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Maxham & Wing

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[From Harper's for August.]

ONLY CLODHOOPPERS.

"I wish you wouldn't call the child 'Li,'" said my mother; "it jars upon every nerve in my body. She was christened Lily."

"Lily!" mimicked my father, and laughed uproariously; a nice-looking-lily she is!"

My poor mother made no reply; she could not refuse to acknowledge that the name was entirely unsuited to the gaunt, gawky girl of fifteen that buttered her father's bread, with a hand almost as brown and brawny as his own.

"Not but that she suits me well enough," added my father, as he noted a hot flush leap into my face. "I'd rather have you as you are, my girl, than any Lily of them all. You know they toil not, neither do they spin, and that kind of thing wouldn't suit a poor farmer like me."

My father patted me on the shoulder as he went out into the field, but the riotous blood lingered in my face, and while washing the greasy dishes and pans that accumulated so rapidly in a farm kitchen, I declared to myself that the lilies had a good time of it, and no wonder they were so pretty; they had nothing to do, and were arrayed gloriously every day. I decided that nothing could be more unjust than the way things were parcelled out in this world, and slammed every individual plate, and rattled every pan, until mother called out that I was "driving her crazy."

Then father came in again; he looked tired and discouraged, and went with a weary step into the sitting-room, where mother lay upon the lounge, and Patience Clark, the dress-maker, droned on incessantly with the small news of the village.

"It's no use talkin'," said father, "I can't manage that team and plow the field alone: it's as much as a man can do to keep the plow in the ground with those stones and stubbles, let alone guidin' that skittish mare."

"Farmin' poor work nowadays, Mr. Ware," said Patience Clark.

"It never was any thing else that I can remember," said my mother.

And my father, heaving a huge sigh, murmured under his breath, "Job's comforters," and came out into the kitchen again.

"Li," he said, "I wish you were a boy."

"For the hundredth time, father."

"And yet I wouldn't change you for a rude lad of your age; but there's that pesky five-acre lot!" Then he sighed again.

"Father," said I, flinging down the dish-towel, "I can drive the horses, and you shall plow; wait a minute, and I'll get my sun-bonnet."

Father laughed at the idea, then he refused outright; but seeing me tie my sun-bonnet and let down my sleeves, a ray of hope lighted up his face; then he said "What will your mother say?"

"She won't know anything about it, and Martha'll be through with her washing and can finish up the dishes." I started out to the field, and father followed me to the furrow, where the skittish mare was quietly chewing a bit of loose harness. I picked up the reins and father the plow-handle, and away we went cheerily. The mare was used to my voice, and was gentle as a kitten. I was thinking what a nice breeze there was, and how pretty the apple-blossoms looked, when suddenly a voice called to us from the fence—

"Hallo, Mr. Ware! That's tough work for a girl."

My father stopped the horses with a jerk.

"I suppose 'tis," he said; "but this pesky field, John, is so mortal full of stones and stubbles, and the critter knows Li's voice; but run in the house, Li—"

"No; no, father, I ain't a bit tired" (with an indignant look at John Bates).

"Let me try a hand at the plow, Mr. Ware, and do you drive a bit."

"Well, if you will, John," said my father, resigning his plow, and taking the reins from my hand. "Run in the house, Li, and rest."

I ran in the house, and this was the way I rested: I finished washing and wiping the dishes, folded down the clothes, mopped up the kitchen, helped to milk six cows, made biscuit for tea, and helped Martha get things ready for an early breakfast, so that we could commence ironing early in the morning. I murmured to myself, "Why should we only toil the roof and crown of things?" and entered the sitting-room just in time to hear Patience Clark say, "she was so glad Lily was a girl; that boys were worked to death upon a farm."

"Dear, dear!" sighed my mother, "it's impossible to make Lily look graceful; but do slope the shoulders a little more, Miss Clark."

"If I do they'll pucker and bag," replied the dress-maker, "for she's as square as square can be."

"She's like her father," said my mother. And finding they were not ready to try on my dress, I went out in the porch, where father was smoking his pipe.

"Softly!" he said. "Look, Li, at that fellow on the clothes-line!" At that moment a flood of music poured from the throat of a belated blackbird that rocked to and fro upon the rope before us; a robin was cheated into taking up the refrain, and the frogs commenced to thud, the moon climbed up in the wan sky, and father and I sat there silently for hours. At last he said, as we went into the house, "It's a pretty place, Li; we must take care of the farm." And on his death-bed, four years later, his last words were, "Take care of the farm, Li."

But how was a girl of nineteen to take care of a farm, an invalid mother, and a lame brother? The place was in wretchedly poor condition; and my father had literally lost his strength and broken his heart in trying to clear off the mortgage. The dear old farm was a ruin, in fact; and I used to think sometimes the very outside loveliness of it was a bitter mockery. Why were the tangled flowers so beautiful, and the garbled old trees so fancifully fair? The ground was one mass of stones, and the trees bore the knottiest fruit that ever was seen; and, to top it all, it seemed impossible to get a living and pay the interest money, let alone the principal. Then the parting with father was a bitter wrench. I felt as if there wasn't much left to live for, until the night of the funeral, when little Dolph stole into my bed, poor little lambkin! Adolphus was a foolish name for him, too; but as I hugged my little brother in my arms, and quaked his wild sobbing, I vowed to myself that it was better, after all, I was not a Lily; and that I would take care of mother and Dolph and the farm somehow.

When Patience Clark was making up the mourning I heard her say something to mother about "book-learnin'" and "rooms in the village;" and I knew the meaning of it when mother stopped crying after supper, and grew quite cheerful over her cup of tea.

"Lily," she said, in her languid way, "my poor child, I trust there are happier days in store for us. Thanks to the education which I insisted upon your having, you may be able to take the place of Miss Gibbons at the village school. We will sell this wretched place, dear, and get rooms at the village."

