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Maxham & Wing

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WAITING FOR THE KING.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

We sit alone in the stillness,
My soul and I,
And hear, outside our cloister,
The world go by,
The world, with its tolling and buying,
And striving for gain;
The pitiful world, with its crying
And moaning for pain.

We must have no part in its aching,
My soul and I;
No part in its giving and taking,
So let it go by,
We have shaken off from our sandals
The dust of its mire,
And smile to think of its tumult,
Where we sit apart.

Clothed in beautiful garments,
Spotless and white;
Crowned with peace like a jewel
Standfast in light;
Faces tender and saintly
Filling the air,
And music, echoing faintly,
Calling to prayer.

Closed are the portals forever,
Least any come in
To soil the snow of our vesture
With fingers of sin;
But, best in vision's splendor,
We wait till the King
The gates of the City Eternal
Wide open shall swing.

Alone in our sacred cloister
We sit no more,
One, with his hands all bleeding,
Opened the door,
Sorrowful looks that smote me
With trembling and fear;
Sorrowful lips demanding,
"What dost thou here?"

"Why shouldst thou sit in garments
Lustrous and white,
Crowned with peace like a jewel
Standfast in light,
While thou in desolate places,
Hungry and cold,
Wander, fainting and weary,
The lambs of my fold?"

"Pierced was my brow with sorrow,
Bearing thy woe;
Stained were my robes and bosom,
Clinging to thee;
Loving thee, spite of anguish,
Scourging and cross;
Glad with my grief I made thee,
Rich with my loss.

"Not in the cloistered stillness
Kneel I in prayer,
Pleading for thee while evil
Darkened the air,
Lower than thou, dear dreamer,
Bought with my pain?
Only for selfish striving
Ransomed in vain!"

Hushed were the lips that smote me,
Pleading no more,
As the weary feet of the Master
Turned from my door,
And lo! my beautiful garments
Crumbled to dust,
My gold was dim, and my jewels
Shrouded with rust.

Straight in the hand so wounded
My hand I laid,
Walking beside the Master,
Never dismayed,
Fairer than angels' visions
His face I see,
Sweeter than song the whisper,
"Done unto me!"

—Independent.

"THAT HORRID MR. BARNES."

Mr. Barnes, a widower of forty, made up his mind to marry again. I do not mention this as being a very surprising fact; for who that has once known the love of woman has not felt as if the sun, moon, and stars were made for his own particular benefit; and who that has once lived in heaven would not return hither? But Mr. Barnes was neither young, good looking or rich; in fact, not to mince matters, he was rather old, ugly and poor, and instead of falling in love with a plain kind of girl, who might take compassion on him, he fixed his eyes, on one of the richest, gayest, and prettiest girls in our village, Fannie, the youngest daughter of Squire McAllister. She was about eighteen, just out of school, and as wild as a young colt. Imagine her astonishment when she found Mr. Barnes was making love to her. "That horrid Mr. Barnes has been here three times this week!" she said to her sister, "and he dared to squeeze my hand to-night! What an old fool—old enough to be my grandfather!"

"He is only forty. I should not be surprised if you married him, after all, Fan; so don't be angry with him for pressing your hand. The next time he comes he will kiss you," said her sister, provokingly.

Fannie walked out of her room in speechless indignation. There was no doubt that Mr. Barnes was in love. He came often and staid long. It seemed her fate to meet him whenever she left the house. He sent her presents, which she returned, books which she never read, and invitations which she never accepted; in short, as Fan said, "he made her life a burden to her!"

"I can't stand this any longer," said Fan one day. "I'll play such a trick upon him that he'll never come to the house again!" So she poured some molasses in his hat, as it stood on the hall-table one evening; then she called him back when he had opened the front-door, to go home, and had the satisfaction of seeing the streams of molasses running down his shoulders and over his best black coat. Her merry peal of laughter was all that was needed to complete his discomfort, and he rushed from the house casting upon her a look of reproach.

Fan thought she had got rid of him now, and she received her father's rebuke with a good deal of composure; but the next week brought "that horrid Mr. Barnes" back again. "What was she to do? She did everything she could. She made caricatures of him, and circulated them among her friends; she treated him to doughnuts filled with cotton; she found him in every way that the brain of a frolicsome school-girl could devise; and still he never wavered in his allegiance.

"There is no help for you, Fannie. You will have to become Mrs. Barnes, number two—you cannot get rid of him in any other way," said Miss McAllister.

Fannie was too much subdued for anger. "I really am afraid so," said she, the tears in her eyes. "It would not be so bad if there was the least thing attractive about him. And he is always so kind, and so quietly determined that—that I am afraid he will make me like him in spite of all."

"What's that you say, Fannie?" and rising suddenly, Miss McAllister took both her sister's hands. Look straight into my eyes, Fannie, I was only joking. You must have known that I never supposed that anything in heaven, or earth, or the waters under the earth, would ever induce you to marry that 'horrid Mr. Barnes!' A pretty match indeed, for a McAllister; a nice son-in-law for our father! How graceful, how handsome, how distinguished! What pleasure you would have in introducing your husband, with his yellow hair and shuffling walk; how proud you would be of him—how you would glory in him! Oh, I envy you your husband!"

