



3-22-1872

## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 39): March 22, 1872

Maxham & Wing

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville\\_mail](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail)



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

---

### Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 39): March 22, 1872" (1872). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 447.

[https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville\\_mail/447](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/447)

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



## THE BREWING OF SOMA.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Then fagots blazed, the caldron's smoke  
Up through the green wood curled;  
"Bring honey from the hollow oak,  
Bring milky sap," the brewers spoke,  
In the childhood of the world.

And brewed they well or brewed they ill,  
The priests thrust in their rods,  
First tasted, and then drank their fill,  
And shouted, with one voice and will,  
"Behold the drink of gods!"

They drank, and lo! in heart and brain  
A new, glad life began;  
The gray of hair grew young again,  
The sick man laughed away his pain,  
The cripple leaped and ran.

"Drink, mortal, what the gods have sent,  
Forget your long annoy."  
So sang the priests. From tent to tent  
The Soma's drunken madness went,  
A storm of sacred joy.

Then knew each wrapt inebriate  
A winged and glorious birth,  
Soared upward, with strange joy elate,  
Beat, with dazed head, Varuna's gate,  
And, sobered, sank to earth.

The land, with Soma's praises rang;  
On Gihon's banks of shade  
His hymns the dusky maidens sang;  
In joy of life or mortal pang  
All men to Soma prayed.

The morning twilight of the race  
Sends down these matin psalms;  
And still with wondering eyes we trace  
The simple prayers to Soma's grace,  
That Vedic verse embalms.

As in that child-world's early years,  
Each after age has striven  
By music, incense, vigils drear,  
And trance, to wing the skies more near,  
Or lift man up to heaven.

Some fever of the blood and brain,  
Some self-exalting pride,  
The scourge of a keen delight of pain,  
The dervish dance, the Orphic strain,  
The wild-haired Bacchant's yell.

The desert's hair-grown hermit sunk  
The sinner's brute below;  
The naked Sutra, harsh and drunk,  
The cloister mad-as-of-the-moon,  
The fakir's torture song.

And yet the past comes round again,  
And new old thoughts fulfill;  
In sensual transports, wild as vain,  
We brew in many a Christian hall  
The healthful Soma still!

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,  
Forgive our foolish ways;  
Resolve in our right mind,  
In purer lives thy service find,  
In deeper reverence, praise.

Is simple trust like theirs who heard  
Beside the Syrian sea  
The gracious calling of the Lord,  
Let us, like them, without a word,  
Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!  
O calm of hills above,  
Where Jesus came to share with thee  
The silence of eternity  
Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush sublimin' all  
Our words and works that drown  
The tender whisper of thy call,  
As noiseless lest thy blessing fall  
As fell thy manna down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,  
Till all our strivings cease;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire  
Thy coolness and thy balm;  
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;  
Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,  
O still, small voice of calm!

—Atlantic Monthly for April.

## JOHN RAYNOLD'S LESSON.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"What is the matter, little woman?"

"Only tired, John."

Lina Raynold's looked up as she spoke, to smile bravely into the face bending anxiously over her.

"Tired, Lina?" he said, lifting the little figure as he spoke, and taking his wife like a child upon his knee. "What have you been doing to tire you?"

"Only the day's work. Don't worry, John," for a shade passed over the kindly face.

"I don't worry; but I can't see what makes you complain so often of being tired. I am sure the house work ain't so much. Other women do it."

There was just a little fretfulness in John's tone, though he did not mean to be unkind.

"I know they do. Mrs. Harper has four children and takes care of them, in addition to house work, besides doing piles of sewing. Perhaps, John, it is because I have not had experience in country work; and don't manage well. I will learn better after a while. Now tell me what you did in town."

"I did quite well. Sold the whole crop of wheat at a good price, and put another installment in the bank for the Stanley farm."

"Your heart is set on the farm, John."

"Indeed it is! Let me once own that, clear of debt, and I shall be a happy man. It is the best land in the country, and the house is twice as large as this."

Lina thought of larger floors to scrub, more rooms to clean, and additional work of all kinds and swallowed a little sigh that nearly escaped her.

"John," she said rather timidly, "don't you think if you spend part of the money on this house we might be very happy here?"

"Spend money on this house!" cried the astonished John. "Why, what on earth ails this house?"

"I mean in things for it. Now, the parlor looks so stiff, and is always shut up. I was thinking if we had a pretty carpet, and some muslin or lace, and a set of nice furniture, and—a piano. O John! if I could have a piano!"

John Raynold looked at his wife as if she had proposed to him to buy up the crown-jewels of Russia.

"A piano! Do you know what a piano costs?"

"No. Aunt Louise had one, you know, ever since I can remember. But I think if we had a pretty parlor to rest in the evening, I could play for you and sing. You never heard me play and sing, John."

"I have heard you sing, but not lately," said John, rather gloomily.

"Oh! that was just humming round the house. I mean real singing. I have lots of music in my trunk."

"But you are only a farmer's wife now, Lina. I thought you understood when we were married that you were not to have city finery and pleasures."

"So I did, John. I don't want finery. I don't want any pleasure, but your love, John. Don't scowl up your face so. I am silly to think of these things at all. There, kiss me and forget it. I am nicely rested now, and I'll get your tea in ten minutes."

John put her down with a tender kiss, and straightway fell into a reverie.

Lina Rivers had been a district school teacher in Scotlandville just four months, when John Raynold offered her his hand and heart. She was an orphan from infancy, but her father's sister had adopted and educated her in a life of luxury, and died without altering a will made years before, leaving her entire fortune to a charity asylum. Lina, left alone, had thankfully accepted the position of country school

VOL. XXV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE . . . . FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1872.

NO. 39.

teacher, procured for her by some friend, and was thinking life a hard burden, when John came to brighten it. She gave her whole gentle little heart into his keeping at once, appreciating at their full value his honest, true heart, his frank nature, his sterling good qualities, and looking with the most profound admiration upon his tall, strong frame and handsome face.

It was a perfect love match, for John fairly worshipped the dainty, refined little beauty he had married. And, having married her, he took her to his home, and in all ignorance, proceeded to kill her.

There was no blame to be laid upon him. Living in the old farm-house, where he had spent his entire life, the one ambition of his heart was to own land, stock, barns, and a model farm. He had seen his mother cook, churn, feed poultry, and drudge all her life; and the women he knew did the same, and if Lina made odd mistakes, she put a willing heart into her work, and soon conquered its difficulties. Surely, he thought, it was an easier life to be mistress of his home, with the Stanley farm in prospect, than to toil over stupid children in a district school. He had never seen velvet carpets and lace curtains, grand pianos, dainty silks, and other surroundings that were Lina's from babyhood. He had never heard that wonderful music the little white hands all rough and scarred now, could draw from the ivory keys of an organ or piano, or the clear, pure voice in song. It was an unknown world to John where his wife's memory lingered as she scoured tins, strained milk, and cooked huge dishes for the farm hands. He would have thought it wicked waste, if not positive insanity, to draw from the bank his hard-earned savings to invest them in beautifying his plain comfortable home.

And Lina lashed her consciousness sharply, telling herself she was ungrateful, repining and wicked. Was not her John tender, true and loving? Where amongst her city friends was there a heart like his? Had she not known he was only a farmer?

And so the loving little woman toiled and saved, undertook tasks far beyond her strength, worked early and late; until just one year after his wedding day, John Raynold's coming home to his tea, found lying upon the kitchen floor a little senseless figure, with a face like death, and hands that sent a chill to every heart.

The doctor, hastily summoned, looked grave and advised perfect quiet rest. A girl was hired, and John tenderly nursed the invalid, but though she grew better she grew pale and weak.

"Take her away awhile," said the doctor, "try change of air. She is overworked."

"But," said honest, puzzled John, "She does nothing but the housework for us two. She has no child, and our sewing is not much."

The doctor looked into his troubled face. "You are a good man, John Raynold, and a strong one," he said; "will you let me tell you a few plain truths?"

"Yes. About Lina?"

"About Lina. You remember, do you not, the tiny antelope you admired so much in the menagerie we had here last summer?"

"Certainly," said John, looking more puzzled than ever.

"Suppose you had bought the little creature and kept it with one of your oxen to a cart to do the same work?"

"I'd be a fool," said John; "that little thing couldn't work. It was just made pretty to look at and to play."

"That's it, John. Now I don't think God ever made any woman to look pretty and play, but he made some for the rough work of this world and some for the dainty places, some to cook and scrub, and some to draw men's souls to heaven by gentle loveliness. Your wife is one of the latter. If you were a poor man I would have held my tongue, but you are a rich one. Give your wife a servant; let her have books, music, pretty things around her. Let her rest from toil, and you may keep her by your side. Put her back in her old place, and you may order her tombstone, for she will soon need it. Don't put your antelope beside your oxen, John."

"I will not! Thank you! I understand. Poor, loving, patient heart!"

"That's right! Take her now for a little pleasure trip, and get back her roses."

Lina clasped her hands when John asked her if she would like to spend a week in New York, and really seemed to draw in new life from the very idea.

It was delicious to see John's wide open eyes, as he entered the parlor of the great city hotel, and was shown into the bed-room, whose beauties were quite as bewildering.

"The best room he had told the landlord, and Lina could not repress a cry of delight at the vista of a cosy sitting-room with a piano standing invitingly open.

"Oh John!" she said, "won't you go in there and shut the door for five minutes, please?"

John obeyed of course. John, she thought, gratefully refused her nothing now.

"How lucky I brought some of my old dresses," Lina thought. "I have not worn them since I was a school-marm. Fancy Mrs. Raynold's scrubbing the floor in this dress!"

John rubbed his eyes and pinched himself as a little figure sailed into the sitting-room, made him a sweeping courtesy, and went to the piano.

Was this the little woman who had worn prints and sunbonnets so long? The fair hair was fashionably dressed, and bands of blue velvet looping the golden curls. A dress of blue silk, with softest lace trimmings and ornaments of pearls, had certainly made a fine lady of Lina. The piano was yielding its most bewitching tones to the skilled little fingers, and John's bewilderment was complete when a voice of exquisite sweetness, though not powerful began to sing.

Only one song, full of trills and quavers, and then Lina rushed from the piano into John's arms.

"John, darling," she said, "hold me fast. Don't let me slip from you!"

"O Lina!" he groaned, "I was not fit to marry such a dainty bird! But I love you, little one."

