



5-17-1872

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 47): May 17, 1872

Maxham & Wing

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Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 25, No. 47): May 17, 1872" (1872). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 455.
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THE HERALD OF SUMMER.

I hear a rush of melody, I see a flash of green,
So I know the summer's coming with the glory of a queen;
For Spring, her welcome herald, has proclaimed it far and wide,
Since the throne of Winter toppled, and the stern old despot died.

Spring has spread o'er moor and mountain a carpet for her feet,
Silver daisy, golden king-cup, purple orchis, cowslip sweet;
Bade the trees unfold a canopy of undulating shade,
Where anemone and violet their woodland home have made.

Pale narcissus and faint daffodil whisper of her by the well,
Where ferns bend o'er the primrose lest she the secret tell;
But hyacinth and hawthorn ring the tidings boldly out,
For the breeze to catch the echoes, and answer with a shout.

The busy brooklets, listening, have turned the theme to song,
And sing it to the sedges as they gently glide along;
The mountain streams, no longer dumb, join in the joyous lay,
And, leaping o'er their rocky bounds, laugh out in sparkling spray.

Glad butterflies are fluttering like banners in the air,
Rich flowers hold up their nectaries and offer incense rare;
The tolling bees hums cheerily, the gnats dance in the sun,
The very frogs croak gleefully o'er spring-tide life begun.

No need the tardy cuckoo's note to greet of the Spring,
Whist their warblers' tuneful throats have a prophetic ring;
And orchards white with cherry-snow, through which
Blossoms apple blush.

Bring dreams of Summer fruitage to the birdlings in the bush,
Spring is here! and Summer's coming, with a coronal of light,
For the skylark, like a courtier, has winged his upward flight,
The first to meet Queen Summer in her golden car of state,
And salute her with his anthem close to her palace gate.
—All the Year Round.

JOHN RANDALL'S TROUBLE.

"Will you let me have it, John?"

"No, Georgie, I can't."

John Randall uttered his refusal of his wife's request very decidedly, as if he felt the request was unreasonable, and yet there was an undercurrent of grievous impatience in his voice, a look of perplexity and self-dissatisfaction in his wife's face. He proceeded very slowly to button his overcoat. He wanted to see his wife rise from the breakfast-table, and thereby signify her acquiescence in his decision, before he went off for his morning's work at the mill.

Georgie, however, did not rise. Her looks did not express acquiescence. She was a pretty woman—very pretty; tall, slight, very fair, with large, clear, steady eyes and profuse brown hair. Besides her beauty, she had an air of delicate and graceful composure rather peculiar, and a voice that suggested also flute notes. For all this she was simply the wife of a machinist in the great Haliburton Print Works in Millville, and mistress of one of the small white factory tenements, whose long orderly rows constituted Millville proper.

But Georgie did not belong to the factory element, although she had married into it. She had been brought up by a relative, upon whom she had been dependent, and whom she had called Aunt Appleton. Aunt Appleton lived at the other end of Millville—the west end—among the Haliburtons, Dillways, and Veres. Perhaps, under the circumstances, Georgie might have looked a little higher than John Randall. But then John was as good as gold; strong, steady, manly, true. Aunt Appleton's pretty protégée had the sense to see it, and Aunt Appleton had the sense to rejoice at her perception, and the generosity to give her a liberal outfit—her furniture, a complete wardrobe, a nice wedding.

It had been very agreeable to Georgie to have these nice things. She was fastidious to the core. She enjoyed advantages of position—her good clothes, her prestige among the wives of the other officials in the Print works. She was fastidious—perhaps only a little too fastidious for her place.

John Randall had reached the last button—a somewhat shiny button on a somewhat shabby coat. He had neither time nor pretext for lingering. At this last moment his wife raised her eyes clearly, unflinchingly to his face. "Why not?" she asked, in her cold, sweet voice.

It is never pleasant to a man to be called to an account—to an account about money—and of course it was money Georgie wanted—by a woman, and that woman his wife. John's face flushed a little, a hot retort pricked the very tip of his tongue, but he did not utter it. He was a patient man naturally; and then he had that deep sure love for his pretty wife which over-reaches all such slight shocks.

"I have exceeded my salary every month since we were married, Georgie," he said. "The first of January will be here in a few weeks, and I shall not be able to meet all the bills that are due. I don't think we ought to trifle away a penny of money. I don't believe you do either dear."

"I shall not say any more about it," she returned. "I ought to wear a new pair of gloves to call on Paul's bride. But if you can't give them to me, I must do without them."

John Randall's brain was fine enough to understand that this was not the acquiescence he wanted. He would have liked to indulge her; but there was the fact, that if he began it, he should be always behind-hand, always poor.

This was his fact. Georgie had hers also—that she was always to be denied and disappointed. She didn't mind so much wearing the old gloves on this particular occasion; that which troubled her, which was weighing itself painfully into her convictions, was that she would have to give up all the little luxuries and elegancies that she so craved; that her future was to be a plain matter-of-fact routine, deprived of those gratifications in whose absence she felt a sort of moral starvation.

"It don't seem as though you ought to be disappointed, Georgie," said her husband, finally. "You know just what my salary is, and just how far it will go. We used to talk about saving something every year, so that I might better myself one of these days. I don't like to deny you."

"No matter," she answered, rising. "She was one of those women who say too little, rather than too much, any time."

John went off to his work. Bridget (the girl of all work) came in to clear the table. Georgie dusted the parlor, and made the pudding, fed the canary, and then placed her sewing machine in the window, facing the dull, leaden light of the November day, and sat down to stitch wristbands. She had been married more than a year now, and was making her first shirt for John. She was very thoughtful, a dogged pain on her face the while.

"Perhaps I shall stay at Aunt Appleton's to tea," she said to her husband at the dinner table. "You will come for me if I do won't you?"

He reflected a moment. "I told you last night, Georgie, that I should have to be away from home an hour or two this evening. There is to be a meeting of the officials at the mill at half-past seven; I should

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be too tired to dress and go up to your aunt's afterwards."

"I had forgotten," she said quietly—so quietly that he thought she did not care.

When he was gone she went to her room to arrange her toilet for her call. She put on the best dress she had of course. She had a genius for dress; and despite the mended gloves, she looked as stylish as she did pretty.

Just as she approached her aunt's gate, old Mrs. Haliburton, in her velvets and sables, and steel of steel colored silk, was being handed from the carriage by her son. The Haliburtons were the owners of the mill in which John Randall was employed. Stephen, the only son, had just returned from a five-year residence abroad. These two facts caused Georgie to scrutinize the mother and son somewhat closely; and doing so, Stephen Haliburton raised his hat to her.

"A pretty face," he remarked carelessly to his mother. "I suppose it is some one I have known, or should know."

Old Mrs. Haliburton, with her keen eyes and beak nose, glanced sharply back towards Georgie, whom she had not perceived and nodded slightly.

"It is that young person Jane Appleton brought up. She is married now to one of our men, I believe."

Georgie found Paul Appleton and his bride holding a sort of informal reception. The rooms where her own wedding had been, a year before, were quite filled with guests. A very dainty and graceful bride was the new Mrs. Paul, in her lavender train and point lace shawl. Georgie tried not to feel the least tinge of envy as she looked at her.

Aunt Appleton had always a sense of gratitude towards her protégée, for having forbore to fascinate either of her own four marriageable boys; and this gratitude cropped out in active kindness, under the exultation she felt over Paul's match.

