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When I was a child, I thought our neighbor, Mr. Tangril, was a very entertaining gentleman. His house was separated from ours by his garden, full of overgrown bushes, which was a paradise of a garden to me, especially when he would give me one hand and his little daughter Emily the other, and walk up and down the narrow paths with us, talking so pleasantly about roses and cabbages, beetles and butterflies. Sometimes on a summer afternoon he would take us long walks over the wildest fields, and, sitting down upon a mossy stone, would tell us most fantastic fairy-stories. My father knew one story of a great giant who built immense castles, and slew all the people round about; but the trickiest spirits never came to him.

Then Mr. Tangril was so learned, and could explain all their lessons to his children—at least all the pleasant ones. My father assisted me in my arithmetic; but when it came to French and Mythology, he said he knew nothing about such new-fangled things—I must go to Mr. Tangril for those; and I rather envied Emily because she had a father who knew just what I most wished to know. But I did not envy her in the long, sunny afternoons, when father and I went cunting by our spirit boards, and I could see her through the window sewing her wearisome seams—for many a one she had to sew; and although she occasionally took a ride with us, she could not often spare the time. Then her brown dresses—I did not envy her those. Why did she not wear pretty muslins covered with pinks and jessamines like mine? Why did she wear that old faded barge to church, and take it off so carefully when she went home? I proposed to my mother to give her one of my new white frocks, but she said Mr. Tangril's feelings might be hurt. What Mr. Tangril's feelings had to do with Emily's dresses I could not imagine.

Then their home was so forlorn—such dingy papers on the walls, such meagre furniture in the chambers, such a look of loose pamphlets lying all about the parlor; and Mr. Tangril, when he was not putting in the garden, was always smoking a pipe, and taking up all the room. He was a very tall, large man, and looked much better out of doors than in the house. Mrs. Tangril was a little demure woman, he did not look exactly sad, but pinched and weary, and yet kindly and rather sensible. Mr. Tangril was always very polite to her; but he did not appear altogether satisfied with her, although she never seemed to have a thorn to pick with him. Even her very children were almost forgotten, so zealous was she in his service; and I often thought Emily had a hard time of it—like an old broom thrust into corners.

I used to tell her, but she would smile half-reprovingly and say, "You know I must not be in father's way; he does not like to be interrupted." What he did not like to be interrupted in I could never understand; he seemed to be only dozing by the fire, or puffing smoke all about the room, until every one was choked. Now and then, to be sure, he would take down a great, black-looking book and read; and then all the family would steal about on tiptoe; and for my part, I was always glad to run home and have a good frolic with my father, who had no fancy for black books or dozing.

In the garden, too, pleasant as it was, I went about like a zephyr. Not that it was so very neat—for many a weed grew in the walks and many a bramble in the flower-beds; but Mr. Tangril liked to have nothing touched except by himself. He gathered all the flowers that were gathered, and ate all the fruit, too, for aught I know, except that now and then he would give us rather a green peach or plum. I felt as if every leaf and flower and tree was labelled "Hands off!" Yes, and every insect too; for once, when I was chasing a butterfly, and fell headlong into a rose-bush, Mr. Tangril came striding along, and said he did not like to have butterflies chased in his garden, and I must not break his bushes. He did not seem to see my poor little bare arms all scratched and bleeding, nor the tears that were trickling down my cheeks; but my father did when I ran home, and kissed and comforted me, telling me I might fall into any of his bushes, only I had better take care to choose those that were not thorny.

Mr. Tangril criticised very severely all that went on in the world. Politics, art, literature, science, commerce, nothing satisfied him. He was certainly a much injured man. And then none of his neighbors could do anything in the best way. The farmers did not know how to cultivate their lands; the mechanics did not understand their trades; committees were wanting in good judgment, and individuals had no sense at all. About building, too, how much he knew that nobody else did! You would have thought he had been educated as mason, carpenter, and general finisher. But when he undertook to build out a little library, and gave particular directions to the workmen, so that he might have a perfect gem, the chimney smoked, the window would not open, the doors would not shut. "Miserable workmen!" he called them; but our house was built by the same miserable men, and our fires burned briskly, our doors and windows were all right.