"And I love you, John, rough old John! Let me sing again. I am very happy to-day, my husband."

But no wonderful trill filled the little room now. In a clear, pure voice, full of expression, Lina sang:

"I know that my Redeemer liveth!"

Every word fell like hot tears on poor John's heart, until as the late chord trembled upon the air, Lina turned to him, stretching out her arms:

"Take me in your arms, John!"

He took her tenderly to the room she had quitted so gaily, and replaced her finery by a white wrapper, whose lace trimmings looked like fairy-work to the unaccustomed eye.

"Are you tired, love?" he asked, with a great spasm of terror at his heart, as he looked at the white, wasted face.

"Yes, very, very tired, but happy, John!" and with a little sigh of entire content, Lina nestled down against the warm heart whose every throb she knew was all her own. The white lids fell softly over the violet eyes, and she slept peacefully as a child.

Softly, as she rested, the faint, pink flush gathered on her fair cheek and a smile crept over her lips, while John, bending over her, lifted his heart in earnest prayer for the life that made his own so bright.

Mrs. Raynold's was to experience her share of astonishment during her holiday, and it commenced by the apparition of John the next day in a suit of handsome clothes that well became his manly figure. There was no foppishness, but he looked a gentleman, though he made more than one grimace before he got, as he said, "Well shaken into store clothes."

Can I describe the week? What was new to John was old, familiar ground to Lina. Central Park was not soon exhausted, and the little guide grew stronger and rosier every day, in John's thoughtful care, that provided plenty of pleasant excitement, but guarded against fatigue.

It was early in the afternoon of a sunny day, when the train drew up to Scottsfield station, and John handed his wondering wife into a neat little one-horse carriage waiting for them.

"A new purchase, dear," he explained. "We are to have a drive every afternoon. Dr. Greyson prescribed it."

The house was where it always had been, but Lina rubbed her eyes and wondered if she had been suddenly carried into fairy-land.

The dull little sitting-room had been papered, carpeted, curtained, and transformed into a cosy dining-room. The stiff parlor was a bower of beauty with the fine piano, the daintiest of furniture, soft muslin curtains, and a carpet covered with bouquets of exquisite flowers; the bed-rooms were carpeted brightly, and rejoiced in cottage-sets, and in the kitchen the most good-natured of stout German girls fairly shed tears when Lina addressed her in her own language.

"But, John," she cried, "the Stanley farm?"

"Is sold, dear. You were right; we will make this home so lovely the Stanley farm will never cost me a sigh. Dr. Greyson and his wife took all the trouble here, and I have hired two new hands, so as to have a little more leisure."

"But, John," the little wife said, earnestly, "I do not want you to think I am a fine lady, a doll to wear fine clothes, and live in idleness. I want to be truly a helpmate to you."

"So you will be, Lina. God meant no one to be a drone in the busy hive of the world. You are not strong, but you will find plenty to keep you busy in superintending in-door arrangements and directing Gretchen. And in our drives, love, we will see if we cannot find some poorer than ourselves to comfort and aid. That will be my thank offering for your life, my little wife."

The neighbors stared and wondered. Comments upon John's folly and improvidence fell from many lips, and old men, shaking their heads, prophesied ruin for the Raynolds family.

But John was as much astonished as any of them, when, after a few years, he found the farm yielded him a larger income than ever before.

"I do believe, Lina," he said one day, to a matronly little woman, who was dressing a cowering baby, "that your flower garden last year was worth a thousand dollars to me."

"John!"

"You see it was to get the information about the flowers that we first began to take the agricultural paper; there I found so many hints, that I began to think I knew nothing about farming. One book after another crept into the house, and the time I thought would be wasted, taken from farm work, was spent in reading. Now look at the labor-saving machines I have bought! My orchard is going to be the best in the county, too."

"And my poultry yard, John! It was the papers and magazines that first gave me the idea of a model poultry yard. What fun we had getting it started!"

"Yes, indeed. That New York trip was the best investment I ever made, Lina. I saw so many things there that I recognized as old friends when I met them again in print—the thrashing-machine, the rotary harrow, the improve plow."

"And," said Mrs. Raynold's mischievously, "the Milton watch, the sewing-machine, the corals for Johnnie!"

"Come, are you ready for your drive?"

"As soon as I put on my hat and get the basket of things for Mrs. Goodwin."

"It beats me, John," said his uncle, one day, "where you find so much money for foolery newfangled nonsense, and fallals for Lina, and yet give so much in charity. I thought you were crazy to buy that Stanley farm?"

"I was once, but I have something better now than the Stanley farm. I have learned how to manage my antelope."

"What!"

But to this day John has never explained that riddle to his puzzled relatives.—[Hearth and Home.

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF CITIZENSHIP.

Every American feels that to be the citizen of a free republic is a much more exalted position than to be the subject of an irresponsible autocrat; but does every American feel that to be the citizen of a free republic involves duties from which he can only be freed by becoming the subject of despotism? This freedom is not a mere ornament to glory in. The ogres of despotism are not the only enemies from which our country will have to be defended by the patriotism of her sons. We can continue content to cower over that form of danger. Republicanism is strong, and has stood many a severe strain, but it has yet to be tried with even severer tests. The war is, for the present, between selfishness and public spirit. Every bad man is interested to the extent of as many

dollars, or millions of dollars, as he may be smart enough to make out of his schemes, while to oppose him good men have little more as an incentive than the love of right. The best man in the land has only his vote and his influence against the thousands of votes which the trading politician can buy. Does such a man duly feel that unless such disinterested votes and influence as his are used to the utmost the country, between one set of schemers and another, will come to certain ruin? How can a clean thing come out of an unclean? How can a pure government come out of the clash between opposing ranks of selfishness? The conclusion is this: The disinterested and the good must take the government of the country into their own hands, or the government and the country will soon show into whose hands they have fallen.—[New York Daily Witness.

The color of clothing is by no means a matter of indifference. White and light-colored clothes reflect the heat, while black and dark-colored ones absorb it. White is the comfortable and fashionable color for clothing in summer. It reflects heat well, and prevents the sun's rays from passing through and heating the body. If white is the best color for summer, it does not follow that black is the best color for winter. It must be remembered that black radiates heat with great rapidity. Give a coat of white paint to a black steam radiator, which is capable of rendering a room comfortable warm at all times, and the temperature will fall at once, though the heat-producing agency remain the same as before. A black garment robs the body of a larger amount of heat than white and consequently the latter color is the best for winter garments. It is the best color for both summer and winter. Although this statement may seem like blowing hot and cold, it is nevertheless true. Let those who are troubled with cold feet and wear dark socks, change to white, and see if the difficulty is not in part or wholly removed. Utility in color is confined to the different shades merging from dark into light; but we find in connection with dress all the beautiful tints of the rainbow, and these are used for the ornamentation of the person. The rich and varied colors which are so extensively worn are by no means to be condemned; adornment of the person to a reasonable extent is commendable. We all love the beautiful in nature, and what adds so much to the attractiveness of woman as the ribbons and scarfs, stained with magenta, mauve, or sallow, which adorn her person? Deep in the instincts of nature is laid the admiration of color; and we love beautiful flowers and birds and—beautifully dressed ladies.—[From Dr. Nichols's Fireside Science, published by Hurd and Houghton, New York; The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

EDUCATION AND CRIME.—The report of the Commissioner of Education shows clearly the relation of crime to ignorance and idleness. The percentage of what is called educated persons, found among criminals, is comparatively small; also the percentage of skillful laborers or persons who have learned a trade. Of course, in this country, where the mass of men are familiar with the rudiments of knowledge and have some regular employment, if these did not affect their tendency to crime, the records would show criminals from among them in proportion to the part they constitute of the aggregate population. These facts suggest two things: First, the importance of a thorough and comprehensive system of education and compulsory attendance at school for a term of sufficient length to fix habits of thought in the mind of the child. Second, the value of industrial schools. It is not desirable that all persons turn their attention to literary pursuits, or to the learned professions, but it is important that all have habits of industry and the more skillful that industry is the better. Now, if a trade, well understood, is as good a safeguard against crime as what has been called education, let us encourage and teach trades. In other words, let us have industrial schools.

Idleness is the real parent of vice. "Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do," and a person who has a trade can always find work and get pay for it; and still more, his trade, which has for a time occupied his attention to learn, becomes fixed to a certain extent, in his affections. It affords food for thought—employment for mind as well as hands. It is in this that security from vice resides—employment. Give us a training that creates a love for employment, and we will have the best security from the ravages of both vice and poverty.—[New York Daily Witness.

WHY I QUIT SMOKING.—It is two years since I left off tobacco. I certainly did enjoy my cigar. I prided myself on my fine Havana, and might have been seen almost any morning with one in my mouth, walking down to business and puffing away in a most comfortable manner.

Why I left it off was this: I had a little son about six years of age. He almost always hurried to be ready to walk with me as far as his school. His bright face and extended hand were always welcome, and he bounded along beside me, chatting as only such dear little fellows can.

The city has in it many uncareful boys, whose chief delight seems to be to pick up pieces of discarded cigars and broken pipes, and, with their hands in their pocket, to puff away in a very inelegant manner.

One morning it seemed as if little Edgar and I met a great many of these juvenile smokers. I became very much disgusted, and pointing them out to little Edgar as sad warnings of youthful delinquency, talked quite largely, and said the authorities ought to interfere and put a stop to such a public nuisance.

A little voice, soft and musical, came up to me as I gave an extra puff at my superb Havana. A bright little face was upturned, and the words, "Isn't it worse for a man, father?" came to my ears.

I looked down on the little fellow at my side, when his timid eye fell, and the color mounted on his boyish cheek, as if he feared he had said something bold and unfeeling.

"Do you think it is worse for a man, Edgar?" I asked.

"Please, father, I think boys would not want to smoke if men did not."

Here was the answer. I threw away my cigar, and have never touched tobacco since, in any form. And, having thought that I am so much better without it, I never shall.

