpets; Excursion in the American Northwest. This magazine never fails to bring a good supply of wholesome reading, with something for old and young.

Published by Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati, at \$3.50 a year.

EVERY SATURDAY for July 29, besides another instalment of "Sketches in Louisiana," and numerous other fine embellishments, contains several views of the late riot in New York, and a double-page Birds' Eye View of the City of Berlin. The reading of the number is good, as usual. Every Saturday is steadily advancing in popularity.

Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$5 a year, and sold by all periodical dealers.

THE NURSERY for August is a bright and beautiful number, with charming little stories and pictures. This magazine for young children is not only a nice reading book for beginners but it also helps to develop a taste for drawing, by the excellence of its pictures, many of which are truly gems of art.

Published by John L. Shorey, Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for August, is a very attractive number—full of good, fresh stories that people like to have for summer reading, and bright with illustrations of all kinds. The steel plate, "The Carrier Dove," seems to represent a fair Parisian lady in the belted city, receiving a message. There is the usual Colored Fashion Plate, and numerous wood cuts of ladies' dress and fancy-work. An illustrated story by Daisy Vennor leads off the literary department, and there is another by Madge Carrol; Annie L. Muzzey begins a fine series, "Jealousy;" Amanda M. Douglas continues her excellent story, "A Little Money;" Eleanor C. Donnelly has a pretty poem; which with a variety of other interesting stories and poems make up a delightful number.

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

"OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE."—The August number furnishes an unusual amount of entertaining reading matter for the young people. The new stories by Oliver Optic, Elijah Kellogg, and Sophie May, are full of lively incidents. There is a capital story for girls, by Oliver Optic, entitled "The Young Minister;" or, Our Girls at Play and Work;" an allegory, "The Revolt of the Bees," one of the best of George M. Baker's pieces, and very effective in the exhibition room; an original song and chorus by D. F. Dodge, entitled "Home in the Valley;" editorial correspondence, racy paragraphs and anecdotes, puzzles and headwork of all kinds, &c., &c. Published monthly by Lee & Shepard, 149, Washington St., Boston. Price \$2.50 per annum.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE has the following table of contents:—

Fair to See, part 7; Mr. Mill on Land; The Coming Race; New Books; Education; Endowments, and Competition; The Minister, the House, and the Country; A History of the Commune of Paris.

The four great English Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 37 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$7; any three of the Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine \$4; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15;—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works are sold by periodical dealers.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works is but 50 cents a year.

The Sabbath Schools of Winslow and North Vassalboro', with such as chose, to join them went on an excursion to Belfast yesterday.

A lecturer undertook to explain to a village audience the word phenomenon. "Maybe you don't know what a phenomenon is. Well, I'll tell you. You have seen a cow, no doubt. Well a cow is not a phenomenon. You have seen an apple tree. Well, an apple tree is not a phenomenon. But when you see the cow go up a tree tall foremost, to pick the apples, it is a phenomenon."

KENNEBEC REPUBLICAN CONVENTION will meet in Granite, Hall, Augusta, on the 16th of August, to nominate candidates for Senators, County Commissioner, Clerk of Courts, Register of Deeds, and County Treasurer.

[For the Waterville Mail]
ON THE DROWNING OF
GEORGE S. GETCHELL,
SON OF MR. W. A. GETCHELL.

Five Years our home was blest
With childhood's happy face;
But now we are distressed,
For empty is his place.
O, what a change to us is given!
We lift our tearful eyes to Heaven.

Dear Savior, come and meet
Us in our present grief;
We bow as at thy feet,
Our only true relief—
Where can we go but unto Thee?
Thou'rt touched with our infirmity.

So many hearts now bleed—
We cannot know or tell;
Sometimes it seems to us decreed
That we should say, Farewell!
So beautiful and loved was he,
It might have proved idolatry.

He was our only child—
How can we let him go?
So gentle and so mild,
Now done with life below?
But there in heaven the spirit lives,
And Life from Death the soul receives.

No more to us can come!
We'll try to say, "Amen!"
We hope to meet beyond the Tomb
Thy spirit form again—
'Tis only through the blessed name
Of Jesus, who a child became.

Waterville, June 16th, 1871.

