



10-14-1858

The Eastern Mail (Vol. 12, No. 14): October 14, 1858

Ephraim Maxham

Daniel Ripley Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail



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

Recommended Citation

Maxham, Ephraim and Wing, Daniel Ripley, "The Eastern Mail (Vol. 12, No. 14): October 14, 1858" (1858). *The Eastern Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 585.
https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/eastern_mail/585

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

I have been, until lately, a clerk in a lottery office in the city of B—, and during my attendance there have met some experiences which I deem worthy of being chronicled. In the present paper I intend to relate an incident in which I was, in some sort, an actor, though by no means principal. I must beg the reader's patience for a few moments before I begin my story, while I say a word concerning the place of business in which I officiated:

Messrs. Morgiston & Co., the firm who paid me my quarterly salary, had an office on a corner, fronting on B— street, but with a door and window upon the intersecting street also. The shop was rather unimpressive in its facial presentations, if one had considered it with reference to architectural canons, but was most admirably adapted to the requirements of our business. The whole front of the establishment was lined with rows of figures arranged in perpendicular columns, said figures comprising expressions of round sums from 500 to 100,000, with the fascinating 8 in front of each, like an epauletted officer at the flank of his cohort. The doors were painted over with notices to the effect that this was 'The Ever-Lucky Office,' 'The General Prize Agency,' 'Fortune's Temple,' &c. The windows had numerous small printed 'Schemes' tacked to the sashes, and lying on the sills in careless profusion, were mingled heaps of gold and silver, ingots piled like cord-wood or pig-iron, eagles and double eagles standing in tall symmetrical columns, bank bills of large figures tossed carelessly about, and prize tickets in numbers conveying the idea of wealth unheard-of.

In the front window was also a painting of the goddess Fortune, blindfold, and emptying, 'regardless of expense,' ducats and doubloons, innumerable from an algaetother inexhaustible cornucopia. Opening the door, you came upon a canvas screen, also adorned with an oil painting of a very florid species of art, representing a god-carrier who had paid successful devotions to the fickle goddess, since he bears in his hand a phrethoric bag that looks as plump and wheezy as a turtle-fed alderman, and is very graciously endorsed, 20,000 S. The artist had made a great hit in giving lively expression to the extravagant elation of the favored one. The walls of the office, papered with French and German lithographs, framed in walnut. Behind the counter one could usually find Mr. Morgiston, the head of the firm, busy with cigar, or newspaper, or customer. The other member of the firm and the head clerk were usually at a high desk, writing, while I was employed about the various duties assigned the junior clerk.

We did a good business there, in our little office, and were kept pretty well occupied with customers, from the lottery gambler in his fine black clothes, who came in furiously by the private entrance, to the jolly sailor who could not buy on Friday, and the poor expectant negro who did without his breakfast in order to lose his last quarter. An excellent, profitable, legal business, with State officers to superintend us, and managers to grow rich on what we took in—we ourselves (I mean the firm) not by any means losing money, to judge from the balance sheet. A very profitable investment is the lottery, provided one is behind the scenes. It does not play so well outside speculators, however, I should say, to judge from the great disproportion between our receipts and disbursements. But this a secret of the trade, and I must not 'blow' upon them, albeit I am 'out.'

As I did not commence this paper with any purpose of moralizing about lotteries, but simply to relate something which is included in my experiences, I will proceed with my narrative without further preface:

It was a bitter cold day in winter, and I was keeping shop all to myself, the rest of the firm being out on business. Very sharp and cutting was the wind, as it hurried down the streets and around the corners, swinging sign-boards and clanging shutters in a very vicious manner. People rushed by, wrapped up warm, but with extremely blue noses and watery eyes. I was cozy by the stove, ruminating over a cigar, when the door opened suddenly, and King Lear came in. If he was not King Lear, he was certainly his best possible representative among created beings. He had Lear's brow, so lofty, so pale, so wrinkled, the grizzled hair lying back from it in reckless confusion. He had Lear's eye—but no—Lear's eye was faded, and this was black as midnight, and piercing beyond metaphor, but bloodshot withal, and speaking of infinite anxiety and infinite wretchedness. His lip had once been finely marked, but was now twisted, and hung a little, as if its muscles had ceased to control it. He was dressed in that painful style of threadbare gentility so eloquent of adversity, and his whole manner bespoke him a character, a man of eventual life—one who had had harsh experiences, who had abused himself, who hated himself for it, and hated the whole world because he had lost caste with it.

