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Maxham & Wing

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LIVERWORTS.

They are laughing in the meadow,
They are smiling in the dell;
Upon the verdant hillsides
The blue-eyed beauties dwell:
And unto those who love them
A pleasant tale they tell.

They speak of sunny weather,
Of birds and babbling brooks,
Of walks within the forest glens,
And rest within its nooks,
And many a dreamy fancy
Recorded not in books.

From fallen leaves and withered
They mischievously peep,
And laugh at later flowers
Unwakened from their sleep,
While tenderly they heed them,
And loving vigil keep.

In modest maiden beauty
To me as dear as they,
Of those that bloom in April,
Or in the genial May;
I would that thus to comfort me
They evermore would stay!

For tales of vanished childhood
To me they sweetly sing,
And to the fading flowers
They recollections bring
Of home and loving faces—
A precious offering.

Unplucked I leave them growing
Full thick about my feet;
I cannot call them forward
From out their fair retreat;
No refuge has the city
For anything so sweet.

The story that they tell me
Of pleasure and content,
Of hope and trusting confidence
However faint is bent—
This lesson I can bear away—
To teach it they were sent.

[From the Aldine for April.]

[From Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine.]

MY JEALOUSY.

"I just wish you'd tell me," said Minnie, with the least perceptible pout on her lip. Now Minnie was a round-cheeked, rosy little maid, with big blue eyes, fringed all round with brown lashes, and a coy dimple that sometimes came out on her cheek, and sometimes on her chin, but always where you least expected it. And, moreover, I have no objection to impart to the reader, in strict confidence, of course, that she was my Minnie—mine, by virtue of the diamond engagement ring that sparkled so knowingly on her plump little left hand. So of course I had the privilege of tantalizing her, and I used it, too.

"Woman's curiosity!" said I, with a shrug of my shoulders, "and feminine jealousy!"

"Nonsense!" said Minnie, coloring up. "I suppose men are never curious, or jealous either?"

"Never!" quoth I, with a smile of calm superiority.

"Then you won't tell me, Clarence?"

"I think, *ma chere*, your curiosity—and the other emotion—need a little discipline!"

Now why on earth I wanted to be so provoking, I can't tell; the natural perversity of man, most probably, for there was no other reason that I should not have told Minnie Kiverson just why I was obliged to go home early that evening—simply a Masonic lodge meeting, and nothing more important. But I wanted to tease Minnie; and so I withdrew into a veil of impenetrable mystery.

She did not say a word, but turned quickly away, and went up-stairs for the little bouquet of heliotrope and geranium leaves that she generally fastened into my button-hole before I went away. And in the very instant that she closed the door, I saw the downward flutter of a little white slip of paper from her dress.

Instinctively I stooped to pick it up; and as I stooped, I could not avoid reading the characters inscribed thereon in a clear masculine chirography.

"5, 11.—At Mason and Dobell's. No disappointment this time. E. M."

I felt the crimson flush mounting to my temples in a burning current, as I read and re-read the mysterious words. "E. M." Didn't I remember that Everard Mason was Minnie's second cousin, and a provokingly handsome fellow at that? Had I forgotten that people used to think that "a pretty couple" they would make before I stepped on to the *tapis*?

"E. M." indeed! and I clutched my fist involuntarily, as I crumpled the paper inside its grasp.

"What are you looking for, Minnie?"

She stood with one hand resting lightly on the door-knob, glancing uneasily round the floor, while there was a flush on her cheek.

"I, that is—have you seen a little slip of paper lying about?"

"No!"

I uttered the falsehood with deliberate calmness, even while the tell-tale billet lay in my hand. So—she was anxious about it, eh? she didn't like the idea that I should have an insight into her little arrangements with "E. M." Ah! false and fair—all women were alike.

"I must have been something very important," I remarked maliciously, as she hurriedly turned over the books on the table, still searching for the missing treasure.

"I suppose I have left it up stairs," she said artfully evading a direct answer. "You are not going, Clarence?"

"I am going."

"Good-night."

I held her hand for a moment in mine; but I did not kiss her as usual—the iron had entered far too deeply into my soul for that!

So I went to bed to dream fitfully all night long of monster sheets of phosphorescent paper with "E. M." dancing scarlet letters of fire all over their broad expanse.

"Is Mr. Dobell in?"

"Yes, Mr. Dobell was in, and one of the clerks respectfully ushered me into the little private office where my friend Jack was sitting over a voluminous pile of letters.

"Clarence Page! Sit down, old fellow. What good wind blows you here?"

He drew out a big leather-covered easy chair, with a hospitable welcome, but I declined it.

"Dobell, I want you to do me a great favor—will you?"

"Certainly—if I can."

I looked up at the clock—it wanted just fifteen minutes to eleven and I hurriedly confided the story of my wrongs to Jack's honest breast. He stroked down his red whiskers reflectively.

"My dear fellow, I really think you're attaching too much importance to a mere trifle. 'A trifle!' I bit my lip till the blood came. 'It's very plain to see that you're not standing in my peculiar position, Dobell.'"

"Shall I send for Mason? He is in the shop. I have no doubt."

"You will do nothing of the sort!"

"Well, then, what is it you require of me?"

"Listen. She will be here, probably, at eleven, to—to see Mason, confound him!"

"Well?"

"Where will he probably receive her?"

"In this room, I suppose."

"Is there no place where I could be an unseen auditor of their conversation?"

"Why, there's the wardrobe, but—"

"Say no more—the very place!" I exclaimed exultantly.

"Yes, but, Clarence, wouldn't it be rather a mean thing to listen to what isn't intended for your ears?" faltered Jack with some embarrassment.

"I don't care a fig whether it's mean, or not!" I exclaimed, setting my teeth together. "I am in no state of mind to split metaphysical hairs. If you are going to oblige me, say so—if not, I may as well go."

"Of course the room is at your service, Clarence. I'm going out, but that makes no difference. I hope you'll discover that you're in a mistake!"

I smiled bitterly. I entertained no such hopes!

The clock struck eleven as Mr. Dobell took his leave; and I hurriedly uncoiled myself in the wardrobe, with my head against the collar of Jack's business coat, and my lower extremities in a perfect grove of linen dusters and obsolete pantaloons! Altogether it was not an agreeable position. A wardrobe where we can just stand erect, with closed doors on a hot morning in the month of August, is rather too suggestive of coffin accommodations!

Africa and the Sandwich Islands! It was getting decidedly tropical! I wiped the dew from my glowing forehead. Why didn't Minnie come, if she was coming? And then I began to reflect on St. Bartholomew and his bed of hot coals, as I pushed the door a quarter of an inch open.

Hark! a footstep! I jerked the door to with an emphasis that made my prison-house away in a sadly nervous manner, but it was only a clerk, sent for some particular letter, and I breathed freely once more—that is, as freely as it was possible to do under the circumstances.

That clock must have stopped. I listened to hear its regular "tick-tick," and was unwillingly compelled to believe it was still in operation.

