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KENT NEWS.

Agriculture, Literature, Politics and General News.

Frustra laborat, qui omnibus placere studet:—"He labours vainly, who endeavours to please every one."

VOL. 8. CHESTER TOWN, MD. MAY 8, 1847. NO. 2.

Cheap Watches and JEWELRY.

AT the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96, North Second street, corner of Quarry.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewl'd, 18 car. cases,	$45 00
Silver Lever Watches, full jew'd	23 00
Silver Lever Watches, 7 jewels,	18 00
SilverLepineWatches, jew'd, 1st qual.	14 00
Superior Quarter Watches,	10 00
Imitation quarter watches, not war.	5 00
Gold Spectacles,	8 00
Fine silver spectacles,	1 75
Gold bracelets, with topaz stones,	3 50
Ladies' Gold Pencils, 16 carats,	2 00

Gold finger rings, 37½ cts. to $8; Watch Glasses—plain 12½ cts, patent 18¾, lunet 25. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for O. CONRAD.

On hand, some Gold and Silver Levers, Lepines and Quarters, lower than the above prices.

dec'r 19, 1846.

Steam Iron Railing Factory.

RIDGE ROAD,

ABOVE BUTTONWOOD STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

AT THIS establishment may be found the greatest variety of Plans and beautiful Patterns for

IRON RAILINGS

in the United States, to which the attention of those in want of any description, and especially for Cemeteries, is particularly invited.

The principal part of all the handsome Railings at Laurel Hill, Monument, and other celebrated Cemeteries in the city and county of Philadelphia, which have been so highly extolled by the public press, were executed at this manufactory.

A large Ware-Room is connected with the establishment, where is kept constantly on hand a large stock of ready-made IRON RAILINGS, ORNAMENTAL IRON SETTEES, IRON CHAIRS, new style plain and ornamental IRON GATES, with an extensive assortment of IRON POSTS, PEDESTALS, IRON ARBORS, &c. Also, in great variety, Wrought and Cast Iron ORNAMENTS, suitable for Railings, and other purposes.

The subscriber would also state that in his Pattern and Designing Department he has employed some of the best talent in the country, whose whole attention is devoted to the business—forming altogether one of the most complete and systematic establishments of the kind in the Union.

ROBERT WOOD, Proprietor,
Ridge Road, above Buttonwood St.
Philadelphia, February 6 1847. 5m.

Hover's First Premium Ink. No. 87

North Third street Philadelphia.

The celebrity of the Inks manufactured by the subscriber, and the extensive sales consequent upon the high reputation which they have attained, not only throughout the United States, but in the West Indies and in China, has induced him to make every necessary arrangement to supply the vast demand upon his establishment. He is now prepared with every variety of Black, Blue and Red Inks, Copying Inks, Indelible Ink, and Ink Powder, all prepared under his own personal superintendence, so that purchasers may depend upon its superior quality.

Hover's Adamantine Cement, a superior article for Mending Glass, China, Cabinet Ware, &c., useful to every Housekeeper, being a white liquid, easily applied, and not affected by ordinary heat—warranted.

☞ Pamphlets, containing numerous testimonials of men of science, and others, will be furnished to purchasers.

For sale at the Manufactory, Wholesale and Retail, No. 87 North Third Street, opposite Cherry Street, Philadelphia, by

JOSEPH E. HOVER,
Manufacturer.

February 6, '47. 1y

Drugs! Drugs! Drugs!

THOMPSON & CRAWFORD,

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS

No. 40 Market St. (S. Side below Second.)

PHILADELPHIA.

Offer for sale a large stock of Fresh Drugs, Medicines and Dye-Stuffs, to which they call the attention of Country merchants and dealers visiting the city.

Coach, Cabinet, Japan, Black, and other Varnishes of a superior quality. Also White and Red Lead, Window Glass, Paints and Oils—cheaper than ever.

☞ T. & C. are also proprietors of the Indian Vegetable Balsam, celebrated throughout their own and neighboring states, as the best preparation for the cure of coughs, colds, asthma, &c. Money refunded in every instance where no benefit is received.

Philadelphia, Feb'y 6, '47. 6m

BEAVER CLOTHS—a lot of Fine Beaver Cloths, for sack and over coats; just received and for sale cheap cheap by

WILMER & NICOLS.

FOR sale by Wilmer and Nicols a good assortment of hats, of different kinds from 12½ to $4.

