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Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence, Literature, Agricultural and Mechanical Interests, Politics and Advertising

Vol. 33. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1873. No. 46.

The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance. If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents may be charged.

☞ Local and other correspondence solicited from all parts of the county.

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

Rates of Advertising:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines brevier type, will be inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year, half-year or quarter.

Obituaries will be inserted at one-half of advertising rates.

JOB-PRINTING,

SUCH AS

HANDBILLS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c., &c.,

Executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

J. HORTON KELLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office on Main Street, adjoining the Bank. Particular attention given to the collection of Claims. f8-6.

WM. M. SLAY, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Careful attention will be paid to any legal business of Kent and neighboring counties which may be entrusted to him. jan6-y.

C. T. WESTCOTT, Attorney and Counselor at Law CHESTERTOWN, MD.

☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. ag12y.

J. M. BARR, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office near Hall's Hotel, CHESTERTOWN.

fe1-6.

TELEGRAPHING.

SUPERIOR FACILITIES for learning the art. Full course of four months at following rates: Gentlemen, $40; Ladies. $35—Evening Class—Gentlemen, $30; Ladies, $25. S. G. CLIFT, Operator, Room 14, Masonic Temple, Wilmington, Del

REFERENCES:

Otto Flemming, A. Potter, Philadelphia.
S. G. Laws, L. D., Dover, Del.
W. S. Collins, M. D., Smyrna, Del.
Jas. L. Black, Wilmington, Del.
R. S. Griffith, Sassafras, Md. m22-2m.

STIEFF'S PIANOS



Upwards of Fifty First Premiums —AND— GOLD and SILVER MEDALS WERE AWARDED TO CHAS. M. STIEFF, For the BEST PIANO,

In Competition with all the leading Manufacturers of the country.

OFFICE AND SALESROOMS: No. 9 N. Liberty St., Baltimore, Md.

The superiority of the UNRIVALLED STIEFF PIANO FORTE, is conceded by all who have compared it with others.

☞ In their New Grand Square Scale, 7¼ Octaves, the manufacturers has succeeded in making the most perfect Piano Forte possible. Prices will be found as reasonable as consistent with thorough workmanship.

A large assortment of second-hand Pianos always on hand, from $75 to $300.

We are agents for the celebrated BURDETT CABINETT, PARLOR and CHURCH ORGANS all styles and prices, to suit every one, guaranteed to be fully equal to any made.

☞ Send for Illustrated Catalogue, containing names of over twelve hundred Southerners (five hundred of which are Virginians, two hundred North Carolinians, one hundred and fifty East Tennesseans, and others throughout the South,) who have bought the Stieff Piano since the close of the war. ap19y.

BURNS & SLOAN

132 Light St. Wharf, BALTIMORE,

BUILDING AND HARDWOOD LUMBER,

SHINGLES, FENCING, PALES,

DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, &c.

"The Light in the East"

Is the title of a

VALUABLE RELIGIOUS WORK

Containing 850 pages, and illustrated with over 200 fine engravings. The title of the book has been well chosen; since the volume contains a clear and comprehensive condensation of all the blessed light that has dawned upon us from the East. It tells the story of the Redeemer's life and sufferings, with simple eloquence and fervor, and is so conservative in its spirit that men of all denominations have united in cordially endorsing it. The publishers have placed it at such a low price that it is within the reach of all. The work is for sale by subscription only, and Mr. JOSEPH L. MENCH, who is the authorized agent for Kent county, is now canvassing for it.

March 15, 1873—tf.

LABOR! LABOR!!

THE undersigned is prepared to furnish German Laborers to the farmers of Kent, and also to fill orders for families, or for men, women, boys, girls, singly, also men to work at any particular kind of trade. Persons who desire labor of this class are referred to Mr. WM. VANNORT, my agent at Chestertown. mar22-8t. CLARENCE HOLLYDAY.

CEDAR POSTS—a Choice lot just received and for sale by JOHN T. DODD & SON. m22

SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT For 1873.

Handsome Styles FOR MEN AND BOYS, —AT— The Popular Clothing Store ON BORDLEY'S CORNER, CHESTERTOWN.

SAMUEL MERRITT. WM. J. MCFEELY.

S. Merritt & Co., *HAVE JUST OPENED* A LARGE and SPLENDID STOCK OF GENTS' YOUTH'S and BOYS' CLOTHING, Gents' Furnishing Goods! AND HATS and CAPS.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO CUSTOM WORK.

☞ Fits Guaranteed.

If you want Good Goods, Well Made Up, and Cut in Style, COME AND SEE US.

