



9-22-1871

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 13): September 22, 1871

Maxham & Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 13): September 22, 1871" (1871). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 421.

https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/421

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

SHIPWRECK.

On the smiling sea was never a cry,
On the bright sky never a frown;
Never an omen of coming fate,
When my beautiful bark, with her costly freight,
In the glory of noon, went down.

Boldly launched from a quiet shore,
Well framed with storms to cope;
By Youth and Courage nobly manned;
The sails were woven by Leda's own hand,
The rudder was held by Hope.

The merriest sun shone full and fair,
The gales were calm,
No whisper of woe in the wooing breeze,
The gulls poised over the sleeping seas,
The treacherous air was calm.

With happy laughter, with joyous dreams,
We glided in fearless faith;
Then—the sudden jar on the sunken rock!
The grinding crash, the horrible shock;
The headlong plunge to death.

A moment's whirl of boiling foam,
A shriek through the sturmborn day,
Then, smooth blue waters and calm blue skies,
And the startled birds with their keen dark eyes,
Intent on their darting prey.

The bright sea dimpled, the bright sun shone,
With no cloud nor white crest flocked;
A thousand barbed sails gaily past,
A thousand flags light windows cast,
Where my beautiful bark was wrecked.

Wrecked, with its hopes, its loves, its trusts,
A ship to the sea—wide brown;
The great world turns and the great waves break;
What should either head of the moan waken,
When a life or a ship goes down?

[From Harper's Magazine.]

STORY OF A HANDKERCHIEF.

Were they husband and wife, or brother and sister?

It was certain that he looked quite young for a married man, and that she looked altogether too young for a married woman. Moreover, there was a timeliness in their manner to reach other, a child like gaiety in the way they chased along the beach and splashed each other with pebbles, which all failed to accord with our grave Anglo-American notions of matrimonial modes of felicity.

On the other hand he was blonde and she was brunette, he was tall and she was little. The people at the Pequot House (New London, Conn.) told that to make of this couple until they had examined the hotel register, and found them set down as "Mr. and Mrs. Fred Van Curler, New York City."

Meantime Mr. and Mrs. Fred Van Curler went on frolicking without regard to the scrutiny to which they were subjected, or to anything but the getting of as much fun as possible out of their summer play-spell. At last tired of romping, they seated themselves on a rock by the sea shore and commenced a jovial prattle.

"Oh dear! I wish I was rich," cried this little dot of a Mrs. Van Curler, throwing back her ringlets from her round hot face. "I wish I had fifty thousand dollars."

Fred laughed at the smallness of the sum so disproportionately to New York ideas of what constitutes wealth, and so indicative of his wife's simplicity.

"And what would you do, Mrs. Van Curler, if you had fifty thousand dollars?" he asked.

"Buy the United States and adjacent oceans!"

"I was going to say I would keep this up all the year round. But I wouldn't. I would just keep the house. I would have my own house and keep it. What better can a woman do? But come, Master Freddy, what would you do?"

"Oh, I would write a big book. I would commence my history of Venice."

Here he tipped her jockey hat over her eyes, and she retorted by pulling his hair.

"By Jove, almost grained an old bachelor who surveyed these antics," that girl isn't precisely handsome, but she's awfully taking. I wish I had such a one in my hair."

Here he thought of the bald spot on his crown, drew a decent sigh over the memory of departed days, took a cigar-case from his pocket, and soothed himself with a smoke.

It is a jolly thing to be only twenty-four, and not look more than twenty-one. It must also be a jolly thing to have a pretty, good tempered, gay little wife of twenty-one, who does not look more than eighteen. Perhaps it is not quite so gleesome to be a humble member of the New York press, writing odd scraps here and there for a precarious living, and vainly wishing one had time to work on a history or a novel.

If Fred Van Curler, as improvident as the majority of the scribbling race (but not, perhaps, more so than the worshipping human race at large) had married a girl as poor as himself, and so had made life "one everlasting grind." Fortune was it for him that he had chosen this girl from among the simple unambitious, home-loving Dutch girls of his native county on the North River. His wife's sole grievance was that she could not keep house and do housework. His sole grievance was that he could not give her a house, and write the history of Venice in it while she washed the dishes. To a couple who demand so little of the world let us wish all possible good fortune.

After a delicious day, the first day that Fanny had ever passed by the sea-side, and therefore full of wonders to her—after this memorable day had gone brightly and sweetly to its sun-setting—came a whimsical and tormenting adventure, which proved to be pregnant with results. Fred Van Curler had only been asleep an hour or so when he was awakened by a malady to which he was subject. We will not name it; medical nomenclature is as disagreeable as medical portions. The Sairy Gamp mind must be satisfied with a hint or two. He was in a good deal of pain and in a little danger.

Now this cheerful, servicable dot of a Dutch wife was just the wife for such an emergency. Her little heart full of anxiety, but her little head as clear and ready as might be the biggest head that was ever modded in plaster. She was shipped and dressed and groomed almost as soon as she was awake and ready to fly over the world for remedies. The bell wouldn't ring; no use calling for servants down the dark entry. She looked out of a window, and saw a light in the kitchen wing; she would skip down there and make a mustard poultice with her own hands.

"Oh, darling, promise me not to die before I get back!" she said, candle in hand. Oh, darling, how it distresses me to see you suffer! I'll only be gone a minute."

She went; she reached the kitchen; she was in making the poultice; she wrapped it in one of her own old handkerchiefs; she was on her return when the candle went out leaving her in darkness. Never mind; she thought she knew the way to her room; moreover, every moment was precious while her husband was suffering. She groped and stumbled up stairways and along passages.

A partially opened door, and a faint, very faint, suffusion of light from a window within, showed her at last that she had reached her goal. Tossing the hot poultice from hand to hand, she rushed in, flew to the bedside of the patient, and with dextrous nursing rapidly applied the medicament, saying, "There, darling, now you will be easier."

To her amazement this wifely attention was responded to by a loud yell, while at the same

Waterville Mail.

Waterville Mail.

ETH MAXHAM, DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

For the Mail.

THE CRUISE OF THE GREYHOUND.

CHAPTER II.

The Christian Weekly lays down these Points on the question of Sunday laws:

There is, of course, a good deal of cant about the puritanic intolerance that endeavors by legislation to compel one's neighbors to observe the Sabbath. It is difficult to believe that those who use such language do not know better. The Sabbatharians have no desire to compel their neighbors to observe the Sabbath. They could not if they would. Sabbath observance is of the heart, and the law is as powerless to compel it as it is to produce that sincere and heartfelt worship which is one of the essentials of true Sabbath observance. But the Sabbatharians believe that, irrespective of religious considerations, one day's rest in seven is essential to the welfare of the community. They believe, especially, that the laboring classes have a right to have this their rest day respected, and a decent regard for it enforced, if need be. They believe too, that not only the welfare of the individual soul, but the moral welfare of the community, imperatively requires one day in seven consecrated to religious worship and religious instruction. They believe that to abolish this day would be to strike the hardest blow that could be struck against the peace, the prosperity, the permanent liberty of the nation. Sabbath legislation may need modification. But the anti-Sabbarians may rest assured that the public sentiment which has been aroused in Cincinnati exists everywhere else, and that any attempt to abolish from our statute books the Sabbath, and relegate America to the condition of France in the days of the revolution will not succeed without a contest whose proportions they have not even remotely imagined. If there was no Divine law, if the Sabbath rested simply on expediency, the same principle would give us a right to such police regulations as will preserve the Sabbath rest and Sabbath worship from anything which seriously interferes therewith.