J. A. Moon.

Our staid and sober community are in no danger, we hope; but what a woful state of things must exist when a conscientious editor is obliged to free his mind in this way:—

We can conceive of no more ridiculous spectacle than a school exhibition where young girls, from sixteen to eighteen years of age, appear on the platform in full dress, with low corsage, long trains, Grecian bends, hair extravagantly frizzled, and bedizened with jewelry, to read school girl essays and answer questions from the text-books. At this season of school exhibitions such spectacles are not uncommon, especially where High Schools make their annual parade. How much more appropriate it would be for all the girls to dress with perfect simplicity, discarding meretricious ornaments and fashionable encumbrances, and showing by their intellectual efforts that their school privileges have been appreciated. The young girls who adorn themselves as we have described at a common school exhibition only show how little they have learned. Their example is a hardship to the poor, besides being a piece of vulgarity for which there is no excuse and for which parents and teachers, as well as scholars, are responsible.

TROT.—Commencement promises to be a buy-day for the fast horses—not to mention fast men—at the Waterville Park. Over two hundred dollars are up in purses, and several good steppers are ready to be entered. A match between two W. Waterville horses is to be one of the attractions. "Lady Burleigh" will no doubt be invited to show a sample of her best efforts—and this will be worth the cost of admission.

Since the New York riot, the catholic press has been crowded with appeals to blind and besotted passion, denouncing the institutions that can alone give permanence to the nation. If any serious difficulty arises in the future from this blind spirit of intolerance they will be the sole sufferers. This government does not propose to know any race, color or religion, but will maintain equal rights for all. But while the great part of our people take no interest in the feuds imported from the old countries, they will visit with a proper corrective, those who rashly disturb the peace of the country and threaten that political equality and religious liberty which are the recognized rights of all under our institutions.—Portland Press.

THE WEATHER reports published in every daily paper are now read with much interest and by a larger class than the stock and market reports. The predictions have so generally proved correct, except in case of scattering showers, that many of the readers of daily papers have come to guide their daily work, so far as the weather depends by them.

From what the system has accomplished in the present stage of its development, it may be safely predicted that it will be so utilized as to be regarded of the utmost importance by all those whose success depends upon a previous knowledge of "what a day may bring forth" among the elements. If it has not yet arrived at that degree of perfection that the farmer upon the strength of its predictions may courageously set the mower at work upon the ten acre lot, confident of a fair day and good track, it will before five years. The carpenter in the morning by consulting the weather report can tell whether or not it will do to strip the old covering from the roof and the painter can know if it will do to spread his paint upon the outside of the building. Let us hope too that the thrifty housekeeper, after she has consulted the weather report in the morning paper, and learns that rain and wind are certain, will forego the pleasure of hanging out the family wash to be dragged in the mire by the storm. Not only to "those who go down in ships," will this perfected system be a blessing, but to all classes whose business, pleasure, or health may be affected by a fore-knowledge of the weather of the day.—[Portland Press.

The Fenians of New York who have made several raids on the Canadian border, the only results of which have been to frighten women and children have solemnly resolved that the action of the New York troops in returning the fire of a drunken mob "is a foul blot on the civilization of the 19th century." What do they know about the 19th century? They are about 800 years behind the times.—[Portland Adv.

POSSIBLE CAUSE OF THE HORSE DISEASE.—Mr. Bergh has visited the New York car stables. In one case the stables opened out on a yard knee-deep with filth, whose stench pervaded the place. In another, a stable three tiers deep, containing 350 horses, was permeated with the refuse, and especially the lowest tier, which was underground and quite dark. Another stable, containing 400 animals, had lost 40 by the disease, and 70 cripples were limping about the yard. Another contained 750 horses who had not a sign of bedding, and were made to travel 16 miles per day on 10 lbs. of corn, and another had 1600, fed on sour feed. Only in one case was entrance refused to Mr. Bergh, and only in one, also, did he find anything to commend. The latter was the Sixth Avenue stable, where the horses have 17 pounds of feed per day and are cared for comfortably.

One Perry in the Sherman Voice forbids all persons from marrying his daughter, a Miss of 13 years.

The way to command respect and plenty of room in a crowd—Carry a pot of paint in each hand.

SINCE the publication of the last number of Harper's Weekly with the riot cartoons, the firm have received numbers of violent letters threatening to burn their publication house, assassinate the members and do all sorts of dreadful things.

Crops are reported doing well in all parts of the Northwest, except portions of Minnesota.

The Presque Isle Sunrise, after speaking of the luxuriant crops, of all kinds in Aroostook county, where there has been no want of rain or moisture, says: "If any one complains of Aroostook this year he must be hard to suit."