THE KENT NEWS,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
DEVOTED TO
AGRICULTURE, POLITICS AND GENERAL NEWS

Terms:

$2.50, payable at the end of the first six months

☞ For PROSPECTUS, see fourth page.

POETRY.

LINES

To the Memory of John Ringgold Hynson, U. S. N. who perished with the unfortunate brig Somers.

Written for the New Orleans Delta,

BY ANNA RYAN.

Beneath, in thy coral caves, thou lonely deep,
Lies the braves spirit we are left to weep,
By myriad glittering sea-nymphs slowly borne
Through the dark waters. We are left to mourn
Soft be thy resting place—thy funeral dirge
Be the sad murmurs of the ocean surge;
While the gay sirens, 'mid the deepening gloom,
Watch thy lone slumbers and adorn thy tomb.
Who would not wish within thy depths to rest,
Ocean! thou woo'd the noblest and the best
In thy dark bosom, silent to repose,
Unfettered by life's cares, it joys or woes.
No marble monument above thy grave
Shall rise, but the dark-rolling wave
Will linger tenderly above the spot
Where ye have sunk regretted, unforgot.
The sweet spring flowers may bloom, and fade again—
Soft zephyrs waft their perfumes o'ar the main—
They cannot reach thee through the liquid deep,
Or bloom above thy long unbroken sleep.
White wreaths of pearl may cluster round thy brow,
But gems far brighter sparkle for thee now—
Affection's tear-drop tends a purer glow
To tell how dearly loved thou wert below.
Ne'er mother's eye may look upon thy face,
Nor mark with sorrow thy last resting place;
But angels' eyes from every star shall gaze,
Till thy dim ocean home itself shall blaze
With glorious light, and spirits far and near
Shall gather there, to watch their favorite bier.
Then hallowed be the spot, the slumbers sweet,
When the moon's brightest rays rejoice to meet,
And light the victim of that direful squall,
Who scorned the terrors of San Juan's wall.*
Thine was ambition's dream, but now 'tis fled—
The noblest there is numbered with the dead.
'Mid strife and death to mingle never more,
That phantom vision, Glory, now is o'er
It was not thus that thou had'st wished to die,
But pined in honor's ranks the first to lie,
While the loud cannon roared along the deep,
And war its festival of death should keep.
Two Ringgolds graced our nation. Both are gone!
One, in the dark blue waters lies alone—
The other's marshalled back in pomp and pride,
While mourners sadly march his corpse beside.
Peace to them both! While in their graves they lie,
Their spirits grace the mansions of the sky
The laurel wreath, shining their names, shall be
Blended with rays of immortality.

Urbana, Feb'y 7, 1847.

*Midshipman Hynson was one of the officers of the Somers, who so gallantly set fire to the brig Creole, while moored to the very walls of the fortress of San Juan de Ulua.

[Written for the Columbian Magazine for May.]

THE MAN

That Killed His Neighbors.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

IT is curious to observe how a man's spiritual state reflects itself in the people and animals around him; nay, in the very garments, trees and stones.

Reuben Black was an infestation in the neighborhood where he resided. The very sight of him produced effects similar to the Hindoo magical tune, called Raug, which is said to bring on clouds, storms and earthquakes. His wife seemed lean, sharp and uncomfortable. The heads of his boys had a bristling aspect, as if each individual hair stood on end with perpetual fear. The cows poked out their horns horizontally, as soon as he entered the barn yard gate. The dog dropped his tail between his legs, and eyed him askance, to see what humor he was in. The cat looked wild and scraggy, and had been known to rush straight up the chimney when he moved toward her. Fanny Kemble's expressive description of the Pennsylvanian stage-horses was exactly suited to Reuben's poor old nag. "His hide resembled an old hair-trunk." Continual whipping and kicking had made him such a stoic, that no amount of blows could quicken his pace, and no chirruping could change the dejected drooping of his head head. All his natural language said, as plain as a horse *could* say it, that he was a most unhappy beast. Even the trees on Reuben's premises had a gnarled and knotty appearance. The bark wept little sickly tears of gum, and the branches grew awry, as if they felt the continual discord, and made sorry faces at each other behind their owner's back. His fields were red with sorrel, or run over with mullien.—Everything seemed as hard and arid as his own visage. Every day he cursed the town and the neighborhood, because they poisoned his dogs, and stoned his hens, and shot his cats. Continual law-suits involved him in so much expense that he had neither time nor money to spend on the improvement of his farm.

