

Empire Grain & Fertilizer Drill AGAIN TO THE FRONT!

Unequaled and Unexcelled. A Record beyond Comparison. The only Force Feed Fertilizer Distributor in the world. Impossible to bunch grain or fertilizer. Is automatic in all its actions. Is the lightest draught drill in the market. Is the best, most accurate, most simple, most durable machine in the market. Beautifully finished in every particular. Has only been used in this county two years, and we challenge any other drill to produce such a record. Its fame fairly won.

It has all the latest improvements to date, and will distribute any kind of grain or fertilizer evenly and continuously, without tinkering.

We sent out a circular letter, a copy of which is below, to the farmers who bought and used the Empire Drill as last year's replanting season will permit. Read what the intelligent yeomanry have to say about them and take note of the words of those who will sell the farmers anything for profit to themselves, no matter how worthless the machine may be, and when the time comes the farmers are called on to settle the bill.

COPY OF CIRCULAR LETTER.

DEAR SIR:—You purchased of our last season an Empire Force Feed Grain and Fertilizer Drill, and after using it a season, we are anxious to know the result of your experience with it. Please write on the back of this sheet your opinion of its quality for seeding accurately both grain and fertilizer; how your wheat yielded that was seeded with it, and also your opinion of the draught of the machine as compared with other machines for doing the same work. Please answer briefly and return to us in the enclosed envelope without delay, and oblige, truly yours, EMERSON & EVITTS.

"None Name Thee But to Praise."

Here now is Business. Messrs. EMERSON & EVITTS, Agents. I regard the Empire Drill as unquestionably the best of its kind, and its working is very respect for accuracy and economy. Very truly yours, H. M. J. SIGLER. The old, old story told again. The Empire Force Feed Grain and Fertilizer Drill is the best of its kind. At this date my wheat is more than any of my neighbors. THOMAS H. SLAUGHTER. Exceeded his Expectations—The Boss. I purchased of your agents, Messrs. Emerson & Evitts, a portion of my crop with her, and she will perform all that is claimed for her by the manufacturers. Every farmer will have one as good as hers if they will purchase her. With Confidence He Recommends the Empire to his Neighbors and Friends. I procured of your agents, Messrs. Emerson & Evitts, an Empire Force Feed Grain and Fertilizer Drill on trial. In giving it a thorough test, I found it was just what I needed. It sows all kinds of grain and brands of fertilizer evenly, continuously, and with very little waste of any other drill. I recommend it to the public as a first-class drill in every respect. ALEX. BLAKE. It Pleases the Postmaster. EMERSON & EVITTS, Denton, Md. The Empire Drill is the best of its kind. I have used it for several seasons, and it has given me the best of results. I can say that no other drill has ever given me so much satisfaction. It is just the thing for the farmer who wants to do his work well and in the best manner. A Great Deal in a Little from a Gentleman and a Scholar. The Empire Force Feed Grain and Fertilizer Drill which I purchased from you last season, has given me the best of results. I can say that no other drill has ever given me so much satisfaction. It is just the thing for the farmer who wants to do his work well and in the best manner. The Second District Seals a Voice of Comfort. I used your Empire Force Feed Grain and Fertilizer Drill last season. I consider it a light running and accurate drill; it gave me the best of results. G. L. ORRILL. A Word to the Boys. In answer to your inquiry, I say I like the Empire Drill very much. I have used it for several seasons, and it has given me the best of results. I can say that no other drill has ever given me so much satisfaction. It is just the thing for the farmer who wants to do his work well and in the best manner. Works to Perfection—Could any thing do More? In regard to the Drill, I will say I have not much experience with drills, but found this to be of light draught, and very accurate. I judge, did my work completely. My land gave me two tons to three of wheat, and I was very satisfied. EMERSON & EVITTS. A Word from Headquarters. The Empire Drill I purchased of you last fall has given me perfect satisfaction. It has done all that was claimed for it, and I can say that no other drill has ever given me so much satisfaction. It is just the thing for the farmer who wants to do his work well and in the best manner. His Opinion, after trying all the rest, it Stands Unrivaled. In reply to your request concerning the Empire Force Feed Grain and Fertilizer Drill which I purchased of you last fall, I can say that it has given me perfect satisfaction. It has done all that was claimed for it, and I can say that no other drill has ever given me so much satisfaction. It is just the thing for the farmer who wants to do his work well and in the best manner. It Takes among the Farmers of First District. The Empire Drill that I purchased of you last fall has given me perfect satisfaction. It has done all that was claimed for it, and I can say that no other drill has ever given me so much satisfaction. It is just the thing for the farmer who wants to do his work well and in the best manner. Those who Know Mr. Daughley Will Esteem his Judgment—Household Words. In answer to your inquiry in regard to the Empire Drill which I purchased of you last fall, I can say that it has given me perfect satisfaction. It has done all that was claimed for it, and I can say that no other drill has ever given me so much satisfaction. It is just the thing for the farmer who wants to do his work well and in the best manner. The Surgeon of Caroline County Slightly Expresses his Opinion. I am very well pleased with the drill I purchased of you last season. I think it is about as accurate in both wheat and fertilizer as any other drill I have used. G. W. RAYBURN. The Empire Drills in all sizes are kept in stock and sold by Emerson & Evitts, Denton, Md., or their agents. They are also General Agents for Engines, Saw Mills, Threshers, Grist Mill Machinery, engineers' supplies and all kinds of Agricultural Machinery. Give us a call.