Shades of Fahrenheit, how hot it was!—a thermometer would certainly have stood at a hundred in this close atmosphere! I was streaming with perspiration! my hair was as wet as if I had been standing in a summer shower; but I would cheerfully have remained there all day to detect the monstrous conspiracy between my Minnie and "E. M."

Twelve o'clock! Minnie must have been detained. I could hear E. M.'s voice occasionally in the shop—proof positive that he was on hand. I began to shift my weight uneasily from one foot to the other, and feel unpleasantly conscious of a vacuum in my gastric regions.

One o'clock! Decidedly, this was getting rather monotonous! I was inclined to be very sleepy, but it wouldn't do to yield to the blandishments of Morpheus. If I could have indulged in a cigar!

But my patience was not destined to go entirely unrewarded. Just as I was anxiously waiting for the relentless clock to strike two, there was a flutter of silken garments on my ear—the sound of Minnie's sweet familiar voice.

"I am so sorry I lost that memorandum, Everard."

second to ice, and then again to fire. What a blockhead I had been not to foresee this emergency! I held my breath and clung desperately to the inner handle of the wardrobe, as I felt Everard Mason's touch upon the outer.

"Why," soliloquized that young gentleman, in a puzzled tone of voice, "what on earth ails this door-handle—it won't turn?"

And he gave it an energetic wrench that defied all my efforts to impede its revolution. The door flew open, and I stood revealed among the coats and dusters, like a modern edition of one of Belzoni's mummies!

"Hallo!" ejaculated Mason, staring at me in blank astonishment, while Minnie's eyes grew bigger and bluer than I had deemed it possible for eyes to be.

I knew there was no alternative but to step bravely forth and face the music which I did accordingly.

"Well," said Everard, resignedly, "I'd like to know how you came here?"

I wasn't going to favor him with any explanations; so I turned, somewhat sheepishly to my little betrothed.

"Minnie—darling—you'll think me very ridiculous and very absurd; but I confess that—that—"

I courageously drew the slip of paper from my pocket, and placed it in her hand.

"I found that on the parlor floor last night, Minnie; it excited my curiosity, and I fancied all sorts of ridiculous things. So I came down here to—"

"To hide in a wardrobe," said Miss Minnie, mischievously. "Man's curiosity! and to find out what I meant by coming to see poor dear Everard—man's jealousy! I didn't suppose those emotions existed in the masculine mind."

"Minnie!" I pleaded, appealingly, while that coarse wretch, Everard Mason, burst into a laugh that jarred on my every nerve.

"I won't tease you any more, Clarence," she said, putting up her rose bud lips for a reconciliatory kiss.

Isn't a woman always ready to forgive any fault that springs from too much devotion to herself? To Minnie's credit be it spoken, that from that day to this, I have never heard a word of the wardrobe business. But then to be sure, I have been particularly careful not to mention the well-known fact, that women are jealous and curious in my wife's presence.

And I am writing this little confession in the identical fawn colored wrapper, with crimson palm-leaves, trimmed with cord and tassels to match!

DOTTIE'S TEMPERANCE SERMON.—Well, well! what did old Dottie! She had positively refused to kiss her father for a whole week. He went to his work very early in the morning, long before her blue eyes were open, and did not come home till dark. Dottie always watched for him, and ran to meet him, and when he came in would sit on his knee, and when he tried to kiss her, she would shake her head so emphatically as to set all the sunny curls dancing about her eyes, and then tuck her rose face down on his shoulder.

At last he grew almost angry, and one evening he put her down, saying sternly, "I won't have any little girl that does not love me."

Dottie went to her mother, and with a grievous look, and tears stealing into her eyes said:

"I do love my papa, ever so much—five bushels!" and by her childish mode of measuring affection, this seemed immense.

"Then why did you treat him so?" asked her mother. "He does not see his little daughter all day, and when he comes home so tired she refuses to kiss him. Why is it?"

"Because, because,—and here Dottie stopped.

"Speak out, darling, don't be afraid; or suppose you whisper it to me; now—" and she bent down her head.

Dottie put both chubby arms around her mother's neck, and putting a rosebud of a mouth to her mother's ear, and in what she supposed was a whisper, said:

"He drinks some medicine or something in the even'ing, before he gets home, and it must be dreadful stuff, for it makes me feel sickish to smell it when he puts his face close to mine—and that's all; and I do love papa." And she sobbed as if her loving little heart would break.

As the wife's glance met that of her husband, his face crimsoned with a flush of shame. The secret was out. For the week past he had been in the habit of stopping a few minutes at the house of a friend, who had just returned from a voyage to Europe, and had a great many interesting things to relate. He always took a glass of something strong at night, and insisted that Dottie's father should drink with him; and that was how it happened. But he never touched a drop afterward; the pure caresses of his innocent child were of more value to him than even the good will of his friend, and the little Dot never had cause to refuse him his evening kiss.

"Papa must be cured, I think," said she one day; "for he never drinks any more of that horrid medicine."

And he was truly cured.—[Good Words.]

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED.—Under that head "Mintwood," in Moore's *Rural New Yorker*, speaks as follows:—

I have found, within a five years' social experience, that moral courage is required, for daring to be natural—one's own self, without affectation or insincerity. I have learned that to wear your own hair, in a natural way, is deemed "affectation"; a refusal to wear earrings, called "very odd and unfeminine," although you are neither a heathen nor the descendant of a savage; the absence of cosmetics and perfumes from the toilet is sighed over as an indication of total depravity, in the fashionable sense; the wearing of your dresses so you can breathe naturally, considered "horribly unstylish"; the absence of a false hump on your back, deplored more than that of a backbone could be, although you are known to abhor monstrosities, real or assumed. Looking the matter well over, I am sometimes "almost persuaded" that 'tis easier to swim with the tide and become a complete fashionable fool, letting go all mental and moral reservations, so long doggedly adhered to on the ground of principle.

Talk of moral heroism! I never heard of any greater than that which supports a woman in a rusty gown—and her only one—when forced into a company harmonious in its display of silks and velvets and jewels. It is a feeling

but few men are capable of understanding. Any woman who can be superior to her raiment under such circumstances, I nominate for a leader in the matter of dress reform. Where is she?

UNDERCLOTHING.—A lady having ample opportunity for observation writes thus from a country district: "I truly believe that more than one-half of the colds caught, and influenza from which the women of farmers' families suffer so much, are traceable directly to an insufficiency of underclothing. Nothing like the use that city people make of flannel is common in the country."

Many neglect this matter from a mistaken supposition that "Such things are all a matter of habit, and that to go somewhat thinly clad hardens the constitution."

I know wives and daughters of farmers in good circumstances who make almost no change in their clothing from summer to winter. If they add to their calico or delain dresses a cotton underwaist, and baste some cotton linings into the sleeves, it is considered all sufficient. Occasionally a cotton flannel under-skirt is indulged in, but real flannels are eschewed; a vague notion being entertained that they are heavy and "burdensome to carry about."