Against Joe Smith, a poor laborer in the neighborhood, he had brought three suits in succession Joe said he had returned a spade he borrowed, and Reuben swore he had not. He sued Joe, and recovered damages, for which he ordered the sheriff to seize his pig Joe, in his wrath, called him an old swindler, and a curse to the neighborhood. These remarks were soon repeated to Reuben He brought an action for libel, and recovered twenty-five cents. Provoked at the laugh this occasioned, he watched for Joe to pass by, and set his big dog upon him, screaming furiously, "call me an old swindler again, will you?" An evil spirit is more contagious than the plague. Joe went home and scolded his wife, and boxed little Joe's ears, and kicked the cat; and not one of them knew what it was all for. A fortnight after, Reuben's big dog was found dead by poison. Whereupon he brought another action against Joe Smith, and not being able to prove him guilty of the charge of dog-murder, he took his revenge by poisoning a pet lamb, belonging to Mrs. Smith. Thus the bad game went on, with mutual worriment and loss. Joe's temper grew more and more vindictive, and the love of talking over his troubles at the grog shop increased upon him. Poor Mrs Smith cried, and said it was all owing to Reuben Black; for a better-hearted man never lived than her Joe, when she first married him.

Such was the state of things when Simeon Green purchased the farm adjoining Reuben's. The estate had been much neglected, and had caught thistles and mullien from the neighboring fields. But Simeon was a diligent man, blessed by nature with a healthy organization and a genial temperament; and a wise and kind education had aided nature in the perfection of his goodly work. His provident industry soon ahanged the aspect of things on the farm. River mud, autumn-leaves, old shoes and old bones, were all put in requisition to assist in the production of use and beauty. The trees, with branches pruned, and scraped free from moss and insects, soon looked clean and vigorous. Fields of grain waved where weeds had rioted. Persian lilacs bowed gracefully over the simple gateway. Michigan roses covered half the house with their abundant clusters—Even the rough rock, which formed the door step, was edged with golden moss. The sleek horse, feeding in clover, tossed his mane and neighed when his master came near, as much as to say, "The world is all the pleasanter for having you in it, Simeon Green!" The old cow, toddling her calf under the great walnut tree, walked up to him with serious, friendly face, asking for the slice of sugar beet he was wont to give her. Chanticleer, strutting about with his troop of plump hens and downy little chickens, took no trouble to keep out of his way, but flapped his glossy wings, and crowed a welcome to his very face. When Simeon turned his steps homeward, the boys threw up their caps and ran out shouting, "Father's coming!" and little Mary went toddling up to him with a dandelion blossom to place in his button hole. His wife was a woman of few words, but she sometimes said to her neighbors, with a quiet kind of satisfaction, "Everybody loves my husband, that knows him. They can't help it."

Simeon Green's acquaintance knew that he was never engaged in a law suit in his life; but they predicted that he would find it impossible to avoid it now. They told him his next neighbor was determined to quarrel with people, whether they would or not; that he was like John Lilburne, of whom Judge Jenkins said, "if the world was emptied of every person but himself, Lilburne would still quarrel with John, and John with Lilburne."

"Is that his character?" said Simeon.—"If he exercises it upon me, I will soon kill him."

In every neighborhood there are individuals who like to foment disputes, not from any definite intention of malice or mischief, but merely because it makes a little ripple of excitement in the dull stream of life, like a contest between dogs or game-cocks. Such people were not slow in repeating Simeon Green's remark about his wrangling neighbor. 'Kill me, will he?" exclaimed Reuben. He said no more; but his tightly compressed mouth had such a significant expression that his dog dodged him as he woule the track of a tiger. That very night Reuben turned his horse into the highway, in hopes he would commit some depredations on neighbor Green's premises. But Joe Smith, seeing the animal at large, let down the bars of Reuben's own cornfield, and the poor beast walked in, and feasted as he had not done for many a year. It would have been a great satisfaction to Reuben if he could have brought a law suit a ainst his horse; but as it was, he was obliged to content himself with beating him. His next exploit was to shoot Mary Green's handsome chanticleer, because he stood on the stone wall and crowed, in the ignorant joy of his heart, two inches beyond the frontier line that bounded the contiguous farms. Simeon said he was sorry for the poor bird, and sorry because his wife and children liked the pretty creature; but otherwise it was no great matter. He had been intending to build a poultry yard, with a good high fence, that his hens might not annoy his neighbors; and now he was admonished to make haste and do it. He would build them a snug warm house to roost in; they should have plenty of gravel and oats, and room to promenade back and forth, and crow and cackle to their heart's content; there they could enjoy themselves, and be out of harm's way.