## OUR TABLE.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for April comes to hand with a rich store of good things. There are poems by Longfellow, Whittier, and Bret Hart; (Whittier's we have a piece); Dr. Holmes's regular breakfast table talk humorous and profound; an interesting paper on "John Brown in Massachusetts," and a valuable one on "Immigration," by Edward Jarvis;—but read the following full table of contents, and see if it does not make your mouth water:

The Ballad of Carmichael, by H. W. Longfellow; Jefferson in the House of Burgesses of Virginia, by James Parton; Quite So, by T. B. Aldrich; John Brown in Massachusetts; A Comedy of Terror, part 4, by James De Mille; Diversions of the Echo Club, part 4; The Brook's Message, by Kate Hillard; Immigration, by Edward Jarvis; Dr. Holmes's English Literature, by H. James, Jr.; The Brewing of Soma, by John G. Whittier; Septimius Felt, or the Elxir of Life, part 4, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; The Poet at the Breakfast Table, part 4, by Oliver Wendell Holmes; The Idol of Little Hollow, by Bret Hart; with the well filled departments of "Recent Literature," "Art," "Music," "Science," and "Politics,"—Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$4 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for March has been published very early by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company of New York. It is an unusually attractive number, and contains an enthusiastic and eloquent sketch of the life of General Lee, and a careful estimate of his personal character and of his military career. There is also a paper by Cornelius O'Dowd entitled "The American Revolve," and many other interesting articles, all in the true Blackwood style. On the whole this number possesses peculiar interest to readers here at the present moment. The following are the contents in full:—

A True Reformer; Voltaire; Maid of Sher, part 8th; Autocrat at Manoeuvre; The Manchester Nonconformist and Political Philosophy; General Lee; Cornelius O'Dowd, on "The American Revolve"; Ministers before Parliament.

The four great English Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 37 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$1 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$7; any three of the Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine \$4; Blackwood and one Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$15.—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works are sold by periodical dealers.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works is but 6 cents a year.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for April comes to hand early, but none too soon for its eager and impatient young readers who wait a month for each successive number. Mr. Trowbridge's story, "A Chance for Himself," increases in interest and must be a great favorite with the boys; "Grass Life," by Rev. R. D. Carter, is worthy of the name; "First Baptism in Congo," by Parton, is good, and the same may be said of many other articles which we will not name; while the reviews, enigmas, and other matters to provoke youthful brain work, will furnish abundant material for pleasant recreation, and the numerous engravings give an added charm to the number.

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

## SCIENTIFIC COURTSHIP.

YOUR Moll met Christopher down by the farm,  
With his analysis  
And his enthalpy  
And his dialysis.

What would he do there?  
He came down to woo there,  
He came down to woo there,  
To tell and to tell there.

Not to fill her soul with alarm,  
O, Science, 'tis thus that a fair maid you win,  
With parthenogenesis  
And autogenesis  
And heterogenesis  
And other such things.

For Love, he has wings  
And with him he brings  
Full many such things  
In the ears of fair maidens to din.

Young Christopher came with the finest brochures,  
On trilobite  
On rigidolites,  
On theodolites  
And such delights,  
And he said, "My dear, these are yours;  
Yes, play them yours!"

Love may come and love may go—  
Science endures.

The heart is a stubborn thing  
And conical in shape;  
A remnant which with us we bring  
From our ancestral ape.

It drives the blood to Moll's cheeks,  
She opens her ruby lips and speaks;  
Her natural valve plays  
In the wildest of ways;  
Her columns come,  
Gives her an idea  
By the way it acts;

And accepting the facts,  
She tells and there agrees to become  
The partner of his scientific home.

KEEP THEM OUT.—"I don't want to hear naughty words," said little Charlie to one of his school-fellows.

"It does not signify," said the other boy; "they go in at one ear and out at the other."

"No," replied Charlie; the worst of it is, when naughty words get in, they stick: so I mean to do my best to keep them out."

"That is right. Keep them out; for it is sometimes hard work to turn them out when they once get in.—[Exchange.

AT HOME DOING IT.—A zealous Christian met a staid old-fashioned brother on



## Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANIEL B. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE, MAR. 22, 1872.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

The following parties are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions for the Mail and will do so at the same rates as the office.

S. M. PETTENQUILL & Co., No. 10 State St., Boston, and 87 Park Row, New York.  
S. B. NILES, No. 1 Southway Building, Boston.  
GEO. P. ROWELL & Co., No. 40 Park Row, New York.  
T. O. EVANS, 106 Washington St., Boston.

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

**SQUIZZLE.**—During the past week many of the most nervous of the republican papers have thrown themselves into great agitation over what they have thought to be the contemplated treacheries of Mr. Sumner. Starting upon a pretended conversation between senators Sumner and Wilson—which it is true allowed no such forebodings as they have caused—they have even tried the old game of reading Mr. Sumner out of the party, with the exception that they dared not find a party to read him into, and they did not think him a safe man to "be round loose." During the whole progress of the panic these papers have seemed eminently fit to be laughed at. They said Mr. Sumner had declared to Senator Wilson his intention to attack the administration with all his strength, and that he had consented to attend and preside over that scraping-up of political heresies, the proposed Cincinnati convention. They have passed him with a kick from one to another, till they have even found that he was not kind to his wife! What a scape-grace of a man and a senator have they made the great successor of Daniel Webster! For a whole week they have been at this questionable work, most of them with an earnestness that seemed not to question either cause or consequence, so long as they attacked a very great man for his very strange belittlement.

And now comes the crash!—Mr. Sumner authorizes his friends to make positive denial that any such things had been said, or any such interview had! Of course this is reliable. How this leaves those papers, which have been stupid enough to believe their own telegrams, is a question to be passed over with brevity. One thing they have too plainly indicated, namely, that any attempt, from however high or honorable a source, to reveal or investigate the faults presumed to exist in the republican as well as other parties, would receive from their hands very much such abuse as they have heaped upon Mr. Sumner.

A most shocking accident occurred at the Lower Depot in this place on Tuesday afternoon. A young man named Edward Blake, of Bangor, in attempting to jump upon a passing freight train, fell from a platform car and was literally torn to pieces under the wheels. He was seen only by a young man named Anthony Murray, who was travelling with him in search of employment, and who shouted to the conductor and the train was stopped. Several cars had passed over him, dragging him three or four rods; and when reached by his companion only slight quivering of the mutilated parts was discovered.

Coroner McFadden summoned a jury of inquest, composed of J. B. Bradbury, Nathaniel Meader, E. R. Drummond, S. C. Marston, F. C. Thayer and C. W. Stevens, who rendered a verdict in accordance with the above circumstances; adding, "that said Blake was very carelessly and improperly attempting to jump upon a platform car of said train while in motion and that no blame can properly be attached to any employee of said road."

The two young men—(Blake was 16 years old.)—were together looking for employment. They were passed free from Vassalboro' to this place, and were going to make inquiries at the Upper Depot. As the train was moving away, Blake seems to have caught the idea of jumping on and getting off at the other depot, which he supposed the train would pass. In his first attempt he failed to secure himself on the car, and fell back into the snow; and springing again to the car, was caught by a wheel and dragged upon the rails.

His remains were arranged by the experienced hands of Mr. J. B. Wentfall, and forwarded to Bangor. The agents of the road provided a neat casket, and the family of the young man having been notified by telegram, received the body at the depot. The scene of distress, to those who saw the agonized father, mother and sister, were such as can hardly be described. The mother when first told of the calamity, at once exclaimed, "I knew it! I knew it!" and said she was warned in a dream.

There are some cute fellows in Chicago. As there is an ordinance forbidding the erection of wooden buildings within fire limits, they build their houses on rollers outside and then trundle them into open lots on the forbidden ground. Such ingenuity ought to be rewarded—in the penitentiary.

Mr. Lambert's lecture on "Dickens" at Institute Hall fell upon a cold and blistering evening, but secured an appreciative audience, whom he warmed into favor in spite of the weather. Its style of composition was classic and simple, as the subject demanded; warming the fine figure and emphatic face of the speaker into full life by mere sympathy with Dickens and the audience before him. The lecture was largely biographical, keeping the thread, from first to last, though with frequent and spicy interruption by extracts from some of the best known of the characters created by Dickens. These were admirably quoted, for Mr. Lambert is a well cultivated dramatic reader. The courting scene between Mr. Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell gave a fine touch of his dramatic power. An evening entertainment the lecturer must have met the expectation of his friends, and left his audience in a mood of hearty commendation. The only fault they could have wished him to remedy—and one that none but a friend will tell him—he has often read in Hamlet's advice to the players touching the "mouthing" of words. The sharpest critic of his own writings never hears the words of his own mouth—as others hear them. Any one of Mr. Lambert's auditors could have told him of this single fault of his performance.

**FIRE IN WINSLOW.**—On Sunday evening last the dwelling house and barn of Mr. David Ellis, in the northern part of Winslow, near the Sebasticook river, took fire while Mr. Ellis and wife were at meeting, and were consumed, together with a considerable portion of their contents. Four head of neat cattle were burned, with a variety of farming tools. A considerable portion of the house furniture was saved by Mr. Ellis's son. The loss is estimated by Mr. Ellis at \$3000; on which there is an insurance of \$1500 in the Agricultural Ins. Co.

The conduct of some of those who participated in the recent Irish celebrations in the cities would seem to make good the assertion of that boasting son of the Green Isle, that "St. Patrick is a better man than the Fourth of July, any day." In Newark, the horses attached to a horse car became frightened by a band of music and attempted to run away, dragging their car into the ranks of an Irish society on the track. The society broke ranks, took possession of the car, and most brutally beat the innocent driver. He is probably fatally injured. And two police officers, who attempted to escort some ladies across a procession, on the same day, were furiously attacked, overpowered, and one of them beaten so that his recovery is doubtful. Some of these offenders were arrested; but that amounts to but little, when one has plenty of friends at court.

**A BAD DEED!**—A few days ago one of the most bright and pleasant boys in our village came into the Mail office, and while looking about among the type saw a beautiful six-bladed pearl handled knife on the long table at the back of the office. It was just such a knife as would tempt a boy. He looked at it, walked a little way—looked to see if any one observed him—took the knife in his hand—and when he thought nobody saw him, slipped it quickly into his pocket, moved carelessly towards the door, and left for home. He was watched all the time, but he didn't know it. It was thought better to let him go for the time, than to expose as a thief on the spot. He has kept away from the office since, though we shall ask him for the knife the first time we meet him entirely alone—for we can't bear to expose him to others. Had he not better return the pretty knife privately?—for as soon as we think he has had time to read this notice we shall ask him for it. We don't like to speak to his father about it if we can avoid it.

