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Maxham & Wing

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OUR FATHER'S PRAISE.

BY EMILY H. MILLER.

He spreads the snow above the earth's brown bosom,
Fleecy and warm, to safely fold away
The cradled buds, that hold their dainty blossoms,
And wait the wooing of the balmy May.

Out of his treasures his hand unfailing
Scatters the glittering wonders of his frost;
Stretches the ice, the quivering waters rolling;
Looses his winds, on stormy errands tost.

He calls the rain: its serried lines, advancing
In cloudy columns, march along the skies;
Fresh fountains spring, a thousand streams are gushing,
And all his desert land rejoicing lies.

He sends his heat where tender herbs are springing;
His south-wind breathes, and lo! the shadows pass;
He feeds his birds, in every thicket singing,
And sends his dew upon the new-mown grass.

Great is the Lord! but while his hosts adore him,
And seraphs veil their faces as they fall,
A dearer song his children sing before him:
"Good is our Lord! whose love is over all."

[From Wood's Household Magazine.]

THE JUDGE'S ROSES.

BY MARIAN HAMILTON.

The Judge came out upon his door-step, not the Judge of Maude Miller's reveries, but our own local dignitary. It was one of June's freshest mornings. There was a suggestion of youth in everything, and the Judge felt it; far was it from his heart at any time to be numbered with the old men, certainly not at all mornings upon this, when he had reached the very height of forensic honor, and his decision was before the public in the most intricate of railroad suits. But a few summers over fifty, he commanded a position equalled by few men of his native state.

Years ago, when he really was young, the Judge had married a beautiful but most ambitious woman whose fascination over his married life he had powerfully felt. She spent freely for him a handsome patrimony, and then when nothing remained to her but her husband's talents, she had gauded those talents on to distinction, and died at the realization of her most ambitious dream. His children married and gone, there was for the Judge only the goal and the glory without a love to share it. Sensitive, too, about growing old, with an intense admiration for youth and beauty, as he stood refreshing himself in the sweet summer weather he forgot the weary winters, or at least their number.

Tripping down the walk came the fluttering of a white dress, and the motion of the daintiest of little sun-shades protecting from the broad light the beautifully formed head and face of the village beauty; she lifted, as she passed, a pair of bright blue eyes to the Judge's face, and her red lips parted into a smile over a row of pearly white teeth, giving her mouth a sort of springtime freshness. One little gloved hand held the sunshade, the other grasped tightly a bunch of June roses.

The snugest of shoes were buttoned over a pair of little feet; this the Judge noticed—he had ever a keen eye to foot and hand, petting his own with a sort of aristocratic tenderness. In fact not a grace of dress or person escaped the Judge's eye with this neighborly "Good morning."

"Pretty," the Judge said to himself, "but not so pretty as her mother was. Then as if moved by sudden impulse he hastened down the street and followed her.

Kitty Seaworth's thoughts were far off when the Judge's voice startled her—"pardon me he said, 'you or your roses have tempted me to follow.'"

"The roses of course, Judge Hare," and as the girl spoke, she lifted the abundant variety for his inspection—clusters of white and of red, with here and there a mossy bud. But what did he know of roses, whose life had been spent with Blackstone and Kent and the smell of Russia leather! he ran his eye carelessly over bud and blossom, and then lifting them to the young face exclaimed, "Yes, very beautiful."

Little Kitty blushed a right girlish blush before the implied compliment, while the Judge was preparing to return to the flowers and beg a spray.

"You shall have all," she said hastily, "indeed you shall, every one. You will be delighted with them on the study table. My father was saying at breakfast all Mayfield must be proud of you, and I give you these roses to twine with your laurels."

The Judge loved a compliment from any one, if he had not, he would have delighted in this; it meant to him more than compliment—it had a history. "Thank you," he exclaimed, "I can take them on one condition, that I can go with you to gather more."

"No sir! you shall have them as a free gift; I gathered them carefully for the love I bore them—I honor them with a purpose; they shall twine with your laurels," and she passed the still dewy bunch into his hand.

The Judge took them graciously, repeating, (for the Judge's elocution was a splendid point.)

"Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story,
The days of our youth are the days of our glory,
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet love and twenty,
Are worth all your laurels though ever so plenty."

"You believe this, Miss Seaworth do you not?"

"I should not, if I were Judge Hare, I should be satisfied with the laurels."

"Begging your pardon, my dear young lady, I fear you would not; one poor little rose-bud from 'the girl we left behind us' in life's morning is worth them all, and yet," he added seriously, "I have been all my life trying for these very laurels."

"And been so eminently successful," added the young lady. "My father was reading your latest decision yesterday, and he said to my mother he did not know any one who had greater cause for self-congratulation."

"And your mother?" asked the Judge, "what did she say? She knew me when I was nearer the boy than I am now."

"She was very happy in your success—she always is in that of her friends."

"Yes, I remember," this time the Judge was thinking to himself—"her congratulations over my first prize essay—but that was long ago—not so long either, if you, Miss Kitty, did not come between the then and the now."

"Oh, this growing old," said the girl carelessly, "it must be strange work."

"We must find the fountain of perpetual youth for you," said the Judge tenderly, for you and for the roses. You must be ever in the bud and bloom."

So they walked on—the Judge with a grandiose style of manner particularly noticed by the ladies. His dignity among men had done good service—it had been mistaken often times for power—but with the ladies there was rather too much of Sir Charles' style of compliment, which had grown with his years into a heavy mannerism.

Poor man, he little knew the sense of relief Kitty felt when he left her at the gate, whether he errand led her, as with a contagious sense of life beating the faster in his own pulses—he returned home with his fragrant gift.

The good people of Mayfield were proud of their Judge. Practical men listened to his opinion when the life of a fellow creature hung upon his decision; his word was law as to the

lawful right of this or that aggressive company and they were accustomed to go away satisfied that for them there was no higher legal testimony. But when they saw him this morning they smiled as he passed, at his roses, and at the consciousness with which he carried them, they had in their own matter-of-fact, domestic lives a sort of pity for the susceptibility of their Judge.

Mrs. Dennis, in the bay-window of her handsome stone cottage, with a very becoming widow's cap over glossy hair, sat filling in with crimson wool a handsome bead lily. She looked up as the Judge walked by and read with quick eye the story.

"Silly man," she said to her niece, "he has been walking with Kitty Seaworth and taken her flowers, I know them for the same roses she had in her hands this morning. He will do some silly thing yet before he dies. He is old enough to be Kitty's grandfather!" and Mrs. Dennis curled her proud lip in scorn. But the Judge did not see it—he did not even notice Mrs. Dennis with a passing glance—he had just then a confused consciousness of two pretty girls of just eighteen summers.

For days afterwards the roses withered on his study table.

An hour afterwards Kitty Seaworth entered her mother's room glowing with health and beauty; she took off her little round hat, put back the abundant hair, and sank with perfect abandonment into the large easy chair. "Mamma," she exclaimed, "I have had an old beau this morning; I should have thought he had come out of one of those great trunks in Grandmamma's garret; if he had only kissed my hand—if he had, I am sure I should have boxed him with the other, the intolerable bore!"

"Who was the bore?" asked the mother quietly.

"Judge Hare, to be sure, and mother dear, I do not know what style of beau, you had when you were young if he was an eligible!"

"There were giants in those days, Kitty; young men who since then have written their names upon high places—you may be well satisfied if any of the gay flatterers who dance around you, my daughter, attain to so good a record."

Kitty laughed and said she should be sorry if none made a better figure in the future; thinking all the while of one dark-eyed young man who had just had his diploma as M. D., and his first half dozen patients.

"Mamma," continued Kitty, "I cannot see how any warm-hearted man ever became such a creature of manner as Judge Hare. You should have heard the sentiment—Byron! laurels! rose-buds! all in a jumble!"

"I hope you were respectful, Kitty," said her mother. Judge Hare is a man old enough—she was going to say "to be your father." She did not. She finished the sentence by saying "old enough for your respect any how."

"I think I treated him very handsomely indeed, mamma, when I gave him all my roses, purposely to get rid of him, for I doubt if the poor old fossil knows a rose-bud from a marigold!"

"Kitty! Kitty!" repeated Mrs. Seaworth reprovingly.

"Any how, mamma, he is an intolerable bore. I shall go down stairs and practice. So saying she picked up her hat and sunshade and left the room."