S. MERRITT & CO. BORDLEY'S CORNER, CHESTERTOWN.

May 3, 1873.

KENT COUNTY AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION No. 1, WILL HOLD ITS THIRD ANNUAL FAIR AT Worton Station, Commencing TUESDAY, Sept. 30th *And Continuing Three Days.*

☞ AMPLE PROVISION is being made to secure every possible benefit to exhibitors and visitors.

BIDS received for the following privileges: *Refreshment and Dining Saloon, Soda Fountain, Horse Pound, and Barber Shop.*

☞ For Premium Lists and other information, address (enclosing stamp) the Secretary,

E. A. VANNORT, M. D., Hanesville, Kent Co., Md.

April 5, 1873—tf.

UP TOWN Dry Goods Store.

THE LATEST STYLES! THE BEST GOODS!! And LOW PRICES!!

WM. H. ANTHONY

HAS JUST RETURNED FROM NEW YORK and having taken the Store formerly kept by Mrs. Barrett, has just opened a good assortment of

DRY GOODS of all kinds, NOTIONS and GROCERIES. ALSO, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes.

I will be pleased to see my friends and old customers. I am very thankful for past favors and hope to receive further patronage.

All kinds of Produce Wanted IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

☞ GIVE ME A CALL, and I will do my best to please.

WM. H. ANTHONY, "UP TOWN DRY GOODS STORE."

Chestertown, March 29, 1873.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED to the estate of A. L. GOODING, deceased, on open store account, are hereby notified that settlement must be made on or before the First Day of May, 1873. All disregarding this notice, after that time will be proceeded against according to law, without further delay.

REBECCA V. GOODING, F. M. GOODING, Adm'rs of A. L. Gooding.

mar22-ts.

DRESS MAKING.

MRS. R. B. RUSSELL is prepared to do Dress Making, and make Children's Clothing in the latest styles. Cutting and Basting and Machine Stitching done to order. Terms moderate. Residence—Main St., opposite Voshell House, Chestertown. apr26-3m.

New Millinery and Notions!

Mrs. S. A. Usilton,

WOULD call the attention of the Ladies of Chestertown and vicinity to a fine assortment of

New and Beautiful Millinery Goods, and NOTIONS, including LATEST SPRING STYLES, which she is selling at the very lowest prices. An examination of her goods and prices is respectfully solicited.

STAMPING neatly done at short notice.

Store next door above Mr. T. S. Wickes'. my10-3t. MRS. S. A. USILTON.

New Millinery and Fancy Goods!

THE friends and patrons of MARTHA A. BISCOE are respectfully invited to an examination of her NEW GOODS, just received and offered at a small advance, at her old established stand on Queen street. m3-3t.

New Spring Millinery!

MISS A. E. MIDDLETON,

HAVING dissolved partnership with Miss Phillips, has taken the store room next door to the residence of Dr. Holton, up town, and has just opened a fine assortment of

New and Beautiful Millinery Goods and NOTIONS, including LATEST SPRING STYLES, which she is selling at the very lowest prices. An examination of her goods and prices is respectfully solicited.

Plain Sewing done with neatness & dispatch.

☞ Persons indebted to me are earnestly requested to settle up, as I greatly need the money. A. E. MIDDLETON.

May 3, 1873—3t.

Millinery and Fancy Goods!

TO THE LADIES!

MISS MAGGIE J. WYATT,

HAS just returned from the city with a new assortment of

SPRING MILLINERY,

embracing all the LATEST STYLES; also, a very neat supply of FANCY GOODS, and now invite my old customers and friends generally to give me a call. I will endeavor, as heretofore, to please in styles and prices, all those who may give me their patronage.

Bleaching and Pressing done to order.

☞ Store Room at the corner of High and Queen Streets, in front of the Post-Office.

April 19, 1873—6t.

MERCHANT TAILOR.

New Spring and Summer Fashions!

ABE SCHWARTZ, FROM PHILADELPHIA,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity that he has opened in the store room up town, opposite Capt. Thompson's, the

Latest Spring and Summer Styles and has now on hand an assortment of Piece Goods and Samples of Piece Goods, almost to suit the taste of every man and youth, and is ready to receive orders for CUTTING and MAKING UP SUITS to fit, under guarantee, even at low prices. Gentlemen in want of a suit of good clothes have no need of going to the cities therefor, as all will be convinced by an examination of his goods and prices.

SCOURING, CLEANING and REPAIRING done promptly and in the best manner—almost like new. ABE SCHWARTZ.

