


6-28-1872

## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 26, No. 01): June 28, 1872

Maxham & Wing

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

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

---

### Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 26, No. 01): June 28, 1872" (1872). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 461.  
[https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville\\_mail/461](https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/461)

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







## Waterville Mail.

EPH. MAXHAM, DANT. R. WING,  
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JUNE 28, 1872.



## AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

The following parties are authorized to receive advertisements and subscriptions for the MAIL and will do so at the same rates as required at this office:

S. M. PUTTINGILL & Co., No. 10, State St., Boston, and  
St. Paul, N. Y.  
S. M. NILES, No. 1, Seelye Building, Boston  
GEO. P. ROWELL & Co., No. 40 Park St., New York.  
J. C. WATSON, 100 Washington St., Boston.

Advertisers 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.'

## FOR PRESIDENT.

ULYSSES S. GRANT,  
Of Illinois.

## FOR VICE PRESIDENT.

HENRY WILSON,  
Of Massachusetts.

## For Representative to Congress,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

WHAT NEXT?—The more bitter and filthy, the more powerful the medicine,—so our grandmothers used to say. Of course they dosed us with burdock, smartweed, cayenne pepper, and almost anything else that we found it difficult to swallow. When this stuff got us ready to see the doctor, he humored the old lady's whim, and gave something more bitter still. Where is the boy—or rather the man, for the fashion has been gradually going out—who does not remember being threatened with a "doctor stuff" if he did not gulp down another cup of wormwood tea? It was slow work, and it still continues slow, to make the world believe there could be any virtue in a medicine that could be swallowed without gagging. Some of the converted have even now only got far enough to think it more a matter of faith than work. It neither gripes nor nauseates, and what good can it do? But—open your mouth and shut your eyes, and see whether you live or die.

But we ramble from our question. Here is the Boston Medical Journal with an advertisement of "Pepsina Porci," of which a large importation from London has just been received by a Boston druggist. "Two grains three times daily at meal times" is the way to use it, says the druggist. Now a grain is the 480th part of an ounce, and of course anybody can see what a powerful medicine is this "Pepsina Porci." But what is it? We acknowledge the right of the druggist to get behind a patch of Latin, but of course the patient may "English" it if he can. "Pepsina Porci!" How it brings to mind the famous quack medicine, "Pepsin," with which one Dr. Houghton gulled the press and the public thirty or forty years ago? What an idea was that for poor dyspeptics who were not satisfied with eating as much as they could digest. That fine picture of a fat ox, with the assertion that the pepsin was the gastric juice or digestive material of his healthy stomach!—what could be plainer? The poor invalid swallowed it, and felt sure of being able to digest his pork and beans without an eruption. The doctor was not obliged to tell him that the ox digested hay, while he wanted to digest the thousand greasy loaves invented to prevent the world's being too thickly populated. What business had the patient to think of this? "Don't the doctor know?" And didn't he say "Two grains three times daily at meal times"—adding of course, (as we have a right to suppose,) "Eat lightly of good herd's grass for breakfast, a lock of clover for dinner, and a pint of oats for supper." The patient could see the rationality of this; and going on to swallow pepsin and eat the ox feed, he would very soon be able to inquire of the doctor whether he might expect in due time to come out a Jersey or a Hereford. But there was no such consistency, and the ox pepsin in time went out of popular favor.

But here comes the climax—just as the perfect comes out of imperfection. "Pepsina Porci!" How cunningly the great remedy hides itself in the little curl of a pig's tail! "Porcine—hogish!" says the dictionary; "porci—porkish," say the druggists, and "now you don't see it." But you have got it nevertheless. "Hog pepsin," in plain Yankee. How shrewdly it is imported from London instead of coming in bulk from Chicago! Here is wisdom for dyspeptics, without a doctor's bill!—kill the porker and dine on his breakfast. Then if you can't digest swill, good-bye to the rationale of medical science. Go back at once to grand-mother's wormwood.

Mr. A. D. Hamers out some pretty sharp points on his lapstone.

"But," said a Greeley man, "aint you never going to forgive the Southern men?—I believe in forgiveness."

"Of course you do, for you forgave them in the time out," says A.

HENRIKSON has Harper's Magazine for July, a very attractive number, full of good things, pictorial and literary. See more extended notice in "Our Table."

## [For the Waterville Mail.]

## REAL ESTATE SPECULATION.

The population of the earth, anno mundi 1660, was 1,051,129,348,263,876 souls, all drowned at once except 4 men and their wives. When Noah and his family entered the Ark mankind had been multiplying for the term of 1665 years, and from Adam to Noah the population might have doubled once in 43.18 years, or three times in 169 years. So in the year of the world 100 the population would be 16 souls;

In the year of the world 200	128
" 300	1,024
" 400	8,192
" 500	65,536
" 600	524,288
" 700	4,194,304
" 800	33,554,432
" 900	268,435,456
" 1000	2,147,483,648
" 1100	10,779,869,184
" 1200	84,239,363,472
" 1300	673,910,917,776
" 1400	5,391,357,022,208
" 1500	43,130,856,177,654
" 1600	345,046,499,421,292

As the country was new and healthy before the flood the above statement may be correct. And as we are in a new and healthy country, with a population increasing at a rate much greater than above stated before the flood, what will our population be A. D. 4000? and what will be the price of land on the Kennebec at that time?

The writer thinks of investing in property hereabouts for the benefit of his posterity, and will be glad to get an answer to his question from some of your correspondents. At commencement of the flood, one half the population were males, as is presumed, to give each man his Rod of land it would require 129,391,168,532,948 1-2 acres, or a little over 20,217,370,983 square miles of land. Would there be any to spare? EACHEN.

We see no way in which our correspondent can satisfy himself of the safety of his project but by reference to the *private* records of Ticonic Water Power Company. A few years ago they bought all the land that joined them, at what they said was its fair cash value. They have so managed it that they now appraise it at one quarter of its original cost; at which rate of depreciation it will in two thousand years be worth about 999 times less than nothing, if our figures don't lie worse than theirs did before their stock was taken up. If the two great interests of the Company—namely, grinding meal and sawing boards—shall prove competent to feed and shelter our growing population, there is great probability that before the above time expires "Bachelor's" posterity will come into lawful possession of what land there is in this section—that is, outside of the Company's territory—according to the careful figuring, from past indications, they will be manufacturing cotton for the English market about six months before the 4000 years come round. We refer "Bachelor" to the Company's various annual reports for further information,—or to any of the "small stockholders," who are getting tired of making a secret of the fact that notwithstanding the godsend of the railroad junction and the car shops, the most desirable real estate in town has gone down 50 per cent. under corporate control.