The Empress Carlotta, widow of the Emperor Maximilian, is dangerously ill, and the physicians in attendance pronounce the case beyond reach of medical aid.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—On Wednesday morning a man by the name of McLeod, a clergyman from Canada, stopping at the Commercial House, fell from his bed and striking on an article of crockery were close to the side of the bed, cut a gash in the side of his neck and severed an artery. It looked as if the man would bleed to death, but Dr. Small was called and dressed the wound and he will probably recover.—[Portland Advertiser.

The Journal says last Saturday Lewis Lindsay of Curtis's Corner drove a load of hay into the barn and turned to go behind the load, when the oxen suddenly jumped and jammed his head between the corner of the rack and part of the barn, the corner piece of the rack hitting him in the temple with such force as to break the skull and tear off a large piece of the scalp. The wound was dressed by Dr. Prescott of Monmouth, and the patient is now doing well.

TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE.—A series of terrible earthquake shocks recently occurred in one of the Philippine Islands. More than two hundred persons were swallowed up and every one of them was almost instantly killed. Sixty dead bodies have been recovered. The rest of the inhabitants have fled from the Island.

Colonel James M. Morgan, of South Carolina, who has just returned from Egypt, where he has been in the service of the Khedive, gives a very unfavorable account of the affairs there. He says the ex-rebel officers are doing well, because the Egyptians fear them; that the Egyptian soldiers are all cowards and that the country is the most corrupt in the world. The slave trade is still carried on though secretly and everything is about as bad as it can be.

In the Bangor market last week a fair article of new hay sold quick at \$28 to \$30 per ton, and a good quality of old, from \$30 to \$32.

Ankansas is fearfully excited over a large hole. A tract of about 100 acres of Clinton Mountain has sunk, carrying big trees entirely out of sight, and the hole continues to enlarge its borders.

TWO HALLOWELL MEN DROWNED.—On Saturday, Capt. Call and Greenleaf White, both of Hallowell, were drowned by the capsizing of a boat at Slater's Island a short distance east of Pond Island, just outside of the mouth of the Kennebec. Capt. Call formerly resided in Farmington, and followed the sea for many years. Besides a daughter he leaves two sons, one residing in Augusta, and the other in Richmond. Mr. White was the only surviving son of the late Gen. Greenleaf White of Augusta. His mother and two sisters survive him. His age was 39 years; he was unmarried. Capt. Call's age was 82 years.

You Can Buy of
GILBRETH,
KENDALL'S MILLS,

ALL SORTS OF
HAYING TOOLS,

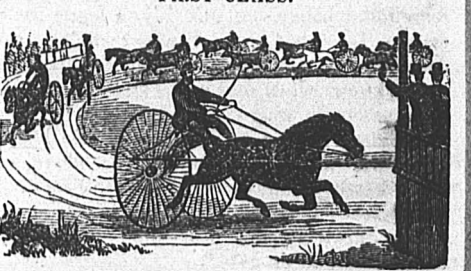
Cheaper than Elsewhere,

As he has a large stock of them and to close out

Will Sell Them at Cost,

and some of them LESS than cost.

PLEASE CALL AND EXAMINE. THEY ARE ALL FIRST CLASS.



[COPYRIGHTED.]
228 1-2—226 3-4—229 1-2

MISCELLANY.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Time facing river leaped, and sang
Full blithely in the perfect weather,
All round the mountain echoes rang,
For blue and green were glad together.

This rained out light from every part,
And that with songs of joy was thrilling;
But in the hollow of my heart,
There ached a place that wanted filling.

Before the road and river met,
And stepping-stones were wet and glisten,
I heard a sound of laughter sweet,
And paused to like it and to listen.

I heard the chanting waters flow,
The cumbrous note, the bee's low humming—
Then turned the hedge and did not know—
How could I?—that my time was coming.

A girl upon the highest stone,
Half doubtful of the deed, was standing,
So far the shallow flood had flown
Beyond the "customed leap of landing."

She knew not any need of me,
Yet she waited all unweaving;
She thought not I had crossed the sea,
And half the sphere to give her meeting.

I waited out, her eyes I met,
I wished the moment had been hours;
I took her in my arms, and set
Her dainty feet among the flowers.

Her fellow-maid in copse and lane,
Ah! still, methinks I hear them calling;
The soft white-robes in the plain,
The cumbrous note, the bee's low humming.

But now it is a year ago,
And now possession crowns endeavor;
I took her in my heart, to grow
And fill the hollow place forever.

—Jean Ingelow.