EMERSON & EVITTS.

J. J. HANNA & BRO. REAL ESTATE AGENTS. 48 ST. PAUL ST. BALTIMORE, MD. Persons having lands for sale will do well to put it in the hands of the above named firm. And persons desiring to borrow money on first mortgages can do so by making early application. All needed application given by applying to GEORGE T. MELVIN, Denton, Md.

Fred. Ringold, BRICKLAYER AND PLASTERER.

HILLSBORO, MD. HEATERS, RANGES AND GRATES and all kinds of furnace work. Plans or ornaments furnished and put up. \$24 A MONTH and board in your own house in all appointments. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Box 211, Denton, Md.

J. F. DARROW, Proprietor.

[LATE 15 YEARS] PROPRIETOR OF THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY. 12-3. STOP AT—STRAUGHN'S HOTEL, Centerville, Md. Terms \$1.50 per day. First Class Hotel in all appointments. Jas' E. Straughn, Proprietor.

INSURE YOUR LIFE HOME BUSINESS LIFE STOCK.

I HEREBY inform the citizens of Carolina county that I am prepared to take risks in the following old and reliable companies, at very moderate rates.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK. ASSETS, \$94,702,957.92.

AGRICULTURAL INSURANCE CO. OF WASHINGTON, N. Y. Issues nothing but Live Stock Property, Live Stock and Dwellings, against damage or loss by Fire, or by LIGHTNING.

ROCHESTER GERMAN FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF BALTO. Insures all kinds of insurable property against loss by FIRE, OR BY LIGHTNING, WHETHER FIRE RISKS OR NOT.

PEOPLES MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF BALTO. Issues nothing but Live Stock against loss by death from accident or disease.

CHAS. A. DUNNING, 2-5 AGENT, Denton, Md.

CARPETS

J. C. SMITH & BRO., [LATE OF KENT COUNTY, DEL.] Wholesale and Retail Dealers in CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS, MATTINGS, etc. We have on hand a well selected stock which we offer at lowest prices. Remember name and number and do not fail to give us a call.

J. C. SMITH & BRO., 444 W. Balto. Near Pearl St. Baltimore, Md.

VOSHELL HOUSE, CHESTERTOWN, MD.

J. A. & CHAS. ROLPH, Prop'rs. ACCOMMODATIONS FIRST-CLASS.

EUROPEAN HOTEL EASTON, MD.

(Corner Railroad Ave. & Washington St. Opposite Bank.) G. W. W. HADDAWAY, PROP. First Class Table and Room Accommodations. 411

MANSION HOUSE, I. Albertson, Proprietor.

ROOMS FIRST CLASS, WITH GOOD SUBSTANTIAL BOARD AT 1.00 PER DAY. N. W. Cor. St. Paul and Fayette Streets Baltimore.

Greensborough Hotel AND LIVERY STABLES, W. H. CONEE, PROP'R.