My heart came up in my throat.

Waterville Mail.

VOL. XXIV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE..... FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1870.

NO. 6.

"Oh, mother!" I said; "father told me to take care of the farm; and I should die cooped up in that hot room with a lot of dirty children!"

My mother set down her cup of tea, went and lay upon the lounge, and commenced crying again.

"You'd rather be among cows and pigs than among your fellow-creatures!" she said. "You're like your father; and he never had any more sentiment or feeling about him than a cabbage!"

Father wasn't cold in his grave! I flung myself out of the room, and walked up to Patience Clark, as she was wiping her hands on the rolling towel in the kitchen.

"Listen here," I said setting my teeth hard; "don't put any more nonsense in mother's head, if you please!"

"Gracious powers! how you frightened me, Lily! I almost jumped out of my skin!" And she went into the sitting-room with rather a crestfallen air.

But mother always had her way; and I think we should have fallen into the groove Patience Clark had suggested for a timely codicil that was found to father's will. It left the place to Dolph, with only a life interest to mother, and five hundred dollars to me. The money was left with lawyer Williams, at Wimpleton; and he rode down the week after father died, and gave it into my hands. "I do not think you will spend it in furbelows," he said; and there was something about him that inspired confidence. I was formerly destitute of friends, and completely governed by impulse. I told him all my projects about the farm; and he listened to me with as much gravity as if I were consulting him upon a matter of law. When I had finished, he looked kindly upon my flushed and tear-stained face, and bade me be of good cheer, and not to mind about the mortgage—he would take care I was not troubled about that—and advised me to use my ready money in improving the place, suggesting the improvements in a way that led me to think agriculture was a part of law. Father died in midwinter; and when the spring came the place was busy with the hum of labor. The barn-yard was drained, a great muck-heap made from the refuse of the stalls, six poor cows sold for two good ones—and on the fifteenth of June, when I was twenty years old, the place was blooming like a rose. Had it not been for John Bates, my nearest neighbor, I should not have got along so well.

We went shares with the five-acre lot, John Bates and I, and on this very fifteenth of June the plants were brought down, and every hand about the place busied in setting them out. When we were putting in the last row, Dolph came running out to the field, and said that I was to come in directly, for Lawyer Williams was there, and Miss Gibbons, and they were to stay to tea, as it was my birthday. I started to my feet, and pushed back my sun-bonnet, and there, within a rod or two of us, was the prettiest creature that ever the eye rested upon. I thought, as I always did, when I saw her, that her name—Grace—was as suited to her as mine was unsuited to me, and I did not blame John for staring at her, open-mouthed, as she walked back with me to the house.

"You'll stay too, John?" I said to my fellow-workman. He nodded cheerfully. What an honest, bright, winsome face he had!

But never before had I felt that sudden pang of discontent and envy. It was because I was tired as a girl could be, and felt begrimed with heat and dirt, and I did not blame mother for looking upon me with a sort of disgust, and bidding me go to my room and dress immediately.

The perfume of clean linen mingled with that of the June roses in my room. There was my pretty muslin dress. But I digressed before the glass, and tugged at my hair, pulling it out in huge tangles; but, tug as I might, I could not change its sombre brown to a ruddy gold—and a frown between the eyes is no beautifier.

I declared inwardly I never would linger so long again over my dirty fields, nor toil so fiercely for what seemed to me then a wretched reward.

This discontent was, however, of short duration. Honest toil brings an even temper, and adds hugely to the cheerfulness of one's nature by promoting a good digestion. Then, when I had put a ribbon about my neck, and smoothed the ugly wrinkle from my brow, I saw in the glass a rather comely face, after all, with nice brown eyes like my father's.

I looked out of the window at my field, and John was putting in the very last plant. Tears of remorse sprang to my eyes. How could I have called it a dirty field, and unprofitable labor? Could any thing be prettier than the rich dark mould, and the rows of tender green? No, not even eyes of heavenly blue, and hair of ruddiest gold! There was something positively beautiful to me about the cabbage-field, and I gazed upon it lovingly from my window, going over again in my mind the profit we hoped to gain from it, John Bates and I. So many thousand cabbages at so much a head. I think there is nothing nicer in the way of building castles than an agricultural one, one takes such a tangible delight in watching the structure grow day by day; then, even if it tumbles down ingloriously, are the delights of anticipation to be reckoned as nothing?

I will not say that my step was light when I went down stairs; but my heart was at ease, and I made some of the lightest and flakiest of French biscuits for tea. Then I went into mother's room to get down the china. Lawyer Williams and Miss Gibbons were sauntering about the garden, and mother looked upon them with a frown.

"You don't think it possible, Lily," she said, "that old fool is caught by her pretty face?"

"I shouldn't wonder, mother," I replied; "it is such a very pretty face."

"And to think of your coming into the parlor with that old sun-bonnet hanging from your head, and your face in a blaze with heat! Why didn't you slip up stairs quietly?"

"It's the fault of the house, mother, I'm too substantial a figure to slip through stones and mortar. You know one has to pass through that way."

"Yes, yes," sighed my poor mother; "it's such a miserable built old barn—not a convenience about it. But who in the name of goodness, is coming this way? Why, truly it's that John Bates, with his hair all wet and curled, his face shining with soap-suds, and one of those queer linen coats on. What does he want, Lily?"

"He wants his supper, I suppose," I said, boldly, although I quaked inwardly.

"And is he to get it here?" she cried raising her voice, and a flame of anger darting into her eyes. "Because if he is, please to send in my tea by Martha. I cannot in my state of health, eat with a man fresh from the fields. I endured it long enough with your poor father."