Chestertown, May 10, 1873—tf.

Public Road Notice.

THE undersigned, citizens of the Second Election District of Kent county, hereby give notice, that thirty days after this date they intend to apply to the County Commissioners for Kent county to appoint Commissioners to examine the road leading from Gooding's Mill to Harmony, with a view to widening and draining that part between G. W. Vansant's corner and Shrewsbury Church lane and more particularly the portion in the vicinity of Locust Grove.

JAMES WILLIS, C. H. J. SPARKS, SAM'L A. MERRITT, JAS W. HURTT, S. J. HILL, and others.

May 10, 1873—5t.

Public Road Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given to all interested, that the undersigned citizens intend to petition the County Commissioners at their first meeting held thirty days after the date of this notice, to open and lay down a public road beginning at Black's Station, and running through the lands of Miss Sallie Sutton, and Mrs. J. C. Groome, to the public road leading from Black's Cross Roads to the old Presbyterian Meeting House.

WM. WELCH, HENRY JONES, JOHN FRANK WILSON, R. J. LUSBY, J. S. HURLOCK, N. W. COMEGYS, and others.

May 10, 1873—5t.

Public Road Notice.

THE undersigned, citizens of Kent county, hereby give notice, that thirty days after this date, they intend to petition the Honorable County Commissioners for Kent County to appoint examiners to locate a new road from a point on the road from Chestertown to the lower end of Quaker Neck at or near the division line between lands of Edward Wilkins and Philip T. Simmonds, to the waters of Lankford's Bay, or what is known as the North East branch thereof.

FRANCIS BAKER, JOHN HADAWAY, WM. DEFORD, JAS. H. BAKER, J. P. DECORSE, WM. SCONE, WM. H. NICOLSON, WM. HALL, H. B. JONES, ANN R. MASLIN, GEO. LYAS, EDW. B. JONES.

April 26, 1873—5t.

Public Road Notice.

THE undersigned, citizens of Kent county, hereby give notice that they will, at the expiration of thirty days from this date apply to the Commissioners for Kent County for the opening of a public road leading down Broad Neck from the point on the public road where the lands of Wm. J. Vannort adjoin the lands of Mrs. S. Jessop; said road to continue along the line of division between said lands to the waters of the branch of Langford's Bay, and for a Public Landing on said waters.

GEO. A. JESSOP, WM. J. VANNORT, JOHN BRICE.

April 26, 1873—5t.

250,000 Rail Road TIES WANTED!

AN AGENT for the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, the subscriber wishes to contract, immediately, at a fair cash price for the above number of TIES or TIE TIMBER either in Kent, Queen Anne's or Caroline Counties.

For particulars call on or address WM. F. BAKER, Chestertown.

April 5, 1873—2m.

FLIRTING.

LIZZIE TO GUS.

"If I were you I wouldn't give such glances,
And flirt with other girls the evening thro';
I would, at least, come back between the dances
If I were you!"

GUS.

"If I were you, and came with my FIANCE,
I would'nt 'spoon' with Charley, all in view,
And let him hold my hand upon the stairway,
If I were you!"

LIZZIE.

"If I were you, I'd dance with stylish ladies;
I would'nt dance and waltz with only two;
And these as ugly as the two Miss Cadys,
If I were you!"

GUS.

"If I were you I wouldn't hurt one's feelings,
And say sarcastic things; I would not say of you—"

LIZZIE.

"Then I would stop at once these double dealings,
If I were you!"

GUS.

"Really! you would? Why, dear! the tears are coming,
Don't let her see them—my arm—dear, take it, do!
I wouldn't cry when I was only funning,
If I were you!"

LIZZIE.

"One does'nt like one's feelings to be doubted"

GUS.

"One does'nt like one's love to misconstrue"

LIZZIE.

"If I confess that I a wee-bit pouted?"

GUS.

"CAN I doubt that I was hasty, too."

One Gallon covers 20 Square Yards, Two Coats.

SPECIMENS of different colors may be seen at the Store of Messrs. Stam & Bro.

Read the following Testimonials:

CHESTERTOWN, May 12, 1873.

Mr. C. P. Knight, Baltimore, Md.—I bought your Bradley's Patent Enamel Paint of Messrs. C. F. Stam & Bro., Chestertown, and found it to be all you recommend.

Respectfully, CHAS. G. RICAUD, School Examiner, Kent Co., Md.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 10th, 1872.