Mrs. Seaworth sat sewing, the summer wind coming in cool and refreshing upon brow and fingers, ruffling her slightly gray curls, and blowing occasionally a stray bit of cambric from off the full work basket. She did not hear her daughter's music, she had forgotten her surroundings in the resurrection of an earlier self called up by her daughter's words. She was taking over again the long walk with Edward Hare, treasuring the flowers he gave her, and remembering the waifs of poetry from his enchanting lips; he had been no bore to her; from the long College letter—amid studies where she had been his toast and his song—on to the time when the young city girl came to visit her—the pretty adventures—who hung around her so lovingly, flattered her so nicely, shared her confidence, and at last sacrificed her without a touch of remorse in word or manner to her own aggrandizement. One evening stood out from all the rest—even now its returning memory made the sweet wife and mother's brow knit angrily above the still busy needle, it was the keenest pang Alice Harrington had given her when she sent Edward Hare to announce his engagement to her himself, and they stood at the garden gate embarrassed and equally wretched, only for a little while. Edward Hare returned to the new allegiance, and for anything the world saw or knew, never swerved from it afterwards. To Mary Lansing henceforth her old lover was as the victim of a gay intriguing woman, but she shrank as much as she could without attracting notice from the unprincipled woman who had gone defiantly to town to secure the best match in Mayfield, even though in doing so she had reason to believe she was stealing him from another.

But all such knowledge Mrs. Edward Hare seemed from this day forth utterly to ignore. She came, the gay bride, to take possession of the heart and hearth she had won by the most perfect strategy, and she lavished all manner of flattery upon Miss Lansing that she might not suspect her consciousness of the reality.

Mary Lansing married some three years afterwards, wisely and well; she had not returned to live in Mayfield until her invitations for a large and very handsome house-warming were arrested by the sudden death of poor Mrs. Judge Hare. Mrs. Seaworth recalled her invitations and did not give the party. All Mayfield felt the lesson taught by that ambitious life and fearfully unexpected departure.

Thus Edward Hare had been the early hero of Mrs. Seaworth's romance. Romance, however, which had faded and died in the bright reality of her wedded life. Nor did the dreamy memory that lingered sometimes over her girlish fancy, young in aught her honorable husband, in whose love she felt that she had found truth at last. No shadow of regret darkened her thoughts, and yet there was a sentiment of deeper interest in her former love's successes than she could bring herself to feel for other men. In the full sunshine of her happy life, all the scorn and bitterness which his defection had at first excited, had melted away and left but the kindly memory of her early friendship.

All this summer Kitty Seaworth had a growing consciousness of power. She had secured

the young village doctor and knew no rival in his attentions but the profession to which he devoted himself for her sake. Judge Hare was a sort of a noon-day shadow, forever at her side when the younger lover was not. Mayfield talked in stores, and chatted over tea-tables a thousand and one petty surmises neither Judge nor lady heard.

The Judge had no idea of measuring his strength with a boy, as he styled the young doctor, and it did not dawn in the least degree upon the Judge's perception that there could be anything ridiculous in this devotion to the daughter of his old love. Mrs. Seaworth saw, and it annoyed her; she spoke regretfully of it to her husband, who laughed the man's careless answer—"Judge Hare is old enough to take care of himself; let our little Kitty try her powers upon him!" and so the summer wore.

The clustering roses of June had given place to the richly dyed autumn flowers, the time between their blooming had been a heyday of love and happiness come back again to the Judge's heart. He had never dreamed of a rival—remembering his power in the past—true he had lost freshness, but he had gained in experience, in position, and in gratified ambition. No lady had said no to him. There was the dignity of security about the man—his colors had never faded.

A round yellow moon was coming up the sky—the Judge had seen many a harvest moon wax and wane—but what of that, the light of no other had been more silvery and winsome to his heart than this whose beautiful disk was just above the tree tops. He carried up an engraving to show to Kitty, an excuse for spending the whole evening with her and keeping, most effectually, the young doctor away; he was just going, as it happened, when the Judge arrived, having made an engagement to ride next day with the lady.

Kitty sat in the window looking in the direction whither the young doctor's steps had vanished—yet she turned to the Judge gayer than usual when he spoke.

"Is the disease so very desperate?" he asked, drawing a little nearer to the window, out of which the young girl would willingly have gone to have escaped from him. "Is it so very desperate, Miss Kitty, as to call for such unremitting attention from our young doctor? Has the heart been sounded? Are the pulses even? You see, I have a little skill in these matters, and may ask what may be the trouble thereabout."

"Ossification, if anything, Judge Hare, hardening of course!"

"Oh no! that would be dreadful at your age! I am more afraid for you of the love in a cottage fever—it begins with dews and damps, and ends in consumption or worse, dear Miss Kitty."

"I think I could live through it," said the young lady consciously. "You believe in the sentiment, you know, as well as I do. There is nothing so sweet in life as love's young dream! vines, love, and shrubbery might make the cottage bearable."

All very fanciful, my dear Miss Kitty, but very inconvenient. Then suppose the cottage not paid for, and few comforts in it. I never could respect the lover who tempted you to such a home."

A flush spread over the girl's face. She remarked quietly, "How fearfully worldly wise you are, Judge! I wonder if you never had your day of love's young dream, and vine-clad cottages, and if you now could honestly tell me it was all a failure!"

The Judge was uncomfortable; there were too many suggestions following such an inquiry. "Life, my dear girl," he said, "has many experiences, and I have learned that we cannot live on moonlight, nor on love only. Excuse me," he added, a certain degree of boyish awkwardness disturbing the Grandisonian manner with which he would have taken, but did not, the neat little while within his own. "Excuse me, but listen while I state the case to you."

He began like a Judge, very wisely, brought many a nicely arranged argument against this love in a cottage—set forth the advantages of an established position.

There was a pause. The Judge drew a deep breath. In the girl's heart was a struggle; she could stop him with a word—stay the confession trembling on the proud man's lips, or hear him out, and give him over more the memory of a humiliation.

It was no desire for personal triumph, no wish to test her power over him, yet she held her peace.

He hurried on—wisdom, dignity, alike forgotten in almost boyish fervor, as if the earnestness with which years ago he should, but did not, have told his love to the mother had been accumulating in intensity for the daughter's ear; he pleaded his cause faithfully—no jury ever heard such a summing up.

It was a strange experience for Kitty, she had hard work keeping back her tears, for Kitty was no flirt.

"I have done wrong," she said humbly, "to listen to you; I should have spared myself and you this pain; I thank you kindly for your regard, but forgive me, I have promised heart and hand to the young doctor—I am doomed to try at least love in a cottage. I should have told you earlier in the evening of this."

"Yes, you should have spared me this confession," said the Judge coloring. There was a strong reaction, already in his thoughts, and his eyes opened to a more just estimate of his own folly. "It would have been more honorable, Miss Seaworth, to have understood me earlier."

There was some embarrassment for a few moments between the two, then the Judge said, "Of course, if you had told me earlier I should have spared myself and you these idle words; they were honestly felt and truthfully uttered, intended for your ear alone; and as a true woman, Miss Kitty, I shall depend upon your honor not to mention this little *contre temps* to any one, and we two will forget it as quickly as possible!"

"I give you my promise Judge Hare, to speak of this evening to no one but to my mother; I am as sorry for the mistake as you can be."

"You could not confide the story to a more generous friend," said the Judge thoughtfully, still thinking only of himself. "Your mother is an old friend of mine; I can safely trust my mistakes with her. Now, my dear Kitty," he said, taking her hand as he rose to depart, "forgive me, that I have kept from his rightful

place in this window your young friend; and that I have sent you among the curtains to get rid of me! I believe I have lost the spell to a lady's heart, and that my days of love-making are over. I can only wish you the happiness of a thousand honey moons, without fever, chill, or change. Give the old man a kindly place in your young heart, and may you always be lovely. Good night."

The Judge took his homeward way, into the shadow of the elms, as the doctor had done before him, but with a sadder and a wiser heart. Mrs. Seaworth met her daughter at the head of the stairs. "How late the Judge stayed," she said; then lifting the light into her daughter's face she exclaimed, "Kitty, Kitty, what have you been doing, my child?"

"Humbling Judge Hare," said the girl, sternly. "Mother dear, if in the past this man has ever been a trifle, I have this night avenged my mother."

Mrs. Seaworth started. What gossip's tongue had been so busy at her daughter's ear! But the gentle self-possession of wife and mother returned immediately.

"I have nothing to revenge upon Judge Hare," she said. "Your father's wife, my darling, has no wrong laid up against any other man!"

"Ah! well, sighed Kitty turning with her mother into the quiet chamber, 'I overheard Mrs. Dennis say you had; that Edward Hare had trifled fearfully with Mary Lansing; who still, silly woman, believed him to be the greatest of men, and was anxious to have him for a son-in-law! So I determined from that hour to teach the Judge a lesson, and busy Mrs. Dennis, too, if she ever guesses it!'"