I whispered a kind of prayer in her ear, but she turned such an indignant look upon me that I retreated to the kitchen, and the current jam wasn't redder than my face when I found John Bates standing in the doorway whistling. I knew he must have heard every word that mother said. And why did she object to him so bitterly? He was surely as good as any of us, with honesty of purpose and manly worth written upon every line of his countenance. There was a flush upon his cheek, and a latent fire in his eye. I thought he was offended, and I could not say a word; but presently he turned to me with his cheery smile, and said, "Have you any message for Wimpleton, Miss Lily?"

"I'm going down to see about those oxen."

"N-now?" I stammered. Then, as he stepped off the sill, I added, "You'll have supper first, John?"

"I think not, Miss Lily," he replied; "it's a nice ride by daylight, and I don't remember ever seeing things look so fresh and green. There's such a lot of wild roses down that way. I've often thought, Miss Lily, Rose would have been a prettier and better name for you—there's such a bloom and sweetness about a rose; and I never did care for lilies myself," he added, with an involuntary glance at the lotteries in the garden.

"A cabbage rose, John?" I said laughingly.

"A bramble rose, Lily," he replied, coming close to me and lowering his voice; "such as grew in the garden of Eden." Then he went away without even a biscuit, and out of sheer gratitude I stood looking after him, until the voice of Patience Clark, at my elbow, made me start.

"Good gracious, Lily! why, I thought it was Martha! You'll spile that young man, sure as this world—he'll be as set up as—"

she added, somewhat at a loss for a comparison—as a peacock! So Patience Clark took the place at the table that should have been poor John's, and mother was scarcely able to eat a mouthful after all. The summer flitted by, the golden-roses and chrysanthemums were all in bloom. There never was a castle so substantial as the one I built about the cabbages. I have always thought a host of fairies guarded them and tilted them at night; while all about us there was rot and mildew, and the cabbages would neither head nor prosper, our fields thrived amazingly; and when all was done, and they were gathered and sold, I had a nice little sum to pay upon the mortgage.

One day in October I went down to Wimpleton, but Mr. Williams had been called to meet a client some distance in the country.

"Tell him Miss Ware called," I said to the boy; and that night Mr. Williams rode up to the farm. Mother had grown weaker of late, and went to bed early, and Dolph and I sat crouching over our books in the parlor, when a knock at the door startled us. I do not know why my heart beat so wildly, nor why I called Dolph to run to the door. It was only Mr. Williams, and we sat down comfortably to chat together. I told him of my intention to pay him a little on the mortgage, and spoke glowingly of my cabbage-fields; he seemed to waive the matter aside, and turning to Dolph, asked, in quite a grave and formal manner, the lad's permission to see me alone. Dolph gathered up his books and went out of the room.

"A fine boy!" cried Mr. Williams; "and not so lame, I think, as he gets stronger."

Then I launched into a panegyric upon Dolph that lasted half an hour, and still Mr. Williams listened gravely; but when I passed a little, and felt like apologizing for my sisterly warmth, he approached the table near which I was sitting, and laying his hand upon mine, he said: "I have come here to-night Miss Ware, to speak to you upon a subject that has lain near my heart for a long time—since I paid into your hands a certain sum of money, and became impressed with the rare dignity of your character, and your nobleness of heart. Can I hope you will not meet with disfavor the affection of one so much older than yourself? Will you be my wife?"

I did not speak for a time, and when I found my voice I could say nothing but that I was very, very grateful, but could not leave the farm.

"Well, but, Miss Lily, if that is your only objection, perhaps there might be a compromise arranged. You know I have already a hold upon the farm. Can we not fit it up for a country seat? You shall have the planning of the improvements," he added, cheerfully; "and your brother when he is old enough, shall study law."

"Oh, Mr. Williams!" I cried, in affright, "do not speak loud, I beg of you! if my mother, if Dolph, should hear you, they would make me consent, and—and—here I broke down, and fell into a passion of weeping.

"What is this, Lily, my child?" he said, his face lighting up with a kindly feeling that became it well. "Is there any other reason for your repugnance? Speak frankly, Lily, and let me be your friend, if nothing more."

"I shall be so glad to have you for a friend," I said, reaching out my hands to him; "but I'm so sorry for Dolph and mother, that I can't be more to you."

"Well, Dolph shall study law, in any case, my dear—"

"And don't tell my mother!" I said.

"No, indeed," he replied, smiling; and bidding me a kindly good-by, he went away. When I heard the door close I laid my head upon the table, only wanting to be alone and think; but suddenly a cold hand was placed upon my shoulder, shaking me with spasmodic energy. I looked up: there stood my mother, her face pale and wild, her great hollow eyes seeking and searching my face.

"Tell me," she gasped; "is it all right—are you—to be—his wife?"

"Oh, mother!"

"Speak!" she cried; "you have not dared refuse him?"

I buried my head in my hands upon the table, and fairly trembled as I murmured "yes."

"The richest man in Wimpleton!" cried my mother, beside herself with rage and disappointment—"a gentleman! And you, selfish, ungrateful wretch that you are—you will see me die in this place when you have it in your power to give me life and happiness. Listen

to me, Lily," she cried, coming nearer to me and looking upon me with savage earnestness; "I will go to bed and never leave it, I will neither eat nor drink, if you refuse this man."

"But I have refused him, mother!"

"Then call him back again, say you did not know your mind; he will think it a girlish freak and, be all the fonder of you. Oh, Lily," she cried, sinking on her knees at my feet, "do not throw away your life as I did mine and regret it ever afterward; do not bury yourself with a clodhopper on a farm, and wear your life out in useless remorse, for I will die, I tell you. Oh, say that you will marry him, that I shall live once more in luxury and ease. I will never get up till you grant my prayer!"

"I will, mother, I will!"