COLBY UNIVERSITY.—The six students summoned to testify before the fire inquest, here on Saturday, chose to absent themselves, thinking perhaps, that a court of law could be out as unceremoniously as a recitation. They found their mistake on Sunday, when two of them were arrested by officer Edwards. Being in a tight place, they came to the sensible conclusion, which they should have reached before, that the shortest and safest way to get out was to pay for the building destroyed. This they have arranged to do, and law and order once more reign triumphant.

A leading Boston paper says,—*"The Bouquet of Artists* rehearsed on Friday in the Coliseum with but one Soprano. She carried her part through however, successfully, singing the melody of the grand settable from Lucia in magnificent style, and winning the rapturous applause of all present. The lady was Mrs. Louise S. Marriner of San Francisco, one of the most faithful and conscientious vocalists at the Jubilee." On Tuesday evening next Mrs. Marriner will be heard in Waterville.

A vagrant looking lad, who had been noticed about town for several days, was seen on Saturday last to enter the house of Mr. Jerh Proctor, near the upper depot. Notice was given from a neighboring house, and the young thief, on being alarmed, made his escape by the back stairway. It was found that he had been through the chambers rummaging drawers and closets, and taking several articles of small value. Mr. Proctor, when informed of the burglary, telegraphed to Lewiston, thinking the boy had gone that way in the cars; but as he did not arrive there the presumption is that he stopped by the way.

A FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT occurred on the Grand Trunk Railroad, at Belleville, Canada, on Saturday. The engine jumped the track, and the second class passenger cars were driven in upon the baggage cars, a portion of them being piled upon the engine, the passengers being pinned in, exposed to the steam. Sixty-five persons were badly injured, several of whom died on the spot and others have since passed away. But very few of the sixty-five, it is said will recover. The coroner's jury found that it was purely accidental; that the track was in good condition, and that the engineer was a sober, efficient and careful officer, and died at his post.

Poor old Yellow! his appetite for chickens has proved the death of him at last. He can't complain, for the suicides say a bullet is much easier than being ground up alive, as he has served the poor little Leghorns. Those who have listened to his innocent purring—so human and lady-like—at Mr. Robinson's hardware store, will hardly sanction the verdict that brought him to such a fashionable death. What a terrible warning to Horace Greeley!—for Yellow went from a good home on a full stomach, and death struck him square in the face, when he was thinking only of chickens. All he knew about chickens didn't save him.

PORTLAND is much excited over the loan to the Ogdensburg Railroad. The vote on Tuesday stood as follows—years, 1874; nays, 1898; showing a majority in favor but not two-thirds.

DR. SHELTON will close his labors as pastor of the Unitarian Church next Sunday, June the thirtieth.

## OUR TABLE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for July lays before its numerous readers a rich treasury of important, entertaining and sensible contributions. The most valuable of these is a very amusing narrative, by Miss Constance F. Woolson, of a journey "In Search of the Picturesque," illustrated by Sol Eytinge. Miss Woolson also contributes a beautiful poem, "Of Thunder," a legend of Lake Huron, 1772. Under the title of "The City of the Saints," Lyman Abbott contributes a paper on ecclesiastical Rome, the illustrations of which—fifteen in number—represent the most picturesque phases of modern Roman life. S. S. Conant contributes a brief but interesting history of the guillotine, from which it appears that this instrument was not invented by Dr. Guillotin. Three old engravings are reproduced, showing that it was in use in Germany in the sixteenth century. The paper by Hiram Hitchcock, on "The Explorations of Di Cosens in Cyprus," introduces American readers to an important and valuable discovery of ancient monuments recently made by General Di Cosens, who is himself an American citizen. Mr. Hitchcock's valuable contribution is richly illustrated with twenty-two engravings, representing some of the most important articles in Di Cosens's collection. A second installment is given of Emilio Castelar's remarkable and brilliant history of Republicanism in Spain. This paper by Castelar and an article on Mazzini by Monro D. Conway, the latter made up largely from personal reminiscences, by their intensely personal suggestions fitly remind us of the approach of the Fourth of July. A short story in this number, entitled "My Grandmother's Pomander," is a very striking and original tale by a new author, well known in another field of art, but who covers her identity with the non-plume of "Frances Eastward." Miss Zadel B. Dutton contributes a charming love story in verse, entitled "On the Sands," a summer idyll. Mrs. Mary B. Dodge contributes an exquisite poem, "To a Child," and "A Legend," by Thomas Day. English is a very beautiful and effective rendering of a Greek legend. The Essay Chair preaches two excellent sermons—one on the "Practice and Professions of Christians," and another on the "Saviour's Death." The other Editorial Departments maintain their usual standard of excellence—the Scientific Record for this month containing forty-five separate articles.

Published by Harper, Brothers, New York, at \$4 00 a year.

HALF HOUR RECREATION IN POPULAR SCIENCE.—Under this title, Messrs. Lee & Shepard, the well known Boston publishers, are issuing a series of papers, compiled from the works of the most popular scientific writers of the day. The series will embrace familiar lectures, essays, and other papers on scientific matters, modern discoveries, natural phenomena, social statistics, and other subjects intimately connected with the mental and moral growth of mankind, and nothing will be admitted to the series unless it be of the highest American reader. Selections are made from the works of the most eminent scientists at home and abroad, which will appear in neatly printed numbers of a convenient form. Nos. 1 and 2 contain "The Elements of Science," "Spectrum Analysis Explained," and "Uses to Science Illustrated," and No. 4 contains "Spectrum Analysis Diagrams," showing its Application in Microscopic Research and to Discoveries of the Physical Constitution and Movements of the Heavenly Bodies." The readers of scientific treatises are rapidly multiplying, and we think that these papers will meet a popular demand, and that the publishers will have made a popular list.

Sold in Boston by Nichols & Hall, and in Waterville by C. K. Matthews. Price—single numbers, 25 cts.; for a year of twelve numbers, \$2.50.

