



4-19-1872

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 43): April 19, 1872

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 43): April 19, 1872" (1872). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 451.

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APRIL DAYS.

On the sweet, sweet lapsing of the tide,
Through the still hours of the golden afternoon!
Oh, the warm, red sunbeams, far and wide,
Falling soft as in the crowning days of June!

Call the gray sand-piper from the quiet shore;
Weave the swallows light and music through the air;
Chant the sparrow at his pleasure of air and o'er;
Sings and smiles the spring, and sparkles everywhere.

Well I know that death and pain to all are near,
That, save sorrow, naught is certain this world gives;
Yet my heart stirs with the budding of the year,
And rejoices still with everything that lives.

Gold me, O south wind! God is good!
Gladly, gratefully I take thy sweet caress.
Call, sand-piper, from thy solitude,
Every sound and sight has power to bless.

Oh, the sweet, sweet lapsing of the tide,
Through the still hours of the golden afternoon!
Nor death, nor pain, nor sorrow, shall abide,
For God blesses all his children, late or soon.
—Celia Thaxter in *Independent*.

THE MISCHIEF-MAKER.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Between the rivers Catnach and Beelma, in the Dackan, surrounded by wild rocky hills, lies the town of Shorapoor, capital of a State of that name inhabited by a people who have generally been considered lawless, superstitious, and quarrelsome. Of late years they have been more industrious and peaceable, and though still an excitable race, may be said to be advanced in the arts of peace.

It was during a more remote period, when few strangers ever ventured to penetrate the town, that a weary looking traveler covered with dust entered one of the gates, and sat down awhile at the side of the wall. He then proceeded to take off his wristbands and turban, washed his head and feet, drank of the cool refreshing water, combed his head and his mustaches, and spreading a small carpet on which he laid his trusty sword, drew from his wallet a neat little muslin skull-cap; then seated himself cross-legged, lighted his pipe, and began to look comfortable indeed.

In the meantime there were not wanting many idle and curious people, who, having first at a distance observed the movements of the stranger, approached him nearer. But he seemed to take little notice of the crowd and appeared absorbed in a sense of his own enjoyment taking long whiffs of his pipe and looking as if he had made considerable progress toward the third heaven.

At length a respectable looking man who had come up, drew nearer than the rest, and asked him from whence he had traveled, and whether he was going? What was he seeking in Shorapoor, and whether he was a merchant, or merely came to look about him? But the questions only ended in smoke, being answered only by whiffs.

Then came another still bolder man, and said: "Sir, the heat is great; be pleased to come with me to my house, and repose yourself there, and I will give you a nice, cool place in which you may sleep."

Upon this the stranger drew his pipe from his mouth and replied: "You are exceedingly kind, good sir; and I am really grateful to you for your proffered hospitality; but the fact is, I don't believe you would wish to have me in your house, did you know what I really am."

And thus saying, he rolled his eyes about, and assumed such a mysterious air that an indescribable terror seized the crowd; so much so that, in falling hastily back, some of them fell down, and others tumbled over them in a very ludicrous manner.

"He's a thief," whispered one. "Or a Thug," said another. "Or an evil spirit in the form of a man," observed a third. "At all events, doesn't he look like a man who has killed another?"

In short, the alarm became general, and several deemed it prudent to sneak off and then take to their heels. A few, however, of the bolder spirits kept their ground; and seeing that the stranger did nothing but take long whiffs from his pipe, sending the smoke peacefully curling over his head and mustaches out of the nostrils, they regained their confidence, and began to think that, after all, he might be some important personage; who could tell? So after pushing and elbowing among themselves, a man was thrust forward under an idea that something might come of it; but no, the stranger appeared indifferent as ever.

Then another, who had screwed up his courage to that point, boldly advanced and spoke:

"Do, pray, sir, tell us who on earth you may be?"

"No answer."

Then the man who had offered a sleeping place in his house chimed in and said: "Aye, sir, do let us know who or what you may be? I assure you we are not afraid of you." And with these words he twisted up his mustaches and tried to look as fierce and bold as possible, while his knees were knocking together, and his heart fluttering all the while. On a repetition of these questions, however, by both of these men, the stranger, with infinite gravity, took the pipe from his mouth, and thus spoke:

"Are you not too much frightened to hear?"

The runaway, however, had departed, and those left behind seemed more determined not to follow them more especially as the stranger had made no sign as if he would draw his sword, neither did they think he looked so horrible now. They, therefore, one and all, called out:

"No! we are not a bit afraid, let us hear!"

"Well," exclaimed the stranger, taking a long puff at his pipe, "strange as it may appear to you all, my name is Mischief-Maker! And what is very extraordinary, whatever I do, wherever I go, wherever I am, I always create mischief. I always have created mischief, and shall continue to do so to the end of my life!" And upon this he rolled his eyes, and puffed away at his pipe harder than ever.

"Oh, is this all?" cried the party, "is this all?"

"For a matter of that," said an active little man with twinkling eyes, "you need be under no uneasiness whatever. I defy you to make more mischief than we have already, for we are well more or less at enmity with our neighbors; and as our fathers and grandfathers were the same, we conclude it must be owing to something that can't be changed; for instance, the air or water of our town; so get your heart at rest, and come along with us, and we'll take care of you."

"Well," rejoined the stranger, "I am very glad indeed to hear what you say of your town; for to be candid with you, it is exactly what I heard of you as I came along, and this makes me think that in a place where all are mischief-makers and busy-bodies already, I could have nothing to do, but (for once in my life) live in peace. However, don't trust me—that's all I have to say—and if any evil arises from my visit turn me out, and I'll seek a home elsewhere."

An old Brahmin had come up in time to hear the avowal. "This is very strange," said the wise man. "This fellow is surely a magician, and may set all the rocks of Shorapoor dancing and tumbling about our ears some day. Turn him instantly away, or it may be the worse for us all!"

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"No, no," shouted the multitude, "that would be inhospitable. Let him remain, and we shall soon see what he can do."

The little active man now came forward again, and said shyly, "Sir, if you are really such a mischief-maker as you describe yourself to be, suppose you were to give us a little specimen of your powers—just some trifling matter to judge by."

"What, now?" said the stranger.

"Aye, now!" exclaimed all; and the sooner the better."

"Well, let it be so," said he; let me put up my things and come along!" And with this he arose, packed up, girded on his sword, and strode majestically forward followed by a crowd continually increasing as they advanced, further into the town.