BUILDING FOR ETERNITY.—You think that one hour buries another; but it is not so. You think that you have parted forever from the things which have passed by you. No, you have not. There is much in your life that you think has gone which you never shall part from. It has stepped behind you; and there it waits. That which you have done is with you to-day; and that which you are doing will be with you to-morrow. When the mason carries up the wall, the course of brick which he laid yesterday is the foundation on which he is laying another course to-day. And all that you do to-day on the structure which you are building will remain as a basis for that which you do to-morrow. The work proceeds without intermission; and all that has been done is the under-structure for that which is to be done.

Young man and maiden, take heed how you build. That which you are doing, the work which you are performing, you do not leave behind you because you forget it. It passes away from you apparently, but it does not pass away from you in reality. Every stroke, every single element, abides. And there is nothing that grows so fast as character. There is nothing that is so enduring as character. There is nothing that men think so little of as character, although there is nothing that so belongs to their immortality, and that is so incomparable in importance, as character.—[H. W. Beecher.]

IDLE GIRLS.—It is a painful spectacle, in families where the mother is the drudge, to see the daughters, elegantly dressed, reclining at their ease with their drawing, their reading, beguiling themselves of the lapse of hours, days and weeks, and never dreaming of their responsibilities, but as a necessary consequence of neglect of duty, growing weary of their useless lives, laying hold of every newly invented stimulant to rouse their drooping energies, and blaming their God, for having placed them where they are. These individuals will often tell you, with an air of affected compassion, (for who can believe it real), that poor dear mamma is working herself to death; no sooner do you propose that they should assist her, than they declare she is quite in her element; in short that she never would be happy if she had only half so much to do.

Governor Leslie, of Kentucky, in his inaugural address said that although the reports have been greatly exaggerated, there is lawlessness enough in the State to demand the most strenuous efforts on the part of the State government to suppress it.

Cardinal Bonaparte has gone to Rome and carries with him a letter from Napoleon to the Pope. The clerical party in Rome are preparing for a demonstration on the 20th inst. The "Reds" are resolved to make a counter-demonstration and trouble is anticipated.

The Berlin Kreuz Zeitung announces the result of the negotiations at Salzburg as follows:—Austria and Germany repudiating aggressive ideas will unite closely to repel aggression; Germany, continues the Kreuz Zeitung, wishes Austria to be strong, and the Austrian Emperor and statesmen desire union with Italy.

Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg of New York, who is always doing good, has been recently engaged in raising a "Fresh Air fund," to give to poor women and children little trips into the country during the hot season.

Uncle Broadacres keeps a record of infantile diseases in his family Bible. Because, he says, most people, when they reach maturity, know their own names, and the date of their birth, and the names of their parents, but a very large number don't know whether they have had the chicken pox or the scarlet fever or the measles!

"In looking on the happy autumn fields," it has been discovered, the difference between a horse chestnut and a chestnut horse is, that one sheds its leaves, while the other leaves its shed.

Messrs. Howard and Teague, of Caribou, passed our village on Friday with nine horses and colts purchased in Oxford county, brought hither for a market, because horse feed is very abundant here and is equally scarce outside.—[Presque Isle Sentinel.]

Rev. Smith Baker, formerly of Orono, was installed pastor over the First Congregational Church, Lowell, Mass., Wednesday evening,

Waterville Mail.

ETH MAXHAM, DANIEL WING, EDITORS.

For the Mail.

THE CRUISE OF THE GREYHOUND.

CHAPTER II.

SUDDENLY our attention is arrested by a contest going on in the ocean, some little distance from us, but near enough for us to see it all. It is a whale attacked by a sword-fish and thrasher. These two, we are told, usually act in concert when making war on the enemy against whom they have a common grudge; the first prodding him from beneath, while the other belabors him soundly with his tail and the apparently arm-like weapons with which nature has furnished him. The sword-fish is not visible, but appearances indicate his presence, as the whale is plainly frustrated in his attempts to descend. The thrasher, which we judge to be sixteen or twenty feet in length—we can see clearly as he throws himself entirely out of the water and upon the object of his wrath. The scene is an exciting one; but we cannot help feeling a degree of sympathy for the poor whale as he frantically endeavors to escape from his troublesome assailants. He succeeds, however, at last, and is allowed to wander away at his own sweet will, blowing at intervals in regular whale fashion, and finally disappears altogether.

Just before mid-day the wind that until now has been blowing freshly, almost entirely dies away, and the idea of making a very quick run across the Bay has to be abandoned. Later the watches for the night have to be made up; this being the first that necessitates them. There are three men in each; one at the helm—two on the look-out forward—two hours duty. At eight o'clock the first watch take their station, with orders to report any lights of vessels, or anything else ahead. An hour has elapsed when far, far away in the lonesome darkness, a glimmer is seen. Now it is gone! there it is again!—and so on with regularity. Oh, that is a light from the shore; no danger of our running into that and not worth mentioning. Presently the Captain calls:

"Boys, don't you see a light?"

"There is a revolving light, sir, one point off the starboard bow."

"How long have you seen it?"

"Almost half an hour, sir."

"Then why didn't you sing out? That is Yarmouth light, and the vessel is immediately headed directly for it. The next day considerable fun is poked at the first watch for waiting thirty minutes before reporting a revolving light! At day break, however, the light is discovered to be a strange one—the tides during the calm of yesterday probably having drifted as somewhat to the northward of our course. Shortly an opportunity is offered of speaking a schooner, from which we learn that this is Capt. St. May light, and some twelve miles above that of Yarmouth. To an invitation to come aboard the two chief officers promptly respond. They prove to be Capt. McDonald and brother, and their gentlemanly affability at once establishes a claim to fellowship and renders their call a very pleasant one to be remembered. We sail slowly along the grass-covered coast which, very unlike the one we have lately left, slopes gently to the shore. Most of it is under cultivation, and the luxuriant fields, and the tidy, well kept dwellings tell that the farming community, in this section, at least, is a thriving one.

At the entrance of Yarmouth Bay we take on board a pilot—of African hue—brimful of jollity—and a surprising volubility of tongue.

"O well, Cap'n," says Joshua, who has undertaken to do a little chaffing, "you won't find us to be a very much worse set of fellows than we appear to be, after all."

"Hope not, sir; hope not," is the rapid reply of the sable "Cap'n."

The wind freshens and we sail swiftly up the bay to the wharf, and not long after are strolling up the streets of the somewhat staid looking city of Yarmouth. A requisition is made by a portion of the company for carriages, and as the barouche and proud-stepping grays are brought around, Ben displaces the driver and takes the reins and whip with an air that betrays at once that it is not the first time that he has taken in hand a span of spirited horses.

A drive through the principal quarters of the city and then away to the gold mine which we learn is but a few miles distant. The farmers are in the midst of their hay-making. The crop is an abundant one. The new mowing hay fills the air with fragrance. The fresh green fields—the absence of the swarms of grasshoppers, are in striking contrast to the parched and pest-plagued region from whence we came. Otherwise the general aspect of the country does not differ materially from that of Maine.

The mine is easily found. The main shaft is covered by a rude building, and sunk at an angle of about 35 deg.; planked on all sides as far down as one can see. Large buckets—barrel size—are ascending and descending, to remove the surplus water that accumulates below. Upon one side of the shaft is an iron ladder reaching to the bottom and furnishing means of ingress and egress to the miners. Two of the party express a desire to go down and see them at work, and each being furnished with a candle, prepare to follow their guide into the gloomy depths beneath. They soon disappear, but we can see their lights and hear their voices as they reach the foot of the ladder and move around 120 feet from us. From this level there is another shaft descending 74 feet further. After awhile they come climbing back, tired, but declaring that they have been amply paid for the exertion it has cost them—the more so, perhaps, because each brings back a "pocket-full of rocks." Near by is a perpendicular shaft used for raising the gold-bearing rock and debris of the mine to the surface.

