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Maxham & Wing

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HIDDEN CROSSES.

I do not ask from Thee, O Lord,
A cup of reddest wine;
I do not ask for brightest beams
Upon my path to shine;
I do not ask in fullest fields
My busy scythe to sway;
I only ask for strength to lift
The crosses in my way.

Those nameless crosses Thou alone,
By any power, canst see;
So subtly covered from all ken
But Thy full sympathy;
Those dim-lined crosses, wreathed with flowers
Which friends unwitting weave,
And by imperfect human act
The wounded spirit grieve.

I do not ask, O gracious Lord,
For bliss bestowed on none—
To know and to be fully known
By each beloved one;
I only ask, oh! tenderest Love,
Since none our hearts may guess,
For bravery to bear the thorns
That 'neath the roses press.

The ponderous cross we cannot hide—
Invisible to despair—
Invokes the martyr in our breasts,
Which sternly helps to share;
A measured burden all deplore;
But human sympathy
Is slow to touch the hidden cross,
Thy clear eyes only see.

Thou who alone of all our friends
Hast tasted every cup,
And by the bitterness of each
Knowest to bear us up;
Oh! give me grace to wear my cross,
A secret still with Thee,
And live in the sustaining power
Of Thy sufficiency.

[From Scribner's Monthly.]

HOW WE LOST AUNT FANNY.

[Concluded.]

The ordinary forms of social life must be gone through with under all conceivable circumstances, till merciful death releases us. So Aunt Fanny and I made our bows (very low, to hide our flaming cheeks) when Dr. Hooper was presented to us.

Mamma welcomed him at her left hand, and next myself, so that poor Aunt Fanny, alone on the opposite side of the table, had to confront not only my conscious face, but the Doctor's which might express much or nothing, we knew not which.

So there the poor darling sat, the rose in her hair smiling at its mate in his buttonhole! "I hope you have slept away your headache, Dr. Hooper," said father, adding, monodically, "we thought we would not disturb you earlier than was absolutely necessary."

"I feel much refreshed," was the Doctor's non-committal answer, as he proceeded to devote himself to mother, in a way that won her heart.

He scarcely seemed to recognize the presence of Aunt Fanny and myself, fortunately for us, although he was courteously responsive to any table-service we were obliged to pay him.

Father was now so awfully wide-awake and present-minded as to be more dangerous than ever, since he was ignorant of any quicksands to be shunned.

He perpetually interrupted the conversation at the upper end of the table with irrelevant questions and remarks, so that Aunt Fanny and I winced apprehensively whenever he opened his lips.

"You love cinnamon roses too, Doctor, I see, as well as Frances and the rest of us. It is my favorite among all the glorious train. There was a great bush against Dr. Draper's parlor window, where Berta and I used to sit, and I always grow tender and sentimental when I see the blossoms. You remember that bush, don't you, Frances?"

Frances thought that she did, and Dr. Hooper echoed father's commendations warmly, and turned again to his hostess.

"Take another muffin, Dr. Hooper," persisted papa, with unprecedented attentiveness. "They are very harmless. We think no one can make such muffins as our sister here. Where did you get the recipe, did you say, Frances? From some of the Presidents' wives, wasn't it?"

"The muffins are of Bridget's manufacture," said Aunt Fanny, almost tartly, while I choked in the attempt to dispose of some water and a nervous giggle at the same instant.

"Very nice, very nice!" said Dr. Hooper, obviously growing nervous himself for he helped himself to two muffins at once, and then asked, "Do you go down to church this evening Mr. Winthrop?"

"No, I am sorry to say; I have some writing which must be done. But my wife and sister will drive down with you."

Aunt Fanny opened her mouth and said, "I shall not go—," when mamma checked her by saying, "I promised Mrs. Howe, an invalid neighbor, Dr. Hooper—that I would go back to her immediately after tea, so that I shall be unable to go into town to-night; but Miss Draper will pilot you."

"You said, Dr. Hooper, you would like to go early, I believe, so I will order the horse at once," said papa.

"If you prefer to drive yourself, you and Frances can go down in the pony phaeton, and I will send Thomas down on foot, so that he can take the horse from you at the church-door; or he can drive you both down in the beach-wagon."

"I should like to drive, if Miss Draper will trust herself to my horsemanship."

Miss Draper murmured something which it is to be hoped was as polite as it was uninteresting.

Papa remarking that the pony was not at all exacting in her demands on the skill of the driver, excused himself from the table, that he might order her to be harnessed.

Instead of going into the back hall, as any other mortal would have done, and as he intended to do, this doomed man plunged into the china-closet, and according to the eternal fitness of things, bumped his head resoundingly against a great salad-bowl which happened to overlap the shelf.

"Why, Charles!" cried mother, for once a little fretted at this glaring exhibition of his obliviousness; "one would think you might remember which was the hall-door in your own house."

Papa came out, looking comically rueful over the bump and the blunder, but mingled with his objections of his besetting sin the apologetic statement, "It is an idiotic room, any way, with doors enough to bewilder a more whole-witted man than I."

"Why, Charles, there are only four, and the room is quite large, I am sure." Now it was mamma's turn to harpoon us. You know at home, in our little dining room, there were actually seven doors—you remember, Fanny?"

"Where there, Berta?" faltered that long suffering darling.

"Why, of course there were. There were the parlor, study, kitchen, and hall-doors, besides the china-closet, the pamphlet-closet, and the cloak-cubby. Now you remember don't you?"

I think she did.

Dr. Hooper, Aunt Fanny and myself all lifted our glasses simultaneously, as if to drink to the health of Grandpapa Draper's doors, and all strangled in the act.

VOL. XXV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1871.

NO. 18.

Then we knew that he had heard.

When father had made a final exit through the legitimate outlet, mamma's perturbed spirit soothed itself by increased attention to her guest.

"Take a bit of cake, Dr. Hooper. Mr. Winthrop lapped the muffins, but gentlemen honestly care more for cake, I believe. This is fruit-cake. My sister gave it the name of the 'Theologues' Special,' years ago, and always insists upon making it when we expect Clergymen to visit us."

"I never eat fruit-cake, madam, under any circumstances," cried Dr. Hooper, with such pronounced vehemence that even mamma realized that 'dangers were abroad' to which she had no clue, and deftly shifted the conversation to the safe ground of common acquaintance.

All things have an end, and so had that awful meal.

Aunt Fanny pale and grim, went up to her room, at mamma's bidding, to prepare for the inquisitorial torture of her *te-te-te* drive with the majestic Doctor.

Could Aunt Fanny slam a door? I am inclined to think the accusing angel would have pleaded extenuating circumstances in her behalf even had the jar of double door-slutting been her fault, and not that of the breezy closet which had so perfidiously betrayed her confidence.

However caused, the effects reached even out to the piazza, whither 'we others' had adjourned, and the clangor was most grateful to my ears till I detected an appreciative twinkle in that tiresome Doctor's eye which spoiled it all.

Immediately after Aunt Fanny left us, a messenger came from Mrs. Howe urging mamma's instant return, so that I was left alone to entertain our guest, and very well I did it, I am convinced by my own recollection aided by subsequent contributions from his. In a voice which I was conscious was ludicrously strained above its natural pitch, but which I could not at all control, I chattered on about I know not what, giving him no opportunity for reply.

Among other notable items, I am assured that I told Dr. Hooper, apropos of nothing, that "I gratitude is the basest of human virtues," and also that, in my opinion the Millennium would not come until the celibacy of the clergy became a fixed fact; and from this latter position I am not inclined to recede.

At last the pony was driven around to the door, and I eagerly volunteered to summon the lingering victim; but father, with ill-timed consideration, said "No, no, child, you are tired enough, after your foolish walk, to sit still. I can call her from here perfectly well; she generally has the doors open through into the Blue-room in warm weather, hasn't she?"

This was his Partisan shot, which left me speechless, and brought Aunt Fanny down, looking paler, primmer, and grimmer than I could have believed possible to her calm, sweet nature.

Dr. Hooper solemnly handed her into the phaeton, seated himself by her side, and as they rode out of the gate to ether, I went off into a fit of hysterical laughter which lasted almost unresisted through the evening.

My curiosity to see in what mood and manner this Darby and Joan would come home, overcame all my fatigue and early-to-bed intentions. But eleven o'clock came before they did, and my first glimpse of Aunt Fanny's face—its pink bloom more than restored—satiated my curiosity in such an unlooked for and melancholy manner that there was no spirit left in me, and I meekly said "good-night!" and vanished.

It was as sure that instant of the awful fact that we had "lost Aunt Fanny" as I was the next morning, when she was guilty of the unprecedented offense of delaying breakfast a quarter of an hour, and at last came sauntering in from the garden, all unconscious of her crime, with fresh rosebuds in her hair, her hair in curls, and Dr. Hooper's gray moustache in close proximity!