"My daughter," said Mrs. Seaworth, "no two wrongs ever made one right. If, long ago, in those far away days before I had seen your father, Edward Hare seemed to me noble and lovable, I have learned since that what I felt for him was but a passing girlish fancy compared to the true love I bear your dear father. How could I feel anything an injury which prepared for me so full and satisfying a life?"

"I will not rebuke you harshly, Kitty, for the spirit of youth is prompt to avenge fancied wrongs of its own or of other people, but remember hereafter that it is a poor thing for a girl to humiliate an honorable man for any cause whatever. The best gift the world can offer to a woman is the love of an upright man. To permit such a treasure to be laid at her feet, knowing she cannot accept it, is to lower the dignity of woman. Coquetry is falsehood, my daughter, the admiration a man may give a woman after she has forfeited his respect is of a kind she should blush to receive. Any girl who leads a lover on, knowingly, to the bitter mortification of a refusal, merits the scorn and contempt with which he has a right to reproach her. No high-minded man can ever recall such deception without a pain which reflects upon the giver; and if the woman herself be right thinking and honorable, the memory of such treachery must be a continued pain."

Mrs. Seaworth kissed and left her daughter, and Kitty sat long in thought that night, overwhelmed by the humiliation of her triumph.

Six months afterwards, when Kitty Seaworth was the prettiest bride in all Mayfield, and the young doctor the happiest of bridegrooms, Judge Hare came to the wedding and kissed, for the first and last time, with true Grandisonian politeness, the daughter of his first love, smiling the while, a little painfully to himself, at his own folly. But that day, when he drank to the young bride's health, he could not help saying to her father, "Pretty as the bride and daughter is, the mother was far prettier!"

"Is yet!" said Mr. Seaworth earnestly. "And you," added Judge Hare, "are the most enviable of men." And the Judge said it feelingly.

All in due order Mrs. Dennis was induced to accept the really, for her, desirable hand of Judge Hare.

The Judge could not help congratulating himself on the propriety of his present choice—that it was not the binding together of the spring flowers and the autumn leaves.

Yet stately Mrs. Dennis, now still statelier, Judge Hare, had, after all, a little quiet malice of her own. There never was a June afterwards when she did not have a cluster of roses on her husband's study table, slyly remarking, "For you know, my dear, your passion for June roses!" While the Judge, in more humble manner than his wont, put them aside quietly, and took out his law books.

The way in which our American colleges stultify themselves in conferring honorary degrees is ridiculous. There is some excuse for a poor college seeking to replenish its treasury by flattering the pride of a man without brains in his head but with a pocket full of money, with a title of LL.D. or D.D. or M.D., or anything else at that line, and thus inducing him to shell out his ducats. But when an institution as rich as Harvard confers the degree of LL.D. on Gen. Grant, it is simply absurd.

Gen. Grant is an able and successful soldier, a man of talent and has achieved great successes. But when you style him a Doctor of Laws you obscure his real fame and seek to make him eminent in a sphere which he never entered and knows very little about. When will our universities make their degrees something more than empty titles.—[Port. Adv.]

The enactment of a law in Germany for the expulsion of the Jesuits, is one of the results of the declaration of papal infallibility. Bismarck regards that doctrine as hostile to the German government, as it is to other governments, and as the Jesuits uphold it and do not hesitate to declare that it absolves them from allegiance to any other than the papal power, that prudent and ambitious statesman proposes to drive them out of the country, believing that as they are hostile to the government, the public peace is endangered by their presence. The measure was proposed not from hostility to the Jesuits, personally, but to prevent disturbances which it was feared might be the result of their teaching or preaching.

There are six post offices in the town of Fairfield. The office heretofore called Kendall's Mills is now changed to Fairfield; the office two miles north is Somerset Mills; the office five miles north is Fairfield Corner; the office in the center of the town is Fairfield Centre; the office two miles north of the centre is North Fairfield; the office in the northwest part is Larose.

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

Alice Gray thus narrates a very common experience in the Continental rambles:—"The last day I was to be left at St. Gorr for some convenience of trains, my party pursuing a different route. I landed alone with my maid in a small boat. The landlord of the Lillie, remembering me very well, asked if I would walk in to the table d'hôte just going on. I said yes, without thinking, and when I came down found he had delayed a course for me, and the three waiters were collected, looking impatiently up the stairs. Within were perhaps twenty people, mostly English, with empty plates, silent, all looking at the door, awaiting my entrance; they had seen my landing from the steamer. I shivered. But it was as a princess *incognito*, nothing less, that I took my seat. I had seen enough of travelling English to know how to treat them; so I entirely ignored their presence, placidly gazing out of the window in the intervals of the courses on long, straggling St. Gorrhausen opposite. [This had its effect in the increased respect of all glances, except those from a pair of bold, black eyes opposite me, whose owner observed to her husband in a loud tone, 'One of the people of the country, I suppose.'"

"My dear," murmured the gentleman, 'take care. The lady may understand English.' "Not likely!" in a tone of infinite disdain. "Oh!—ah!—one can never be too careful. So many of our people go to Paris, don't you know, that the French must pick up a little of our lingo."

"I don't think her French," remarked the lady, her gaze still broadly fixed on me. She proceeded with some very free and impudent remarks.

St. Gorr was a holy hermit who lived and preached in a cave below this village, just thirteen hundred years ago. Can the tension of his self-control yet brace the air here? Some such influence it must have been that kept me so quiet and unruffled. At the conclusion of the meal I wanted some comfures that stood near this lady, and the waiters had all left the room. I looked directly at her, and said in my best English, 'Madame, may I trouble you to hand me those bon-bons?'"

"If you could have seen the lady's face. It turned white, her jaw dropped and she stared blankly, utterly unable to comply with my request. Her husband snatched up the plate and handed it to me with a bow, and I ate my confectionary with an innocent air in the midst of dead silence."

CHURCHES AND CHURCH Pews.—Get people into church, shut them up in little cells called pews, isolated from everybody; then put the minister forty feet distant in the pulpit slap against the wall, so there is a great wilderness between the minister and his people. It would almost require Omnipotence to reach an audience at that distance under such circumstances. How do Christians get hold of sinners? They go out into a neighborhood and gather them into a parlor; everybody knows everybody; by and by they get into a little hall. For once or twice it gives the meeting a little shock; the minister is on a platform a little removed from them, but, nevertheless they thrive till they build a big church. They must have things in fashion, so they get the pew system in it, and at last they move into the new church. It remains one of the snail that moved into the lobster shell that had been left empty, and froze to death the first night. So long as they were in conditions warm and genial they thrive, but now in the great church, things seem to droop and lag. Many ministers do well till they get a new church, and then the people complain of them and drive them away; the church is the trouble; it's anti-social.—[Beecher.]

TRUST CHILDREN.—Never accuse a child of a fault unless you are certain he committed it. Children should not be treated with suspicion. We should act toward them in this matter as we feel we ought to act toward others, only with greater tenderness—not less, as is usually done. We should always put the best construction possible upon their conduct; that is, unless you are sure a child is telling a lie, and can prove it, do not show the smallest hesitation in believing what he says. Far better that you should be deceived than run the risk of showing a truthful child you do not trust him. Your simple trust makes a lying child truthful. Your doubt of his truthfulness may make a truthful child a liar.—[Christian Weekly.]

It is a favorite assertion of the Greeley republicans that Grant is only a puppet in the hands of Congress, a man without opinions of his own; while Greeley, being a man of very pronounced views, will make a President in fact as well as in name. Let us examine this a little. Let us apply the touchstone of their own declarations, and judge between the two where the weight of manly, straightforward individual opinion lies. Mr. Greeley, in his letter of acceptance, said:

"The raising of revenue, whether by tariff or otherwise, shall be recognized and treated as the people's immediate business, to be shaped and directed by them through their representatives in Congress, whose action thereon the President must neither overrule by his veto, attempt to dictate, nor presume to punish by bestowing office only on those who agree with him, or withdrawing it from those who do not."

Contrast the above pusillanimous waiving of a constitutional prerogative—for the Executive is a branch of the Government—with this assertion of his rights made in his inaugural address by President Grant:

"On all leading questions agitating the public mind I will always express my views to Congress, and urge them according to my judgment; and, when I think it advisable, will exercise the constitutional privilege of interposing a veto to defeat measures which I oppose. But all laws will be faithfully executed, whether they meet my approval or not. I shall on all subjects have a policy to recommend, but none to enforce against the will of the people."

In New York there is a mill which makes from paper such articles as milk-pans, cups, bread-pans, wash-bowls, etc., which are said to be superior to wood or metal. The paper being pulped, is pressed to shape, dried, enameled, and subjected to a heat that would destroy some utensils of the kind. The material is light and easily handled, and does not rust, shrink, leak or easily break.