"Now don't push or press upon me so much," said the stranger, "but observe what I do, and watch the consequences." So they let him proceed, and as he advanced, they soon perceived that he was forming some deep plan, particularly as he paused every now and then, with his forefinger between his teeth, and nodded and wagged his head as much as to say, "I have it!" upon which he made straight for a shop kept by a man who sold flour and such like things, and accosting the dealer with great civility, asked if he had any honey.

"That I have, sir," replied the shop keeper, "plenty of it, fresh from the comb; only taste it, and I am sure you will buy. Here, sir, look at this beautiful jar, full of the finest honey that was ever seen in Shorapoor."

"It looks well," replied the stranger, dipping his hand in it; "and it does not taste amiss;" saying which he gave his finger a little careless kind of a shake; but he knew right well what he was about, a little lump stuck on the outer wall.

"It really is good," said the mischief-maker. Give me a small pot of it, that I may take it home to my children."

While the shop keeper was filling a new pot, over which he tied a fresh leaf, the people who had been following came up and said, "Sir, you are making game of us; you are giving us no proof of what you said. What mischief is there in buying a little pot of honey?"

"Be quiet, my good people, and content yourselves for a couple of minutes, while I get my change, and put my purchase in a safe place, and you will soon see something—wait here and I'll be back to you directly." The mischief-maker vanished in an instant.

Now it happened that this shop was a mere shed of a place, projecting into the street, from the wall on which the honey had been thrown, nor had the tempting bait been there long before it was smelt out by a large hungry fly, which had been spending many fruitless hours buzzing about the dealer's jar so careful was it always covered. Here was a glorious opportunity for a fine supper; and down he came upon it with an eager appetite—without looking about him, as he ought—for ever his head, under the cover of the wall, among old chinks and cobwebs, dwelt a wily, dark covered lizard that enjoyed a fly beyond everything else in the world, and had been particularly unsuccessful in fly catching all day. Watching, therefore, till the fly had buried his mining apparatus deep in the honey, he crept down quietly, looking as like a bit of old plaster as possible, but for those bright eyes of his, which in his eagerness for the capture, were intensely fixed upon the fly. Unlucky wight! Little did he think that those very eyes had attracted the attention of a fine Tabby cat, which a few minutes before, with blinking eyes, presented a picture of contentment, but now roused by a sudden temptation, was crouching steadily down as she beheld the lizard, for which she had so often watched in vain. Down stole the lizard—on stole the cat; so here at the same moment were three creatures bent upon indulgence that they never thought of looking around them. But were these three all the parties to be engaged? Alas! no. There was a sworn enemy of the cat's approaching also (under cover of a large basket) in the shape of a mischievous white dog kept by a quarrelsome man on the other side of the street. This dog was a terror to all cats in the neighborhood, and most of all to the flour-dealer's, so often had he chased her, and so often experienced the bitter disappointment of seeing her climb up from the posts of the shop, and then spit at him from the top of the shed.

Infatuated lizard! Wretched fly! Betrayed puss! She heeded not the sly creep of the dog, so intent was she upon the successful issue of her spring upon the lizard. The fly was gorging himself with honey. He alone purloined of the intense anxiety of the lizard, the cat, and the dog. He partook only of honey.

The crisis at length arrived. The lizard made its nimble pounce at the fly. The cat sprang at the lizard. The lizard missed its footing in consequence, and would have been the cat's portion—fly, honey, and all—but for the dog's sudden attack upon puss. Here was a scene! The lizard, falling to the ground, was at once involved in consequence of the quarrel between dog and cat. What were fly or honey to him at the moment when in a state between life and death he crept back sore and wounded to his chinks and cobwebs? The fly, might or might not have escaped. Not so, the cat, now sorely worried by the dog, in spite of all her outcries and all she could do in the way of biting and clawing; for it was an old score the dog was paying her off, and that might soon cost her her life, if her master had not rushed out of the shop with a broomstick, with which he began to belabor the dog.

Now the owner of the dog had been as long at enmity with the man of flour and honey, as the dog had been at enmity with the cat, and probably longer. Of course, therefore, when he heard his animal's cries, and saw the punishment inflicted, he armed himself with a broomstick also, and, rushing across the street, gave the flour-dealer a crack upon his head, that knocked him down as flat as a pancake.

"Take that, you villain!" said he, "for it is a debt I have long owed you."

"Have you?" said the flour dealer's son, as he rushed out with a cudgel in his hand.

"Then tell me how you like that"—giving him a hearty whack across the shoulders, so that he was fain to drop his broomstick.

Yet the blow had hardly been given, before a friend of the dog's master ran up with a drawn sword, and would have made mincemeat of the flour-dealer's son, but for a soldier who cried out, "Shame, thou coward and son

of a coward, who would attack a youth with only a stick in his hand, and you armed with a sword. Shame on you! It's just like you rascally Hindoo fellows, who pretend to be soldiers, and are as much like soldiers as that poor cat. Why don't you try me?"

"Why not?" replied the man. "Do you think I'm afraid of such a bully as you! Come on, you scoundrel, and I'll show you what difference there is between a cat and a Hindoo!"

Upon this, the soldier drew his sword, and they began to cut at each other in good earnest.

On all this the people cried out "Murder! murder!" and a great many soldiers running to the spot were soon engaged, always attacking the Hindoos, who were on the dog's side, and the Hindoos the Mussulmans, who were on the side of the cat; and whenever a Hindoo and a Mussulman were fighting, the Hindoos aided the Hindoo, and the Mussulmans the Mussulman, and the consequence was the death of many on each side, and the wounding of the foolish, quarrelsome people engaged.

Of course such a hubbub as this could not be long continued without its being reported to the Rajah, who forthwith hastened from his palace, with his body guard and some horsemen, and soon put a stop to this terrible far, and all the ringleaders were forthwith seized and tied together, and marched off to prison, there to be closely inquired into, and the cause of so dreadful a riot ascertained, and fixed upon the guilty.

All that night, therefore, were the magistrates and police officers hard at work, listening to evidence, but they did not advance a single step in the business, nor for several days after, notwithstanding the great impatience of the Rajah, to whom they could only report from time to time the hearing of nothing but the words, "Cat, dog—cat and dog"—"Dog and cat"—"Dog"—"Cat."

A very similar feeling, also, was entertained by the lawyers who were called in, and who after intense application declared themselves doubtful—so much was to be advanced and really to be said and supported by various precedents, both on the side of the cat and of the dog, and consequently of the owner of the cat as well as the owner of the dog, and the parties of the owners of the cat and the dog—inasmuch that the whole city was split into the most determined cat and dog factions, and all strangers that entered the gates were instantly absorbed in the cat and dog vortex, and whirled actually round and round in the terrible far, which every now and then broke out in fresh fury, notwithstanding all the vigilance of the Rajah's guards. And yet even these valiant heroes were in some degree infected, giving slight cuts at cat or dog men, just as they themselves inclined to support the cat or dog question.