"Oh, yes; but you allowed the possibility of loving him at last; you know you did! Papa would rather see you dead than married to that

man! He shall forbid him the house this very night!" and Miss McAllister gave all the family the impression that Fannie was half in love with 'that horrid Mr. Barnes,' and they all amused themselves ridiculing her, and abusing him, until Fannie (who secretly missed his attentions) longed to take his part. She recalled many things he had said and done, which showed him to be charitable and good, and if he had no graces of person, he was intelligent and refined. She regretted now all the silly, girlish tricks she had played upon him, and remembering how invariably polite he had always been to her, looked back upon her behavior with remorse.

That 'horrid Mr. Barnes' troubled the squire's family no more. If he ever met them, he passed with a polite bow. Fannie thought that he had gone entirely out of her life, and while she would not own she cared for him at all, she thought of him a great deal.

Since that 'horrid Mr. Barnes' had been dismissed, Fannie had changed, and the change was visible to all the family. Not that she moped or was blue. She laughed and sang, and danced as much as ever; but all her childishness and kitten-like friskiness was gone, and in its place had come a slight touch of womanliness and dignity, infinitely more charming; at least, Mr. Barnes, watching her from a distance, thought so. He had not given her up. No power on earth could make him do that until she gave herself to some one else; and yet, considering her personal appearance and advantages, and his own homeliness, awkwardness, and age, it is strange that the man did not despair. It seemed as if he knew he had the power to make her love him in spite of all, if he had the chance. It came at last.

Mrs. McAllister and her eldest daughter sailed for Europe, with a party of friends, leaving Fannie to keep house. Fannie was delighted with housekeeping, and she and her father had a very merry time of it for a few days. Then he was taken sick, he grew rapidly worse, and Fannie, at first astonished at the queer things he said, found that he was delirious. The doctor came, examined his patient, and said, "Fannie, I may as well tell you the truth. Your father has the small pox."

Now, Fannie was mortal, and, besides that, she was a woman, and trembled to hear her father had that most loathsome disease; but she had no idea of leaving her father to the care of hired nurses, and asked for the doctor's directions with a composure that showed she could command herself very well.

"Doctor, who is sick in that house?"

"Doctor Ives turned as he was stepping into his buggy, and saw that 'horrid Mr. Barnes!'"

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"Is that so? Then I will go and do what I can until the nurse comes."

"That's a good fellow. No one will go near Fannie when they hear what his disease is. It's deemed hard; but it's the way of the world, and I tell you Barnes, before you go, that it's a very bad case!"

"I do not mind. I have nothing to lose; and everything to gain," he added, under his breath.

"Well, good-by," and the doctor drove off.

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"Miss Fannie," said Mr. Barnes, "the doctor told me all about your father, and I mean to help you take care of him. I have seen many cases of small-pox, and know just what to do."

"Oh, he is so sick! so sick!" sobbed poor Fannie, "and I don't know what to do."

"Of course you don't, poor child!" Mr. Barnes longed to take Fannie in his arms, and comfort her. "Fannie, will you trust your father to me?"

Fannie looked up; she had never seen that 'horrid Mr. Barnes' look so well. There was something so tender in his voice and eyes; something so manly and reliable about him, that Fannie said impulsively,

"I would trust you with everything, only, it seems so selfish."

"Don't think that, Miss Fannie. I must go now, but will be back in an hour."

Fannie went back to her father's room, with a heart a little lightened of its load. She would have some one now upon whom to depend; but her heart sank again as she looked upon her father tossing and moaning in delirium.

"Will he die?" she asked Mr. Barnes, when he returned.

"I cannot tell," he said. "We are all in God's hands, Miss Fannie;" but she saw he looked very grave. She watched him as he moved about the room, and attended to some little things for her father's comfort, and then the doctor came. He had engaged a nurse for the next night; he talked in low tones with Mr. Barnes, said good-night to her and then left. It all seemed like a dream to Fannie. She could hardly believe that it really was that 'horrid Mr. Barnes,' who was now bathing her father's head so tenderly. Mr. Barnes came to her side.

"Miss Fannie, you must lie down. You are worn out and need the rest."

"I cannot leave my father."

"Trust him to me, Miss Fannie. I will watch him every moment."

Mr. Barnes smiled, but his voice was firm, and Fannie went. She cried again as she looked down on her father; but she was thoroughly exhausted, and throwing herself on her bed, she fell asleep.

Mr. Barnes watched alone through the night, but when Fannie came in the next morning, there was no change. There he lay, moaning, tossing and raving; and so he moaned, and tossed and raved for seven days and nights, and then, without one moment's consciousness to speak to Fannie, Squire McAllister died.

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"Never call him that again," said Fannie, springing to her feet, the color rushing to her cheeks, and the tears to her eyes. "He came to me in my loneliness and trouble, when all other friends stood aloof. He exposed himself to sickness and death for those who had insulted him. There never was a kinder, more noble friend. He is the best man that ever lived, and no one shall speak against him in my presence!"

Miss McAllister looked at her sister in astonishment. "It is a pity he cannot hear you," she said, coldly.

Fannie would not trust herself to reply. She left the room, and went out for a walk, as she had been the habit of doing, when she wanted to cool off.

Walking along the shaded country road, she met Mr. Barnes. She went right up to him in her impulsive way, and said, "Mr. Barnes, I want to speak to you."

He turned at once, glad enough.

"Why haven't you been to see us since—since my father—?" Her voice broke.

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"Oh! how could you think so badly of me? I have wanted so much to thank you for all your kindness. I never can thank you; and then, Mr. Barnes," said Fannie, her bright blue eyes filling with tears, "can you ever forgive me for all the tricks I used to play on you?"