But Reuben Black had a degree of ingenuity and perseverence which might have produced great results for mankind, had those qualities been devoted to some more noble purpose than provoking quarrels. A pear tree in his garden very improperly stretched over a friendly arm into Simeon Green's premises. Whether the sunny state of things there had a cheering effect on the tree I know not; but it happened that this overhanging bough bore more abundant fruit, and glowed with a richer hue than the other boughs. One day, little George Green, as he went whistling along, picked up a pear that had fallen into his father's garden. The instant he touched it he felt something on the back of his neck, like the sting of a wasp. It was Reuben Black's whip, followed by such a storm of angry words that the poor child rushed into the house in an agony of terror. But this experiment failed also.—The boy was soothed by his mother, and told not to go near the pear tree again, and there the matter ended.

This imperturbable good nature vexed Reuben more than all the tricks and taunts he met from others. Evil efforts he could understand, and repay with compound interest; but he did not know what to make of this perpetual forbearance. It seemed to him there must be something contemptuous in it He disliked Simeon Green more than all the rest of the town put together, because he made him feel so uncomfortably in the wrong, and did not afford him the slightest pretext for complaint. It was annoying to see everything in his neighbor's domains looking so happy, and presenting such a bright contrast to the forlornness of his own. When their wagons passed each other on the road, it seemed as if Simeon's horse tossed his head higher, and flung out his mane, as if he knew he was going by Reuben Black's old nag. He often said he supposed Green covered his house with roses and honeysuckles on purpose to shame *his* bare walls. But he did'nt care—not he! He wasn't going to be fool enough to *rot his* boards with such stuff. But no one resented his disparaging remarks, or sought to provoke him in any way. The roses smiled, the horse neighed, and the calf capered; but none of them had the least idea they were insulting Reuben Black. Even the dog had no malice in his heart, though he did one night chase home his geese and bark at them through the bars. Reuben told his master, the next day, he swore he would bring an action against him if he did'nt keep that dog at home; and Simeon answered very quietly that he would try to take better care of him. for several days a strict watch was kept, in hopes Towzer would worry the geese again; but they paced home undisturbed, and not a solitary bow-wow furnished excuse for a law suit.

The new neighbors not only declined quarrelling, but they occasionally made positive advances toward a friendly relation. Simeon's wife sent Mrs. Black, a large basket full of very fine cherries.—Pleased with the unexpected attention, she cordially replied—

"Tell your mother it was *very* kind of her, and I am very much obliged to her."

Reuben, who sat smoking in the chimney-corner, listened to this message once without any manifestation of impatience, except whiffing the smoke through his pipe a little faster and fiercer than usual. But when the boy was going out of the door, and the friendly words were again repeated, he exclaimed—

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Peg.—They want to give us a hint to send a basket of our pears; that's the upshot of the business. You may send 'em a basket, when they are ripe; for I scorn to be under obligation, especially to your smooth-tongued folks."

Poor Peggy, whose arid life had been for the moment refreshed with a little dew of kindness, admitted distrust into her bosom, and the halo that radiated around the ripe glowing cherries departed.

Not long after this advance toward good neighborhood, some laborers employed by Simeon Green, passing over a bit of marshy ground, with a heavy team, stuck fast in a bog, occasioned by long continued rain. The poor oxen were entirely unable to extricate themselves, and Simeon ventured to ask assistance from his waspish neighbor, who was working at a short distance Reuben replied, gruffly—

"I've got enough to do to attend to my own business."

The civil request that he might be allowed to use his oxen and chains for a few moments being answered in the same surly tone, Simeon silently walked off, in search of a more obliging neighbor.

The men, who were left with the patient, suffering oxen, scolded about Reuben's ill nature, and said they hoped he would get stuck in the same bog himself. Their employer rejoined—

"If he does, we will do our duty and help him out."

"There is such a thing as being *too* good natured," said they

"If Reuben Black takes the notion that people are afraid of him, it makes him trample on them worse than ever."

"Oh, wait a while," replied Mr. Green, smiling, "I will kill him before long. Wait and see if I don't kill him."