EVERY SATURDAY.—The number for June 26, which completes the first volume of the new series, contains another chapter of "The Yellow Flag," Edmund Rice's story; "Thunder in America," by Damodar; "Some on the Crucifix; Alcoholic Drinks; Horace Walpole; Bar One; Foreign Notes; Pan," a new poem by Robert Buchanan.

This Journal of Choice Reading is published weekly by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$5 a year.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR for July maintains the high standard of excellence which it has reached. The stories and other matter are fully equal to previous issues. T. S. Arthur & Sons, Publishers, Philadelphia.

No. 1. VOL. 26.—This week we again commence the ascent of that ladder of fifty-two steps, which we have already mounted twenty-five times. It almost makes our backs ache to think of the labor before us, but "Excelsior" is the word, and duty and inclination both urge us forward.

SPARE OUR BLUESIES!—The Portland Transcript is prompted to the following oracular utterance:—

The Waterville Mail is 25 years old this week. We do not know of a paper published in a village of the same size and with more marked ability. Independence, wit, and good sense always characterized its editorials.

We are pleased to learn that the establishing of a democratic daily in Bangor has not diminished the circulation of the *Whig*, or injured its business in any way; on the contrary, the circulation of the Daily Whig has increased and that of the weekly has more than doubled since the *Commercial* was started. The *Whig* is an excellent news paper, bringing us intelligence six hours in advance of the dailies from the west, while it is doing good service for the country by its able advocacy of correct principles.

WATERVILLE COLD WATER TEMPLE No. 1.—The Augusta Temple has extended to the Waterville Temple an invitation to visit Augusta on July 4, and be their guests on the occasion.

The Augusta Temple have a band engaged and are preparing, as we learn, for a grand time for the children; and it is expected the effect will be beneficial for the temperance cause in Augusta and vicinity. A special train will be run and the fare will be 50 cts. for the children and \$1 for adults, for the round trip. There will be a special meeting of the Waterville Temple on Monday evening next, to admit to membership those who desire to join, and to make arrangements for this proposed visit to Augusta. A full attendance is desired. The parents of members are particularly invited to attend on that evening.

A MONSTER MUD TURTLE, from Winslow, drew quite a crowd in our street, the other morning, where he promenaded for awhile, "a spectacle and show."

JACK HALE, the notorious horse thief, is again at liberty. Though he is now 84 years of age, twelve of which he has spent in prison, it is by no means certain that he has not still an inordinate hankering for horse flesh.

Dr. Brickett's temperance address at Kendall's Mills, on Monday evening, was a good, sound, wholesome discourse, such as might be expected from one who knows of what he talks, to whom he talks, and what he is talking for. He had a good audience, and did them good service.

THE CURRENT WORM has made frightful havoc in many gardens, stripping every leaf from the bushes. Mr. A. Jacobs, on Pleasant Street, informs us that he tried the remedy recommended in the Bangor *Whig*—lime and cayenne pepper—published in the *Mail* last week, with complete success. It will not cost any one much to try it.

## KENDALL'S MILLS ITEMS.

MORE rain.

ABOUT 220 have signed the "Total Abstinence Pledge" in this place.

DAVID RODERICK has his new house, opposite the Common, nearly completed.

DR. BRICKETT, of Augusta, and Francis Murphy, Esq., of Portland, delivered addresses before the Reform Club last Monday evening.

MR. FRED GETCHELL, of Waterville, sawed two of his fingers while at work in the Furniture Manufactory of Wm. W. Rideout & Co., on Thursday of last week.

LORING AMES fell from a staging a distance of about 15 feet, last Saturday, receiving severe internal injuries. Hopes are entertained of his recovery. It is thought that sun-stroke was the cause of his fall.

CHARLES DUREN, while sawing laths at the mill of Nye & Fogg, sawed the thumb of his right hand.

A LARGE jam of logs, about 250,000 in number, have collected at Pishon's Ferry Boom, forming a pile of the width of the river and nearly one mile long. They are piled from the bottom and in some places are ten feet above the surface.

C. D. LAWRENCE & Co., have just completed an addition to their Door, Sash and Blind Factory. They employ from 15 to 20 hands and turn out about \$30,000 worth of stock yearly.

E. C. LOW has moved his stock of goods to the store formerly occupied by O. G. Flood, which has been fixed up in a neat and tasty manner.

## DOCTOR.

COLBY UNIVERSITY.—The following is the programme for commencement:

Sunday evening, July 21st, sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society, by Rev. S. K. Smith, D. D.; Monday evening, Junior prize exhibition; Tuesday evening, oration before the literary societies, by Hon. Wm. Whiting of Boston, and the re-union and supper of the Delta Kappa Epsilon and Zeta Psi secret fraternities immediately after the oration; Wednesday evening, meeting of the Board of Trustees and alumni association; Wednesday evening, concert by the Germania Band of Boston, assisted by Mrs. Burnham; Thursday, commencement.

The music, up to Wednesday, will be furnished by Chandler's band of Portland. It will be seen that commencement is Thursday, instead of Wednesday as formerly. The reason for the change is that time may be given to the trustee and alumni meetings.

WATERVILLE CLASSICAL INSTITUTE.—The annual Commencement of this institution will occur next week. The annual Exhibition will be at the Baptist Church next Wednesday forenoon, commencing at 10 o'clock. The Graduation Exercises of the Senior Classes will commence at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. The music for these exercises will be furnished by Chandler's Band of Portland, who will give a Concert in the Church on Tuesday evening, assisted by Mrs. Marriener, (formerly Miss Louise Lyford) of San Francisco, vocalist, and Miss Jennie Taylor, of Waterville, Pianist.

"THREE YEARS IN A MAN TRAP" is the title of a new temperance story, by T. S. Arthur, the author of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," of which it is the fitting companion. It is a story of thrilling interest, showing up the horrors of the liquor traffic, and the dangers of those who once enter upon a course of drinking. It is a great campaign document for the friends of temperance. It is published by J. M. Stoddard & Co., Philadelphia, H. A. McKenney & Co., being general agents for Maine.

Mrs. Jennie Gray is canvassing Waterville and vicinity for the sale of the work.

STRAWBERRIES, field grown, are in the market for about 20 cents per quart, while the cultivated bring 40.