If this were the proper time and place, I should like to remark at length on the ways that are sinful of certain clergymen, who ostensibly in attendance on meetings of the A. B. C. F. M., State and county C's. S. S. A. and Y. M. C. A's, absent themselves from the assemblies of their brethren in secular devotion to Aunt Fannys and young Fannys. Dr. Hooper, for example, could furnish a far more trustworthy report of the topography of our particular suburb, than of the discussions which agitated his peers during the three days following his opening sermon.

Can you believe that that hitherto confiding, complaisant aunt of mine has never vouchsafed anything but the most barren generalities in regard to that evening drive, and her escort's defense against the charge of eaves-dropping? It must have been in prevision of this base requital of my tender beautifying of her person on that fateful afternoon that I had remarked to Dr. Hooper on the superlative baseness of the vice of ingratitude.

And when a certain ceremony, solemnized at our house two months ago, had proclaimed on the house tops what was spoken in the ear in closets long before, I ventured to say to the bridegroom: "Uncle Hooper, I suppose you overheard me some weeks ago declaring that I would like to kiss you. I hadn't the least idea at the time what misery you were going to bring upon us, nor what a wicked eaves-dropper you were at that very moment, or I should have expressed a very different desire very differently. But if you will only tell me how you inveigled Aunt Fanny into forgiving you so quickly for lying in wait in the Blue-room while a pair of unwary babes were babbling about you, I will try to forgive you even to the extent of that aforesaid kiss." When I had so humiliated myself, what did he, that base eaves-dropper and desolator of our household? Why he smiled triumphantly, patted me cavalierly on the head, and said: "I think little Fanny should be fully satisfied to know that Aunt Fanny is satisfied," and kissed—Aunt Fanny.

"I am Sir Oracle, let no dog bark."

I have told you "how we lost Aunt Fanny," but how Dr. Hooper managed to secure her is an awful mystery to this day. "That he got her surreptitiously through a key-hole, so to speak, is evident, for there is every reason to believe that had they 'met by chance, the usual way,' our delegate would have eaten his

meat with singleness of heart, even without Aunt Fanny for his *vis-a-vis*, attended conscientiously to his official duties, and finally adjourned to his bachelor quarters *sine die*.

Yes; the long and the short of the story is that we must forever mourn the loss of our angel of the household, and that it was papa's own particular iniquity of absent-mindedness which brought upon us all the miseries of her "taking off."

PROHIBITION NOT A FAILURE.—The Lewiston Journal, in an article in which it justly deprecates the hasty conclusions of Justin McCarthy as to the alleged failure of prohibition in Maine, says very truly and forcibly:

With all the looseness with which prohibition has been enforced in many parts of the State, every candid observer of the progress of the temperance cause in Maine during the past quarter of a century, can but admit that the law has done immense good. It is now twenty-five years since the policy of this State was changed from license to prohibition; and let any man of fifty years call back in memory the state of things with respect to the sale and use of liquor previous to that time, and compare it with the present condition, and he will be surprised himself to note the change for the better. Prohibition has done wonders, notwithstanding the opposition which it has encountered, and notwithstanding the shamefully inefficient manner in which it has been executed.

While we strive to make its execution more faithful, let us not become impatient and turn against a principle which has accomplished so much, because it is not doing all we expected. Prohibitory laws, like all other human enactments, are only at the best a partial remedy for the evils they are aimed at. Because the crime of murder prevails now as in the past, shall we conclude that our laws against murder are of no use? Neither should we despair because prohibition does not utterly extirpate grog-shops, for the rum-seller, as well as the murderer, will always be found to a greater or less extent, so long as human nature is what it is. But, as without the law against murder, there would be scores of murders where now there is one; so without the law prohibiting grog-shops, enforced as it was in Lewiston, previous to last Spring, there would be a vast increase of dram selling and all its lamentable consequences.—We repeat, therefore, that our experience with prohibition here in Maine, has proved beyond successful question its potency as an auxiliary in the promotion of the temperance reform.

EUROPEAN AND NORTH AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

It is thirty-five years since Judge Haliburton made the creature of his brain, Sam Slick, instruct a smacking Nova Scotian, "When you go back, take a piece of chalk, and the first dark night, write on every door in Halifax in large letters—a railroad; and if they don't know the meaning of it, says you, it's a Yankee word!" The Hon. Joseph Howe, who sat at the President's table in Norumbega hall to-day, had even then begun to lip the Yankee word, which Judge Haliburton thought of so much importance, but it was ten years later and five years after the wise and witty author of Sam Slick's sayings had removed permanently to England, when a real Yankee, the late John A. Poor, sketched in the Bangor Whig the complete system of broad gauge railroads now completed from Montreal to Portland and Halifax; and now partially changed to the predominant narrow gauge of the United States.

In 1847, when Mr. Poor wrote these remarkable papers, there was no railroad in operation east of Portland, except the short line from Bangor to Oldtown. The road from Lewiston to Waterville was opened in 1849; the road from Portland to Montreal in 1853; the road from Waterville to Bangor in 1855. The European and North American railway received its name at a great convention held in Portland in 1850. The company was organized, with Mr. Poor as its president, in 1853. The section from St. John to Shelburne on the gulf of St. Lawrence was constructed by the Province of New Brunswick, as a government work, in 1860. The branch from Halifax to Moncton, 92 miles from St. John, has been built by the Province of Nova Scotia, as a section of Intercolonial railway, a military road, much talked of but only finished so far as it is identical with the European and North American railway. The section from St. John to the boundary of Maine was built and leased by the European and North American railway company, with a subsidy of \$10,000 a mile from the New Brunswick government. In 1864 the State of Maine granted 80,000 acres of land on the St. John and Penobscot waters, to the enterprise, subject to a claim of Massachusetts for \$250,000. Massachusetts afterwards released this claim, and Massachusetts and Maine jointly assigned to the road claims amounting to about \$900,000, against the general government. With this aid, work was begun in Bangor and St. John simultaneously. The section from St. John to the boundary was completed two years ago, and the section from Bangor to the boundary is now opened.

Such is briefly the history of the enterprise, which twenty-one years ago, General Dearborn of Roxbury, who had then been advocating the Hoosac tunnel for a quarter of a century, expected to see finished in five years. The distance from Bangor to the boundary is 108 miles; from the boundary to St. John, 86 miles; St. John to Moncton, 92 miles; Moncton to Halifax, 170 miles—in all, from Bangor to Halifax, 456 miles.—[Port. Adv.]

The Bangor Whig says that a meeting of the subscribers to the capital stock of the Penobscot and Union River R. R. was held in Bangor Wednesday, and the following gentlemen were chosen directors:—Richard P. Buck, Joseph E. Buck, Job W. Palmer, Daniel Sargent 21, Sewall B. Swazey, Frederick Spofford and N. T. Hill. Resolutions were passed authorizing the directors to issue six per cent. first mortgage bonds not exceeding \$20,000 per mile, principal and interest payable in gold.

It is asserted that many of the congregations of the Roman Catholic orders at Rome are to leave, and go to England and America, where they propose to found convents.

A gentleman in Massachusetts once gave his town a tract of land for a public square. The square bears his name, while he is an inmate of the town almshouse.

A DEFINITION OF WISDOM.—There are many current definitions of wisdom. Archbishop Whately considered it to be a ready perception of analogies, which was good as far as it went, but it only went half way. He should have added, and discrimination of differences. In other words, wisdom is the discrimination of things compatible and incompatible. Even now our definition is not fully complete. It needs a further addition, namely, and the correct appreciation of relative values.

Wisdom is the discrimination of things compatible and incompatible, and the correct appreciation of relative values.

Observe a sensible man in the ordinary transactions of life, the purchase of property, choice of a residence, etc. He first puts clearly before him a possible desideratum, containing no incompatible or contradictory elements; then, as it rarely happens that even this limited and qualified ideal can be fully attained, he decides which of the advantages offered by the various objects at his option are the most valuable, and which of the accompanying defects the least mischievous.

So, too, in our judgment of individuals. The French have a phrase, *Il a les défauts de son caractère*, as if a certain intellectual and moral organization, with distinct merits, must also be subject to distinct corresponding faults. When a man possesses salient virtues, we must not be in haste to blame him for errors which are possibly the excesses of his good qualities; still less should we arraign him for not having other good qualities antagonistic to or even incompatible with those which he has.

In the same way, when a important political or social change is proposed, we must consider whether any of its alleged advantages are inconsistent with one another; next, whether they are irreconcilable with any advantages admitted to accompany the present state of things; finally, whether the new special benefits are on the whole so valuable as to more than counterbalance the loss which may be sustained by the subversion of the present order.—[Popular Fallacies, by Carl Benson, in November Galaxy.]