In the evening we are much pleased in receiving the visit from the American consul, Dr. Merrill, formerly of Boston. In addition to his consular duties he adds those of practicing physician. It did not detract in the least from the pleasure of this and other calls, to find that he was familiar with the localities and many of the people in the valley of the Kennebec.

On the next morning one of the Sabbath Schools of the city embark on a large schooner lying at the wharf next above us, and sail away on a picnic excursion.

The vessel is gaily decorated with the flags of every country—the stars and stripes at the peak. When they came up the bay again the first of the evening we hear them singing "God Save the Queen," to the air of "America,"—and we were afterwards told that this was the usual practice. As they pass our yacht they give us the compliment of three cheers, which we return with all the power at our command. It is a surprise to us to learn of the desire of many, frequently expressed to us, for annexation to the United States. There seems to be very little respect for the part that the British government plays in the control of Provincial affairs—apparently merely nominal; one gentleman terming it to be "simply a farce."

It is also as unexpected as it is gratifying to note the kindness and cordiality with which we are received by every one with whom we are brought into contact. Especially do we remember the politeness of Capt. B. Stanwood; Mr. Ryerson, of the firm of Moses Ryerson & Co.; Mr. Brown, who exalted so highly our West Waterville scythes, in which in connection with his business, he had largely dealt, and many others; not forgetting Madame DeWolf, our kind landlady of the Acadia Hotel; albeit, not to be behind hand in American prices and Yankee shrewdness, she charged us—we afterwards discovered—double her usual rates.

But inexorable Time begins to crowd us. Already have we tarried a day longer than we had intended, and although the weather looks a little unpropitious "outside," yet it is decided that now we must turn the prow of the "Greyhound" homeward and take the chances; and we still have an eye to a few of those big cod which we hope to take on the way.

A tug has been engaged to take us out of the bay, and now she is coming toward us with the Boston packet in tow. Are we all here? We count ourselves up. One is missing! Step! where is Step! At once all is consternation! Every eye is anxiously turned cityward. What shall we do? Must we give up this opportunity and lie here for a time indefinite? or shall we leave our hapless friend to pine in the land of the foreigner?

Ah! there he is just turning the corner of yonder block, and came in hand, moving with aldermanic dignity.

"Ho! Stephen! Ho!"

He looks up. He sees the pulling tug. He sees the dozen sails excitedly waving him on ward. He comprehends the situation at a glance, and the way he makes those shiny bows pace off the intervening distance would entitle them to the first prize on any trotting course within the limits of New England! He reaches the wharf just in season to seize a shroud and swing himself to the deck as a line is thrown to the schooner, and we take our place astern and move down the bay in a stately procession of three!

An hour later and we are again on the wide ocean and left to shift for ourselves.

With a clear, stiff breeze, we sail steadily on, but soon the sky becomes overcast; the wind and sea gradually increase, and by dinner time it is a matter of some skill to keep one hand busy in retaining the dishes in their relative positions upon the table, and with the other convey a portion of the contents to the mouth, or take a sip of coffee without spilling. Throughout the afternoon the storm gradually gathers force, and not unnaturally several begin to manifest stomachic disturbance. One poor victim—with a rueful attempt at a joke—ventures an opinion that the blueberries that he cat at dinner does not agree with him.

Good by! O ye fish of Menan! Live on your peaceful lives in your watery homes! We now have no inclination to muddle with you!

Anything in the shape of a formal supper is a thing of impossibility.

Occasionally we ship a sea over the bows, and once I am startled by a rush of water down the cabin stairs.

"Whew!" thinks I; "I suppose that this is a foretaste of more of the same sort that we may expect to-night, and I go up to see how things are looking on deck."

The immense waves are roaring around our staunch little craft as she careers onward in her course. The sails are reefed. The hatch is battened down, and water casks and everything of like nature, are securely lashed. The "doctor" is holding on to the fore-sheets and now and then throws himself across them and kicks out his legs in such a manner as for a moment to give the impression that he is rehearsing the swimming knowledge of his youth, against any possible emergency, but it is soon apparent that his gymnastics are involuntary, and should call for an expression of sympathy rather than of amusement.

I have scarcely taken a position amidstships when I am deluged by a comb that comes in over the side; and a few minutes later, conversing with a friend, we are for a moment off our guard, and we catch it again over head and shoulders.

With the coming of darkness the rain also begins to fall in torrents, and all who can be spared from the deck go below and endeavor to make themselves as comfortable as the nature of the circumstances will admit. The hours drag wearily on. After a succession of violent tossings by playful but sometimes rude old Neptune, and having given expression of his appreciation of this rough cussing, though not exactly in infantile chuckles of delight, "Our Infant" is heard to remark—evidently to himself, and "more in sorrow than in anger"—that "This is tedious."

The countenance of our Californian is in calm repose. Indian stories, and wild horse breaking anecdotes are for the time at a discount.

Music and sentiment alike have fled the soul of the man who heretofore has been continually singing the endless refrain,

"If ever I cease to love,"

and he now lies quietly in his berth and makes no sign.

"Next year," moans the poor doctor, "I shall take my picnic on shore."

"You may be sure," groans Joshua, that I shall never make a sailor."

Oh, my dear fellows, do not, I beseech, repent having come with us, for Dr., how indispensable has been the "miniature" apothecary shop!" so thoughtfully brought, and your professional advice so kindly and freely given. And Joshua, remember in what awkward predicaments some of us would have been left, had

not been for your ready needle and your skillful hand.

At midnight when I go upon deck, the spectacle that presents itself is one of magnificence. On every side the ocean, in its gigantic turmoil, is lighted up with phosphorescent brilliancy, and exhibits a scene of splendor and of grandeur, that to give anything like an adequate description, requires an abler pen than mine.

Daylight comes at last and with it a rapid abatement of wind and sea; indeed, it is not long before we are almost becalmed. A thick fog shuts in and does not begin to lift again until the middle of the afternoon, and then through the mists are seen the outlines of Mr. Desert. Before sundown the atmosphere is clear and delightful. We catch the warm land breeze, and with spirits and appetites regained, all enjoy the rapid sail into harbor, and can laugh most heartily at the recital of the comical features of last night's experiences.

We sail out again the next day to pursue once more, for a few hours, our fishing sport, and then orders are given for the last time to coil all the lines, preparatory to a start for Rockland, which with the then moderate wind we are in hopes of reaching in season to connect with the Boston boat in the morning. But, as if in obedience to our wish, a strong, steady breeze springs up, and—like the steed, that, quietly joggling about town of a summer evening, is at last turned toward his familiar stall—so, catching the inspiration, does the Greyhound, with belling canvass and flying colors, go—with the fleetness of her namesake—rushing homeward, and at half-past ten at night we drop anchor in Rockland harbor, just as a thunder-shower with all its inky blackness bursts upon us.

Bright and early we embark on board the steamer; stopping a few hours in Belfast and its pleasant suburbs, and the night train brings us home, unanimously voting that we have had a capital time, and with better appetites, and renewed courage to begin again our daily toil.

[For the Waterville Mail.]

ON THE PLAINS.

HAYS CITY, KANSAS, Sept. 4th, 1871.