"God bless you, dear!" said my poor mother, and I helped her to bed. How could my mother bid God to bless me? I went to my room, but not to bed. I walked to and fro, thinking, thinking; but think as I might, the clodhopper and the farm resolved themselves into the garden of Eden, a tender manly Adam, and I, the Eve to my husband of all that was desirable in sweetness and bloom; and the days seemed to lengthen themselves before me into a paradise of honest toil and happy pleasure, while that other choice of luxury and ease pictured itself gloomily before me. I remembered well the great dreary house in Wimpleton, the mould-smelling, clintz covered furniture, the stone-paved yard, I saw myself clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day; and yet, and yet—alas, that when should be so different and fate so adverse! But there was my mother; she had resolved to die if I refused, and she always would have her way. In the early dawn I went down among the sweet-brier that grew about my father's grave; he was only a clodhopper himself, and could understand my sorrow. Dolph had grown fond lately of wearing fine clothes and spending his time in study; then he was delicate—a little lame. Well, it was all over. I went down to Wimpleton that very day and told Mr. Williams all that had happened.

"If you'll kindly forget what occurred last night, I will do my best to please you," I said, as if applying for a situation.

"My dear Lily," he said, "although I seem old to you I have kept a young warm heart, and I do not know whether to laugh or cry about you."

"Oh, do not laugh, Sir," I said.

"And I will not cry," he replied. "Well, it is settled then; do you go home, my dear, and I will come up and see you in the course of a week. May God bless you, darling!"

He laid his hand caressingly upon my head, and somehow I liked his blessing.

As I rode home I let the reins fall upon my pony's neck, and strove to think that, in making mother and Dolph happy, I should gain contentment for myself; but the day seemed gray and dead, and it was so strange when I reached the lane that John Bates should be waiting there with such a bright, hopeful smile upon his winsome face.

"Come Lily," he said, "let the boy take the pony in, and do you come with me a bit—I've something to say to you."

We walked a long way, I think, without uttering a word; then he turned suddenly and spoke:—

"You know well what I wanted to say to you, Lily my darling, my sweet wild rose; I loved you when you were a child, and I helped plow the five-acre lot with your father; and since we've planted it in those dear old cabbages, you have grown unspeakably dear to me. Say, my fellow-worker, my dearest and best, shall we be partners for life?"

"How can you be so cruel?" I cried; "you know my mother would never hear of such a thing!"

"Cruel!" he repeated; "your mother! You don't mean to say you are not to be my wife? Lily, you love me?"

"Oh, John," I said, and clung trembling to his arm.

"Speak, Lily," he said; and I told him all. "I cannot let her die, John," I cried, "I can not let her die."

"There, let us speak no more for a time. I can yet be strong, and hold you for my friend. May I not, Lily?"

"Until death," I whispered, and said no more. We were walking up the woodland path, the wind whistling through the great gaunt trees, and the ground inches deep in fallen leaves; the night was growing wild and chill, and great black clouds hovered in the cold sky. We had scarcely reached home when a tempest of storm swept over the country.

At last I went to bed. "Dolph, dear Dolph," I said creeping up to his warm little body, "love me, dear, won't you? I am so lonely, Dolph, so lonely and sad!"

"Don't crowd so, sis," said the little fellow, rubbing his eyes; "I say, I'm getting too big to sleep with you, I think."

My poor mother grew weaker day by day; and strive as she might, she was unable to leave her bed, save for an hour or two in the middle of the day; but the news of my engagement had been most industriously spread, and my mother received the villagers' congratulations with haughty satisfaction. There was also a very perceptible change in the relations that had existed between mother and the dress-maker; but Patience Clark insisted upon her old freedom of speech.

"I'm powerful glad," she said, one day, "that Lily's set herself in a butter-tub. I was afraid there one time she'd throw herself away."

"Are you speaking of my daughter?" said my mother.

"Why of course. Who should I be speaking about, I'd like to know?"

"Please to speak respectfully, then," said my mother; "and don't cut those ruffles straight. I see by the fashion-plates they're all made bias."

I thought Patience Clark would have burst with indignation. She looked at my mother, and her pale blue eyes grew almost bloodshot.

"Highty, tighty!" she cried at last; "cut them for yourself!" And she threw scissors and silk on the floor. "And I have you to know, Miss Ware, I am as good as you any day in the week, and a deal better on Sundays, and I'll talk as I please, and work as I please, and I'll not be ordered about by anybody, let alone a skeleton like you!"

She flounced out of the house, leaving my

poor mother disconsolate with her flounces and furbelows.

No dress-maker could be found for a week; and whether it was the excitement of preparing the wedding finery had kept her up, or the scorn of the dress-maker had preyed upon her mind—whatever might have been the cause, at the end of a fortnight my poor mother died.

"Oh, mother," I cried, reproachfully, "you promised to live!"

"Haven't I tried hard enough?" she said, catching my hands in hers. "Remember your promise, Lily you won't break it because I'm not here?"

"No, no," I said. And she replied quickly: "It'll be a comfort to me to know you and Dolph are gentlefolks. As for me I never did have things as I wanted them." Then she turned her face to the wall. What difference could it make in Heaven, pray? are they not all gentlefolks there?

The night after the funeral Dolph went home with Mr. Williams, and I was alone walking to and fro in the parlor. Suddenly the door opened, and in walked John Bates, looking thin and gunt as a spectre.

"Tell me," he said walking over to me, and looking at me with great wistfulness in his eyes, "did she relent when she was dying? Did she leave happiness to you and to me?"

"No, no, John; I promised her again when she was dying. I promised and I must obey."

I held up my hands to keep him off, but he caught me in his arms and kissed me savagely.

"Good-by," he said.

"Oh, why good-by? Where are you going, John?"

"I don't know," he said "to the devil, I think." And kissing me again, he went away.

I sat with my head in my hands for an hour. I never stired when I heard the tramp of a horse and a knock at the door, nor raised my head when Mr. Williams entered.

"My poor darling," he said, and endeavored to take my hand. I drew it away rudely.

"You can not surely," I said, raising my head, "speak of love to me now, or think of marriage so soon after my mother's death?"