That library cost Mrs. Tangril many a sleepless hour. It took all the little spare money they had, so that none of the family could have any new clothes that year; and she was obliged to patch up the old ones many a night when she ought to have been abed and asleep after her long day's work. After all it was but little used, for Mr. Tangril said a man should not live apart from his family; he ought to influence them by his presence; and he liked to see cheerful faces about him. So his wife went on sewing stitch after stitch, with the pleasant countenance she could assume, and the children crept about the room like starved mice.

Mr. Tangril was always composed—severe sometimes, but never irritable. He spoke in a modulated voice to his children, called them by pretty fancy names, patted them on the head, and talked to them, when he was in the mood, as no one else ever did. It was good as blowing soap-bubbles to hear him talk; but when he was silent there seemed to be such a weight in the air that it was never very exhilarating to be with him.

I remember one evening that some friends having come in unexpectedly, we got up some impromptu tableaux, and I ran in for Emily, who was far more beautiful than any one else, I thought. She had on an old calico dress, and asked me to wait while she went up stairs to put on her silk one. "Delightful!" thought I, "Emily has a silk dress!" So I tried to wait patiently. The air in the room seemed to be musty, partly from the old book Mr. Tangril was reading, partly from the old carpet and the old scent of things altogether. It was perfectly still, except the weary ticking of a clock, which ticked slower than any mortal clock I had ever heard, and the clicking of Mrs. Tangril's needles, as she pursued her endless work. She broke two needles while I was sitting there—her work was so stiff; and once I almost thought I heard her sigh. If the children whispered, she would say under her breath, "Hush, my dear; remember your father."

When I thought of my father at home winding an immense turban for Haroun Al Raschid, and how merry they all were. At last Mr. Tangril lifted his head a little, without observing me, however, and read a sentence or two, in which I think the Hebrew idiom must have been preserved; for although the words were English, I could make nothing of them.

"Do you fully understand that, my dear?" he said to Mrs. Tangril.

"I believe I do; the tone is very high; it is a fine intuition," she replied.

Little, dusting, enduring, seam-sewing Mrs. Tangril always followed her husband at every risk; but she sometimes missed a round of the ladder, and made rather a fluttering piece of work of it.

Emily came down in the silk dress, and I was quite disappointed to see that it was only her mother's old striped one altered over for her. "Never mind, I said to myself, I will dress her up in satins and embroideries, and make a gorgeous sultana of her."

As Emily and I grew older, Mr. Tangril's fairy-stories expanded into finer thoughts. When we sat with him beside the river, he would tell us that spirit flowed through matter as the waters flowed through their channel; that all things were formed in one essence; that matter became subtilized through liquids and gases, through magnetism and electricity, until it became spirit; or rather, that matter was but the condensing of spirit, the circumference not vitalized; that there was no I and no Thou, no individual and no object, but that the apparition we call object was always organic, from the crystal up to the beating heart; and that society, which was an aggregation of those apparitions called persons, should also be organic. Then he went on with theories for organizing the world, which I thought very splendid. As he spoke, it seemed that the bonds of actual life were loosened, and that I walked forth into wider space. And yet it was all rather vague, and I wished he would be more definite, or that I could exactly apprehend him. Then after he had been sitting beneath the blue sky, saying there was no I and no Thou, no *meum* and no *tuum*, that he himself sitting there was but a mere semblance of reality, I could not but think it slightly inconsistent that he should go home and let his family grind in the mill of daily life that he might be fed. If one spirit flowed through all, why was he not at work with them? I soon had reason to feel very indignant upon this subject.

One evening he had been speaking about the divine afflatus, the inspiration of the gods, and I went to bed so excited I could not sleep. A new heaven and a new earth seemed to be opened to me. In the morning I ran over to Emily's to see if she shared my delight. She was sitting on the door-steps leading to the garden. Red honey-suckles were lightly hanging against her dark hair; the morning sunlight shone upon her fair forehead; her rosy cheeks were half-hidden in the shade, as she sat with her head bending down. "She looks like a soft, dewy flower," so lovely, she might inspire a poet," I said to myself as I approached; but too sad for such a glorious morning, I thought as she raised her face. "What is it, Emily?" I asked.

"I am thinking I ought to begin to keep school," she replied.

"Begin to keep school, child! What are you going to do that for?"

"We have so little money, somebody must earn some. Mother cannot, she has so much to do, and the other children are too young."

"But your father, why cannot he keep school—or do something?"

"He cannot bring his mind down to such things. So great a genius as he is should not be obliged to work like ordinary men. I would rather keep school a hundred years than have him do so."