**The Daily Commercial Bulletin** of J. B. Hobbs & Co., Chicago, which we get by the kindness of Mr. E. W. Bangs, presents the figures from which it contends that notwithstanding the great fire "Chicago, is still the leading packing point of the world." In proof, the number of hogs packed in 1871-2 is set at 1,225,236, against \$818,087 in 1870-71. The number of beef cattle packed was 16,080, 21,254 last year—the fire having occurred in time to interrupt the packing of beef.

A PORTLAND hack driver and an associate, having taken a lady passenger from the depot, about nine o'clock on Friday night, drove her out to a quiet part of the city and attempted a rape. The woman successfully resisted their assault, and raised an alarm which brought help. The hackman, one Crockett, has been arrested.

With the snow, the other morning, in Massachusetts, they had a smart sprinkling of worms, black and velvety, about an inch long, somewhat resembling the caterpillar worm, and lively as crickets.

Mr. H. W. BARNEY, who has just returned from the west, hands us late papers, from which we learn that the Black Hills gold fever is increasing. One of the papers sensibly advises the people of the east not to be in a hurry to rush to this famous portion of Dakota under the impression that gold can be scooped up by the handful.

Late reports state that persons just from the Black Hills say the whole thing is an unmitigated swindle.

A DRIVING storm visited London yesterday morning, and at half past one in the afternoon a fog made it dark as midnight.

The rough windy weather of this week has delayed the trains on the railroad somewhat and suspended the night train twice.

**STANLEY T. PULLEN, Esq.**, a graduate of Colby University in class of '64, a rising young lawyer in Portland, has assumed the editorial and business management of the Portland Press. Mr. George Gifford retiring. The new editor is a man of energy and ability, and the paper will probably lose nothing of its power and influence in his hands.

**HON. J. PARKER MORSE**, a leading ship owner and well known wealthy man of Bath, died in that city on Tuesday.

**THE GLOBE**, the new Boston daily, comes out flat footed on the side of the liquor sellers and against all prohibitory legislation. It also advocates the opening of the public library on the Sabbath.

A BANGOR woman, Mrs. Horace S. McKenney, presented her husband with three children at a birth—a daughter and two sons—one morning last week.

**FATHER STICKNEY**, of the Presque Isle Sunrise, boldly asserts that there are not more than three good poets in Maine and that in his ten years residence he has not yet seen one line of genuine poetry in Arrostook County. Rather discouraging for the numerous writers of verses every where.

**CURIOS.**—The following little paragraph has the singular quality of being just as true in one town as another, and for this reason; probably, the papers are passing it round:

"The greatest curse of this town is rum, and its worst enemies rum-sellers."

A POINT of order was raised against the prayer of the chaplain in the Massachusetts legislature, the other morning, and sustained; by the Speaker. In his petition to the throne of grace the chaplain had expressed a fervent hope that the members would favor woman suffrage.

The Mexican revolutionists have suffered severe reverses of late, and the look is better for Juarez.

**HON. NATHANIEL PATTERSON**, for twelve years Police Judge in Belfast, died in that city on Monday evening.

The Reform movement inaugurated among drinking men at Gardiner, is spreading in all directions with the happiest results. The Augusta club already numbers 214 members.

We were misinformed last week, in relation to the purchase of brick by the Catholics for their new church. There have been some negotiations between the parties, but no sale has been effected by Messrs. Tupper & Marston, who still have the brick ready for those who wish to purchase.

A KENNEBEC correspondent of the Machias Union, in speaking of the growth of the towns and cities in this county, says:

"Clinton has within a few years doubled in population and many nice houses have been erected, without any very perceptible increase in the business operations. Pittsfield, from a hamlet of half a dozen old houses, has sprung into a thriving town, with more than twenty stores, large and small, two large manufacturing establishments of woolen goods, a large and elegant hotel, a flourishing Academy, and a population more than quadrupled. Newport is still another instance of growth and increase surpassing even those mentioned above."

ANOTHER SAD ACCIDENT occurred on the Maine Central Railroad, at Augusta, on Tuesday. Mr. Augustus Bickford, conductor of a wood train, in passing from one car to another, while in motion, fell between the cars, and was so badly injured that his recovery is said to be doubtful. He is a married man and belongs in Augusta.

MR. T. F. WHITE, a member of the Sophomore class of Colby University, who has been preaching in Stetson during the winter with good success, was ordained at that place on Wednesday.

SCHOOL MEETING next Tuesday evening, at Town Hall. Let the interested voters—especially those who have children at school—be present and see that every thing goes right—A little 'less of boys' play, and a good deal more of honest, thoughtful, sober men's work.

"Ware vs. Rand" is a case set for trial at the present session of the S. J. Court in Somerset Co. Hon. John Ware took legal counsel of R. D. who is a Portland lawyer, concerning the M. C. Railroad bonds on which he demanded gold; in the course of which, with Ware's approval, Rand went to a bank across the street and exchanged a hundred and odd thousand dollars of bonds for greenbacks. These he handed to Mr. Ware, minus some sixteen hundred dollars which he held as his legal fee of one per cent. for collecting! Rand says this is the rule of the New York bar. A Somerset jury is to decide whether this is a fair price.

Get ready for the lamb-like qualities the month of March is required to exhibit before its exit. It has gowled the lion's share most savagely so far, and has only ten days left in which to make amonement with the lamb, and the thermometer at zero.

EDWARD JARVIS, in a very elaborate article in the Atlantic for April, entitled Immigration, refutes, by an invincible array of statistics, the prevalent idea that the foreign element is increasing; while the so called American race is dying out. Under the most favorable conditions the difference in the birth rate is not so large as is usually estimated, while the unfavorable conditions of the foreign element for the care of children reduces the real increase here to that of the native population.

"Spit curls" are coming into fashion again. They are to be henceforth known as "Power-an-rings."

Mr. Francis J. Parker, of Lewiston, was lost overboard from a Sound steamer Monday evening while suffering from sea-sickness.

## OUR TABLE.

**SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.**—A half dozen illustrated articles, an unusual number of short stories, several essays and sketches, two or three papers of special interest to scholars, and some excellent poems, make the April number of Scribner's not only popularly attractive, but really valuable. The leading article, beautifully illustrated, is the great United States Navy Yard at Mare Island, California. "Contingents of Plant Life" is an entertaining paper on Natural History, with a number of striking illustrations. Prof. Schiele de Vere writes sketchily, and with the aid of pictures, for the Earth's "Hidden Treasures," and Anna G. Draper, herself an inmate of the institution, describes "The Silent College at Washington." Apropos of Easter, we find a graphic account, by Eugene Schuyler, of the Empire's observance of the feast; also a thoughtful and characteristic poem by Mrs. A. T. D. Whitney. "Awakened Japan" is the title of a brief and timely paper by Noah Brooks, a writer unusually well informed in such matters. The three short stories are especially readable. They are "The Muller Mystery," by young Hawthorne; "With the False Prophet," a Mormon Wife's Story," by Mrs. Rafflesperger; and "The Haunted Clock," by Mrs. Weiss. There is a suggestive and touching little paper on "The Boy John," Warner's "Back-Log Studies—IV" are juicy and delicious as usual. These papers have attracted wide attention, and constitute one of the most attractive features of the Monthly. "Shall we Say 'Is Being Built'?" is a spirited and scholarly essay on the field of grammatical controversy, the Fitzwillard Hall, of Oxford University; and in an able and eloquent paper Dr. Taylor Lewis defends the belief in "The One Human Race," in opposition to the theories of a race before Adam. Among the poems, Margaret Preston's "Hero of the Commune" should not be overlooked.

In the Editorial Departments Dr. Holland expresses some decided opinions on "A Hierarchy of," "Hepworth and Heterology," "The Illinois Temperance Law," and "The General and his Friends." In the "Old Cabinet" there is a talk about "The Smut of Real Work," "Our Friends' Portfolio," "Playing with the Passions," "Studies," and "The Sculptor and the Statuette." In the departments of "Home and Society," and "Culture and Progress Abroad," are a "Home" and "A Home" and "The Art Museum," musical matters, and new books. The Etchings show how Peter Hunt emulated the Grand Duke's career in the Buffalo Hunt.

Published by C. E. Scribner & Co., New York, at \$4 a year.

EVERY SATURDAY still sustains its reputation for publishing the best selections from foreign periodicals, giving weekly to its readers in an attractive form a great variety of choice literature. The last number (March 23) has papers on "The Gaining Tables of the Continent," "The City of Sevens," "Studies," "Chemistry in the Kitchen," "Out at Interest," "Matthew Arnold on M. Renan," and a slashing criticism of "Warburton," by Leslie Stephen.

Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$5 a year.

THE NURSERY is just as nice—as this popular magazine for youngest readers always is, which is the highest kind of praise. The engravings, though, we believe, are a little nicer than ever before; at any rate, they are most charming, and so are the stories.

Published by John L. Shorey, Boston, at \$1.50 a year. Every little boy and girl ought to have it.

A FINE PORTRAIT of J. Fenimore Cooper, the eminent American novelist, has been received by us from the publishers, D. Appleton & Co., who furnish it to all subscribers to their popular edition of the Leather Stocking Novels.

WINTER holds on with the grip of a New York ring man, obstinately refusing to give place to the one whose right it is to rule at this season which the almanac assures us is spring. We had no rougher weather during the winter than we have experienced since March came in.

One strong thing I find here below: the just, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing, and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton and say, "In God's name, no!" Thy success? Poor devil, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight to all mortal eyes, an abolished and annihilated thing. Success? In a few years thou wilt be dead and dark—all cold, eyeless, dead; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells, or leading articles visible or audible to thee again at all forever. What kind of success is that?—[Carlyle.]

We copy the following suggestive paragraph from the Woman's Journal:

If we are to credit the statement, a number of retail liquor dealers in Boston comprehend so far the situation, that they are thinking of forming an association, of which the members will pledge themselves not to sell to drunken persons, nor to habitual toppers, nor to loafers, nor to minors; nor to persons who neglect their families and business from their intemperance. These gentlemen say they want to make their business more popular and respectable. This is a commendable resolution so far as it goes, which is not far. While they are reflecting, will the retail liquor dealers be good enough to consider that their business makes the drunken persons, and habitual toppers, and loafers, and bad fathers? The plan seems to be to make a class of these despicable and unprofitable members of society, throw them over, and then supply their place with fresh recruits, in their turn to be discarded. Not very encouraging, after all.