HOW TO FRAME PICTURES.—If you have any magazine engravings which you want to frame yourself, let a glazier or man who sets glass cut you a glass a little larger than your picture, so as to show a white margin all around. Buy a sheet of fancy paper, such as is shiny on one side and white on the other—either red or black is pretty. With a piece of pasteboard or old paper box, the size of your glass, and a bit of tape and some paste, you have all your materials. Cut strips from your paper about an inch wide. Lay down the pasteboard, and place the picture on it, and the glass on the face of the picture. Bind the edges of them all together with your strips of paper, joining them as neatly as you can at the corners; have the paper binding about as wide as your little finger nail on the picture side. On the back, about two inches from the top, and one inch from each side, paste on little loops of tape. A piece of paper or cloth pasted over these will make them firm. Lay away your picture until thoroughly dry, then put a cord through the loops and hang up.

MENTAL DISCIPLINE.—The following on the value of mental discipline commends itself to all thoughtful persons:

Seek to acquire the power of continuous application, without which you cannot expect success. If you do this, you will soon be able to perceive the difference it creates between you and those who have not such habits. You will not count yourself, nor will they count you as one of them. You will find yourself emerged into the regions of intellectual and earnest men—men who are capable of making a place for themselves, instead of standing idly gaping, desiring a place without the power to command it. Keep on striving to accomplish more and more every day, and thus enlarge constantly the range of your intellectual ability.

Some one asked Mrs. Cady Stanton if she thought the girls possessed the physique for the wear and tear of a college course of study. Her reply is both sensible and sarcastic. "I would like to see you take thirteen hundred young men," said Mrs. Stanton, "and lace them up, and hang them to twenty pounds of clothing to their waists, perch them upon three-inch heels, cover their heads with ripples, rats, mice and chignons, and stick ten thousand hair pins into their scalps; if they can stand all this, they will stand a little Latin and Greek."

The true attractiveness of the Sunday school, like that of the church, is its moral and spiritual power. This is the magnet that draws. And when this is forgotten, and second rate spectacles and third rate novels are substituted, a Sunday school gains nothing in attractiveness, and it loses much in efficiency. Children have hearts and consciences, and he who speaks the most directly and powerfully to the heart and the conscience is at once the most attractive and the most efficient instructor.

This is said to be a certain cure for earache: As soon as any soreness is felt in the ear, let three or four drops of the tincture of arnica be poured in, and the orifice be filled with a little cotton to exclude the air, and in a short time the uneasiness is forgotten. If the arnica be not resorted to until there is actual pain, the cure may not be as speedy, but it is just as certain, although it may be necessary to repeat the operation. It is a sure preventive of a gathering in the ear, which is the usual cause of earache.

A "carpet-bagger" is defined to be a Northern man who settles in the South and presumes to vote the Republican ticket. A Southern gentleman, and by no means a "carpet-bagger," is a Northern man who settles in the South and votes the Democratic ticket. Such a man is treated with surface courtesy by "the chivalry." He is tolerated in church, his children are not insulted at school, and he is not excluded. When Mr. Davis comes along he is introduced to him. Happy man! he is not a "carpet-bagger."

Mrs. A. T. Stewart, in answer to a friend who asked her why she dressed so plainly, replied, "I can afford to do so." One of the advantages of being rich, you see.

It was Rowland Hill who said: "I don't like those mighty fine preachers who round off their sentences so beautifully, that they are sure to roll off the sinner's conscience."

OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November has the following contents:—

Tennyson and Theocritus, by Edmund C. Steadman; Thanksgiving, by Celia Thaxter; The Pedlars of Stamboul, by W. Goodell; Kate Beaumont, by J. W. De Forest; The Ship, by Mark N. Halle; Weymouth Pines, by Clarence King; Watch and Ward, by H. James, Jr.; California, Saved, by Stephen Powers; The New Light, by Carl Spencer; Their Wedding Journey, by W. D. Howells; The Wasp-eaters, by Henry James, Jr.; The Field; Recent Literature.

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

FOLETOIC MAGAZINE.—Those who think that investigations into the life of Shakespeare, and criticism upon his plays are overworked and barren themes, would do well to read *Shakespeare and His Times*, which forms the leading article in the Foletoic Magazine for November. For those who also can appreciate such a combination of instruction and entertainment as is presented by no other periodical, it would be well to examine the remainder of the table of contents for this number. They will find such articles as Modern Geography and the Mosaic Account of Creation; Cathay, with Notices of Travellers to that Country; an admirable and suggestive essay of William Wordsworth, and another On the Character of Cleopatra; the conclusion of Darwin's Descent of Man; Secret History of the Loire Campaign; The Opium Trade with China; Food Economized; The House of Commons; The Century, etc., etc. It gives full book-lists of the best recent novels and other current literature for book-shops and other purchasers.

The number is embellished with a fine portrait of Beethoven.

E. R. Pelton, Publisher, 208 Fulton Street, New York.

Terms \$5 per year; two copies \$9; single copies 45 cts.

OLD AND NEW.—The November number contains several additional chapters of MacDonald's story, The Vicar's Daughter, which shows that it is to be a dramatic history, and edited by Lyman Beecher, and ed. Dr. Beecher contributes an elaborate and interesting new school of English Novels. An essay by Mr. Watson on the Dangers of Discovery will challenge the attention of all who are interested in the history of the world. It gives full book-lists of the best recent novels and other current literature for book-shops and other purchasers.

Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, at \$4 a year. Trial subscription of four months for \$1. Subscriptions should be addressed to Geo. A. Colledge, Business Agent, 143 Washington St., Room 1, Boston.

ONE of the nicest papers, in every respect that can be desired, is the CHRISTIAN WEEKLY, published in New York, and edited by Lyman Beecher, and S. E. Warren. It is handsomely printed on nice paper, with very fine engravings and filled with most excellent reading matter.

The second or third month's number of this paper are now ready, bound in paper covers, and will be sent by mail postpaid on the receipt of fifty cents.

The publishers offer for ten new subscribers with the month's paper, a beautiful chromo, "A Young Blessing," postpaid by mail, free of charge to any address. This chromo, the regular price of which is \$7.50, is 20 by 15 inches in size, and is an exact reproduction in color of the original painting, and is a beautiful work of art. Address at 150 Nassau Street, New York.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for November continues the story of "Jack Hazard and his Fortunes," a second chapter of "Light and Shadow," by Susan Nichols Carter; begins the story of "The Dog of Melrose and his Mistress," by Walter Mitchell; and among its other simple and novel, and of other attractions, the "Pipsiswaw Potts" is a new series of "Other People's Windows." It is a long time since anything so fresh, spicy, sensible, and taking as this series of papers has appeared in our periodical literature. Everybody is charmed with "Pipsiswaw Potts." Terms of sale: Single copies, 5 cts. a copy for \$5; 4 copies \$6; 6 copies, and one extra \$10; 8 copies, and one extra \$12. Specimen number sent free. Published by T. S. Arthur & Sons, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—Edited by T. S. Arthur. The November number of this magazine, pronounced by the press everywhere to be the choicest of its class, "The purest and best magazine for children in the world," and "enough to drive a six-year-old crazy with its simple and direct, and of other attractions, the charming and beautiful as ever. It contains the promise for 1872, and we recommend all who wish to put in the hands of their little ones a magazine that 'speaks to the heart' and 'teaches the highest truths,' while it fascinates its young readers by scenes and stories, to send to T. S. Arthur & Sons, Philadelphia, Pa. for a specimen number. The price of this beautiful Magazine is only \$1.25 a year.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for November—the cheapest of the lady's books—is before us, and a fine one it is. It is a perfect beauty. The principal steel plate, a perfect beauty. Then comes its double-die pattern, printed in colors, itself alone worth the price of the paper. The tales and novelets, as always in "Peterson," are all original and of thrilling interest. *Now is the time to get up on steel.* The terms are lower still, viz: five copies for eight dollars, or eight copies for twelve dollars. Every person getting up either of these clubs will receive the Magazine for 1872 gratis, and also a splendid copy-right engraving (24 inches by 18). Five Times One for Twelve! Specimen number sent free of charge. Address, Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE for November is rich with good things. The continued stories by Oliver Optic, Eliza Kellogg, and Sophie May, as they draw toward their close, increase in interest. There is a capital and instructive article on *Fanny Wood's Girl*, a profusely illustrated, a rattling college story, a new account of Psyche, a long dialogue, attractive vignettes, letters, a couple of pages of puzzles, a pretty song, words and music game of young readers, illustrations, &c., &c. Published monthly by Lee & Shepard, 149 Washington St., Boston, at \$2.50 per year.