That "old Virginia" old gentleman, known as "Extra Billy" Smith, in a speech at Richmond, the other day, said that to beat Grant he would vote for "a dog or a devil." The cheers of his audience indicated a sympathy of feeling, but it was believed that a canvass of "that crowd" would show a majority for the last-named candidate, who has always had a large following in that State.

Waterville Mail.

VOL. XXVI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1872.

NO. 2.

OUR TABLE.

OLD AND NEW.—The July, or Educational, or Commencement number has a good deal of matter calculated to please and to profit professors and students and parents—who, we suppose, are the principal parties in interest. Thus, there is a directory to the faculties of one hundred and seventy-five of our best colleges; a very interesting reminiscence of Round Hill School, as managed by Messrs. Bancroft and Cogswell, a paper as graphic and vital as if written by "Tom Hughes;" an account of the way the French train found the teachers; a summary of the American school system, prepared by the department at Washington for the use of the Japanese authorities; and an account of the present condition of things at Harvard and at Yale. There is a lively college story, besides; a curious poem "in lingua Latina porcelliana compositum," and sung at the second Harvard College centennial in 1863; Messrs. MacDonald and Hale's serials; and other good articles.

Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, at \$4 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for June, a good number, has the following table of contents:—

Maid of Sker, part tenth; Hand Immemorial; Thackeray in America; Zanzibar; A Review; A True Reform; or, part fourth; New Books; and The Downward Course. The four great English Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 27 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 discounts to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works are sold by periodical dealers.

A NEW NOVEL by James De Mille, whose "American Baron" and "Hodge Family" have been so popular, has just been commenced in *Appleton's Journal*. It is entitled "An Open Question," and is pronounced, for variety of character, for intricacy of plot, and for profusion of dramatic situations and startling incidents, superior to anything he has yet written. The first chapters will be found in *Appleton's Journal*, No. 171, of the date of July 6th. It will be continued for several months, each number illustrated.

WEIGHT, PRESSURE, FORCE, POWER, WORK.—The fact that the above words are often confounded together, for the simple reason that their true meaning is not well understood, has been the cause of many fruitless attempts at mechanical inventions and improvements.

Most searchers for perpetual motion make no distinction between pressure and force, and are under the delusion that mere pressure can produce work, and we have seen writers on mechanics, and we have even heard lecturers on scientific subjects speak of a force of, say, two tons weight. Weight alone is not force, neither is pressure equivalent to work; and it may therefore be useful to attempt some clear definitions of the above terms, in order to protect inventive minds against mistakes in mechanical reasoning.

Weight is simply the measure of an amount of matter referred to a certain standard accepted as a unit. This unit may be a gramme, a pound, a ton, or our whole

Waterville Mail.

EPI. MAXHAM, DANIEL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... JULY 5, 1872.



AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

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

S. M. PETERSON & Co., No. 10, State St., Boston, and 37 Park Row, New York.

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

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T. C. EVANS, 106 Washington St., Boston.

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

FOR PRESIDENT,
ULYSSES S. GRANT,
OF Illinois.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
HENRY WILSON,
OF Massachusetts.

For Representative to Congress,
JAMES G. BLAINE.

WATERVILLE CLASSICAL INSTITUTE.

The Anniversary Exercises of this flourishing school occurred this week, very pleasantly breaking into the monotony of our quiet village life. Contrary to custom, but to accommodate the performers, the Concert came first on the list of pleasant entertainments. This was on Tuesday evening, when a large audience assembled at the Baptist Church to testify their interest in the prosperity of the institution, to listen to the charming music of Chandler's Portland Band, and to welcome a daughter of our village and of the Institute, who, by the cultivation and exercise of her musical talent has won for herself fame and position in her adopted home in California. Though a stranger in the audience might not have known the full measure of regard in which Mrs. Marriner (formerly Miss Louise S. Lyford) is held by her more intimate friends here, for her estimable qualities of mind and heart, he could not have failed to perceive, from the enthusiasm of her reception that the people of Waterville are proud of her as a musical artist; and if his musical knowledge qualified him for a judge he would also have had abundant evidence in the execution of her portion of the programme, that this pride was well founded. The following was the programme for the evening:—

- 1—Mit Klingelndem Spiele March..... FAUST.
- 2—In questo Scenari..... RICHTER.
- 3—Overture..... DICKSTEIN.
- 4—Scene Arie Die Rauber..... VERDI.
- 5—The Good Bell..... ASON.
- 6—Overture..... FLOVING.
- 7—Recollections of Home..... S. B. MILLS.
- 8—Waltz Knechtchen Leben..... STRAUSS.
- 9—Song of Home..... MAERDER.
- 10—Cavatina..... MERCADETTE.
- 11—Military Galop..... LUDWIG.

The music of the band was well received, and every piece by Mrs. Marriner was heartily encored, as was also the solo by Miss Jennie Taylor, of whose merit as a pianist the audience had abundant evidence during the evening. On Wednesday forenoon occurred the Annual Prize Exhibition, with the following programme:—

1. The True Glory of a Nation..... Whipple.
2. Home—Anonymous..... David S. Hawes, Winslow.
3. Essay—The Beautiful..... Nellie F. Goodwin, Waterville.
4. Invective against Corry..... Grittan.
5. Essay—C. Burnham, St. John, N. B.
6. Essay—Perseverance..... Ida M. Fuller, Albion.
7. Essay—Bells..... Marcellus E. Parker, St. George.
8. Character of Clitham..... Gratian.
9. Essay—Worth of Moral Culture..... Isabella C. Morrill, Waterville.
10. The Last Man..... Charles H. Salsman, Danvers, Mass.
11. Essay—Honest Toil..... Manette R. Fifield, Waterville.
12. Extract from the Life of George Washington..... Edwin S. Lyford, Waterville.
13. The Scholar's Dignity..... Fugh.
14. Essay—It is Darkest just before Day..... Walter L. Davis, Bradley.
15. The Key—Hood..... Lizzie S. Hong, Waterville.
16. Character of Napoleon..... Appletton H. Plaisted, Waterville.
17. Essay—Music..... John M. Foster, Waterville.
18. Speech of Brutus over the Body of Lucania..... Palmo.
19. The First Predicted Eclipse..... Mitchell.
20. Essay—Success..... Mary Gatchell, Carmel.
21. Unjust National Acquisitions..... Corwin.

As was eminently fitting, the stage was beautifully embellished with flowers, arranged by some one with an artist's eye for effect, and in the recess behind appeared the inscriptions:—
"E. M. I. R. 72," "D. M. C. 73"—wrought in evergreen upon the wall.

The declamation was good, and the quiet self-possession of some of the young speakers was most admirable. The young ladies, too, in reading their essays, acquitted themselves with much credit to themselves and their teachers. The performance of all gave good promise for the future.

The committee, consisting of Rev. B. F. Shaw, Hon. Benben Foster, and Rev. A. R. Crane, of Hallowell, made awards as follows:—
In declamation, first premium to H. W. George, and second to Fred J. Bicknell, with honorable mention of John M. Foster. The first prize in

composition was awarded to Manette R. Fifield, for her essay, "Honest Toil," and the second to Martha F. Rice, for her essay on Music, with honorable mention of all the rest.

The programme was long, but the weather was cool, and the nice audience showed their enjoyment by sitting quietly through it all and giving good attention.

In the afternoon came the graduating exercises of the College Preparatory Course and of the Ladies' Collegiate Course, with the following programme:—

- COLLEGE PREPARATORY COURSE.
- I.—Morning. George B. Melony, Salem, Mass.
 - II.—The Spanish Inquisition. Abbot T. Smith, Litchfield.
 - III.—Vincit, qui se vincit. Edwin C. Long, Machias.
 - IV.—Government. Clarence E. Melony, Salem, Mass.
 - V.—Industry. George F. Youngman, Waterville.
- LADIES' COLLEGIATE COURSE.
- I.—The Present and the Future. Clara Emma Chandler, Waterville.
 - II.—Sleep and Death. Ada Louisa Getchell, Waterville.
 - III.—Non Quid, sed Quid. Deeds, not Persons. Olivia Chatman Hilton, Alna.
 - IV.—Life Work. Valedictory Address. Phileas Newman Folger, West Waterville.

The house was well filled in the afternoon, the female element largely predominating as in the forenoon; and the quiet attention of the audience testified to their thorough appreciation of the exercises. Without making any invidious comparisons we may say that the Valedictory, by Miss Folger, was particularly pleasing to the audience who testified their approbation by hearty applause.

At the close, Mr. Hanson, the principal, distributed the diplomas to which the graduates were entitled, and in a few words gave the young gentlemen, who will soon enter Colby University, some very good advice.