Mr. C. P. KNIGHT—Dear Sir:—It affords me much pleasure to say to you that the Bradley Patent Enamel Paint for exterior work is fully equal to any paint I have ever used. Respectfully yours, C. F. STAM & BRO.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER—*A Jealous Husband Cured with Liquorice Water.*—There is a man in this city who is so affectionately fond of his wife that he is jealous if a man looks within forty-five degrees of the direction in which she may happen to be. The other day a gentleman spoke to her, and he immediately threatened suicide. His wife was despatched for a bottle of poison, which she had put up at the drug store, consisting of a little water colored with liquorice, and bottled, with a glaring poison label outside. When he threatened to take some of it, and actually poured it into a wine glass, she screamed for help and ran into another room where she could watch him through the key hole, and saw him coolly open the window and throw it out.

She then rushed back, apparently frantic with grief, and implored him not to do the rash act. He merely pointed at the glass, and laying down on the floor began to kick out his legs like a jumping-jack. She said she was determined to share his fate, and swallowed the rest of the liquorice water, whereupon he became really frightened, called the neighbors, confessed that he only shammed, and said if she only survived he never would trouble her again. Then she explained the ruse, and he was so mortified he tried to buy the silence of the neighbors, but the story was too good to keep. He is thoroughly cured.—*Baltimore News.*

THE merest chance has led to the discovery of the murderer of the agent of the People's Bank in Florence. In making a post-mortem examination of the corpse of Rugiu the doctor observed that one hand was firmly closed. He opened it, not without difficulty, and found it contained some hairs of a red beard. This was a revelation. It became evident that the unfortunate Rugiu, in struggling with his assassins, had seized one of them by the beard. The next step was to discover what individual having access to Rugiu's house wore a red beard. It was then remembered the servant of Rugiu had a lover, a dyer, named Bergamaschi, whose hair and beard were red. He was arrested, and his house searched. Under a stove nearly a thousand francs were discovered, and several portions of his clothing were found stained with blood.

DON'T LET HIM.—There is a man now at work on the model of a cannon to be exploded by nitro-glycerine. When he has his arrangement completed he will proceed to the summit of Mount Washington for the purpose of testing his invention.—*Washington Critic.*

Don't let him go; make him stay somewhere near his infernal gun. The idea of the wretch sneaking off to Mount Washington, while his slow match works out the salvation or otherwise of all creation. He had better put his "glycerine" under Old Em-t Washington. Then get on top of the pile, and close out the entire lot to the highest niche of fame. He needn't come back to report; we'll hear the report.—*Fat Contributor's Saturday Night.*

DR. Hall says it ought to be extensively known that ordinarily boiled rice, eaten with boiled milk, is one of the best remedies known for any form of loose bowels. Its efficacy is increased if it is browned like coffee, and then boiled and eaten at intervals of four hours, taking no other food or liquid.

LAWYER MARSHALL'S COPYIST.

"Pooh! nonsense, Frank; why can't you be content? Why will you talk of love, when I like you so much and want you for my friend and brother always?" And Bertha Lynde, willful little beauty as she was, shrugged her shoulders and tapped her tiny foot in assumed vexation.

The boyish face and broad, high brow of the youth before her flushed with instant pain at her light rebuff; but seeming to conquer himself by an effort, he replied calmly, while the color slowly forsook his face, leaving it very pale:

"Bertha, we are no longer children," he said; "we have grown up from infancy together, and I have learned to look upon you as a part of my very existence. But the time has now arrived when we must think of other matters than childish pastime. You are fast approaching womanhood, and I—I must go forth into the great, bustling, busy, selfish world, to carve for myself a name and fortune.—Bertha, I want something to encourage me in the struggle which I shall be forced to encounter, and that something is the assurance of your love—not a sister's love—not a friend's love; but deeper, purer, more fervent, and enduring love. Give me this assurance, and I'll ask no more until I have reached a position which will equal the one you now occupy. You are the petted daughter of rich parents—I, a friendless, penniless orphan. I am going away to seek my fortune, and I ask you again if you will grant me the greatest boon I crave for this life?"

With an impatient movement she half turned from him and replied:

"Frank, you are enough to vex a saint! I am not going to assure you of any such love as you talk about. I am sure a sister's love ought to satisfy you, and you ought to be thankful for that."

The proud mouth of the boy quivered a little with suppressed emotion.

"But I'm going away, Bertha; you may not see me again in long years to come."

"I don't care if I never see you again," she answered, now thoroughly vexed that he should thus "tease her," for so she considered his earnest entreaties.

"Bertha, darling, you don't mean just that; O, you don't mean that!" he cried.

"Yes, I do! Why shouldn't I, when you vex and annoy me all the time?" she pouted.