"Fannie!" said Mr. Barnes, taking her in his arms, with sudden inspiration. "Will you marry me?"

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which occurred last week. The descriptions of this last and greatest of the excursions show it to have been highly successful. Over one thousand poor children enjoyed a holiday, such as their little lives never knew before, and as they could hardly imagine. They came from all parts of the city and in all conditions; dirty, ragged, street Arabs, beggars, and orphans.

These are two instances of the Christianity of the press, which go far to condone the bitterness and unscrupulous character of the wars which newspapers too often wage in politics with each other. —[Brooklyn Eagle.

Gen. Kilpatrick has been within the past few days talking to the democrats of Maine and expressing great anxiety that the past should be buried. How remarkably the tone and tune of the General's bugle has changed in a short time may be inferred from the following extract from his speech at the Reunion of the Grand Army veterans in Boston not many months ago. Then he was talking to Union soldiers and not unwilling to accept distinction at their hands. It is safe to say that in the presence of that assemblage of loyal heroes he would never have attempted to assail their loved Commander-in-chief with the epithets which were rebuked by hisses in Norumbega Hall. We quote from Kilpatrick's speech in Boston:—

"No doubt it is best that the animosities of the rebellion should be buried; best that we all should unite in relieving the wants of our common country; but let us never be reconciled to treason. (Loud and prolonged applause.) In forgiving traitors let us not forget the heroic men who gave their lives for their country. How is it? Can we altogether forget the past; see the rebel who tore down his country's flag, honored and respected side by side with the patriotic Union soldier, who went down to death to keep its silken folds untarnished above the dust and smoke of battle? (Cries of "Never, never.") It was said two years ago that a rebel who fought to destroy his country was the peer and equal of the patriotic Union Soldier who fought to preserve it.

"Answers each loyal heart to-day.
The peers and equals—never!
No wreath on the traitor's grave we lay,
Let shame be their eternal foe."

Do not think we forget the dead;
The boys who were the blue;
Make haste they sleep in the same cold bed
We know not the false from the true.

Believe it not; where our heroes lie,
The very ground is holy.
His name who dared for the right to die,
Is sacred, however lowly.

But honor the traitor's grave?
Make him the peer of the blue?
One flower at the foot of treason lay?
Never, while God is true."

The Worcester Spy is permitted to publish the following extract from a letter of William L. Garrison to a friend in that county:—

What a stupendous imposture is the game going on between so-called liberal republicanism and rebel democracy for the presidential prize! In the history of political corruption is there anything to match it? I have always regarded Greeley as a man without any fixed principles; but he is daily revealing himself, both in what he does and through the columns of the Tribune (which is his special organ, and for the spirit of which he is to be held responsible, make what disclaimer or dodges he may in regard to its management), as a first-class political demagogue, unless it may be charitably suspected that he is smitten with imbecility. His election to the presidency will, to all intents and purposes, be the restoration of the South to the control of our national policy; and in that event there are to be poured out upon our land fresh vials of wrath to the extent of our recreancy, as a people, to the

Waterville Mail.

BPH. MAXHAM, DANL R. WING,
EDITORS.

WATERVILLE... AUG. 2, 1872.

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Of Illinois.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT.
HENRY WILSON,
Of Massachusetts.

For Representative to Congress,
JAMES G. BLAINE.

RALLY.—A rainy and muddy evening would generally be fatal to a political meeting; but the short notice given on Friday last filled Town Hall to the brim, to hear speaker Blaine and congressman Frye. A few democrats helped to make up the audience. The presence of a few ladies presented a characteristic that seems to prevail in Republican meetings in this campaign; but the dignity and good order of the meeting was in no way disturbed by them.

Mr. Blaine made several excellent points in defending the government against the charges lately brought against it by the democrats. Certainly he effectually demolishes that rotten plank of the Greeley platform which demands the entire restoration of Jeff Davis and his associates to all their former rights under the government. He didn't believe in it, and declared that as the representative of the third congressional district of Maine he would never vote for it—"so help me God." The cheers that followed were pretty good evidence that this small band of his constituents would not urge him.

One by one the various charges made by Mr. Sumner and his democratic assistants were handled without gloves, by both Mr. Blaine and Mr. Frye; the latter feeling at liberty, as he said, to deal with Mr. Sumner without any of the professions of respect which became the speaker of the house. With no admiration for him in the least, he was able to show him pretty rough handling in the present.

An old copper-headed democrat, whose voice was heard in our streets all through the war, as he belched his abuse of both Lincoln and Grant, sat under our eye, and just in front of the only square-edged Greeley republican we have heard of in our streets; and it was amusing to see the latter wring and twist in his seat as the former grated his teeth and muttered "d—d lie." They both looked as though they would like to say a few words more if they only had Jeff Davis's patriotic old army near enough to protect them.

THE ORACLE has finally spoken and Sumner pronounces for Greeley, advising the colored people to vote the liberal ticket. In noticing this decision of Sumner's the Boston Journal says:—

This is the result of a huge all controlling personality—of judging the whole world by one's own feelings. Because Charles Sumner has through influences as comparatively small as the rudder of a great ship, changed, he fancies that all other men, the political organizations of the country and the pending issues before it affecting the weal or woe of the future, have undergone a corresponding change. We might say that not only is Mr. Sumner a citizen of "the hub of the universe," but he feels that he is the linchpin that keeps it from dropping off into chaos and ruin.