Having refitted and greatly improved the house formerly kept by Willis, is now prepared to accommodate travelers at moderate prices. Carriage runs to R. R. and connects with every train. The patronage of the public is respectfully invited. 2-5.

Carrollton Hotel, Baltimore, Light and German Sts., Baltimore Maryland.

Rates Reduced to \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day according to location of rooms. Extra charges for Parlors, Bath and Double Rooms, according to size. The most convenient and latest built Hotel in the City. Elevator runs continuously to all floors.

THE "Clarendon." COR. HANOVER AND PRATT STS., BALTIMORE, MD.

Table board \$4 per week. Permanent Guests, \$5.00 to \$7.00 per week. Rooms without board, \$1.75 to \$2.00 a day. The "CLARENDON" is centrally located, has large, airy rooms, newly furnished and everything first-class at low rates.

J. F. DARROW, Proprietor.

[LATE 15 YEARS] PROPRIETOR OF THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY. 12-3. STOP AT—STRAUGHN'S HOTEL, Centerville, Md. Terms \$1.50 per day. First Class Hotel in all appointments. Jas' E. Straughn, Proprietor.

An Autumn Scene. The Indian summer's veil of blue Lies on the mountains far away; And, from the east, forever new, Dawn ushers in the dreary day.

The air is still, the rivulet gleams In silver flashes through the vale— The silken mist above the stream's Fair pathway shines like glistering scales.

I see the squirrel skip and dart Among the rainbow-tinted leaves, The glossy chestnuts fire his heart— But, as for him, he never grieves.

Where red and russet orchards stand, Bowing their burdens to the plain, The lover takes his loved one's hand And saunters thro' the orchard lane.

The clouds are soft that flock the sky, The dry leaves rustle past their feet; But their unclouded reverie, And blissful dreams and visions sweet,

Outdo the splendor of the day, The glory of the dawn: The world lies quiet, past away Ere such delights are dead and gone!

I mark their measured step—and slow— The cottage gate, the parting kiss, And think no summers vainly go That end in such triumphant bliss! —Jed Denton.

CHESAPEAKE SPORTS.

FACTS CONCERNING CANVAS-BACKS AND OTHER AQUATIC BIRDS—THE WAYS OF MARYLAND SPORTSMEN.

There is probably no more beautiful sheet of water in the world than the Chesapeake bay, and with numerous rivers which flow into it, affords amusement for thousands, and food for many thousands more. At its head are the famous Susquehanna flats, the favorite feeding ground for wild ducks, especially the canvas-back. These flats cover a space three miles wide and several miles in length, producing an abundance of wild celery, the favorite food of the ducks, which probably gives them the flavor which is so much admired by epicures, this flavor being a measure lost when freezing weather drives the ducks further down the bay where the wild celery does not grow. The water on these flats is from five to eight feet in depth, and at low tide the bottom is exposed to view in some spots. The canvas-back is a very deep diver, and it is said that the red-head, which is next in point of excellence, feed with them and rob them of their food as soon as they bring it to the surface.

A large proportion of the population of Havre de Grace, which is some five miles above the flats, makes a business of fishing in summer and ducking in winter. The Legislature of Maryland has fixed the time for the shooting to begin on the 1st of November, each boat being required to take out a license and gun only three days in the week. This is done to prevent the ducks from being driven from their feeding ground. It is only on the flats that sink-boats are allowed to be used. These boats are of very simple construction, being nothing more than boxes long enough for a man to lie down in, and having canvas wings on a frame attached by hinges to the boat, which by means of pieces of iron, are sunk to a level with the water. Deceys are then put out, and, drawn by them, flocks of ducks come on near the gunner that he has no difficulty in killing them with a gun of small calibre. As many as five thousand have been slaughtered on the first day of the season and carried to Havre de Grace, to be shipped to other distant cities. Some of these ducks have been successfully shipped to Europe. Duck shooting in this way is not regarded as mere sport, but as a means of gaining a livelihood, it being any thing but pleasure to live for several hours in a coffin-shaped boat, with a cold north-wester blowing and with a driving snow storm blinding and wetting the hardy gunner.