The women are scarcely ever thoroughly comfortable except when their work in a seven times heated kitchen, and they all complain that it takes them most of the forenoon to get warmed up, even there."

This is all wrong. To be in a chill is to open the door to disease.—[Mrs. Helen I. Dostwick, in Ohio Farmer.]

Senator Wilson, in a talk at Great Falls, N. H., the other day, said:

I was born here in your country. I was born in poverty. Want sat by my cradle. I know what it is to ask a mother for bread when she had none to give. I left my home at ten years of age, and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, receiving a month's schooling each year, and at the end of eleven years hard work a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which brought me eighty-four dollars. A dollar would cover every penny I spent from the time I was born until I was twenty-one years of age. I know what it is to travel weary miles and ask my fellow-men to give me leave to toil. I remember that in September, 1833, I walked in to your village from my native town and went through your mills seeking employment. If anybody had offered me eight or nine dollars a month, I should have accepted it gladly. I went down to Salmon Falls, I went to Dover, I went to Newmarket, and tried to get work, without success; and I returned home, weary but not discouraged, and put my pack on my back and walked to the town where I now live and learned a mechanic's trade. I know the hard lot that toiling men have to endure in this world, and every pulsation of my heart, every conviction of my judgment, puts me on the side of the toiling men of my country—ay, of all countries. I am glad the working-men in Europe are getting discontented and want better wages. I thank God that a man in the United States to-day can earn from three to four dollars, in ten hours work, easier than he could forty years ago earn one dollar, working from twelve to fifteen hours. The first month I worked after I was twenty-one years of age I went into the woods, drove team, cut mill-logs, wood, rose in the morning before daylight and worked hard until after dark at night, and I received for it the magnificent sum of six dollars! And when I got the money, those dollars looked as large to me as the moon looked to-night.

Two young men have recently been expelled from Harvard university for disgraceful conduct. Some of our exchanges are moralizing over the expulsion and assuming that it is a misfortune because it is likely to change the current of their lives. We trust it will. Up to this time the current seems to have been flowing in the wrong direction. From this current, out of which they have now been thrown, bruised and bleeding, but not hopeless, they may now get into a current that will bring them back to the position from which they have been swept. There was no hope for them where they were, but now there is a chance which they may improve to advantage; and if any other young men, at college, at the desk, behind the counter, be-side the bar, or driving a cart, have got into the wrong current, the quicker they get out of it, or are pulled or pushed out of it, the better. Anything is preferable to the current that is sweeping to ruin so many who might be among the best of our young men.

Are there not many in danger, though it is not realized by their friends or themselves, who might be saved by being thrown into a new current?—[Boston Traveller.]

WOMAN'S POWER FOR GOOD AND EVIL.—One gifted and beautiful woman, if wrongly disposed, can work more evil in society, can scatter more seeds of corruption and death, than with their utmost efforts, a score of men. Her capabilities for good in the different departments of morals are equally great, and in such proportion to her powers, both for good and evil, must be her condemnation, if she is false to her holy stewardship. Society cannot be destroyed if woman is true, nor saved if woman is false. Besides, society shows no unequal discrimination in regard to this particular class of offences. The rule applies to all. A profane woman, a drunken woman, a female thief or murderer excites always a greater horror and disgust than if the crime had been committed by a man. And this is right, and it will be an evil day for this world when woman in her inexcusable no more abhorrence than a man.

A CHAPTER of "Notes in Rome," in an English magazine opens with the following anecdote:—"Did you visit Rome in your travels?" asked a gentleman, in the interval of a wait, of a partner who had just returned from doing the continent of Europe. "Rome? Rome?" replied the young lady in a hesitating voice; "let me see. Did we go to Rome? O yes! That is where we saw a woman shaving a dog on the steps of a church."

Dr. Curtis of Cincinnati, referring to a recent case of death from the use of chloroform, gives it as his opinion that many surgeons are too hasty in putting persons under the anæsthetic influence. He himself gives chloroform very slowly through a silk handkerchief. The inhalation of chloroform is only a speedy method

of making a person "dead drunk," and Dr. Curtis soon saw that if the anæsthetic state were brought on gradually, as intoxication generally is, and stopped as soon as sense and muscular motion are by taking alcoholic liquors, it produced no worse effect upon the system. In both cases the patient often vomits. Both when taking the narcotic and when getting rid of it; and in both, insensibility to the severest operations may be produced. All the danger of the one over the other is that in the use of chloroform, the operators injudiciously ply the agent too fast and do not stop when the patient has enough. By taking proper care in regard to things, Dr. Curtis says that operations may safely be performed on very small children and very old persons; and those whose lungs or hearts are diseased, or who are much reduced by chronic ailments of various kinds.

"The London Post" gives an illustration of the craving of the people after unnatural and exciting amusements. Describing the so-called "Leap for Life," in which a little girl risks her life in the execution of a fearful gymnastic feat, after details as to the arrangements of the platform, ropes and rings, the writer says:—

Her life depends upon her catching this rope; the danger of her swinging the least bit upon one side is tremendous, but still she might possibly be able to see her mistake if she did not swing quite straight, in which case she did not leave hold of the rings, and being totally unable to regain the platform, she would probably swing about till exhausted, and then fall amongst the people beneath. She might be killed, but still there would be a chance of her being only crippled. Pahaw! such risk and water danger is considered insufficient for the public taste. Such uncertainty is insipid. We require the life of this poor child—her certain destruction if she fail, not the probability of her only breaking her limbs—so amidst a shudder and a hiss from one half of the spectators, and a murderous cheer from the rest, she was blindfolded.

Her last poor miserable chance was taken from her. A handkerchief was bound over her eyes, and her head and body were covered with a sack, and thus, without the possibility of escape in case of accident, she bounded off the platform, and by a mercy did not miss the rope. Such amusements are in the highest degree criminal.

"WHAT, no further! said the minute-hand to the hour-hand of the time piece. "Why, I have been all round the dial since we parted, and there are you just one figure from the place where I left you."

"And yet I have done as much work in the time as you have," answered the hour-hand. "How do you make that out?" asked the other, as he advanced to pass him. "So," was the reply. "Your journey all round, and mine from figure to figure, are each an hour's value; all are not able to arrive at the same conclusion with the same ease and readiness. But this is no fault on either side; only they who fancy, because they are always in a bustle, that they are doing the work of the whole world, are mistaken, and plume themselves on an importance and superiority by no means belonging to them. If you were to creep like me, the day would last nobody knows how long; and if I were to gallop like you, it would be over before it had well begun."

WHAT IT COST THE YOUNG BARBER TO SMOKE.—Says an aged clergyman who is still bright and gentlemanly in his bearings, "I usually shave myself, but a young barber shaved me this morning, which gave me an opportunity to administer a little advice. The young man looked cleanly and nice, though decidedly filthy, for the profane stench of the pipe seemed to be oozing from his breath, fingers, and whole person."

I said, "Young friend, you smoke."

"Yes, sir," he responded very civilly.