FORCE OF THE SCRIPTURES. I know there is that in the scriptures which has grith to it. I know it by this token: not that there is a book which has gone through the tempestuous ages, assailed, buffeted, cast hither and thither, and yet has retained the confidence of mankind, because it has in it that which masters sorrow, takes hold of trouble, gives strength where is weakness, and supplies an anchor to those who are tempest-tossed. There is that in the word of God which has held the world throughout troublous trials, which has kept many men steadfast in perils and adversities, which is the support of the poor and ignorant, taking hold of the fundamental wants of human nature with a power which no other literature and no other thing ever did.—Beecher.

It is revived of Vallandigham that after the arrest of John Brown, he posted straightway to Harper's Ferry, to gain from him a statement that would serve to fasten his attempt upon a large party. It was to him that Brown said: "No man sent me here; it was my prompting and that of my Maker. I acknowledge no master in human form. I want you to know, gentlemen, that I respect the rights of the very poorest and weakest of the colored people, oppressed by the slave system, just as much as I do those of the wealthy and powerful. That is the idea that has moved me, and that alone." Vallandigham went home, and bore testimony of Brown thus, while the world railed at him: "He is the farthest possible removed from the ordinary ruffian, fanatic, or madman. He has coolness, during persistency, the stoic faith and patience, and a firmness of will and purpose unconquerable."

It has been so often assumed and asserted that Shakespeare knew everything, that we are very grateful for a little rebutting testimony. Some one affirms that when Professor Felton, reading "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to the captain of the ship of which he was then a passenger, came to the description of Oberon sitting on a dolphin's back, the seaman was disgusted. Said he, "the dolphin's back is as sharp as a razor, and no mermaid could possibly ride the least unless she first saddled him."

SALT YOUR CHIMNEY.—In building up a chimney, put a quantity of salt into the mortar with which the courses of bricks are to be laid. The effect will be that there will never be any accumulation of soot in that chimney. The philosophy is thus stated: The salt in that portion of the mortar which is exposed draws moisture from the atmosphere on a damp day. The soot thus becoming damp falls down to the fireplace. This appears to be an English discovery. It is used with success in Canada.

Recent occurrences in New York make it of interest to know the nativity of the people. According to the census the population is almost equally divided into native and foreign born. There are 510,553 native white citizens and 418,646 of foreign birth—the difference, 91,907. The Irish number 202,000; and the Germans (grouping those who are returned as being natives of Prussia, Austria, Germany proper, Hesse, Hanover, etc.) number 153,634, or about 48,000 less than the native Irish. There are 27,000 Italians, 3,400 Canadians, 7,500 South Americans, 488 West Indians, 2,100 Swiss, and 8,000 Frenchmen.

That the freedmen are not an improvident, shiftless race, as has been charged by enemies time and again, is shown by the exhibit of the condition of the Freedmen's Savings and Trust Company, of Washington, D. C. It appears from the report of the actuary for the month of June last, that the deposits were \$1,028,312.87; drafts, \$954,420.80; gain in thirty days, \$73,892.07.—This is the full season of the year among the people who constitute the bulk of the depositors in this bank, yet the rate of saving as above being carried throughout the year would show a gain of nearly one million.

The warm bath is a grand remedy, and will often prevent the most virulent diseases. A person who may be in fear of having received infection of any kind, should speedily plunge into a warm bath, suffer perspiration to ensue, and then rub dry, dressing securely to guard against taking cold. If the system has taken any infection, it will be certainly removed by this process, if it be resorted to before the infection has time to spread over the system; and even if some time has elapsed, the great perspiration that may be induced in a warm bath will be pretty sure to remove it.

Alluding to the present-taking slurs against Grant, the Chicago Post says: "If President Grant takes any title that is given or belongs to him, he does something for which Democratic administrations furnish no precedent."

The New York Times, in a leading article discussing an assumption of certain ones of the Catholic priesthood, remarks: "When any Church denies that government belongs to the people, and claims it for itself, the people can only reply by refusing to trust government to that Church."

We are told that the evening wore on, but we are never told what the evening wore on that occasion. Was it the close of a summer's day?

Nine of the Ku-Klux in Kentucky have been arrested, and one has turned State's evidence. A State senator was at the head of the gang.

The Sandwich Islanders have sent \$2000 to relieve the poor French peasants whom the war has ruined.

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 Ag't,
Office in Phenix Block,
WATERVILLE, ME.

Representing the Leading Insurance Companies of New England and New York.
Reliable Insurance effected on all kinds of property on most favorable terms.

The Sun.

CHARLES A. DANA, Editor.

The Dollar Weekly Sun.