Georgie moved easily about the well furnished rooms. Somehow she seemed just fitted for such surroundings. The subdued well-bred manners, the faint perfumes, the refined laces and rich dresses, were like a stimulant to her. She needed such quickening to be fully herself. Her composed, delicate beauty unfolded to perfection in this atmosphere.

She had been talking with one and another, taking in shapes and trimmings with her quick artist's eye, and in a pause, was just reflecting upon the band of the new curtains, when a voice said near her:

"I seem not to be able to recall you at all, Mrs. Randall. Yet I must have known you before I went away. My mother has just told me your name, and I have come to reclaim acquaintance, if you will permit me."

"I remember you perfectly, Mr. Haliburton," Georgie returned quietly. "I had hardly grown up when you left us five years ago."

"Five years? Ah, true enough! I won't you take this chair? What a lovely lily! Why, it is not real?"

"No; these wax flowers are very like nature, though almost a plagiarism, don't you think so, Mr. Haliburton?"

"Why, yes. It must be quite difficult to make them. I dare say they bring a good price."

Under her serene smile, a quick thought went through Georgie Randall's mind. She began to examine the gentleman before her with interest.

Stephen Haliburton was a gentleman by habit, and a man of the world by force of circumstances. But nature intended him for a diligent painstaking man of business.

It was not a great or very good man, it was because he had so much time, so much money, so much flattery. He was spoiled by his opportunities; yet he needed only the right touch to elevate him beyond himself. He was thirty years old now; he was past the age when a man disdains to be led by a woman. But Stephen Haliburton had never disdained it. He had always been led by the keen eyed, shrewd woman in the steel silk, who as Georgie talked with the heir, sat holding her wine up to the fire-light not far off.

The heir seemed to like Mrs. Randall's talk; perhaps because there was little of it. In return he was rather unreserved—gossiping about his place and his prospects.

He said that he was glad to get home. He meant to settle down at Millville now; look after his factories and the operatives; introduce some new improvements. He wanted a better class of work, more tasteful designs. He had not seen a pretty print from the factory. Didn't Mrs. Randall agree with him?

Yes; she agreed with him. It was a strange basis for parlor gossip—oils, chemicals, designs for calicoes. He was surprised to find how much she knew about it; and she—she was a little surprised herself. The delicate pink began to flush her cheeks, the irises of her eyes grew into great black flakes full of lustre. All at once, at last, she turned a casual glance without the window.

"Why," she said with a slight start. "It is almost dark. And I believe it is raining. I must go at once."

She stepped towards the window. Great splashing drops were falling upon the flag stones. The dull November daylight was almost gone.

Mr. Haliburton rose also. "Did you walk?" he inquired. Let us take you home. My mother will be going soon."

The little stir attracted Mrs. Appleton, who, most of her guests having gone, was devoting herself to Mrs. Haliburton.

"Stay to tea, Georgie," she suggested. John knows you are here—does he not?"

"Yes; but it is raining. I think I had better not stop."

"I have been asking Mrs. Randall to take a seat with us, mother," interposed Stephen Haliburton.

"Ah, yes," said that lady, with contracted nostrils and prolonged lip again. "I shall be happy."

And then the keen eyes overlooked Georgie as if to ask if there was any cause why the Haliburton carriage, the Haliburton horses, and it might be, the Haliburton heir, should traverse the length of Millville, to take home this young person who had married one of the Haliburton employees.

Georgie stood unmoved, a little concerned as to whether her last dress and bonnet should walk or ride, not at all concerned as to her own disposal.

The factory bell had done ringing, and John Randall was in sight of home just as the carriage of his employer stopped at his door, and his wife stepped from it. He did not, however, overhear her say to Stephen Haliburton:

"If you will come in to-morrow afternoon, I will show you what I mean."

"Had you a pleasant afternoon?" her husband asked, by-and-by, as they sat at the tea-table.

"Very pleasant," she said thoughtfully. "It was very polite in Mr. Haliburton to bring you home."

"Yes, I should have spoiled my dress."

It was always with a little effort that John Randall got his wife to talk, and she seemed peculiarly silent to-night, and absent as well as silent. Her eyes were brighter, too, than common—her cheeks a little flushed. He was too generous, too unselfish a man to begrudge her a happiness in which he had no part; but something in her abstraction filled him with uneasiness.

This was not decreased, when, reaching home a little before the usual hour, the following afternoon, he met Stephen Haliburton just leaving the house, nor when he found Georgie with the same brightened eyes and heightened color as the night before.

This was the beginning of John Randall's trouble.

It was not so much common jealousy—a man's instinct of revolt at another man's admiration of his handsome wife—as it was a fear, a desperate, death like fear that Georgie needed something he could not give her to make her happy. He could never say such things as he fancied Stephen Haliburton must be able to say to any woman. But he loved her so! O heaven, he loved her so! How could he endure that anything should come between them.

"I won't wrong her and tease her with suspicions," he said to himself in the depth of the night. "I'll just fight my way the best I can against it. I'll keep on steady; perhaps she'll see it right by and by."

Poor fellow! he did not realize how his own determination implied the dreary thought that her heart was turned from him. He raised himself on his arm to look as she slept; and all through what followed he retained the expression of her pure, calm face, as it pressed the pillow, whitened by the moonlight that glinted the frost on the window panes, and flooded the room.

She seemed to him colder after this; and he kept silent. He knew that she met Haliburton at her aunt's; he knew that when she went to the sea-side the ensuing summer, for a week's visit to Mrs. Paul Appleton, there he was also. He knew that she seemed to be living a life apart from him; and once—that was when he went to her little desk—a present he had made during their engagement—for a sheet of paper, and found it locked, and asked her carelessly enough for the key, she flushed and said she would get the paper for him.

But he kept the promise he made himself. He kept on, fighting his way against it as best he could, hoping, with a sick heart, that he might see it right by and by.

The months wore away. The second year of their marriage was nearly completed. John had been very careful—as careful as Georgie herself—that there should be no outward or visible sign of misunderstanding or coldness between them. No suspicion had come to him that the second year of their married life had been less happy than the first. Nor had he ever omitted to give her any indulgence within his power.

He had prepared a surprise for her upon the coming anniversary of their wedding day, a present of twelve guineas, his savings during the year.

The anniversary fell upon Sunday; and so their little commemoration of the day must come on the preceding evening. No allusion had been made to any celebration by either of them, but John felt sure, some way that she could not let the day pass without some sign. For his own part he had half resolved to attempt some explanation of their estrangement. Anything, he thought, would be better than this chilling reserve. With his mind divided between anticipation of relief and jealous dread, he went to the counting house that Saturday night to receive his money. The cashier looked up, with a certain embarrassment at his approach.

"Ah, Mr. Randall, the accumulation you have left in my hands? To be sure! And by the way, Mr. Haliburton spoke to me to mention to you that there were to be some changes made, and, and, but there he is himself, sir."

John Randall turned with a feeling akin to desperation, to meet his employer. It had gone through him like a thunderbolt, as the cashier spoke, that he was to be displaced. Stephen Haliburton simply said, as John faced him, "I'll not detain you now, Mr. Randall. I shall call this evening to let you know of the change I feel obliged to make."

And the owner bowed and left him.

With the money in his nerveless hands, John Randall walked home like a man dazed. He was to lose his place! For what reason he found it impossible to conjecture. But to lose it was to lose reputation, courage, everything. He had never imagined such a possibility as this. The money that he carried, he should not dare to make a present of it now.

He might have to wait for other employment. It might be needed for their bare, every day needs, before he got work again. A chill like death struck to his soul.