He may paint as he pleases the millennial features of President Greeley's administration—neither the man himself, with his record of weaknesses ever playing into the hands of rogues, nor the balance of influences, nor the preponderance of bad and discredited advisers into whose control he has now committed himself, will command the trust of the loyal millions of this Republic saved but not yet out of danger—saved, too, by the man upon whom Mr. Sumner now turns, endangered in the present as well as in the past, by the men whom he now joins. He may go, after having hesitated for months while the issue was all the while as clear as it is now, and he may carry a few true with him; but the vast majority will be too true to the principles he now deserts, and many even startled by his fearful example will take up the good cause where he leaves it.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August, one of the best numbers of this best of periodicals, is for sale by Henrickson, who is promptly supplied with this and other magazines by the New England News Co., of Boston. Among other good things the number contains a timely article on Mount Desert, charmingly illustrated.

A life-like portrait of the late Dr. Adam Wilson—notice of which appeared in the Mail awhile ago—now hangs in the library of Colby University. It was presented by Mrs. Wilson.

A pleasant day with a few friends on East Pond, at the sunny little harbor where the "Waterville Amateur Perch Club" have located; a brisk catch of "those big perch" and the consequent rich chowder;—and another day equally genial, at Thayer's, on McGrath Pond, where a couple of neat little rail boats, with abundant smaller craft to convene some forty or fifty masculine fishermen, dot the waters within hail of each other, all for the sake of the venerable "Waterville Perch Association;"—all these luxuries, we say, in a single week, make it necessary to take a leisure hour for details.

A man is pretty rigid in his observance of the Sabbath when he will not give a passer-by a drink of water on that day; but the refusal of Mr. Apollon Robinson, of Cape Elizabeth, thus to accommodate two fishermen, hardly justified them in stoning him and his house last Sunday.

The oration of Hon. Wm. Whiting before the literary societies of Colby University, at the late Commencement, is to be printed, by their request.

HOPEFUL.—A close observer informs us that the most distinctive parasite of the destructive currant worm, and which has utterly quelled it after a few years in other places, has been noticed here; so that with the bane we have the antidote.

Mr. Zenas Laury, Jr., of Brewer, left Kansas July 8th for his home in Maine, since which time nothing has been heard of him, and his friends are naturally very anxious.

Rev. N. M. Wood, D. D., the former pastor of the Baptist Church in this village, will occupy his old pulpit next Sabbath.

Of the eight graduates of Colby, last week, five go to Newton, and one enters upon the work of the ministry immediately at Monmouth.

Mr. H. M. Bryant of Lewiston, lectured on temperance to a crowded house in Belgrade, on Sunday evening. Many signed the pledge. A reform club will be formed there, next Sunday, by Dr. Brickett.

In noticing the Commencement Concert the Portland Advertiser says:—

Mrs. Burnham was attired in lavender silk and wore no ornament. Her voice more than surpassed the anticipations of her best friends. It has developed astonishingly since she last sang in this country and she is now probably one of the best church sopranos on this side of the water. Her compass is two and a fifth octaves, reaching high D and low A with perfect ease. The voice is at its best in the upper register, but the middle and low notes are all fresh, rich and sweet. It may be styled a voluptuous voice, of great flexibility and power. Mrs. Burnham combines execution with expression a trait too rarely found in singers. She was encored in the *cavatina* and repeated the closing movement.

We shall have a wonderful apple crop in Maine, this year.

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD, which leaves Duluth, Minnesota, and after bending southward a little makes its way across the continent mainly between the 47th and 48th parallels of latitude, is being pushed forward with energy. We notice that Dr. W. A. Burleigh, formerly of Waterville—a director of the Dakota Southern Railroad, now rapidly approaching completion—has a large construction contract on the Northern Pacific, and has commenced operations at the point where the road crosses the Missouri, near Fort Stephenson. A little collection of log houses near, which already boasts of a hotel, a store, a barber shop and a saloon, has been christened Burleigh City, and may be destined for great things, for there is a great gathering of population at this point. The Doctor, in connection with his son, T. B. Burleigh, owns and runs the steamer *Missouri*, which is doing a good business on the Missouri. Several Railroads are in process of construction in Dakota, and others are projected; and as Dr. B. is a large land owner in that Territory, his property interests are favorably affected.

THE KENNEBEC COUNTY REPUBLICAN CONVENTION, to nominate two candidates for Senators, a County Commissioner, Register of Probate, County Treasurer and Sheriff, will be held in Augusta on Tuesday, Aug. 20th. Waterville is entitled to 10 delegates; Winslow has 4; Albion 3; Belgrade 4; Benton 3; Clinton 4; China 5; Sidney 4; Vassalboro' 8; Clinton Gore 1; and Unity Plantation 1.

The democrats and disaffected republicans in the 5th district have struck hands and nominated F. A. Pike for Congress.

FIRE IN ST. ALBANS.—The dwelling house and barn of Mr. Jeremiah Stevens, new buildings, were burned last Saturday afternoon, with all their contents. No one was in the house at the time and the origin of the fire is a mystery, though it is thought to be the work of an incendiary. Loss about \$2,000; insured for \$1100 in the Springfield Co., with L. T. Boothby, of Waterville.

MASONIC.—At the annual election of Drummond R. A. C. the following officers were elected.