"I do not think of marriage at all, my dear," he replied. "That is all over now between you and me, Lily," he said, suddenly, taking my hands in his. "Do you love another as I would fain you had loved me? Answer frankly, dear, and do not fear. I am too fond of you to cause you useless pain."

A thrill shot through my heart. Then I remembered my promise to the dying, and grew cold with fear and dread.

"Oh, I must marry you, Sir," I said, and told him all.

"Well my dear," he said, "mine was a foolish dream at the best, and I will endeavor to make up to you for the sorrow I have unwittingly caused. You shall let the poor rich man go, and marry the rich poor man."

"Oh, no, Sir, I said; 'I dare not.'"

"But then, if not your true love, who will you marry?"

"You Mr. Williams."

"I will not have you. Come if you persist, I will run away to be rid of you. I will sail for Europe in a week."

"But my mother?"

"You have done all that a daughter could. I say I will not marry you, but I will strive and make you and Dolph gentlefolks."

Then the w.m. happy tears drenched his hands, I threw my arms about his neck. "My dear, dear friend!" I said.

He grew a little pale, and kissing my brow, he went away.

Now John's strip of land joined mine, and I could see the glimmer of light from his kitchen window. I ran out the door, and across the cabbage-field, my feet sinking in the damp earth, my shoes filling with dirt and stones. At last I reached the kitchen door. For a moment my heart failed me. John had no one but his old blind father; but I was afraid some of the workmen might be about. I opened the door softly. Old Mr. Bates sat fast asleep in his chair and John sat gazing into the smouldering embers on the hearth.

I stole up behind him; but he divined that I was there, and starting up, he met me halfway.

"I was afraid you were gone, John," I said, with a great sob in my voice.

"Gone?" he echoed.

"Yes gone, somewhere; but I—don't choke me, John."

"Speak, then, quickly! My God! what brought you here?"

"Why, Mr. Williams says he won't marry me; that nothing can induce him to; that he'll run away to Europe first. Will you John?"

"What's the matter my lad?" said Mr. Bates awaking. "You'll break my heart as well as your own, if you go on in that way."

MISCELLANY.

THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.

First down the faded blossoms of the spring,
No clear the rose with regretful thought;
The joy of summer is a vanished thing;
Let it depart, and learn to understand
The gladness of great calm—the autumn rest,
The peace of human joys the latest and the best.

Ah, I remember how in early days
The primrose and the wildflower grew beside
My tangled forest path, whose dewy ways
Filled me with joys of mysteries untold,
And terror that was more than half delight,
And sense of budding life, and longings infinite.

And I remember how, in life's hot noon,
Around my path the ivy leaves shed
Color and fragrance and the air of June
Breathed fragrance—now those sunny days are fled,
Days of sweet peril, when the serpent lay,
Lurking at every turn of life's enchanted way.

The light of spring, the summer glow, are o'er
And I rejoice in knowing that for me
The woodbine and the rose bloom no more,
The tender green is gone from field and tree;
Brown barren sprays stand clear against the blue,
And leaves fall fast, and let the truthful sunlight through.

For me the hooded herbs of autumn grow,
Square-stemmed and sober tinted: mint and sage,
Horehound and balm—such plants as healers know,
And the decline of life's long pilgrimage
Is soft and sweet, with mellowed tones of rhyme,
Bright with pure evening dew, not serpent's glittering slime.

And round my path the aromatic air
Breathes health and perfume, and the turf ground
Is soft for weary feet, and smooth and fair
With little thornless blossoms that abound
In safe dry places, where the mountain thyme
Lies to the setting sun, and no ill beast can hide.

What is there to regret? Why should I mourn
To leave the forest and the hill behind?
Or toward the rank low meadows sadly turn?
Since here another loveliness I find,
Safe and not less beautiful—oh, best
With glimpses faint and fair, of the long wished for rest.

Is it an evil to be drawing near
The time when I shall know as I am known?
Is it an evil that the sky grows clear,
That sunset light upon my path is thrown,
That truth grows fairer, that temptations cease,
That I see, after a path that leads to peace?

Is it not joy to feel the lapwing's cry
Calm down the air as it is at eventide
After a storm the far horizon clears,
That shine golden and the stars subside,
That the soft rain declines, the restful clouds grow fair,
And still the night, declines, the restful clouds grow fair.

And so I drop the roses from my hand,
And let the thorn-prickles heal, and take my way,
Down-hill, across a peaceful land,
Laid in the golden-rod of dying day,
Glad that the night is near, and glad to know
That rough or smooth the way, I have not far to go.

RIOT AT THE EXECUTION OF A MURDERER IN ILLINOIS.—St. Louis, July 30.—A serious riot occurred at Shelbyville, Ill., yesterday, occasioned by the execution of Joseph Myers for the murder of Piebison Calhoun two years ago. Hubbard Holden, who was to have been hanged with Myers for the same crime, had his sentence commuted, Thursday, by Governor Palmer, which created great indignation, as it was asserted that Holden planned the murder and did the shooting. It was feared Thursday night that the people would attack the jail and release Myers unless Governor Palmer sent rendered Holden to the gallows. Yesterday morning the mob demanded that both men be hung, or that Myers be released. Governor Palmer was vehemently denounced on every hand. The jail was guarded by one hundred armed men. While the preparations were being made to hang Myers, several attempts were made to tear down the fence enclosing the scaffold, but the assailants were repulsed, and Myers was executed, and ten minutes after the mob charged the fence in force, and commenced tearing it down, but when they discovered it was too late to save Myers they dispersed, swearing eternal enmity to Governor Palmer, and but for the conciliatory speeches by several of the leading citizens bloodshed would have resulted.