OUR life out here, in full view of nature's sublimity undeffiled by the advance of civilization, on these majestic llanos but a few short years ago the favored hunting ground of the Apache and Comanche, where still the mighty herds of bison "bellowing, shake the earth," and the antelope skip over the short but succulent grass; would to the conventional Easterner not doubt appear somewhat to verge on the barbarous. At the same time, however, it affords a novelty, a charm, far beyond any that the hackneyed resorts of fashion, now so densely overcrowded, can proffer to the jaded man of business who longs to throw to the winds for a time his "scrip and scrippage," his warrants and his tenures, and escape far away from the hum of commerce and vexations of a metropolis.

To such, who may be comparatively but little acquainted with the wonders and beauties of what has been for years, by misguided geographers, termed the great desert, a brief description of our vicinity may not be without interest.

For miles around, on every hand, stretches a vast plateau, here and there broken by a slight ridge of bluffs, or a thickly wooded watercourse, and covered with a species of short tough grass, of great nutritive value. Add to this, a cloudless sky, a sun, almost tropical in its brightness, whose heat is moderated and subdued by the fresh breeze which blows continually, even during the meridian hours, which are elsewhere so oppressive, and you have a fair idea of our climate. As may be deduced from these facts, disease is a rarity, consumption unknown, sufferers from almost any of the "ills that flesh is heir to" repairing in search of health to the plains, and returning to their distant homes reinvigorated and strong. Day by day, as they breathe the life-giving element, their prostration gives way as by the touch of a magician's wand, and the blood leaps again in the excess of its renewed vitality.

The soil, fallow for ages, is brim full with fertility, and, like the famed Texas ranches, only waits to be tilled with the hoe to laugh with a harvest. Here, meadow land, in hundreds of square miles, yearns for the plow, and no preliminary chopping of the bush, or burning out the stumps, to be followed by a tedious and laborious hoe planting, with the risk of the loss of crops through uncertain weather or insect depredators, chills the hopes, and wastes the substance of the settler, by long and vexatious delay.

Cattle and horses thrive, increase and multiply, and for sheep farming no land could be better adapted than this, that fell destroyer the "rot," being checkmated at the first move.

This town is on the line of the Kansas Pacific R. R., and clinics are being taken up rapidly by settlers from all portions of the States and Territories.

Game, both winged, and four-footed, is abundant, and thousands of buffalo may be seen at any time feeding on the rich prairie grass, even close up to the railroad track, or scampering away before the locomotive. Two days ago, several gentlemen residing here, and myself, started for a dash among the bovines. We took the old Sioux to the northward, as far as the North Fork of the Smoky Hill river, and pursued the even tenor of our way, across country, to the Saline River, twelve miles further on. On the way we noticed numbers of prairie dogs, some of whom suffered for their temerity in approaching us too nearly, and a big rattlesnake. The latter we killed, not soothed, by a shot through the spine. He was truly an ugly looking specimen.

The Saline River is a fine stream of clear water, about the size of the Emerson, and its valley is a deep and precipitous rocky canon, full of boulders of all sizes—the cliff on one side overhanging with "beetling" brows, some two hundred feet in height, giving the spectator from below a kind of creeping sensation in the bones. The rock is a fossiliferous limestone, scraped and twisted into fantastic shapes, presenting throughout the gorge a weird and gloomy appearance. We followed the canon for some distance, striking a belt of forest trees on our way, and sighted several large herds of buffalo, at which we contented ourselves with a passing shot or two, not being willing to stop until we reached the scene of our labors. Some of these approached within about fifty yards of our vehicle, apparently quite oblivious of the dangers of our "Winchesters." Five miles more brought us to the camp of Johnson, a veteran hunter and ranchero, where we partook of our evening repast, and camped out. Our blankets formed the couches, and a merry group we made round the blazing camp fire, with our meerschaums in full blast, and beguiling the "gloamin' mirk" with stories of "strange ventures" happily by land or sea, and the chat and repartee inseparable from such an occasion. Then on the softest pillow that mother earth afforded, we slept the deep sleep of the weary.

Next morning, a breakfast of the usual hog and hominy, seasoned with "Chili Con Carne," was served up by the Mexican "graceros" in good style, to which we did ample justice, and after a perusal of your interesting paper, which we reserved as a relish after our *déjeuner*, we

started on the chase. Buffalo hunting has been too often described for my feeble pen to add new interest to it—suffice it to say, that six mighty bulls wallowed in the agonies of death. We brought home their tongues as trophies. After this, we started on our return, mightily pleased with the day's doings.

Could you leave the mysteries of your "sanctum," and the fascinations of white perch for a time, we would be most happy to initiate you in the most ancient and noble art of "woodcraft." I need not say that the ceremonies are neither so complicated or impressive as those attached to the society of noble piscators on the waters of the raging Magraw.

Many distinguished visitors have been here lately, and we can promise a cordial welcome and plenty of fun to those who may favor us with a "call" in the future.

J. D. M.

Waterville Mail.

EPH MAXHAM, DAN'L R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... SEPT. 22, 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 this office:

S. M. PATTEN, L. & Co., No. 10 State St., Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York.

E. H. NILES, No. 1 Schoolyard Building, Boston.

GEO. J. ROWELL & 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."

LOOK AT IT, FARMER!—According to the Rutland, Vt., Herald, the cattle drovers of that county are buying on a large scale, the oxen sent from Maine to Brighton, and selling them to the Vermont farmers. The Herald says, "They are to be worked awhile and then fattened, and find their way back to Boston market as good beef." A car load of Maine oxen were seen at the Rutland depot on the 6th inst. Now, the question is, out of which party, the Maine or the Vermont farmer, comes the expense of taking these oxen from Maine to Vermont and back to Brighton? Corn must be used in fattening them and costs the same in Vermont as in Maine. Is the Vermont farmer a little sharper than the Kennebec—or not?

OUR FIRE last week revealed to us two facts important for us to know—the insufficiency of our reservoirs and a short supply of reliable hose; and if we are wise, some action will be immediately taken to put ourselves in better condition to quell a fire. With only one building burning, two reservoirs were speedily exhausted and the engines were driven to others farther off, and when they came to lengthen the hose much of it was found in very poor condition. What would have been our condition if the fire had occurred a few hours earlier, before it commenced to rain, with everything about dry and ready to ignite with every falling cinder? Since the fire our cisterns have been filled by teams hauling a hoghead at a time; but cannot a better and less expensive way be devised?

We need one large reservoir in the vicinity of the Common, and we ought to be able to fill that and the others either by a force pump from the Gristmill or from a pond on Hayden brook. A supply of water upon Main Street, where there is a deficiency for ordinary use, would be marketable, yielding a revenue.

We learn that a meeting of Ticonic Village Corporation is to be called to consider these matters, and we trust it will be a large one and that something will be done at once. See advertising column.

THE STORE burned here last week was one of the old landmarks, having been erected over sixty years by Mr. Abraham Freeman, who afterwards moved to Norridgewock where he died a few years ago. Judge Stackpole, our venerable fellow citizen, a boy then, was present at the raising and passed up the pins to the men on the frame. Tradition says that, under one of the corner stones was deposited a sample of the liquor used in those remote times with specimens of the current coin, &c., and we notice that some has pried off an underpinning stone at one of the corners, but we do not learn that any treasure has been discovered. So good a business stand ought not to remain unoccupied, and we are glad to learn that there is a good prospect that the store will be rebuilt soon.