He uttered only a word, glancing over the scheme which I handed him, 'Tickets, quarters,' and he took out a well-worn purse from his pocket, and paid me for one. His voice was hoarse, harsh, and in the highest degree unpleasant. Securing his ticket, he buttoned his thread-bare coat over his breast with his long, wadded, trembling fingers, and left the office. I watched him go out, and saw him seize upon a little boy, who seemed hesitating whether or not to come in and try his luck, seized him by both shoulders, and bent his worn, anxious features close down to the boy's face.

Anxious to hear what he would say, I opened the door, and stood there. He was talking in his harsh tones, the words coming out dry, sharp, angular, yet forcible, from the vehemence of his accent and expression.

'Boy! do you hear? Never go into a lottery office. It's worse than hell. Do you hear? Then mind what I say! If you make his words more impressive. Run away from one always. Cross the street from them. They'll poison you. If you have money, spend it, give it away, throw it into the gutter, but let lottery tickets alone. Do you see me? I was rich, I was happy. I am poor, I am wretched; and the cursed lottery alone has made me so. Now go—go—and remember what I tell you.'

The boy, released, ran away in prodigious flight, and the old man marched impetuously up the street against the wind.

He did not make his appearance again for some days, but when he did, came bursting in the same impetuous manner. As he came toward the counter, he said, apparently to himself:

The Eastern Mail.

VOL. XII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE.... THURSDAY, OCT. 14, 1858.

NO. 14.

'No, no; nothing but a passing sickness. I am better now. Here, read me the numbers on that ticket,' cried he, very quickly.

'Seventeen, nineteen, sixty-three. 'Seventeen, nineteen, sixty-three! Strange, now—strange—seventeen, nineteen, sixty-three.'

'What is strange, sir?' asked I, thinking his conduct particularly so. Indeed, I was inclined to believe him insane.

'Nothing—nothing; I was absent. Only I dreamed—do you ever dream, young man?'

I told him that I did occasionally.

'Do you believe in dreams?'

'I have not a great deal of faith in them?'

'But when the same dream comes up ever before your mind in the same manner, during long years, could you help believing in it, could you help thinking that it meant something? I confessed that such a singular circumstance would be likely to influence me somewhat.

'Well, then, I buy this ticket—this seventeen, nineteen, sixty-three—I buy it in compliance with the promptings of a dream which has for many years haunted me, and this is the first time I have seen a ticket containing that combination. Now, mark my words, this is the last time I shall ever buy a ticket—the last time. Here are your twenty dollars. I ought to have hung myself before I bought the first ticket,' and, thus saying, he hurried out of the office.

His manner was very impressive, and I distinctly remembered the numbers. I was in a degree prepared to see the ticket draw a prize. There are presentiments which will gain credence, in spite of every argument our sober reason may adduce against them. Nor do such presentiments always prove fallacious.

Hence, without being able to explain why, I was not at all surprised to find these numbers credited with the second capital prize of thirty thousand dollars when the drawing came out. The train of circumstances attending the purchase of the ticket was so unusual, that I would have been disappointed had the result been otherwise. My readers may think this part of my narrative the fiction of a clumsy brain, but I assure them it is the strict truth. There are many strange things happening daily, which are unthought of, because unobserved.

I confess I waited for the old man's appearance with much anxiety, and was very desirous to be present when he came, that I might observe what effect his success would have upon him. Several times I caught sight of him rushing past the door, but could not stop him. He was evidently much excited about a thing which had such fast hold upon his mind, and seemed to be desirous to put off as long as possible what was apparently a crisis in his fate.

At last he came. He was dressed with more care and in better clothes than usual. His rough beard had been removed, and his unkempt locks brushed into some comeliness of appearance. He was pale, very pale and haggard, as if he knew not what sleep was. As he entered, he made a convulsive effort to control his nerves, and appeared calm, save that his hand trembled, and his lip twitched, painfully. I asked him, would he see the drawing. He stammered: 'No, no; not yet,' and leaned heavily upon his cane. 'Give it to me now,' I put the paper in his hands, and he read aloud:

'15, 37—50, 19, 63, 17—nineteen—sixty-three—seventeen—' he looked at me with a stupid stare, murmuring:

'Why, that—why, that—is—is—'

'Yes, said I, but he did not hear me. He was reading '—the fourth, fifth, and sixth drawn numbers entitle the holder to the sum of \$30,000, payable in 40 days, subject to the usual deduction of fifteen per cent.—fifteen per cent. Young man, do you hear that? \$30,000—15—fifteen per cent.—63—17—oh God!'