THE WORLD'S PEACE JUBILEE, in Boston, is a splendid success, every way. On Tuesday, when President Grant made his first appearance, 70,000 visitors were present and thousands were turned away. Everybody and his wife are bound to see and hear for one day at least, for it is the event of a life time.

THE ELEVENTH MAINE held a glorious reunion in Bangor this week—Gen. H. M. Plaisted, its old commander, making an address and Hon. David Barker reciting a poem, the exercises concluding with a banquet at the Bangor House.

THE GENEVA CONFERENCE, from which we have daily reports, is still in session, notwithstanding the talk of adjournment; but precisely what the situation is it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to make out. It is and it isn't; they have and they haven't; they will and they won't—are the contradictory reports day after day.

The recent rains have watered the thirsty earth, and vegetation is now taking enormous strides.

Are our young men growing effeminate, or what is the matter? Base ball is nowhere, and great stalwart fellows devote their attention to croquet. With young ladies to help them, we think we could understand it; but how a party made up exclusively of young men can occupy themselves with so tame a game is past our comprehension.

The plasterers—Sheridan, Griffiths & Brackett, of Portland—have finished their labors on the new College building, and the carpenters are now in again. The work of filling and raising the grade about the building is also begun, so as to make it presentable at Commencement.

And now a potato bug—not so big as his California brother, but a voracious fellow and very destructive—has made its appearance, threatening death to this favorite fruit of New England.

THE LOGS are running in squads, as though the drivers were not far behind.

NATIONAL PROGRESS.—The Great American Institute announces its Forty-first Annual Exhibition, to be opened in the city of New York, on the fourth of September next. Applications for space to exhibit the best Agricultural Productions, Mechanical Inventions, Artistic devices, and valuable articles of American manufacture, are now in order. It is intended to make this the most extensive, useful and meritorious exhibition ever held in America.

Premontory Symptoms of Fourth of July begin to appear in the snapping of torpedoes and the occasional toot of a horn.

Somebody at Colby University has been making "a big boom for a small calf" in sending sensational-despatches all over the country of strange matters that never occurred, but which have the effect to injure the reputation and character of the institution and its students. (Ken Jour.)

Well, who are most to blame,—the irresponsible and incompetent correspondent, or the conductors of the daily papers, who, in their eagerness to have the latest news, publish these sensational reports?

Hon. J. H. Burleigh, of South Berwick, has been nominated as candidate for Congress in the First District.

HON. ALBERT PILLSBURY, formerly a democratic candidate for Governor in our State, died in Halifax, June 12th, at the age of 36.

They have finally obtained a jury in the Stokes trial.

The Bangor Democrat justifies the support of Greeley by the democrats, on the ground that the Chappaqua philosopher has, like Paul, had a "noon-day" vision and experienced a remarkable conversion. The democrat says: "The things which Saul said and did before that noon-day vision on the road to Damascus, were no longer remembered after his conversion; but the things that Paul said and did after his remarkable change are everywhere treasured."

Yes; but how will they strike those republicans, to whom this change is a "perversion" and not a "conversion"?

NOT SO MUCH OF A JOKE, AFTER ALL.—A week or two ago the papers were laughing over the nomination of Charles Francis Adams by the Anti-Masonic Convention at Oberlin, declaring that he was a Mason and a high Mason. We understand that his relations declare that he is not a Mason, and that "none of the Adamses have anything to do with the foolish thing." Moreover, the Anti-Masons have now found that Gen. Grant is not a Mason, and is not afraid to say so; there was no occasion for nominating Adams nor anybody else; and here is where the joke comes in, if there is to be any joke about it. Indeed, Horace Greeley has always been a strong anti-Mason, while the same is true of both Wilson and Brown; so there seems to be no Masonic candidate in the country, and nothing just now to quarrel about.—[Boston News.]

HUMAN CENSURE.—There are those who have so morbid a fear of this, that they are prevented from doing what their own consciences approve. This is wrong, "loving the praise of men more than the praise of God." A certain regard for public opinion is right. When an individual says: "I care not what others think of me," the remark elevates him not in our eyes, but rather makes us suspicious of him; for such recklessness relative to the judgment of mankind is not the usual accompaniment of virtue. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold!—and he who has such a good character, or is conscious that he deserves such a character, will not be utterly indifferent as to the estimation in which he is held by the community.

But while this is so, and a certain regard for man's judgment is proper and commendable, no one should set such a value upon it as through fear of public opinion to shrink from duty or incur the reproaches of conscience. No let a man settle in his own mind what is right, and then determine to do it, whoever may censure. The abiding conviction of having done so—the sweet testimony of a good conscience towards God and towards man—is more than a compensation for any trials to which he may be subjected in taking this course. Favor is deceitful and often unproductive; the judgments of men are conflicting, fallible, and often false; if men are censors they are self-constituted censors, without divine authority; and their frowns and themselves are passing away. We, too, are fast passing to a world where not a few of the verdicts of blind presumptuous mortals will be reversed and where a sacred regard to conscience and the approbation of the Great Omnipotent Judge of the universe will be duly appreciated and rewarded.—[Kansas Spirit.]

Boots.—Mr. Squeaky Boots attended the Thomas concert. He generally goes to concerts and other public entertainments. He is musical. He loves and makes music. He is the man spoken favorably of by Shakespeare, when he said: "The man that hath not music in his soul is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils." To what treason or stratagem, or other enterprise requiring stealthiness and secrecy, can a man move whose boots utter noisy proclamation of his approach?

The Chinese and Japanese, whose most elaborate musical instruments reproduce the squeaking of dry cartwheels and the squealing of sick cats, might utilize this pedal instrument, but our western tastes have failed to harmonize the rubbing of two surfaces of dry leather, with the friction of tense strings or the vibrations of reeds. Why then is it tolerated as a part of our most artistic orchestral concerts? Mr. Squeaky Boots came in late. He had an engagement. This engagement was to come in with his poick-poick-poick in measured march in the pianissimo passage, with which the audience might have been brought to a too painful pitch of excitement. During the evening he was evidently moved, and when he moved everybody was painfully aware of it. He took his little walk at the boots. He felt like trying a pas seul on his toes. But his lively boots forgot to bring him back, till they could crash and trample upon another exquisite symphony. A considerate person would have dropped into the nearest seat and kept still, but that is not Mr. S. B.'s style. He had a conspicuous seat, and he must march to it, and make military turns through all the aisles, his own music playing in full band.