"Well, I smoked when I was young, but I gave it up sixty years ago; had I continued the habit, and had it cost me but one cent a day I should have spent over two hundred dollars in smoke—this with interest added would amount to a frightful sum."

"I spend more than one cent a day," said the barber. "I pay ten cents for cigars, and smoke two or three a day."

We cannot state exactly what this improvident youngster will waste upon his "Havanas" should he, at this rate smoke sixty years; but we dare say the sum would be sufficient to buy a splendid farm, perhaps a splendid ship. Be this as it may, he will no doubt spend in sixty years a far larger sum than he will be worth. He has already.

Live sixty years! He bids fair to die in less than half that time. If he inherits any special disease or "weak points," tobacco will concentrate fatal disease there. If incipient consumption lurks there, tobacco will concentrate it upon the lungs; if cancerous humors it will concentrate them upon the tongue, the lips or the tender portions of the face.

Our friend, the clergyman, is about eighty years old. He has fine habits—he believes in cold water—he is as cleanly as a rose—he works—he sleeps—he eats—and walks well, and stands a fair chance to outlive the young barber, and a thousand like him, who smoke like volcanoes. In my judgment he is a safer candidate for a life insurance company.

THE LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.—You met him in a railroad train, and he says: "Fine day, sir." "Most admirable weather, indeed." "Ah, yes, to be sure. Travel very heavy now. Would you believe, sir, that railroad mortality is increasing at a fearful rate?" "Indeed sir I was not aware—" "No, sir; nobody is aware until it is too late. You may die in five minutes. People have died in less time, sir. Ah, sir, life insurance is a great blessing; have just paid \$10,000 to the victim of a railway accident." "Was he much hurt?" "Killed, sir; killed instantly. Family was greatly comforted by the insurance money. Insured yourself, sir?" "I am not insured." "Not insured, sir, you travel on railroads without being insured?" "Yes, sir." "And on steamboats, too?" "I do so, frequently." "And on horse coaches, and in a buggy?" "Every day of my life."

"Why, sir, don't you know that people are killed every day on railroads and steamboats, and every place? Bless you, saw-mills is the death of hundreds and thousands every year, and there is fire-arms, sir, and coal oil, and drug clerks, and mad dogs and snakes—Why, sir, only the other day a man was bit by a snake, and died in fifteen minutes—fifteen minutes, sir, and no insurance."

TRY THE FARM A LITTLE LONGER.—A farmer writes to a New Hampshire paper the following sensible letter:

Boys, don't go off to the city this Spring, looking for business; stay on the farm a little longer; try it one year more. "Don't like it; have to work too hard," do I hear you say? Let me tell you, if you would succeed in any kind of business, you must work either with your brain or your hands, or both; and there is no business in which you can find surer reward and more uniform good health than in the business of an agriculturist.

It looks to you as you ride into the city occasionally as if it must be easy business to drive an express wagon, be an office boy, to run on errands, to be a salesman in a dry goods store, to be a waiter in a hotel, or to do anything, in fact, that falls to the lot of the city boy. And beside being easy, you look upon the various employments in the city as far more profitable than the work that has engaged the attention of your father; and you, no doubt, imagine yourself at an early day as the proprietor of the express, the chief of the office, the owner of the dry goods store, or the head of the hotel.

Now, my bright boy of the farm, let me tell you, as a friend, that it takes an exceedingly smart boy, in this age of smartness, to make his fortune in the great city; and where one fully succeeds, there are many sad failures. It takes a long time to learn all the ropes, and after they are learned, how often some of them break!

On the farm where you have been reared you know every hump and hollow; you are perfectly familiar with every branch of the business, at least so far as it has been engaged in by your father. At the barn or in the field you know precisely what to do; and whether it is the care of stock or a patch of potatoes you will acknowledge that no boy in the neighborhood is better skilled in the business than you. In the common acceptance of the term, your trade is already learned, and you have only to go ahead.

You ask me if I am sure that it pays. In reply I will only refer you to the career of any thrifty farmer in your neighborhood. Your father can point you to a dozen of them. He will tell you that most of them have reared large families; that they owe nothing to-day, and that their houses and lands are in better condition than they were twenty years ago. How this could all have come about if there had been no money in the farm I am unable to tell.

So, boys, hold on a little longer. Assured that it is a safe and paying business, keep on another year or two, and see if you can't find some fun in it. For my own part, there is fun enough taking care of the *foes* to make me stay on the farm.

"There once was a weathercock," says an old tradition, "that swore by the east and swore by the west, that it was master of all the winds that blow." There is many a politician indulging in a similar error to this. Because he indexes, as it were, the shifting currents of public opinion, because he shows which way popular ideas are setting, he is prone to imagine that he is the cause rather than the effect of these manifestations.

But in truth, how little does a politician, even if he rise to the rank of statesman, control political or social events! At best our leading public men are but recorders, who set down what the forces of civilization impel them to do, and who but act as agents for those powers and ideas that are generating, fructifying, and maturing in the great multitude. Public men sometimes retard advancement by not understanding what is at work in society, as a weathercock may fail to obey the currents of wind by being a little rusty; but public men rarely or never carry forward ideas, or administer affairs in advance of the intelligence of the people. Philosophers and economists sometimes in the closest detect principles, or work out theories, which throw a new light on the organization of society, or give a new impulse to the development of civilization, but statesmen, busy with a vain attempt to regulate affairs, never do this.

The only good legislation has ever done, according to Buckle, has been in undoing this year the mischief it did last—by simply learning to let alone. If we could only do away with politicians and statesmen altogether; if we could subordinate government to a police; if we could say to all these political powers that so persistently interfere with us, "Hands off," then we might hope for the millennium. The great cry of all the world now is to be let alone—to be freed from excessive and tormenting governmental interference—to be rid of politicians and statesmen, and be allowed to use its energies according to its own instincts and impulses, without bands and gussets to restrain it, without outside powers to regulate it. When the world discovers that a politician is far from being as important as a

Waterville Mail.

E. H. MAXHAM, DAN L. R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... APR. 12, 1872.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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S. M. PETERSON & Co., No. 10 State St., Boston, and 87 Park Row, New York.
S. R. NILES, No. 130 Broadway, Boston.
GEO. F. POWELL & Co., No. 40 Park Row, New York.
T. C. EVANS, 100 Washington St., Boston.

Advertisements abroad are referred to the Agents named above.

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

DOUBTED.—Heavily as we have laughed over the witty pictures by Nast, in Harper's Weekly, we still allow ourselves to doubt the good taste of caricaturing such men as Horace Greeley, senator Sumner and justice Chase.

They dare to doubt and to differ, where other men lack the courage to do so; and such men are always profitable to the public. Old John Randolph, with all his faults, was a living check upon the schemes of bad men. Both Greeley and Sumner hold the entire faith of the best men of our country, and when they suspect wrongs in the government it is much wiser to allow them to state their case than to peer away investigation. To our mind the strange and bitter opposition Mr. Sumner has met from the press and from party men is the only reason he has been able to give, thus far, that there is something wrong where he points. The closer the investigation the more clear, we believe, will the government stand from blame; and for this reason we would by all means give the accusers a fair hearing.