Good music by the Portland Band pleasantly diversified the entertainment through the day and enhanced the enjoyment of all present.

In closing, we may say that the Institute was never in a more flourishing condition, and that a movement for its endowment has been inaugurated—its importance as a feeder of Colby University being fully recognized.

REV. DR. SHELTON, who has been connected with the Unitarian Society in our village, for ten years and a half, preaching in the Town Hall until the new Church was built, finished his labors here last Sabbath. The house will be closed for the present, but a Society meeting is to be held next Monday evening, to decide for the future. The Sabbath school will have the usual summer vacation after next Sunday.

HON. T. S. LANG is out with a two-column letter, in the Portland Advertiser, charging President Grant with numerous acts of desperate usurpation and his partisans with corrupt combinations for selfish purposes; from all which he hopes to find relief by the success of the Liberal party. As a political straw it may have some significance, but being rather declamatory than argumentative, it is not a very dangerous document. It is understood that Mr. Lang belongs to the crowd of disappointed ones, who wish for a new deal.

A CHANGE in the time of leaving Portland will be noticed in the advertisement of the Portland and Boston Steamers. This is a very pleasant and economical route, and during the warm season will no doubt be a favorite route with the public. Its freedom from accident must also prove a strong recommendation in its favor.

THE GRASS CROP in this section is all that could be expected under the most favorable conditions, making allowance for the situation of the fields when the snow left. Wherever there were any roots to begin with, there has been a great growth of grass, and the crops hereabouts will be considerably larger than last year; but in some fields the crop will all last entirely consist of sorrel and white weed.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, the great African explorer, has been found, as previously reported, but he has a job on his hands which will occupy him for two years more, so that he may be lost again many times, before he comes out into civilized life.

THIS time it is Mrs. J. D. Dunning, of Weld, who opens the wrong door in the evening, while visiting at the house of a friend in Buckfield, instead of going up stairs, finds herself—or rather was found by others—in the cellar, helpless and speechless, severely bruised.

SUNDAY was an exceedingly warm day, the thermometers owing to about 95; but we feel very sure that those who staid at home and succumbed to the heat found it full as warm as those who roused up and went to church, especially when these last had independence enough to dress sensibly, not conforming too closely to fashion.

Mr. George R. Buffin, of North Vassalboro', (father of the new expressman between that place and our village) a book agent, while walking across the P. S. and P. Railroad track at North Berwick, on Monday, was struck by the engine, at full speed, thrown a great distance in the air and instantly killed. He was about 64 years old.

STRAWBERRIES are very abundant this season, and the native article has been sold at a low price with us.

THE ordinance of Baptism will be administered at the riverside by the Methodists, next Sabbath morning, at half past nine o'clock.

A TEMPERANCE MEETING in Fannul Hall, Boston, on Tuesday evening, was addressed by H. M. Bryant, of Lewiston. Hon. E. F. Pillsbury, of Augusta, T. H. Hubbard, of Biddeford, and J. K. Osgood, of Gardiner.

We learn from the Bangor Whig that the dead body of a man was found in the woods about 12 miles from Vassalboro', on Saturday, with every appearance of having been robbed and murdered. A pedler's pack was found near by.

THE FOURTH IN WATERVILLE was quiet enough. Some of our citizens were in attendance upon the Jubilee, some went fishing and others abeying; and in the early morning Justice Drummond had led off an army of Good Templars to Augusta; so that our streets had quite a Sabbath look, save that now and then a little squad of urchins gathered to snap a few crackers, and that at intervals was heard the firing of a gun or the toot of a horn. In the afternoon Capt. Farley came down town with the old Ticonic Fire Engine—Young America, Young Ireland, Young Canada, and Young Africa, tugging manfully at the rope. With the stars and stripes at the fore, the Capt. saluted his friends with a discharge of musketry, and then, at the word of command, his young troops swung their hats and cheered with a will.

The night previous had its usual filling of noise, save the clanging of the bells; and who ever interfered to spare us this infliction during the night and day, deserves the thanks of this community.

About three o'clock we were visited by a smart shower which came upon us suddenly, and which produced an agreeable change in the atmosphere, for the thermometer had stood at 95 at noon. The rain came down in torrents, and the thunder rattled immediately upon our heads, the sharp reports following closely upon the flash. During the shower the lightning struck the south chimney of the Methodist Church, near the east end. It knocked a few bricks from the top of the chimney, descended to the roof, followed the rafters to the eaves, scattering the shingles right and left, made a bullet hole through the gutter, and descended the water spout and entered the earth. The violent wind damaged several shade trees in various parts of the village.

This same shower was quite severe all about us and must have made troublous times for open air picnics, fishing and berrying parties, &c. In some places it was attended with hail, and the growing crops were badly beaten down. We learn, too, that a barn in East Vassalboro', belonging to Mr. Hiram Doe, was torn to pieces by the lightning, and that Wm. Robinson's barn, at North Vassalboro', was also struck but not materially damaged.

MAJOR MARSTON, our Street Commissioner, has taken that bad piece of road in hand that lies between Hanscom Block and Marston Block—a regular "Slough of Despond" every Spring. He has taken up the old drain on the west side of the street and put down a new and larger one, but making it a close drain to avoid the filling up, and with a gutter above leading into the big culvert at the foot of the incline. We hope it may prove an effectual remedy.

THE CATHOLICS have broken ground for their new church, corner of Elm and Winter streets. The old Sanger house (built by Rev. Mr. Cobb, the first Universalist minister in Waterville) has been moved nearly to the south line of the lot, and drawn back about six feet, and the church will be in line with the house. The church will be a gothic structure, 50 by 120 feet, 26 feet posts, with a spire 120 feet in height; and it will seat about 600 persons. The outside is to be of brick, with heavy buttresses, and it will be finished in a style to make it an ornament to the street. Tupper and Marston furnish the bricks. The plan of the house comes from Montreal, we believe.

A great improvement has been made upon the burnt corner below the Post Office by the erection of a big bulletin board which covers up the unsightly ruins and displays Howe's Great London Circus in gorgeous array. There is another spot, just north of the Williams House, that might be improved in a similar cheap way, as we are not able to build anything more substantial upon it.

The Kennebec Journal says that at the meeting of the Directors of the Maine Central Railroad Co., on Wednesday, plans for a new depot at Waterville were accepted, for which proposals will be immediately advertised. It is intended to have it a commodious beautiful structure, and it is to be located opposite Colby University. A new freight tariff was adopted after being carefully revised.

A YOUNG ROGUE.—We mentioned last week the burglary at the house of Jerh Procter, by a boy, as was supposed. We have since learned from Mrs. Dingley, who resides between this village and Kendall's Mills, that on the day of the burglary, when on her way home from this place, she was accosted on College St. by a lad who asked her to give him a ride. She allowed him to get into her buggy, and he at once proceeded to exhibit various articles of merchandise, pertaining to ladies' dressing tables, &c., which he offered to sell her for 10 cents each, without regard to relative value. Arriving at her home, the lad asked her for a lunch of bread and milk; and while she left the room to get it he took her portemonnaie with a little change, from the mantelpiece. Swallowing his lunch in a hurry, he asked for more, and was told that he had eaten enough for one meal. Probably by this refusal Mrs. D. saved other articles, as the boy doubtless aimed to get more time to ransack the room. She bought one or two articles of him, which have since turned out to belong to the variety taken at Mr. Procter's. The boy is a precocious rogue, and will doubtless very soon work his way to the reform school or to state prison.

BALLARD'S ORCHESTRA, of Lewiston, furnished music for the graduating exercises of the Normal School at Farmington, and gave a concert, which was highly complimented.

THERE will be no preaching at the Congregational Church next Sabbath.

THERE were 200 cases of sunstroke in New York on Tuesday, of which 40 proved fatal.

FAIRFIELD ITEMS.

Kendall's Mills is no more, Post Office, and Village Corporation are now called Fairfield. The thermometer stood at 110 deg. at 4 o'clock Monday P. M.

The Masons are to have a picnic dinner on Benton Island the 4th. They have invited the Odd-fellows to participate, also all masons in the place who do not belong to this Lodge. A Ball is talked of for the evening at Andrews Hall.

At a regular meeting of Fairfield Lodge No. 68 I. O. O. F. Tuesday evening, the following officers were installed for the ensuing term.—N. G., E. C. Lowe; V. G., W. U. Emery; Sec'y, Randall Andrews; Treas., E. H. Evans. Mr. E. A. Chadwick, of Gardiner addressed the Reform Club, Monday eve, and notwithstanding the rain, a large number were present. Mr. Chadwick was one of the four who signed the call for the first meeting in Gardiner.

The County Commissioners have granted the request for a highway across the mill pond on the site of the free bridge, for the benefit of residents on the Island.