Boots attended a very select musical entertainment last Sunday evening, and got a severe reprimand for interrupting the services with one of his heavy performances. Everybody was glad of it. Perhaps the individual Boots did not deserve the reprimand—had his excuse

—but no matter, his class did deserve it, and never did the denunciations of the pulpit fall more justly upon a crying public and social grievance.

Mr. Squeaky Boots travels. He is pretty well known in all places where people congregate for amusement, instruction or devotion. A friend tells this adventure, which once befell him in Baltimore. He went to church with his usual tardiness. The minister, a man of culture and eloquence, but sensitive, and who reckoned himself, like the law, a schoolmaster to bring men to Christ, and blended often the office of the tything-man with the preacher, was in the midst of the long prayer. Partly from self-annoyance and partly for rebuke, he stopped for Squeaky to subside. Squeaky, finding that he was interrupting the services, stopped in his walk. The preacher, his eyes being closed, thought the intruder was seated and resumed. Boots, finding everything going on regularly, resumed his march. The minister paused again; so did Boots. And so for several minutes the prayer and the boots competed with each other, neither able to get on but by short hitches, until the inveterate nuisance had thus effectually trampled out the prayer and every devout feeling in the audience, and instead left irrepressible mirth where should have been only reverence and silence.—[Portland Daily Advertiser.]

WEDDED LOVE.—There comes a time when the maiden departs from her father's house. She is called; she answers and goes forth. Ah! how many visions of angels have there been; but they were not gods. How many have gone out, walking on flowers a little way, but soon have found the flowers changed to thorns. How many have gone out from their father's house, borne on the seraphic experience of love, scarcely touching the ground for joyfulness, to find, little by little, that love flowed away like a sunnier's brook, and left in its place but the bare channel and the gravel. How many have gone out to pursue a fiction which perished faster than the snow melts in the handling!

And yet every maiden must go forth in her appointed time. Blessed are they who thus going, in the very first day, behold, as it were, God's ladder between heaven and earth, and God's angels ascending and descending, and behind and above all, God himself! See to it, then, you who are going, and you that are gone—see to it that your earliest plans in the married life, your first hopes, include a true love to God, and a true purpose of serving him. It is not enough that you love your husband. He is your head in the Lord. He stands for the hour, as it were, interpreting to you God's love; but he is not God. Otherwise your ladder will be upon the ground, too short to reach farther than the storm cloud, and ere long the winds will blow it over. Of all the sad things in this world, I think the saddest is the leaf that tells what love meant to be—and the turning of a leaf, to tell what love has been. One, all blossoms, the other ashes; one, all smiles and gladness; the other all tears and sadness. Nothing is so beautiful as the temple that love builds; nothing is so miserable as the service of that temple, if God be not in it.

My young maiden friend, love is not a passion, but a growth. The heart is a lamp, with just enough to burn for an hour. If there be no oil to put in again, it will go out. God's grace is the oil that fills the lamp of love. If there be one thing above all others, that every woman should say to herself, in the beginning of her married life, it is this: "I cannot be respected and loved, as I must needs be, to be happy, unless I can bring something more than myself. It must be God in me that shall maintain me in that dignity and fullness of influence and impressiveness that shall win and keep my husband's love." A goddess woman entering into the marriage relation, goes as a lamb to the slaughter; wreaths of flowers may be around her neck, but the knife is not far off.

Desecration of love is the saddest thing on earth. There is nothing, it seems to me, that touches the contemplative heart more than this; to see what love might be, if its early days be prophets of possibility, and then see what it is. More than anything else in the world, love fails for want of food, and no other food is there for love but goodness. Love can no more burn without goodness than the flame can without fuel. The sorrows that must go with you through all your life, or break constantly upon you, somewhere, cannot be borne without God's ministering angels. As your household grows around, and your children begin to feel the tides of life, and you become, in turn, their guides, as your parents were yours, you will find that no one can bear life well who has not got somewhere, the present "help in time of trouble."

If there be anything that young wedded love should have as its first vision, it should be a vision of a ladder between the earth and heaven, and the angels of God ascending and descending, and God over all, blessing it. Then there is hope for you; otherwise it is your fate!

Blessed are they whose visions, as they leave the watch-care and instructions of their father and mother, are of angels, ascending and descending; who accept the vision, and in their strivings for prosperity and wisdom vow as Jacob did:

"If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go; and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God."

The worst coughs yield, as if by magic, to the wonderful curative powers of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

## Insurance.

## ENTIRE SAFETY.







# THE PLOT AGAINST HAWLEY.

CHAPTER I.  
HOW THE PLOT ORIGINATED.

Near noon, the 5th of September, 1852, a man laboring under great excitement was walking hurriedly up Broadway, New York. His features were flushed and convulsed, his glances wild and restless, his whole mien indicative of keen anguish.

Turning to the right into Bleeker street, he soon reached a plain three story and basement brick house, to which he gave himself admittance.

"Are you there, Ruth?" he called from the hall.

A step was heard overhead, followed by the rustling of a dress, and a young lady descended the front stairs. "Despite several points of marked contrast, there was a family likeness about the couple that proclaimed them to be brother and sister."

"Why, what's the matter, Luke?" cried the latter, starting at sight of the disturbed countenance that met her view. "Are you ill?"

"I've just received bad news," replied the brother, leading the way into the parlor—"news which has given me a terrible shock."

"Shocked? You? What has happened?"

"In a word, Clara Aymar is married!"

"Married!?" echoed the sister recoiling. "Clara Aymar married! Is it possible?"

"Yes, married! The girl I've been 'laying down' for years past—the only girl I ever cared a pin for. Imagine the shock this event gives me. I'm nearly crazy."

"Then you really loved her?"

"Loved her! I must have worshipped her, or else this thing would not have completely upset me."

"Oh, as to that, the loss of a thing always gives us an exaggerated notion of its value," said the sister philosophically, as she sank languidly into an easy chair, and smoothed out a fold in her showy morning robe. "You are simply shocked, as you say. But by tomorrow you will laugh at the whole matter."