There were some errors in the report of the premiums awarded at the New England Fair, which we last week copied from one of the dailies. It was Mr. H. C. Burleigh's cow Hobe 5th that won the sweepstakes, and the premiums on four year olds and upwards were awarded—1st to H. C. Burleigh on Verbena 2d: 2d to Geo. E. Shores on Hobe 2d, and 3d to Geo. E. Shores on Necklace 3d.

Horses are going for a song, because hay is dear, and now the Kennebecs advertise that their fine carriages will be sold without regard to cost for the next thirty days! Nobody, therefore, need go afoot.

The latest things out—Cats on the back shed.

THE WATERVILLE UNION S. S. ASSOCIATION held its third session in our village this week. It began with a children's meeting on Sabbath evening, from 6 to 7 o'clock at the Baptist church. This was made up of an abundance of singing under the lead of the chorister, Mr. C. G. Tozier; Prayer by Rev. Mr. Hill of the Congregational Church; a blackboard exercise by E. R. Drummond, Esq., the Superintendent of the M. E. Sabbath School; addresses by Prof. J. B. Foster, Rev. J. Gibson, of Fairfield &c. This meeting was quite full and the children were evidently pleased and profited.

After the children's meeting was dismissed, 25 minutes were given to devotional exercises, and then Rev. D. B. Randall addressed the assembly on the duty of all to attend the Sabbath School. His remarks were ably seconded by Rev. J. Gibson, Rev. Mr. Burrage, Mr. J. H. Hanson, and Mr. Drummond. The remainder of the evening was spent in enforcing the duty of teachers to visit their scholars—the discussion being opened by Rev. Mr. Ladd and continued by Rev. Mr. Hill. Owing to the lateness of the hour at which the discussion closed the Question Box was omitted. This meeting was very large.

Monday afternoon the meeting was held in the vestry of the Congregational Church. After devotional exercises the following subject was discussed:—How can the Sunday School be made attractive without the loss of spiritual power? Opened by Rev. Mr. Hill, and continued by Rev. Mr. Dinsmore of Winslow, Rev. Mr. Ladd, Mr. Drummond, Mr. W. A. F. Stevens, and Rev. J. Gibson.

"Reviews of Lessons—How often, how conducted?" was discussed by Dinsmore, Ladd, and Drummond; and the meeting closed with the consideration of "Sabbath School Prayer Meetings," which was discussed by Dinsmore, Ladd, Gibson, Hill and Drummond.

The meeting in the evening held at the same place was opened with devotional exercises, after which the following topic was introduced:—Obligations of the teachers to prepare lessons and attend school regularly, and the preparation needed. This was discussed by Drummond, Dinsmore, Stevens and Mr. Town, Superintendent of the Congregational Sabbath School.

The next topic—Teachers' meetings; how should they be conducted, and duty of teachers to attend—was discussed by Burrage, Densmore, Ladd, and Drummond; and then Mr. J. B. Bradbury gave his answer to the following question—What can teachers do to induce the scholars to study the lesson? This was followed by the Question Box and general discussion until the time of adjournment.

MRS. LAURA C. MITCHELL, wife of Rev. Edward C. Mitchell, a Swedenborgian preacher of Detroit, Michigan, (and not a graduate of Colby of the same name, as some of the papers have it) is missing, much to the grief and anxiety of her friends. She took the train at Boston for New York, on her way to Philadelphia, on the night of the 15th inst., but has not since been heard of. She was a lovely woman, 27 years of age, in ill health, and no reasons can be assigned for her mysterious disappearance.

MR. HANSON'S SCHOOL, the Classical Institute, increases in size yearly, and as there is a scarcity of rooms in our village to accommodate the large number of pupils from abroad, a building is to be immediately erected upon the rear of the Institute lot, to accommodate those who wish to board themselves. It will be 28 by 35 feet, two stories, and will contain eight rooms with bed closets attached. Mr. N. C. French, to whose card in our paper we invite attention, will build it.

THE NEW YORK OFFICIALS are in a glorious mud hole, and it is not easy to see what is to be the end, or who is the greatest rogue.

The police force of Augusta cannot be very efficient. The Journal says that a gang of rowdies were allowed to outrage the audience and the performers at the Peak concert by slang and obscenity. Bad example at the Capital!

LATER—Similar disturbance was permitted at the Peak Concert here in Waterville; though before the retirement of our chief of police it was confined to two or three "gentle gentlemen,"—after which several clownish fellows on the back seats took it up, and our police department got a bad name, considering the high character of the entertainment. Augusta fashions are awfully contagious among the lower class of Waterville boys.

The season at Saratoga closed with a disastrous fire, in which three large hotels—Park Place, Columbian, and Crescent—were destroyed, with some other buildings, involving a loss of about \$200,000. Probably of incendiary origin.

The New Hampshire State Temperance Convention, by resolution declared that neither the democratic nor republican party could be trusted to enforce the prohibitory law of the State, and provided for the calling of a State Convention for the nomination of candidates for Governor and railroad commissioner, to be held on the first Wednesday in December next.

We will pay a handsome reward for the detection of the boy that writes obscenity on the walls of the stairway leading to this office.—[Belfast Journal.]

Is that where some of your paragraphs come from, friend Journal?

"FENCING THE SCOTS"—is what the Peter Funks style the game of selling cheaply got up watches to greenhorns. There's a big business done by some of these fellows in our State, where people generally pride themselves upon having their eye teeth well out.

Man over-board—an editor.

OUR TABLE.

THE LAST KNIGHT. A Romance-Garland. From the German of Anastasius Gran. Translated with notes, by John O. Sargent. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Riverside Press, Cambridge.

Anastasius Gran is the literary name of the Austrian Count Von Anersberg, who has been in public life as a leader of the liberal party in Austria since 1848. Of late years, indeed, his literary fame has eclipsed his political, which was also partially obscured by his apparent desertion of his party. He had appeared as a poet, with occasional short productions, which marked him as a writer likely to achieve a wide reputation, when he produced this book, which from its story and from the power which he displayed gave him at once a high position, which he has ever since maintained, as among the best and most distinguished of the living poets of Germany. "The Last Knight" is a series of ballads founded on incidents in the life of Maximilian I., 1459–1550. The stirring incidents of that heroic time, the magnificent exploits of Maximilian and Mary, the contest between France and Germany, and all the circumstances of romantic adventure, render the subject a most brilliant one. The national character of the theme has made the book a very popular one in Germany; and its issue, now for the first time in English dress, is very pat to contemporaneous events.

It is issued in an elegant quarto volume, with quaint title page and ornaments.

Sold in Boston by Nichols & Hall; in Waterville by C. K. Mathews.

STORIES FROM OLD ENGLISH POETRY. By Abby Sage Richardson. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Riverside Press, Cambridge.

Sixteen stories, from the most famous and most beautiful of the classic poems and dramas in the English language are here put into charming prose, for the instruction and entertainment of the young. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, and other lesser poets have been drawn from, and there could be no more delightful introduction to the wealth of early English literature than that provided by Mrs. Richardson, who has already made herself known as a successful writer for the young. It is a good idea, well executed.

For sale in Boston, by Nichols & Hall, and in Waterville by C. K. Mathews.

THE FABLES OF PILIPAY. Revised edition. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Riverside Press, Cambridge.