Just then a puff of tobacco smoke came thro' the fresh morning air. "Divine afflatus!" thought I, and I looked at Emily to see how it affected her. Was she quite in earnest? Did she really think so much of him? Yes; I saw that expression of reverence in her face I had so often seen when her father was talking to us, and I had not wondered at it then. But was she right to place him so high above all common duties? I did not know; I was too young to judge. But one thing I did know; Emily was too young to keep school.

I went home to breakfast, raging about it to my father. "My dearest Emily is going to keep school," I exclaimed. "She says her father cannot work, and she must."

"My father muttered something; it sounded very much like 'Lazy old dog!'"

"Did you call Emily an old dog, father?" said I.

"Oh, no, not at all. And so the poor child is going to keep school, is she?"

"And she is only sixteen; just my age.—*Figures-vous* me keeping school!"

"What a strange man he is! I offered him an excellent place in my business ten years ago, and he said it would compromise his views if he accepted it. Compromise a cobweb!—What his views can be I do not know. Still, I fancy, he might have made a comfortable living, and be sending his children to the best school, instead of driving them out to keep one. Poor little Emily!"

And poor little Emily it was who took a small room in a village, a mile distant, and opened an infant school. I often walked out to walk home with her in the afternoon, and it grieved me to see that she seemed to grow more and more weary every day; but she said she would soon become accustomed to her school. She had always been so free and happy at home, it came hard at first. Free and happy with that everlasting sewing! One day, when I went, she said she was going to give a music-lesson in the afternoon, and should stay all night with a friend.

"A music-lesson! What is that for?" I exclaimed.

"I must make as much money as I can, you know. To-day my first quarter's salary came in, and it is not much; but I will buy father a book with part of it; it will be so pleasant to buy him something with my own earnings."

So we went into a store and she bought an old looking book, such as she thought her father would like. Her hand trembled as she paid the money, partly with emotion, and partly because she was so exhausted.

"So give the music-lesson, and carried the book to her father, when I found looking at the sunset in the garden, and paring a plum with her penknife. "What kind of a book is it?" he said; "not much of anything. But Emily is a sweet girl; you can give her this plum when she goes to her, with her father's love." He gave me a plum, almost mellow on one side, repre-

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senting her father's love, I suppose. The book was put upon a shelf in his library, and never taken down again, as I saw by the dust that collected upon it, and as Emily also saw. I fear. He never liked to have his library dusted, and it was only too evident which books were not often read.

When I gave Emily the plum in the morning, with her father's message, her eyes glistened; but fortunately her scholars came into school at that moment. I think a burst of tears just then would have broken her heart. Perhaps she was beginning to see that fine feathers do not always make fine birds.

One by one Emily's sisters began to keep school. Early, very early, they began. Edward was to be sent to college, Emily said. "But Edward is such a dull boy," I remonstrated. "It would be much better for you to go to college, Emily."

"I should like nothing better, if there were a college for girls," she replied. "But, alas! no; I must keep on with the spelling book and the infants. Edward is not so very dull, and father says he went to college himself, and his son must have the same advantages."

And so Edward entered college, and Edward came out of college, and when I returned from Europe, where I had been traveling several years, with my father and mother, I found him in his dressing-gown, smoking a cigar on one side of the stove, opposite his father, and his father's pipe and dressing-gown, ordering the girls about, and wondering when dinner would be ready. Father gave him a clerkship in his business, and that was the end of his college education, as far as he was concerned, but not the end of his sister's broken health, injured for his sake, and for which they never received much gratitude, except a few half-joking words.

"Edward will never be so much of a man as his father was," said my mother. "He was very fascinating once."

"What, old Mr. Tangril?"

"He was not old then; he was young Edward Tangril and very handsome."

"He is not handsome now; he looks so indolent, and his face is all sunken away. But I can remember I thought him good looking when I was a child."

"And you thought him entertaining, too, did you not?"

"Oh, yes; very, with his fairy stories."

He was just as grateful to us with his visions and his poems. They must have been his own, for I never found them in any books; and very beautiful we thought them. We admired him very much; and yet I always felt there was some want of energy in him. But Sally Gray was such a butterfly, she never looked to see if her flowers were well rooted; so she folded her poor little wings, never to open them again.

"That little, subdued Mrs. Tangril a butterfly!" I exclaimed.