As a specimen of the luxuriant growth of vegetation, this season, Mr. E. G. Weymouth, of the M. C. R. R. machine shop, brings us a few stalks of winter rye, from a field of 14 acres owned by his brother, Elder N. F. Weymouth, of Pittsfield, which are over seven feet in height. Tall men moving in the field only know of each others approach by the sound, for they cannot see one another.

At the late Commencement of Dartmouth College, the degree of D. D. was conferred upon Rev. Thomas Adams, of Winslow—which raises the inquiry why it was not done, long ago, by some college in our own State.

Hot weather makes people thirsty, and some are foolish enough to try to quench their thirst with fiery draughts which produce a frenzied condition productive of crime and outrage; and thus it was, probably, that last Sabbath was a sad day in New York and Brooklyn, its record of shootings, stabbings and other outrages being absolutely appalling. Oh, the barbarism of civilization!

STEPHEN A. JONES, of China, and Everett Totman, of Fairfield, were among the recent graduates at Dartmouth College.

The Jubilee was run through one Sabbath, but wiser counsel prevailed last Sunday, and the people had rest. The word of God and the voice of nature unite in brothering one day of rest in seven.

"JOE ELLIOTT," Bonner's famous horse, trotted a mile in 2.15 1-4, at Mystic Park, recently—the fastest time on record.

A STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL was held in Memorial Hall, West Waterville, last evening, July 4th, for the benefit of the Baptist Society.

The late excessively hot weather was severely felt in the cities, and there were many deaths from sunstroke.

The trial of Edward S. Stokes for the murder of James B. Fisk, is progressing in New York.

Our three National Banks have just made a semi-annual dividend of five per cent.

THANKS.—Commemorating those who were compelled to labor on the Fourth, our neighbor Boothby brought us in a supply of cooling ice-creams, and we hope he will take a life or fire insurance risk—rich ones—every day for a year.

In his stirring speech at Indianapolis, Saturday night, Senator Morton made a happy point against Hendricks, who, in a recent speech, said his party had turned their backs upon the past. Here, said Morton, was a most humiliating spectacle. A great political party, at the end of their career, confesses that their course has all been wrong, that they now take the name of Liberal, and adopt Greeley as their leader, vice Jefferson and Jackson deposed.

ANOTHER MAINE MAN GUILLED.—And now Atwood S. Foster of Edgcomb, Maine, visits the Hub and while waiting for a train in the Boston and Maine depot (to return to Portland) meets a stranger named Austin who induced him to take a walk up to Tremont street where they were met by a man named Simmons who wanted Austin to pay him \$30. Of course Austin hadn't got the money but Foster had and lent it, Austin agreeing to give him a receipt at the depot. But he never put in an appearance. Simmons was found and arrested but he could not be held. Now Foster would like to know where Austin is.

ADMIRAL POLO DE BARNABU, the Spanish Minister, has received a cable dispatch from Madrid, announcing that the Spanish Secretary of the State and Gen. Sikes, had definitely settled all questions connected with the arrest of Houard. The pacific termination of what promised at one time to be a source of serious international difficulty is another proof of the wise management of our relations with foreign powers by the Grant Administration. [Boston Journal.]

We are of the opinion that one part of the South, at least, is a unit for Greeley, i. e., the rebel portion. Hardly a confederate General exists who does not raise the standard of the white hat. Among the last of such individuals who have fallen into line is Lamar, of the famous slave yacht "Wanderer." He says: "I am willing to step across the gulf of blood and take the hand of Greeley or any other man, to strike down Grant." [Waterbury American.]

MR. OLIVER S. LYFORD, born and brought up in Mt. Vernon, in this county, a son of Dea. Lyford, and brother of Prof. M. Lyford, of Colby University, first started in business as a watchman in the Boston and Lowell depot. From this he has filled various places of trust and honor upon Western Railroads, by diligence and faithfulness rising until now when he has been offered and has just gone to accept the office of General Superintendent of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, at a salary of \$10,000 per year.

The city liquor agency in Portland was closed last Tuesday by order of the committee. This step was rendered necessary by a dead lock in the board of aldermen, making the election of a new agent impossible. Under the statute a liquor agent's term of office ends at the expiration of his bond, and the agency has been run in violation of the law for almost two months, and was liable to a confiscation by the sheriff under the vigorous enforcement of the liquor law.

OUR TABLE.

"LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF NEW YORK LIFE; or, the Sights and Sensations of the Great City." A work descriptive of New York City in all its various phases. Its Splendors and Wreathings; Its High and Low Life; Its Marble Palaces and Dark Dungeons; Its Attractions and Dangers; Its Rings and Frauds; Its Leading Men and Politicians; Its Adventures; Its Mysteries and Crimes. By James D. McCabe, Jr. What Paris is to the Frenchman, or London to the Briton, New York is to the American. It is not only the Metropolis, but it is the chief attraction upon this continent, the great centre to which men and women resort for both business and pleasure, and as such is a source of never-failing interest. Of late years several attempts have been made to reproduce its varied attractions in book form. The most successful result of these efforts is the book now before us. The author has had unusual facilities to see every feature of the great city, and has written the work with an enthusiasm and humanity of which few books are worthy. It is a record of actual facts, of which he is personally cognizant.

The book is as fascinating and absorbing as a novel, and were it not for the evidence he furnishes, we should be tempted to believe that he has carried us into the realm of fiction. He tells us the history of the great city which has grown to be the most remarkable in America, and relates its old traditions with zest and humor. He introduces us to all classes of people, and initiates us into the life of the great city, and brings us face to face with the great merchants and bankers, actors, editors, working-men, ballet girls, thieves, gamblers, sailors, quacks, firemen, and a host of others. He delights us with his sketches of the better and brighter side of city life, of the gentles, enterprisers, charity and humanity of the great city, and appeals us with his thrilling accounts of the darker and more terrible side of the life he is delineating.

A truthful picture of New York life cannot be otherwise than deeply interesting. Our author has succeeded admirably in his task, and we predict for his book a large sale. It is full of useful information, brilliant and fascinating, and an emphatic warning against the vices of the city. It is pure and lofty in tone, and while it does so with delicacy and candor. An interesting feature of the book is a powerfully written history of the Tammany Ring frauds with sketches of the actors therein. It is comprised in one large octavo volume of 560 pages, illustrated with nearly 200 engravings of noted places, life and scenes in New York, and published by the National Publishing Co., of Philadelphia.

The low price at which the book is issued, brings it within the reach of all, and no one who wants to know New York as it really is, should fail to buy this book. It is published in English and German, sold by subscription only, and agents are wanted in every country.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE.—The July number presents to its readers a very attractive bill of fare. James Parton, Dr. Mott, Horace Greeley, and other brilliant and able writers contribute. One of the stories will be found upon our first page, this week, but there is great variety of reading in its pages, some of which is more valuable than other. It gives more value for the money than any other magazine in the country.

Published by S. S. Wood & Co., Newburgh, N. Y., at \$1 a year, which is very low; and for \$1.50 will receive the work for a year and two beautiful tinted engraving pictures, "Our Hope" and "Our Joy," originally published at two dollars each.

At the annual meeting of the East Pond Boat Club, held in their Coliseum, the following persons were elected officers:

Admiral, Col. L. S. Bangs, Jr.; Commodore, Chas. G. Carleton—Sergeant, W. B. Arnold—Carpenter, Geo. A. Allen—Boatman, E. F. Webb—Sail maker, W. H. Arnold—Rope twister, P. S. Heald—Rigger, C. E. Williams—Culper, F. C. Thayer—Gunners, Ulysses S. Greeley and Curran G. Capron—Treasurer, H. Plaisted—Musicians, A. A. Plaisted, C. G. Carleton, Nathl. Meader—Marines, C. K. Matthews, B. Flint, L. S. Bangs, Jr.

HON. JOSHUA NYE has resigned his position as Financial and Purchasing Agent of the Maine Central Railroad Company, and in connection with the road ceased on Saturday. Mr. Nye was Treasurer of the old Maine Central for sixteen consecutive years, and been Purchasing and Financial Agent of the new corporation for little over a year. His ability and fidelity to every trust have made his services almost indispensable to the company, and they part with him with regret. It will be hard to find a man to fill his place. We are glad to know that the resignation of Mr. Nye will not have the effect to cause him to remove from Augusta. He has accepted the position of General Agent of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, for Central Maine, having entire control of its management in that territory, and his headquarters will be in this city. Were we allowed to give our readers the figures of the liberal salary he is to receive, they would see that the services of Mr. Nye are appreciated abroad as well as at home. [Kennebec Journal.]