CHAPMAN MUSIC.—It is seldom that cheapness is allied with merit and real value, but we must make an exception in favor of Peters' Musical Monthly. This valuable work comes to us regularly each month, overflowing with choice and musical gems of every kind. It is printed from 36 full-size plates in plates, neatly bound, and sells for the modest sum of 30 cents. The publisher offers to send six back numbers, containing from 80 to 90 pieces of choice new music, for \$1.

ALFRED J. L. Peters, 509 Broadway, New York. Think of it! 100 pieces of good music (224 pages) for \$1.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE for October has the following table of contents:—*Our Own Time*, by See, part 10; *American Books*; *Cornelius O'Dowd*, who discusses of "Charles Lever on Scotland"; "The International"; "How to Tether Them"; "How They Do These Things at Vienna"; *New Books*; *Guineys and the Calvados Shore*; *The Kaid of Sker*, part 3.

The four great English Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scotts 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 any Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15—with large discounts 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 NURSERY for November is unusually attractive, both in its little stories and poems and in its embellishments; indeed, each succeeding number seems better than its predecessor. All the children are delighted with this charming magazine for young readers, and all the parents ought to procure it for them. Published by John L. Shorey, 30 Bromfield St., Boston, at \$1.50 a year.

KEEP ACCOUNTS.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Do not laugh, Mr. Bonner, but I wish to urge upon all young people, whose habits are yet to be formed, not the duty of enterprise, nor of frugality, nor of temperance, nor of industry and thrift, but of the duty of keeping careful accounts.

This is not performed by simply entering every penny spent, but of so balancing receipts and expenditures that one may know every day precisely how he stands with the world. Credit may be helpful in all organized business. But when young men or women are just beginning to earn a little money, it is wise for them never to owe a penny, not even for a day. It is better to go without a hundred needed things than to be in debt; and the poorer you are, the more tyrannical will debt prove to be. A rich man may venture to go in debt; he has resources which have only to be collected to meet it. But a poor man in debt has only his scant earnings, which often barely suffice to pay his little necessities, and leave the debt, with accumulating interest, to worry him and tempt him to dishonesty.

It is wise for every young man to refuse to incur debt, and to obligate himself to keep a clear and minute account of every cent gained and spent. The habit once formed, it will be as easy to be methodical in money matters as to be careless.

Small as this may seem, it will really exert a moral influence upon one's whole life. It is the foundation of business. If one begins to get on in life, he will become so wonted to method and to a clear understanding of his affairs, that nothing will be left to chance. He will see every day just the road he is on, and how far along he is.

It may seem superfluous to exhort business men to pursue the same course. But it is probable that not one half of the business men in America keep their accounts in such a manner that they themselves, or any one of them, could tell, without weeks and months of investigation, what their real standing is. The settling of estates is a melancholy business. All values seem to shrink; hundreds of things important to the estate, when kept only in the man's head, and he dying, the record of them is lost, or is recovered only by a long search. Two partners may get along smoothly while they are alive. Several instances have come to our knowledge of miserable results following the death of business men, arising from the want of thorough account keeping.

Waterville Mail.

WATERVILLE... OCT. 27, 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. M. PETERSON & Co., No. 10 State St., Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York.
S. K. NILES, No. 1 Reelays Building, Boston.
GEO. F. ROWELL & Co., No. 40 Park Row, New York.
T. C. EVANS, 108 Washington St., Boston.
Advertisers abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

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

"Good-farming lands heavily wooded!" This is what some of the papers say of the territory their editors saw between Bangor and Vanceboro, at the late opening festival of the E. & N. A. Railroad. Strange we didn't see any such lands, nor any such wood, except in very small patches. Between Bangor and Matawankeag, if the traveller have patience to look carefully, there are spots where good farms may in time be jotted in; but they are neither many nor broad. Beyond, till we reach Vanceboro—where we were contented to turn home after dinner—there is no tolerable show of farming lands, either in the present or the future; and the timber promises to do but little after the tanneries have used up the hemlock bark, unless it be to give a handy supply of sleepers for the railroad. Those immense swamps, centering in a stagnant pond and bordered by slight ridges of hemlocks and boulders, with a wide inter-region of stunted cedars and coarse grass—these may in time become "good farming land," but it will be as long as it will take these poor newspaper men to get the money to buy them. The truth is—and somebody may as well with it—that the country from Bangor to Vanceboro is a hard one to look at; worse even than the sterile looking acres between Burnham and Bangor. There are some sunny spots along the Penobscot valley for fifty or sixty miles, but as we have already said, they are few and narrow. How it may be away from the line of the road, those who saw good farming lands close by, could doubtless tell without looking. We venture to guess that if ever they have occasion to pass over the route again, and pay their own fare and feeding, (saying nought of drink,) like other travellers, they will then join us in reporting the whole tract safer from possible injury by grasshoppers than any other equal territory they ever saw.

ANOTHER OLD LANDMARK GONE.—The old Nourse house, next north of the Williams House, a stylish house sixty years ago, but lately a tumble down catall for Thomas, Richard and Henry—was sold at auction last Saturday, for the sum of eleven dollars, with the stipulation that it should be removed within ten days. The old building was no great ornament to the street, but its removal uncovers something that looks worse. Let us hope that a better building will soon occupy its place.

A friend at the Waterville,—fearing that the good name of Waterville will suffer by a statement in last week's Mail, of the scarcity of oxen on the river road—wishes us to state, in effect to that, that on the Pond road from the West Village to Sidney, about a mile and a half, there are eight fine oxen owned; and on the road to the Belgrade line, on the other side of the Pond, about two miles, there are fourteen good oxen. He regrets that so many farmers substitute horses for oxen, for he feels confident that it is a losing operation.

THE ADVANCE.—That sterling religious paper of Chicago, we knew was too good to perish; but we did not look for its revival so soon after the great fire, and were therefore agreeably surprised to receive a copy early this week, dated last Thursday, which leaves only one vacant week. So much energy and courage deserves to be rewarded, and we hope that many persons will be induced to contribute to the revival of this able and valiant supporter of truth and righteousness to the extent of a year's subscription in advance. You will get much more than the worth of your money, you will encourage the hearts of those who have been smitten and afflicted, and you will aid in setting in motion a mighty engine for good.

REV. J. C. LOVEJOY—one of the famous Lovejoy family of Albion, of which we had some mention a few weeks ago—formerly an Orthodox clergyman, but afterward noted as a copperhead politician and a fanatical opposer of prohibition legislation, died in Cambridge, Mass., last week.

We learn from the Bangor Whig that Frank Crane, of Lincoln, a lad 15 years old, while hunting snipe, accidentally shot himself. He was dead when found, having evidently exploded his gun while drawing it along after him as he was creeping up to get a shot at game.

We are indebted to Bailey & Noyes and Loring, Short and Harmon of Portland, for copies of the Old Farmers' Almanac for 1872.

OUR WATER WORKS SCHEME—which started off so magnificently at the Corporation meeting about a fortnight ago, and for which the sum of \$5000 was voted—was quietly knocked in head at an adjourned meeting, last Monday evening; or perhaps it would be more correct to say that it died of internal weakness, for many of its friends were only half-hearted in their support. Are we not bringing ourselves into contempt, by our management in this corporation and this school district? With a loud flourish of trumpets we occasionally rouse ourselves from our chronic dozing, and start out upon some magnificent scheme of improvement; we appoint committees whose reports we endorse, and we vote all the money they ask for; but we always leave a convenient open door of retreat through an adjourned meeting, at which we quietly "nigger back," rescind all former votes, and then subside into our normal condition of dry rot. Would it not be full better for us to content ourselves with quietly grumbling at what is wrong, than to fret ourselves by these periodical abortive struggles, which only make us ridiculous in the eyes of our neighbors?

COLBY UNIVERSITY.—The catalogue for 1871-2, just issued, gives the number of students as follows:—Seniors 8, Juniors 11, Sophomores 13, Freshman 20; total 52. Commencement is hereafter to be on the last Thursday of July; the first vacation is of five weeks, from Commencement; the second is of eight weeks, from the second Wednesday of December; the third is of one week, at the close of the second term. The first term is of fifteen weeks; the second and third terms, of twelve weeks each. The long vacation in the Winter enables those who wish to engage in teaching. Scholars in this institution are aided in various ways. The Education Societies help those who are preparing for the Christian Ministry; scholarships may be secured by meritorious students who need aid; and term bills are cancelled to those who come best fitted for their college course and who maintain that high standing. Miss Mary C. Lowe, of our village, was pronounced the best fitted of the Freshman class; Leslie C. Cornish the best of six from Mr. Hanson's school.