Wm. Macartney H. P.; G. W. Gilman H. S. A. Allen S.; C. E. A. Winslow, R. A. C.; M. M. Bartlett Treas.; B. H. Mitchell Sec.; Nathan Clemson, M. T. N.; Abram Bachelder M. S. V.; Samuel Prescott M. F. V.
B. H. MITCHELL, Sec.

The Universalist Societies of Fairfield and West Waterville fraternized in an excursion to Belfast on Wednesday and had a nice time.

Mr. W. W. Edwards had ripe tomatoes several days ago, from vines of his own raising. We think he is ahead of all his neighbors.

EXCURSIONS FOR CHILDREN are being arranged for in several of our large cities—for the children of the poor, we mean, who would otherwise seldom, if ever, enjoy such a treat. It is certainly a piece of wise benevolence, which cannot fail to be productive of good. In Philadelphia, we notice that Dr. F. H. Getchell, formerly of Waterville, occupies a place on one of the responsible committees in making the arrangements for such an excursion from that city.

A GREELEY and Brown flag was unfurled in Fairfield on Friday evening 1st; but General Kilpatrick, who was announced, did not appear. Lebrooke and Pillsbury did duty instead. A soaking rain drove the company into Andrews' Hall.

Mr. MORGAN'S store, occupied by Manly and Tozier, though bid off, was not sold, as we understand.

The Belfast Journal man is awfully indignant that the liquor dealers of Belfast, who have been selling without a license should be called upon by the U. S. Marshal and made to pay up, and calls it "a mean act of a mean administration." "No rogue ever felt the halter draw"—whether on his own neck or that of his near friend—"with good opinion of the law." Simpson still appeals for sympathy among the agriculturists, by inserting that old cut, from the Maine Farmers' Almanac, of a poor man bending over the lever of a cider press. There is better use for a man than that.

The Waterville Mail heads its editorial page with "Fact, Fun, Fancy and Physic." We think this article greatly predominates over the three first-mentioned. (Gardiner Home Journal.)

You are right neighbor; and the dose you got last week operated to a charm, causing you to throw off a large quantity of bile. But there—what's the good, so long as you are all sour and bitter, from the crown of your Greeley hat to the soles of your boots. It's very much like bailing out a bottomless boat.

Some stories very damaging to the reputation of Gen. Kilpatrick, which originated in democratic papers and have been circulating in them for a long time without being even contradicted by the person most interested, have been lately copied by several republican papers in Maine, and now the General has sued them for \$30,000 apiece—which shows that the General's head is level to this extent—he knows what papers have character and money.

GROUND is broken for the foundation of the new depot opposite the University buildings, and the work of excavating for the foundation is proceeding under the superintendence of Mr. F. A. Poland, of Skowhegan, who has had charge of the crew at work on the railroad extension in our village. As we have previously mentioned, the new depot is to be of brick; and while its accommodations will be ample, its architecture will be worthy of its location in that classic neighborhood. The main building will be two stories in height, 30 feet 8 inches wide by 30 ft. 4 in. long; with two wings of one story—the south 30 ft. 4 in. wide and 35 ft. 2 in. long, and the north 30 ft. 4 in. wide and 35 ft. 2 in. long, with a half circle extending 14 feet farther north. The refreshment room will be in this north end.

SMITH & MEADER'S BIG MILL is now running lively, giving employment to about fifty men. Eight wheels are run, furnishing the driving power to a gang saw, molar, clapboard, shingle and lath machines, &c. When things go right, about 40,000 feet are cut out by the gang and molar, which is probably more than twice as much as used to be cut by all the mills we formerly had. Then, in addition, great quantities of shingles, laths and clapboards are made, with fence-pickets, heading, staves for dry casks, broom handles, curtain sticks, door-panels, mouldings, &c.—much of it from slabs, which, under the old system were thrown away or burned for fuel. Great piles of lumber are accumulating all over the territory of the Water Power Co. in the vicinity of the mill, several railway tracks have been laid from the mill. Much of this lumber is now sent down the river in rafts, as formerly. In this connection we may mention that Smith & Meader cut a much larger amount of lumber this year than ever before, and that there are more logs in Ticonic Bay now than were ever there before at any one time. In this large mill there are still two stories unoccupied—one furnishing a room 90 ft. by 100, and the other 40 by 100, which will eventually be filled with machinery and manufactures of various kinds. Waterville is not wilting, much.

In the trot at Waterville Park, on Saturday, Idol Maid, entered by Rodney Jones of Fairfield, won the first purse; Lady Knox, entered by Reuel Howard, the 2d; and Bay Mare, entered by F. R. Jones, the 3d. In the match, "Troublesome" failed to appear, and "Gentle Annie" easily won over another horse which took his place.

Two flags—one for each party—are about ready to be hoisted in this village.

The weather has been cool and delightful during the past week, so that we have had no call to envy those absentees who are sojourning at the seaside.

MISS AUGUSTA MOORE, well known here, has written a story for "The Spirit of Kansas," which the editor, I. S. Kallach, Esq., pronounces one of thrilling interest. Mr. K. publishes a spirited paper.

MR. THOMAS EMERY sends us a handsome Early Rose potato, weighing 13 ounces, which he says was grown in the garden of Mrs. Brown, of Benton, the seed having been planted on the 19th of May, without previous preparation. He inquires if any one can do better.

OUR TABLE.