And he fell heavily, sideways, upon the floor, a ghastly stare fixed on his face. I thought he had fainted, but the usual restoratives failed of effect upon him. In this extremity I ran to the door, and hurried a drayman, standing near, after a physician. When the latter came, a brief examination and a few questions satisfied him that he had to deal with a serious case of paralysis. He told me that he must be immediately put in charge of his friends, or conveyed to the nearest hospital. I examined his pockets, and found a few well-worn letters directed to 'Henry Orford Esq.,' with the residence. The physician procured a hack, and went home with him, he being still insensible.

After closing the office that evening, going to the post office, and leaving for publication in the different papers sundry laudatory advertisements in regard to this 'brilliant capital' sold by Morgiston & Co., at their 'Ever-Lucky Office,' I sought Orford's residence, for I was anxious to know how he was, and curious to learn somewhat more concerning him.

He lived in a wretched frame building on the outskirts of the city, a solitary, gloomy, tumble-down-looking place, that struck me as a very appropriate home for a person of his looks. I confess I was not prepared for the one who responded to my knock. I expected to see some old wife, or other fit companion for Orford, but instead, the door was opened by a beautiful girl of about eighteen years, who, despite the tokens of poverty and care which were, was just such a creature as one likes to dream of. I bowed, and explained to her who I was, and why I came.

'Oh, sir, said she—her face brightening up with a pleasant smile—'you are very kind indeed. My poor father is a little better now, and the doctor says he will soon be up again. Oh, he has suffered! No wonder he was paralyzed.'

Has he said anything to you about the disposition of the money which he drew?'

'Not a word—not a word.'

'Well, you had better put the ticket away in some safe place until he is able to attend to it.'

'Thank you, I will do so immediately. I am grateful to you for your kindness, sir—it is something we see so seldom. My poor people. Good night, sir,' and I bowed my adieu.

Some three or four days afterwards I received the following note, written in a delicate female hand:

'No, no; nothing but a passing sickness. I am better now. Here, read me the numbers on that ticket,' cried he, very quickly.

'Seventeen, nineteen, sixty-three. 'Seventeen, nineteen, sixty-three! Strange, now—strange—seventeen, nineteen, sixty-three.'

'What is strange, sir?' asked I, thinking his conduct particularly so. Indeed, I was inclined to believe him insane.

'Nothing—nothing; I was absent. Only I dreamed—do you ever dream, young man?'

I told him that I did occasionally.

'Do you believe in dreams?'

'I have not a great deal of faith in them?'

'But when the same dream comes up ever before your mind in the same manner, during long years, could you help believing in it, could you help thinking that it meant something? I confessed that such a singular circumstance would be likely to influence me somewhat.

'Well, then, I buy this ticket—this seventeen, nineteen, sixty-three—I buy it in compliance with the promptings of a dream which has for many years haunted me, and this is the first time I have seen a ticket containing that combination. Now, mark my words, this is the last time I shall ever buy a ticket—the last time. Here are your twenty dollars. I ought to have hung myself before I bought the first ticket,' and, thus saying, he hurried out of the office.

His manner was very impressive, and I distinctly remembered the numbers. I was in a degree prepared to see the ticket draw a prize. There are presentiments which will gain credence, in spite of every argument our sober reason may adduce against them. Nor do such presentiments always prove fallacious.

Hence, without being able to explain why, I was not at all surprised to find these numbers credited with the second capital prize of thirty thousand dollars when the drawing came out. The train of circumstances attending the purchase of the ticket was so unusual, that I would have been disappointed had the result been otherwise. My readers may think this part of my narrative the fiction of a clumsy brain, but I assure them it is the strict truth. There are many strange things happening daily, which are unthought of, because unobserved.

I confess I waited for the old man's appearance with much anxiety, and was very desirous to be present when he came, that I might observe what effect his success would have upon him. Several times I caught sight of him rushing past the door, but could not stop him. He was evidently much excited about a thing which had such fast hold upon his mind, and seemed to be desirous to put off as long as possible what was apparently a crisis in his fate.