It chanced, soon after, that Reuben's team did stick fast in the same bog, as the workmen had wished. Simeon observed it from a neighboring field, and gave directions that the oxen and chains should be, immediately conveyed to his assistance. The men laughed, shook their heads, and said it was good enough for the old hornet They, however, cheerfully proceeded to do as their employer had requested.

"You are in a bad situation, neighbor," said Simeon, as he came alongside of the foundered team. "But my men are coming with two yoke of oxen, and I think we shall soon manage to help you out."

"You may take your oxen back again," replied Reuben; "I don't want any of your help."

In a very friendly tone, Simeon answered—

"I cannot consent to do that; for evening is coming on, and you have very little time to lose. It is a bad job any time, but it will be still worse in the dark."

"Light or dark, I don't ask *your* help," replied Reuben, emphatically.

"I would'nt help you out of the bog the other day, when you asked *me*"

"The trouble I had in relieving my poor oxen teaches me to sympathize with others in the same situation," answered Simeon. "Don't let us waste words about it, neighbor. It is impossible for me to go home and leave you here in the bog, and night coming on"

The team was soon drawn out, and Simeon and his men went away, witnout waiting for thanks. When Reuben went home that night, he was unusually silent and thoughtful. After smoking a while, in deep contemplation, he gently knocked the ashes from his pipe, and said, with a sigh—

"Peg, Simeon Green *has* killed me!"

"What *do* you mean?" said his wife, dropping her knitting, with a look of surprisu.

"You know, when he first came into this neighborhood he *said* he'd kill me," replied Reuben: "and he has *done* it. The other day he asked me to help draw his team out of the bog, and I told him I had enough to do to attend to my own business. To day, my team stuck fast in the same bog, and he came with two yoke of oxen to draw it out. I felt sort of ashamed to have *him* lend me a hand, so I told him I didn't want any of his help; but he answered, just as pleasant as if nothing contrary had ever happened, that night was coming on, and he was not willing to leave me there in the mud."

"It was very good of him," replied Peggy. "He is a pleasant spoken man, and always has a pretty word to say to the boys. His wife seems to be a nice, neighborly body, too."

Reuben made no answer; but, after meditating a while, he remarked—

"Peg, you know that big ripe melon down at the bottom of the garden? you may as well carry it over there in the morning."

His wife said she would, without asking him to explain where "over there" was.

But when the morning came, Reuben walked back and forth, and round and round, with that sort of aimless activity often manifested by hens, and by fashionable idlers, who feel restless, and don't know what to run after. At length, the cause of his uncertain movements was explained, by his saying, in the form of a question—

"I guess I may as well carry the mellon myself, and thank him for his oxen? In my flurry down there in the marsh, I didn't think to say I was obliged to him."

He marched off toward the garden, and his wife stood at the door, with one hand on her hip, and the other shading the sun from her eyes, to see if he really would carry the melon into Simeon Green's house. It was the most remarkable incident that had happened since her marriage. She could hardly believe her own eyes. He walked quick as if afraid he should not be able to carry the unusual impulse into action if he stopped to reconsider the question. When he found himself in Mr. G.'s house, he felt extremely awkward, and hastened to say—

"Mrs. Green, here is a melon my wife sent you, and we reckon it's a ripe one."

Without manifesting any surprise at such unexpected courtesy, the friendly matron thanked him, and invited him to sit down. But he stood playing with the latch of the door, and without raising his eyes said—

"Maybe Mr. Green ain't in this morning?"

"He is at the pump, and will be in directly," she replied; and, before her words were spoken, the honest man walked in, with a face as fresh and bright as a June morning. He stepped right up to Reuben, shook his hand cordially, and said—

"I am glad to see you, neighbor. Take a chair. Take a chair.

"Thank you, I can't stop," replied Reuben. He pushed his hat on one side, rubbed his head, looked out of the window, and then said suddenly, as if by a desperate effort—"The fact is, Mr. Green, I didn't behave right about the oxen."

"Never mind—never mind," replied Mr. Green. "Perhaps I shall get into the bog again some of these rainy days. If I do, I shall know whom to call upon"

"Why, you see," said Reuben, still very much confused, and avoiding Simeon's mild clear eye, "you see the neighbors about here are very ugly If I had always lived by such neighbors as you are, I shouldn't be just as I am"

"Ah, well, we must try to be to others what we want them to be us," rejoined Simeon. "You know the Good Book says so. I have learned by experience that if we speak kind words, we hear kind echoes. If we try to make others happy, it fills them with a wish to make us happy. Perhaps you and I can bring the neighborhood round, in time. Who knows? Let us try. Mr. Black, let us try. But come and look at my orchard. I want to show you a tree which I have grafted with very choice apples. If you like, I will prepare you some scions from the same stock."