River points on which comfortable blinds have been built are the favorite resorts of the sportsman. Nearly all the best points are rented by clubs who build a cabin on the shore and repair to it as they may have the opportunity. An evening spent in one of these cabins or cottages is an occasion for a rare enjoyment. Around a warm stove or open fire three or four congenial spirits gather. The prospect of a favorable wind and good shooting in the morning is discussed. Each one has a story to tell, or some wonderful achievements to relate concerning gunning in y olden time, when game was more abundant and professional gunners scarce. Towards bedtime some one suggests a hot punch, and none say nay, but excessive drinking is not indulged in, for to be a good marksman one must have a "level head and a steady hand." The dawdling day finds breakfast over and the sportsman in the blind waiting the first flight of ducks. Very often, as a day of waiting, for adverse winds do not incline the game to fly, or they do not notice the decoys; but anticipation is pleasant, and bracing air and exercise is an excellent appetizer for an early dinner.

It is a singular fact not yet accounted for that when the ducks are first driven past by the mouth of Bush river and enter the Gunpowder, where large numbers are killed as they fly over the railroad bridge, but here it takes a good marksman a good "claim" and a strong gun to bring them down, and if the sportsman will com-

pare the empty shells from his breech-loader to the number of ducks bagged he will generally find that he has not more than one duck to every eight shots fired. Already this season an immense number of Blue Wing or Teal have come to the flats, and shooting at them has commenced in the rivers and creeks. Some days ago Mr. Walton, who lives a sort of hermit's life in a cabin on the Bush river, killed twenty-five pairs of blue wings in a few hours, but some how he always knows just where to find game and how to secure it. Later in the winter swan and wild geese make their appearance, a few having already come as a sort of advance guard. They sometimes are drawn by decoys, but they are generally killed at night by rowing on them with a large reflector lamp attached to the bow of the boat. The light seems to confuse them and they do not attempt to fly away. Geese, not being driven, fly into the creeks to feed at night, and sometimes are good shooting in the evening and early morning, as they leave and return to the bay. Our moonlight evenings some years ago, the writer and a gentleman of Harford county, had two hours constant shooting at geese entering Romney creek, but the powder must have been of inferior quality, for very few were killed.

NEW DUCKING LAWS. A number of useful laws to protect the game were passed by the last Legislature and it is the purpose of the sporting man to see that they are enforced. These waters not only abound in game they offer rare sport to those who are fond of fishing. Through laws in the season, rock perch and taylor still afford amusement for the angler. Crabs are generally used for bait, and when the weather and time are favorable the fish bite with astonishing rapidity. During the season many parties of ladies and gentlemen may be seen on the rivers fishing for crabs, and after the exercise of rowing, fish fried on the shore possess a sweetness and delicacy of flavor, which are totally unknown to those who purchase them from the market stall. The Chesapeake is also becoming a favorite for yachting, and last summer it was visited by several clubs from neighboring cities. In addition to the fine fish and oysters which are so easily procured, a number of pleasant towns can be reached by the amateur sailor, where they are sure to be most hospitably entertained.

One other pleasure which is enjoyed on these waters should be mentioned. Among the sportsmen and many fine old mansions, supplied with canvas or sail boats for the more enjoyment or the entertainment of guests. That sportsman must indeed be wedded to his gun, or rod, or something else, who will not lay them aside for a twilight sail when his companion is a country girl, from whose blooming cheeks the roses has not been able to steal all the hues.

When lengthening shadows proclaim the waning day, the bateau is launched for a row or sail on the rippling waters. Sometimes the lady can handle an oar, and as she displays her skill and force in the management of the boat, her male companion begins to realize that he is no longer able to "pad-dle his own canoe." Not until twilight has deepened into darkness lightly by the pale moon, are the couple aware that a heavy dew is falling and it is time to reach the shore.

Some time ago a painting valued at fifteen thousand dollars was exhibited in New York representing an aged man sitting in a boat rowing, with in front and facing him was his little grand-daughter with her hat thrown back, revealing a wealth of curling hair, her hands resting on the oars as though the labor of pulling them was all her own. Each was gazing at the other, and the emotions of each were faithfully pictured on the canvas. The original might have been dwellers on the shores of the Chesapeake, and the old man might have remembered the sport of other days—days when he sought another to handle an oar, who afterwards became his loving bride.