At last he came. He was dressed with more care and in better clothes than usual. His rough beard had been removed, and his unkempt locks brushed into some comeliness of appearance. He was pale, very pale and haggard, as if he knew not what sleep was. As he entered, he made a convulsive effort to control his nerves, and appeared calm, save that his hand trembled, and his lip twitched, painfully. I asked him, would he see the drawing. He stammered: 'No, no; not yet,' and leaned heavily upon his cane. 'Give it to me now,' I put the paper in his hands, and he read aloud:

'15, 37—50, 19, 63, 17—nineteen—sixty-three—seventeen—' he looked at me with a stupid stare, murmuring:

'Why, that—why, that—is—is—'

'Yes, said I, but he did not hear me. He was reading '—the fourth, fifth, and sixth drawn numbers entitle the holder to the sum of \$30,000, payable in 40 days, subject to the usual deduction of fifteen per cent.—fifteen per cent. Young man, do you hear that? \$30,000—15—fifteen per cent.—63—17—oh God!'

And he fell heavily, sideways, upon the floor, a ghastly stare fixed on his face. I thought he had fainted, but the usual restoratives failed of effect upon him. In this extremity I ran to the door, and hurried a drayman, standing near, after a physician. When the latter came, a brief examination and a few questions satisfied him that he had to deal with a serious case of paralysis. He told me that he must be immediately put in charge of his friends, or conveyed to the nearest hospital. I examined his pockets, and found a few well-worn letters directed to 'Henry Orford Esq.,' with the residence. The physician procured a hack, and went home with him, he being still insensible.

After closing the office that evening, going to the post office, and leaving for publication in the different papers sundry laudatory advertisements in regard to this 'brilliant capital' sold by Morgiston & Co., at their 'Ever-Lucky Office,' I sought Orford's residence, for I was anxious to know how he was, and curious to learn somewhat more concerning him.

He lived in a wretched frame building on the outskirts of the city, a solitary, gloomy, tumble-down-looking place, that struck me as a very appropriate home for a person of his looks. I confess I was not prepared for the one who responded to my knock. I expected to see some old wife, or other fit companion for Orford, but instead, the door was opened by a beautiful girl of about eighteen years, who, despite the tokens of poverty and care which were, was just such a creature as one likes to dream of. I bowed, and explained to her who I was, and why I came.

'Oh, sir, said she—her face brightening up with a pleasant smile—'you are very kind indeed. My poor father is a little better now, and the doctor says he will soon be up again. Oh, he has suffered! No wonder he was paralyzed.'

Has he said anything to you about the disposition of the money which he drew?'

'Not a word—not a word.'

'Well, you had better put the ticket away in some safe place until he is able to attend to it.'

'Thank you, I will do so immediately. I am grateful to you for your kindness, sir—it is something we see so seldom. My poor people. Good night, sir,' and I bowed my adieu.

Some three or four days afterwards I received the following note, written in a delicate female hand:

'No, no; nothing but a passing sickness. I am better now. Here, read me the numbers on that ticket,' cried he, very quickly.

'Seventeen, nineteen, sixty-three. 'Seventeen, nineteen, sixty-three! Strange, now—strange—seventeen, nineteen, sixty-three.'

'What is strange, sir?' asked I, thinking his conduct particularly so. Indeed, I was inclined to believe him insane.

'Nothing—nothing; I was absent. Only I dreamed—do you ever dream, young man?'

I told him that I did occasionally.

'Do you believe in dreams?'

'I have not a great deal of faith in them?'

'But when the same dream comes up ever before your mind in the same manner, during long years, could you help believing in it, could you help thinking that it meant something? I confessed that such a singular circumstance would be likely to influence me somewhat.

'Well, then, I buy this ticket—this seventeen, nineteen, sixty-three—I buy it in compliance with the promptings of a dream which has for many years haunted me, and this is the first time I have seen a ticket containing that combination. Now, mark my words, this is the last time I shall ever buy a ticket—the last time. Here are your twenty dollars. I ought to have hung myself before I bought the first ticket,' and, thus saying, he hurried out of the office.