MR. CHARLES SEWALL, an old resident of Augusta, died recently at the age of 80 years, and 6 months. His father was the late Gen. Henry Sewall and his descent is traced to Henry, who came over from Manchester, England, in 1635, and settled in Massachusetts. The father of the deceased entered the army in defence of American Independence at the commencement of the Revolution, and continued to the end of the war, rising to the rank of Major. He died in 1846 at the age of 93 years.

MARRYING A SAVAGE AND WHAT CAME OF IT.—St. Louis, July 1.—The Kansas City Times of the 29th ult. says that Miss Amanda Barber, who married "Squatting Bear," a Brule Sioux chief at Washington in 1867 and went to Dakota Territory with her husband as a missionary, arrived on the steamer Pontenelle from Fort Benton Friday last, after spending three years with the Sioux, suffering gross indignities, and being compelled to perform the most menial services. She attempted to escape but was recaptured and beaten nearly to death by her husband and then sold to a Cheyenne chief for three ponies. She was taken North in 1870 and remained with the Cheyennes until this spring when she escaped to Fort Benton. Miss Barber left Kansas City Friday for her home at Millford, Mass.

THE TRIAL.—The Tribunal of Arbitration have decided that indirect claims cannot make a basis for a money award. The United States acquiesce in the decision, and Great Britain is satisfied. By this happy solution of the difficulty, our government carries its point that the Tribunal should pass judgment upon the indirect claims, and Great Britain is content, since they are thrown out of the arbitration. The main business of the Tribunal will proceed on its meeting again on the 15th of July.

The Order of exercises at Bowdoin College for Commencement week are as follows:—Baccalaureate, by Professor Packard, Sunday 7th; Monday, Prize Declamation of the Junior class; Tuesday, inauguration of President Chamberlain, at 3 p. m.; Tuesday evening, concert by Gilmore's Band, assisted by Mrs. H. M. Smith, and the Temple Quartette; Wednesday, exercises of the graduating class; Thursday, meeting of Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity, the Maine Historical Society, and the usual class-day exercises.

The Cuban filibusters have had another stroke of ill luck. The steamer Fannie had succeeded in landing a cargo of army supplies for the insurgents, when she got aground and was burned by the Spaniards, who subsequently captured the cargo, and shot a portion if not all of the men who were in charge of it.

The law court, new in session in Bangor, have just delivered an opinion declaring unconstitutional the act of the Legislature, passed in 1868, or thereabouts, ratifying the proceedings of towns which paid commutation money to drafted men during the late war. Under this decision hundreds of cases now pending throughout the State will fail.

FACT, FUN, FANCY AND PHYSIC.

Never complain that a preacher is dull unless you can put your hand on your vest and solemnly declare that you did not overeat at breakfast that morning. The most wide-awake preaching cannot hold its own against Sunday gluttony.

The Paris Patrie learns that "Monsieur Greeley, the great American farmer, was elected President of the United States in Cincinnati, and will be installed at Washington in November."

Leached wood ashes make an excellent top-dressing for old orchards, which are denominated hide-bone.

Roll on! great Fall of Ayer, roll on!
Through miles embowled roll!
Roll on!

Through those whose lives chafe the soul!
Through those whose feet tread the earth's soil!
Through meeknesses waxes pale the soul!
Through all who live in ashes and all!
Ever roll on!

Roll on! the prairies of the nation,
For the sick and ill of every station!
Roll down the Andes—towering mountains!
Roll over Africa's golden fountains!
Through India and the Cheroneas!
Through distant isles of Japanese!
Wherever dwells a sinking heart
Roll on, to do your mighty part,
Ayer's Pills, roll on!—[Putnam for Oct.

A farmer who smoked in his barn is now hauling lumber for another one.

To remove paint from window-glass melt some soda in very hot water and wash therewith it, using soft flannel. It will entirely remove the paint.

It is reported that a hundred new buildings are to be erected this season at Pittsfield, as the result of encouraging manufactures in that town.

EXHAUSTION and degeneration follow the excessive use of the Senses, without due intervals of rest for repair. In order to maintain the vigor of the system, the force expended, whether of body or mind, must be restored. When the expenditure of brain matter and other nervous elements is continued by overwork, the early extinction of life itself may be looked for as the result of such degeneration. The ingredients composing Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, are such as constitute healthy blood, establish sound nerves and senses, and will consequently not only prevent such exhaustion, but in most cases restore such as is lost.

Anson is the third town in the State for the value of its agricultural products. Farmington being the first, and Gorham the second.

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits; whereas jesting is not unwhimsical, if respasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.—[Falmouth.]

We clip the following from the Troy (N. Y.) Whig: Some three months since Dr. E. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., commenced advertising in the Whig, an article called "Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy." We believed at that time it was one of those many catch penny arrangements to swindle people out of their money, but during the past few weeks have become convinced to the contrary. We have known the worst cases have obtained relief from that loathsome disease "Catarrh," and they pronounce Dr. Sage's Remedy no humbug, and in several instances have been entirely cured. We desire to give Dr. Pierce the benefit of the same.

Among the graduates of the Andover Theological School Charles Fletcher Dole of Norridgeville.

The father of a boy whose veracity is not as marked as his lack of intellect, was the teacher of a school. He gave a better acquaintance with figures, and was considerably enlightened when the teacher tenderly observed, "I really don't know unless it is because figures won't lie."

A little girl went into Apothecaries' Hall, the other day, and said to the clerk in a half whisper, "If a little girl hadn't got no money, how much chewing gum do you give her for nothing?"

San Francisco is excited by the elopement of a daughter of Rev. Horatio Stebbins, and of her marriage to a bank clerk, who was recently a ticket-seller at the skating rink.

Ladies with square cut bodices will hereafter be excluded from Queen Victoria's drawing rooms.

IN EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE where it is known, and there are few indeed where it is not, the Mexican Mustang Liniment takes precedence of all similar preparations. The growing crops have obtained for it a popularity seldom reached by any proprietary medicine. In its infancy the flat of its success was pronounced in the widespread endorsement which it received from physicians, veterinaries, surgeons, horsemen, and the public generally. No one now thinks of questioning its claim to be considered the Standard Liniment of America.

A severe hail-storm passed over West New Portland, Sunday, about two o'clock, P. M., lasting half an hour, destroying the growing crops and bruising the fruit in its wake, besides a large quantity of glass.

The Norridgewock toll-bridge pays ten per cent.

Small pox is prevailing in Baltimore in an epidemic form.

Gilman Brown, who has during the past winter been employed "in the woods" in Pennsylvania, was

MISCELLANY.

COUNSEL.

Come, watch with me the dead, cold-carven face,
Fair-lidded and quite dumb,
All shadow-gleamed in a dim, still place;
May, follow me, and come.
Why pause? Her lips can say no suppliant word
Nor any bitter thing.
She lies silently, poor wearied bird,
With weary, folded wing.
Passionate sorrow or stern scorn alike
Were nothingness to her.
Though you should fondly kiss or cruelly strike,
She would not breathe or stir.
Death's hands, to her bowed spirit having been
Such torture of release,
Are lifted off her memory of her sin,
And softly plead for peace.
Sanction their pleading with one sacred kiss,
And after, with you, let her lie,
Lest how all perfect a revenge it is
In utterly to forgive!

NEW FIRM!
NEW GOODS!

C. H. REDINGTON, having sold to MARTIN BLAISDELL
an interest in his business; the firm under the name of

REDINGTON & B. BLAISDELL,

will continue the

Furniture, Carpet,
CROCKERY, CASKET & COFFIN

Business, at the OLD STAND of C. H. REDINGTON.

Having by honorable dealing and close attention to business
and by keeping constantly on hand a much larger stock than
is kept in town, to receive the patronage of those wanting
goods in our line. We invite attention to our stock of

of all grades. **NEW CARPETING.**
Carpet, Tapestry, Brussels, Extra, Ingrain, Dunstable,
and every variety of Carpeting, Oil Cloths,
MATS and RUGS of all kinds.

FURNITURE

of every description, Parlor Suits, Chamber Suits, Walnut, Ash
and Pine, and the latest styles of Sofa, Lounges, Bed
Steads, Cane and Wood Seat Chairs, Office Chairs, and every
thing else in the best Furniture Stores.

CROCKERY

the largest stock ever in town. French, China, Ironstone
figured and Plain, several varieties; G. Ware, White and Yel-
ow Ware Goods, Vases, Cuspidors, Flower Pots, &c., &c.

Shades and Curtains

of all kinds, and of the best quality. Also, of the latest
styles of Glass Ware, new and beautiful Patterns.

TABLE & POCKET CUTLERY.

SOLID SILVER WARE, Rogers Bros.'
of all kinds, and of the best quality. Also, of the latest
styles of Glass Ware, new and beautiful Patterns.