CAUGHT.—Many of the St. John excursionists so thoroughly entered into the spirit of the international celebration that they seemed to suppose that the "era of good feeling" had come, that the provinces were annexed, and custom house regulations abolished. Accordingly they bought a few souvenirs of their trip, in the shape of silk, dresses, laces, satins, and other nice things for their wives and daughters; but alas for the vanity of earthly expectations, for once they found themselves the victims of misplaced confidence. Uncle Sam's vigilant officials stopped them at the line, and cruelly robbed them of all their fine purchases or compelled them to throw them out of the car windows for fear of being caught in the act of smuggling. Many a prominent railroad man, and high official, civil and military, went home a wiser but a sadder man.

BRAZIL, by act of her parliament, has emancipated her slaves, and a circular issued by the government to the local authorities recommends that the law be put into immediate execution. No wonder that those sulky Southerners who left our country at the close of the war, and went to Brazil as the last stronghold of slavery, are now coming back.

HARRIS, one of the Mormons on trial at St. Lake City for the crime of adultery, has been convicted, and there is much excitement in consequence, for of course they are all equally guilty. The penalty for this crime, by the Utah statute, is imprisonment for not over twenty years or a fine not over \$10,000.

A number of ragged newsboys in New York—not more than twenty all told—contributed, it is said, \$10 in pennies, five-cent pieces, and ten-cent stamps, for the relief of the Chicago unfortunate, and handed the money over to the chairman of one of the committees, with this characteristic speech: "Here Boss, is our stamp. We ain't got no more, but we likes to do a little for Chicagoer when she's busted up."

Sherbrooke, Canada, a town of about six thousand inhabitants on the Grand Trunk Railway, contributes three thousand dollars to the Chicago fund, two thousand thereof being in cash the remainder in clothing.

Isn't there something in these two examples—poor newsboys and citizens of another country—to shame those to action who have as yet done nothing? We do not learn that a single dollar has yet been contributed by any Christian church or benevolent organization in Waterville, either for the sufferers in Chicago, or Michigan or Minnesota.

The dead body of Kate Lehan, a domestic in the family of Mrs. M. A. Brown, was found on Western Avenue, near the Brookline line, Boston, on Wednesday morning. She had been outraged previous to the murder. Three young men have been arrested on suspicion of having committed the crime.

Don't make your collar door so that it can be mistaken for any other. Mrs. Rebecca West of Winthrop, 87 years old, taking the wrong door in the evening, fell into the cellar and broke her leg, some time last week, and was so badly injured that she survived the amputation of it but a few hours.

About a dozen of Mr. Geo. E. Shore's sheep, pastured a mile or so north of our village, were torn by dogs this week, several of them so badly that they were afterward killed. Another dozen cannot be found. With a few more dogs kept hereabouts the farmers can be driven to abandon the keeping of sheep.

REMEMBER the Sabbath School Teachers Institute at Hallowell, Wednesday and Thursday of next week, Nov. 1 and 2.

THE CONGREGATIONALIST'S DRESS.

The Congregationalist has recently published two articles upon ladies' dress—the first written by a lady, in which it is claimed that men are accountable for the extravagancies in female dress, as women dress to please the men;—the second is written by a man in which it is clearly shown that ladies are mainly influenced, as to dress, by their own tastes and fancy, and the criticisms of each other. Both writers succeed in showing how we are enslaved by the rule of fashion, and needless extravagance in dress as prevailing at the present.

While we see so many fanciful, trifling persons, who dress in a showy manner, some who have the means to pay and some who have not, each alike influencing the poor to either get into debt for fashionable dress or to keep at home from society, social gatherings, sabbath schools and meetings, we also have a sterling minority, male and female, who live, act, dress and perform their part in society according to their own ideas of propriety and rules of common sense, yielding to fashion no further than necessity and associations compel.

Two of our citizens, gentlemen of the last named class, recently met in the street and entered into conversation on the topic of dress. It was Saturday eve. A remarked, "I have been thinking of what my wife will say to me to-morrow morning—I have heard it every morning since last spring—'Husband, what will you wear to meeting to-day? Your clothes look too bad.'—'O, I can wear the same I did last Sunday; my clothes are clean and decent and I can hardly afford new yet. Friend B. you know I could go and get a new suit any day, but my old ones must last this season.'—B. replied, 'You are right, I do the same, and by so doing we encourage and keep in countenance those who are unable to buy and pay for nice fashionable clothing. They can come to meeting and Sabbath school with you and me—I trust we do some good in this way.'"

This is pleasant to record and remember; but it is painful to be obliged to remember another conversation to which the writer listened. A lady was invited to send her little girl to Sabbath school, and the reply was, "Oh, yes, I intend to do so as soon as I get her rigged up so as to appear as well as others do—but I am almost discouraged. I cannot afford to dress my children as Mrs. C. and Mrs. D. dress their little girls. Just see the ribbons on them, and the little girls are so vain as to mate off with those who dress gay and slight the plain dressed ones.—So un happiness is caused."

We do no act, we speak no word but has its influence for good or evil. We should remember this. But there is no such thing as putting any more than half the blame for the wrongs of society on woman,—man and woman are one. Together they must share all responsibilities. The women's rights females may want to take their share of the goods which fall to them (as they think) and set up for themselves. Let them have their own way; and they will fare like the prodigal son. At present they are simply mad because they are women and there is no help for it.

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE takes an account of stock, and describes the situation as follows: True, we have seen 2,500 acres in the most central portion of the city swept bare, 20,000 buildings destroyed, and 100,000 persons rendered homeless; the total pecuniary loss being not less than \$300,000,000; but we have still a great deal left. We may roughly estimate the situation as follows:

Above 50,000 persons have left the city; population remaining 280,000. Five grain elevators were burned, with 1,600,000 bushels of grain; leaving us with eleven grain warehouses intact, containing 5,000,000 bushels. One half of our stocks of pork products were burned up, with the same proportion of flour. Of lumber, 50,000,000 feet were burned; the stock remaining is 240,000,000 feet. Of coal 80,000 tons were burned up; we have 78,000 tons on hand. Our stock of leather was decreased one-quarter, the value of that burned up being \$35,000. The greater portion of the stocks of groceries, dry goods, and boots and shoes were burned up, with more than one half the ready-made clothing; but the quantities destroyed were so nearly equal to more than a three weeks' supply and are now being rapidly replaced. Not more than 10 per cent. of the currency was destroyed by the fire; we have 300,000 houses left standing and our real estate could not burn up.

A careful average of these larger items, with smaller ones that need not be enumerated, shows that the city of Chicago has suffered a loss of not less than 20, nor more than 25 per cent. on her total assets—real and personal.

The Tribune stamps all stories of murder and other foul crimes as falsehoods, and knocks in head the cow that kicked over the kerosene lamp for a woman, that set fire to the great city of Chicago. The fire originated in a stable, but the woman denies all knowledge of its origin.

A good social time for old and young is promised on Tuesday evening next, by landlord Smith at the old (new) Williams House. Supper and a dance—the latter at Town Hall—are to commemorate the consecration of that famous old stand to the public benefit. It has been put in nice condition, from office to attic, and will now be run by Messrs. Smith and son, in connection with the Continental House, as hotel accommodations for the travelling public. Our hotel department is now full up to the measure of our village in other respects, under management that is generally well commended at home and abroad.

On Tuesday evening next, Oct. 31, the Good Templars of Crystal Fountain Lodge, W. Waterville, are to give a dramatic entertainment at Mechanics Hall, at which the popular play of 'The Drunkard' will be performed.

DEKON NUTS are plenty hereabouts, and on these pleasant autumn days the squirrels in the woods are disturbed in their harvest labors by the irruption of laughing lads and lassies and noisy children.

MONDAY was very dark and smoky throughout the State; owing, it is supposed, to extensive fires in New York, which have done much damage.

MEXICO is in a disturbed condition, and there are revolutionary movements in various quarters.

Hon. Thomas Ewing died at Lancaster, Ohio, on Thursday of this week.

OUR TABLE.

ZANITA. A tale of the Yosemite. By Therese Yvelton, Viscountess Ayvmore. New York: Hard & Houghton. Riverside Press, Cambridge. This story, with the grand and awful scenery of Yosemite Valley for a background, and many weird and curious creations for actors, will have a charm for those who are fond of the wild and wonderful; while its vividly enthusiastic descriptions of nature's beauties, and its vivacious and piquant philosophical disquisitions, will commend it to many readers. It is a story, however, without moral purpose,—having no higher aim, evidently, than the entertainment of the reader and in some particulars the work is crudely done.