His manner was very impressive, and I distinctly remembered the numbers. I was in a degree prepared to see the ticket draw a prize. There are presentiments which will gain credence, in spite of every argument our sober reason may adduce against them. Nor do such presentiments always prove fallacious.

Hence, without being able to explain why, I was not at all surprised to find these numbers credited with the second capital prize of thirty thousand dollars when the drawing came out. The train of circumstances attending the purchase of the ticket was so unusual, that I would have been disappointed had the result been otherwise. My readers may think this part of my narrative the fiction of a clumsy brain, but I assure them it is the strict truth. There are many strange things happening daily, which are unthought of, because unobserved.

I confess I waited for the old man's appearance with much anxiety, and was very desirous to be present when he came, that I might observe what effect his success would have upon him. Several times I caught sight of him rushing past the door, but could not stop him. He was evidently much excited about a thing which had such fast hold upon his mind, and seemed to be desirous to put off as long as possible what was apparently a crisis in his fate.

At last he came. He was dressed with more care and in better clothes than usual. His rough beard had been removed, and his unkempt locks brushed into some comeliness of appearance. He was pale, very pale and haggard, as if he knew not what sleep was. As he entered, he made a convulsive effort to control his nerves, and appeared calm, save that his hand trembled, and his lip twitched, painfully. I asked him, would he see the drawing. He stammered: 'No, no; not yet,' and leaned heavily upon his cane. 'Give it to me now,' I put the paper in his hands, and he read aloud:

'15, 37—50, 19, 63, 17—nineteen—sixty-three—seventeen—' he looked at me with a stupid stare, murmuring:

'Why, that—why, that—is—is—'

'Yes, said I, but he did not hear me. He was reading '—the fourth, fifth, and sixth drawn numbers entitle the holder to the sum of \$30,000, payable in 40 days, subject to the usual deduction of fifteen per cent.—fifteen per cent. Young man, do you hear that? \$30,000—15—fifteen per cent.—63—17—oh God!'

And he fell heavily, sideways, upon the floor, a ghastly stare fixed on his face. I thought he had fainted, but the usual restoratives failed of effect upon him. In this extremity I ran to the door, and hurried a drayman, standing near, after a physician. When the latter came, a brief examination and a few questions satisfied him that he had to deal with a serious case of paralysis. He told me that he must be immediately put in charge of his friends, or conveyed to the nearest hospital. I examined his pockets, and found a few well-worn letters directed to 'Henry Orford Esq.,' with the residence. The physician procured a hack, and went home with him, he being still insensible.

After closing the office that evening, going to the post office, and leaving for publication in the different papers sundry laudatory advertisements in regard to this 'brilliant capital' sold by Morgiston & Co., at their 'Ever-Lucky Office,' I sought Orford's residence, for I was anxious to know how he was, and curious to learn somewhat more concerning him.

He lived in a wretched frame building on the outskirts of the city, a solitary, gloomy, tumble-down-looking place, that struck me as a very appropriate home for a person of his looks. I confess I was not prepared for the one who responded to my knock. I expected to see some old wife, or other fit companion for Orford, but instead, the door was opened by a beautiful girl of about eighteen years, who, despite the tokens of poverty and care which were, was just such a creature as one likes to dream of. I bowed, and explained to her who I was, and why I came.

'Oh, sir, said she—her face brightening up with a pleasant smile—'you are very kind indeed. My poor father is a little better now, and the doctor says he will soon be up again. Oh, he has suffered! No wonder he was paralyzed.'

Has he said anything to you about the disposition of the money which he drew?'

'Not a word—not a word.'

'Well, you had better put the ticket away in some safe place until he is able to attend to it.'

'Thank you, I will do so immediately. I am grateful to you for your kindness, sir—it is something we see so seldom. My poor people. Good night, sir,' and I bowed my adieu.

Some three or four days afterwards I received the following note, written in a delicate female hand:

'No, no; nothing but a passing sickness. I am better now. Here, read me the numbers on that ticket,' cried he, very quickly.

'Seventeen, nineteen, sixty-three. 'Seventeen, nineteen, sixty-three! Strange, now—strange—seventeen, nineteen, sixty-three.'

'What is strange, sir?' asked I, thinking his conduct particularly so. Indeed, I was inclined to believe him insane.

'Nothing—nothing; I was absent. Only I dreamed—do you ever dream, young man?'

I told him that I did occasionally.

'Do you believe in dreams?'