"The Fables of Pilipay" have an origin almost lost in the obscurity of Sanskrit tradition, and yet the book, in one form or another, has travelled through centuries across many lands in many tongues, and now sets out afresh in an edition prepared in the youngest nation, whose children will enjoy these entertaining and really instructive stories which are replete with only a keen here and there in the long succession of incidents. They are stories differing from those of Aesop in this respect, amongst others, that they are not single, brief incidents, but long continued histories, having each their social or political aspects, forming a narration highly interesting in itself, and yet preserving with great nicety the peculiar characteristics of the animals that act the parts. It is really a book of natural history as well, that is, the history of the lion, jackal, fox, and others, in their mental and moral nature. It is issued in a pretty volume in unique binding and with numerous neat embellishments.

For sale in Boston by Nichols & Hall, and in Waterville by C. K. Mathews.

FOUR, AND WHAT THEY DID. By Helen C. Weeks, author of "The Ainslee Series," "White and Red," etc. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Riverside Press, Cambridge.

Miss Weeks is one of our brightest, liveliest and most natural writers for the young, with whom her stories are very popular. Of course her admirers will be pleased to hear of a new work by her, mainly a story of pioneer life at the west, abounding in stirring scenes and incidents; but the volume also contains eight other stories, all told in a way to interest children. It is a nice book to slip into a child's stocking at Christmas.

For sale in Boston by Nichols & Hall, and by C. K. Mathews, Waterville.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for October is at hand with the following attractive table of contents:—

The Intermingling of Religions, by L. Maria Child; Kaweah's Run, by Clarence King; Two, a poem, by T. B. Aldrich; June days in Venice, H. H.; An Evening with Mrs. Hawthorne, by T. W. Higginson; On an Old Latin Text-Book, by T. W. Higginson; Watch and Ward, by H. James; A Love Letter, by Burr G. Homer; Free Trade—Revenue Reform, by Edward Atkinson; Marble or Dust, by Mrs. S. M. B. Platt; Their Wedding Journey, by J. B. Hawley; My Birthday, by John C. Whitier; A Newport Romance, by Bret Harte; Kate Beaumont, by J. W. DeForest; Our Whispering Gallery—Dickens, by James T. Ford; Recent Literature.

Published by J. S. Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$4 a year.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for October brings another instalment of the remarkable adventures of Master Jack Hazard, as detailed by Trowbridge; with something laughable concerning "Monkeys," and also about "Molasses, Soft Soap and Cider." There are many other good articles in the number, which is profusely illustrated, and the "young contributors" fill an unusually large space.

Published by J. S. Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$2.50 a year.

THE NURSERY for October is as good as ever—can we give it any higher praise? The publisher makes tempting offers to agents, and those who are disposed to solicit subscribers for this attractive juvenile monthly cannot fail to do well, for all who see it are ready to subscribe for it.

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

SCHOOL MEETING. It was said of some one that "He never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one;" but the opposite was true of the meeting of the staid and sober voters of District No. 1, who met on Monday evening to consider certain important matters named in the warrant—for though a large share of the talk was such as provoked the groundlings to laugh, the final action was wise and well considered. A call for a further appropriation of \$1200—by a committee, who were directed to build a school house at an expense not exceeding \$1200, but who after expending \$1420, find that \$1000 is needed to complete what they have begun—was met by the appointment of a committee to examine into the condition of the work and the advisability of finishing it, with an estimate of the cost of the same, which committee are to report at an adjourned meeting to be held on Monday evening next at Town Hall. The subject of privies was left to the agent and superintendent school committee, who are to do what they think best under the circumstances. Come out to the next meeting.

A MR. JOSELYN was waylaid, knocked down and robbed of \$340 in Charleston in this State, last Saturday night. He was badly injured, but has revived once since long enough to identify his assailant, one Joseph Smith of Pea Cove, who was arrested, and upon whom a portion of the money was found.

LEONARD SWETT, a well known fast man, was found in Fore Street, Portland, on Tuesday evening, so badly injured from a severe beating that he died the next morning. Subsequent revelations led to the arrest of one Simon Lovett, with whom he had been gambling, and from whom the deceased had won a large sum of money.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY.—By referring to our advertising columns it will be seen that having received an urgent call from his old home, Mr. C. A. Henriksen wishes to dispose of his bookstore and the flourishing business which he has built up, that he may return to his friends from whom he has been so long separated. The story of his life is as interesting as a novel. Leaving home at the age of thirteen as a cabin boy, Charley deserted the vessel on his arrival in this country, and went into the streets of New York, without money or friends, knowing no one and unable to speak a word of English, but with a boyish desire to be free from restraint and a vague idea that everything desirable could be easily won in this wonderful America.

For a long time he had to rough it in a hard way by sea and land; but making friends here and there, and working his way up steadily and persistently, he eventually found himself here in Waterville, where he completed his fitting for college and entered. When he had been in college two terms, the ringing call from Sumter came which roused the young men of our country to arms, and though it was not the country of his birth, yet the first one to step forward to enlist here in Waterville was C. A. Henriksen, and he was active in urging others to do the same. He was in Co. A of the 3d Maine, was taken prisoner at the first Bull Run, and after his release he entered the U. S. Navy as Ensign, passing a creditable examination. Coming here after the war, he opened a bookstore in which he is doing quite a business, having secured many friends. But his relatives, who for fourteen years mourned him as dead, have recently sent him urgent messages to visit them, accompanied with life like pictures of the family group—mother, brothers sister, nephews, nieces, &c.—and the Norse blood within him is stirred by the sight of the old familiar faces, and his heart yearns for a look at the land of his birth. He goes to be absent for several months in any event, but circumstances may arise to induce him to remain in his native country and he may never return to us. Therefore it is, that he wishes to dispose of his business, preferring to do so rather than leave it in the hands of others. It is a good opportunity for some enterprising young man to establish himself in a pleasant and profitable business.

First quality of eating apples bring a dollar a bushel on our streets.

The Kennebec Journal boasts of having "two Kimbells" advertising in its columns—one dry goods and the other photographs. Which is to be run for governor by the great Augusta working men's political reform association? We have "two Kimbells" in Waterville, but both have the means of living without working hard enough to qualify them for governor.

The satisfaction of having vengeance upon the grasshoppers seems in some measure to reconcile farmers to the late severe frosts. These have been a biting termination to the growth of some of the fields of late potatoes; and where not prevented by an early harvest, have injured the quality of corn fodder. Vines have been fatally squelched out of all hope. The trees are putting on their bright hues, as men do their best deeds in their wills drawn on their death-beds. "Winter is coming," said one we met in the street—but we trust not in September. A week or two for "Indian Summer" is as sure as fair weather after a rainbow—which often fails.

The North Kennebec Show and Fair, which occurs on the 3d and 4th of October, promises to meet its usual success this year. In some respects it will excel its past exhibitions. The Jersey herds will be represented in full strength; offering an opportunity to see animals of this breed of the very choicest quality. The Herefords have just returned from the N. E. Fair covered with laurels, and will of course appear at the home fair. The horse department never lacks interest; and with wool at 65 cts. there ought to be a few good sheep among other attractions.

It is hoped the several committees connected with the display at the Hall will exert themselves to get a good exhibition in their respective departments.

Some dealers in neat stock have proposed to exhibit and offer for sale, perhaps at auction, a considerable number of animals of various ages; which will be an attractive feature for those who would either buy or sell.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—The directors are making a thorough inspection of all portions of the road, and especially the bridges, with a determination to make every thing safe. A force is at work upon the bridge across the Kennebec at this place, which has been regarded with suspicion for some time. The directors are also re-organizing their force of train men, &c., weeding out all who are incompetent and unreliable.

A misplaced switch at Kennebunkport, on Wednesday evening, landed a train from Boston in a sand bank, but no one was hurt.