"She was the gayest of the gay, the liveliest and the prettiest of us all. But he has made a working-bee of her; her butterfly days have long been passed. He had the old family house and garden, and a little property; not much income, I fancy, for I could see she had to manage her expenses carefully, and she always looked rather serious when he went to town; he was sure to bring home half a dozen new books or engravings, and then the old bonnet or dress had to be worn some months longer, or she had to make the new one herself. He liked to see women dressed simply, he said, and he had every reason to be gratified. Then came the children, and with them came greater economy, and now, poor things, they all have to work hard to pay his tastes and his poetry. I suppose it will be the same with Edward, but he never will be so fine a person as his father."

"Fine nonsense!" exclaimed my father. "My mother and I looked at each other and smiled. My father looked at us both and burst into one of his most hearty laughs. 'You are a couple of babies,' he said, 'and I will buy each of you a rattle.'"

While I was in Europe I corresponded with Emily, but often thought it was cruel to write to her about the beautiful things I was seeing, while she was plodding along at home in such a dull way. When I returned, I saw that her life had been worse than dull for her. The pretty color of her face was not lost, but all the fair color had gone, and her eyelids drooped heavily over the eyes once so bright. "I feel as if I had no youth left in me," she said.

"Why, Emily, you are only twenty-three; so am I, and I do not feel as if I were more than sixteen."

"Many a weary day has passed since I was sixteen, and I saw tears in her eyes; I believe they had long ceased to fall upon her cheeks. 'You have all the youth and all the beauty now,' she said, slightly glancing at our two faces reflected in the glass.

"You were so beautiful then!"

"Frank thinks I am so still; he has not forgotten that I once was young."

"You have been engaged to him such a long time, when are you to be married?"

"We cannot be so yet. He has just got through with his law studies; he has only got on that, you know," she said, with a sad smile.

"But you can support yourself, as you do now, with your school."

"He would never consent to that—his delicate little child, as he calls me."

"Then you can give up your school, and grow strong and well."

"No, I cannot. We have spent all our money upon Edward's education, and other necessary things. We have not a dollar now in the family, except what we girls earn."

"It is a sin and a shame!" I exclaimed, and went in search of my father, as usual under all difficulties.

"Father, I think the thousand dollars you promised me for my allowance will be too much. May I give half of it away? Emily and Frank cannot be married because they have no money. If they had five hundred a year, that would answer very well, I think, until he gets into practice."

"No, that will never do; Frank would not like that. But I will give him business in his profession, and he can be married in two or three years."

"Mean time, Emily will die if she continues her school."

"Well, give her the five hundred dollars, and let her run about in the fields and grow healthy."

"Splendid!" I cried, and dashed off to Emily's. I could hardly wait to knock at her chamber door. "Oh, be joyful!" I exclaimed.

Free, free, forever free! You will never have to keep school again."

"Why not?" said Emily, with a faint color rising to her cheeks.

"Because, my darling, I have a larger allowance than I can possibly use, and you must share it with me. Five hundred a year is more than you can make by your school."

Emily was a good girl, willing to receive what she would gladly have given under the same circumstances, and accepted my offer. I danced home, down the garden path, singing "Hark, hark the lark." I thought I had better not stay long, just then.

In the twilight I saw her walking slowly toward our house, among the shadows of the trees, her head bowed down.

"What is the sorrow now?" I said, running to meet her. "I thought we should always be so happy."

"You are a dear child, and your kindness makes me happy. I only felt a little sad, thinking I must still go on with my school.—Father says I must not accept your offer. He calls it dependence."

"Depend upon it, he knows nothing about it. I will go straight and speak to him."

"Why, Jennie?"

"I will go," I said resolutely, for I felt a little frightened; and off I went to the den of the lion—the dismal little library.

"You look very much excited, Miss Jane, said the lion. 'You had better take a chair and compose yourself.'"

I took a chair—a very dusty one—and tried to be calm.

"Emily says, sir, that you will not let her give up her school."

"I do not object to having my daughters keep school; it is excellent discipline for their characters, and gives them an opportunity of doing much good to others. It is an education both for them and their pupils."

"But Emily began so young, and has kept school so long, and is injuring her health, she ought to leave off."

"I should be glad if she could do so with propriety," he replied, with an expression of meek resignation.

"She can do so if she shares my allowance with me."

"No, my dear, I cannot accept money from your father."

"But you do not accept it, sir, nor does my father give it to you; it is Emily who accepts it from me. You would not object to my giving her a gold chain, would you?"