"Then farewell, Bertha! God bless you," and he turned away.

"Are you really going, Frank—going right away?"

"Yes. I shall tarry only long enough to visit the graves of my father and mother; they will be sadly neglected in coming years, I fear, and then I shall bid farewell to these familiar scenes—perhaps forever. Good-by, darling sister, good-by."

He has gone, and as Bertha Lynde stood in the bright May sunshine, it seemed to her as if everything had suddenly grown dark, cold and cheerless—as if a light had gone out of her life, leaving her heart desolate and dreary. Poor child! she has yet to learn that the cup of bliss is often dashed from our lips by our own hands.

Days and weeks passed away, and the people of that busy country village missed from among them the gentlemanly little fellow, who, with such native dignity, had performed so many acts of mental labor for them, that they almost lost sight of the fact that he was friendless, an orphan and poor.

The boys of the village academy missed him—they were rid of a dreadful rival in their studies, and the principal merchant of the town (Mr. Lynde) missed from his store a faithful, valued clerk. But, most of all, Bertha missed him. She had not seen him after he had turned away from her with such a grieved expression on his face as his lips murmured the words "darling—sister—good-by." He had hoped he was not really in earnest, after all; but he was gone now, when she had loved him so all the time, and she might have told him so if he had not been so wilfully perverse, and then might have been sure of his returning "some day,"—so she murmured to herself.

People wandered what had caused "that little sprite, Bertha Lynde," to become so suddenly grave and womanish, but she only read the secret from her heart's inner pages, as she daily visited the graveyard, and, with tenderest care, nourished and tended the flowers that she planted upon the mounds so sacred to him—her playmate, companion, friend, and lover.

Months and years passed; and, now, as Bertha, no longer a thoughtless, careless child, but a grave, pensive woman, looked back upon the scenes of her girlhood, it seemed to her like the memory of some vague dream, and her boy lover like a creation of fancy. Still she knew that the picture drawn by memory's faithful pencil was true to the life, for there was the graves which had been so sacredly regarded by the absent wanderer—so faithfully watched over by her ever since his departure, which was now "years ago."

She could not quite acknowledge to herself that she had loved that boy, and yet in all those years her heart had remained untouched by love for any other; she thought of him still, as a dearest object.

At length her father became confident that he could multiply his fortune by removing to the metropolis and engaging in business on a more extended scale. He did so, and for a while was successful, but by-and-by reverses came; his experience and skill were insufficient to shield him from the intrigues of villianous partners, and at last he awoke to the startling truth that he was ruined—penniless!

He was not a brave man, and, as many others have done in like circumstances, not having courage to meet the stern realities of adverse fortune, rashly hastened, unsummoned, into the presence of his Maker, leaving his wife, a feeble invalid, and Bertha, an inexperienced girl, to battle with circumstances for the bare necessaries of life.

Reduced to actual want, Bertha sought for employment everywhere throughout the city, and at last gave up in despair, accepting the dread alternative of starvation or the workhouse, when, as she listlessly scanned a daily paper, her eye caught the following notice:

"WANTED—A faithful, steady, competent person as copyist. Must write a good, legible hand. Apply at 110 —— street."

Spurred by urgent necessity, she responded to the advertisement in person.

Entering the busy street, she reached the number designated, and above the door a sign bearing, in large, gilt letters, these words:

"F. MARSHALL,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law."

On entering, she was met by an office boy, who jerked his thumb over his shoulder, and told her she would "find the Squire in there."

Following the direction indicated by the boy, she entered another apartment, where she found the lawyer busy among books, papers and innumerable parchments. With the natural delicacy of good breeding, she waited for him to acknowledge her presence, and taking the seat which he proffered her, she at once made known her business and her name. And then, for the first time, she noticed that she had been addressing a young and remarkably handsome man, and she could hardly realize that the celebrated, highly successful, and talented lawyer, of whom she had so often heard, stood before her. Then she thought of the possible impropriety of her applying for the situation. The advertisement had said "person," not "gentleman," and, therefore, she had reason to infer that either a lady or gentleman might secure the position, provided they were believed to be competent to fill it.

These thoughts flew rapidly through her brain while she sat with eyes downcast, unaware that her lawyer regarded her with earnest attention.

"I have no reference," she faltered; "but my father, Mr. Lynde——"

"Ah, yes! I knew him very well," answered the lawyer, in a deep musical voice, which had the ring of kindness in it. "I require no other assurance of your integrity and ability, my dear Miss, and should be pleased to have you commence your duties as soon as possible."