Returns from all but two towns in New Hampshire give a vote of 76,056. Mr. Straw has 38,702, Mr. Weston 36,361, Mr. Cooper 552, Mr. Blackmer 441. Mr. Straw's majority will be 1348. After deducting the opposition majority of last year in two towns not reported, Mr. Straw's majority will be 1180. A dozen scattering votes may appear in the returns not now reported. The council is composed of four republicans and one opposition, the senate of eight republicans and four opposition; while of the 365 members of the house 214 are republicans, 144 democrats, and seven labor reform and temperance, making a republican majority of 63.

A small boy sends Heath and Home the following conundrum: "Why did not George Washington's little sister go out with him to cut down the cherry tree? Because—she had not got her little hat yet." This is the first answer. The other one is, George Washington never had any sister.

Bark Sarah Sloane, Sloane, master, of Bath, which left St. John March eighth for Cuba with hay and shooks, went ashore at Grand Manan on the twelfth. The vessel is a total loss, and all hands were lost but one man, and he will die. All the bodies were recovered but one.

A conflagration accompanied with the most disastrous results occurred in Düsseldorf during the night of March nineteenth. The Town Council Hall, and renowned Academy of Arts were burned, and a number of most valuable paintings in the latter building were destroyed.

An English publisher says the circulation of Tennyson's poems is larger in the United States than in England, while that of Longfellow's is larger in England than in the United States.

"Why, I chabod, I thought you got married more'n a year ago." "Well, Aunt Jerusha, it was talked of, but I found out that the girl and all her folks were opposed to it, and so I just give 'em all the mitten and let the thing drop."

THE BOY JOHN.—S. C. Kendall says some very true and suggestive things about "The Boy John" in the April number of Scribner's. We quote as follows:

John is young, his tastes are unformed. His feelings are very far from being refined. In fact he is a little gross in his sympathies. He wants amusement. Every bone in his body aches for recreation, for play, for fun, for laughter. He does not care—he has never been taught to care—what the fun is, if only it will give relief to the fidget that stings him. Not at all refined, he will go for what he wants where others go. And going where others go, he finds the hunger of his nature coarsely met—just as tainted meat will fill the hunger of a starving man—in the low revelry, vile stories, unclean mirth of drinking-collars and saloons. The boy does not discriminate very closely, and to the longings of his crude appetite the entertainment of these places is infinitely better than any he ever could find in that place which he has been taught to speak of as home. For eating and sleeping and getting his clothes mended, he feels that no place could be equal to a Christian home; but for a good time, for passing a dull evening hour, for learning something new, for words of cheer, for professions of those genial ways which a boy does love, and which any boy but a Uriah Heep must love, John will tell even the minister to his place that home is nothing to a street corner, or a billiard-room with the attachment of a beer-shop.

Well, by and by, just before the clock strikes ten, the father wakes from his doze, the spectacles falling and the papers sliding upon the floor, and looking round with a bewildered gaze, asks, "Where is John?"

Where is he? Why, for want of better instruction, he is out practicing our modern plan of training himself up in the way he likes to go, having no thought that when he is old he will care to depart from it. But the father who has inquired for his boy, rubs his eyes, looks out into the darkness, and listens; but he hears him not. He wishes that his boy would not go out so of nights; but then he does go out. He wonders that John cannot sit down at home like other boys. What other boys? And then, with a very feeling remark that, "If John does not do better and become steady, he will make a miserable shirk of himself," the father goes to bed. The mother waits till her boy comes in,—his restless browed off, the uneasy fidget of the early evening spent in relaxations which of some kind a boy must have,—and then at last the house is quiet. Sleep and rest prepare the household for another day and evening like these.

And when that other evening comes, out goes the boy again; and the father again wonders, and wishes that John would be steady and stay at home, and very feelingly predicts that, "If he does not change his course, he will very likely come to a miserable end."

But, good father, why should your boy spend his evenings at home? What is there at home for him? What pleasant recreation, what happy play for whiling away the hour, does he find there, or what would invite any boy there? What have you done to make home attractive and winsome to him as John's home. He would like amusements suited to his young, restless, brimming nature; how much real thought and care did you ever give in schemes, devices, plans, efforts, with a view to meeting this passionate yearning of his mind? How much do you play with him, tell stories with him, make riddles with him, talk with him of what you have done and seen, of what your father did and saw? What games, what sports, what efforts at skill with slate and pencil, with knife, saw and gilet, have you devised for him, while your look and action were saying, "My boy, I want you to love your home more than any other spot of earth?"

## LIST OF BOOKS

In the Farmers' Club Library of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society.

1. Randall's Sheep Husbandry.
2. Flint's Grasses and Forage Plants.
3. Flint's Milk Cows and Dairy Farming.
4. French's Farm Drainage.
5. Stewart's Stable Book.
6. Dadd's Modern Horse Doctor.
7. Cattle and their Diseases. By Jennings.
8. Chemistry of the Farm and the Sea. Nichols.
9. Farming for Boys.
10. Rural Architecture. By Allen.
11. Gardening for Profit. By Henderson.
12. American Farm Book. By Allen.
13. American Weeds and Useful Plants. Thurbur.
14. How Crops Grow. By Johnson.
15. Chemistry of Common Life. Johnson. Vol. 1.
16. American Cattle Doctor. By Dadd.
17. How Crops Feed. By Johnson.
18. Hints to Horse Keepers. By Herbert.
19. Myriades of Bee Keeping. By Quincy.
20. Cultivation of the Cranberry. By Eastwood.
21. Elements of Agriculture. By Waring.
22. Country and Suburban Houses. By Atwood.
23. Draining for Profit and Health. By Waring.
24. Harris on the Pig.
25. Allen's Domestic Animals.
26. Saunders's Domestic Poultry.
27. The Buck Paper.
28. Soiling of Cattle. By Quincy.
29. My Vineyard at Lakeview.
30. Woodward's Architecture.
31. Farm Talk. By Brackett.
32. Boastinggault's Rural Economy.
33. Evenings at the Microscope. By Gosse.
34. Hay Culture.
35. Earth Closets and Earth Sewage. By Waring.
36. Our Farm of Four Acres.
37. Strawberry Cultivator. By Fuller.
38. Wonders of the Human Body.
39. "Egypt 3000 Years Ago."
40. "European Art."
41. "The Bottom of the Sea."
42. "Italian Art."
43. "The Heavens."
44. "Pompeii."
45. Heat. Abbott.

MAYOR HALL'S TRIAL.—New York, March 21.—The trial of Mayor Hall in the Common Pleas Court is terminated, and the remaining eleven jurors discharged. This course was necessitated by Recorder Hackett yesterday deciding that the court held by him (Hackett) was regular; thus making the court held by Daly (before which Mayor Hall was being tried) an illegal or unconstitutional one. This ends the famous November turn.

Chief Justice Bigelow, S. H. Walley, and Otis Norcross, referees between the Eastern R. R. and S. O. Thayer of Newton, who was seriously crippled at the Revere disaster, have awarded \$25,800. Mr. Thayer lost the use of all his fingers, his two thumbs only being left, attached to the mutilated palms; his left eye is entirely gone and his left ear nearly deaf. The right eye is in a very critical condition, and the result may be total blindness.

It seems that William Foster, the car hook murderer, against whom there has been such a strong outburst of popular indignation, is not to be hung after all, since Judge Barrett has granted a stay of proceedings in his case, upon the ground that the nature of his offence was not duly considered when the penalty was fixed. Therefore the sentence of death against him goes for nothing, and the probability is that he will escape the penalty affixed by the law to his crime.

Mr. C. C. Coffin, otherwise known to us as "Carleton," received severe injuries in the head by jumping from a train at Fort Wayne, Ind., on Friday, and has been compelled to cancel all his Western engagements to lecture.

## TEN RULES NOT TO BE OBSERVED IN CHURCH.

1. Never open your pew door to a stranger wanting a seat. He may have designs on your purse.
2. If the sexton brings a stranger to your door, look daggers at him, and make him just as uncomfortable as you can.
3. Take out your watch several times during the sermon, and if it has a hunting case, shut it up with a sharp snap. It may hurry the preacher.
4. When you return your hymn book to the rack, let it go down with a bang; it enlivens the service; and if you do it before the hymn is fairly closed it adds to the effect and shows the choir it is time to stop.
5. Wear the most stylish dress you have. It shows you don't care for the proprieties.
6. Rush to the pew door on the instant of the last amen. You are glad it is over.
7. Stop in the aisle to salute all your friends, and turn about, if possible, in the crowd. It makes you conspicuous.
8. Tread on as many dresses of the ladies as you can, and make them look around.
9. In the door, stand still, and have a chat, so as to hinder all behind you from getting out.
10. Light a cigar on the walk, and puff the smoke so as to annoy everybody near you.—This last is for cities and larger towns, and not for the country.

The work of erecting the mammoth building for the World's Peace Jubilee in Boston began in earnest on Monday. Queen Victoria and other members of the royal family have been invited to be present.

Some startling figures are given respecting the ravages of the small-pox in Philadelphia. It is said that no epidemic pestilence, not even cholera, has within half a century been equally general and fatal; the bills of mortality show an average of more than two hundred deaths a week during the autumn and winter. It has raged during a period nearly ten times as long as did the cholera, and it has not yet ceased.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, in the Christian Union, says that "General Grant may not be a good political leader, as compared with an ideal leader, but as compared with those around him he is the best of the whole."

THE Riverside Echo wants county conventions held to nominate candidates for sheriff who will enforce the liquor law, and these conventions held early enough to compel one or both parties to endorse their candidate.

THERE is a snowdrift on the line of the Bangor and Piscataquis railroad twenty feet deep, lowering far above the smoke stacks of the passing locomotives.

CAMDEN has voted to purchase four hearses. The Herald explains that the town is not quite moribund, but there are four villages and neither wanted to be taxed to pay for other people's grave carriages.

BENJAMIN PORTER, of Dixmont, who has travelled the old stage road between Augusta and Bangor for thirty-five winters, is ready to take his Bible oath that he never saw such snowdrifts before.

LIVE grasshoppers have been found in Wayne, already to commit depredation on anything vegetable, says the Lewiston Journal.

REV. PROF. S. K. SMITH, of Colby University has been invited to deliver the anniversary sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society at the next commencement.

SAMUEL SHAW, Esq., died at his residence in Palmyra, the 15th inst.; aged 82 years. Mr. Shaw was one of the earliest settlers, and for many years a prominent business man. He served many years as Deputy Sheriff and held prominent offices in town affairs. He served one term, at least, in the State Senate.