"Don't, Ruth!" implored the brother, sinking heavily into the nearest chair. Clara Aymar is more to me than my life! My love for her is a delirium! It is no such passing fancy as you suppose, but an everlasting passion—a rage—a flood of molten lava! And I've counted all along upon marrying her. True, she has rejected me twice, but I thought she'd change her mind—"

"She was in no way committed to you?"

"No, of course not. She has never given me any encouragement. But I am none the less surprised. I supposed that everything was favorable for my wishes. I knew that she was still young to marry—an orphan—without money and without friends—presumably without suitors; and I flattered myself that she couldn't always remain insensible to my attentions."

"You reasoned wisely enough, of course, Luke; but reason never decides these matters," declared the sister, with a sort of contemptuous compassion. "A whim—a chance meeting—a smile or a word—a moment's weakness—any trifles—these are the things by which marriages are brought about. But who is the bridegroom?"

"Ah! that's a point that will touch you a little, I think. Can't you guess who he is?"

"I have't the least idea."

"Well, then, he's Will, Hawley."

The sister sprang abruptly to her feet, clasping both hands to her heart. The changing colors of her brother, his agitation, his anguish, all passed to her own features.

"Will, Hawley?" she gasped. "Oh, you don't mean it, Luke!"

"But I do though. It's God's truth. Clara Aymar and Will, Hawley are husband and wife."

A heavy fall succeeded. The sister had fainted. She lay upon the floor as one dead.

"Did she think that much of Hawley?" muttered the brother, astonished. I didn't suppose—"

He hastened to bring a pitcher of water and bathe the white features, and then set himself to chafing her clenched hands.

Cap. Luke Pedder was twenty-seven years of age, with an originally light complexion, which had reddened with generous living and exposure to wind and sun. His form was of the average size and height, and his features of the most ordinary type. He was singularly selfish and unscrupulous, but of gentlemanly manners, being well educated and used to good society. His ability as a navigator was fair for a man of his age and experience, but he owed his position as commander of a fine Australian clipper, more to respect for his late father and to sympathizing favor than to his own merits.

Miss Ruth Pedder was two years younger than her brother, and consequently twenty-five years of age, although she owned to only twenty. She was tall, thin, and a little inclined in her outlines, as in her temper, to angularity. She was not particularly bright, but she was bold and unscrupulous, and possessed a fierce energy which was capable of compensating in any emergency for lack of genius.

rupted Pedder, "and he couldn't have well done less, after asking me to befriend him. But he never made any formal declaration?"

"No, he didn't. As mate of a Rio ship, he was away seven-eighths of the time, and I didn't expect a regular courtship. But I took it for granted—"

Pedder made an impatient gesture. "We've deceived ourselves," he muttered. "We've been carried away by our feelings. The girl's rejection of me was really intended to be final, and Hawley's visits here were merely visits of business and friendship. But why Clara should prefer Hawley to me I can't imagine," added Pedder, drawing himself up haughtily. "Hawley has neither name, nor money, nor position!"

"Nor can I see why Hawley should prefer Clara Aymar to me!" said Miss Pedder, as she glanced at her reflection in one of the long mirrors near her. "She's a hired attendant, or something of that kind—the creature."

"I'd no idea that you thought so much of Hawley," observed the brother, as he strove to calm his painful emotions.

Miss Pedder moaned. Her eyes filled with tears.

"I thought all the world of him," she murmured. "Well, well, they're husband and wife," at length muttered Pedder hoarsely. "And this, I suppose is all there is to be said."

Miss Pedder compressed her lips until they bled, staring at her brother with a fixedness amounting to ferocity.

"No! no!" she breathed fiercely. "The matter shall not end here. That marriage—that abominable marriage—"

She clutched at her heart again, as if suffocating.

Pedder opened his eyes widely.

"Why what can we do?" he queried. "You wouldn't have me murder Hawley, I suppose? That wouldn't make him your husband. And on the other hand, it wouldn't do me any good if you were to kill Clara Aymar."

"But there is a way, Luke, of undoing that marriage."

Pedder started toward his sister, as it electrified.

"Do you mean it?" he demanded.

"I mean it, and I swear it! I'll never consent to that girl's having Hawley! I'll dig a gulch between them as broad as the ocean! I'll undo that marriage or die!"

"Softly! Where is Kate?"

He referred to their sister servant.

"She's out for the day," answered Miss Pedder, arising and planting herself in a chair. "There's little to do you know, as I did not expect you home until dinner."

"Then no one will hear us?"

"What's your idea?" he asked, in a whisper.

"My idea is to separate them, to turn their love to hate; to dig a pit beneath their feet that will remain open forever!"

"But how?"

"Will Hawley is poor, isn't he?"

"Certainly; there is no mistake about that. His mother was a helpless widow for the last ten years of her life, and Will insisted on her using for her comfort every penny he earned. It hasn't been six months since he was relieved of that burden. He's poor, therefore, as you say—poor as Job's turkey!"

"Then he'll have to leave his darling Clara," sneered Miss Pedder venomously. "He'll have to absent himself from his deary in order to earn their mutual bread and butter. In short, he'll have to go to sea again?"

"Well, yes, I suppose he will," assented Pedder. "He can get better wages at sea than elsewhere. He'll sail again soon, no doubt."

"I thought as much. And the sea is full of terrible dangers! When do you sail again for Australia?"

"In about two weeks—possibly in ten days, as the ship's filling up rapidly."

ley seized by some trusty agent, while he is ashore upon business, or you can send him ashore under some pretence, such as looking for a deserter from the ship or for a ship-wrecked sailor, and then sail away without him—"

"Say no more," interrupted Pedder with wild exultation. "I see how to manage the affair from its beginning to its end."

"And you now see that we can undo that hateful marriage?"

"Perfectly—perfectly. The affair will require a little time and patience, of course, and a little expenditure of money, but we are sure to triumph. Capital! glorious! what a load you have taken from my soul, Ruth! what a genius you are!"

He leaped to his feet and began pacing to and fro rapidly with the most extravagant signs and exclamations of joy.

"First, to get Hawley on his island," resumed Miss Pedder musingly. "Next for you to marry the pretended widow. Then for me to rescue the prisoner and marry him. And finally for you and me to be happy, you in your way and I in mine—you with Clara in New York, and I with Will in Australia. You comprehend the whole project clearly?"

"From the first step to the last. There's only just one possibility of failure—"

"And that one?"

"Refusal on Hawley's part to accept the post offered him—a refusal based on his marriage."