AVANT! AVANT!—Somebody brings us a vital of young grasshoppers, as plump and lively as could be desired by those who still groan over the ravages of their ancestors, (the grasshoppers, not Adam and Eve.) The unwelcome little pests were warned into life in some earth brought from the garden for planting early tomatoes. After a long fast we gave them a leaf from a flower pot, and it was laughable to see them eat. They are one-third head, with mouths very much like senator—s. Of course they are hungry like him, and promise to last longer than they are wanted. But as there is always doubt till the votes are counted, so there is a chance that these little fellows that start so early and look so hungry, may give in before the spring frosts; and thus after the fashion of some of our precocious young political sprouts, fail to eat the grass they threaten. As with the former, so with the latter, may an early start give them a short race. And this reminds us to add, that such mouths as these must speedily eat their owners to death.

CLEAN BEDS.—One of the finest machines, with apparently the best process, for cleansing feather beds, is now operating in Marston's new building, opposite Marston's Block. It is asserted that more lives are lost by the use of old and impure feather beds than by small pox. Every bed slept on through the winter should be purified by steam before hot weather. A minute's thought is evidence enough of this. Those who know anything of the effect of steaming feathers,—how it expands and cleanses and freshens them, while it destroys all filth, contagion and bad odor, and clears them from dust and dirt—will see at once that Mr. Lancaster is prepared to do it in the most complete manner. Such as have doubts will do well to call and see the machine and the process.—Ladies, especially.

"We always knew Bro. Maxham to be a man of great good sense."

Very reliable flattery and very kindly said, brother Stickney of the Sunrise; but do you know any less of our junior?—and which of the two, counting our years, would be most likely to call you "father" Stickney, albeit he have the example of the newspapers for it? Read that poetry paragraph again.

THE inhabitants of Topsham have petitioned for a change of location of the Maine Central Railroad through that town, by which the building of the burnt bridge would be avoided and better railroad facilities afforded that village—to be effected by a junction with the Androscoggin road. There are difficulties in the way, however.

Tax Whigs says that hay from Fredericton, N. B. was sold in Bangor on Wednesday at \$27.50 to \$29 per ton. Were it not for this source of supply and the easy transmission over the E. & N. A. R. R. it is confidently thought the article would be worth \$45 there.

An attempt was recently made to assassinate the Mikado of Japan, who, it is said, has made himself obnoxious to a portion of the people by his liberality to foreigners and by his efforts to break down the nonintercourse system which has long prevailed.

SKOWHEGAN, where music flourishes, will contribute its quota to the mighty host of singers at the great Boston Jubilee.

SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, is the name of one of the leading retail dry goods houses in St. Louis, the junior member of the firm being the youngest son of the late Mr. Jarvis Barney of this village. In a recent number of the *Journal of Agriculture*, of that city, is a long notice of this extensive establishment, from which we learn that their annual sales now amount to a million and a quarter of dollars, that they occupy a beautiful stone-front store of their own building, on the corner of Fourth and St. Charles Streets; that they are heavy importers, one of their number being permanently located in New York; that their business is rigidly systematized; and that they owe their success to three causes, which may be safely commended to others; viz.:—1st. A rigid adherence to justice both to their customers and themselves. 2d. A strict observance of one price to all purchasers. 3d. Close study of the wants of the public. Purchasing for cash wherever they can do so to the best advantage and selling on the smallest possible margin of profit. And we may also commend their instructions to salesmen:—"We have but one price. Never forget you are a gentleman. No gentleman ever offends a lady. Such conduct is not permitted in this house."

FAST DAY occurs next Thursday. Union religious services will be held at the Baptist Church, with a sermon by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Burrage. The Universalists and Unitarians will unite in services at the Unitarian Church, the sermon to be by Rev. Mr. Skinner.

BAPTIST SERVICES will be held at the Baptist Church, next Sabbath evening, with a sermon by the pastor.

REV. S. F. STROUT, of the Maine Conference will preach in the Methodist Church in this village next Sabbath afternoon.

OFFICERS of Ticonic Division for the present quarter:

Isaac C. Pratt, W. P.; Miss Mary A. Rideout, W. A.; Miss Lizzie F. McCausland, R. S.; I. C. Avore, A. R. S.; A. M. Dunbar, R. S.; Mrs. H. M. Estes, T.; H. M. Rideout, Ch.; Miss Laura Drummond, Con; Ed. Goodwin, A. Con.; Miss Ella Nowell, I. S.; T. B. Page, O. S.

THE MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD Co. is insured for \$628,400 in the Liverpool, and London and Globe Insurance Co., with an additional spark risk of \$10,000—all in the office of L. T. Boothby, Waterville.

DANA, of the New York Sun, the author of the charges against Secretary Robeson, finding no proof with which to back up his damaging assertions, has withdrawn from the case. There is too much of this slanderous work done on very slight foundation, and it is about time that the authors of these reckless charges, born too frequently of spleen and malice, were held to strict account.

REV. S. L. B. CHASE, the retiring pastor of the Second Baptist Church of Bangor, was visited by large numbers of his parishioners and other warm friends, on Tuesday evening, and presented with an elegantly bound set of Zell's Encyclopedia and other valuable gifts, as testimonials of their respect and esteem.

PRESIDENT GRANT was heartily endorsed by the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania Republican conventions.

ADJUSTABLE gauge cars are now run over the Maine Central and Grand Trunk railroads, so that freight to and from the west may pass without breaking bulk.

DISASTROUS floods and freshets are reported at the south and west, consequent upon the violent spring rains.

"Rowell & Rowell" is the appropriate and suggestive name of a law firm in Dover.

LOUIS A. WHEELER has been appointed deputy town clerk, according to an act of the last legislature, to act in the absence of the town clerk of the town of Waterville. Any desiring town clerk business in the absence of the clerk can call on the deputy.

BANGOR is moving earnestly for the establishment of manufactures within its limits.

THE MAINE CONFERENCE of the M. E. Church has been in session at Gardiner this week.

THEY are moving for a public library in Augusta.

BARNARD LITTLE, on trial at Rockland for the murder of Charles H. White at Dix Island, was convicted of murder in the second degree and sentenced to hard labor in the State prison for life.

"Kentucky Boy," a valuable and well known horse, owned by Benj. Burrill & Co., Fairfield, is getting a rising reputation from late sales of his stock at high prices. Mr. James Withee, of Winslow, recently bought one of his colts at a high price, and sold at once for a two-fold advance. Another of his colts is now owned by Mr. Howard, of this village, that is supposed to have in his legs the value of a few nice little farms. Other colts of the same family are of course rising in value. Mr. Burrill's stable is on the Skowhegan road, two miles above Kendall's Mills.

The snow is nearly all gone from Main street, but there are yet many reminders of winter on the other avenues, and the dragging of sleds and sleighs through our village indicates an abundance of snow outside.