Georgie evidently had not overlooked the recurrence of their wedding day. The cosy rooms of the little cottage all wore an air of festivity. Some slender vases held the gleamings of the flower beds—crysanthemums, blood red, white and purple, verbenas, and scarlet geraniums.

She came to the door that night to meet him, one of her "company" dresses on, some knots of velvet fastening her collar, and seeming to give a glow and brightness to her white skin. He took her hand, she raised her face and with a wild heart bound he kissed her, as he had not for a year before. She was coming back to him! Her infatuation, if such it had been, was at an end. She was his own once more! And then, close upon this new happiness, came the dreary recollection of his lost situation. He thrust the money into his pocket. By and by he would tell her all.

"You won't mind waiting supper for an hour,

will you, John?" she asked as she led him in.

"I am going to give you something nice, by and by, and, and, I think Mr. Haliburton will be in."

John Randall's blood froze once more. It was not for him, then, that all these preparations were made. Georgie had never spoken Mr. Haliburton's name to him before. He could feel that she was embarrassed, as she did so.

"I want you to dress, John," she added, coaxingly. "I have laid everything out for you."

It seemed to him that he would have turned upon her, but that he felt so broken by the thought of losing his place, and resented her gaiety, her secretaries—all that made him so miserable through this long year. But he had not the spirit.

He went to dress as she had asked him. When he returned to the parlor, Stephen Haliburton and his wife sat upon the sofa, side by side. It was rare indeed to see Georgie's fair face so illuminated. Her cheeks were glowing, her eyes sparkling.

As for Mr. Haliburton, he was always the quiet gentleman, with no sense of being out of his place, no apparent suspicion of what was ranking in the heart of his employee.

What a nice little supper Georgie had ready—yet nobody ate.

Finally it was over. They went back to the parlor.

Georgie disappeared for a moment, and returning, approached her husband, glancing shyly, at the same time, at her guest, whose face brightened beyond its wont as he caught her eye.

"We meant to make it all very formal, John, but Mr. Haliburton thinks I might as well tell it at once in my own way."

She paused, and a sober pallor overspread her husband's face.

"What was coming?" his eyes asked, with no faith that it was anything to lighten his secret burden.

Georgie folded and unfolded nervously a slip of paper she held—

"That is for you, John," and she held it shyly toward him. "My anniversary gift. I have been working for Mr. Haliburton, too, this last year. And I have thirty guineas here—the price of the designs I have made for the—calicoes—"

"Georgie!"

"You have never suspected it? I did not want you to till I knew whether I could succeed."

John Randall had no voice in which to word his amazement or his gratitude—gratitude for his restored faith, which, though his wife did not suspect it, was by far her most precious anniversary gift.

She went on, "I could always use my pencil, you know, John, and it had occurred to me one day, why I couldn't do something with it for profit. I spoke to Mr. Haliburton, and he was so kind—you must thank him, John—he took so much trouble with my crude attempts, he did so much to encourage me. And now I am fairly in the way of work. I shall work better, to you, now that you know of it. I want to design for carpets, by and by, as well as prints; that pays so well, a percentage on the sale."

"I have my little surprise, also, for you, Mr. Randall," added Stephen Haliburton, quietly. "I hope it, too, will prove agreeable. The universal testimony of the mill officials, as to your efficiency and trustworthiness, makes me feel that I am not showing you a proper appreciation, and I desire to give you a somewhat more responsible position, with an increase of salary."

The very glory of the heavens seemed to be opening a way to John Randall, out of all his troubles. "I am too happy, Mr. Haliburton, to talk much," he said in his straightforward, manly way. "I have been depressed lately—this removes all cause for low spirits."

He stepped short. Two large tears rolled down his cheeks. Stephen Haliburton alone perceived what Georgie had never suspected, that her secret had made her husband jealous. He gasped John's hand.

"My dear fellow, it is too bad! I feared it a little, once or twice. Of course I could not hint to Mrs. Randall."

"What, John? What, Mr. Haliburton?"

"Nothing, Georgie, that you ever will know."

They were alone together, by and by, with their new found happiness. Perhaps Georgie was equally relieved that there was no more need of mystification.

"What made you ever think of it, Georgie?" her husband asked.

"Why, John, it was that day about the gloves. I set myself to considering why you should have all the toil, and I all the indulgence. I pondered how I could make or save something."

"I am happier than I ever thought I should be again, dear."

"Do you know, I have fancied you were unhappy lately, John, because you thought I was longing for things you could not give me? I could hardly wait for to-night to come, to tell you all."

"My darling!"

And he folded his arms about her, and laid his head on her shoulder; and, in the brightness and silence of the room, with its odor of flowers and glow of leaves, they felt their way through the future, safe, confident, out of the reach of any bitter trouble, since they loved and trusted one another.

Mr. Rogers, the defaulting cashier of the bank at Brunswick, suffers very poor health in the Prison at Thomaston. The warden recently informed Mrs. Rogers of the condition of her husband, and she is now visiting him. Mr. Rogers is sixty-three years of age. He does not complain of his punishment, but thinks it just; still it is not improbable, considering his physical condition, the fact that he gave up all his property to make restitution to those whom he had wronged, and the affliction of his family, that very strong influences will intercede for the release of the poor and penitent old man.—[Rockland Press.]

Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard contains nine hundred and ninety-one words; of which eight hundred and twenty-one are derived from the Anglo Saxon; one hundred and twenty-five from the Latin; fifteen from the French; seven from the Italian; and from the Greek twenty-three.

OUR TABLE.

THE LITERARY WORLD—filled with choice readings from the best new books, and critical reviews—will enter upon a new volume with the June number. It has earned a good reputation for its careful and candid work, and is heartily commended for general circulation by men prominent in the world of letters. The editor says:—

"During its existence of two years the paper has won, we are vain enough to believe, an enviable reputation. We wish that we could add that it had received liberal support. It may be safe to affirm that the paper has materially improved in the last year, and to promise that no effort shall be wanting on the part of its conductor to continue that improvement. Our success in a pecuniary sense, has not been encouraging. But there is a saying that 'Everything comes to him who waits.' So we propose to give another year to our enterprise, hoping that this proverb may be verified in our experience. Published monthly by S. R. Crocker, Boston, at \$1 a year; Office with Nichols & Hall.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW for April has the following attractive bill of fare:—The Poetry of Matthew Arnold; The Modern Novels; The American Civil War; Poets and the Editors; The Licensing System; Sir Henry Holland's Recollections; The County of Essex; The County of Devon; Nonconformity; and thirty pages devoted to contemporary literature.

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

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works is but 56 cents a year.

DIE MODERNWEIT—an illustrated magazine for fashions and fancy work—for May 17th, contains twenty pages of embellishments of the latest fashions, and more for old and young, patterns of embroidery, fancy articles, &c., with full descriptions. It also contains an elegantly colored fashion plate, separate, and 2 sheets of full sized patterns, 22 in number, with specimens of color trimming, &c., &c. It must furnish all that is needed in this department.

Published by S. T. Taylor, 816 Broadway, New York, at \$3.00 a year; single copies 35 cts.