Fun and Frolic.

ATTEND. Soon the odor will arise From a million pumpkin pies, Far and near, While the whirring of the breeze Tell the turkeys in the trees, Autumn's here. —Chicago Tribune.

Paris scientists have succeeded in inoculating a mule with small-pox. It is a wonder the animal didn't kick against it. —Nocturnal Herald.

One of the recently discovered comets has crooked tail. This makes the sprinkling of salt on it easier of accomplishment. —New Haven Register.

This is about the season of the year when the coal dealer comes out in an extra overcoat, and advances the price of coal fifty cents a ton. —Middletown Transcript.

A new perfume, called "Kissme," is advertised. When an inexperienced clerk asks a pretty young lady what she will have, and she says "Kissme," he well put yourself in his place.

It is an axiom among connoisseurs that meat improves in quality as long as it remains sweet with each day it is kept after killing. It is probably true, at any rate a good deal of the meat that is served gives one the impression that it might have been considerably more tender if it had been killed a year or so before.

THE GOVERNOR'S STORY.

We were very poor, said the governor, my mother and I. We lived in a little cabin on Gen. Linton's farm, and saw a hard time. My father had died when I was sixteen years old, leaving us nothing but an honest reputation, and, although I was stout and hearty, my wages were very low, and I had to toil late and early to provide the necessities of life. But I suppose I would have been happy and contented enough; that is, as much as we unsatisfied mortals usually are, if it hadn't been for a woman. I don't know why it was that Helen Linton made such an impression on me, for she had by no means those great and noble qualities that were the opposite sex. On the contrary, she was proud, arrogant and overbearing, and I was confident if she thought of me at all, it was with feelings of contempt and disdain alone.

Not on account of my personal appearance, it is true, for though I was rough and uncultivated, and my hands had been browned by exposure to the sun, still I had wonderful strength and great agility, and many said that I was handsome. But I was poor and she was wealthy. I was Gen. Linton's daughter, and she was the old story. It must have been her bewitching beauty that drew me more and more toward her, for she was a queenly-looking girl, with flashing eyes and magnificent dark-brown hair, and a form tall, majestic and stately. But, however it might have been, I am certain of one thing, and that is, that I learned to love her with a maddening, painful, consuming passion that seemed about to devour my whole being. I tried very hard to smother it, and to drive her image from my heart. I knew I might as well think of plucking down the moon or the stars as to have dared to aspire to her hand.

But it was all no avail; the more I struggled the more I became entangled. In the morning, noon and night there was but one face that I saw, and but one voice that I heard, and that was Helen's. What was worse of all, to me, in some way she discovered my secret; how I can hardly tell. She said murder would out, and the same man had never spoken about it to any one, not even my mother, and as to Helen, I had scarcely ever spoken to her on any subject. It is true that sometimes she would give me instructions in regard to the flower-garden, which Gen. Linton had selected me to manage, having, as he said, more opinion of my taste in such matters than any of his workmen, but she never descended further. I worshipped her like a star from afar off, and knew the distance between us to be as wide and impassable.

One day she came into the garden when I was at work there, and impelled by some unknown power, as it were, I gathered and presented to her a bouquet of flowers; and whether it was from my guilty looks that she was discovered and all, and determined to check me in the beginning, or whether she had already probed to the depths of my heart and thought I was presumptuous, I know not, but certain it is that she never spoke to me after that. She had been in the habit of giving me a nod of recognition whenever she met me before this, but after this she passed me by without even a glance, disdain within her haughty eye and contempt upon her scornful lip. You may know that my life was as wretched as it could well be. I used to sit down by the fire in our little cabin, after a hard day's work was done, and curse my wretched fate, and called God unjust in what I considered the distinctions he made in the human race, but I little knew then what the sequel would be.