"But the salary?" she begun.

"O, yes! I came near forgetting that part of the contract. Well, I had not decided as to the sum I could afford to pay. How much do you expect to receive?"

For a moment she was silent, fearing to mention any sum, lest she might lose the position, and yet she needed money so much.

"I will be willing to work for ten dollars a week," she faltered at length, while the thought that she, Bertha Lynde, was thus sueing for a petition at a mere pittance to keep her from starving, caused her blood to flush to her face and brow; but then she remembered her poor, invalid mother, and, by an effort, she recovered her self-control, and looked up to meet the same earnest, kindly gaze which had before so assured her.

"I will give you twenty dollars per week," he said, and, without waiting for her to express her gratitude, he added, "and now, when will you commence your duties?"

"To-morrow," and she turned away with a light heart, while the lawyer seated himself at his desk; but instead of interesting himself in his business, he allowed his gaze to rest on vacancy and his thoughts to wander far away.

Bertha commenced her duties, which were not very arduous—for the lawyer managed to assist her a great deal—and with her earnings soon made her mother comfortable, her home cheerful, and she was comparatively happy.

Thus months passed away. Mr. Marshall was always kind and considerate, but their acquaintance never ripened into anything like intimacy. Their relation to each other was simply the relation of employer and employee, and—nothing more.

One morning, Mr. Marshall received a note from his copyist, informing him of her mother's extreme illness, and begging to be excused from duty two or three days. A week passed, and she did not resume her labor. He called at her home, and found her alone, lonely and bereaved, for her mother had that day been laid to rest beside her unfortunate husband, in the little graveyard in their native village.

Tenderly he sought to administer the balm of sympathy and consolation, winning her thoughts away from grief by his delicate kindness.

Summer came, and one beautiful day Bertha proposed to visit the graves of her parents. She asked leave of absence of Mr. Marshall, informing him, at the same time, for what purpose she desired to be absent an entire day. He very readily granted her desires, and, to her surprise, asked permission to accompany her. After a moment's hesitation, she replied that she would indeed be happy to have him do so, as she would avail herself of the opportunity to ask his advice in regard to the beautifying of the place and the erection of tombstones to mark their humble resting place.

Seated beside Mr. Marshall in his carriade, Bertha gave herself up to thought, for her companion seemed deeply absorbed with his own cogitation. Hardly a dozen words were spoken by either during their ride of two hours.

They reached the village, and Bertha gave way to feelings of deepest grief, as she beheld her old home and the scenes where the days of her own happy childhood were passed. They neared the resting place of those so dear to her orphan heart. Mr. Marshall assisted Bertha from the carriage, and she proceeded at once, and alone, to the hallowed spot, while Mr. Marshall, with refined delicacy, remained behind, ostensibly to attend to the security of the horses, but really that she might be undisturbed in her grief, for he believed that such grief as hers was too sacred to be intruded upon.

As she approached the spot she was almost stunned with surprise. Could she believe the evidence of her own sight?—Surely it could not be—yes—no—yes, it was really so; the lot was enclosed by a neat iron fence, and a marble shaft, bearing the names of her parents, reared its pure, pale pillar above those sacred graves.

"What kindly friend has done this?" she asked herself, but she could think of no one to whom she might attribute the loving, generous deed. For nearly two hours she remained there, tenderly twining the flowers some kind hand had planted and bedewing them with her tears; and then she remembered two other graves, which once she had visited often, and upon which she had planted flowers in days gone by.

Slowly she wended her way to the well remembered spot, and—was it possible? Was she not mistaken this time? An iron paling enclosed these two graves, a marble shaft towered above them, and there, beside these mounds, knelt her employer, Mr. Marshall!

He rose to his feet as she approached, took her hand, and silently gazed upon her pale features.

"Mr. Marshall, what does this mean? Were these—?" and she pointed to the graves before them, while he interrupted her:

"These were my beloved parents, Bertha. With a loving care you tended the flowers upon these humble graves, and I appreciated all with a heart which has ever cherished your image as its queen. I have endeavored to make a slight return for your faithful kindness, by rearing a marble shaft over your loved ones, as I have above my own parents' dust."

Strange that she had not thought of it before, his manner so reminded her of some one known long ago, and the name, too, that he bore, the same as that of her boy love. Yes, it was he—the very same whom she had loved so long and tenderly—and murmuring, "O, Frank," she sank upon the earth at his feet.