THE LADY'S FRIEND FOR AUGUST, contains an excellent story, "The Daily Visitor," by Miss Fannie Hodgson, and the new serial "Only a Wish," is commenced. "For a Dream's Sake," by Mary N. Prescott, is a good story. The serial by Mrs. Wood is one of the very best; and the shorter one by Amanda Douglas is the most popular of the author. Altogether this August number of the Lady's Friend presents as entertaining a feast of light reading for the warm weather as could well be found.

Published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year.

ENTERPRISE.—Brainard's Musical World for July is on our table, and is a noteworthy number. Brimful of good things to the musically disposed, it contains in addition to its usual amount of interesting matter, an eight-page supplement, giving a full and complete report of the Boston Peace Jubilee and the St. Louis Saengerfest, with full programmes of each day's proceedings. The World is the only paper, outside of the Boston dailies, that has had the enterprise to publish a full report of this great musical event. The World also contains its usual supply table of contents, and is a necessity to any one who wishes to keep well posted in the musical doings of the country.

Published by S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, O., at \$1 a year.

HOME AND HEALTH for August is in all its departments a highly interesting number. The part under the head of Health Culture contains much valuable matter and is worthy a careful reading. De Fay, Lyon & Co., publishers, 62 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

THE TRANSATLANTIC MONTHLY, which we receive occasionally but wish we could have regularly, presents a well filled August number, with the following table of contents:—

Pearl and Emerald, Cornhill Magazine; Asylums for Drunkards, Macmillan's Magazine; Gambling Superstitions, Cornhill Magazine; My First Duel, Belgravia; Launched, Chambers' Journal; A Few Days' Fishing, Belgravia; "Good-bye, Sweetheart!" Temple Bar; Chapter on Uncle Sam's Diversions, Belgravia; A Wet Easter at Greenwich, St. Pauls; The Quality of the Brain, St. Pauls; The Ring of Rings, Chambers' Journal; De Quincy's Last Banquet, Chambers' Journal; A Day Outing, Cassell's Magazine; Oh! Willie, London Society.

The Transatlantic is made of choice selections from the best foreign periodicals.

Published by G. W. Hamersley, Philadelphia, at \$2.50 a year.

SUICIDE.—On Saturday last, Mr. Simeon Ellis, of Winslow, a man nearly seventy years of age, committed suicide by shooting. He had previously assured a neighbor that he should commit the deed, assigning family troubles as the cause, and when he had made all the necessary arrangements in his bed room, he came into the sitting room, looked at the clock and exclaiming "One o'clock and all is told," stepped quickly back and the family immediately heard the report of the gun. Going in they found that he had shot himself by placing his gun against his side and firing it with his cane. A jury summoned by Coroner Barton rendered a verdict in accordance with these facts.

ANOTHER VICTIM OF RUM.—A drunken man staggered upon the track, of the Maine Central railroad, in Bangor on Monday, just in front of the cars, and was run over, and so badly injured that he died in a short time. He was a native of Prince Edwards Island, named Angus McIntire, about 50 years old and had been drunk through Sunday.

There is hope for those Augusta sinners who have dammed the Kennebec and refuse to build a fish-way; for bad as they are they have cowardly conscience enough left to imagine that the devil has taken up his abode in their mill pond above the dam with the idea of forcing his way through. Their fears are groundless, however, he is on their side, and has been all through their rascally game.

The Republican papers were prompt to rebuke the alleged tearing down of a Greeley flag at Oldtown, when it was thought to have been done by some indiseret friend of Grant; but now the fall is said to have been accidental. That spoils a nice little exhibition of spleen in that "independent" paper, the Gardiner Home Journal.

The Standard is cracking the whip over the heads of the editors of agricultural, religious and neutral papers who dare say anything against the great conglomerated party it represents; but it pats the editor of the Home Journal, who claims to have always been a republican, for the aid and comfort his "independent" utterances afford.

A young man named Charles F. Richards, of Winslow, whose reputation is none of the best, was taken to jail a few days ago, by officer Edwards, charged with the abduction of a Miss Hussey of Fairfield, about sixteen years of age. The girl was first taken to Lewiston, but she cannot be found, and there are suspicions that she has come to an untimely end.

A Mr. Bean, formerly a rabid editor of the Bangor Democrat, who at the beginning of the war went south and shouldered a musket in defence of the obnoxious principles he advocated in Maine, has recently edited a paper at Los Angeles. A little while ago he published a flaming eulogy of the Bangor Commercial, and now we have news of his death by suicide. Put that and that together.

As we go to press the indications are that the Democrats have carried North Carolina by a small majority.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AND SOCIETY, in this village, have extended a call to Rev. James Cameron, of Greenville, to become their pastor. He has preached here several Sabbaths, much to the acceptance of the people. There is but little doubt of his acceptance. He is a Scotchman, and previous to the war was living at the South, from whence he was driven for his obnoxious political sentiments, with the loss of all his property.

MR. J. PROCTER, having finished the foundation of the new Catholic Church, is now engaged in setting the underpinning, which is brought from the granite quarry in Norridge-work. The men who have been so long employed at the College buildings are now engaged in framing this church, under the lead of Mr. J. F. Haydon.

THE Boston Herald, or its reporter, had the impudence to say that the liberal movement in this Congressional District, for the nomination of Lang in place of Blaine, was headed by Reuben Foster, Esq.; but the assertion met with a prompt contradiction.