"That would be a gift of love."

"And so is this; what difference does it make, a few dollars more or less?"

"My family must not eat the bread of charity while I am spared to maintain them."

I opened my eyes very wide; "How does he think he maintains them?" I wondered. "By scratching in his garden like an old hen, or by smoking his pipe, or reading Hebrew."

I wanted to ask him what he did to help himself or anybody else, that he might see himself as he was in once in his life. But I looked at his white hairs, and had not the heart to do it. It seemed as if he must himself have a glimpse of his own fallacy, and that if I said another word, he would hide his face in his hands and weep; I could not have borne to see that, so I went away.

"Mr. Tangril will not let Emily accept the money," I told my father. "He says he will not let his family live upon charity while he can maintain them."

"Maintain them! maintain a pussy-cat!" I laughed; my father was growing angry.

"You may well laugh," he said, drawing me toward him. "And you may be thankful that you have some one to maintain you with something beside fair words; that you do not have to wear out your young life, your old life, too, if any should be spared you, in earning a little livelihood for yourself, and for your father, too. Heavens! I could not sit still in my easy chair and bear that—I do not see how any man can. Does Mr. Tangril ever open his eyes wide enough to look at you and Emily, and see the difference between you? You so healthy and blooming—Emily a mere ghost. I can remember when she was prettier and stronger than you; poor girl. And so he will not let her keep the money? Why does she mind what he says about it?"

"Do you think she ought to disobey her father?"

"A girl of her age need not obey anybody—more especially when she has been supporting herself for half a dozen years. But you women like to make slaves of yourselves, I believe. She ought to judge for herself."

"Shall I tell her what you say?"

"Yes, you can tell her anything I say, only I suppose it will not do to tell her that her father is a regular old tyrant."

I wished to speak to Emily again on the subject, but she seemed to shrink from any more words about it, so I had to let it go. All I could do was to see that her wardrobe was well supplied, everything being made, that she might not have to sew out of school. But I could not send her father ready-made shirts, and I knew she had many a one to make when she was longing for a little rest.

So years went on. Her father called her a sweet girl, and his little flower Emily, and she grew thinner and thinner; but that I think he never saw, he was so much occupied writing an authentic memoir of himself from his babyhood up to his tenth year.

At length, after I had long been married, and had a little joyful child playing about me, Frank had a fair prospect of being able to support Emily, and their few friends were summoned to the little musty parlor to witness the marriage. Mr. Tangril, larger than ever, gave his blessing, and remarked that he hoped her new home would be as serene as that of her childhood had been, and that her new protector would remember how tenderly she had always been watched and cherished.

Frank's eyes flashed, as if such a degree of self-denial were hardly to be endured; but Emily bowed her pretty little head and received her father's blessing as if it had been that of a true father.

They took a small house, nearly opposite Mr. Tangril's, often passed an evening with them, smoking his pipe with great urbanity in Emily's pretty, curtained parlor, never asking how they enjoyed that act of beneficence. Many a nice little dish did she make and carry to him; the newspaper was always sent over the moment Frank had done with it, though she never read it herself; and I have reason to believe that the old shirt-making went on for the old gentleman under the new roof—she wished to help her mother and sisters a little. Frank would not have liked it if he had known

it, for he insisted that she should do nothing but rest, and walk, and read, and enjoy herself. He took her short journeys whenever he could, and they seemed to do her a little good. Nothing but his tenderness as kept her alive—but it was too late. She faded away, day by day, and at length there came a day when she was no longer there. They had loved each other when they were children, and Frank had devoted all a boy's ardent spirit to his studies that he might some time have a home in which they could pass a happy life together; and now she had gone and left him with only a little pale child, looking as if she must soon be a little mother.

As soon as this little innocent thing could walk alone, she would totter across the road to grand-papa's and delight to sit on his knee, and hear his pretty stories about birds and flowers. I met him one day leading her out of a baker's shop with a ginger cake in her hand.

"How touching it is," said a sensitive young lady who was with me, "to see that very large old gentleman leading that very little child, and feeding her so sweetly."

"Yes, very touching," I thought in my indignant heart. "He has let the mother work herself to death—he may well feed the child with ginger-bread."

And the Harmless Old Gentleman led the little child out of sight.

AN OLD STORY.

Once upon a time a maiden sat beneath a hawthorn tree, And her lower cheek beside her, Murmured words of constancy, Fairer, sweeter than the blossom hanging over her was she. And her heart within her bosom Throbbed and glowed tumultuously.