They went into the orchard together, and friendly chat soon put Reuben at his ease. When he returned home, he made no remarks about his visit; for he could not, as yet, summon sufficient greatness of soul to tell his wife that he had confessed himself in the wrong. A gun stood behind the kitchen door, in readiness to shoot Mr. Green's dog for having barked at his horse. He now fired the contents into the air, and put the gun away in the barn.—From that day, henceforth, he never sought for any pretext to quarrel with either dog or his master. A short time after, Joe Smith, to his utter astonishment, saw him pat Towzer on the head, and heard him say, "Good fellow!"

Simeon Green was far too magnanimous to repeat to any one that his quarrelsome neighbor had confessed himself to blame. He merely smiled as he said to his wife, "I thought we should kill him after a while.

"Joe Smith did not believe in such doctrines. When he heard of the adventures in the marsh, he said, "Sim Green's a fool. When he first came here he talked very big about killing folks, if they didn't mind their P's and Q's. But he don't appear to have as much spirit as a worm, for a worm will turn when its trod upon."

Poor Joe had grown more intemperate and more quarrelsome, till at last nobody would employ him. About a year after the memorable incident of the water melon, some one stole several valuable hides from Mr. Green. He did not mention the circumstance to any one but his wife; and they both had reasons for suspecting that Joe was thief. The next week the following anonymous advertisement appeared in the newspaper of the county:

"Whoever stole a lot of hides on Friday night, the 5th of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction a secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement of course excited a good deal of remark. There was much debate whether the thief would avail himself of the friendly offer. Some said he would be a green horn if he did; for it was manifestly a trap to catch him. But he who had committed the dishonest deed alone knew whence the benevolent offer came; and he knew that Simeon Green was not a man to set traps for his fellow creatures.

A few nights afterward a timid knock was heard at Simeon's door, just as the family was retiring to rest. When the door was opened, Joe Smith was seen on the steps, with a load of hides on his shoulder. Without raising his eyes, he said in a low, humble tone—

"I have brought these back, Mr. Green: Where shall I put them?"

"Wait a moment, till I can light a lanthorn, and I will go to the barn with you," he replied. "Then you will come in, and tell me how it happened. We will see what can be done for you."

Mrs Green knew that Joe often went hungry and had become accustomed to the stimulus of rum. She therefore hastened to make hot coffee, and brought from the closet some cold meat and a pie.

When they returned from they barn she said: "I thought you might feel the better for a little warm supper, neighbor Smith."

Joe turned his back toward her, and did not speak. He leaned his head against the chimney, and after a moment's silence, he said in a choked voice—

"It was the first time I ever stole anything; and I have felt very bad about it. I don't know how it is. I didn't think once I should ever come to be what I am. But I took to quarrelling, and then to drinking. Since I began to go down-hill every body gives me a kick. You are the first man that has offered me a helping hand. My wife is feeble, and my children starving,—You have sent them many a meal, God bless you! and yet I stole the hides from you, meaning to sell them the first chance I could get. But I tell you the truth, Mr. Green, it is the first time I ever deserved the name of thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," said Simeon, pressing his hand kindly. "The secret shall remain between ourselves. You are young and can make up for lost time. Come, now, give me a promise that you will not drink one drop of intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ you tomorrow, at good wages. Mary will go to see your family early in the morning, and perhaps we may find some employment for them also. The little boy can at least pick up a ones. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee. You will find it hard to abstain, at first, Joseph; but keep up a brave heart, for the sake of your wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When you feel the need of coffee, tell my Mary, and she will always give it to you."

Joe tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. He was nervous and excited. After an ineffectual effort to compose himself, he laid his head on the table and wept like a child.

After a while, Simeon persuaded him to bathe his head in cold water, and he ate drank with a good appetite. When he went away, the kind hearted host said—

"Try to do well, Joseph, and you shall always find a friend in me."

The poor fellow pressed his hand and replied—"I understand now how it is you kill bad neighbors."

He entered in Mr. Green's service the next day, and remained in it many years, an honest and faithful man.