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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 17, No. 24): December 18, 1863

Maxham & Wing

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SONG OF THE BLACKSMITH'S WIFE

My husband's a blacksmith, and where will you find a man more industrious, faithful, and kind? He's determined to thrive, and in that we agree...

Waterville Mail.

due instant death: and if she lives, it will be as a disfigured cripple. Poor child! What will she do without her beauty? "Be still, wicked heart!" I knew, without their telling me, that it was Louey Elmington—that she had been thrown from her horse, and was now lying a crushed, shapeless mass.

MY STORY.

I thought that I had been asleep, and woke to hear Aunt Christina say: "She is entirely too fond of pouring over books. Were she more of a romp, it would be better for her health."

"What kind of poetry do you like?" he asked. "Earnest, rugged, impulsive," I replied, "glowing with thought, like the rough mine studded with gems."

One bright afternoon I slipped quietly out, and walked toward Mr. Elmington's. Grand old trees embowered the house in a perpetual shade; and all was as quiet as a deserted palace.

"I had a silly habit of crying, and I suppose that my eyes betrayed this weakness, for he glanced at them inquiringly, and I turned away from his questioning look."

"What is the matter, Lillias?" asked Mr. Delecting, as he watched me while I opened a case of diamonds. "Are they not set to suit you? They can be altered, you know."

Not being ill-natured, I took my accustomed seat of an evening beside Uncle Cambrelling, and read him the stocks and market accounts, as usual, beside all the speeches; and, wishing to leave a good impression on Aunt Christina, I exerted myself to diminish the pile which my negligence had accumulated.

What is the matter, Lillias? "Why, certainly, you foolish child!" he replied, "but—reasons fail. Suppose now, that I had a particular reason for wishing you to wear these diamonds—would you do it? Very well—that book is sufficient; and now listen, while I tell you. Your idea was, I suppose, that I, thinking you ought to be loaded down with all sorts of presents, as a reward for being engaged to me, went to the jewellers, and selected the most expensive diamonds that I could find."

I am writing in a small boudoir, that opens into a larger apartment, occupied at present, by rather a troublesome inmate; for he is constantly seizing my papers, and making his own comments upon them. I am called all sorts of names, too: "blue-stocking," "authorless," "cribbler;" and in answer to this very liberal shower of abuse, I reply:

Let us be just. It is the object of a good government to secure to every man within its limits the wages of his labor, and protect him in their enjoyment. This high obligation is universal, and is binding upon a government as personal honesty is upon an individual.

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They tell me that the clergyman who watched by Louey's sick-bed would win her to his home; and I hope that it is true, for had I never seen Hubert, I might have made Mr. Lillingford the radiant figure in my hero-worship.

I see Hubert walking in the grounds, and as my conscience rather smites me, I look up the last quire of foolscap, and resolve to forget the meaning of *cacoethes scribendi*.

The Health of the Family. BY MRS. STEPHENSON. On the mother more than any one else depends the health of the family, and a judicious woman will save her husband hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills, in bringing up her children.