COOPER'S LEATHER-STOCKING TALES.—Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York, have issued Fennimore Cooper's "Deerslayer," being the second volume of the new illustrated edition of Cooper's "Leather-Stocking Tales," which we announced a few weeks ago, on the appearance of "The Last of the Mohicans." This edition of Cooper's novels is handsomely illustrated with new engravings by F. O. G. Harley, and the volumes are sold at the low price of seventy-five cents. It is the first time Cooper's novels have been placed before the public in a style that is both attractive, and yet at a price to render them accessible to the great majority of readers. As time passes, Cooper's splendid pictures of the early border-life of our country gain value and charm. Every American should be familiar with the scenes and characters which he depicts, for his works are indelibly identified with our early history and our primitive forests. Cooper's novels ought to form a part of the education of our youth, for they are well calculated to inspire a love of country and to encourage a spirit of robust manliness.

North Kennebec Agricultural Society. PREMIUM LIST FOR 1872.

The Trustees of the North Kennebec Agricultural Society offer the following premiums for 1872, to be paid in full.

FARM IMPROVEMENTS.

For the best experiment of Farm Improvements, \$20; second, 10.

Entries for these premiums must be made before the 15th of June next, and the first examination will be made before the 1st of July. The experiment is to continue until the autumn of 1874, at which time the awards will be made, and in all probability the premiums will be trebled in amount. In relation to these premiums the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture says:—

"The desire of the Board is that the improvements to be made should be those which are most needed upon the farm of the person competing for a premium, whether they pertain to buildings, fences or tillage, whether to under-drains, manures, orchards or forests, whether to reclaiming waste lands, renovating impoverished lands, re-seeding grass lands damaged by drought and grasshoppers, or whatever else is most wanted to improve the farm. It is further the desire of the Board that the premiums be so offered as to stimulate improvement among those of small means equally with those possessing larger means; that is to say, that they be offered not for the greatest amount of improvements irrespective of cost, but for the highest degree of skill and judgment manifested in adapting means to ends, or, in other words, for the most economical results in proportion to the time, labor or money expended in making the improvements, or for the greatest results at least cost, a reasonable amount being accomplished."

The following is the committee appointed:—Joseph Percival of Waterville, C. B. Drummond of Winslow, and J. S. Gifford of Fairfield.

HORSES.

For best stallion which has been kept one service season within the limits of the society, \$10; second do, 5; third, Vol. Reports.

Best Breeding Mare, \$5; second do, 3; third do, Vol. Reports.

Best pair of Matched horses, \$5; second, Vol. Reports.

Best Family Horse, \$3; second, Volume Reports.

CATTLE.

Best three year old, \$3; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best two year old, \$3; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

Best one year old, \$3; second, 2; third, Vol. Reports.

BULLS.

For best thoroughbred Durham, Hereford, Devon, Ayrshire, or Jersey Bull, \$5 each; second, Vol. Reports.

Best thoroughbred Durham,

and Cauliflowers, one volume of Reports each. These samples are to be shown at October Fair.

POULTRY.

Best lot of Hens, \$2; second, 1; third, Vol Reports.
For best flock of Hens, ten or more, that shall yield the largest profit for the year, \$3; second, 2.

Best lot of Turkeys, \$2; second, \$1; third, Volume Reports.
Best lot of Geese, \$2; second, \$1; third, Volume Reports.

FARMING OPERATIONS.

For best statement of Farming Operations, showing the amount invested in land, stock and tools—the cost of the several crops grown on the farm and what portion of it was for improvement, and also the entire estimated value of the crops, and income of the farm, \$15; second best, 10; third, 5.

BUTTER, CHEESE AND BREAD.

Best lot of Butter, twenty pounds or more, \$5; second, 3.

Best lot of Cheese, twenty pounds or more, \$2; second, 3.

Best loaf of Brown, White or Barley Bread, made and presented by a girl under sixteen years old, \$2; second, 1.

Best sample of Maple Sugar, or Maple Syrup, \$1; second, Volume Reports.

Best sample of Honey, or Apple, Currant or Cranberry Jelly, \$1; second, Volume Reports.

FRUIT.

Best display of Apples of all kinds, \$3; second, 2; third, Volume Reports.

Best display of Fall Fruit, \$2; second, 1; third, Volume Reports.

Best display of Plums, \$2; second, 1; third, Volume Reports.

Best display of Grapes, \$2; second, 1; third, Volume Reports.

Best display of Pears, \$2; second, 1; third, Volume Reports.

FARM IMPLEMENTS.

For best Sward Plow, \$2; second, Volume Reports.

Best Harrow or other Implement for pulverizing the soil, Volume Reports.

Best Seed Planter, Fan Mill, or Corn Sheller, Volume Reports.

Best Stump Puller and Rock Lifter, \$2; second, Volume Reports.

Best Ox Cart, Horse Cart, Hay Forks, Manure Forks, Shovels, Hoes, Axes, Scythes, Hand Rakes, Wheelbarrows, Hand Carts, Horse Hoes, or Yokes and Bows, Volume Reports.

Best exhibition of Farm Implements from one Farm, \$5; second, 3; third, 2; fourth, Volume Reports.

LEATHER, AND LEATHER GOODS.

For best tanned Calfskins, Sole and Upper Leather, \$2; second, Volume Reports.

Best case of Cowhide Boots, two or more pairs of Calf Boots, \$1; second, Volume Reports each.

Best specimen of Ladies' Winter Boots or Children's Boots or Shoes for Winter, \$1; second, Volume Reports.

HOUSEHOLD MANUFACTURES.

For best piece of Filled Cloth, Wool Flannel, Cotton Wool do, Wool Carpeting, Cotton and Wool do, Hearth Rug, Wool Shawl, Wool Cape or Bed Quilt, \$3 each; second, 1 each.

Best Wool Mittens, Wool Yarn, Wool Stocking, for men or women, 50 cents each; second, 25 cents each.

GIRLS' WORK.

For best Bed Quilt, Plain or Fancy Needle Work, Mending Clothing, or Kitting Stockings, \$1.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

For best Bouquet of Cut Flowers, \$1; second, 50 cents.

Best display of Millinery from any one shop, \$1.

Best display of Dry Goods from any one shop, \$1.

Best display of Hardware and Cutlery from any one shop, \$1.

Best display of Dentistry, \$1.

Best display of Insects destructive to vegetation, \$3.

MAINE HOMOEOPATHIC MEDICAL SOCIETY.

This Society held its annual meeting in Augusta on Thursday and Friday of last week. It was voted "that in the opinion of the Society there should be an immediate publication of a full and complete Homoeopathic Materia Medica, and that such a one will meet with the active encouragement of this Society and the profession. Dr. Bell of Augusta delivered an address Thursday evening on "The help and hindrance to the progress and standing of Homoeopathy." The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

President, J. P. Jeffords of Bangor. Vice Presidents, Moses Dodge of Portland, and N. G. H. Pulsifer of Waterville. Recording Secretary, W. E. Payne of Bath. Corresponding Secretary, J. B. Bell of Augusta. Treasurer, W. Gallupe of Bangor.

AGRICULTURAL CONGRESS.—The third session of this body convenes at St. Louis, Mo., on Monday, May 27th, under the auspices of the St. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical Association. Delegates are being appointed in all sections of the country, and the prospects for a full attendance and an interesting meeting are most flattering.

Societies in every department of Agriculture are entitled to send delegates, upon a basis of one for each fifty of its members.

The Secretary, Mr. Chas. W. Green, of Jackson, Tenn., will furnish any information desired. We would advise our local societies to be represented.

A young man named McDavitt a graduate of the Reform School, went into the saloon of Thomas McCann in Bangor Saturday evening and made a disturbance, and upon being remonstrated with by the proprietor he stabbed him between the fifth and sixth ribs with a pocket knife. The wound, however, was fortunately not a dangerous one. McDavitt made his escape and has not been arrested.