PARIS correspondents hint at approaching trouble from the adherents of Napoleon and Chambord—the Catholic priesthood being about equally divided between these two claimants for rule in France, as they both promise fairly for the interests of the Church.

INQUIRY?

If you please, Mr. Mail, we would like to speak through the medium of your paper to your correspondent P. L. Wheeler, in relation to the feeding of his hens. He says in the Mail, under date April 1st; "The White Leghorns do not set like other hens, but keep laying the most of the time, if fed right."

We have some of the same breed a year old this spring, and they fail to do any better than others we have heretofore kept, indeed, not so well. Perhaps the fault may be in the feeding. We would like to learn the *modus operandi* of friend Wheeler's hen-keeping, if he is free to communicate, and will do so.

Respectfully,
B. F. WILBUR.

W. Waterville, April 8, 1872.

At the close of Rev. Mr. Ladd's sermon, last Sabbath afternoon, at the Methodist Church in this village, he gave some statistics from which the following is taken. During the three years of his ministry in Waterville he had preached 300 sermons, attended 625 social meetings, made 1000 pastoral calls, taught a class in Sunday School each Sabbath except when away preaching, attended 40 funerals, solemnized 25 marriages; generally attended the weekly S. S. Teachers' meetings, attended and addressed numerous S. C. Conventions, attended several Camp Meeting and ministerial associations, etc., etc., etc.

When he came here the full membership of the church numbered 43. He received into the church to full membership from probation or profession 32, by letter 21, making 53 in all; 9 have left with letters and 4 have died, leaving a membership of 80; 21 others belong to the "Class" and are reckoned as probationers. The Sunday School connected with the Church has during this time nearly doubled in members and average attendance. Four persons were baptized last Sunday and several more are waiting for a proper time to be baptized by immersion.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, an excellent monthly, which has strong claims upon the public for support, and is really one of the most useful publications in the country, is afforded at the low price of \$1 a year. It is now under the editorial charge of Gail Hamilton, who seasons it with her spicy contributions, and some of our ablest writers help to fill its pages. The publishers present rare inducements to agents, who never fail to do well with the work, it is so good and so cheap. Among the premiums to agents are several beautiful chronographs, one of which—"Easter Morning," we have recently received and should be pleased to show to anybody who wishes to engage in the work. The *Household Magazine* is published by S. S. Wood & Co., at Newburg, N. Y.

ABOUT seventy subscribers were secured for the *Christian Union*, in this town, by Mr. Robbins, who are all to receive the beautiful chronograph—"Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep." We hope, however, that other copies will be more carefully packed than ours, which have just come to hand considerably injured by being bent in the mail bags. Chronographs from other parties have reached us in good condition within a few days, but they were carefully secured from such accidents.

THE delegates from the Reform Clubs on the Kennebec, who went to Portland on Friday last, had a hearty reception, and a Club was organized and 400 names pledged before the meeting broke up. The meeting was addressed by J. R. Osgood, Dr. Brickett, Capt. Wyman, Joshua Nye, Francis Murphy, Hon. T. H. Hubbard, and others. The fire is spreading in all directions. When are we to have a Club formed in Waterville?

FOUR persons in East Hanover, N. H., were poisoned by eating oysters a few days ago, and died in great agony. An analysis of the remains of the food showed no poison, but under the microscope it is said a large number of parasites were found in the oysters, alive and active, though they had been cooked full a day.

With trichinae in pork and poisonous parasites in oysters, what are we to eat with confidence?

CORN is now brought around by railroad from Belfast to supply the market on Kennebec river.

A WEALTHY lady resident of Beacon street, Boston, while crossing Blackstone square, last evening, was garroted and robbed of a valuable watch. Dangerously like New York.

A FEARFUL DISASTER occurred on the Mississippi, early yesterday morning. The steamer Oceanus, from Red River to St. Louis, when about 30 miles above Cairo, exploded her boiler, blowing her upper works away, the wreck immediately taking fire and burning to the water's edge. Of one hundred persons on board only about thirty were saved.

THERE is some prospect that the Maine State Agricultural Society will hold a show and fair at Bangor this season.

DR. MANN, of "Strippings and Molasses" memory was convicted of selling liquor contrary to law at the recent term of court at Skowhegan, but he squirms awfully.

UNDER the influence of rain and melted snow the Kennebec is getting its back up, and the ice has broken up between here and Kendall's Mills and is piled in a jam at the Head of the Falls.

LOST MAIL.—The paper bag due at the Waterville Post Office Wednesday P. M., failed to arrive, and has not yet been heard from. Uncle Samuel's boys are requested to look it up.

It is said that five families, embracing thirty persons left West Waterville this week, to settle in Tennessee.

THE ROBINS and Spring sparrows are here to gladden our hearts with their music; but where, oh, where are the hand-organs?

A pretty smart thunder shower roused the sleepers in Waterville about midnight on Tuesday.

RALLYING SONG.

Respectfully dedicated to the "Reform Clubs of the Kennebec."

Come, rally, rally, all who love,
Their country, and their neighbor,
To stand with us in phalanx strong,
And join our Christian band;
Aye! rally, rally, round our flag,
With this our temperance song,
And we will soon the demon drive,
From out this eastern region.

Come one and all, and sign the pledge,
To drink no rum or cider;
And be no more like silly flies,
To feed that bloated spider,
Who long hath sucked from out the veins
Of laborer and mechanic,
Their manly honor, pride and strength,
With greediness satanic.

We're bound to drive "King Alcohol"
Beyond our pine tree border,
And bring the sark his heel hath crushed,
To dwell in love and order.
We've bound the motto on our seal,
Shall have new force and meaning,
And Maine her sister States shall "lead"
In all our virtue leaning.

Come, rally, rally, all who've sighed
Over some brother's fall;
Come, rally, rally, all whose hearts
Can feel for one another.
Aye! Rally! and no quarter give,
'Till our feet the freedom,
Lies stark and stiff without the power
To bring the heart of woman.

Portland, April 3, 1872.

COMFORTING.—The Portland Daily Advertiser contains a graphic description of a "dog-fight" that recently took place in that city. Tom Hyer has not given much interest to the daily papers lately, but it is hardly time to despair and come down to the four-legged, bull dogs—unless there is a scheme a-foot to send one of them to Congress.

CRUEL.—The Portland Press commences a labored puff on our noble State in this way—"Before last winter Maine never had a legislature in the integrity of whose members the people did not have perfect confidence." The italic is ours, because we want to point out the simple and unsophisticated frankness and truthfulness of the Press. A bold editor that Mr. Pullen.

The newspapers should let our said "knife" alone till they see the point of it.—Ahem!

A LION TAMER TORN TO PIECES.—The Philadelphia Post of Wednesday gives the particulars of the tearing in pieces by lions of Joseph Whittle, who has since died.

The menagerie and circus of John O'Brien has been housed in winter quarters at Frankford, Oxford road and Franklin street, and is just on the eve of departing upon its regular tour. Joseph Whittle is connected with the establishment in the capacity of a lion tamer, owning himself, a den of trick lions. Another lion is also connected with the menagerie, owned by one Conklin, and it was this one that did the damage.