A country deacon went home one evening, and complained to his wife that he had been abused down at the store shamefully. One of the neighbors, he said, called him a liar. Her eyes flashed with indignation. "Why didn't you tell him to prove it?" she exclaimed. "That's the very thing—that's the trouble!" replied her husband; "that's just what I did do; I told him to prove it—and he did prove it!"

The Maine Farmer says, judging from reports from all sections of the State, the hay crop must be at least one-third less than the average. This fact is a weighty one to farmers. It means scarcity of fodder next winter and spring, with low prices for stock the coming fall. Let every pound of fodder be saved and stored for use. It will pay to cut it where never mowed before.

Executors of Valuable Property.
The very desirable Homestead of the late Irvy Low, Esq., on College street, Waterville, will be sold on favorable terms and immediately possession given. A good House-plot on Front street will be sold with the above property. Also about 17 acres of pasture land, convenient of access to the village, on the Fairfield Farming House road.
Apply to I. H. LOW, Waterville, or J. C. HUNT, Executor, Skowhegan.
Waterville, July 29th, 1870. 3w 4

WANTED.
ABORERS, Masons, Stone Cutters, and men on repairs of a Dam and New Bulkhead at Augusta; also 1000 tons Ballast. Apply to H. A. DOWELL, Agent, Augusta, Me. 4w 4

To Druggists.
I will send the recipe for making an artificial skin in general use, such Druggists can realize good profit. Remit the price or send post-paid envelope for particulars. Address: E. H. WILKINSON, 4w 3
Crownpoint Center, Essex Co., N. Y.

NOTICE.
HAVING refurnished and thoroughly renovated my Ladies' Room, I shall wait patiently for the reappearance of all my old customers, and as many more as are pleased to come. Ice Creams and every thing the season affords.
G. H. MATTHEWS.

LACE AND MUSLIN.
UNDER HUPP'S. For sale by E. & S. FISHER, June 2.

CHANCE FOR BUSINESS.
OWING to ill health, the subscriber is desirous of disposing of his stock and stand in trade. A Good Business will be given to any wishing to go into the DRUG AND MEDICINE business in Waterville. Also for SALE, a few desirable House-Plots between Ticonic Village and Emancipation Bridge; five Acres Ticonic Water Power Stock; One Paw in Ticonic, Maine; Two Jersey Heifers, full blood; One good family Carriage, covered.
Waterville, July 22, 1870. 4
WILLIAM DYER.

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!
Insured by L. T. BOOTHBY.

HAIR CLOTH,
STUFFED CHAIRS \$4.00, at REDINGTON'S.

PARASOLS!
IN BLUE, GREEN, BLACK and WHITE, can be found at E. & S. FISHER.

FOR RENT.
STORE in Hatch's Block, suitable for Hardware or Grocery business. Apply at the store of J. H. HATCH & CO. West Waterville, May 31, 1870. 44

Notice to Students and Others.
UNWASHED Rooms to let. For particulars apply to G. H. MATTHEWS, corner Main and Temple Sts.

EMBROIDERIES,
LACES, Silks and Satins—E. & S. FISHER.

MALTA LACES,
FOR Dress and Stocking—E. & S. FISHER.

New Firm.

WE have this day entered into a partnership, under the name and style of MAYO BROTHERS, to carry on the

BOOT & SHOE BUSINESS,
And will continue to occupy

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.

We propose to enlarge our stock, and shall keep the largest assortment of Ladies', Misses and Children's Boots, Shoes and Rubbers to be found in Waterville.
We shall manufacture to measure

GENTLEMEN'S CALF BOOTS,
BOTH PEGGED AND SEWED.

REPAIRING of all kinds neatly and promptly done. Aiming to do a cash business hereafter, we shall endeavor to give our customers even better terms than heretofore, and we trust by prompt attention to business and fidelity to deserving and reliable a liberal share of public patronage.

O. F. MAYO
A. L. MAYO.

Waterville, March 1, 1870.

THE above change of business, makes it necessary to set the old stand on the corner of O. F. May and Temple St. The subscriber is requested to call and pay their bills immediately.
O. F. MAYO.

CARRIAGES!

C. P. Kimball & Larkins,
WARE-ROOMS
Congress-St., Cor. of Preble House,
PORTLAND, ME.

Elegant Carriages and ROAD WAGONS.

—

We are now completing our stock for the Spring and Summer of 1870, and offer, in the NEWEST DESIGNS, and of the most thorough construction, a variety of

ELEGANT
Cabriolets, Victorias, Coupes, Phaetons,
Pony Phaetons, Top & Open Buggies,
Jump Seats, Carriages, Sunshades,
&c. &c.

EXCLUSIVELY the production of our well known Preble Street Factories. We have made great reductions in prices, and will sell lower than any concern in the United States that sells first class Carriages—Prices uniform to all. Every Carriage we make is equal in every respect to those built to the order of our most valued customers.

We keep also a large assortment of

LOW PRICED CARRIAGES,
built expressly for use in Philadelphia, New Haven and Mass., for sale at the very lowest rates. Express, Grocers' and Business Wagons constantly on hand.

Remember! all persons dealing with us get precisely what they bargain for.

We make a specialty of CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES. Keep a great variety for sale, wholesale and retail—very low.—Correspondence solicited. 3w 4

F. Kenrick & Brother

Carriages and Sleighs.
KENDALL'S MILLS.

Depositories at Kendall's Mills and Waterville, Me.
F. KENRICK. (4541) E. P. KENRICK.

ATTENTION!

Persons wishing for
Photographs of Public Buildings,
Private Residences, or Landscapes,
Will do well to call on

CARLETON.

HAVING fitted up, at large expense, for this class of work, I shall be most happy to receive orders from any quarter, hoping to answer them to perfect satisfaction.

Call at my Rooms, and see
And beautiful positions, too;
A fine complexion, clear and bright,
A pleasant smile, and all is right."

C. G. CARLETON,
May 7, 1870.—4541f. Main-St., Waterville.

A Card to the Ladies.