The Sheriff of Androscoggin County, aided by a posse, made a successful raid on the liquor dealers in Lewiston last Monday. Mayor Garelson's police force had nothing to do with it.

OATS.—A sample of the White Norway Oats, handed us by H. G. Abbott, Esq., of Vassalboro', is apparently worthy the notice of farmers. These oats weigh 40 lbs. to the bushel, and are productive at a still better rate over the common kinds. Mr. Abbott thinks it a great object to farmers to raise them. This will at once be obvious to those who examine them. [Call and see them.]

The Lewiston Journal is congratulating that city on the appointment of Mr. W. H. Lambert, late principal of the Augusta High School, to the same post in the Lewiston High School. The Kennebec Journal says very pointedly, "We trust he may not be permitted to leave the school here." Mr. L. has the reputation of being a very successful teacher.

Mr. Frank Hilton, one of the choicest of the Pullman Car Co's corps of conductors, has been put in charge of the new car "Adirondack," which takes the place of the "Saturn," broken at Hampden bridge. He is well known for politeness and other good qualities.

Dea. David Webb, a well known and very worthy citizen of Waterville, died at his residence on Winter-st., Sunday night. As a Christian, a neighbor, a friend, a husband and father, his whole life was a beautiful example of truthfulness, meekness and kindness. One who had known him for many years as a near neighbor, said on turning away from his grave, "I never knew him to say an unkind word or do a wrong act." His age was 64.

MARKET PRICES.—In Chicago corn is quoted at 48 cts.—Oats 30, lard 9—mess pork \$12.75—whiskey 99 cts. per gallon.

In N. York, corn 72—oats 50—lard 9—pork \$13.50—whiskey 94—butter 15 to 30.

In Boston, corn 98—butter 26 to 30—factory cheese 10 to 11, dairy 6 to 10—eggs 25—beans \$2.75, to \$3.75—sweet potatoes \$5.50 per bbl—onions \$3.00 per bbl.

In Waterville, butter 35 cts.—potatoes 40.

BRIGHTON.—First quality beef \$6.00 to \$6.50; poorest grades \$4.00 to \$4.75; sheep and lambs \$1.75 to \$5.25; lambs 4 to 7 12 cts. lb. live weight; pelts \$1.00 to \$1.50; live hogs 5 to 6 cts.

DESPERATE AFFRAY AT THE NEVADA STATE PRISON. The following particulars of the escape of the convicts from the State Prison at Carson, Nevada, have been received:

Volney E. Robbins was looking in the prisoners, when one of them knocked him down with a bottle and dragged him into a cell just as the other prisoners rushed up. The band then cut a hole through the wall into the apartment occupied by the wife and daughter of Lieutenant-Governor Denver, and entered before any alarm was given. The prisoners were all armed with slugs-shots and steel bars. Denver met them and fired his revolver at Frank Clifford, a horse thief serving a term of 10 years, and who appeared to be the leader of the gang. Clifford was hit and stunned, but the Lieutenant-Governor was soon knocked down, his skull fractured and shot through the hip with his own revolver, by Robert Dedman, a prisoner under sentence for life. Alonzo Everts was with Denver, and as the latter fell, seized a chair and fought like a tiger, knocking down five prisoners, one of them over the "balustrades and down stairs." His heroic conduct saved the life of Lieut. Governor Denver. Everts was himself eventually knocked down and left for dead, but proved to be but slightly injured. Wounded as he was, Clifford made his way down stairs and followed the crowd, who at once seized the armory of the prison office, clothing, ammunition, &c. Mat Pixley, one of the proprietors of the Warm Springs Hotel, hearing the firing, seized a six-shooter and in company with a man named Perassish rushed into the prison-yard to assist the officers. The convicts were still inside the guard-room, firing through the main door of the building, and Perassish and Pixley marched up to a window and commenced firing at the prisoners inside; when Charles Jones, under sentence of ten years, fired at them through the window and struck Pixley just below the eye, passing through the head, killing him instantly. Twenty-nine prisoners made their escape, carrying off their wounded. The guards were all wounded seriously.

There was a considerable excitement on the main street of Wheeling, West Virginia, about noon of last Wednesday, when four pistol shots, fired in rapid succession, were heard within the People's Bank, followed immediately by the sight of four men rushing out, holding revolvers in their hands, which they pointed at whoever attempted to stay their progress. It was simply another midday robbery of the most desperate and violent character. At the noon hour, with only a clerk, George Feeney, in the bank, two men entered, told the clerk they had come to take possession, and immediately they began a shooting match, in which Feeney joined. In the meantime they managed to snatch packages of money from the desk. Such rapid firing soon drew crowds of men to the door, and the robbers saw that their game was up. Holding their pistols to the breasts of men who stopped their egress, they got out to the street, where a cry of "Stop thief" called out a great number of persons. Alexander Laughlin attempted to stop them on Main street, but one of the men levelled his pistol, and he shouted "Come on!" and Alexander, like a very sensible man, didn't "come on." When they turned up Mulberry alley, they met Joseph Paull. But the taller of the two raised placed the muzzle of a pistol against Joseph's breast, shouting "Let me pass, sir!" Joe instantly removed, any obstruction his presence might have been, and said "Pass on, stranger." In this way they passed out of town, no one hindering, and the bank, after it closed for the day, didn't make its cash balance by \$1536. But nobody was hurt.

Russian correspondence says that the general opinion in diplomatic circles of St. Petersburg is that there must soon be war with Germany; that the tone of the Government organs grows more violent against the Emperor William and Bismarck every day, and that it appears as if open hostilities could not long be suppressed.

Augustus H. Small reached his father's house in Gardiner on Friday. He is very low with consumption. His mother accompanied him, and brought home his sister, who is also very sick with the same disease.

It is conceded that Juarez has a majority in the Mexican Congress; but there are no signs of revolution. By a recent order, all foreigners are obliged to register their names within three months.

Two cases of Asiatic cholera have appeared at Perth Amboy, in New Jersey, the victims being recently landed immigrants from Germany.

The south side of Lake street in St. Albans, Vt., from the Farrar's block to the St. Albans Hotel, was destroyed by fire Sunday afternoon. Firemen could do nothing from want of water. Loss \$300,000, largely insured.

[Communicated.]
A MINKERY.—Not Merino wool, but the real Mink. In Charleston, Me., I saw a curious structure—round, 8 feet high, 25 feet across, with a walk on the top all around for a great dog to watch. I called to ask for what purpose it was built; it was invited in, and there were 30 beautiful Minks, with flowing brook and good food to make them a happy family. It is a yankee experiment, to breed Minks for cash. Hill's Remedy experimented on a Tape Worm that occupied a child's stomach 27 months, and all Doctors failed to expel the varmint. The last piece measured 46 feet. If you don't believe me, ask Mrs. Hannah C. Gould, of Farmington Falls, the child's mother.

T. HILL.

THE ELECTION.—The Kennebec Journal, having had access to the official returns, sums up as follows:—

Total vote for Governor 105,532; Perham's vote 58,187; Kimball's, 47,365; Perham's majority, 10,822. Perham's majority last year was 8,237. The vote of the State this year is 5,751 larger than last year and Perham's majority is increased 2,585.

The Senate will stand twenty-five republicans, five democrats, and no choice in one district. By local difficulties the democrats gain two senators in Waldo, one in Hancock and one in Aroostook. The senator elect in Aroostook claims to be a republican, but he was elected in opposition to the republican ticket, and received the democratic vote of the district. In Lincoln we gain a republican senator.