And so matters might have remained either to the day of final depopulation of Shorapoor, or Doomsday itself, but for the wise old Brahmin who had given such timely warning to turn out the stranger.

He had in reality been quietly chuckling a little, as many are wont to do who have lived to see their prophecies first despised and then fulfilled; but his heart relenting, he hastened to the palace and prostrating himself before the Rajah with hands joined together he thus spoke:

"May I be your sacrifice, O thou eater of mountains and drinker of rivers! I have a petition to make in this matter of cats and dogs!"

"It shall be heard," replied the Rajah. "Thou art a wise man; what dost thou say?"—"Dog—cat—dog and cat, or cat and dog! for my own part I shall reserve my decision, though somewhat inclined to the opinion that the cat caused all the mischief, and for this reason: because if the dog had not seen the cat, he very probably would not have chased her—out of sight out of mind, being one of the oldest and wisest of proverbists."

"Alas! that I should differ with your Highness—Brave Falcon, terrible in war—the most valiant of the State—the Tiger of the Country; replied the Prime Minister. 'How could that cat help being worried by the dog!—and did not nature give her a right to go where she pleased?'"

So the whole court took at once different sides, and matters might have come to a serious explosion, even within the sacred walls of the palace itself, but for the Brahmin, who again lifted up his voice and said:

"May it please your Highness! Let me declare to you that it was neither the dog nor the cat that caused all the misery, but the fly and the honey!"

"The fly and the honey! The fly and the honey!" exclaimed the astonished Rajah.

"What honey and what fly?" said a third man.

And as this was a perfectly new idea, the assembly listened with profound attention while the holy man unfolded the true history of the case. His having seen the stranger, and warned the people against him. How accurately he had observed the drop of honey dabbed on the wall. Then the approach of the fly, the sly gliding of the lizard, the wily creeping of the cat, and the stealthy, vindictive movements of the dog—involving all the creatures in much pain and difficulty, which afterward overspread the whole city.

"Hold, learned man," cried the Rajah, "thou hast said well; my eyes are opened! And he desired search to be made for the man who had too well earned the title of mischief-maker. But he was nowhere either to be found or heard of, and the poor flour-dealer, who stood among the prisoners with bandaged head, declared that the villain had not even paid for the honey which caused the whole tumult."

"Well," exclaimed the Rajah, after a profound pause, "here now is most plainly to be seen a proof, if any such were required, that my subjects only want a pretext, no matter what, to quarrel, and they are sure to go to the loggerheads. I throw no blame either on the cat or the dog, for each followed its own peculiar instinct. The blame and the punishment, too, must light upon the owners of the dog and cat for fighting, and thus inducing others to espouse so ridiculous a quarrel."

And forthwith he ordered all the principal rioters into confinement, saying also to the rest of the people:

"Go home now, fools that ye are, and try whether you cannot make up your minds to live in peace with one another. I cannot prevent you keeping cats and dogs, because were I to do so we should be devoured by vermin and exposed to robbery. But this I tell you, you shall not turn yourselves into cats and dogs for the future with impunity—depart!"

So they all sneaked off, and the active little man

whose head somebody had broken scratched it and said:

"Only think how well that strange fellow knew us all!"

WALKING.—Walking briskly, with an exciting object of pleasant interest ahead, is the most healthful of all forms of exercise except that of encouraging remunerative, steady labor in the open air; and yet multitudes in the city, whose health urgently requires exercise, seldom walk when they can ride if the distance is a mile or more. It is worse in the country, especially with the well-to-do; a horse or carriage must be brought to the door even if less distances have to be passed. Under the conditions first named, walking is a bliss; it gives animation to the mind, it vivifies the circulation, it paints the cheek and sparkles the eye, and wakes up the whole being, physical, mental, and moral.

We know a family of children in this city who, from the age of seven, had to walk nearly two miles to school, winter and summer; whether sleet, or storm, or rain, or burning sun, they made it an ambition never to stay away from school on account of the weather, and never to be late; and one of them was heard to boast that in seven years it had never been once necessary to give an "excuse" for being one minute behind the time, even although in the winter it was necessary to dress by gaslight. They did not average two days' sickness in a year, and later they thought nothing of walking twelve miles at a time in the Swiss mountains. Sometimes they would be caught in drenching rains, and wet to the skin; on such occasions they made it a point to do one thing—let it rain, and trudged on more vigorously until every thread was dry before they reached home.

There is no unmedicated remedy known to men of more value in the prevention of constipation than a few miles' joyous walking; let one follow it up a week—a walk of two or three miles in the forenoon, and as much in the afternoon—and, except in rare cases, when a longer continuance may be made, the result will be triumphant; and yet nine persons out of ten would rather give a dollar a bottle for some nauseous drops or poisonous pills than take the trouble to put in practice the natural remedy of walking. Nor is there an antidote among all the drugs in the world which is the hundredth part so efficacious in securing refreshing, healthful, delicious glorious sleep, as a judicious walk.—[Hall's Journal of Health.

LIGHTNING RODS should not be insulated. The golden rule in regard to the erection of lightning rods is to place the lower end of the rod in communication with an extensive conducting surface underground; the electricity is thereby dissipated without injury to the building in which the rod is struck.

If the area of this conducting surface equals that of the roof of the building, the rods being of proper size, perfect protection may be expected, not otherwise.

You will invariably find, in the examples of rodged buildings that have been damaged by lightning, that the lower extremities of the rods were not arranged in accordance with the above rule. The general practice is simply to stick the extremity of the rod into the ground for a short distance and then leave it, no provision for underground conducting surface being made. This is a very defective and unsafe practice.

A good way to provide the necessary conducting surface is to connect the rod with an iron pipe, laid down especially for the purpose and extended several hundred feet under ground away from the building, burying the pipe for the whole distance in charcoal or in moist earth. Another plan is to make a trench leading from the building and fill in with old iron or iron ore, the lower end of the rod being made to communicate with such conducting material. In towns where there are water and gas mains, the lightning rods should connect with them, as the metals of such pipes present large conducting surfaces.

You will perceive from the foregoing that an essential part of the lightning rod is an extensive conducting surface underground. If your rod lacks this, it is of little value, your house is not protected, and in the very next thunder storm you may suffer damage.—[Scientific American.