With gentle touch he raised her to her feet, while he said:—

"Bertha, darling, I have loved you all the time. Boy and man, my heart has been truly and entirely yours. It so happened in God's All-wise Providence that you sought me. If you had not, I should have made myself known unto you when I had learned that you needed help; but you had said that you cared not if you never should see me again, and so, fearing to risk another chance of refusal, as your employer, I remained *incog.* I often wondered why you had not married, for I did not lose sight of you, and I know that you had many offers, and, when I thought of your visits to the graves of my parents, I sometimes almost dared to hope that you did love me. But I will remain in doubt no longer—tell me, Bertha, will you be my wife?"

For answer she placed both hands in his, and with a sigh, like a weary child, she nestled her face in his bosom.

The next day another notice appeared in the daily papers, informing the public that a copyist was wanted at No. 110 —— street.

A young man fills the position now, and as the business flourishes finely, and his employer is so kind, he often wishes that, like his predecessor, he might have the good fortune to become a partner in the concern.

SIGHTS SEEN BY DIVERS.—*Queer Experiences Under The Sea.*—Divers have a strange life. Captain Sheridan is the most experienced diver on the Coast of Nova Scotia. He is now engaged on the wreck of the Atlantic. The first time he went down for bodies he met a sight that would have appalled less stout-hearted men. He entered the cabin. In a corner stood almost the strait form of a woman in her night dress. The hands were open and the arms extended. As Sheridan opened the saloon door the still water rippled, and the arms of the dead woman moved up and down. As he moved forward, the water became agitated, and the dead body, still upright, slowly and with waving hands floated towards him.—He moved aside and let it pass, and then passed a rope around the middle, guided it through the cabin door, gave the signal, and it was hoisted. One of the divers on the Atlantic told me as he was passing along in the steerage he was struck twice on the helmet. Looking up he saw a dead body. The agitation of the water had caused the corpse to move. The vessel is full of broken timber, of twisted and jagged iron plates, and of bales and boxes and beds, scattered among which lie the bodies of men and women. The work is a dangerous one, even for experienced divers, for the securing of a body or a bale raises a liquid mass of filth, which obscures the vision and makes search difficult.—The after-hatch is full of female bodies, that section of the steerage being set apart for women.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—Many gentlemen allow their wives stated weekly allowances of pocket money, and we think this a good idea. A gentleman in this city made an arrangement with his better half to allow her five dollars a week for spending money, but put in a proviso that for each absent button from his linen, each poor cup of coffee, and each caudle lecture there should be docked from the pocket money the sum of ten cents. This arrangement has been going on for two years, and although not a button has been missed, and not a complaint made about the coffee, yet that poor man claims his wife to be his debtor by many one hundred and fifty dollars.—*Lawrence American.*

AN old negro stretched upon a board, and slumbering, with his feet pointing to a glimmering fire, opens one eye and gets a glimpse of them as they stand in the obscurity. Mistakes them for two little negroes, and cries; "Gif fum 'fore me!" and relapses into sleep. After a while opens the other eye, and still seeing the intruders, says; "Gif fum 'fore me, I say! I kick you in de fire if you don't—I will, shuah!" and again he snores. His dreams not being pleasant he soon opens his eyes, seeing the little pests, he draws up his foot for the threatened kick, but is alarmed to see the enemy advance upon him; "Wha-war you comin' to, now? Humph, my own feet, by jolly!"

SAVE YOUR DOCTOR'S BILL.—When Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry will cure coughs, colds, bleeding at the lungs, and arrest the fell distroyer, Consumption, it does more than most physicians can do. The use of a single bottle, costing one dollar, will satisfy the incredulous that they need look no further for the required aid.

IN most quarrels there is a fault on both sides. A quarrel may be compared to a spark which cannot be produced without a flint as well as steel; either of them may hammer on wood forever, but no fire will follow.

THE friends of Nixon, the condemned murderer, have given a dance for his benefit. The Danbury *News* says: "There is but one more sad office for the mourning friends to perform—raffle off the body."

A SAN FRANCISCO firm has contracted with parties in Providence, R. I., for twenty-eight car loads of oysters of various ages which are to be transplanted in the Pacific waters.

IF we exhaust our income in schemes of ambitions, we shall purchase disappointment; if in law, vexation; if in luxury, disease.

How to Get on in Life.

A young man writes to us that he has had "ten years' office experience," we suppose as clerk or book-keeper, during which time he has saved "the sum total of $75," which is his all. He wishes to settle in some "growing young town and grow up with it." He is evidently sincere, and his letter shows that he is not deficient in ability, and has some good sense. We therefore say to him, plainly, that success in life does not come in that way. No man finds a fortune by chance, nor can he "grow" into a state of prosperity merely by planting himself in a fresh virgin soil. Everything in life worth having is wrestled for and acquired through severe labor and self-denial.