A Democratic paper in Kentucky represents no inconsiderable amount of the feeling of its party when it says: "We advise Democrats to be quiet. We cannot vote for Grant, and it is very doubtful to shout for Greeley. Lay low and keep dark." We have waited long for a chance. That is it; and whether they finally "shout for Greeley" or come out with a straight ticket, their object will be the same—to secure the ascendancy of Democratic principle. The republican who doesn't perceive this is either blind or foolish.

To allow the clothing to dry upon you, unless by keeping up a vigorous exercise until you are thoroughly dried, is suicidal.

Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DAN'L B. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... MAY 17, 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. PETERSON & Co., No. 10 State St., Boston, and 87 Park Row, New York.
S. R. MILLER, No. 1 School Building, Boston.
GEO. F. ROWELL & CO., No. 40 Park Row, New York.
T. G. EVANS, 106 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. GREELEY's nomination, after a public experience of two weeks, may be supposed to have become a more sober—not a more serious—subject for the contemplation of political prophets. At first thought the republican press seemed strangely inclined to indulge in a general snicker at the expense of their long-trying leader, and the name of Greeley—for Brown was nothing—was in danger of being laughed out of all respect. The N. Y. Evening Post was wise enough to draw up a summary of very tangible reasons why Mr. Greeley was unfit for the presidency. Between copying and plagiarizing, most of the republican papers have given their readers the benefit of the Post's candor. They have continued at the same time to sneer, in what may be thought by some a very dubious way, at a scheme which the public generally were previously willing to condemn. It remains to be seen whether the noisy efforts of a badly assorted list of acknowledged demagogues, working outside of all inspiration or sympathy from the masses, can organize a party that will acquire any power in the coming campaign. Whether the democrats, at their approaching convention, will accept Mr. Greeley, and thus risk the last rag of their venerable party banner, is a matter of grave doubt. It is thought by many that their plan is to stir up all the disaffected republicans to commit themselves to Greeley, and then make an independent nomination of their own party stripe. To suppose the old-time democratic party are going to rally for Horace Greeley is as absurd as to suspect Mr. Greeley of either willingness or fitness to accept a nomination at their hands. Oil and water—acid and alkali—milk and vinegar—any two substances in nature, would be less hostile than these two political fragments.

With nothing but a small card photograph and the suggestions of friends to aid them, those two artists, Mr. C. G. Carleton and Miss Fannie Alden, have produced an excellent full sized portrait of the late Dr. Wilson, painted in oil, which is pronounced perfectly satisfactory by all who see it. It is indeed a speaking likeness, and reflects much credit upon those who have produced it, while it affords great gratification to the numerous friends of Dr. Wilson. Four of these portraits will be painted, one of which will be placed in the library of Colby University.

TIONIC VILLAGE CORPORATION.—At the adjourned meeting, on Monday evening, the committee appointed at the previous meeting reported a plan for supplying Main Street with water, which was substantially that adopted by the Corporation last fall, but never carried into operation, namely, a force pump at the grist mill with iron pipe leading up to Temple street. There being no authority under the warrant for adopting this plan, which was thought to be the right one, the meeting adjourned without day, and a call for a new meeting has been issued, which will be found in our columns to-day. Talk the matter over carefully, and come together prepared to do the best thing, at the appointed time.

Mr. N. C. FRENCH, one of our village builders, is constructing a house on Mill Street, for Mr. A. Crowell, the walls of which—outer and inner—are made of picket stuff, laid flat, and nailed together. The house is to be two stories, one of which is up, and Mr. French says he finds the building remarkably stiff and thinks it an economical mode of building. The partition walls will be plastered directly upon the pickets, which are laid unevenly, alternating half an inch or so; but the outer walls will be lathed upon furring an inch thick, to secure a space of dead air and fence out the cold. We shall report further when this house is completed, for the benefit of those desiring to build.

Among the "consequential damages"—or benefits, which?—of the change of the railroad track in our village, will be an interruption of horse trotting on College Street—the lower crossing shortening the track considerably.

To avoid all embarrassing complications during the coming presidential campaign, Horace Greeley has withdrawn from all editorial connection with the Tribune.

The "Riverside Echo," of Portland, has swallowed the "Good Seed." It ought to bear good fruit.

DEATH OF HON. THOMAS W. HERRICK.

The death of this well known citizen of Waterville occurred at Eggleston, Va., on the 9th inst. He has been spending the winter in that vicinity for the benefit of his health. Starting for home, he was taken worse after a day's travel, and died in a few days. While his family were looking for his immediate return, a telegram announced that his body had been forwarded to Waterville—a letter with details of his closing hours arriving next day. On Wednesday the body was received by the afternoon express, and his funeral took place from the family home on College-st., at 5 o'clock, conducted by Waterville lodge of Freemasons.

Mr. Herrick was a graduate of Waterville College, in the class of 1846. He studied law with the late Stephen Stark, whose office and practice he afterwards purchased. In 1852 he became one of the firm of Dunn, Elden & Co. in hardware business—now Arnold & Mender—selling after several years, and entering the firm of G. L. Robinson & Co., in the same line of trade, in 1866. In this business he continued till his death.

Mr. Herrick was 56 years old, and resided in Waterville since he entered college in 1843. He held various offices in town, being once on the board of selectmen. In 1857 he was a member of the State senate. In the various relations of life—especially as husband and father, son and brother—he was faithful in a marked degree; while as a business man and citizen he sustained the character of an honest and upright man. Though for many years burdened with poor health, he was successful in his business enterprises. He leaves a wife and two children, to whom his loss will be the greater for his kind and gentle habits of domestic life.

Mrs. O. W. BURNHAM (formerly Miss Amanda M. Bates, of West Waterville, and well known in our village where she has many friends) has been engaged by the Senior Class of Colby University, to sing at the Commencement Concert by the Germania Band, July 24th. The following paragraph appeared in the Boston Advertiser of the 10th inst.:—

Mrs. O. W. BURNHAM, a well-known singer, formerly of Portland, has just returned from Europe. Mrs. Burnham has spent the greater part of the last two years studying in Florence, having left Italy for England some three months ago, and devoting herself in London to the study of Oratorio with the best teachers of sacred music. During Mrs. Burnham's stay in Italy, she spent much of her time with the family of Mr. Powers, not making public appearance while in Europe, either in concert or opera. In private circles, however, her voice was highly spoken of, and she brings flattering commendations from her teachers. Mrs. Burnham's residence will be for the present in West Waterville, Maine.

MAY FLOWERS were never larger, prettier, more fragrant or more plentiful, than they are the present season, and every house is odorously with the sweet smelling treasures borne from the woods by lads and lassies. A glad time for the young is the Spring of the year.

A VERY favorable line is reported for the new road from Lewiston, and it is thought that a permanent location will be made in a few days.

ANOTHER brakeman was knocked senseless, on the E. & N. A. Railroad, on Friday, while passing a bridge at Fort Lawrence. He lies in a critical condition, says the Bangor Whig. Who is the next man?

Mr. J. F. Merrill has the material for a new house on the lot recently purchased by him of Mr. Downer, on Church street.

A FORMIDABLE riot exists among the miners in Michigan, two thousand men being on a strike, and forbidding anybody taking their places. United States troops have been ordered to the scene of action.

THEY have a first class sensation in Fitchburg, Mass., in the discovery of the body of a murdered woman, which has not yet been identified, though viewed by hundreds.