DR. HALL says that no medicine known up to this time has ever had any appreciable effect in the direct cure of consumption, beyond what is better accomplished by:

- 1st. An abundant supply of out-door air.
- 2d. A good appetite.
- 3d. A vigorous digestion.
- 4th. Mind and body pleasantly, profitably and absorbently occupied.
- 5th. Keeping the bodily functions in healthful order.

All these can be better regulated and secured at home than elsewhere; and hence he concludes that the best place for consumptives in all latitudes and localities, winter and summer, is at their own comfortable homes.

RECIPE for hard times: Look sharp to your expenses. No matter what chaps in, if more goes out, you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it; little expenses, like nice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. A barrel is soon empty, if the tap leaks but a drop a minute. When you mean to save begin with your mouth; many thieves pass down the red line. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing; never mind the looks. A fool can make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it.

The American Tract Society during the last year have issued two hundred and thirty-three new publications. Two hundred and eighty-seven active colporteurs have been doing missionary work—these include students from twenty-three colleges. These have held and addressed 10,000 religious meetings, and made 278,000 family visits, praying and exhorting. A large number of Sunday schools have been established; 13,595 Protestant families were found without the Word of God to whom it was supplied by the colporteurs. Three million six hundred thousand pages of tracts are distributed every year besides eight million copies of the periodicals. The donations amount to \$116,000, supplemented by \$100,000 from the publication fund. The society is publishing these tracts in one hundred and forty-three languages and dialects.

BIG BROTHERS AND LITTLE SISTERS.

"There's always two sides to everything," said a positive, boyish voice outside my window this morning.

"There ain't two sides to a string," answered a smaller voice, equally positive and equally regardless of grammar.

But while I smiled at the speaker, the words of the first fitted into my thoughts as to the duty of sisters to their young brothers was particularly set forth; and I was thinking how, as I read that chapter, a pair of bright eyes looked over my shoulder, and their owner said:

"That's so; the girls do plague us awfully. I just wish you'd write another book and give it to 'em harder!"

But there are always two sides to every thing, and it is the other side about which I want to talk to you, boys, a few moments.

There was once a tiny girl toilingly going through her Sunday school lesson, and it was observed that as she studied the small face grew more and more clouded, until at last she lifted up her voice and wept loud and long, whereat there was a great consternation, until it occurred to somebody to ask what was the matter.

"Because—because"—sobbed poor little Polly, "the verse says, 'Add to your godliness, brotherly kindness,' and if that's kindness like Tom's I don't like it at all!"

What did she mean? Well, I suspect she meant Tom was just such a brother to her, as a great many of you are to your little Pollies at home. I suspect she knew what it was to have her dolls hung up in the apple trees, and her kittens tied together, and to be leaped at from behind doors and growled at in dark corners. I imagine she had been tickled and pinched and looked into the closet; she was used to being called a pickle and a cry-baby, and a little pug, and to trotting with patient feet upstairs, downstairs, out to the orchard, in to the tool-room, hither and yonder on errands, for the doing of which she received only a tweak of the ear or a careless jest in place of thanks.

Yet, I also suspect that Tom was a generous heart who despised a "sneak," and who, if he had seen another boy abuse or torment Polly, would have promptly offered to bestow on the individual a black eye. I have no doubt that in the play ground or school he was good-natured and honorable, disdaining a mean action and emulous to be manly. He would open wide eyes of astonishment at any suggestion of cruelty in his conduct toward his sister and reply with honest candor:

"Why it's only Polly; she don't mind." "Ah, boys! only Polly!" has a tender little heart, and it aches many a time when you don't know it, with the sting of your careless teasing. The words you utter so lightly, and forget in ten minutes, are arrows to her sensitive little soul, and the tricks which seem to you so trifling are weighty trials to her.

Well, but, says Tom, "it's so silly of her to mind; because she knows we don't mean anything."

That is one view of it. I suppose if she was a boy, or grown up, or wise, she would not mind; but being just Polly, little and weak and silly—if that is what you call it—she cannot help it. You know if you squeeze a rubber ball tightly in your hand it will expand again into its round ball as ever, and you cannot even see the place where it was compressed. But if you try the same experiment on a handful of rose leaves the result will be very different. And rose leaves are not much more easily crushed than Polly's feelings. It seems absurd to Tom; but then it is a fact, and facts, you know, even if they are ever so much in the way, cannot be disregarded. Wouldn't Tom be the truer gentleman if he accepted facts and spared Polly's feelings even at the loss of a little fun? After all, is the fun so amusing it can't be replaced with something better? Then too, Polly loves Tom so dearly; she is so ready to believe in the extent of his strength and wisdom and ability, if he will but leave her faith undisturbed by teasing pranks. Tom has a warm heart under his jacket, and privately enjoys Polly's love and admiration; but I also think it is a pity he covers up his feelings so carefully, and rather snubs Polly's kisses. For the day will come when the little sister's love will be valued at its worth, and it may be wished for in vain.

Once we were going on a grand fishing excursion from Cherrywood, and word was brought that a certain famous traveller would like to join us. It was a man that had ridden elephants in India, and polar bears at the North Pole, for all I know! He had hunted lions, and been lost in jungles, and fringed in hot countries, and stiffened in Arctic regions and been all over the world; he had been a soldier, too, and everybody who knew about him knew what courage and patience and nobility meant to the man. You can imagine how the boys shouted at the prospect of having such a fishing companion, who could tell stories of everything they wanted to know, and answer all their questions; and who liked boys too!

Well the reality was just as delightful as we all expected, which is saying a great deal, as everyone knows who has ever belonged to a debating club and discussed the question about the pleasure of anticipation. After we came home I said to the famous traveller:

"Which of the boys did you like best?"

And he answered promptly, "Jack."

So I asked why, because I thought he would have said Tom, or Dick, or Harry, and this was what he said:

"Because he went back after we were started to kiss his little sister, and wasn't ashamed of it either."

Then this brave, wise man—the bravest man I ever knew—told me a secret. Said he:

"The real promise for a boy's future is shown in the way he treats his little sister."

"Dear me!" thought I, "what a lovely time your sisters must have had!"

But I didn't say that. I only wondered how many of the Toms I know would be willing to have the hope of their future manliness measured by their treatment of their little Pollies.

But oh, my dear boys, I think my traveller was right; for the most truly brave soul is tender toward the little and weak; the most manly heart is the one that loves most; the greatest are the most patient; and the St. Georges who are sure to conquer the dragons abroad, are gentlest with the Pollies at home.—[Christian Union.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—Hon. Thomas H. Benton of Missouri, once said:

My mother asked me never to use tobacco; I have never touched it from that time to the present day. She asked me not to gamble, and I have never gambled, and cannot tell who is losing in games that are being played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking; and whatever capacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I may have attained in life, I have attributed to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence; and that I have adhered to it all the time, I owe to my mother."