Both were young and fond and foolish, Neither rich, the story goes, Ma was proud and Pa was musing, Great their love and great their woes. So they kissed, and wept, and parted, Swearing ever to be true, Died the maiden broken hearted? Was the lover faithful too?

Pshaw! she wed a wealthy banker, (Bauer who perished she was told), And no city dames outrank her, With her pocket full of gold; Queen at every ball and party, Decked with lace and jewels rare, Looking fresh and very hearty, Reigns the victim of despair.

He—confound the little fellow— Took a widow twice his years, Fat and forty, ripe and mellow, With a heart of little fears. Big plantation, servants plenty, Splendid mansion, pomp and ease, Cured that boyish love of twenty— That incurable disease!

Learn from this, ye doating lovers, In your unguished love to brenk, Anything of greater value Than the promises you make. Breasts were made to put in motion Blood that otherwise would cool; Pleasure, profit and promotion, Graduate at Cupid's school.

[From the Knickerbocker for December.

Patience: A Short Dog's Tale.

"Get out, you cur!"

It was a wet November night. Tired out after a long walk, I was scraping my boots preparatory to mounting the marble door-steps—those Syssiphus stones for Philadelphia servants, eternally rolled and rubbed—when casting my eyes to the top step, there I saw crouching a poor, miserable, noseless outcast of a dog.

"Get out, you cur!"

This time I said it, shouted it out energetically, and waved my umbrella over his head as an intimidator. He never moved, but broke out into a "Whoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!" that sounded, as it drew to a close, like a long wail over a dissipated life, sung, however, by a middle-aged gentleman whose lungs were yet strong as leather. I believe that cur—if there is anything in metempsychosis—had the soul of a defunct house-carpeteer inhabiting him, for he had chosen his lying-down spot, now changed into a sitting position, right under the front-door handle, and had I used the dead latch key, he would instantly have darted into the house. The gas light from the street-lamp shone directly on him, and as I raised my umbrella a second time to give him a "whack," he turned his head sideways, and looked at me in such a human, comical manner, that my wrath gave way.

"Poo-oo-fel-low!" I said this in a soothing voice, thinking, "I'll give him kind words, if he can't get bones."

They acted like magic. From a sitting-upon-end

J. H. PLAINFIELD & CO.
DEALERS IN
Drugs and Medicines,
PAINTS, OILS & DYE STUFFS,
WATERBURY.

ELMWOOD HOTEL,
Corner of Main and College Streets, (near the Depot),
WATERBURY.

By JOHN L. SEAVY.
PAINTING,
Graining, Glazing, and Papering.

GEORGE H. ESTY
CONTINUES to make all orders in the Waterbury line, in a manner that has given satisfaction to the best of customers for a period that indicates some proficiency in the business. Orders promptly attended to, on application at his shop.

Main Street, opposite Marston's Block,
WATERBURY.

CALL AND SEE!
The latest stock of
Boots, Shoes and Gaiters,
Ever offered in Waterbury, at the old stand of
WM. L. MAXWELL.

Manufacture of Women's, Misses' and Children's shoes, Women's French and Common Kid, Misses' and Children's Kid and Patent leather shoes, and all kinds of shoes, made to order, and of the best quality. Also, all kinds of shoes, made to order, and of the best quality. Also, all kinds of shoes, made to order, and of the best quality.

For Sale.
THE BRICK HOUSE, and Lot on the West side of Main Street, in the City of Waterbury, Conn., containing about 1000 square feet of land, and a small building, and is a very desirable place for a residence, or for a business. It is situated in a very healthy and pleasant location, and is a very desirable place for a residence, or for a business.

Bounty Land—New Law.
All persons who have received fifty or eighty acres of land from the U. S. Government, and who have not yet received their title, are hereby notified that they must apply for the same within six months of the date of this notice, or they will lose their right to the same.

Monuments and Grave Stones.
The subscriber is constantly manufacturing the best of Italian and American Marble into Monuments and Grave stones of any pattern or design that may be wanted. Persons desiring to purchase, may be assured that they can deal with me on better terms than with traveling agents of shops at a distance.

Driving Gloves.
A large assortment of Ward and McQuiston's PLYMOUTH RUBBER GLOVES, embracing all the latest styles, and of the best quality, and at low prices. Also, all kinds of gloves, made to order, and of the best quality.