It is a great mistake to suppose that the failures of aspirants in this line come from adverse surroundings. Circumstances have much less to do with material prosperity than is generally supposed. Favoring conditions may accelerate the acquisition of an estate, but the same application and self denial will guarantee the final result under any conditions. There are exceptions, of course, but this is the rule. A man without a family who has been toiling in New York for ten years, and has not laid up but $75, would not "grow up" into anything better, even amid the stimulus of that wonderful activity which marks the youth of a thriving town. The accretion that comes upon a man who waits to grow up by outward helps, is only the overlaying of rust and canker that gnaw out the vitals.

The true growth is that which comes from within, and employs every faculty in the earnest effort. Nearly all of our young men make the same mistake which our correspondent confesses—they spend too large a proportion of their earnings for adornments and unhealthy indulgences of the baser appetites. Fine clothes, jewelry, cigars, liquor, pleasure hunting, and other costly and vicious habits, waste no inconsiderable portion of their annual incomes.

We heard a man spoken of the other day as one who had been a remarkably "lucky" in establishing himself in a comfortable home, and that was the only word used to distinguish between him and an associate who had more brilliant talents, but failed of success. There was no luck in the matter, for we knew them both. They were both married, without children, and each entering upon a salary of $1,000 per annum, went about the same time too look for board in Brooklyn. The "unfortunate" man took board for himself and wife at $20 per week, which he said was the cheapest at which he could get a comfortable room in a first-class house. The "lucky" man looked for some time until he found clean, healthy quarters in a third-story room at $7 a week for the pair, his wife to do her own sweeping and make her own bed. He lived within his income and laid up money from the start; the other ran in debt and became embarrassed from the same hour.

There is no secret in such histories; he who runs may read them. If any one assumes that the nobler part is to "enjoy life" as we go; and that the acquisition of an estate, the foundation of which is laid in early self-denial, and the structure built in patient toil with the same prevalent spirit ever present, is an ignoble ambition, we shall not argue the case. But we do say that those who desire this result can pursue it safely and surely in no other way; and if a man after knowing what it will cost, will not pay the price for it, he should not grumble at the fates, nor murmur against a discriminating Providence.

A REVENGEFUL traveller on a certain railroad in this State packed a carpet-bag full of revolvers, and handed it to a gentlemanly baggage-smasher, who had ruined three or four trunks for him already. The smasher flung the bag against the wall savagely, and then threw it on the floor and stamped on it, and jumped up and down on it, as usual. At about the fourth jump firing began along the whole line. Forty-six revolvers went off in rapid succession; distributing the bullets around the car with disgusting carelessness of the legs of the smasher, who was shot in six places before he could get out of the car. He rode upon the platform during the whole of that trip; and when he did enter the car he encased his leg in stove-pipe, and ran an iron-clad snow-plow in front of him to push the baggage out with. He smashes, perhaps, fewer carpet-bags now than he once did in the blissful past—much fewer; and he is filled with gloom. The only boon he craves is that he may be present when the carpet-bag owner calls with his check. He says there will then be a conflict which will make the Franco-German war appear perfectly ridiculous.

REORGANIZING HIS WIFE.—"I never attempted to reorganize my wife but once," confessed Artemus Ward. "I shall never attempt to do it again. I'd been to a public dinner, and had allowed myself to be betrayed into drinkin' several people's healths; and wishin' to make 'em as robust as possible, I continued to drink their healths until my own was affected. Consekence was, I presented myself to Betsy's bedside late at night with considerable licker concealed about my person. I had somehow got possession of a hoss-whip on my way home, and rememberin' some cranky observation of Mrs. Ward's in the mornin', I snapped the whip putty lively, and in a very loud voice, I said: "Betsy, you need organizin'." "I have come, Betsy," I continued, crackin' the whip over the bed, "I have come to reorganize you." I dreamed that night that somebody laid a hoss-whip across me several times—and when I woke up I found she had. I hain't drank much o' anything since; and if I ever have another reorganizin' job on hand, I shall let it out."

IN cleaning out a well, the other day, a farmer had occasion to lower an Irishman about forty feet into the bowels of the earth. When about half way down the Celt became frightened, and shouted, "Let me up or I'll cut the rope."

THE roof of Westminster Abby, in London, long supposed to be of oak, when recently examined as to its soundness and found to be perfect, was at the same time discovered to be of chestnut. It has stood for eight centuries already.