DUPONCO'S GOLDEN PILL.

Infallible in correcting irregularities, and removing obstructions of the monthly periods. It has been used for over forty years since then now so well known pills were first brought to notice by Dr. Duponco, of Paris, during which time they have been extensively and successfully used by some of the leading physicians, with unparalleled success. Ladies in poor health, either married or single, suffering from any of the Complaints peculiar to Females, will find the Duponco Golden Pill invaluable, viz. General Debility, Headache, Fatigue, Loss of Appetite, Mental Depression, Pain in the Back and Limbs, Pain in the Loins, Bearing-down Pains, Palpitation of the Heart, Restlessness, Excessive, Irregular or Painful Menstruation, Rush of Blood to Head, Dimness of Sight, Faintness on any slight exertion, or any ailment that may annoy the weakest of the fair, so common among Females, both married and single, the Leucorrhoea or Whites. Females in every period of life will find Duponco's Pill a remedy to aid nature in the discharge of its functions. They invigorate the debilitated and delicate, and by regulating and strengthening the system, prepare the youthful constitution for the duties of life, and when taken by those in middle life or old age they prove a perfect blessing. There is nothing in the pills that can do injury to life or health. Safe in every instance, perpetual in their happy influence upon the Nerve, the Mind, and the entire organism.

S. D. HOWE, Proprietor, N. Y.

ALVAY LITTLEFIELD, Boston, Agent, S. E. Stock.
Ladies by enclosing \$1 by mail will have the Pills sent confidentially to any address. 6m 49

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
For sale in Kendall's Mills by E. C. Low.

GEO. W. PARLIN.

Surgeon Dentist,
WEST WATERVILLE.

(OFFICE IN BLANDIN'S BLOCK.)

ALL Dental operations performed to a careful and scientific manner. Particular attention given to inserting ARTIFICIAL TEETH in full and partial sets, on Vulcanite, (hard rubber), which for beauty and durability is unsurpassed. All work warranted. Prices reasonable.
West Waterville, June 1, 1870. 49 4f

Furniture,

OF every description, at REDINGTON'S.

FEATHERS,
ALL grades, at REDINGTON'S.

FARMERS!
INSURE IN THE PHOENIX
Assets, \$1,575,907.88.
L. T. BOOTHBY, Agent.

Horse Blankets and Sleigh Robes,
GOOD assortment, for sale cheap at G. L. ROBINSON & CO'S.

OIL CLOTHS
IN good variety, at REDINGTON'S.

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES,
DIFFERENT STYLES, just received at REDINGTON'S.

SPRING BEDS,
NUMEROUS kinds at REDINGTON'S.

Crockery and Glass Ware,
at REDINGTON'S.

THE OLD STAND

RE-OPENED.

Having bought the Stock in trade of the late W. A. Caffrey, I propose to continue the business at the old stand. I shall have at all times a full assortment of

FURNITURE,
Lounges, Mirrors, Sealters, &c.

And all kinds usually kept in this line of business.

In addition to the above goods, I have the largest and best Stock of

CROCKERY & GLASS WARE
Ever opened in Waterville. Also

Tapestry, Three-ply, Ingrain, Hemp, Straw, and Oil Cloth Carpetings.

Burial Caskets and Coffins always on hand, at satisfactory prices.

I shall keep a full assortment of CHAMBER SETS, Walnut, Chestnut, Ash and Pine. The sets I have made by as good a workman as can be found on the river. And they are worth very much more than those run together, as most of them are.

I shall keep a large variety of LAMPS, BRACKETS, CLOCKS, &c. &c.

MIRROR PLATES fitted to Frames of all sizes.

REPAIRING AND PAINTING Furniture done at all times.

All of the above goods I sell as low as any one in Waterville will sell on. All I ask is for customers to price them, and judge for themselves before purchasing.

C. H. REDINGTON.

Rubbers, Rubbers!

MEN'S, BOYS', & YOUTH'S
RUBBER BOOTS,
Women's & Misses'—
RUBBER BOOTS—
Just what every one ought to wear in a Wet and Spishy Time.

Also Men's, Women's, and Children's Rubber Overs.

For Sale at MAXWELL'S,
as low as can be afforded for cash.

Keep your head cool and your feet warm, and you are all right. What is the use of going with cold, damp feet, when you can get such nice Overshoes at MAXWELL'S, a keep them dry and warm.

If you don't want Overshoes, just call and see the

VARIETY OF BOOTS & SHOES,
FOR OLD AND YOUNG,
which you can have at a very small profit for cash, as that is what tells in trade.

Don't mistake the old place—
At MAXWELL'S.

U. S. N. B.—Those having accounts with W. L. MAXWELL, will oblige him by calling and settling.

PURCHASERS OF MUSIC

Will consult their own interests by subscribing to PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY. It is issued on the first of each month and gives all the latest and best Music, by such authors as Haydn, Kinkel, Thomas, Bishop, Danke, Becht, Frey, Keller, Wyman, etc. Every number contains at least Twelve Pieces of new and good Music, printed on fine white paper, and on fine white plates, every piece of which is afterward printed in sheet form, from the same plates, and sold at 30 to 50 cents each, and all we ask for this valuable music is 20 cents a copy, \$2 a year, \$1.20 for six months; and we guarantee to every yearly subscriber at least 422 pages of good music, by the best authors. We PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY to pay us as a Magazine, because we give too much music for the money. It is issued simply to introduce our new music to the musical world. Our subscribers sing and play the music we give them. Their music friends hear it, and say it is the best. The music, like where we make

MONTHLY
member's yearly subscription gets, during the year, printed in sheet form, and sell for \$20. It is published at the Mammoth Music Store of J. L. Peters, 550 Broadway, New York, where the music is sold, every thing in the music line, \$60 for \$35, can be had. No matter how dear, it will be promptly attended to.