SOMEbody tells the Scientific American of a way to clear a well of carbonic acid gas. It is to lower a red-hot iron to the water, so as to produce a little steam. The vapor instantly absorbs the gas.

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY—\$500 reward for an incurable case. Sold by Druggists at 50 cents.

A man whose hair turned white in a single night is surpassed by a girl who lost hers in one dance.

If your neighbor's hens are troublesome, and steal across the way, don't let your angry passions rise; fix a piece for 'em to lay!

The Otis Show and Fair of the West Somerset Agricultural Society will be held on the first Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

## Heald's Improved Shirt Patterns

HAVE THE FOLLOWING ADVANTAGES OVER ALL OTHERS:

- They are Perfect Fitting.
- They take less Cloth.
- They are Easier to Make.
- They are Easier to Wash.
- They are Easier to Iron.

And they Cost Less.

## DIRECTIONS FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT.

Size of Breast over the Vest.  
Length of Sleeve from middle of Back to first joint of little finger.  
Size of Neck; also, size of Collar worn.

Sent post-paid on receipt of price.

PRICE 50 cts. with full directions for Cutting and Making printed on each Pattern.

P. S. HEALD, Waterville, Me.

## Insurance.

ENTIRE SAFETY.

L. T. BOUTHEY, Insurance Agent, begs leave to present the following statement of the Insurance Companies represented by him, to the public, after paying all liabilities by the Chicago Fire.

Liverpool & London &amp



## New Advertisements.

**New Advertisements.**

**\$375** A MONTH to sell our Universal Cement  
Cm. lation Tension, Burton Hole U-t  
and other articles. SAGO NOVELTY CO., Saco, Me. U-2

**MONEY** MADE RAPIDLY with Et-nell and  
Cleck Oudis. Catalogues, samples and el  
cuate FREE. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt. U-2

**WANTED.**—Agents for our new 16-page paper, the Col  
tributor. Thirteen departments, religious and secular  
news. A. H. BROWN, 1119 N. York St., Boston, 20  
pay no commission. For Agents, terms, address.

1w8U JAMES H. EARLE, Boston, Mass.  
**AGENTS! AGENTS!! AGENTS!!!**  
 We will pay \$40 per week in cash, and expenses, to good agents who will engage with us AT ONCE. Everything furnished. Address  
 1w8V F. A. ELLS & CO., Charlotte, Mich.  
 200 Agents Wanted Now in all our...

**WELLS' CARBOLIC TABLETS.**  
**FOR COUGHS, COLDS & HOARSENESS.**  
 These Tablets present the Acid in Combination with other efficient remedies, in a popular form, for the Cure of a Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, and all Affections of the Throat and Lungs. They are used with the greatest success in all cases of HOARSENESS and ULCERATION of the THROAT, and immediately relieved, and statements are constantly being sent to the proprietor of relief in cases of Throat Affections, in a few days.  
**CAUTION.** Don't be deceived by worthless imitations. Get only **WELLS' CARBOLIC TABLETS.**  
**J. Q. KELLOGG, 18 PLATT ST., N. Y.** Sole Agents U.S.A.

Send for Circular. Price 25 cents a box.

**LIFE OF JAMES FISK.**  
Brilliant Pen Pictures of the  
SIGHTS AND SENSATIONS of NEW YORK.  
**TAMMANY FRAUDS.**  
Biographies of Vanderbilt, Drew, Gould and other of the R. R. magnates. All about JOSIE MANSFIELD, the siren and KID

WARD'S TONIC, the essential tonic of over 600 pages, is a  
 profusely illustrated. AGENTS WANTED. Send \$1.00  
 for a copy. Circulars free. UNITED STATES  
 PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Chicago or Cincinnati 42nd St.  
 N. Y. C.

**O, WOULD I WERE I LILD AGAIN.**

sighs the weary and exhausted one, as the languor and lassitude of spring comes upon him. Come and receive vigor and strength from the wonderful South American Tonic

**JURUBEBA**

Long and successfully used in its native country, as a powerful tonic and Potent Purifier of the Blood, it is found everywhere in the medicinal form to be of great reputation.

**Dr. WATSON'S EXTRACT OF JURUBEBA.**

is a perfect remedy for all diseases of the BLOOD, ORGANS OF THE LIVER, GALLBLADDER, STOMACH, LUNGS, SCROFULA, INTERNAL ABSCESSSES, and will remove all obstructions of the LIVER, SPLEEN, INTESTINES, THYROID and UTERUS.

It is strengthening and nourishing. Like nutritious food taken into the stomach, it assimilates and diffuses itself throughout the system, bringing vigor and health.

It regulates the bowels, quiets the nerves, acts directly on the secretory organs, and by its powerful Tonic and restorative properties, restores the system to its normal condition.

**WANTED** All parties wanting to get into business in the **MANUFACTURING** and **SALES** AGENTS **MANUAL**. Publishing monthly for 25 years. The **MANUAL** is a business firm throughout the country, wanting agents, with a description of their business. Sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

**H. M. WHITE & CO.**, Publishers, 191 Broadway, New York City. Also, parties having business chances, of manufacturing agents, please send us your circulars or address.

**SALES AGENTS** wanted for the **BRIGHT SIDE**

**NEW TURBINE** is in general use throughout the U. S. A six-inch is used by the Government in the Forest Office, Washington, D. C. Its simplicity of construction and the fact that it transmits renders it the best water wheel ever invented. Pamphlets free.

**AGENTS WANTED FOR**  
**“JESUS.”**  
 BY CHAS. A. J. DRENN, D. D.  
 His divinely communicated and rational faith is the most popular and rapidly-selling religious work ever issued. For Circulars, address U. S. PUBLISHING CO., N. Y., Cincinnati, Chicago or St. Louis.

**AGENTS !!! THE PHYSICAL LIFE of**  
**WOMAN**  
 still controls every book in the market. It is thoroughly a

published as the only reputable work on the delicate subject of which it treats.

NEARLY READY: A new book from the pen of DIO LEA, America's most popular lecturer and writer on HEALTH.

The world wide reputation of the author, and the large sale of all his previous works, cannot fail to secure an immediate sale for this, his LATTER and BEST.

Geo. MacLaren, Publisher,  
8 School Street, Boston.

4w57

---

**COOPER'S**  
**LEATHER-STOCKING NOVELS.**

---

"THE FADING MONUMENTS OF BENJAMIN COOPER ARE A

WORKS. WHILE THE LOVE OF COUNTRY CONTINUES TO PREVAIL  
HIGHERMENT WILL EXIST IN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE. SO IN  
OF PATRIOTIC AND AMERICAN THOUGHT, THEY SHOULD FIND  
PLACE IN EVERY AMERICAN'S LIBRARY."—Daniel Webster.

A NEW AND  
plendidly-illustrated Popular Edition  
OF  
FENIMORE COOPER'S  
WORLD-FAVOR  
LEATHER-STOCKING ROMANCES,

D. APPLETON & Co. announce that they have now enclosed the publication of J. Fenimore Cooper's Novels, in a series designed for general popular circulation. The series will begin with "The Two Admirals," another striking Tale, which number one, which will be published in the following order, at intervals of about a month:

I. THE LAST OF THE MONICANS.  
II. THE DEERBARK.  
III. THE PATRIARCH:  
IV. THE DEERBARK.  
V. THE PRINCE  
VI. THE PATRIARCH.

This edition of the "Leather-Stocking Tales" will be printed in handsome octavo volumes, from new electrotype plates. Each volume comprises more than two hundred pages, and is bound in the most distinguished style of U. S. Card paper, and bound in an attractive paper cover. Price, Seventy-five cents per Volume, or \$8.75 for the complete set.

**PREMIUMS AND CLUB TERMS.**  
 \* \* The club terms are designed specially for those who desire to have a collection of the volumes, or to obtain the volumes at a moderate price.

An person sending us the amount in advance for the complete set of the "Leather-Stocking Series," \$3.75, will receive gratuitously a handsome red-tinted portrait of a famous frontiersman, of fine suitable for binding in the volume. As one sending at the amount in full for four complete sets of this series (\$15), will receive an extra set gratuitously, and the complete copy of the "Leather-Stocking Series." The value of the series will be mailed to each subscriber, post paid, as rapidly as published, and the portrait immediately on the

[illegible]

ATTNEY: CHARLES HAWES, Register.

**BRICK FOR SALE.**

THE subscribers have at their brick-yard, on the road leading from Fairfeld to West Waterville, about three miles from Waterville village, good merchantable brick which they will sell at reasonable prices. The brick will be delivered, if desired.

Waterville, March, 1872.

**TUPPER & MARSTON.**  
Sw389

**Profitable Employment**

For one or two persons of either sex, in every town in

United States, by which they may realize from \$300 to \$1,000 per year, with little life-insurance with ordinary occupation. If the whole time is devoted a much larger sum will be realized. Boys and girls can make nearly as much as grown people. Some make from \$7 to \$16 per week. For particulars, address J. J. FARDELL & CO., 167 Broadway, N. Y.

**HOUSE-KEEPING GOODS**  
In infinite variety, at  
**J. F. ELDEEN'S,**



# MARK HEBER'S LUCK. AN INDIAN STORY.

Mark Heber returned home from his father's funeral with the problem of his own future pressing upon his thoughts, and demanding a prompt solution.

His home had been, from his earliest remembrance, upon a stony, worn-out farm of fifty acres, situated upon the Seneca Lake, in Western New York. His father had become so heavily involved in debt, that two weeks before his death the farm had been sold by foreclosure of mortgage.

And now what was Mark to do? He was a lad of nineteen, slight and boyish in frame, but with the strength of a man in his sinewy arms. He had had the usual advantages of education afforded to farmer's sons.

He returned home from his father's grave to the small, unpainted story and a half house, and after him came his father's only brother, a well-to-do farmer, who resided in the neighborhood.

This uncle, Mr. William Heber, was a man of sixty years, pompous and self-important. His soul was of the smallest pattern, and he had never been known to do a generous deed, while he had done many mean ones.

"Well, Mark," said his uncle, "I've sent my folks on home, so that I can have a good talk with you. Morgan tells me he wants the farm. He had held off two weeks while George was dying, but he wants to move in next week. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know, uncle. I am trying to think. What can I do?"

"I have thought the matter over," said Mr. Heber, "and have thought upon a plan. I am willing to take you, Mark, and treat you as my own son. You shall have a home at my house, and a seat at my table. What do you say?"