A Newspaper of the Present Times.
Intended for People Now on Earth.
Including Farmers, Mechanics, Merchants, Professionals, Men, Women, Teachers, and all manner of Honest Folks, and the Wives, Sons, and Daughters of all such.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR!
ONE HUNDRED COPIES FOR \$50.
Or less than One Cent a Copy. Let there be a 500 Club at every Post Office.

SEMI-WEEKLY SUN, \$2 A YEAR,
of the same size and general character as THE WEEKLY, but with a greater variety of miscellaneous reading, and furnishing the three to its subscribers with greater frequency, because it comes twice a week instead of once only.

THE DAILY SUN, \$3 A YEAR.
A thoroughly readable newspaper, with the latest circulation in the world. Free, independent, and fearless in politics. All the news from everywhere. Two cents a copy; by mail, 50 cents a month, or \$6 a year.

TERMS TO CLUBS.

THE DOLLAR WEEKLY SUN.
Five copies, one year, separately addressed, and an extra copy to the getter up of club.
Four Dollars.
Ten copies, one year, separately addressed (and an extra copy to the getter up of club).
Eight Dollars.
Twenty copies, one year, separately addressed (and an extra copy to the getter up of club).
Fifteen Dollars.
Fifty copies, one year, to one address, and the Semi-Weekly one year to the getter up of club.
Thirty Dollars.
Fifty copies, one year, to one address, and the Daily one year to the getter up of club.
Forty Dollars.
One hundred copies, one year, to one address, and the Daily one year to the getter up of club.
Eighty Dollars.
One hundred copies, one year, separately addressed (and the Daily one year to the getter up of club).

THE SEMI-WEEKLY SUN.

Five copies, one year, separately addressed, and an extra copy to the getter up of club.
Eight Dollars.
Ten copies, one year, separately addressed (and an extra copy to the getter up of club).
Sixteen Dollars.

SEND YOUR MONEY
In Post Office orders, checks, or drafts on New York, wherever convenient. If not, then register the letters containing money. Address
J. W. ENGLAND, Publisher,
Sun Office, New York City.

LATHAM'S



Cathartic Extract

The Standard Household Remedy
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, DYSPEPSIA,
all Diseases having their origin in an impure state of the Blood.
AS A MEDICINE FOR CHILDREN IT IS
INVALUABLE.
Beware of Counterfeits. Buy of your Agent,
J. H. PLASTER, Waterville.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

WING'S

Invigorating Anti-Bilious
PILLS

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

Have you Dyspepsia, and have "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 make you well.

Are you troubled with IYER COMPLAIN? Are you weak low spirited? circulation sluggish, and all sleep? Appetite poor, constive, with Kidney Complaint, with urine high colored, with Pain in the back, Headache, Nervousness, Palpitation, &c.

Be sure to try a box of the Invigorating Pills, and you will find the most powerful remedy that you ever used.

Are you worn out, thin in flesh, nervous with troublesome cough, and perhaps Neuralgia? Then, get 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 Amenorrhea and Chlorosis, and 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 friend. This indispensable function of life and health is brought about by secreting or excreting, and 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.

NOTICE.

GENTLEMEN FARMERS—I have moved my CARDING MACHINE to Greely's Mill, Smithfield, where I intend to carry on cutting and cloth Dressing the best workmanlike manner. Please give me a call.
Sunkids, May 28, 1871. 60 G. L. HILL.

Kendall's Mills Column.

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

MRS. A. ATWOOD
Returns her sincere thanks to her friends and patrons for past favors, and begs to inform them that she will have from this date a carefully selected line of
Fashionable Millinery.
And having secured,
A COMPETENT MILLINER,
(MISS F. A. HAYES),
Is prepared to fill orders promptly and in the most approved style. She is also desirous to call special attention to her new and choice stock of
FANCY GOODS,
Comprising
Kid and Lilo 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. 6m57

REMOVAL.
DR. A. PINKHAM.
SURGEON DENTIST,
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.
Has removed to his new office,
NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.
First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

E. W. McFADDEN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
AND
Insurance and Real Estate A
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

F. C. THAYER, M. D.
OFFICE
IN MERCHANTS' ROW, MAIN ST.
OPPOSITE ESTY 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.
40 May, 1871.

F. Kenrick & Bro.,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
Carriages and Sleighs,
KENDALL'S MILLS.
Representatives at Kendall's Mills and Waterville Me.
F. KENRICK. 30 E. P. KENRICK.