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

THE ALDINE.—This superb Monthly has issued its prospectus for 1872. It has already made good its claim to be the handsomest paper, and for the coming year it promises still greater excellence in its exhibitions of art and in its literary execution. The volume for 1872 will contain nearly 300 pages, and about 250 fine engravings. Commencing with the number for January, every third number will contain a beautiful tinted picture on plate paper, inserted as a frontispiece. The Christmas number for 1872, will be a splendid volume in itself, containing fifty engravings, (four in tint) and famous nature subjects. A beautiful chromo—"Dance Nature's School," 11 by 13 inches—will be delivered free, with the January number, to every subscriber who pays one year in advance. Terms \$5.00 a year. James Sutton & Co., publishers, New York.

EVERY SATURDAY is made so attractive that it fails to reach us regularly, much to our regret. The number for Oct. 28 has not yet arrived. The publishers of this elegant illustrated paper announce that early next month they will begin George Eliot's new serial, Middlemarch, a story of English provincial life. By special arrangement with the author this great story will be given to the American public in the pages of this journal in advance of its publication in England.

THE LADY'S BOOK for November is rich in embellishments, and the literary matter is interesting and instructive. For nearly a half a century this has been a favorite magazine with the ladies of this country, and while it has been growing better and better; but good as it has been during the past year, the publisher promises further improvement in the coming year. Now the time to commence forming clubs, and it will be easy to get up a large list.

Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year.

KENNEBEC CONFERENCE OF CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES held their semi-annual meeting in this place on Tuesday and Wednesday of the present week. Some special efforts had been made to secure a good attendance, which proved successful; and there was a large delegation present, especially from Augusta, Hallowell and Gardiner.

On Tuesday forenoon, after a season spent in devotional exercises, the subject of the *Higher Life* was introduced; and while none were found to advocate the views of a modern writer, who speaks of a *second conversion*, all felt the importance of a more elevated tone of piety than generally prevails in our church, and urged the duty of Christians to seek to attain it.

The subject of *religion in business* was then introduced and many interesting remarks were offered by the business men present. In the afternoon, the first hour was devoted to what was termed a "promise-meeting." Each individual was requested to repeat from the bible the promise that seemed to him or her most interesting and edifying exercise. This proved a very interesting and edifying exercise. The general response that was given served to exhibit the richness of the word of God, its adaptiveness to all the varied circumstances of life. The duty of professing Christians to their own denomination, was the next topic introduced. On this there was a very pleasant and harmonious discussion, in which Rev. Messrs. Ladd of the Methodist, and Burrage of the Baptist churches participated. The conclusion arrived at seemed to be this: while Christians should exercise the most enlarged charity towards all, they are specially bound to seek the spiritual prosperity of the church, with which they are in covenant relation. The "praise meeting," followed by the very interesting and able sermon of Prof. Barbour, of Bangor, caused the evening session to pass away very much to the satisfaction of a large audience.

Wednesday forenoon, brief reports were read from the several churches composing the conference. Some discussion was had on the duty of sustaining the conference, and the question, How to make the meetings interesting? though most felt that this had been satisfactorily solved during the present meeting. The strictly religious exercises were then closed by a sermon by Rev. Mr. McCully, of Hallowell, followed by the ordinance of the Lord's Supper. A social hour was then spent in the vestry where refreshments had been bountifully provided. The time that intervened before the passing of the train was spent in a visit to Memorial Hall, and a short stroll through the University grounds, winding up with a short exercise at the gymnasium, which the company presumed to enter, notwithstanding the notice on the door that it was designed for the exclusive use of members of the university, not doubting that the gallantry of the young gentlemen would lead them to partition the liberty taken. Our friends departed delighted with the religious entertainment they enjoyed, and the cordiality with which they were welcomed to the homes and hearts of the people. They were also delighted with the beauties of our village and its surrounding scenery; and even the season of chastened hilarity at the gymnasium should not be regarded as an unlifting close of such an occasion, for

"Religion never was designed To make our pleasures less."

SAD ACCIDENT.—On Thursday morning, near Newport, the two Pullman cars of the express train from Boston were thrown from the track by the breaking of a rail. One was turned upon the side but no one was seriously hurt, and the cars were but little injured. A wrecking train was sent from Waterville, among whom was Mr. Albert Burrill, employed at the machine shop. At night, when damages had been repaired and the cars were on the track, Mr. Burrill stepped between them to direct the shuffling, and was instantly crushed to death. He had forgotten, or was ignorant of the fact, that these cars need no such aid, and leave no room for a man to stand between them. Mr. Burrill was a worthy young man, 26 years old, with a wife but no children. His body was brought to Waterville, where funeral services were held on Tuesday morning, and then taken to the residence of his father at Pishon's Ferry.

A man named D. E. Hill was arrested at Carmel Wednesday night, by detective Walker of Bangor, on suspicion of smuggling or stealing two horses, a pair of harnesses, some sleigh robes, poultry and other property, found in his possession. It was afterwards found that he had stolen an ox in Buxport and sold it in Waterville; also that on Tuesday he sent a heavy chest by railroad to Waterville. Hill is in danger of being proved an old rogue, and we hope nobody in Waterville is interested in his escape.

Rev. W. W. Nutting, of Skowhegan, will exchange with Rev. Dr. Sheldon next Sunday.

Mrs. Louise Woodworth Foss, of Boston, will give a select reading at Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro', on the evening of Tuesday, 31st inst.

THE SPRINGFIELD FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE CO. makes a very gratifying statement of its present condition, notwithstanding severe losses at Chicago. See their advertisement in our columns.

We also invite attention to the advertisement of L. T. Boothby, our veteran insurance agent, who gives the standing of the several companies for which he labors.

The citizens of Gardiner are still agitating the shoe business question, with a good prospect of securing a manufactory in that city.

We most heartily endorse the following compliment, in all its particulars:—

Too much praise cannot be accorded to the Bangor people for their considerate attention to the representatives of the press. The elegant Masonic building was fitted up exclusively for the fraternity, and every provision made for their comfort that was possible. Due to the kindness of the members are especially due to J. H. Lynde, Esq., proprietor of the Whig, and Capt. Boutelle, the able editor, both of whom were unwearied in their efficient attentions. There is no better paper in Maine than the Whig and we heartily rejoice to know that its merit is fully appreciated.

Winfield Scott Harvey, of Augusta, has been indicted for the murder of Everett Savage, and being arraigned pleaded not guilty. E. F. Pillsbury and Joseph Baker have been assigned as his counsel, but he will probably not be tried until the latter part of November.

MR. L. K. BOULTER, of Louisville, Ky., again places us under obligation by sending us late and interesting papers.

Joseph Odell, of the Lafayette Journal, died at Lafayette, Indiana, last week. He was a graduate of Waterville College, and had been connected with several journals in the western states.

Our young friend, Charles W. Soule, now of Grand Rapids, Michigan, has our thanks for late copies of papers containing graphic accounts of the late destructive fires in that region.

A great republican meeting was recently held at Madrid, Spain, at which resolutions were adopted, declaring that the party would offer undying opposition against every form of government for Spain, which was not purely republican. Nevertheless while waging such a war upon principles, they would not violate the laws of the land. Several speakers addressed the meeting, and were very pronounced in their expressions against the present government. The most violent proclaimed perfect sympathy with the republicans everywhere, and with the international society, and declared the faith of the republicans of Spain identical with the doctrine of liberty and equal rights, now fast spreading through the countries of Europe.

On Friday, an insane man named Pottle, set the woods afire in the rear of Capt. John Erskine's house in Pittsboro, with the avowed purpose of burning the house; but the fire was discovered in time to prevent it. He was carried to the Asylum.

MOSES HUBBARD, of Upper Stillwater, was waylaid by three men on Saturday evening, while travelling the Venzie road, and asked to drink. He refused, whereupon three held him and took his pocket book containing \$35 in money. The highwaymen have not been brought to justice.

Advices received from South Carolina state that at Spartanburg, on Wednesday evening, a Ku Klux den, consisting of the chief and twenty men, surrendered to the Marshal with arms and disguises. About seventy arrests were made in the vicinity of that town alone. The number is not known. Many citizens have fled, and there is much excitement.

DETROIT, Oct. 24.—The Michigan State Relief Committee issued an urgent appeal to the people of the United States for instant and plentiful aid for the 12,000 to 15,000 people in the State of Michigan who have lost their homes, food, clothing, crops, horses and cattle. The fires are still burning and new ones spring up. The area of ruin and devastation is daily increasing and much suffering exists.