Now, boys, what do you think of that? Did this man lose anything by attending to his mother's advice about using tobacco, gambling, and drinking? These are all bad habits, and mother knew it before the boy did, and therefore she warned him against them. And then do you notice how he kept his resolution? Many make promises which they never keep, but this boy having made a promise to abstain from drinking intoxicating liquors, kept it ever after, though he lived to be old. He was truthful, you see in word and in deed.

THE PROGRESS OF THE YEARS.—They do not go from us, but we from them; stepping from the old into the new, and always leaving some baggage, no longer serviceable, on the march. Look back along the way we have trodden; there they stand, every one in its place, holding fast all that was left in trust with them. Some keep our childhood, some our youth, and all have something of ours which they will give up for neither bribe nor prayer—the opinions cast away, the hopes that went with us no farther, the cares that have had successors, and the follies outgrown, to be reviewed by memory, and called up for evidence some day.—[Exchange.

The Harvard Advocate has received from an unknown writer a humorous poem of some two hundred lines, beginning—

An elephant sat in a swallow's nest,
Drinking a cup of tea;
And watching a delicate hen, that sang
From the top of a neighboring tree.

He requests if it be too long for insertion to inform him whether or no we think the Atlantic would accept. It is too long for us; and as for the Atlantic, we have our doubts, but strongly advise him to tie it securely to half a brick, go down to the end of Long Wharf, and try.

POULTRY KEEPING FOR WOMEN.—There are many women who, especially within the last half dozen years, while the price of eggs has been so high, make money much faster by tending poultry than by sewing. It is an occupation especially suited to women, because it involves patience and constant attention to details rather than strength. Then again the hardest thing for many men to learn, in handling either poultry or bees, is gentleness. How many times we have seen boys, and men with no more sense than boys, jerk hens roughly from their nests, enter the poultry house abruptly, and frighten the occupants till they rush in a fluttering mass into the farthest corner, and keep the poultry community in constant agitation and distress. But all domestic animals appreciate the manners of women attendants, when they are fortunate enough to be cared for by them. Now that there are women gardeners and florists, who with commendable industry and business qualities have risen to emin

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM. DANIEL R. WING.
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... APR. 19, 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 required at this office:

S. M. PETTENI & Co., No. 10 State St., Boston, and 87 Park Row, New York.

S. R. NILES, No. 1 Scollay Building, Boston.

GEO. P. HOWELL & Co., No. 40 Park Row, New York.

T. G. 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."

Mr. Samuel Hitchens, who sent the vial of grasshoppers we mentioned last week, corrects our statement a little. "The soil was taken from the flower garden last fall and put into the collar, and has not been frozen. In less than a peck we have already counted twenty-two live grasshoppers." This looks better. In a cellar that did not freeze at all, a delicate little grasshopper would stand a better chance for his life, in a winter like this, than if left in the open field. Very few farmers have saved grasshopper seed as tenderly as Mr. Hitchens. Perhaps they were merciful to his fields last year.

Mr. A. Crowell—known so well to the buyers of dry and fancy goods, both from his store and from his "travelling repository"—hands us some roots of different grasses taken from his field, that certainly promise well for hay next July. They were deeply covered by the aftermath, but they gave marked indication of having grown some during their long slumber under the snow. How is it, farmers, is there really any danger, as you sometimes assert, that a heavy fall growth left upon the ground will kill the roots? The deeper and more permanent the snow the better as you say, and as experience proves. Now Mr. Crowell agrees with us in saying that the danger is altogether on the other side,—that the winter-killing of which you complain comes generally from too close mowing and feeding which exposes the roots, and not one time in a hundred from too heavy a covering of fall feed. If any of you dispute us, the Mail will give you free room for your argument.

Twenty-one million dogs!—only think of it! The newspapers are passing round the assertion that there is this number of dogs in this country. And they add the frightful statement that enough of them run mad every year to cause the death of ten thousand persons by hydrophobia. This last number is probably too high; but it is doubtless a fact that enough of them run loose to destroy several millions of sheep. In Illinois, Pennsylvania and Ohio there are extensive sections where wool-growing has to be given up entirely on account of the ravages of the dogs. A single state sets the loss at nearly half a million, worth at least a million dollars. In Maine it is estimated at over a hundred thousand. Let a Waterville man look at these facts, and then be seen doing, sneaking cheating and fibbing to escape the assessors of the dog tax! Just think of a man who casts off or refuses to own his faithful dog just at taxing time! Tim Snifter's "dog heaven" will be located a mile and a half above his reach.

THIRD DISTRICT CONVENTION.—The Republicans of the Third Congressional District of Maine will meet in convention at Granite Hall, Augusta, on Tuesday, May 21st, 1872, at 12 o'clock, to nominate candidates for representative to Congress, elector of president, and two alternates to the national convention. Each city, town, and plantation will be entitled to one delegate, and an additional delegate for every hundred votes cast for Governor Perham in 1871. A majority fraction will be entitled to an additional delegate. This basis will give Albion 2, Augusta 11, Bangor 3, Benton 2, Canaan 2, China 4, Clinton 3, Fairfield 4, Norridgewood 3, Sidney 3, Skowhegan 6, Vassalboro' 5, Waterville 6, Winslow 3.

Nor so!—The greedy and irresponsible little reporters to the daily papers have within the past week been making sad work in the quiet and industrious little village of Benton. They have reported both its bridges carried away, and the two dams so nearly destroyed as to be almost useless for business. The real situation at this time is believed to be, that the upper dam, Hamscom & Donnell's, has been carried away, and the lower one, Crosby & Heath's, slightly injured; but neither of the bridges is gone, though the upper one, is temporarily impassable. Nor is the railroad bridge below, at Winslow, believed to be in the danger asserted.

The State Fair is finally located at Bangor for two years, to be held Sept. 17 this year—the city furnishing \$1000, and citizens a like amount, with a guarantee of \$2000 more in case of deficit. This arrangement ought to be a safe guarantee of the full payment of premiums.

A most agreeable festival, to all concerned, was the railroad re-union at Granite Hall, Augusta, Wednesday evening. The company was not large,—some one hundred and fifty,—and was confined mainly to the employees of the old K. & P. Railroad, among whom it was intended not only as "a jolly social time generally," but as an occasion for expressions of special esteem for superintendent Lincoln and one or two other favorite officers of the road. Banqueting, music, speeches, dancing and presentation of gifts made a lively programme till a late hour. The decoration of the hall, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Hill, jr., a Waterville boy, foreman in the paint shop, was very much admired. Mr. Lincoln was presented with a service of solid silver, costing \$500, and roadmaster Colby a silver watch and chain that cost \$250. The whole affair was a social occasion to rejoice in and be proud of.