MATRESSES.

of all kinds, and of the best quality. Also, of the latest
styles of Glass Ware, new and beautiful Patterns.

Mirror Plates Set to Order.

of all kinds, and of the best quality. Also, of the latest
styles of Glass Ware, new and beautiful Patterns.

Caskets and Coffins.

of all kinds, and of the best quality. Also, of the latest
styles of Glass Ware, new and beautiful Patterns.

BURIAL ROBES.

of all kinds, and of the best quality. Also, of the latest
styles of Glass Ware, new and beautiful Patterns.

REDINGTON & BLAISDELL.

of all kinds, and of the best quality. Also, of the latest
styles of Glass Ware, new and beautiful Patterns.

F. A. WALDRON.

of all kinds, and of the best quality. Also, of the latest
styles of Glass Ware, new and beautiful Patterns.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

of all kinds, and of the best quality. Also, of the latest
styles of Glass Ware, new and beautiful Patterns.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.

of all kinds, and of the best quality. Also, of the latest
styles of Glass Ware, new and beautiful Patterns.

Special attention given to collecting and conveying.

of all kinds, and of the best quality. Also, of the latest
styles of Glass Ware, new and beautiful Patterns.

All are invited!

of all kinds, and of the best quality. Also, of the latest
styles of Glass Ware, new and beautiful Patterns.

ORIENTAL.

of all kinds, and of the best quality. Also, of the latest
styles of Glass Ware, new and beautiful Patterns.

now on exhibition, at

of all kinds, and of the best quality. Also, of the latest
styles of Glass Ware, new and beautiful Patterns.

NEW CARPETS.

of all kinds, and of the best quality. Also, of the latest
styles of Glass Ware, new and beautiful Patterns.

Beautiful Patterns, at

of all kinds, and of the best quality. Also, of the latest
styles of Glass Ware, new and beautiful Patterns.

J. F. ELDEN'S.

of all kinds, and of the best quality. Also, of the latest
styles of Glass Ware, new and beautiful Patterns.

Piano Tuning.

of all kinds, and of the best quality. Also, of the latest
styles of Glass Ware, new and beautiful Patterns.

YOU CAN BUY GOODS

of all kinds, and of the best quality. Also, of the latest
styles of Glass Ware, new and beautiful Patterns.

AS CHEAP

of all kinds, and of the best quality. Also, of the latest
styles of Glass Ware, new and beautiful Patterns.

Kendall's Mills Column.

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.

COANES BRIDGE AND WATER STREET
KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

REMOVAL.

D. 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 ex-
ecute all orders for those in need of dental services.

MAINE STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

SEMI-WEEKLY LINE.

On and after the 18th inst. the fine steamer
Digby at 4 P.M., will still further north

Leave Digby at 4 P.M., and leave Portland at 8 P.M.
Leave Portland at 8 P.M., and leave Portland at 8 P.M.

The ship and passengers are fitted with the most convenient
and comfortable for travellers between New York and N. H.

Passage in State Room \$5. Cabin Passage \$4. New York
Goods forwarded to and from Montreal, Quebec, Halifax,
St. John, and all parts of Maine. Shippers are requested to
send their freight to the Steamer as early as P. M., on the
day they leave Portland.

Freight or passage apply to
HENRY K. GALT, Wharf, Portland.
J. E. AMES, 118 N. K. R. New York.

Portland and Boston Steamers.

The STAMPAH and SUPERIOR are going
to Portland and Boston.

JOHN BROOKS and MONTREAL
are going to Portland and Boston.

Having large and commodious Cabin and
superior State Room accommodations will run,
during the season, as follows: Leaving Portland, Monday, July 16th,
at 10 A. M., for Boston, via New York, and
returning to Portland, Wednesday, July 18th, at 10 A. M.

At 8 o'clock P. M.
These Steamers have been newly fitted up with steam
apparatus for heating cabins and state rooms, and now afford
the most convenient and comfortable mode of transportation
between Boston and Portland.

Passengers by this long established line obtain every com-
fort and convenience, arrive in season to take the earliest
train out of the city, and avoid the inconvenience of arriving
late at night.

Freight taken at Low Rates.
Mark goods care P. S. Packet Co.
P. S. 1180. State Rooms may be secured in advance by
mail.

April 12, 1872. L. BILLINGS, Agent.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Winter Arrangement. - 1871-2.

The new line of road between Danville and Cumberland,
will be opened on Monday, the 18th inst. and on and after
that date, trains for Portland and Boston will run as follows:
Leave Portland, Monday, July 16th, at 10 A. M., for New York
and Boston, via New York, and returning to Portland, Wed-
nesday, July 18th, at 10 A. M.

For Bangor and east and Skowhegan, leave upper depot at
4:53 P. M., lower depot at 4:53 P. M.

Mixed trains from Bangor at 8:30 P. M.
Freight trains from Bangor at 1:30 P. M.

Mixed trains from Portland, via Augusta, at 4:53 P. M.
Mixed trains from Portland, via Augusta, at 4:53 P. M.

Freight train from Portland will be due at upper depot at
1:35 P. M., and through freight from Boston at 10:45 A. M.
From Portland via Augusta, lower depot, 1:30 P. M.

EDWIN NOYES, Sup.
L. L. LINCOLN, Asst. Supt.

Dissolution.

Having purchased the interest of my late partner
in the firm of MAYO BROTHERS, I respectfully
inform the public that I shall continue to carry
on the business.

BOOT & SHOE BUSINESS.

The Old Stand opposite the Post Office.

Where will be found a full assortment of

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.

For Ladies, Gentlemen's & Children's Wear.

I shall endeavor to make the largest and best selected as-
sortment of Ladies', Misses and Children's Boots, Shoes and
Rubbers to be found in Waterville.

And shall manufacture to measure

GENTLEMEN'S CALF BOOTS,

BOTH PEGGED AND SEWED.

Attending to a cash business hereafter, I shall of course
be able to give customers even better terms than heretofore,
and trust by prompt attention to business and
fair dealing to deserve and receive a liberal share of public
patronage.

WATERVILLE, Aug. 5, 1871. O. F. MAYO.

THE above change of business, makes it necessary to set-
tle all the accounts of the firm, and all indebted to the firm
are requested to call and pay their bills immediately.

O. F. MAYO.

NOTICE.

Particular attention given to the manufacture of

MEN'S AND BOYS'

Calf and Kip Boots

TO ORDER.

Of the best stock and at the lowest prices.

At MAXWELL'S.

Caskets, Coffins and Robes

REDINGTON & BLAISDELL'S.

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.

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

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

CARPETS,

on the river AT LOWEST PRICES.

Feathers, Mattresses and Bedding; Crockery,
Glass Ware, and House Furnishing Goods of all kinds.

Cutlery and Plate Ware

Chandeliers, Brackets and Lamps, in great variety.

LACE CURTAINS AND PAINTED SHADES.

CORNETS AND CURTAIN FIXTURES of all kinds.

A large stock of

Caskets and Coffins

always on hand

REPAIRING AND JOBBING

Of all kinds, promptly done by a good workman.

WATERVILLE, April 20, 1871.

F. C. THAYER, M. D.

OFFICE

IN MERCHANTS' ROW, MAIN ST.

OPPOSITE ELY AND KIMBALL'S STORE.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.

Dr. Thayer may be found at his office, or at his home op-
posite the old Elmwood Stand, except when absent on profes-
sional business.

DR. G. S. PALMER,

DENTAL OFFICE,

over

ALDEN'S JEWELRY

STORE,

opp People's Nat'l Bank

WATERVILLE, ME.

Chloroform, Ether or Ni-

trous 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

clothing, and a few of the latest and most desirable styles for

these Patterns are reliable, cut with precision in the best

style, and adapted to the season. Ladies are invited to call

and examine the same. Terms and descriptions.

Mrs. Williams is Agent for the

New Wilson Sewing Machine,

the first and only First Class Low Priced Sewing Machine yet

offered for sale in this State.

* Rooms on Main St., one door below People's Bank.

REMOVAL.

G. H. CARPENTER

has moved his

MUSIC STORE

to Prof. Lyford's Block, nearly opposite his former

place of business, where he will keep

stock of first class

Pianos, Organs, Melodions,

and SMALL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Which will be sold as low as can be bought elsewhere

There are advantages in buying here.

Also a large stock of SHEET MUSIC and MUSIC BOOK

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.

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

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

CARPETS,

on the river AT LOWEST PRICES.

Feathers, Mattresses and Bedding; Crockery,
Glass Ware, and House Furnishing Goods of all kinds.

Cutlery and Plate Ware

Chandeliers, Brackets and Lamps, in great variety.

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