A CALIFORNIA RIOT. A desperate riot is reported at Los Angeles. A fight having taken place in the Chinese quarters, officer Baldwin tried to arrest a Chinaman for shooting another. He was resisted, and called on Mr. Thompson to assist him. The Chinese opened fire on both, when Thompson was shot through the breast, and died immediately. Baldwin was shot in the shoulder, but succeeded in escaping on horseback. A boy was also shot in the leg. A mob collected, and much excitement existed. Five hundred armed men then surrounded the Chinese quarters to prevent any from escaping, and fifteen were banded by the mob, and their houses set on fire. The fire was extinguished, and order partially restored, several Chinamen being arrested and lodged in jail.

THE ANDES INSURANCE COMPANY has resolved to pay all its losses at Chicago, to increase its capital half a million dollars, and continue business.

The presence of Chinese workmen in Belleville, N. J., has long been regarded by other foreign laborers, especially Irishmen, as an infringement upon rights which they claim to be peculiarly their own. This feeling found expression on Sunday evening in a cowardly assault upon a Chinaman by an Irishman, as the former was returning quietly from Church. The ruffian stabbed the victim in the face, inflicting a wound which will disfigure him for life. Subsequently a guard was placed to protect the Chinese colony.

The time of the running of the trains on the Belfast Railroad will be changed in a few days. —Bangor Whig.

Advices from Shanghai report a general alarm at Chinese warlike preparations among all foreigners, and a universal belief that they really intend to attempt the expulsion of all foreigners from their country at a very early day.

A telegram from Detroit says that the high wind has kindled the fires again in the northern part of Michigan, and Port Huron is in danger of destruction.

Geo. Shepherd, while working in a sawmill at Gardiner recently, fell, fracturing his ankle. Charles Sloper's son, of Kendall's Mill, has nearly lost his eyesight, by carelessly handling powder.

CHICAGO, 25. The aggregate receipts for relief in cash and by draft, amount to \$1,486, 986. The Committee estimate that they will receive in the next 30 days \$1,975,000. Nearly \$35,000 of the receipts have been used by the Committee.

The banks are running smoothly, they have few calls for loans and deposits are abundant. Many eastern and foreign Insurance Companies are paying their losses promptly.

The grain and live stock markets are brisk, as much doing as before the fire, and in lumber much more. Mechanics of almost any class are in demand at good wages. Potter Palmer is pushing up a new grand hotel as fast as possible.

An unfortunate tragedy occurred recently at midnight, near Chicago University Cottage, resulting in the almost instant death of Thomas W. Grosvenor, the City Prosecuting Attorney. Mr. Grosvenor, somewhat under the influence of liquor, was challenged by the university police, while passing along the street, and on replying in an offensive manner, he was shot dead. Theodore N. Treat, who committed the deed, is a resident of Janesville, Wisconsin, and a student in the Chicago University. He is now under arrest. He was a member of the Chicago volunteers, and claims to have acted in accordance with orders.

Chicago, 25. The verdict of the coroner's jury in the Grosvenor homicide case, simply states the fact that Grosvenor was shot by Treat without sufficient cause, but say the juror's opinion is that Treat supposed he was executing orders given by those who placed him on guard. Treat was arrested.

Something like a religious riot took place in Scranton, Penn., on Sunday. A man tried to lecture in the streets against popery, and he was set upon by a crowd of Catholics, who very nearly killed him.

A S. S. Institute will occur at Skowhegan Nov. 14th and 15th.

Fairfield ladies are circulating a petition, to abolish the liquor agency of that town.

The examination of the Broadway National Bank accounts shows that Tweed deposited in six months' time, for his own account in that single bank, nearly one million dollars which the Times says will be proved to have been stolen from the people.

The reports of losses by the late storm on the lakes bring every day the story of a score of new disasters, and some of the oldest navigators assert that no single gale has even been so destructive since the establishment of trade on the lakes.

From Rev. W. H. CRAWFORD and wife, now of Camden, Me.

East Corinth, Feb. 19, 1868.

This may certify that we have used Miss Sawyer's Salve in our family eight years, and we cheerfully bear testimony to its merits as a healing, soothing Salve, in all cases of Salt Rheum or Inflammation.

REV. W. H. CRAWFORD, JULIA A. CRAWFORD.

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Restorer is a preparation of great merit, and is rapidly displacing all others for the hair.

It is said that if a puff of air were to be blown into a vein of an animal, death would instantaneously follow, because circulation would be stopped. The blood makes the entire circuit of the human body every seven minutes, and whenever this circulation is impeded or any of its channels are clogged by impurities which ought to be carried off, disease follows—fever or a disorder of liver or kidneys, or scrofula, or dyspepsia. To get at or remove the source of this difficulty use the old and infallible blood purifier, DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS.

Dr. A. K. King is a keen observer and of untiring industry, and the standard value of his medicines, indicate his honest integrity of purpose.

GREAT CHANGE.

HAVING concluded to make a change in my business so that I can have more time with my stock, I will to let my stock of goods, preparatory to making a

Co-Partnership.

Or, SELLING OUT MY WHOLE STOCK

And leasing my store; sell any goods I have at near the cost and some of them.

At much Less than Cost,

Included in my extensive stock of -
HARDWARE, STOVES, PAINTS, OILS, BUILDING MATERIAL, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, &c., &c.

Any goods now out of season or use, such as

Mowing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes, Plows, Cultivators, &c.

I will give great inducements to purchase now, and give long time of payment (on interest), if desired. Now the time to buy at favorable prices, as I mean what I say.

I will sell right out either my

Stove and Tin-Shop Department,

And lease my north store and tin-shop; or the

Hardware, Paint, Oil, and Agricultural

TOOL DEPARTMENT.

And lease the south store, or all together, as desired.

It is well known that this stand has a first class trade of reliable customers, and either branch of the business, if made a specialty, will make business enough for most any firm. Those wanting any part of the above, please call.

J. H. GILBRETH.

ON THE RISE!

WOOLEN GOODS

have advanced and

Are Still Rising!

Now is the Time to Buy!

I am selling out my FALL and WINTER Goods lower than ever, and if you wish to get the advantage of the market

CALL AT ONCE AT

P. S. HEALD'S.

MISCELLANY.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR LITTLE SCIENTISTS.

FOR THE LITTLE BOTANIST.
Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And where do you think she'll find 'em?
In the involucre,
By hook or crook, or
She'll make up her mind not to mind 'em.

FOR THE CHEMICAL INFANT.
Sing a song of acids,
Base and alkali,
Four and twenty gases
Packed into a pie;
When the pie was opened,
Wonderful to say,
Oxygen and nitrogen
Blew away!

FOR THE ASTRONOMIC CHILD.
By-Baby bunting,
Father's gone star hunting,
Mother's at the telescope
To read the baby's horoscope.
By-Baby bunting,
Father's found an asteroid;
Mother makes by calculation,
The angle of its inclination.

FOR THE YOUNG GEOLOGIST.
Trilobite, Graptolite,
Nautilus pie,
Sea were calm seas,
Oceans were dry.
Eocene, Miocene,
Pliocene, stuff,
Lias and trias,
And that is enough.

MILK STATISTICS.—Sixteen quarts of pure milk are required to make one pound of butter, and ten quarts to make one pound of cheese. When butter is 40 cents a pound, and cheese 11 cents, one pound of butter equals in value 16 quarts of milk, and returns 2-12 cents a quart to the dairyman. But one pound of cheese from 10 quarts of milk only gives him 1-11 cents a quart for the milk.

The Lewiston Journal says at the late term of the Supreme Court at Auburn, in addition to three sentences for three months each to the County Jail, fines of \$175 were imposed and paid into the County Treasury for selling intoxicating liquors in violation of law. Several parties who were indicted have left the city. Since this raid on the liquor dealers of Lewiston, by our county authorities, aided by Constables Snow, Small and others of Lewiston, several establishments of this kind have closed up here.

Just—The Secretary of the Navy has set a good example for college presidents by summarily expelling from the Naval Academy at Annapolis several cadets who were guilty of "hazing" and otherwise mistreating a younger cadet. Such discipline as this is just what is needed in our Maine colleges. Academic ruffianism is just as bad as border ruffianism, and a good deal more inexcusable.—[Port. Press.]

A correspondent of the Lewiston Journal says that R. B. Dunn Esq., has purchased the property of the North Wayne Sycamore Company, for the Dunn Edge Tool Co., of which he and the agent, John Ayer, Esq., are sole proprietors. The property was purchased with the view of getting a woollen mill or some other large factory built on their fine water power. At the late term of the Supreme Court in Machias, in a prosecution for selling rum, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty, when the evidence of guilt was most conclusive. Judge Barrows, who presided, expressed astonishment at the verdict, and told the jury they were a disgrace to Washington county. The effect was salutary, as in the second prosecution of the same man for the like offence, he was found guilty, and was then sentenced to six months imprisonment.