Sample Copies can be seen at the office of this paper

THE SALEM PURE WHITE LEAD

WARRANTED as pure and white as any lead in the world. Sold by ARNOLD & MEADERS.

MACHINERY FOR SALE.

(TO CLOSE A CONCERN.)

The following Machinery and other property will be sold at very low prices, to close the firm of Drummond, Richardson & Co. namely:

The entire Machinery and Tools of their Door, Sash & Blind Manufactory,
Embracing everything necessary to a first class establishment. They are all in good running order.

A Good Stock of Doors, Sash and Blinds.
Including 125 Brown Ash and Walnut DOORS.

One Good Team Horse.

All the above property will be sold at a great bargain.

THE SINGER

SEWING MACHINE AGENCY.

All demands due the firm must be immediately closed, and for this purpose have been left with R. P. Webb, Esq., where prompt attention will be given. All demands against the firm may be left at the same place.

DRUMMOND, RICHARDSON & CO.

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SEWING MACHINE AGENCY.

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DRUMMOND, RICHARDSON & CO.

Kendall's Mills Column.

"Goods Well Bought ARE HALF SOLD."

An old saying, and as true as it is old, and never more true than when applied to the large stock of

FLOUR,
offered by LAWRENCE & BLACKWELL, at the

Grist Mill, Kendall's Mills,

This is no "advertising gas;" we are actually selling splendid bargains, as our already large and rapidly increasing trade fully shows. Our stock is fresh, shipped direct to us from Chicago, and is complete in all grades required in a first class retail business.

Consumers will find it much to their advantage to examine our stock and prices before purchasing.

LAWRENCE & BLACKWELL,
Kendall's Mills, Nov. 12, 1869. 20

REMOVAL.

DR. A. PINKHAM.

SURGEON DENTIST,

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

Has removed to his new office,

NO. 17 NEWHALL ST.

First door north of Brick Hotel, where he continues to execute all orders for the most delicate services.

E. W. McFADDEN.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Insurance and Real Estate Agent.

KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.

DR. G. S. PALMER,

DENTAL OFFICE,

ALDEN'S JEWELRY STORE,

opposite the Nat'l Bank,

WATERVILLE, ME.

Chloroform, Ether or Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired. 50

WE WILL SELL

FOR

THIRTY DAYS

COOK, PARLOR, SHEET-IRON

AND SOAP-STONE

STOVES,

AT GREAT BARGAINS.

For proof of which examine the stock at

ARNOLD & MEADERS.

M. B. Soule & Co.

Attorneys at Law.

OFFICE

OVER I. H. LOW'S APOTHECARY STORE, OPPOSITE THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Main-St., Waterville, Maine.

M. B. SOULE. J. G. SOULE.

House, Sign, and Carriage Painting.

A. W. NYE,

At the old Stillson Stand on Temple St.

Will be pleased to receive orders for House, Sign, and Carriage Painting, Graining, Paper Hanging, and Glazing.

CARRIAGE REPAIRING
will also be faithfully and promptly done. All work warranted and prices made satisfactory.

Waterville, April, 1870. 43.

J. D. WATSON, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

OPPOSITE THE P. O., WATERVILLE, ME.

Dr. Watson has been engaged in the general practice of Medicine and Surgery for more than twenty five years, and has also had a very large Hospital experience. 39 4f

L. P. MAYO,

Teacher of Piano-forte and Organ.

Residence on Chapin St., opposite Foundry.

WRITING DESKS

AND BOOK CASES made to order at REDINGTON'S.

Large nice Hair Cloth Easy Chairs,
FOR from \$18.00 to \$25.00, at REDINGTON'S.

L. T. Boothby,

FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.

Office at C. H. Redington's, opposite the Express Office.

WATERVILLE, ME.

Burial Caskets

AND Coffins, at REDINGTON'S.

WINDOW SHADES

AND Fixtures, at REDINGTON'S.

J. S. RICKER & CO.

Importers, Jobbers, and Retailers of

FINE ENGLISH STONE CHINA, PARISIAN

GRANITE, SEMI PORCELAIN, PORCELAIN DE TERRE, AND

FRENCH CHINA,

In White Gold band, Gold and colored band, Gold and Deco-

rated Dinner Sets, 125 to 200 pieces.

Gold band and decorated Tea Sets, Silver Tea Sets, and Toilet Sets, Cigarholders, &c. &c., in great variety.

Goods packed and warranted safe transportation by Express or Rail.

No. 1, MAIN STREET, BANGOR, MAINE.

Notice to Owners of Maine Central and Pen.

and Ken. R. R. Bonds.

THE holders of the Bonds of the Penobscot and Kennebec Railroad, due in August next, can now exchange their securities and receive a bond of the Maine Central R. R., having twenty-eight years to run, bearing interest at seven per cent. and free from any excise tax.

It will be perceived that by this arrangement the holder of the bond gets over one per cent. interest, more than he has received on the old bond; while the security of the new, is also more than the former loan.

It is also proposed to exchange these new seven per cent. for the Maine Central Bonds due from December 1, 1870, to May 1, 1871, and parties will readily perceive that by thus exchanging their will at once put their investments in a clean seven per cent. loan upon undoubted security and free from excise tax.

6m 51 J. N. Y. Treasurer.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Summer Arrangement.
TRAINS will run as follows for the season: For Portland, Bangor and intermediate stations 5 A. M. (Freight), 10 A. M. (Passenger), and 4:30 P. M. connecting with trains for Skowhegan at Kendall's Mills.
Trains will be due from Bangor, Portland, Lewiston and intermediate stations at 3:10 P. M. (Freight), 4:30 P. M. (Passenger), and 10 A. M. & 3 P. M. (accommodation).
J. L. 1870. EDWIN NOYES, Supt.

PORTLAND AND KEN. RAILROAD

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT
Commencing