About 8.30 o'clock Whittle entered the cage in which this latter lion was confined, and began his training exercise. One part of the performance consists in the spectacle of the man inserting his head in the lion's mouth. Whittle placed his head between the jaws of the brute, when suddenly the lion uttered a growl and closed his jaws upon the unfortunate man. He screamed with agony, and the blood spouted from his wounds and trickled from the mouth of the beast, who still maintained his deadly grasp.

Whittle used the performing whip with all the energy left him, and lashed the lion until it released his hold, and slunk into a corner of its den, where it lay licking its lips and growling. By this time another attaché of the place had seized a fork used in training elephants, and ran to Whittle's assistance. This was the golden opportunity for his escape, but the fearless trainer, with a reckless courage, determined to conquer the brute or die, and advancing upon him, rained upon his head a shower of blows with his loaded whip. For a while the lion was cowed, but suddenly lashed into frenzy by the punishment he was suffering, he launched himself into the air and bore the trainer to the earth seizing him by the thigh, and crushing the bones and flesh into a jelly. The man with the iron prong goaded the animal and finally drove him off the prostrate form of Whittle, whom he then pulled from the cage through an aperture covered by a sliding iron door. Whittle by this time was insensible, and so horribly mangled that he seemed scarcely alive.

The first re-union of the members of the 11th Maine will be held in Bangor on Wednesday, the 26th day of June next. Music Hall on Main street, has been secured for the occasion, and will be open from 9 o'clock, a. m., for social business purposes. The public exercises will commence at 11 o'clock, a. m., and all friends of the regiment are cordially invited to be present. An oration will be delivered by H. M. Plaisted of Bangor. Dinner will be furnished at the Bangor House at 3 o'clock p. m. All who were, at any time, members of the regiment, are expected and desired to attend.

The vote of Lewiston was overwhelmingly in favor of the proposed Lewiston and Auburn railroad to connect with the Grand Trunk; and the vote that the city subscribe for 2245 shares of stock of the Lewiston and Auburn Railroad, connecting with the Grand Trunk Junction, connecting with the Grand Trunk Railway, at par value of \$100 per share, raising by loan not exceeding \$224,500, was carried, 1495 in favor to 146 opposed. And Auburn followed suit on Monday.

We hear of a saloon keeper in this city who had a barrel of cider, and wishing to get ahead of the officers, hired a jigger and sent the cider to the City Marshal's office with his compliments. This is outdoing Davy Crockett's coon, for he didn't wait to be asked to "come down."—[Bangor Whig.]

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—A terrible accident occurred Wednesday on the Midland Railroad near Hacksack, N. Y. The Saddle river bridge gave way and precipitated the train into the river. John Doremus, brakeman, man, was instantly killed, and 25 or 30 passengers were taken from the wreck, more or less injured. The baggage master had both legs broken, and David Blauvelt, the conductor, was badly bruised and is in a precarious condition.

ROME, April 9.—The Pope has refused to receive a sum of money which was offered to him by the Italian government. His Holiness in declining the gift declared that when it became necessary for him to accept alms as a means of maintaining a sustenance, he would only receive them from the Catholic world. [The amount offered by the Italian government in perpetuity is six hundred thousand dollars in gold per annum.]

MEDICAL USE OF ALCOHOL.—Harper's Magazine for April calls attention to the fact that a considerable degree of stir has been produced in London by the circulation of a declaration, from large numbers of the most eminent physicians of that city, in regard to alcohol, in which they state that, believing the inconsiderate prescription of large quantities of alcoholic liquids by medical men to have given rise, in many instances, to the foundation of intemperate habits, they are of the opinion that no medical practitioner should prescribe them without a grave sense of responsibility. They believe that alcohol, in whatever form, should be prescribed with as much care as any powerful drug, and that the directions should be accompanied by the understanding that its use is not to be interpreted as a sanction for excess or for the continuance of its use when the occasion is past. They also state that many people immensely exaggerate the value of alcohol as an article of diet; and hold that every practitioner is bound to exert his utmost influence to inculcate great moderation in the use of alcoholic liquids. Being also firmly convinced that the large amount of alcohol drinking is one of the greatest evils of the day, they urge the utmost caution against doing anything, either in their character as physicians or citizens, to extend its use. The list of subscribers to the declaration embraces men of the highest position in the profession.

It is seven years ago, although it seems but yesterday, since Lee surrendered. The great questions which arose to threaten the course of the Republic have been answered. The great army, which we were told would act the part of Prætorians, has been disbanded but not forgotten. The debt which it was said would sink us, is being paid rapidly, and in a few years will disappear all together. The negro who was a man is now a citizen. The sway of the law has been extended over the land, and the Union has been restored, not as it was before but better and purer, free from the stain which darkened our glory and made our boast of freedom a brazen lie. We are now enjoying the blessings of peace which have been won for us by our brave army, led by the man whom the Democrats would persuade us is a cheat and a knave. However he may have alienated the regards of politicians, the people gratefully remember his glorious services, and respect the brave soldier and honest President.—[Boston Traveller.]

A suit for a breach of contract, of a rather novel character, is now pending in one of the Vermont courts. In effect a gentle maiden sues a man for promising to buy her and then refusing to fulfill his contract. It seems that the lady had a farm which the man wanted to purchase. She offered the property and herself for \$20,000, and refused to sell separately. He accepted the terms, paid the money, obtained the title deeds of the land, and was so well satisfied with his bargain that he insisted on her keeping the rest of the p. rebased herself. She did not appreciate his magnanimity, and insisted on his marrying her. He declined, and now she has sued him for a breach of contract.—[Portland Advertiser.]

Archibald Rowan of Nashua, the man who had both legs crushed by a European & North American freight train going east between St. Croix and McAdam Junction, 5 o'clock Friday afternoon, died at about 9 o'clock the same evening. He was intoxicated at the time of the accident, and lying on the track in a state of stupor. The train was stopped as soon as possible, Rowan picked up and carried to the house of Mr. John Falconer. An engine was immediately despatched to Vanceboro, and a doctor brought over, and Mr. Cran then started with an engine to meet the doctor from St. Stephen, brought by Supt. Crangle to Watt Junction, but before the latter arrived, the man died. His age was about fifty, and he leaves a wife and family. His body was sent to Fredericton.

A TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKE.—A telegram from Constantinople brings intelligence that the city of Antioch in Syria has been visited by an earthquake, causing a terrible loss of life. The despatch states that one half of the city was totally destroyed. Fifteen hundred persons lost their lives. Great distress prevails in that portion of the city not demolished, and the remaining inhabitants are sadly annoyed at strange noises which still occur.

Asst. D. Nudd, esq., formerly of Waterville, who recently died in California, left \$115,000 to be more to be distributed among relatives.