"AULD ACQUAINTANCE" will make a good appeal for an audience at Town Hall Saturday evening. Mr. Hayward, as a Ballad Singer and Musical Comique, assisted by Mrs. Hayward as Contralto Vocalist and Pianist, will be recalled to memory by all who have ever attended one of their pleasant and very amusing entertainments. In the line of Comic Imitations, which always, when good, interest all classes, Mr. Hayward has few rivals. He is always sure to satisfy the best audiences, and to dismiss them in their most cheerful and good-natured mood. But his entertainments need no commendation to his "auld acquaintance" in this place.

The Sophomore Class of Colby University will have their annual exhibition, at the Baptist Church, on Wednesday evening, April 24. Music by Andrews' Orchestra of Bangor.

WORK will be commenced upon the railroad connection here next week. Mr. C. E. Gray has bought four houses on the line of the new track, recently purchased by the railroad—S. Thomas's, J. L. Towne's, the one south of the large brick house, and the one now used for a depot,—and commenced to move them on to the large vacant lot corner of Union and Front Streets, which he has recently secured, where they will be immediately fitted up to rent. The front portion of the brick house will be taken down, but the rear will be allowed to remain.

Rev. Dr. Geo. B. Ide, a well known Baptist clergyman, a native of Vermont and a graduate of Middlebury, died suddenly of heart disease, on Tuesday night, at Springfield, Mass. It will be remembered that he was present at the last Commencement of Waterville College, and preached the sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society.

The old Asa Gatchell homestead, in Winslow, owned and occupied by Mr. Freeman Gatchell, was burned on Tuesday evening. The fire took from a chimney in the ell, and no man being at home except the aged father, who is quite infirm and helpless, only the contents of the two front rooms were saved. The loss is therefore quite severe and there was no insurance.

OFFICER EDWARDS keeps a sharp lookout for liquor arrivals and has made several seizures recently. A package of two gallons of whiskey, directed to "Frenchmen, Waterville," which came up from Augusta Saturday night, was seized and has been libelled.

Two young men—Frank Roderick of Skowhegan and George McLaughlin of Kendall's Mills—having broken into Totman's store, Pishon's Ferry, were on Saturday pursued from Kendall's Mills into this village. One succeeded in getting across the river and reaching the woods; but the other was driven under Town Hall and secured by officer Edwards. Both were rogues just out of jail.

The Portland Advertiser says that letters from London give very flattering accounts of the progress in music made by Mrs. Otho W. Burnham (formerly Miss Amanda Bates of Waterville). Her teachers are confident that she will far more than realize the expectations of her friends in this country.

Six persons were baptized in the Baptist Church in this village, last Sunday evening, at the close of a sermon by the pastor. A large congregation was present.

In Biddeford, on Tuesday, a Mr. Sanborn, of Standish, fired four shots from a revolver at Henry McIntire of Saco, neither of which took effect. Mr. Sanborn the assailant, has heretofore borne a good character. The trouble arose over a woman, Miss Amanda Foss, who lives at Mr. Sanborn's, and who told him that McIntire had outraged her some three years since. This so incensed Sanborn that he immediately armed himself and went in pursuit of McIntire. The assailant has been held in \$5,000 for trial.

The ice is slowly working out of the rivers of Maine, which is favorable to the safety of property. The Kennebec at Waterville is all clear except a little ice which yet lingers in the eddies.

On the virtues of advertising! Last week we noticed the nonarrival of the paper bag due at this post office on Wednesday afternoon; and Uncle Samuel promptly hunted it up and sent it along Monday night.

The story that four persons were poisoned by eating oysters in East Hanover, N. H., is now pronounced a hoax. A very stupid and wicked joke.

There was an immense Grant meeting in New York on Wednesday evening, which was addressed by Senator Wilson and Morton, Gen. Sickles, etc., the presiding officer being Hon. W. K. Dodge, President of the Chamber of Commerce.

The body of Ada L. Brown, one of the girls who committed suicide at Lewiston last fall, was found in the river, a little below where she jumped in, on Saturday last.

THE MAINE M. E. CONFERENCE, at its recent session in Gardiner, among its appointments made the following:—

Portland District—A. Sanderson, Presiding Elder. Chestnut street and Allen Mission, J. Luce; Pine street, L. H. Hannaburgh; Congress street and Pleasant street, to be supplied; Island church, J. A. Trask; Biddeford and South Biddeford, A. S. Ladd.

Gardiner District—G. Webber, P. E. Gardiner, W. S. Jones, M. H. Meredith; Richmond, J. B. Lapham; Bowdoinham, T. P. Adams; Brunswick, supplied by H. E. Sheldon; Bath, Wesley Church, J. R. Day; Beantown street, R. Sanderson; Lewiston, Park street, C. Clark; Main street, H. B. Abbott; Auburn, F. Grovner.

Readfield District—J. Colby, Presiding Elder. Hallowell, O. M. Couzens; Augusta, E. Martin; North Augusta and Sidney, F. W. Smith; Waterville, A. W. Pottle; Kendall's Mills, D. B. Randall; Fairfield, J. Gibson; West Waterville and North Sidney, supplied by N. C. Clifford; Skowhegan, P. Jaques; Madison and Anson, A. W. Waterhouse; New Portland and New Vinland, H. Crockett; Solon and Athens, L. P. French; Industry, D. Church; Mercer and Norridgewood, C. B. Evans; Strong, H. B. Wardwell; Phillips, E. Gerry; West Phillips and Ringely, R. F. French; Farmington, S. Allen; Farmington Falls and Vienna, J. W. Smith; New Sharon, J. H. Mason; East Wilton and Temple, D. Perry; Wells and Carthage, C. Bisbee; Livermore Falls, W. B. Bartlett; Fayette, J. T. Cole; Wayne, W. H. Foster; North Wayne, to be supplied; Kent's Hill and Readfield Corner, J. M. Hutchins, E. Robinson; East Readfield, sup. E. R. French; Winthrop, A. R. Sylvester; Wilton, E. T. Adams; Belgrade, J. R. Masterman; Dead River Mission, P. E. Norfio.

H. P. Torsey, Pres., J. L. Morse, A. T. Chase, Professors Maine Wesleyan Seminary, members Kent's Hill College, Prof. F. A. Robinson appointed to Penn. Agricultural College.