A REPUBLICAN CAUCUS has been called by the Town Committee, to meet at Town Hall, to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon, at 2 o'clock, to choose delegates to the district Convention which will meet at Augusta May 21.

At a meeting of the policy holders of the Waterville Mutual Insurance Company, on Wednesday, it was voted to suspend operations and close up the business of the company as soon as practicable.

At a meeting of the citizens of South China, held Saturday, the following preamble and resolution were adopted:—

Whereas, a serious calamity has befallen our town, by reason of the almost utter extinction of the beautiful village of South China, by the late fire:

Therefore, Resolved, that a committee of five be raised to receive subscriptions and apply and apportion the same to and among those who will make an effort to rebuild or replace the property burned in the late fire at South China, said appropriations to be applied to the accomplishment of this object.

The committee chosen were as follows: Eli Jones, G. B. Chadwick, Geo. F. Clark, Ebenezer Meigs and Edward C. Dudley.

A relief subscription has been started in Washington, D. C., Hon. James G. Blaine contributing one hundred dollars.

Mr. JAMES WITHEE has sold his fine span of black horses, beautifully matched, to Mr. Bailey, of Winthrop, for—well, he says over a thousand dollars.

A MEMBER of the Medical profession, of Liberty, says the Belfast Journal, paid \$65 on a box by express, and opened it to find only a few pieces of old iron, instead of some of the "queer" money which he had ordered from New York. "A fool and his money."

OUR TABLE.

STUDIES IN POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY. By J. C. Shairp, Principal of the United College of St. Andrews, and Leonard, Andrews, author of "Culture and Religion." Hunt & Houghton, New York. The Riverside Press, Cambridge.

Principal Shairp's previous work has prepared readers to like this new book, which is in the same general line of thought. He has given his book a modest title; really it is a discriminating and hearty criticism of the life and genius of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keble. He takes each of these centres of English thought and expression, analyzes their work, and determines the influence which they had and still have on English literature. Mr. Shairp's life has been spent with these men or their immediate friends and disciples, so that his sketches have a strong personal interest, and will give pleasure to all those who enjoy browsing in literary pastures. The strong sense of the Scotch writer is admirably coupled with a refinement of feeling and quickness of perception, so that his books are enjoyable to all intelligent readers, and are not the product of a narrow school of thought with a narrow range of interest.

For sale in Boston by Nichols & Hall; in Waterville by C. K. Matthews.

THE HOUSEHOLD, devoted to the interests of the American housewife, is the title of a very handsome monthly of twenty-four pages, filled with a great variety of excellent readings, of special interest and value to ladies. It can be safely commended for general circulation.

Published by Geo. E. Crowell, Brattleboro', Vt., at \$1 per year.

A NEW BOOK by a well known author, "Roughing It," by Mark Twain—All who followed Mr. Clemens in the pages of his last book, "The Innocents Abroad," found a source of great enjoyment in his original and vivid descriptions of countries and customs. Every reader of the "Innocents," we are sure, will be quite ready to embark with him upon another pleasure trip through our own land, wherein he treats of a period and of scenes full of interest, which, though often described, have never been fully recorded by an eye-witness and participator. It records facts and statistics relating to an eventful period in our history, and it will worthily fill a place on the historical shelf of the library hitherto void. Brimfull of humor, running over with smile-persuading and laughter-forcing incidents and ideas, the characteristic cheerfulness of the author pervades every line. To all we would say—buy the book, carry it home, learn from it, do good with it, read it to your family and your friends.

And make all laugh
Who never laughed before,
And those who always laugh,
Laugh louder the more.

We understand that O. D. CROCKETT is in town for a few days, taking orders for the work.

DECORATION DAY.—We are requested to give notice that a meeting of those interested will be held in the town hall, next Monday evening, at half-past seven o'clock, to arrange for an appropriate observance of Decoration Day in Waterville. We hope to see a full attendance.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been awakened in favor of the new temperance movement at the West Village, and though there would seem to be but little material for a reform club among that temperate population, one has been formed of which we believe A. Winslow, Esq., is President, and interesting meetings are held frequently.

They had another rousing temperance meeting in Bangor on Monday evening with large additions to the numbers of the reform club at the close.

OUR NATIONAL DISH is baked beans; and when this is flanked by a loaf of brown bread and followed by a genuine old fashioned Indian pudding, the citadel of a Yankee's heart is carried. Our neighbor G. H. Matthews, furnishes all three of these valuable adjuncts of a good meal in perfection, with many other appetizing commodities. See his advertisement.

We learn from the Chronicle that Mr. Charles Rowell, a graduate of Colby, class of '63, is to deliver the address at Kendall's Mills on Memorial day, Sunday, June 24, at 4 o'clock P. M.

J. B. BRADBURY, Esq., of our village, has been appointed Secretary of the Bangor Mutual Fire Insurance Co. He has admirable qualifications for the office, and will no doubt discharge its duties to the complete satisfaction of all concerned.

REV. E. N. SMITH will preach in the Congregational Church in this village, next Sabbath afternoon.

Of course it was "somebody's blunder" that reflected upon Messrs. Lee & Shepard an apparent variation from the right way of distributing advertising matter. We supposed it would be all right but we wanted to see it. We put our explanation against theirs, and trust that both are satisfactory.

Mr. T. J. EMERY, of our village, (whose reputation as a builder of dams, wharves, and other similar work is well known) has just completed the difficult job of repairing the dam of Heath & Crosby, at Benton, with the water quite high in the river. The mills are now running.

In Oldtown, last Sabbath evening, the prayer meetings at the Baptist and Congregational churches were omitted, and instead a union Washington Temperance meeting was held in the Town Hall. Francis Murphy was present and addressed the meeting, and at the close persons signed the pledge.

Just notice the changes in the assets of the several Insurance Companies of L. T. Boothby's agency. Mr. B. is doing a very large business, with a list of the most reliable companies.

The location of the Maine Central Railroad shops is yet in a glorious state of uncertainty.

BALLARD'S ORCHESTRA of Lewiston will furnish music for the Commencement exercises at Kent's Hill, the first week in June. They will also give a concert.

Among the patents issued last week was one to Thomas B. Brown, of Fairfield, for Pulley Block.

The alumni of Colby University will hold their annual festival at Young's Hotel in Boston on the 24th, at 6 P. M. Ladies are invited.

T. BUCHANAN READ, the poet and painter, died at the Astor House, New York, Saturday night, after a severe illness—malaria fever—which he had contracted in Italy, whence he had come home to die. Among his most celebrated pictures are the "Lost Pleiad," the "Water Spirit," and "Longfellow's Children." But his fame rests chiefly upon his poems. His first collection was published in 1847; and since that time he has published poems innumerable, among the most celebrated of which were, "The New Pastoral," "The Wagoner of the Alleghenies," in which were many eloquent passages of blended poetical beauty and strength, and "Sheridan's Ride," probably his most celebrated production, which took in America the place formerly occupied by the "Charge of the Light Brigade." Mr. Read's life has been one of the most severe mental labor, and the popularity he has acquired is fully deserved. As a poet we venture to say he is scarcely excelled in his peculiar position by any living author of America. He has much of the polish of Longfellow, with more energy, and in purity resembles Bryant. Indeed, he holds a peculiar place in American literature that his death leaves wholly vacant. A French critic says: One finds in him a very remarkable poetical sensibility and natural elegance of expression. His works, indeed, have been received with as great favor abroad as at home, and the news of his death will be received with as much sadness in Europe as in his own country.