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 Pegged and Chalf Boots at the shortest notice possible. Also
REPAIRING
done in the neatest manner at short notice.
Or if you want ready made—
BOOTS & SHOES,
or
RUBBER BOOTS & SHOES
of most any kind, call at Maxwell's and get them, for he has got the largest stock and best assortment to be found in town, and of a superior quality.
ARCTIC OVERS,
Congress and Buckle, Men's, Women's and Misses', which will be sold low for cash.
Nov. 10, 1870. 20
Carbolic & Cresylic, Laundry and Toilet
SOAPS!
Sold by
IRA H. LOW & Co.
BILL HEADS!
Of all Quality, Style and Price
AT THE MAIL OFFICE.

NOTICE.
FOR a valuable consideration to me paid by my son, ELIAS H. HALLETT, I give, grant, and release to my said son, his time until he becomes twenty years of age. I shall witness: FRANCES E. DREW. ANDREW J. DREW. Yassabero, July 11, 1871. 3m4 AUGUSTUS O. HALLETT.

FREEDOM NOTICE.
THIS is to certify that I have given to my sons, ANDREW P. DREW and ORVILLE A. DREW, their time during their minority; and I shall not claim any of their wages or pay any debts by them contracted after this date.
Witness: FRANCES E. DREW. ANDREW J. DREW. Yassabero, July 11, 1871. 3m4

FOR SALE
OR TO LET.
THE HOUSE of the late Ivory Log, Esq., on College Street, will be sold on easy terms. If not sold by the 1st of August, it will be sold on the 8th of August.
July 14, 1871. 3m J. P. BLUNT, EX'R.

Gold Pens.
GOLD PENS and PENCILS from one of the best New York Manufacturers, all values in Gold, Silver, Pearl, Ivory and Rubber Holders, &c.
ALDEN BROTHERS.

Emblem Jewelry.
JEWELS, Badges, Rosary Beads, Sleeve Buttons, Charms, &c., bearing Monuments, Temperance, Trade, &c., emblems, &c.
ALDEN BROTHERS.

FOR SALE.
THE HOUSE-LOT on School Street, formerly occupied by J. Furber; also a lot of about 10 acres on corner of road to West Waterville, 2 1/2 miles from here; also a lot of 10 acres near Mountain, formerly owned by Henry Taylor. Apply to GEO. G. PERUVAL, Administrator.
Don't wait for a Fire to Warn you
Go at once and insure with
BOOTHBY.

A GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY— DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS

Hundreds of Thousands
Bear testimony to their Wonderful
Curative Effects.
WHAT ARE THEY?

FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS, whether in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or at the turn of life, these Bitters have no equal. "Stand for a circular."

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

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Discharges 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, Dizziness, 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 whole system.

SKIN DISEASES. Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Itch, Scurs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One Bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effect.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in 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 so many thousands, are effectually 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., and 32 and 34 Commerce Street, New York.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

DR. G. S. PALMER,
DENTAL OFFICE,
over
ALDEN'S JEWELRY STORE,
opp. People's Nat'l Bank
WATERVILLE ME
Chloroform, Ether or Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired.

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.

GENTEEL NOTE PAPER
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.

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

Also,
PHOTO LANTERN SLIDES and **GRAPHOSCOPES.**
NEW VIEWS OF YOSEMITE.
E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
691 Broadway, NEW YORK,
Opposite Metropolitan Hotel,
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF
PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS.
6m40

YOU CAN BUY GOODS
AS CHEAP
OF MAYO BROTHERS
As at any place on the River.

THE OLD SHOP STILL OPEN!
ALBION B. WOODMAN will continue to occupy the shop vacated by his father, and will continue the business of
BLACK-SMITHING and HORSE-SHOING
as before. All kinds of this kind of work are invited to call and be assured the work and prices will be found satisfactory.
3m18 West Waterville, August 10, 1871.

KENNESAW COUNTY.—In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of June, 1871.
A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT purporting to be the last will and testament of EMANUEL TAYLOR, late of Yassabero, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:
(Ordered), That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of July, next, in the Mail, a newspaper printed in Waterville, that all persons interested may attend a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.
H. K. BAKER, Judge.
Attest: J. BURTON, Register.

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

FOR SALE.
THE HOUSE-LOT on School Street, formerly occupied by J. Furber; also a lot of about 10 acres on corner of road to West Waterville, 2 1/2 miles from here; also a lot of 10 acres near Mountain, formerly owned by Henry Taylor. Apply to GEO. G. PERUVAL, Administrator.
Don't wait for a Fire to Warn you
Go at once and insure with
BOOTHBY.

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