Miss Pedder turned pale at the thought.

"But he won't refuse," she soon declared, recovering her equanimity. "He has long been wanting just such a place. Married or single, he can't neglect his bread and butter."

"Well said, Ruth, I think we can count upon him. The post he came here to ask me for is vacant, and I will accordingly have it offered to him, just as if nothing had happened."

"Exactly. You needn't speak of his marriage, or seem to know anything about it. You can simply offer him the post in question, in accordance with the old understanding. And he will accept it. He can't possibly have any suspicion of anything wrong. Outwardly and apparently we are all on good terms with one another, and will remain so. Let the wages offered him be liberal. Possibly he may object to leaving his young bride so soon, but the next voyage after this one—"

Pedder interrupted the remark by a gesture of impatience. He was all eagerness now—all determination.

"That next voyage after this one will not answer," he declared. "Hawley shall accompany me on my very next trip. To make all sure on this point, I will have him engaged this very day. In fact, I will see to this now."

He seized his hat and gloves, addressed a few words to his sister, and quietly took his departure down town. The last glances the couple exchanged at the door were full of jubilant wickedness.

The next three or four hours passed slowly to Miss Pedder. She was beginning to fear that the whole project had miscarried at its very commencement, and was fretting herself into a fever, when Pedder suddenly made his appearance. One glance at his vivid flushes, at his dancing eyes, at his airy manner, was sufficient.

"We triumph then?" she cried, throwing herself into his arms for the first time in years.

"Completely! I saw my owners on the subject, and they sent for Hawley. He at first offered some objections, as was natural, but the high wages, the great step upward, the kindly interest we all manifested, soon brought him to a grateful acceptance!"

"Splendid!" murmured Miss Pedder, with a rippling laugh. "I knew the thing was feasible. And so in two weeks more our fond bridegroom will be plowing the sea again—"

"In two weeks more, Ruth? We shall be off in six or eight days. The cargo is fairly tumbling aboard the *Flying Childers*, to say nothing of a fair list of passengers. The honeymoon of our loving doves will be abridged to six short days more, you may be certain."

CHAPTER II.  
A GREAT STEP TAKEN.

In the midst of the Antarctic ocean, a little off the route from New York to Australia, there lies a large island named Kerguelen's Land, or—as Capt. Cook called it—the Island of Desolation.

It was discovered just a hundred years ago, (in 1772,) by the French naval officer whose name it bears. It was uninhabited then, and is to-day as deserted as ever.

The smallest school boy among our readers can find it upon his map of the world, about midway between the south end of Africa and Australia, well up toward the South Pole.

It is a hundred miles in length by fifteen in breadth, and is consequently three or four times as large as Rhode Island.

Its coasts are so wild and dangerous that its discovery, during the two expeditions that he made to it, did not once bring his ships to anchor in any of its bays and harbors.

Its shape is very irregular, but something like that of an hour-glass, it being nearly cut in two by a couple of large bays; but these two divisions are unequal in size, the northern peninsular being much larger than the southern.

Its coast line is wildly broken and jagged, its innumerable gulfs being long and narrow, and its promontories are correspondingly sharp and slender, reaching out into the ocean like fingers.

The rains in Desolation are almost incessant, in their season, and the island is accordingly veined with numerous torrents of fresh water, some of which have worn out of the solid rock tremendous cavities and gullies. The only other reason than that of the rains is one of almost constant snow.

The fogs of that ghastly region are well worthy of the rains, being of a cloud-like density, and hovering almost continually over the whole face of the island.

The sun of Desolation is usually hidden by a canopy of lead-colored clouds, and appears, on the rare occasions when it is visible, scarcely brighter than the moon in other latitudes. As to the moon itself, and the stars, the clouds and fogs rarely permit them to betray their existence.

No fish worthy of note, not even fishes of prey, abound in the adjacent waters, by reason, perhaps, of their containing poisonous minerals, or deadly exhalations from the volcanic fires beneath them.

Yet the dark grim sea inclosing Desolation has done something to repair the sterility of the island.

Penguins, ducks, gulls, cormorants and other marine birds are plentiful in some of its harbors.

Seals also abound.

Strange and terrible land!

Not a single human being, so far as is known, has ever lived there, save as is now to be recorded in these pages.

Near the middle of a dull, dismal afternoon, some eleven weeks later than the date of the preceding events, the good ship *Flying Childers* drew near to the island of Desolation, shaping her course toward its northernmost bay, called by Captain Cook Christmas Harbor.

A fair breeze was blowing from the north, and the ship was carrying every stitch of her canvas, including studding-sails.

Her crew—both watches—were busy about the deck, and her passengers—a score in number—had gathered in groups, mostly forward, and were gazing with great interest upon the wild, rugged shores before them, so far as the fog suspended upon those shores permitted them to become visible.

The ship had come here for water, nearly all her water casks having been stove or started during a squall ten days previously, and every soul aboard of her having been since that date upon short allowance.

Upon the quarter-deck stood Capt. Luke Pedder, looking unusually happy, with Will, Hawley beside him.

"I mean to get our water aboard before dark, Captain Pedder, and so avoid losing a night here," said the young executive, totally unconscious of the plot to leave him alone on the desolate island, and of the extraordinary adventures which were before him. The strange events that happened there, and indeed the whole of this thrilling story, will be found only in the New York Ledger, which is now ready and for sale at all the book-stores and news-depots. Ask for the number dated July 13, and in it you will get the story from the place where it leaves off here.

## LAWRENCE & BLACKWELL,

DEALERS IN  
Flour, Grain, Meal, Feed,  
AND GROUND PLASTER.  
AT THE GRIST MILL,  
KENDALL'S MILLS.

A first class stock of the above constantly on hand, which will be sold at the lowest living prices.  
GIVE US A CALL

## E. R. MAYO.

Oyster & Eating-House,  
CORNER BRIDGE AND WATER STREET  
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

## REMOVAL.

DR. A. PINKHAM.  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.  
Has removed to his new office,  
NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.,  
First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

## NEW FIRM!

NEW GOODS!  
O. H. REDINGTON, having sold to MARTIN BLAISDELL an interest in his business; the firm under the name of  
REDINGTON & B. AISDELL,  
will continue the  
Furniture, Carpet,  
CROCKERY, CASKET & COFFIN  
Business, at the OLD STAND OF O. H. REDINGTON.