Searsmont, May 3d, 1872.

Dear Mail, * * * * * Searsmont village is ten miles from the city of Belfast, in a Southwesterly direction. It, like many of our small country villages, has evidently seen days of greater material prosperity. The village is quite respectable in size, there being four stores where dry goods and groceries are sold, two blacksmith shops, a hotel, the carriage manufactory of Mr. James Barker, who by the way gets up some nice looking carriages, two churches, Baptist and Methodist, and quite a collection of dwelling houses. The St. George's river runs directly through the village, on which, in addition to the places of business above mentioned, is a saw-mill, a stove-mill, a grist mill, and the cloth-dressing establishment of Hiram Wing. These belong to the village proper. Further up the stream, about three-fourths of a mile from the village, is another saw-mill, a stove-mill, and the tannery of Muzzy & Hox, who, we believe carry on quite a business. Besides the river mentioned above, are several smaller streams, on which are mills of different kinds.

On one of these Messrs. Woodcock and Robbins do quite a business in the manufacture of furniture and coffins.

There is a smaller village in town, called North Searsmont, which is quite an enterprising little place. There are two stores, two or three mills, and the carriage manufactory of the Cooper Bros., in which I am informed are employed eight or ten men.

There are ten saw mills in the town, which cut up large quantities of spruce, fir, &c., into staves, which are used for making lime kilns for the Camden and Rockland markets.

A farmer who has not a cooper shop seems an exception to the general rule, and the time not absolutely required to carry on the farm is devoted to cask making. Great numbers of casks are thus manufactured annually, and when the sledding is good, loads of them may be seen every day moving from all directions toward the markets. This business is so general that it forms quite an important branch of industry in this vicinity. Its effects are plainly seen on the treeless hills that have been stripped of their forest covering to furnish material for this business.

The country around here is very broken. Ranges of high, rocky hills stretch away as far as the eye can reach, and between them is a great deal of low boggy land, covered to a great extent, with alders and other worthless growth; though there are some meadows that yield large crops of hay yearly. The upland appears to be hard and rocky throughout nearly the whole town. From what I have been able to observe, since the snow left, I conclude that farming, with but few exceptions, is up-hill work in Searsmont. Too much time must be devoted to digging rocks and building stone walls. I don't wonder that nearly every farmer wants to do a "little cooping," as they say, to bring in a "little change."

Quantabcock pond, situated in the North part of the town, is a fine sheet of water some three miles long, and from three-fourths of a mile, to a mile in width. It is becoming quite a popular summer resort for many of the people of Belfast, who, becoming tired of the whirl of life and the rush of business in the metropolis, seek for a few days of quiet or sporting in the country. Many of the "city folk" find it most convenient to visit the pond on the Sabbath, and if men are not responsible for their acts, we fear that old Quantabcock will have a great deal of Sabbath breaking to answer for. Some Belfast parties intend to put a little steamer onto the pond the coming summer for the accommodation of pleasure parties. But I am already too lengthy, so I will lay down my pen.

The immortal Homer occasionally nods, and why shouldn't Father Stickney of the Presque Isle Sunrise be sometimes caught napping? Recently he spoke of "one of the last feathers in the chain of testimony"—which slightly mixes the metaphor.

THE WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA, held its twentieth annual commencement March 15th, and among the graduates who received the degree of Doctor of Medicine was Eliza M. Babb, of Eastport, Me. The 23rd annual session of this institution will open on the 3d of October next, and the corporators and faculty announce an increase of their facilities for extended medical education, with widening clinical advantages. A limited number of beneficiary students are admitted.

An immense fire is reported at Yeddo, Japan. A space two by three miles has been burned over, an immense amount of property destroyed, and 30,000 persons rendered homeless.

The following officers have been installed by Supt. E. R. Drummond, for Waterville Section of Cold Water Tempers:

W. C. T. Annie F. Bartlett; V. T., Annie J. Gatchell; Sec., Fannie C. Williams; A. Sec., Mollie Maxwell; Ch., J. Everett Towne; F. Sec., Annie Low; A. F. Sec., E. Albert Estes; R. H. S., Fannie Oates; L. H. S., H. Florence Robinson; M. Minnie Haynes; A. J., Frank E. Shaw; I. G., Frank E. Shaw; O. G., Willie Fowler; W. P. C. T., Percy Leslie.

Evening meetings 7-1-2 o'clock. Last Monday evening of each month at Temperance Hall. Meetings each Saturday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, except the Saturdays preceding and following the evening meeting.

THE LATEST PHASE OF THE TREATY NEGOTIATIONS.—The substance of the recent correspondence between the United States and Great Britain in reference to the Alabama claims for consequential damages, is now made public. Our government has steadily adhered to its case as laid before the Geneva commission, even when Mr. Gladstone has threatened to withdraw in consequence of this persistence. Finding that our government, while firm on that point, was desirous of having a settlement of the principle on which those claims are based, and was willing to settle them in accordance with the views held by the British government, Mr. Gladstone proposes a new article to the Washington Treaty, by which a settlement of that principle will be effected, and those claims, with the consent of the Senate, withdrawn from the Geneva commission. The responsibility is therefore thrown where it belongs, upon that branch of the government which has a voice in treaty-making, and while the President still asserts that under the treaty those claims were properly presented, they will be withdrawn, if the Senate by a favorable vote upon the new clause of the treaty gives its consent.

Geo. Wm. CURTIS'S OPINION OF HORACE GREELEY.—Harper's Weekly contains an article from the pen of George Wm. Curtis, giving reasons why Horace Greeley should not be president of the United States. Mr. Curtis thinks Mr. Greeley undoubtedly has elements of strength, but he is not a strong candidate. His name does not suggest to the country either of the two great executive qualities—discretion and decision—required. Bred in the school of Henry Clay, whose memory he piously reveres, he is naturally timid and a compromiser. He has the credulity which belongs to certain simplicity of nature, and which destroys all sound judgment of persons. His sympathies are limited, his prejudices deep and strong. He has been always a politician, and of an unsuccessful type. He has a personal honesty, yet he is not free of suspicion of personal grievance, for he undoubtedly considered himself betrayed by the action of the New York Republican Convention in 1870, and it is plain he has felt the want of what is called influence with the administration, and although personal feeling in politics is not a thing which a man readily admits, such motives may sometimes be properly inferred in a public career. The convention that nominated him must be supposed to accept him, as a candidate who represents its principles. Mr. Horace White, for instance, as chairman signs the report upon the platform. Mr. White, is first of all a free trader. The question at issue is one of administration of sound policy of government and he invites all good citizens to vote for the arch protectionist. The platform virtually denounces the Ku-Klux legislation, but that policy has no stancher advocate than Mr. Greeley. It would also purge politics of politicians, a difficult task; but Mr. Greeley is peculiarly a politician. Mr. Curtis concludes his article in the forcible language: "If there is one quality which is indispensable in a President, it is sound judgment. If there is one public man who is totally destitute of it, it is Horace Greeley. A certain kindly feeling with which he is regarded will not blind the country to his natural unfitness to the office to which he has been nominated."

Carlton P. Emery, formerly of Industry in this State, was killed in a billiard hall at Beatrice, Neb., on the 27th of November last, by a blow from a cue in the hands of one Israel Blythe. Blythe has recently received his trial for the murder and was sentenced to eight years imprisonment in the State Penitentiary.