"You forgive, uncle, that I have some one to provide for besides myself," said Mark. "Suppose I were to accept this offer of yours, what will you do for Gay?"

"The girl is no relation of yours, Mark."

"The boy is right."

"Poor little Gay," he said; "hers is a hard lot. Do you remember how the child came by her name? It is thirteen years this spring since a lady stopped at our door and asked leave to remain over night. She said on day after day, growing weaker and weaker. It did not take long to discover that she was insane. She called the child Gay, and sometimes Gabrielle, which is Gay's true name. But she did not tell her surname, nor anything concerning herself. Late that summer she died. No one ever came to inquire after her or the child."

"Her mother was a crazy tramp, and nothing more. No wonder George was behindhand, and when his wife adopted the child of a tramp and brought her up a lady," said his uncle.

Mark colored.

"I cannot hear a word against my mother, sir," he said. "I shall protect Gay while I live, and she shall not be separated from me."

"Then I wash my hands of you," exclaimed Mr. Heber angrily. "You can go your own way, and get your own living."

"Very well, sir," said Mark quietly; that is settled then."

In one week Mark had sold a pair of colts which he had raised himself, for five hundred dollars, the household furniture for nearly as much more, and was on his way, with little Gay, to the far West, to seek their fortune.

The young travellers arrived at Leavenworth a ter a long and fatiguing journey.

Here Mark, while looking for a wagon and a yoke of oxen with which to cross the prairie, fell in with an old farmer named Whitman, who had been living in Western Kansas, but did not like it, and was now on his way to Nebraska. Mark concluded to join him, and Mr. Whitman assisted him in purchasing a suitable outfit, and that same night Mark and Gay were snugly ensconced in their huge travelling wagon, outside of the city, on the edge of the prairie where Mr. Whitman, with his wife and seven children, had encamped. Six other families were with them—the seven wagons being "parked" in the form of a circle—that is, the pole of one wagon resting upon the rear of another—and the oxen, mules, horses, cows, dogs and pigs being gathered into the circle thus protected.

Outside the circle of wagons a great fire was burning, and as Mark's wagon drove up, the conductor of the train, Mr. Landford, came forward and welcomed the new-comers.

It seemed to Gay and Mark that they had entered a new and wondrous world.

Both lay long awake that night in their wagon, close up under the canvas roof, and they talked in whispers of their great future, and wondered what it had in store for them.

The next morning at daybreak the camp was astir. By sunrise the wagon train was on its way toward the north-west.

At night they had beside a small stream and parked the wagons, and had supper, and talked and sang songs and told stories, like one great joyous family.

At daybreak, again they were on the way. In the course of ten days, having travelled rapidly for ox teams, they reached the Little Blue River, a branch of the Big Blue. The women built fires and began the preparation of supper. The men proceeded to park the wagons.

"The last train I took over this route was attacked by Indians just here," said Conductor Landford. "They were unusually bold, and we had a tough fight—Good Heavens! What is that?"

He beheld, by the last rays of the sunset, a mounted band of Indians, their weapons glittering in the yellow light, their plumes nodding in the wind, as they came on like a whirlwind.

"Indians!" yelled the conductor, in a voice that made every woman's face turn white. "Pawnees or Sioux, I can't tell which. They seem to be on the war path. I can see their weapons. They outnumber us, counting in our women. Call it the children. We shall have to defend ourselves."

He blew a shrill blast on his bugle that rang out far and wide. They were sweeping down upon the train, with whoops and yells, murder and rapine in their very aspect.

Conductor Landford was skilled in Indian warfare, and was a scout of considerable note.

"There are twenty savages," he announced. "Remember, boys, you are fighting for your mothers and sisters. Show us what stuff you are made of."

Then he shouted:

"Now men, the gun! Have out the gun! They are in war paint and mean mischief. When I give the word, fire!"

The Indians came nearer and nearer, advancing in a straight line.

"Now, boys, give them a hint that we are not fooling," said the guide grimly.

Mark Heber and his young comrades fired a volley.

"The gun!" cried Landford. "Give it to 'em, Whitman."

Whitman did "give it to them," mowing down three mounted savages, horses and riders rolling over and over in horrible death agony.

The remaining savages came to a halt, but only for an instant. With a terrific warwhoop, they came on again to the onslaught, firing as they came, and looking like incarnate demons.

"All together!" cried the guide. The other men and all the boys fired, each with special aim. Six mounted savages fell before the deadly rain.

A panic immediately seized upon the survivors. In the midst of it, Whitman grimly touched off his field-piece anew.

This ended the conflict. The savages with horrible yells beat an instantaneous retreat, leaving their dead upon the field, and dragging away their wounded.

Amory had a bullet wound in his shoulder, and Arnold's eldest son had a flesh wound in his arm, but neither of these injuries were serious.

"Are you safe, Gay?" demanded Mark, coming toward her.

"Yes, but I'm almost smothered," answered Gay. "Have the savages surely gone, Mark?"

Gay cautiously crept forth while she was speaking. The remaining wagons disgorged their crouching occupants, women and children coming forth pale and trembling, but full of joyful gratitude at their escape from death, or a fate worse than death. The camp took on its usual appearance even before the retreating savages were entirely lost to view in the far distance. That night they encamped upon the prairie, and met with no adventure. A guard was maintained as on the previous night, but no Indians were to be seen.

Every day of the week that followed the encampment on the Little Blue was full of incident, but all of the pleasant sort, nothing occurring to alarm the emigrants.

And at the end of the week, to their great joy and relief, they arrived at Fort Kearney.

The emigrants did not halt at the fort, but pressed on to Kearney City, where they encamped just at nightfall.

Here Conductor Landford found another train, the guide of which had been stabbed the night before by a notorious man, who had escaped arrest. The train was offered to Landford, to be united with his own.

The assault that had been made upon the conductor of the previously arrived train was made a matter of discussion, and regret that his assailant had escaped was universal.

"I know the fellow who dirked the conductor," said Landford. "He is a perfect demon. I know that he has killed several men. I saw him at Denver last year. He had just stabbed a miner from behind, and robbed him of all his money and gold. He is called Blue Jack."

"Blue Jack!" cried one or two boys. What a name!"

"They call him so because one side of his face is blue, as if bruised," said Landford. "Looks as if the blood had settled under the skin."

The new train was bound for Denver, as Landford had said.

Two wagons belonged to men who had no woman with them. There were five of these desperadoes, and only the smallness of their number as compared with the others induced Landford to allow them to travel under his guidance and the protection of his train.

A few introductions took place, and then the long train took up its line of march westward.

During the noon encampment, on the following day, Gay had finished her dinner, and a merry snatch of song was on her lips, when one of the desperadoes known as Burk came up to her, and paused beside her, regarding her with an insolent stare.

"Hallo, younker," he said gruffly, "I noticed you yesterday, and you are the prettiest young one I ever did see. Got no father nor mother, eh? Going west with your brother, eh? Give us a kiss, there's a doll!"

In an instant he leaped to her feet.

Child as she was, she resented an insult that had been offered her—with a woman's offended pride and anger.

"How dare you?" she cried. "Go away. If you touch me, I'll call my brother."

"Ah, now, young one, you're fooling," he said insolently. "You act older than I took you for. I'll warrant no boy except your brother has kissed them lips of your'n, and I'm bound to have one—so now!"

As quick as a flash, she drew from her pocket a pistol Mark had bought for her at Leavenworth, and which he had since taught her to use skillfully. She cocked the pistol, and its four small dark tubes were promptly presented to the eyes of Burk for inspection. He started back in unaffected horror and amazement.

"The little vixen!" he muttered. "She acts like a highwayman instead of a shrinking girl. She beats all!"

"I was only fooling," he said aloud. "I didn't mean nothing. Don't say nothing, young one. I'm off."

And he hastened to beat a retreat to his own proper quarters.

Gay's light laugh rang after him mockingly. "Curse her!" muttered Burk. "Blue Jack would tame that wild cat spirit of her'n, and I wish he may do it, that's all. I'll make 'em acquainted, blast if I don't!"

The train was ready to resume its march.

"Come up into the wagon, Mark," said the girl coaxingly. "I have something to tell you."

Mark climbed up beside Gay, his boyish face full of tenderness and affection as he looked down upon his adopted sister.

"Well, what is it, little Gay?" he said, as she hesitated.

"The gun!" cried Landford. "Give it to 'em, Whitman."

Whitman did "give it to them," mowing down three mounted savages, horses and riders rolling over and over in horrible death agony.

The remaining savages came to a halt, but only for an instant. With a terrific warwhoop, they came on again to the onslaught, firing as they came, and looking like incarnate demons.

"All together!" cried the guide. The other men and all the boys fired, each with special aim. Six mounted savages fell before the deadly rain.

A panic immediately seized upon the survivors. In the midst of it, Whitman grimly touched off his field-piece anew.

This ended the conflict. The savages with horrible yells beat an instantaneous retreat, leaving their dead upon the field, and dragging away their wounded.

Amory had a bullet wound in his shoulder, and Arnold's eldest son had a flesh wound in his arm, but neither of these injuries were serious.

"Are you safe, Gay?" demanded Mark, coming toward her.

"Yes, but I'm almost smothered," answered Gay. "Have the savages surely gone, Mark?"

Gay cautiously crept forth while she was speaking. The remaining wagons disgorged their crouching occupants, women and children coming forth pale and trembling, but full of joyful gratitude at their escape from death, or a fate worse than death. The camp took on its usual appearance even before the retreating savages were entirely lost to view in the far distance. That night they encamped upon the prairie, and met with no adventure. A guard was maintained as on the previous night, but no Indians were to be seen.

Every day of the week that followed the encampment on the Little Blue was full of incident, but all of the pleasant sort, nothing occurring to alarm the emigrants.

And at the end of the week, to their great joy and relief, they arrived at Fort Kearney.

The emigrants did not halt at the fort, but pressed on to Kearney City, where they encamped just at nightfall.

Here Conductor Landford found another train, the guide of which had been stabbed the night before by a notorious man, who had escaped arrest. The train was offered to Landford, to be united with his own.

The assault that had been made upon the conductor of the previously arrived train was made a matter of discussion, and regret that his assailant had escaped was universal.

"I know the fellow who dirked the conductor," said Landford. "He is a perfect demon. I know that he has killed several men. I saw him at Denver last year. He had just stabbed a miner from behind, and robbed him of all his money and gold. He is called Blue Jack."