'I have not a great deal of faith in them?'

'But when the same dream comes up ever before your mind in the same manner, during long years, could you help believing in it, could you help thinking that it meant something? I confessed that such a singular circumstance would be likely to influence me somewhat.

'Well, then, I buy this ticket—this seventeen, nineteen, sixty-three—I buy it in compliance with the promptings of a dream which has for many years haunted me, and this is the first time I have seen a ticket containing that combination. Now, mark my words, this is the last time I shall ever buy a ticket—the last time. Here are your twenty dollars. I ought to have hung myself before I bought the first ticket,' and, thus saying, he hurried out of the office.

His manner was very impressive, and I distinctly remembered the numbers. I was in a degree prepared to see the ticket draw a prize. There are presentiments which will gain credence, in spite of every argument our sober reason may adduce against them. Nor do such presentiments always prove fallacious.

Hence, without being able to explain why, I was not at all surprised to find these numbers credited with the second capital prize of thirty thousand dollars when the drawing came out. The train of circumstances attending the purchase of the ticket was so unusual, that I would have been disappointed had the result been otherwise. My readers may think this part of my narrative the fiction of a clumsy brain, but I assure them it is the strict truth. There are many strange things happening daily, which are unthought of, because unobserved.

I confess I waited for the old man's appearance with much anxiety, and was very desirous to be present when he came, that I might observe what effect his success would have upon him. Several times I caught sight of him rushing past the door, but could not stop him. He was evidently much excited about a thing which had such fast hold upon his mind, and seemed to be desirous to put off as long as possible what was apparently a crisis in his fate.

At last he came. He was dressed with more care and in better clothes than usual. His rough beard had been removed, and his unkempt locks brushed into some comeliness of appearance. He was pale, very pale and haggard, as if he knew not what sleep was. As he entered, he made a convulsive effort to control his nerves, and appeared calm, save that his hand trembled, and his lip twitched, painfully. I asked him, would he see the drawing. He stammered: 'No, no; not yet,' and leaned heavily upon his cane. 'Give it to me now,' I put the paper in his hands, and he read aloud:

'15, 37—50, 19, 63, 17—nineteen—sixty-three—seventeen—' he looked at me with a stupid stare, murmuring:

'Why, that—why, that—is—is—'

'Yes, said I, but he did not hear me. He was reading '—the fourth, fifth, and sixth drawn numbers entitle the holder to the sum of \$30,000, payable in 40 days, subject to the usual deduction of fifteen per cent.—fifteen per cent. Young man, do you hear that? \$30,000—15—fifteen per cent.—63—17—oh God!'

And he fell heavily, sideways, upon the floor, a ghastly stare fixed on his face. I thought he had fainted, but the usual restoratives failed of effect upon him. In this extremity I ran to the door, and hurried a drayman, standing near, after a physician. When the latter came, a brief examination and a few questions satisfied him that he had to deal with a serious case of paralysis. He told me that he must be immediately put in charge of his friends, or conveyed to the nearest hospital. I examined his pockets, and found a few well-worn letters directed to 'Henry Orford Esq.,' with the residence. The physician procured a hack, and went home with him, he being still insensible.

After closing the office that evening, going to the post office, and leaving for publication in the different papers sundry laudatory advertisements in regard to this 'brilliant capital' sold by Morgiston & Co., at their 'Ever-Lucky Office,' I sought Orford's residence, for I was anxious to know how he was, and curious to learn somewhat more concerning him.

He lived in a wretched frame building on the outskirts of the city, a solitary, gloomy, tumble-down-looking place, that struck me as a very appropriate home for a person of his looks. I confess I was not prepared for the one who responded to my knock. I expected to see some old wife, or other fit companion for Orford, but instead, the door was opened by a beautiful girl of about eighteen years, who, despite the tokens of poverty and care which were, was just such a creature as one likes to dream of. I bowed, and explained to her who I was, and why I came.

'Oh, sir, said she—her face brightening up with a pleasant smile—'you are very kind indeed. My poor father is a little better now, and the doctor says he will soon be up again. Oh, he has suffered! No wonder he was paralyzed.'

Has he said anything to you about the disposition of the money which he drew?'

'Not a word—not a word.'

'Well, you had better put the ticket away in some safe place until he is able to attend to it.'