The House is politically as follows: Republicans 111, Democrats 38, Independent 1, and one district has not been heard from. Local disturbances occasioned a few losses of republican representatives, but still the democratic strength in the House is no more than last year.

Bucksport voted on Thursday to subscribe \$65,000 to the stock of the Penobscot & Union River Railroad. Various private subscriptions made in that town of \$32,000 make a total of \$148,000 from the town of Bucksport alone.

Almost the whole business part of the town of Piche, Nevada, was destroyed by a powder explosion on Saturday. Loss estimated to be \$250,000.

S. J. Worcester, who shot and wounded Frank Ladd in Dexter, last week, was arraigned before Trial Justice E. McCall, and was bound over for trial at the Supreme Judicial Court in the sum of \$1000. Ladd is expected to recover.

Some Irish friends of Patrick Logan, a New York policeman dismissed from the force for cowardly and dishonorable conduct during the July riot, have nominated him as a democratic candidate for the Assembly.

The sixth annual convention of the Y. M. C. A. of the State of Maine will be assembled at Biddeford, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 26th and 27th.

The people seem enthusiastic over the idea of a narrow gauge railway up the Sandy River valley to Phillips. The legislature probably will be petitioned to grant a charter this winter for the building of such a road.

The Rogers defalcation is the great subject of discussion at Brunswick. Some say that his operations began twenty years ago, and so there is an uncertainty whether the bondsmen are holden. The defalcation amounts to about \$50,000, the entire capital stock of the bank. It is stated that Rogers will make a disclosure of all his operations when he appears in court.

You Can Buy of
GILBRETH,
KENDALL'S MILLS.

All sorts of
HAYING TOOLS,
Cheaper than elsewhere.

As he has 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.



228 12—226 34—229 12

GILBRETH, KNOX

Has room at Narragansett Park, Providence, of a half mile in a new 110 ft. quarter 80 ft. 2 seconds.

His latest colt, BOSTON JOHN, won the 4 year old purse at Waterville.

His 3 year old colt, "Knox-the-all," sold for five times the price.

"MAINE HAMLETONIAN,"

A grandson of "Rydyk's Hambletonian." See Advertiser in Maine Farmer, or send for a circular.

ON THE RISE

Woolen Goods

Are Still Rising

8 O'CLOCK.

75 A. MANTLE, Horse and Carriage furniture,
 penses paltry; samples free.
 113 W. 4th St. R. SHAW, Agent.
SHOTS, GUNS, REVOLVERS.
 Materials of every kind. For Prices list apply to
 Gun Works, Pittsburgh Pa. Army guns
 bought or traded for. Agents wanted.

It has the delicate and refreshing
 fragrance of garden flowers.
 Cologne Water, and
 Indispensable

COLGATE'S EAU-DE-COLOGNE
TOILET SOAP.

The Toilet of
 every Lady or Gentle-
 man. Sold by Druggists
 and Dealers in PERFUMERY.

THEA--NECTA
IS A PURE
BLACK TEA
with the Green Tea Flavor. We
sell all tastes. For sale every-
where in wholesale only by the
Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., Inc.
New York. P. O. Box 5506.
Then-Neester Circular.

the photographic likenesses of cases before and after cure.
 Henry Ward Beecher, case, letters and portrait. Day
 traveling impostors, who pretend to have been assistants
 of H. W. B. He has no Agents.

WANTED AGENTS
 -FOR-
T. S. ARTHUR'S
Last and Greatest Work

RANGE BLOSSOM
A fascinating book, by the most popular
author, is sure to command an immense
at good. Splendidly illustrated, hand-
ily bound and universally praised by the
of Circular and terms. Address,
O. MACLEAN, Publisher 8 School St.
(1) For 1st class Pianos—sent on trial—
Address U. S. PIANO CO, 645 Broadway.
NO Retailed by one. Wanted agents to sell
everywhere. WHITNEY & Co, Norwich.
CRUMBS OF COMFORT
Patented November 1, 1870.

SAMPLES FREE AT ALL GROCERY STORES.
H. A. PARTLET & Co., Philadelphia.
FREE Prize Candy boxes, Prize Stationery, Jewellery, &c. &c. Silver Watches given to agents. **FREE** Mail order selling our goods. Agents for Political Meetings. Send for Circular. **F. KENNEDY & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.**
WANTED—AGENTS, (\$20 per day) to sell the **IMPROVED SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE.** It is **simple, makes the "lock stitch" (all kinds on both sides),** is **light, strong, and durable.** It is **the best and cheapest family Sewing Machine** in the market. Address **JOHN H. CLARKE**, 100 State Street, Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. **Sw.**
WEDDING GREAT GEDDING

BY ALL DRUG-
GISTS. **NERVI**
ONE DOLLAR. **ells' Carbolic Tabl**

the proprietor of relief in cases of Throat dif-
ficulty. Don't be deceived by worthless
imitations. Get only WELLS' C
TS.
SOLE AGENT, 18 PLATT ST., N. Y. Sole Agents
for Circular. Price 25 cents a box
DUCTION OF PRI
TO CONFORM TO
REDUCTION OF DUTIES.
GREAT SAVING TO CONSUMERS
BY GETTING UP CLUBS.
Send for our New Price List and a Club form

ly it, containing full directions—making a large
farmers and remunerative to club organizers.
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA
31 & 33 VESEY STREET.
BOX 5013. 4w11 NEW YORK

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE
HISTORY OF THE
WAR IN EUROPE
contains over 150 fine engravings of Battle Scenes
during the War, and is the only FULL, AUTH-
ORITATIVE HISTORY OF THE WAR IN EUROPE.

with unprecedented success selling from 25¢
per day, and it is published in both English and
German.

NOTICE Inferior histories are being sold
at 25¢ each. See that the book you buy contains
drawings and 800 pages. Send for circular and
full description of the work. Address
J. H. COLE, Philadelphia Pa.

AGENTS WANTED FOR
MANISM AS IT
Book, AN ELIGANT OCTAVO VOLUME, CONTAINING
AND 105 FIRST-CLASS ENGRAVINGS, IS AN EX-
TRAORDINARY WORK, eminently adapted to the

...exposes its baseless pretences, its frauds, its gross immoralities, its opposition to our civil and religious liberty, it shows its which strongly tends to bring this country into contempt. Prospectus, and books ready or

CONN. PUBLISHING CO. HARTFORD C

ENTS

anted for

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN CAREFULLY

...fascinating, powerfully written, and the

...book. From a new standpoint and upon a

...forming interest. In two parts. Show

...the profitable business of

largely paying employment by taking an
own in the United States, for
LONG-LOOKED FOR MASTERPIECE—
CROWNING WORK OF HIS LIFE.
Henry Ward Beecher's
LIFE OF
JESUS
CHRIST
No book ever published. Prospectus
ready, and territory will be awarded to
on early application. Terms liberal and

40. 27 Park Place, N. Y.; 11 Bromfield St.,
r. 170 State Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE
Wetly Clothes Wring



PHILPES & CO.
SOLE AGENTS
CHAMBERS ST. N.Y.

freely at either end. There, perhaps, other
it contains, seem to be indispensable to a pr
[New York Independent. HC 1172001]
society a blaze, — has become an indispe
in thousands of families. And we believe i
using popularity is fully merited for the
posers are all the requisites of a first-class,
Indeed, after using one for many years
we are prepared to endorse the Nov
and the landless are equalled by
stingers previously tried, — Henry R
anywhere. N. B. PHILIPS & C
Gen Agts. 102 Chambers St.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint horizontal lines and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. The page is set against a dark background.