"Blue Jack!" cried one or two boys. What a name!"

"They call him so because one side of his face is blue, as if bruised," said Landford. "Looks as if the blood had settled under the skin."

The new train was bound for Denver, as Landford had said.

Two wagons belonged to men who had no woman with them. There were five of these desperadoes, and only the smallness of their number as compared with the others induced Landford to allow them to travel under his guidance and the protection of his train.

A few introductions took place, and then the long train took up its line of march westward.

During the noon encampment, on the following day, Gay had finished her dinner, and a merry snatch of song was on her lips, when one of the desperadoes known as Burk came up to her, and paused beside her, regarding her with an insolent stare.

"Hallo, younker," he said gruffly, "I noticed you yesterday, and you are the prettiest young one I ever did see. Got no father nor mother, eh? Going west with your brother, eh? Give us a kiss, there's a doll!"

In an instant he leaped to her feet.

Child as she was, she resented an insult that had been offered her—with a woman's offended pride and anger.

"How dare you?" she cried. "Go away. If you touch me, I'll call my brother."

"Ah, now, young one, you're fooling," he said insolently. "You act older than I took you for. I'll warrant no boy except your brother has kissed them lips of your'n, and I'm bound to have one—so now!"

As quick as a flash, she drew from her pocket a pistol Mark had bought for her at Leavenworth, and which he had since taught her to use skillfully. She cocked the pistol, and its four small dark tubes were promptly presented to the eyes of Burk for inspection. He started back in unaffected horror and amazement.

"The little vixen!" he muttered. "She acts like a highwayman instead of a shrinking girl. She beats all!"

"I was only fooling," he said aloud. "I didn't mean nothing. Don't say nothing, young one. I'm off."

And he hastened to beat a retreat to his own proper quarters.

Gay's light laugh rang after him mockingly. "Curse her!" muttered Burk. "Blue Jack would tame that wild cat spirit of her'n, and I wish he may do it, that's all. I'll make 'em acquainted, blast if I don't!"

The train was ready to resume its march.

"Come up into the wagon, Mark," said the girl coaxingly. "I have something to tell you."

Mark climbed up beside Gay, his boyish face full of tenderness and affection as he looked down upon his adopted sister.

"The gun!" cried Landford. "Give it to 'em, Whitman."

Whitman did "give it to them," mowing down three mounted savages, horses and riders rolling over and over in horrible death agony.

The remaining savages came to a halt, but only for an instant. With a terrific warwhoop, they came on again to the onslaught, firing as they came, and looking like incarnate demons.

"All together!" cried the guide. The other men and all the boys fired, each with special aim. Six mounted savages fell before the deadly rain.

A panic immediately seized upon the survivors. In the midst of it, Whitman grimly touched off his field-piece anew.

This ended the conflict. The savages with horrible yells beat an instantaneous retreat, leaving their dead upon the field, and dragging away their wounded.

Amory had a bullet wound in his shoulder, and Arnold's eldest son had a flesh wound in his arm, but neither of these injuries were serious.

"Are you safe, Gay?" demanded Mark, coming toward her.

"Yes, but I'm almost smothered," answered Gay. "Have the savages surely gone, Mark?"

Gay cautiously crept forth while she was speaking. The remaining wagons disgorged their crouching occupants, women and children coming forth pale and trembling, but full of joyful gratitude at their escape from death, or a fate worse than death. The camp took on its usual appearance even before the retreating savages were entirely lost to view in the far distance. That night they encamped upon the prairie, and met with no adventure. A guard was maintained as on the previous night, but no Indians were to be seen.

Every day of the week that followed the encampment on the Little Blue was full of incident, but all of the pleasant sort, nothing occurring to alarm the emigrants.

And at the end of the week, to their great joy and relief, they arrived at Fort Kearney.

The emigrants did not halt at the fort, but pressed on to Kearney City, where they encamped just at nightfall.

Here Conductor Landford found another train, the guide of which had been stabbed the night before by a notorious man, who had escaped arrest. The train was offered to Landford, to be united with his own.

The assault that had been made upon the conductor of the previously arrived train was made a matter of discussion, and regret that his assailant had escaped was universal.

"I know the fellow who dirked the conductor," said Landford. "He is a perfect demon. I know that he has killed several men. I saw him at Denver last year. He had just stabbed a miner from behind, and robbed him of all his money and gold. He is called Blue Jack."

"Blue Jack!" cried one or two boys. What a name!"

"They call him so because one side of his face is blue, as if bruised," said Landford. "Looks as if the blood had settled under the skin."

The new train was bound for Denver, as Landford had said.

Two wagons belonged to men who had no woman with them. There were five of these desperadoes, and only the smallness of their number as compared with the others induced Landford to allow them to travel under his guidance and the protection of his train.

A few introductions took place, and then the long train took up its line of march westward.

During the noon encampment, on the following day, Gay had finished her dinner, and a merry snatch of song was on her lips, when one of the desperadoes known as Burk came up to her, and paused beside her, regarding her with an insolent stare.

"Hallo, younker," he said gruffly, "I noticed you yesterday, and you are the prettiest young one I ever did see. Got no father nor mother, eh? Going west with your brother, eh? Give us a kiss, there's a doll!"

In an instant he leaped to her feet.

Child as she was, she resented an insult that had been offered her—with a woman's offended pride and anger.

"How dare you?" she cried. "Go away. If you touch me, I'll call my brother."

"Ah, now, young one, you're fooling," he said insolently. "You act older than I took you for. I'll warrant no boy except your brother has kissed them lips of your'n, and I'm bound to have one—so now!"

As quick as a flash, she drew from her pocket a pistol Mark had bought for her at Leavenworth, and which he had since taught her to use skillfully. She cocked the pistol, and its four small dark tubes were promptly presented to the eyes of Burk for inspection. He started back in unaffected horror and amazement.

"The little vixen!" he muttered. "She acts like a highwayman instead of a shrinking girl. She beats all!"

"I was only fooling," he said aloud. "I didn't mean nothing. Don't say nothing, young one. I'm off."

And he hastened to beat a retreat to his own proper quarters.

Gay's light laugh rang after him mockingly. "Curse her!" muttered Burk. "Blue Jack would tame that wild cat spirit of her'n, and I wish he may do it, that's all. I'll make 'em acquainted, blast if I don't!"

The train was ready to resume its march.

"Come up into the wagon, Mark," said the girl coaxingly. "I have something to tell you."

Mark climbed up beside Gay, his boyish face full of tenderness and affection as he looked down upon his adopted sister.

"The gun!" cried Landford. "Give it to 'em, Whitman."

Whitman did "give it to them," mowing down three mounted savages, horses and riders rolling over and over in horrible death agony.

The remaining savages came to a halt, but only for an instant. With a terrific warwhoop, they came on again to the onslaught, firing as they came, and looking like incarnate demons.

"All together!" cried the guide. The other men and all the boys fired, each with special aim. Six mounted savages fell before the deadly rain.

A panic immediately seized upon the survivors. In the midst of it, Whitman grimly touched off his field-piece anew.

This ended the conflict. The savages with horrible yells beat an instantaneous retreat, leaving their dead upon the field, and dragging away their wounded.

Amory had a bullet wound in his shoulder, and Arnold's eldest son had a flesh wound in his arm, but neither of these injuries were serious.

"Are you safe, Gay?" demanded Mark, coming toward her.

"Yes, but I'm almost smothered," answered Gay. "Have the savages surely gone, Mark?"

Gay cautiously crept forth while she was speaking. The remaining wagons disgorged their crouching occupants, women and children coming forth pale and trembling, but full of joyful gratitude at their escape from death, or a fate worse than death. The camp took on its usual appearance even before the retreating savages were entirely lost to view in the far distance. That night they encamped upon the prairie, and met with no adventure. A guard was maintained as on the previous night, but no Indians were to be seen.

Every day of the week that followed the encampment on the Little Blue was full of incident, but all of the pleasant sort, nothing occurring to alarm the emigrants.

And at the end of the week, to their great joy and relief, they arrived at Fort Kearney.

The emigrants did not halt at the fort, but pressed on to Kearney City, where they encamped just at nightfall.

Here Conductor Landford found another train, the guide of which had been stabbed the night before by a notorious man, who had escaped arrest. The train was offered to Landford, to be united with his own.

The assault that had been made upon the conductor of the previously arrived train was made a matter of discussion, and regret that his assailant had escaped was universal.

"I know the fellow who dirked the conductor," said Landford. "He is a perfect demon. I know that he has killed several men. I saw him at Denver last year. He had just stabbed a miner from behind, and robbed him of all his money and gold. He is called Blue Jack."

"Blue Jack!" cried one or two boys. What a name!"

"They call him so because one side of his face is blue, as if bruised," said Landford. "Looks as if the blood had settled under the skin."

The new train was bound for Denver, as Landford had said.

Two wagons belonged to men who had no woman with them. There were five of these desperadoes, and only the smallness of their number as compared with the others induced Landford to allow them to travel under his guidance and the protection of his train.

A few introductions took place, and then the long train took up its line of march westward.

During the noon encampment, on the following day, Gay had finished her dinner, and a merry snatch of song was on her lips, when one of the desperadoes known as Burk came up to her, and paused beside her, regarding her with an insolent stare.

"Hallo, younker," he said gruffly, "I noticed you yesterday, and you are the prettiest young one I ever did see. Got no father nor mother, eh? Going west with your brother, eh? Give us a kiss, there's a doll!"

In an instant he leaped to her feet.

Child as she was, she resented an insult that had been offered her—with a woman's offended pride and anger.

"How dare you?" she cried. "Go away. If you touch me, I'll call my brother."

"Ah, now, young one, you're fooling," he said insolently. "You act older than I took you for. I'll warrant no boy except your brother has kissed them lips of your'n, and I'm bound to have one—so now!"

As quick as a flash, she drew from her pocket a pistol Mark had bought for her at Leavenworth, and which he had since taught her to use skillfully. She cocked the pistol, and its four small dark tubes were promptly presented to the eyes of Burk for inspection. He started back in unaffected horror and amazement.

"The little vixen!" he muttered. "She acts like a highwayman instead of a shrinking girl. She beats all!"

"I was only fooling," he said aloud. "I didn't mean nothing. Don't say nothing, young one. I'm off."

And he hastened to beat a retreat to