The Evangelist of New York has an article by Rev. Henry M. Field, calling special attention to a serious defect in Horace Greeley's character. Mr. Greeley has not enough stability. No sooner would he be established in power than there would spring up under his nose a kitchen cabinet that would manipulate things for their own purposes, without a suspicion even entering his honest soul.

The Kennebec Journal says: "In reference to the sensational rumors concerning the Sprague property, we are again authorized to state that the cotton mill in Augusta is in full operation and making more goods than ever before. The new mill will be put in operation as soon as the machinery can be got ready, and when in operation will add from 300 to 400 to our working population."

The Whig says that the Land Agent sold by auction recently the property seized from alleged trespass upon public lands, but the property was immediately replevined by the counsel for defendants, and returned to persons from whom it was seized. A quantity of pork, flour and molasses was offered for sale, but found no bidder. That, together with a quantity of oats, will be again offered for sale at some future day.

We were greatly amused this morning at a colloquy between two prominent Republicans on Chapel street: "Well, Jones, this nomination of Greeley is one of the most laughable incidents of the age. Easily defeated—Don't you think so?" "I don't know," responded the other slowly; "I feel like the man who offered to bet his horse's speed against anything that carried four legs. When the day came a man appeared with an ox, saddled and bridled, ready for the race. The owner of the horse looked bewildered, and finally declined the race. 'Why didn't you run with the ox

MISCELLANY.

DRUNK IN THE STREET.

BY E. B. WICKS, M. D.

Drunk in the street!
A woman arrested to-day in the city!
Comely and young, the paper said,
Scarcely twenty, the item read,
A woman and wife-kind angels ply!
Drunk in the street!

Drunk in the street!
Yes! crazy with liquor! he brain on fire!
Reeling, plunging, staggering along—
Singing a strain of a childish song,
At last he stumbles and falls in the mire,
Drunk in the street!

Drunk in the street!
What news to send the dear ones home,
Who're wondering what has detained so long
The wife and mother—yet think no wrong;
The day is waning—the night has come—
Drunk in the street!

Drunk in the street!
Drag her away to the station bed!
Helpless, senseless, take her away!
Shut her up from the light of day!
Would for the sake of her friends she were dead!
Drunk in the street!

Draw nigh and look!
On a couch of straw in a station cell,
Lying a form of matchless mold,
With her hair dishevelled—so pale and cold—
Yet tainting the air with the fumes of hell!
Draw nigh and look!

How sad the sight!
The sunlight is streaming across the floor,
It rouses the sleeper to life again;
But oh! the anguish, the grief, the pain—
As thoughts of her shame come crowding o'er—
How sad the sight!

But hark! a sound!
The bell rings, she is told to rise—
Her friends are waiting to take her home;
They know it all, yet in love they roam,
But with speechless lips and tearful eyes—
The bell is rung!

Let's reason now!
Suppose I saw nothing your sister, your wife,
Who'd stained her soul with liquid fire,
Who'd laid her womanhood in the mire,
Who'd bartered away her bright young life—
Who'd fall low!

And then again:
Suppose the fiends you've licensed to sell,
And sought to ruin your sister's life;
And dragged him down to a drunkard's hell,
With might and main!

Would you keep still?
Is it nothing to you that such things be?
You who have little ones soon to be men,
And women to take your place when you're gone?
Is it nothing to you they're bound or free?
Have you no will?

Work night and day!
Nail up the bars where liquor is sold!
Free your town from its leech of death!
Add no more to the gloomy train of woe!
Of widows and orphans whose kins you've told!
Work, fight, and pray!

The end will come!
God help and strengthen us day by day,
And nerve us all for the coming strife!
Our foes are strong—they struggle for life—
But God is stronger than they!
The end will come!

—Watchword and Motto.

F. A. WALDRON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

OFFICE IN PRINCE BLOCK,

WATERVILLE, MAINE.

Special attention given to collecting and conveying.

LOW & CO.'S

WILD CHERRY BITTERS

An excellent SPRING MEDICINE for the

cure of

Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Dizziness, Headache,

Loss of Appetite, General Debility, &c.

They are a gentle laxative and cleanse the stomach and

bowels, promote digestion and restore the system to a

healthy condition.

Prepared and sold only by

IRA H. LOW & Co.,

Phenix Block, Waterville. Apothecaries.

G. W. HUBBARD,

DEALER IN

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers,

HATCH'S BLOCK,

WEST WATERVILLE, ME.

Also, manufacturer of

Gent's Fine Calf and Kip Boots.

LADIES' Boots and Shoes made to order.

Particular attention paid to the manufacture of

LADIES'

SERGE BOOTS.

Warren

material and to fit every time.

This is the only place in town where Ladies can get

Boots made to order.

Real Estate For Sale.

THE subscriber offers for sale his homestead, consisting of

a good two-story HOUSE, with barn and 20 acres of

land, near Cromwell's Mills in Waterville. All in good

condition, with good water, excellent cellar and every

thing in good condition. A fine house for a man and

family, or wishing for the advantages of good schools,

will be sold at a bargain. Apply at my residence,

near Cromwell's Mills, or inquire at the Mail office,

Waterville, April 29, 1872. W. M. TRUE.

A Nice Little Farm

Containing about 12 1/2 acres of land, the post-office

near the school-house. The land is of varied and ex-

cellent soil, and of easy tillage. Crops last year sold for about

\$500. Full description of the property, and terms of sale

will be sent at a bargain. Apply at my residence,

near Cromwell's Mills, or inquire at the Mail office,

Waterville, April 29, 1872. W. M. TRUE.

Caskets, Coffins and Robes

AT

REDINGTON & BLAISDELL'S.

NEW HAVEN, Bangor, Portland and Augusta make

and largest and best assortment ever in town. Rosewood, Walnut,

elm, Mahogany, Birch and Pine. Round corner, Oval Top,

Flats Top, wing Top or Hair Swing. Lined and trimmed in

the very best manner, and will be furnished to drive, and

from the North Shore of Maine, and shore cases, if any,

will be sold at a bargain. Apply at my residence,

near Cromwell's Mills, or inquire at the Mail office,

Waterville, April 29, 1872. W. M. TRUE.

PASTURING.

A CHANCE to get your cow into a GREEN PASTURE.

Twenty-two acres of land that has been cultivated for

hay and grain will be used as a cow pasture. A brook of clear

water runs through the pasture. The pasture is in good

condition, and will be sold at a bargain. Apply at my residence,

near Cromwell's Mills, or inquire at the Mail office,

Waterville, April 29, 1872. W. M. TRUE.

Real and Imitation Lace,

FRINGES, and Ornaments, and Muslin, Standard

Finishing, at

MRS. E. E. PERCIVAL'S,

Kennebec County, in Probate Court, at Augusta, on the

fourth Monday of April, 1872.

JOSEPH H. DRUMMOND, administrator on the estate of

JOSEPH H. DRUMMOND, late of Waterville, in said county,

do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct

list of the assets of said estate, as the same have been

received and are now in his possession, to-wit:

One lot of land, situated in the town of Waterville, Maine,

containing about 12 1/2 acres, more or less, bounded by

the town of Waterville, Maine, on the north, by the town

of Waterville, Maine, on the south, by the town of Waterville,

Maine, on the east, and by the town of Waterville, Maine,

on the west, containing about 12 1/2 acres, more or less,

bounded by the town of Waterville, Maine, on the north,

by the town of Waterville, Maine, on the south, by the

town of Waterville, Maine, on the east, and by the town

of Waterville, Maine, on the west, containing about 12 1/2

acres, more or less, bounded by the town of Waterville,

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