THE NEW FOUNDRY, for the manufacture of hollow-ware, is all ready to operate, being delayed only while waiting for the arrival of stock.

We learn from the Fairfield Chronicle that two brothers, named Noble, belonging in Fairfield, got into a fight on Wednesday of last week, and injured each other so badly that one has since died and the other, it is thought, cannot live.

LEONARD BILLINGS, Esq., of Portland, for so many years the efficient and popular agent of the Portland Steam Packet Company, died in that city on Wednesday, at the age of 79 years. He was a man of large liberality, universally esteemed and highly respected.

A MEETING of the telegraph operators of Eastern Maine was held in Gardiner, on Saturday evening, as we learn by the Home Journal, delegates being in attendance from Portland, Lewiston, Bangor, Fairfield, Augusta, Waterville and Gardiner. Mr. E. V. Whittier, of Gardiner, was chosen president. Another meeting will be held in Portland in September.

J. F. NYE, Esq., of Fairfield, was attacked with hemorrhage of the stomach, at the Camp Ground in Richmond on Friday, and still lies there, too weak to be brought home.

SIMPSON, jump on the Maine Farmer. It says that cider is intoxicating. Threaten to take away their subscribers and ruin their business if they do not endorse Democratic Greeley doctrine.

PROF. I. G. STEARNS, who has been splitting the sides of our citizens with laughter all this week, will commence operations in the same line in Andrews' Hall, Fairfield, next Tuesday evening.

Statistics are remarkable things and sometimes contradict common opinions point blank without the slightest compunction. It is generally believed to be dangerous to travel on railroads, but statistics show that it is the safest method of locomotion on land ever yet devised. Few persons are killed in proportion to the number travelling, and the same person is killed less frequently than by any other mode of conveyance. It furthermore appears that while it is generally said that railroad travelling is safer in Great Britain than in this country, one person in 430,000 was killed on British lines last year, and in Massachusetts, notwithstanding the unusual disaster at Beverly, the number killed was only one in 1,472,000.

President Champlin, who Wednesday resigned his position at the head of Colby University, left Portland thirty-one years ago to take the professorship of Greek and Latin at Waterville, and fifteen years ago became president of the college. He found the college of brick and leaves it of stone, not only in its outward structure but in its constitution as an establishment depending for its permanence and usefulness upon the magnitude of its endowment. More than anything else, in Dr. Champlin's time, the college needed money, and that need by his personal exertions, his tact and capacity for affairs, has been supplied. The college is now equipped with buildings and apparatus, and endowed with a permanent fund ample for its necessities, and the trustees in parting with their President may well feel some apprehension lest their choice of a successor may fall upon a man who will appreciate less accurately the present needs of the institution. (Portland Advertiser.)

A correspondent of the New York Herald writing from White Sulphur Springs, says that the colored vote of West Virginia will be as a unit for Grant, while the white citizens as a whole may be said to be in favor of Greeley. In the formation of the New constitution the Democrats showed the cloven foot in inserting a clause to be voted on by the people, which prohibits any colored man from holding office in the State, an action which has hopelessly alienated the colored voters from the Democratic party. Leave the Democrats alone and they will defeat themselves. West Virginia holds her State election on the 24th of October.

NEPOTISM.—Another case of Nepotism, and an outraged world still rolls on! A Greeley organ, announcing the fact says: "The relation is by way of Aaron Delano, whose Aunt Susanna married Captain Noah Grant, the great-grandfather of the President." "Aaron Hussey of Fairfield, about sixteen years of age. The girl was first taken to Lewiston, but she cannot be found, and there are suspicions that she has come to an untimely end."

Sad news from "Confederit Cross Roads" (which is in the State of Kentucky). Elder Pennibacker is no more. The Greeley movement killed him. So says the Rev. Nasby, who further particularizes:—

He never wuz capable uv understanding it, and at first refoozed to yield to it. He refoozed to buy one uv the white hats wich I brot back from Cincinnati, and Bascom wuz first to take stern measures with him. "Nary drink, Elder, till it goes under that hat." That fetched him. He put it on.

"I'm a Democrat," said he sadly, with a puzzled look, "and I find, according to my candidate fur President, that I'm a hoss thief, a liar, a perjured villin, a slum, a harlot, and that I'm bought with British gold, but where's the gold? Good Hevins! I sheld go mad!"

And the wretched old saint, who was afflicted with a mind wich wuzn't calculated to grasp the subtleties of a modern politix, would rush out ov his house into the field, and calm hisself by communing with nacher.

Here are Nasby's reflections over Pennibacker's demise:—

First died Elder Pennibacker, one uv my first friends at the Corners. He wuz stanch and stoopid. He wuz a believer in States rites, in Ham and Hager, and in Democracy. He died from a severe attack uv supposin Horris Greeley to be ez honest ez he wuz himself. He wouden turn ablistmist for no offfs, and he spozed Horris wuz still the same old heathen that he alluz wuz. He beleeved that Horris hed swallered the Democratic party, and do wat I cood, I cood not make him understand that the Democratic party had slavered Horris over with the Presidency and swallered him. Poor old man! He didn't understand sich politishens ez I do, or he woud hed knowed better and lived. He died uv stoopidity, a disease, wich, if it wuz alluz fatal, woud redoose our party to a more nothin, noomerically.