LEUT. J. H. ROGERS, U. S. N., now on the Revenue Cutter Lincoln, on the north Pacific coast, sends us a bundle of papers from Washington Territory, Oregon, and Vancouver Island, American and British, for which he will please accept our thanks. From these papers we learn that there is a big slice of our country "on the other side," teeming with life full of enterprise, and enjoying all the advantages of a high civilization, of which we know but little.

PERSONAL.—The numerous friends of Prof. William Mathews, in this vicinity, will be pleased to know that he will shortly publish a volume of essays, entitled *Getting on in the world*, made up in great part of articles which have been published in the Chicago Tribune.

REV. MR. LADD, as will be seen by the list of appointments in another column, goes to Biddeford and is succeeded by Rev. A. W. Pottle, who has been stationed at the Kittery Navy Yard. Mr. Pottle will preach here next Sabbath.

A WHOLE column of a recent number of the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press and Times, is filled with a description of a magnificent alms-basin—the gift of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church of England, as a memento of the recent visit of the Bishop of Litchfield to the church in this country—and invites the public to examine it at the elegant jewelry establishment of Mr. C. W. Wingate, of that city. We are pleased to learn from other sources, that our young friend, well known here, is delightfully situated and prospering in his business.

M. C. MILLIKEN, Piano-Tuner, will visit Waterville the first of May, and all who wish for his services will do well to leave word at the bookstore of C. K. Mathews. Mr. M. has given the best of satisfaction here, thus far.

A. B. FARWELL, Esq., of Augusta, is in a fair way to recover his health, gaining every day both physically and mentally.

ORIN T. GRAY, Esq., now of the firm of Gray & Davis, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 32 Pemberton Square, Boston,—of whom many of our readers have pleasant recollections while a resident of this village—sends us his report as chairman of the school committee of the town of Hyde Park, Mass., which we find a well written document, full of valuable hints and suggestions.

A NICE CALF was hung up in Mr. P. De-Rocher's meat market, on Tuesday, and attracted much attention from its superior size and fatness. It was of Hereford blood, eight weeks old, and weighed 170 pounds as it hung, the hide weighing 21 pounds. It was raised by Mr. William Brown, of Waterville, from an excellent Heretford cow which he has owned for several years. Such veal as this is eminently fit to be eaten.

An irreverent correspondent of the Bangor Whig styles the material of which the charming "Dolly Vardens" are made, "squaw calico."

TWENTY head of Illinois cattle and a large drove of hogs were purchased at the Brighton market last week and taken to Bangor—which shows a change in the drift of things.

JOHN ROOD, a Frenchman belonging in Farmington, while attempting to get upon a train while in motion, at Lewiston, last Saturday, was thrown against the canal bridge and instantly killed.

The New York Legislature has abolished the railroad gun-droppers, and his congeners, the "pop-corn-only-five-cents-a-package" nuisance.

Now let them abolish those greater nuisances, flash literature and prize packages.

BANGOR is all alive with enthusiasm for the establishment of manufactures within its limits.

OUR TABLE.

THE TRANSATLANTIC MAGAZINE, containing choice selections from foreign current literature, is a periodical which is in its fifth volume, but which we now receive for the first time. It is handsomely printed and well filled, the articles coming principally from English magazines, such as "Cornhill," "Black & White," "Tinsley's Magazine," "Macmillan's," "Chambers," and "Temple & Co." The price is only three dollars a year, which is a work of this size.

Published by L. R. Hamersley & Co., Philadelphia.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, under the editorial management of Gail Hamilton, has more than doubled its subscription list, during the past four months. The May number contains: "Migration, Colonization, Homes," by Horace Greeley; "Miss Hannah Adams," by James Parton; "Household Discoveries," by Gail Hamilton; "Brother Anderson," by Thomas K. Beecher; "Longevity," Dr. D. Lewis; "Reminiscences of Rev. Dr. Bellows," by A. J. Willis; "D. D. etc. Every woman should read Gail Hamilton's editorial, in which she says: "It will never do to trust men with a liberty which they will abuse. The best of them, men who may be respectable and even distinguished as jurists, doctors, merchants, mechanics, are in domestic matters, but children of a larger growth. They must be trusted. They may be allowed liberty, but they must not be allowed to take it without permission."

A GORGEOUS PICTURE—There is scarcely a reader of a newspaper in the country who has not seen the announcement of those famous seed-growers and merchants, Briggs & Co., of Rochester, N. Y., that their seeds are to be found in almost every town and hamlet in America—but have noticed the announcement that one or both of their elegant flower chromos could be obtained on certain conditions specified in their illustrated catalogues for 1872, itself a grand work. The uninitiated would say, "Oh! it can't be a real chromo, or they could not be sold at twenty-five cents or given away each additional thousand making the cost proportionately less. Secondly, they are sold at bare cost by Briggs & Co., who sell their already immense seed trade by the circulation of these beautiful gems of art. The two chromos are done so to please the eye, that a genuine chromo costs from \$10 to \$20. And thinking that perhaps chromo is only another name for cheap print they drop the subject until perchance a neighbor who has obtained one of these charming pictures proves for them that the Briggs chromos are not mere flower plates but actual chromo lithographs, and gorgeous and lifelike representations of Lockhart's original paintings of flowers grown and raised by Briggs & Co., who are practical growers as well as seedsmen in a commercial sense. The reason these chromos can be procured so cheaply are two: In the first place they are printed by thousands. Each additional thousand making the cost proportionately less. Secondly, they are sold at bare cost by Briggs & Co., who sell their already immense seed trade by the circulation of these beautiful gems of art. The two chromos are done so to please the eye, that a genuine chromo costs from \$10 to \$20. 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MISCELLANY.

THE GREAT TEACHER.

I asked the little joyous bird who taught him how to fly,
And sing such pretty songs in the bright blue morning sky;
And he told me it was God who had given to him his wing,
And taught him how to build his nest, and taught him how to sing.

I asked the little lovely flower who gave her perfume sweet,
And dressed her in her velvet coat so beautiful and neat,
And taught her how to breathe so sweet upon the evening air;
And she told me it was God who had clothed her with such care.

I asked the little twinkling star who taught him how to shine,
And how with such a steady pace along his proper line,
And how he told me it was God who bade him shine so bright,
And trim his little tiny lamp to cheer the winter night.

Sings all things, then, look up to God, the flower, the bird,
The star, the bird,
And all obey his holy laws, and listen to his word,
I too, although a child, will try his bidding to obey,
That I may learn to please him too, and serve as well as they.