Crowds of company, say ladies and gentlemen, came every summer to spend the season at Linton hall, and it so happened that when summer came among the rest a young gentleman named Arthur St. John. He was reported to be wealthy, and handsome he certainly was, and it was not very long before he commenced paying devoted attention to Gen. Linton daughter; and it was easy enough to see that she was as infatuated as he was. They used to ride by our cottage on the Forest road, as it was called, on their prancing horses, he being fondly above her, whispering words of love and tenderness, and she listening to them with a flush on her cheek and a smile upon her lip. I remember one evening I stood watching them as they rode down from the wild glen, bathed in the golden halo that the gorgeous fires of sunset threw upon the scene, while the summer zephyr, loaded with the perfume of wild flowers, blew back her massive hair from her queenly brow, until the scene seemed to me celestial, and she an inhabitant of celestial regions. Just then she caught sight of me, as I looked at her almost entranced, and she spoke some thing in a low tone to her companion. What it was I never knew, but they both looked at me an instant, and then the air rang with their laughter, and I heard him say something about my presumption and impudence, and I guess what it was. It was hard to be thus tortured simply for no other reason than because I had a heart and could not control its impulses, and

when I look back on that time it seems to me like some terrible dream. Misfortunes, they say, never come singly, and they always come, too, when we least expect them. My mother suddenly sickened and died, and I was thus left alone a wretched outcast on the earth. As I stood over her grave it seemed to me that I had buried every hope. I determined to leave the misery where I had seen so much misery. I cared very little where I went. Anywhere far away from there. Gen. Linton paid me what little he owed me, and I struck out for the far west. Railroads and steamboats were not half as numerous then as they are now, and even if they had been, I was too poor to avail myself of their advantages. I walked, therefore, many a weary mile, until after several days of travel I found myself at the outskirts of a growing city. Here I stopped because I thought I had gone far enough, and for the best of all reasons, because my money had given out. I had to do something. A large mansion with beautiful grounds stood before me. I applied to the owner for employment. He said he was very much in need of a gardener, but did not like to employ me without references. After hesitating for a while, however, he concluded to engage me for a month, and if he liked me he would then engage me permanently, he said. I found out in a short time that he was a lawyer of extensive practice, immensely wealthy, and lived at his ease. I followed out the rule that I had adopted through my life, to be honest and industrious under all circumstances, and at the end of the month my employer, whose name was Parker, sent me, he said, to pay me my month's wages. He then surprised me by asking if I could read and write. I told him I could, though to indefatigable energy and perseverance in the labor of the day were over, I had acquired the rudiments of a first-rate English education. My employer then told me that during the past month he had observed me closely, and that he believed me to be an honest man. "I will tell you some more," said he, "that I have discovered. You are a young man of extraordinary intelligence. Gardening is not your proper avocation. I am doing an extensive practice of the law, and I need some one to stay in the office. I know of no one who is better suited than you. With your application and industry, within one year you may be admitted to the bar. You must consent to become my student."

I didn't know exactly how it was, but Judge Parker and the table seemed to become inverted, and the room went whirling around and around, and then we all seemed flying off through the air, like Aladdin's castle, and the next thing I knew I was sobbing, with my head upon the table.

He didn't say anything until I had regained my composure, and then he told him all. What a hard time I had had through life, and how this had been the only light that had ever shone upon my dark pathway. Tears sprang into the old man's eyes as I told him, but he said I must never despair, and he was certain I would come out victorious.

I went into Judge Parker's office and I studied hard, and at the end of the year, as he predicted, I obtained my license to practice law. He then asked me what I intended doing. I told him that I intended to go off to some rising place and grow up with it, "and if I ever do you are the man that made me."

He said I should do no such thing. He was getting old, he said, and was unable to attend properly to a great deal of his business, and he wanted me to stay and assist him. "You must be my partner," he said, "with a share of the profits."

Again the room seemed turning around and around, but this time I managed to retain my feelings and only said: "May Heaven thank you, for I can't."

Well, it wasn't long before the people seemed to take an interest in me, and they elected me to the state legislature, and then after awhile, to Congress, and I always continued in the same honest, industrious course until he had made me his governor.

I had heard but little in all that time from Linton Hall. I had heard that General Linton had died and that Arthur St. John and Helen had married, and that the old place had been sold and that was all.

As for my part, I was still a bachelor. Many a time, amid the thunders of applause that had surrounded me, fair hands had thrown me beautiful bouquets, and ruby lips had smiled, and bright eyes had glistened when I was near; but I thought of cold, cruel, haughty Helen Linton, and had judged them all alike and had turned away.