WHEELS.
A large assortment of Ward and McQuiston's PLYMOUTH RUBBER WHEELS, embracing all the latest styles, and of the best quality, and at low prices. Also, all kinds of wheels, made to order, and of the best quality.

CARPENTERS AND JOINERS.
If you want to buy GOOD TOOLS call at E. Coffin's Hardware and Store, Main St., at Waterbury.

WILLIAM B. SNELL,
Counselor at Law,
SOMERSET COUNTY, ME.

Waterbury Air Tight Cooking Stove.
Particular attention paid to procuring reliable Land Warrants.

BEDDING! BEDDING!
Sept. 20, 1885.
E. T. ELLEN & CO. have this day received and now offer for sale

100 Super Swiss Matts, all sizes.
100 Cotton Ticks, all sizes.
100 11-14-16 and 18-20 Lancaster Quilts, 1.50 to 2.25
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30 M Basswood Boards, 1st quality, suitable for door panels. Also, 100 11-14-16 and 18-20 Lancaster Quilts, 1.50 to 2.25

Land Warrants.
The subscriber, having made arrangements in Boston, New York, and several of the Western States, to pay the highest price for LAND WARRANTS that any market will allow.

2000 LBS. ATLANTIC WHITE LEAD received this day from Manchester, N. H.

Farmers' Boilers.
FROM 12 to 60 gallons, set in stoves, can be used in Coffin's Hog House, for sale by E. T. ELLEN & CO.

Powder! Powder!
100 KEES of best quality, and for sale by E. T. ELLEN & CO.

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Crockery, China and Glass Ware.
PAKAGES just received and for sale at Waterbury, Dec. 13, 1885.

Patent Folding Umbrella.
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Portland Advertisements.

WHOLESALE MILLINERY IN PORTLAND.
The undersigned would call the attention of Milliners in this section of the State to the large

FALL and WINTER STOCK OF MILLINERY,
Just opening at the Branch House of WATERBURY BUSINESS, 152 Middle Street, Portland, Me., where he is constantly receiving the latest and most desirable styles of

French, English and German Goods,
adapted to this market, consisting in part of the following articles, viz: Bonnets, Hats, Caps, and Trimmings, Ribbons, Veils, Cuffs, Collars, and Frames, &c., &c.

E. CAMERON & CO.,
BRUSH MANUFACTURERS,
190 Fore-st, Portland.

Manufacture of
TAYLOR'S PATENT DRESSER BRUSH,
and all kinds of Machine Brushes to order.

NEW SHIP CHANDLERY
AND
COMMISSION STORE,
At No. 3 New Block, Atlantic R.R. Wharf, Portland.

HARTLEY, CONDON & CO.
Just opened, and offer by Wholesale or Retail, a full and complete assortment of SHIP CHANDLERY and SHIP STORES, consisting of Manila Rope, Chain and American Tackle, and all other articles usually kept on hand.

On hand at all seasons, the Best Quality of HATS, of the most approved fashions.
Hats made to order, and of the best quality, and at low prices.

STORAGE and make liberal advances upon consignments.
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Flour, Pork, Lard, &c.
500 Bbls. Common, Extra, and Double Extra FLOUR,
100 Bbls. Clear and Extra Lard, and 100 Bbls. Pork.

W. J. GOODS & GROCERIES
For sale by Wm. L. SOUTHWELL,
COMMERCIAL ST., HEAD OF PORTLAND PIER,
Dec. 1885.

PIANO-FORTE
ESTABLISHMENT.
Andrews & Robinson,
101 Federal Street, Portland, Me.

DANA & WARREN,
Wholesale Grocers and Provision Dealers,
Corner of Main and Commercial Streets, Portland, Me.

Botanical Medical Office.
To the Afflicted.
Dr. W. F. PADELOFF, Office at No. 41, Exchange Street, Portland, Me.

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OCULIST AND AURIST,
No. 116 Court Street, Boston.

Also, Inventor and Manufacturer of
INVISIBLE EAR TRUMPETS.
Artificial Eyes made and inserted at Short Notice.

KENNEDY'S
The Greatest of the Age.

MR. KENNEDY of Roxbury, has discovered an infallible cure for every kind of HEMORRHOID, from the most trifling to the most dangerous.

Two bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of hemorrhoids.

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ANDROSCOGGIN & KENNEBEC R. R.

FAIR ARRANGEMENT.
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