FURIOUS TORNADO.—LOSS OF LIFE.—A tornado in Jasper County, Ill., on the 6th inst., demolished houses, barns, forests, etc. Two houses were torn to pieces in Newton, and Mrs. Mehan, Mr. Pope and Mrs. Lytle were killed, and several others of their families injured.

THE EARTHQUAKE.—San Francisco, April 10.—Letters from Lone Pine say that the whole of Owens Valley was moved southward fourteen feet. Over 700 shocks had occurred to date and still continued, but not with sufficient force to do damage. The earthquake of March 26th hurled immense rocks down the cliffs into the valley of the Yosemite, smashing pine trees of large size to splinters. An Indian runner brings a despatch from the mouth of the Colorado river which says the earthquake caused immense waves to roll up the Gulf of California, doing considerable damage to the shipping.

The remains of William Butnam, a son of the late Mr. F. A. Butnam, who was killed by falling under a railroad car in California some two years ago, finally arrived in Gardiner on the afternoon train on Tuesday the 2d, and were placed in Oak Grove Cemetery. The box and remains weighed some eleven hundred pounds, it is stated.

On Tuesday last week Elder John Cook, of the Free Baptist church of Burnham, was surprised by a visit from some of his friends and members of the church, who left with him seventy dollars in money, besides numerous other articles usually found at a donation. On the following evening the Methodists and their friends had another donation for their minister, Elder Charles Bray, and presented him with over seventy dollars in money, together with a general assortment of eatables.

Mr. E. D. Marshall fell between two cars at West Paris Tuesday afternoon, and the train passed over his body, cutting it completely in two and killing him instantly. He leaves a widow and two children.

A good story is told of a St. Louis nobby dry goods clerk, who attended a dance in the rural district a few evenings since. He wore a Cheviot shirt, and put on a great many airs. He was somewhat taken down, however, when he overheard one country lass say to another: "That St. Louis chap slings on a heap of style for a feller that wears a bed-tick shirt."

Mr. James Bray of Skowhegan, weighs 402 pounds and his girth is five feet ten inches. Two years ago Mr. Bray's weight was 440 pounds.

THE REPORT OF THE SUPT. OF SCHOOLS is full of valuable statistics and practical suggestions. Maine expends \$4.06 per capita of school population, for common schools; Massachusetts, \$20.66; Nevada, \$19.17; Connecticut, \$12.92; Rhode Island, \$11.89; New Jersey, \$8.89, etc. The assessed valuation of property, per capita, is \$357.71, in Maine and in Massachusetts, \$672.39. There are 20,000 people who cannot read and write, in this State, or about one third of the population. The largest rate of taxation in this country, to support schools, is in Dickeyville, 16 1/2 mills on the dollar; the lowest is in Masardis and Smyrna, 4 1/2 mills, and Houlton 4 mills. Fort Fairfield pays the most for supervision, \$117; Hodgdon next, \$46. Houlton and Fort Fairfield vote the most school money.

O'CONNOR, the Irish boy charged with an assault on Queen Victoria, pleads guilty and asks for mercy on the ground that he was insane at the time.

[He has since been convicted and sentenced to 12 months imprisonment at hard labor and to receive 20 lashes.]

CARPETED FLOORS.—When a carpet is taken up to be cleaned, the floor beneath is generally much covered with dust. This dust is very fine and dry, and poisonous to the lungs. Before removing it, sprinkle the floor with very dilute carbolic acid, to kill any poisonous germs that may be present and to thoroughly disinfect the floor and render it sweet.

We ask no law to make men sober. Men are sober naturally. What we ask is, that you repeal the law by which men are deprived of their natural sobriety in law-licensed drunkeries; or, at least, give the people the power to suppress these drunkeries, if they so will, by a majority of votes.—J. A. Mowatt, in Irish Temperance Star.

THE Emperor Louis Napoleon simply banished Henri Rochefort for sedition, giving him the liberty of the whole world outside of France, and the whole world cried out against the tyranny of the Emperor. The French Republic passes sentence of death, for political offences, upon the same Rochefort, and as an act of clemency commutes the sentence to transportation and servitude in penal colony. There are now in the prisons of Versailles twenty-two communists under sentence of death.

The attempt to blow up the ice with dynamite on the 1st inst., having failed, the liquors seized in this city a year ago last summer, some forty barrels of different kinds, which have been lying under City Hall to season, were emptied upon the ice in the Kenduskeag near Central bridge, on Saturday afternoon. The effect was startling, and the fiery stuff burned its way through the ice like molten iron. Quite a number of old timers looked on with regretful eyes and parched lips.—[Bangor Whig.]

JUDGE WALTON on Friday morning refused the petition for a temporary injunction in the case of inhabitants of South Berwick vs. Boston and Maine Railroad Company. It is understood that the several complainants will bring writs of entry against the corporation, and also a new bill of equity, thus beginning proceedings anew on a new basis.

At a council held in Dakota on the 22d of March, the Chief Red Cloud professed great friendship for the whites and an earnest desire to maintain peace. His conduct during the winter was good, and the Indian Agent is inclined to believe that he speaks in good faith. Most of the tribes are well disposed, and Indian affairs in that quarter look favorable.

OMAHA, April 9.—The storm of Saturday and Sunday was very severe throughout Colorado and Wyoming, two feet of snow falling, but the weather is again pleasant, and travel on the railroads will be unimpeded.

NEW YORK, April 10.—The Committee of Seventy has issued an address to the citizens warning them not to relax their efforts for reform. They state that nothing of a permanent nature for the relief of the city and the reorganization of its government and affairs has yet been consummated. The address seems to regard the defeat of the charter as inevitable. The citizens are urged irrespective of party, religion or nationality to organize reform associations for the purpose of securing a pure government.

Prudon Letourneau of West Waterville, bought the mare Topsey of Henry Day of Monmouth, last week, for \$2,500. Letourneau Bros. have sold from their stable in West Waterville within the last six months, four fine horses for \$5,000.

The State Sunday School convention will be held in Dexter, May 22d, and not April 22d, as incorrectly stated in some of the papers.

David Lincoln of North Vassalboro', has received a letter from Kansas conveying to him the painful intelligence that his son Frank has had both of his legs taken off below the knees, by the cars on which he was a brakeman.

Bonner, being importuned to "write an article" favoring larger pay for ministers, said he would write a very short one. He did, and handed it to Dr. McCosh. It was a check for \$5000.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

I take this opportunity to return heart-felt thanks to my friends for the generous donation in money, and other valuable presents given us on the evening of April 8d, and at other times. I wish also to assure the people of Waterville that their many acts of kindness, and expressions of good will have been appreciated; and upon them all I earnestly invoke God's richest blessings.

A. S. LADD.

Waterville, April 8.

Insurance.

ENTIRE SAFETY.

T. BOOTHBY, 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.

North British and Mercantile Ins. Co.

London, Assots, (Capital), \$11,000,000.

Home, New York.

Assets, \$4,000,000.

Andes, Cincinnati.

Assets, \$1,201,000.

Phoenix Fire Insurance Co.