One winter evening, shortly after I had been elected Governor, when the wind was howling outside and I was enjoying the comforts of my room within and wondering if any houseless wretch were out in that storm, to my great astonishment the servant ushered in a lady. It was something usual; but I spoke to her as politely as I could, and offered her a seat, when the light fell upon her features, and, notwithstanding the sunken eye and hollow cheeks, to my consternation I recognized the face of Helen Linton.

To my relief, however, I found that she did not recognize me. No, she would as soon have looked for a form from the tomb as have looked for me at that place.

She had come, she said on painful business. Her father had been a very wealthy man, and had left her a large property, but her husband had been very dissipated, and, having run thro' with it all, and finding the family in want, in an unlucky moment had committed a forgery, for which he had been tried and found guilty, and she had come for his pardon. She told me all this amid sobs and tears, and finally concluded by prostrating herself at my feet.

Great God! This woman who once thought me not good enough to wipe her shoes upon kneeling and groveling at my feet!

I begged her to rise and be seated, and I then inquired her father's name. She said it was John Linton. I then asked her if she remembered the old widow and her son, that once lived in the cabin on the Forest road, near Linton hall.

She replied with some surprise that she did.

Then I stood up. "That boy," said I, "wretched, homeless, outcast that he once was, stands before you."

She turned ashen white, arose and staggered toward the door. I told her to stop, I had something to say to her. "Let me go," she said, "I showed no mercy to you."

"Then my heart was touched." "Mrs. St. John," said I, "I will pardon your husband, but on one condition only."

She eagerly asked me to name it. "It is this," said I, "that you will teach your children the folly and the evil consequences of pride; that you will guard them against his wicked and nefarious influences through life, and your husband will likewise reclaim and lead a different life."

She readily assented to my requirements, and in a few moments more she was on her way home, bearing the joyful tidings to her little children.

The lesson that I taught I hope may be a benefit to them through life. She and her husband moved to a distant city, where he reformed and became a useful and respectful citizen, and often professed me. I understand, and with profound gratitude.

I am a bachelor yet, and there is but one woman to whom memory ever drops a tear. And that is the memory of my mother.

The Love Bug.

A California physician who discovered a new disease—love-madness—has been experimenting with the person afflicted therewith and has produced the "love parasite," or bacillus microcos. This he cultivated up to the twentieth generation, and with the parasites of that generation inoculated a number of subjects. The inoculation was invariably successful, symptoms of the disease appearing in a very short time after the operation. A bachelor, aged fifty years, on the first day after inoculation had his whiskers dyed, ordered a suit of new clothes and a set of false teeth, bought a top buggy and a bottle of hair restorer, a diamond ring, a guitar, and began reading Byron's poems. The inoculation produced symptoms of the same nature in a young lady of forty-five. She spent \$5 as a drug store for cosmetics, bought a lot of new hair and a croquet set, sang "Empty is the Cradle," sent out invitations for a party, and complained that the Chicago young men do not go to society. An inoculated youth of seventeen employed in a country store did up a gallon of molasses in a paper bag, and also in a fit of absent-mindedness put the cat in the butter tub and threw some fresh butter out of the window. Finally he sat in a basket of eggs while looking at the photograph of a pretty girl, and was discharged for his carelessness. The Chicago doctor is self-experimenting, and will soon lay the results of his observations before the medical world.

OYSTERS VS. CRABS.—A peculiar case was heard in the Somerset county (Md.) court last week, being an appeal of William L. Ford, charged with taking oysters without a license. The real offence at which the prosecution was aimed was the taking of crabs in drags or dredges. This was considered by other crabbers an unfair way of doing business and one which, if persisted in, was calculated to deplete their waters of these crustacea. There is, however, no law regulating the catching of crabs, but Ford's dredges brought up a few oysters along with them, and then his opponents had him.

They brought suit against him before a magistrate, and will soon lay the results of his observations before the medical world. I gazed on thee; scarce thee months ago I saw, admired, desired and purchased thee— A nobby, fashionable, new straw hat; A shelter from the sun; from blenheim froe. But now, alas! thou'rt faded; gone to seed Thy charms have flown; so has the summer sun; Thy troubles came, while mine begin, for I Must now get trusted for a warmer one. —Danville Advertiser.