Deekin Pogam and I are administrators uv his estate. Ez Bascom hez a mortgage on the farm for all it is worth, our dooties will be light. There ain't been a crop raised on the place since the emancipation uv the niggers, and Bascom hez furnish him and his sons their likker ever since on tick. Most uv the property in this vicinity is in the same fix. Mine woud be, but fortunately I haven't any. (Nasby.)

The last "drive" has passed our place and the river is now clear of stray logs

Three cases of Asiatic cholera are reported at Berlin.

Gen. Banks finally descends from the fence and declares for Greeley.

Mlle. Christine Nilsson, the famous Swedish cantatrice, was married in Westminster Abbey July 27th. The bridal presents were valued at £12,000.

The New York Evening Post shows in the following article that a great proportion of the supporters of Greeley are in a false position.

We are free to confess for ourselves, to begin with, that having thought some reform necessary in party management, the one proffered is so abominably bad that we fly back to the old status as infinitely to be preferred; but the position for all that is not of the pleasantest. Take for example the World, which lately demonstrated, with more than customary eloquence and logic, the cowardice, the folly, and the self-stultification of a course which, having been adopted at Baltimore, it now shows, with equal eloquence and logic, to be marked by many and signal advantages. Or take the Tribune—once the most free and outspoken of independent journals, whose criticisms of democratic faith and practice were like the discharges of ordnance, and whose vindications of its protective fallacies were constant, loud and reverberating. Now it rears you on those topics as gently as any sucking dove. But most lamentable and ludicrous of all, mark the state of these liberal republican journals which went in for a grand, dignified, elevated political reformation, and find themselves cheek by jowl with the republican sordheids, the Tammany ring, and Southern Bourbons, upon any and all of whom the very thought of reform acts like acid upon alkali—producing furious and angry effervescence. They put a good face on it, poor fellows, but it is a funeral rather than a wedding entertainment which they attend. Behold again the democratic leaders, Thurman, Bayard, Voorhees and others, men of conviction and integrity, with some of the characteristics of statesmen, who actually despise Greeley and detest his whole political career, but who are yet making speeches in his favor, in order to reunify and preserve their party organization. Then on the other hand, behold Trumbull and Schurz, whose political creed is the very reverse of that of their candidate, whom they nevertheless support—not like Thurman and the others, in order to rebuild the shattered fortunes of democracy, but in order to dash it anew into pieces. Saddest of all, behold Mr. Sumner, the moral hero, both the Godfrey and the Coeur de Lion of the anti-slavery crusade, the dauntless champion of a race, eager to fling his lance against the imaginary Caesar, but only able to do so in company with Tweeds and Cochrans, Sanderses and Hamptons, whose very presence is to him a mephitic air. What more strange than to see Morrissey and his like shouting for the simple-minded and honest Horace; the late slave-driving rebels flinging up their hats for an abolitionist, and free traders spouting mauldin enthusiasm for a ferocious protectionist? Barnum's cage, called the Happy Family, in which cats and dogs, snakes and rabbits, monkeys and hyenas, and sheep and tigers were gathered together, was no more than a fitting emblem and exemplar of these singular political conglomerations.

HOW TO MAKE CHEAP CELLAR-BOTTOMS.—The N. Y. Industrial Monthly says:—

In sections of the country where there is an abundance of cobble-stones, collect a few loads of them about four or five inches in diameter, grade the bottom of the cellar, lay the cobbles in rows, and ram them down one third of their thickness into the ground, so that they will not rock nor be sunk below the line of the rows by any heavy superincumbent pressure, such as the weight of a hoghead of molasses or tierce of vinegar. The bottom of the cellar should be graded so that the outside will be at least two inches lower than the middle. A mistake sometimes occurs by grading the cellar-bottom in such a manner that the center will be two or three inches lower than the outside. When this is the case, should water enter from the outside, it will flow directly toward the middle. A straight-edged board should be placed frequently on each row of stones as they are being rammed, so that the upper sides may be in a line with each other. After the stones are laid and well rammed down, place a few boards on the pavement to walk on; then make a grouting of clean sand and water lime or Rosendale cement, and pour it on the stones until all the interstices are filled. As soon as the grouting has set, spread a layer of good cement mortar one inch thick over the top of the pavement, and trowel the surface smoothly. In order to spread the mortar true and even on the surface, lay an inch board one foot from the wall on the surface of the pavement, stand on the board, and fill up the space with mortar even with the top of the board; after which move the board one foot, fill the space with mortar, and trowel it off smoothly. Such a floor will cost less than a board floor, and will endure as long as the superstructure is kept in repair. A floor made in the foregoing manner on the ground in the basement of a barn, a piggery, or a stable, would be rat-proof, and would be found cheaper and even more serviceable than any plank floor. The work should be done in the first part of the growing season, so that the cement may have sufficient time to become dry and hard before the cold weather.

Insurance.

ENTIRE SAFETY.

L. T. BOOTHBY, Insurance Agent, begs leave to present the following statement of the Insurance Companies represented by him, to the public, after paying all Liabilities by the Chicago Fire.

North British and Mercantile Ins. Co.

London, Agents, (Gold), \$1,000,000.

Home, New York.

Asset, \$4,072,000.

Andes, Cincinnati.

Assets, \$1,201,000.

Phoenix Fire Insurance Co.

Of Hartford, Assets, \$1,908,881 57.

Springfield Fire and M. Ins. Co.

Assets, \$1,055,105 76.

Union, of Bangor.

Assets, \$540,701 57.

National Insurance Company, Bangor.

Assets \$440,065 7