## NEW CARPETING.

All grades, Tapestry, Three Ply, Extra, Ingrain, Dundee, of all colors, and all styles of Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mats and Rugs of all kinds.  
FURNITURE  
of every description. Parlor Suits, Chamber Sets, Walnut, Ash and Pine, got up in the latest styles. Sofas, Lounges, Beds, Steads, and Wood Seat Chairs, Office Chairs, and every thing ever kept in the best Furniture Stores.

## CROCKERY.

The largest stock ever in town. From China, Ironstone, Figured and Plain, several varieties; CO Ware, White and Yellow; Ware Goods, Vases, Cuspidors, Flower Pots, &c., &c.  
Shades and Curtains, Pictures, Tassels, Cords, &c., &c.  
GLASS WARE, new and beautiful Patterns.

## TABLE & POCKET CUTLERY.

SOLID SILVER WARE, Rogers Bro's  
MATTRESSES,  
Hair, Spring, Wool, Hunk and Excel for. FEATHERS, all grades. Spring Beds, Mirrors, all sizes. Chandeliers, Lamps and every thing.

## Mirror Plates Set to Order.

Caskets and Coffins,  
All sizes always on hand, Walnut, Rosewood, Whitewood, Elm, Birch and Pine, lined and trimmed in the very best manner at satisfactory prices.  
BURIAL ROBES,  
Thibet, Cashmere and Lawn, always on hand. We will sell these goods at the very bottom prices. Just examine and judge for yourselves.  
REDINGTON & BLAISDELL,  
Old Coffin Stand,  
opposite the Express Office.

## NEW GOODS JUST OPENED

J. F. ELDEN & Co's.

No. 2, Boutelle Block, Main St.  
WATERVILLE.  
Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Glass  
Ware, and House Furnishing Goods.

## FURNITURE.

The best assortment of Tapestry, Three Ply, Ingrain, Hemp, Straw, and Oil Cloths.  
PARLOR SETS—Hair cloth, Rep and Terry. CHAMBER SETS—Walnut Chestnut and Pine. Lounges, Mirrors, and Dining-room Furniture.

## 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, Bracket Lamps, in great variety.

## LACE CURTAINS AND PAINTED SHADES.

CORNISES 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.  
F. C. THAYER, M. D.  
OFFICE  
IN MERCHANTS' ROW, MAIN ST.,  
WATERVILLE, MAINE.

## DR. G. S. PALMER,

DENTAL OFFICE,  
over  
ALDEN'S JEWELRY  
STORE,  
opp People's Nat'l Bank,  
WATERVILLE, ME.  
Chloroform, Ether or Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired.

## Demorest's Patterns.

Mrs. S. W. WILLIAMS  
Informs the Ladies of Waterville and vicinity that she has the Agency of Madame Demorest's  
"Patterns for the Million,"  
comprising all the latest and most desirable styles for Ladies' and CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

These Patterns are reliable, cut with precision in the best style, and adapted to the season. Ladies are invited to call and examine the latest fashions and descriptions.  
Mrs. Williams is Agent for the  
New Wilson Sewing Machine,  
the first and only First Class Low Priced Sewing Machine yet offered having the "Drop Feed."

## REMOVAL.

G. H. CARPENTER  
has moved his  
MUSIC STORE  
to Prof. Lyford's Brick Block, nearly opposite his former place of business, where he will keep a stock of first class  
Pianos, Organs, Melodions,  
and SMALL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

## REMOVAL.

DR. A. PINKHAM.  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.  
Has removed to his new office,  
NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.,  
First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

## REMOVAL.

DR. A. PINKHAM.  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.  
Has removed to his new office,  
NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.,  
First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

## REMOVAL.

DR. A. PINKHAM.  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.  
Has removed to his new office,  
NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.,  
First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

## REMOVAL.

DR. A. PINKHAM.  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.  
Has removed to his new office,  
NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.,  
First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

## REMOVAL.

DR. A. PINKHAM.  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.  
Has removed to his new office,  
NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.,  
First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

## REMOVAL.

DR. A. PINKHAM.  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.  
Has removed to his new office,  
NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.,  
First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

## REMOVAL.

DR. A. PINKHAM.  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.  
Has removed to his new office,  
NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.,  
First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

## REMOVAL.

DR. A. PINKHAM.  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.  
Has removed to his new office,  
NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.,  
First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

## REMOVAL.

DR. A. PINKHAM.  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.  
Has removed to his new office,  
NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.,  
First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

## REMOVAL.

DR. A. PINKHAM.  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.  
Has removed to his new office,  
NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.,  
First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

## REMOVAL.

DR. A. PINKHAM.  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.  
Has removed to his new office,  
NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.,  
First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to execute all orders for those in need of dental services.

## AMERICAN AND FOREIGN PATENTS.

R. H. EDDY,

SOLICITOR OF PATENTS

For Inventions, Trade Marks, or Designs,

No. 76 State Street, opposite Kilby Street

BOSTON.

AFTER an extensive practice of upward of thirty years continues to secure Patents in the United States; also in Great Britain, France and other foreign countries. Grants Specifications, Assignments, and all papers for Patents executed on reasonable terms, with dispatch. Researches made to determine the validity and utility of Patents of Inventions, and legal and other advice rendered in all matters touching the same. Copies of the claims of any patent furnished free of charge. A fee is made for a man doing business in the village, or wishing for the advantages of good schools. Will be sold or applied for soon.

"I regard Mr. Eddy as one of the most capable and successful practitioners with whom I have had official intercourse."  
CHARLES MARION, Commissioner of Patents.  
"I have no hesitation in assuring inventors that they cannot employ a man more competent and trustworthy, and more capable of putting their applications in a form to secure for them an early and favorable consideration at the Patent Office."  
Late Commissioner of Patents.

"Mr. R. H. Eddy has made for me over THIRTY applications for Patents, having been successful in almost every case. Such unmistakable proof of great talent and ability on his part, leads me to recommend inventors to apply to him to procure their patents, as he will be sure of having the most faithful attention bestowed on their cases, and at very reasonable charges."  
Boston, Jan. 1, 1872.—1y28 JOHN TAGGART.

## CAUTION

TO FEMALES IN DELICATE HEALTH.