M. Taine is publishing some "Notes on England" in the Paris Temps, wherein he speaks with more point than politeness of the English country gentleman, as "having the air of a fat pig, who has some recollection of his grandfather, the wild boar."

The greatest incendiary is the pipe; a family recently found half a card of matches among the clips and shavings left in the house by workmen who smoked while at work.

Wendell Phillips says "One reason why we have so much trouble in reform associations is that there are always twenty men who can theorize to one who has any common sense."

The annual meeting of the Maine Educational Association will be held in Portland on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of Thanksgiving week.

How is it possible that every dog can have his day, as the proverb says, when there are so many dogs, and only three hundred and sixty-five days in the year?

Beer fills many a bottle, and the bottle many a bier.

The Independent gravely remarks that Mr. Fields' reminiscences of Mr. Dickens, in the Atlantic Monthly, "make clear to the meanest comprehension the fact of his intimacy with the great man."

The nineteenth century has reached the Sea of Galilee in the shape of a steam yacht.

Full reports of the last German expedition to the North Pole are published. It is claimed that the expedition was successful. The Polar Sea was found free from ice and swarming with whales.

S. S. Lewis, a prominent citizen of Belfast, while riding in his carriage Wednesday of last week, died almost instantly. His age was about fifty years. He was supposed to be in excellent general health. Apoplexy was the cause.

The Maine Central Railroad Company paid the hotel bills of a hundred passengers, detained two days at Kendall's Mills by the washout.

A correspondent of the Whig writes that a Mr. Hodgkins of Sebect, an old man of 75 years, committed suicide by hanging on Friday night. He had previously shown symptoms of insanity.

The earthquake on Thursday was felt as far east as Bangor, and west as Farmington. Wiscasset is the most southern point which reports having felt it.

NOBLE.—The Chicago Journal says that Messrs. Lee & Shepard have sent receipts to all parties in Chicago who were in debt to them. The amount will come to several thousand dollars.

The body of Theo. B. Pryor, son of Gen. Roger A. Pryor, was found in the East River at New York on Monday. He had been for several days missing.

Bats, the murderer of Pot Halsted, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree. A motion was made by his counsel for hearing argument for a new trial on the eleventh of November, and granted.

Buy The Best. HOLMES, BOOTH & HAYDEN'S BRILLIANT BURNER.

A ROUND WICK
ARGAND BURNER,
Suitable for
ANY LAMP,
Yielding all the results obtained from the
German Study Lamp.

Round Wick Burner
EVER PRESENTED TO THE PUBLIC.
The MAMMOTH size is superior for lighting Churches.
For Sale by all Dealers.

LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

THE NEW CAMPAIGN! VON MOLTKE
DEFEATED! BISMARCK PARALYZED!
GERMANY NOWHERE!
FRANCE KU-KLUXED!!!

Waterville, May 13, 1871.

Esty & Kimball

Have advanced to the front with an invincible army of

DRY GOODS,

Supported by large park

CARPET

Artillery, heavily charged with

GROCERY, FEATHERS,

and all kinds of commercial ammunition. And flanked by

American Buttonhole

and other

SEWING MACHINES.

ALL PRICES ANNIHILATED

And all persons of common sense, judgment, or taste perceive at once that they are provided for almost gratis.

Stirring times ahead!

Only, and really it is not for your interest to take a part in

PRairie WEED

BALSAM,

For the Cure of Coughs, Colds, and all

Consumptive Difficulties.

An invaluable discovery, made by a well known dentist of

Boston, on the GREAT PRAIRIES OF THE WEST,

through the ASSISTANCE OF LORDES

afflicted with the Hooves.

Its effects upon all Throat and Consumptive troubles are

wonderful. It removes all pressure from the lungs, produces

easy and natural breathing, causes sweet and refreshing

sleep, restores the lost appetite, prevents diarrhoea and night

secrets, and restores the whole system to a degree of health

and strength rarely if ever attained by any other treatment.

Send for a circular, containing a full account of its discovery

and wonderful cures, or call on your druggist for a bottle

and see for yourself. When taken in connection with the use

of the Inhalant Balm, it has proved an unending remedy for

all pulmonary complaints.

PRICE, 61 PER BOTTLE.

WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents,

170 Washington street,

MILTON AUSTIN, Prop'r. Lowell BOSTON, MASS.

S. E. PRAY,

D in

FANCY & MILLINERY

GOODS.

Laces, Ribbons, Velvets, Flowers, Feathers,

Embroideries, Spool Cotton,

Needles, Pins, &c.

Cor. Main & Silver-Sts. Waterville.

GARRIAGES

Without regard to Cost!

FOR THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS,

we shall sell our fine assortment of Carriages, both New

Kendall's Mills Column.

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

Fashionable Millinery.

And having secured

A COMPETENT MILLINER,
(MISS F. A. HAYES.)

Is prepared to fill orders promptly and in the most approved
style. She is also desirous to call special attention to her
new and choice stock of

FANCY GOODS,

Comprising

Kid and Lile Gloves, Hosiery, Real and Imitation
Laces, Fancy Ribbons, Sashes, Trimmings of all
kinds; Hair and Silk Switches, &c., &c.

All of which she is prepared to offer at the lowest market
rates.

Kendall's Mills, Me. Gm37

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 ex-

ecute all orders for his dental services.

E. W. McFADDEN.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Insurance and Real Estate Agent,

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

OFFICE

IN MERCHANTS' ROW, MAIN ST.

OPPOSITE ESTY AND KIMBALL'S STORE

WATERVILLE, MAINE.

Dr. Thayer may be found at his office at all hours, day and

night, except when absent on professional business.

46 May, 1871.

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46 May, 1871.

A GREAT MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA

VINEGAR BITTERS

Hundreds of Thousands

Bear testimony to their Wonderful

Curative Effects.

WHAT ARE THEY?

They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing

also the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving

constipation or indigestion of the Liver, and all the Venereal organs.

FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS, whether in young or old

female, or as a cathartic, at the dawn of womanhood or at the turn of life.

These Bitters have no equal. Send for a circular.

THEY ARE NOT A VILE

FANCY DRINK,

Made of Poor Rum, Whisky, Peppermint, and

Refuse Liquors, doctored, spiced and sweet-

ened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetiz-

ers," "Restorers," &c., that tempt the tippler on to

drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made

from the Native Roots and Herbs of California, free

from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the

GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and a LIFE-

GIVING PRINCIPLE, perfect Renovator and

Invigorator of the system, carrying off all poisonous

matter and restoring the blood to a healthy con-

dition. No person can take these Bitters according to

direction and remain unwell, provided the tones

are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means,

and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of

repair.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism,

Gout, Dropsy, and Indigestion, Biliousness,

Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the

Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have been most suc-

cessful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated

Blood, which is generally produced by derangement

of the Digestive Organs.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, Head-

ache, Pain in the Shoulder, Cough, 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 tor-

pid liver and bowels, which render them of unequal-

led efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities and

imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

FOR SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt

Rheum, Itches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils,

Carcuncles, Ring-Worms, Scald Head, Sore Eyes,

and all eruptions of the skin, arising from Impure

Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever na-

ture, 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 in-

credulous of their curative effect.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its

impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples,

Eruptions or sores, cleanse it when you find ob-

struction and sluggishness in the veins, cleanse it when

it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep

FOR BOSTON

The new and superior sea-going Steamer
"JOHN BROWN," of 1,200 TONS, leaving
Boston every day at 6 o'clock, P. M. (Sundays ex-

cepted.) Fare in Cabin, \$1.00.
Deck Fare, 1.00.
L. BILLINGS.

MAINE STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

SEMI-WEEKLY LINE.

On and after the 18th inst, the fine Steamer

"JOHN BROWN," will sail, until further no-

tice as follows:

Leave Portland, every MONDAY and THUR-

SDAY, at 6 P. M., and leave Portland, every

MONDAY and Thursday, at 8 P. M.

The "JOHN BROWN" is fitted with fine accommo-

dations for passengers, making it the most convenient and

comfortable route for travellers between New York and Maine.

Passage in State Room \$6. Cabin Passage \$4. Meals extra.

Goods forwarded to Boston, Montreal, Quebec, Halifax,

St. John, and all parts of Maine. Shippers are requested to

send their freight to the Steamer as early as 4 P. M., on the

day they leave Portland, and to have their goods ready for

shipment at 5 P. M.

For freightage apply to

HENRY FOX, Gal's Wharf, Portland.

J. E. AMES, Pier 38 E. N. York.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Summer Arrangement. - 1871.

On and after June 5, 1871, passenger trains will run as

follows:

From Upper Depot for Portland and Boston at 11 A. M.

From Lower Depot for same places, with Pullman Palace