'Thank you, I will do so immediately. I am grateful to you for your kindness, sir—it is something we see so seldom. My poor people. Good night, sir,' and I bowed my adieu.

Some three or four days afterwards I received the following note, written in a delicate female hand:

sighing a long sigh of relief, follow after. Not far has he to go now; a hundred yards further, and he will reach the place of his old misery. Let us hasten; we know not what his despair may bring about; deeds are quick as thought, often—not often needs death a second bidding. Follow, oh follow? And we rush on with desperate speed, with wild throats that choke us, all as with creeping dread. We are at the top of the hill, and yonder is the old house, so battered—his house—his goal—will it be his likewise to us, under more frightful associations? Alas! he has not long to wait for the answer. Where is he? In the doorway of the house sits a silent, motionless form—a form bent over, with head resting upon knees. Even now, while we pause a moment, the head is raised, and the hand, and we fancy we note a shudder run through the frame; and again in the lamp-light, the heads fall heavily upon the knees, and the hand drops upon the snow heavily, not replacing the fallen but which exposes those gray hairs to the bitter night. Hurry—there is need of us. He has need of us. But perhaps—perhaps his hour of need is past. Hurry! We are here! The lamp sheds its light upon him. A wail! One does one thing, another does another thing; but I—what do I do? Great God! what do I do? A slip of paper has fallen from the relaxed hand—a narrow slip of paper; I have seen many, very many, like it, God preserve me from seeing another as I saw that! Nothing do I, save clutch up that slip of paper, and bear it to the light; I knew it—many such had I sold; but, oh, why was it—why, oh Thou Inscrutable One, was it, that of all the numbers it is possible to combine, from one to seventy-five—of all the possible relations in which man's ingenuity has devised to place seventy-five numbers—why, oh why was it, that from that tickets there flashed out those three numbers, Seventeen, Nineteen, Sixty-three! I turned with seared brain; there was no need to cry out, to summon quick aid with voices whose tremor must appeal—no need for us there at all. I knew it, and silently they pointed it out to me, showing me where had fallen the shadow of the black wing of the Impartial.

It mattered not to me that next day the jury of inquest doubted what verdict they should render; that it was questionable to them whether they should pronounce for death from exposure, or death from exhaustion, or death from excitement, or death from liquor, or death from visitation of God. It mattered not to me that the doctors talked learnedly of the effects of so and so upon a constitution in such and such conditions; that they recited in technical formulae the various conclusions which might be arrived at in regard to this death based upon such diagnosis as they had been enabled by the autopsy to make. It mattered not to me that shuddering children, peeping about, and standing on tip-toe; that women gossiping the while, and relating stories of him that lay there, should discuss how he died—should argue and quarrel, being worsted, in defence of this or that mode of extinguishment which they thought had some upon him. All these things mattered not at all to me, for, in my heart of hearts, I knew full well that the true verdict should be—

'DIED OF THE LOTTERY!'

PEKIN AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer was at Peking, the capital of China, a short time ago, and what he saw of it and how it impressed him, he thus describes:

'On arriving at the capital of the Chinese empire, we find a city containing about two millions of inhabitants. Such is the estimate, but doubtless the calculation is made in the usual spirit of eastern exaggeration. Be that as it may, the walls are fourteen miles in circumference, twenty-eight feet high, twenty-four feet thick at the

E. COFFIN

WINT STOCK,
CONSISTING IN PART OF

Little Lead,	Prussian Blue,
ne,	Ultramarine
	Van Dyke Brown,
	Umber—Raw,
	Do. Ground,
	Do. Burnt and Ground,
	Terra di Sienne
Stone,	Gum Shellac,
	Stump Yellow,
	French Ochre
on,	Red Lead,
	Libary,
	White Vitrol,
	Blake's Paint,
	Whiting, Putty,
	Black Smalts,
	Blue Ochre, &c. &c.

Also, a good assortment of
s and Graining Tools
CHAF for GASH.

Farmers' Bolders.
Calicoes, set in stoves, can be used in Home. **E. COFFIN**
Medicines and Physicians' Prescriptions
from genuine Drugs and in the most
(17) **WILLIAM DYM**
POWDERs, a valuable remedy for all
cure all and the first stages of venery, man
WILLIAM DYM, Apothecary

WNET Prepared at short notice by
MISS INGALLS.