USEFUL WATCH-DOGS.—In one of our Eastern towns there lived a man who was a bold leader in all opposition to religion. He delighted in finding out all inconsistencies in the lives of Christians, and was sure to publish them through the whole neighborhood. This seemed to be his chief delight. For some reason he made up his mind to remove to another part of the country. Meeting the pastor of the church one day, he said after passing the usual salutation: "Well, I suppose you know that I am going, to leave town soon, and you will probably be glad of it."

"Glad of it! Why, no," said the minister; "you are one of our most useful men; and I think I shall hardly know how to spare you."

This took the man all aback. He didn't know what to make of it, and asked: "How is that?"

"Why," rejoined the minister, "there can't be a sheep that gets a foot out of this fold, but that you will always bark from one end of the town to the other. I really think you have been one of the most useful watch-dogs that I ever knew."—(Parish Visitor.)

BIBLE MEETING AT ROME.—The Italian correspondent of the London Daily News, writing under date of March 5, gives an account of the Inauguration Meeting of the Italian Bible Society at Rome. It took place in the Argentine Theatre, which was crowded to excess. The company consisted of a large number of Roman ladies, many members of parliament, the President of the Italian Senate, Count Marniani, the Grand Duke of Nassau and his suite, etc. The chair was occupied by Admirable Fishbourne. On the platform was Father Hyacinthe. Several speakers addressed the meeting, but Father Hyacinthe aroused the greatest enthusiasm. His speech was repeatedly interrupted by the loud cheering of the assembly. He said that in the Bible lies the real greatness of nations, and that England owed her power to it far more than to the Great Charter. Father Garavini spoke next, and declared that the Italian Bible Society had no other object in view but that of enlightening the Italian people. The meeting was remarkably successful.

Such an influence goes out from a man that he never does anything that he does not leave some magnetism in it. I do not believe that a man builds a house without putting into it something of himself. I do not believe a man ever wrote a sentence, or painted a picture that he did not leave much of himself in that picture or sentence. No good painter that he did not leave something of himself in that portrait. And no man uses any implement that he does not put something of himself into that implement. There is a fascination in things by which we have sinned. And they are dangerous things to have lying about you. Places where you have been lured and snared are dangerous places for you to go into when you are reformed. It is dangerous for you to mingle with the persons with whom you have been associated in sin, and who remain in their sins. One thing is certain, that when a man is reformed he should do with his instruments of evil what is done with the raiment of patients who have died in hospital—burn them.—[Plymouth Pulpit.]

RELIGIOUS AMENDMENTS.—Boston, April 15.—A meeting was held in Tremont Temple last evening in favor of a religious amendment to the Constitution, providing an "unquestionable legal basis for Christian education in our public schools and for every other Christian feature of our national life." Addresses were made by Rev. Mr. McAllister of N. Y., Secretary of the National Association, and Prof. J. A. Seeley.

F. A. WALDRON,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.
OFFICE IN FRANKLIN BLOCK,
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Special attention given to collecting and conveying.

"COMFORT BOOTS."
A few more of these Comfort Boots, for ladies.
AT MAXWELL'S.

Piano Tuning.
Pianos tuned in a thorough and faithful manner by the subscriber. Orders left at the Bookstore of C. K. Mathews, Waterville, promptly attended to.
M. C. MILLIKEN, of Augusta.

SHERIFF'S SALE.
Kennebec Co., ss., April 4, 1872.
Taken in execution, R. F. Webb vs. Henrietta W. Wyman, and will be sold at Public Auction, at the Court Office, in Waterville, in said county, on Saturday, May eleven, at ten o'clock, A. M., all the right in equity that said Henrietta W. Wyman has, or had at the date of the attachment on the following described mortgage real estate, situated in Winslow, in said county, and bounded and described as follows, to wit: Westery by Fessie's Pond, so called, Northernly by land of G. V. Furber, easterly by the "Cherry Road," so called, and southerly by land recently occupied by Edmund Warren and E. Furber, containing about thirty acres.
G. H. McFADDEN, Deputy Sheriff.

Kennebec County.—In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of April, 1872.
C. WILLIAM J. THAYER, of Waterville, in said county, minors, having petitioned for license to sell the following real estate of said wards, the proceeds to be placed on interest, viz: all the interest of said wards in the homestead of the late Stephen Thayer.

Ordered, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of May next, in the Mail, a newspaper printed in Waterville, that all persons interested may stand at a Court of Probate there to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
H. K. BAKER, Judge.

Kennebec County.—In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of April, 1872.
SARAH J. STURGEON, widow of ALBERT STURGEON, late of Waterville in said county, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased.

Ordered, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of May next, in the Mail, a newspaper printed in Waterville, that all persons interested may stand at a Court of Probate there to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
H. K. BAKER, Judge.

ATTORNEY: CHARLES HENNING, Register.
NEW FURNITURE AT BEDFORD & BLAISDELL'S.

NEW GOODS JUST OPENED

J. F. ELDEN & Co's.

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Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Glass Ware, and House Furnishing Goods.

FURNITURE.
PARLOR SETS—Hair cloth, Rep. and Terry. CHAMBER SETS—Walnut Chestnut and Pine. Lounges, Mirrors, and Dining-room Furniture.

The best assortment of Tapestry, Three Ply, Ingrain, Hemp, Straw, and Oil Cloth.

CARPETS,
on the river AT LOWEST PRICES.
Feathers, Mattresses and Bedding; Crockery, Glass Ware, and House Furnishing Goods of all kinds.

Cutlery and Plate Ware.
Chandeliers, Brackets and Lamps, in great variety.

LACE CURTAINS AND PAINTED SHADES.
CORNICES AND CURTAIN FIXTURES of all kinds.

A large stock of
Caskets and Coffins
always on hand.

REPAIRING AND JOBBING
Of all kinds, promptly done by a good workman.
Waterville, April 20, 1871.

COOPER'S
LEATHER-STOCKING NOVELS.

THE ENDORSED NOVELS OF FENIMORE COOPER ARE HIS WORKS. WHILE THE LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY IS IN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE, HIS REMINISCENCES WILL LIVE IN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE. SO BEING PATRIOTIC AND AMERICAN THROUGHOUT, THEY SHOULD FIND A PLACE IN EVERY AMERICAN'S LIBRARY.—Daniel Webster.

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Splendidly-illustrated Popular Edition
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LEATHER-STOCKING ROMANCES,
D. APPLETON & Co. announce that they have commenced the publication of J. Fenimore Cooper's Novels in a form designed for general popular circulation. The series will begin with the famous "Leather-Stocking Tales," five in number, which will be published in the following order, at intervals of about a month:

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