Sheathing Paper.
d unwatered, for sale at E. Coffin's R
Stove Store, Main st., Waterville.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.
EL'S PABULUM VITAE
its position before the public as the ON
ly yet discovered for the speedy relief and
PERMANENT CURE OF
CONSUMPTION,
s, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, and all other
Pulmonary Complaints.
of an eminent French Physician after ma
n observation, it continually made with a
ASTONISHING SUCCESS
of the above complaints.
popularly numerous certificates of re

1. **It cures all kinds of Rheumatism**
 2. **It cures all kinds of Gout**
 3. **It cures all kinds of Dropsy**
 4. **It cures all kinds of Gravel**
 5. **It cures all kinds of Catarrh**
 6. **It cures all kinds of Hemorrhoids**
 7. **It cures all kinds of Piles**
 8. **It cures all kinds of Stricture**
 9. **It cures all kinds of Syphilis**
 10. **It cures all kinds of Scrofula**
 11. **It cures all kinds of Eczema**
 12. **It cures all kinds of Psoriasis**
 13. **It cures all kinds of Lichen**
 14. **It cures all kinds of Vitiligo**
 15. **It cures all kinds of Alopecia**
 16. **It cures all kinds of Leucorrhoea**
 17. **It cures all kinds of Menorrhagia**
 18. **It cures all kinds of Dysmenorrhea**
 19. **It cures all kinds of Amenorrhea**
 20. **It cures all kinds of Sterility**
 21. **It cures all kinds of Impotence**
 22. **It cures all kinds of Protrusion**
 23. **It cures all kinds of Hemiplegia**
 24. **It cures all kinds of Paralysis**
 25. **It cures all kinds of Convulsions**
 26. **It cures all kinds of Epilepsy**
 27. **It cures all kinds of Hysteria**
 28. **It cures all kinds of Melancholia**
 29. **It cures all kinds of Mania**
 30. **It cures all kinds of Dementia**
 31. **It cures all kinds of Insanity**
 32. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 33. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 34. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 35. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 36. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 37. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 38. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 39. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 40. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 41. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 42. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 43. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 44. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 45. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 46. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 47. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 48. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 49. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 50. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 51. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 52. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 53. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 54. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 55. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 56. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 57. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 58. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 59. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 60. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 61. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 62. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 63. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 64. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 65. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 66. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 67. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 68. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 69. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 70. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 71. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 72. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 73. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 74. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 75. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 76. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 77. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 78. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 79. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 80. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 81. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 82. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 83. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 84. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 85. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 86. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 87. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 88. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 89. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 90. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 91. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 92. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 93. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 94. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 95. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 96. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 97. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 98. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 99. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**
 100. **It cures all kinds of Epithymia**

[illegible][illegible]

WATERVILLE,
We notice that he has made arrangements
a constant and full variety of all kinds of
Fresh and Salt Fish,
Salmon, Mackerel, Haddock, Shad, Herrings,
Lobsters, Oysters, Clams, &c., &c.
Set out at houses within the village and out-
towns and vicinity with the exception of
G. H. HARRIS,
57th
6 Merchants Row

On Cloth Carpets.
purchased at a sale price, 100 yds. of
4-9 and 6-9 painted carpets. Turn out
our goods and prices if they wish
to see them.

1. Fine Scotch and Lancaster Glasgow
purchased for 10 and 11 cts. per yd., at
E. T. ELDEN & CO'S
buy a **HAT** or a new Revolver of
solid gold or silver. Instant price, very cheap.
HAY & CHANDLER, Waterville.

Watch Spring Sires.
We are selling for \$2.75 each. Also Hosiery
and Fancy Fabrics, Domestic and Imported, at
low prices. Also a large assortment of Col-
lars, Shirts, Hair Cloth, Washcloths, Hand-
kerchiefs, Bed, Sheet and Table Linen, &c.
Not opening at E. T. ELDEN & CO.

BATTING 1000 lbs. for sale at Boston
prices, by E. T. ELDEN & CO.

BEST AND CHEAPEST
— ASSURED BY —
Rugs, Carpet and Mattresses Made
in Mass. & N. H. &c., &c.
to be had at HAY & CHANDLER

WINE, WHISKY, STARCH, and BRANDED
WINE, and all kinds of FOREIGN AND
WASHING POWDERS, and French
WINE, &c., &c.