e Chestertown Transcript.

CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 26, 1866. NO. 1.

HOUSE AND LOT
FOR SALE.

BY virtue of a Deed of Trust from John C. Riley and wife, the undersigned will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on

Thursday, the 31st of May,

at the Veshell House in Chestertown, at 3 o'clock, P M.,

A TWO-STORY FRAME
DWELLING HOUSE AND STORE,

in the Village of Still Pond, belonging to the said John C. Riley and wife, with

THE LOT OF LAND

attached, fronting 134 feet, and running back 142 feet. The above property is eligibly situated and is in good repair. To any one desiring to engage in the mercantile business a rare chance is here offered. As a place of residence no other part of the County offers superior inducements to Still Pond. Churches, Schools, Mills, Navigable water, &c., near at hand.

THE TERMS will be easy, and made known at sale.

JESSE K. HINES, Trustee.

N. B.—This property may be purchased at private sale before the day above named.

April 7, 1866—tds. J. K. H.

MARYLAND:
Kent County Orphans' Court,

APRIL 24, 1866.

On the application of Jane C. Gemmill and James S. Gemmill, Administrators of William M. Gemmill, late of Kent county, deceased:

Ordered, That they give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, in Kent county, Maryland, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of three successive weeks, in *'The Chestertown Transcript,'* printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 24th day of March, 1866.

SEAL

Test. JOS. P. IRELAND,
Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice, that the subscribers, of Kent County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, in Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of

WILLIAM M. GEMMILL,

late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers *On or before the 24th day of November*, 1866; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under our hands this 24th day of April, 1866.

JANE C. GEMMILL,
JAMES S. GEMMILL,
Adm'rs. of Wm. M. Gemmill, dec'd.

April 28, 1866—4t.

MARYLAND:
Kent County Orphans' Court,

APRIL 24, 1866.

On the application of Robert J. Scotton, Administrator of James Scotton, late of Kent county, deceased,

ORDERED, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, in Kent county, Md., and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in The Chestertown Transcript, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 24th day of April, 1866.

SEAL

Test. JOS. P. IRELAND,
Register of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice, that the subscriber, of Kent county, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the personal estate of

JAMES SCOTTON,

late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber,

On or before the 24th day of November, 1866; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 24th day of April, 1866.

ROBERT J. SCOTTON,
Administrator of James Scotton, dec'd.

April 24, 1866—4t.

New Goods,
AT KENNEDYVILLE, Md.

A LARGE STOCK OF ALL KINDS OF GOODS just received.

GOOD CALICOES AT 12½ CENTS!

☞ *And all other Goods at the Reduced Prices!*

Persons wanting Goods will do well to call and examine my Stock before going elsewhere.

TERMS.—CASH, OR COUNTRY PRODUCE.

C. W. WARREN,
Kennedyville, Kent County, Md.

April 14, 1866.

Hoop Skirts,

BRADLEY'S DOUBLE SPRING, considered among the best and most agreeable to the wearer, now in use—just received and for sale by

April 14. WICKES & BRO.

Hats! Shoes!!

A FULL LINE of Men's and Boys' HATS, for Spring wear, some of them of quite Nobby styles: a general assortment of SHOES, among others, GENTS. CALF BOOTS and SUMMER BALMORALS, and a complete stock of superior MONROES and BROGANS for *Plowing* and other *Farm Work*, all offered for sale at low figures, by

April 14. WICKES & BRO.

CAKE TURNERS, Egg Whips, Basting Spoons, Flesh Forks, Wire Ladles, Skimmers, Iron and Tin Dippers, Dust Pans, Coffee and Tea Pots, Candle Sticks, Lamps and Lanterns, for sale at the Tin and Stove Store.

May 14 *J. K. ALDRIDGE.*

&c., &c., &c., &c.,

☞ Cheap for Cash, and at short notice. ☜

COUGH no MORE. **DR. STRICKLAND'S** MELLIFLUOUS **COUGH BALSAM** is warranted to be the only preparation known to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Chronic Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis and Croup. Being prepared from Honey and Herbs it is healing, softening, and expectorating, and particularly suitable for all affections of the Throat and Lungs. For sale by Druggists everywhere.

CURE for PILES. **DR. STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY** has cured thousands of the worst cases of Blind and Bleeding Piles. It gives immediate relief, and effects a permanent cure. Try it directly. It is warranted to cure. For sale by all Druggists at 50 Cents per bottle.

Doctor Strickland's TONIC. **DYSPEPSIA.** DR. STRICKLAND'S TONIC is a concentrated preparation of Roots and Herbs, with antiacids and carminatives to strengthen the stomach and nervous system. It is a certain remedy for Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, Acidity of the Stomach, Flatulency and Debility. It is not alcoholic, therefore particularly suited for Weak, Nervous and Dyspeptic persons. For sale by all Druggists everywhere at $1 per bottle. Jan. 20, 1866—y

BURGESS, BRAMBLE & HINES,
COMMISSION AGENTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
OYSTERS,
Grain, Fruit, Produce, &c.,
152 Pratt Street Wharf,
BALTIMORE.

T. H. Burgess, C. H. Bramble, V. B. Htnes.

NOTICE TO FRUIT GROWERS.

FROM past experience, the facilities now in our possession and our extensive acquaintance with the principal PACKERS and DEALERS in Fruit—we can at all times command the HIGHEST PRICES for all

FRUIT AND PRODUCE

consigned to us for sale, and respectfully solicit consignments.

☞ Prompt returns made, and PARTICULAR attention given to the return of Boxes.

BURGESS, BRAMBLE & HINES,
No. 152 PRATT STREET.

Baltimore, March 17, 1865—tf.

W. H. WEST,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
132 West Pratt street, Baltimore.

Particular attention given to the sale of

GRAIN

And all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Shipping Orders promptly attended to.

REFERENCES:

Messrs. Jno. A. Stephens & Bro., Balt.
" Norris & Pusey "
Dr. C. H. B. Massey, Kent County.
J. S. Hurlock, Esq., " "
R. C. Johnson, " " "
Messrs. Mallalieu & Bro., Queen Anne's Co.
Baltimore, March 31, 1866—y.

SHEUBROOK, WOODALL & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain & all kinds of Country Produce,
No. 124 Light St. Wharf,
Opposite the Wharf of Slaughter's Steamboat Line,
BALTIMORE.

☞ All consignments are thankfully received and promptly attended to.

February 10, 1866—

Public Local Laws,
OPERATIVE IN KENT COUNTY,
Passed at the special Session, January, 1866, and published in accordance with "An Act to add an Article to the Code of Public General Laws, in relation to the Publication of Laws," which provides that—

"Every Public Local Law made to take effect before the first day of June next, after the session at which it may be passed, shall immediately after its passage be published once in each of three successive weeks in all the newspapers of the respective counties in which it may operate; and in case there is no newspaper published in any county, then in such manner as the County Commissioners of said county may direct, and in case any such law is to operate in the city of Baltimore, then once in each week for three successive weeks in such daily newspapers published in said city as the Mayor thereof may direct; and the Mayor and City Council of Baltimore, and County Commissioners of the several counties shall provide for payment of the expenses of such publication."

CHAPTER 148.

AN ACT to secure the completion of the Kent County Railroad by the Kent County Railroad Company, and to regulate the mode of voting at meetings of the Stockholders of Railroad Companies on the Eastern Shore.

Section 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That the lien held by the State of Maryland on the property of the Kent County Railroad Company to secure the payment of six per centum interest out of the profits of the work, on the shares of the capital stock of said Company held by the State, shall not be construed to give a preference to the said State over the bond holders of the said Company, and the said lien is hereby expressly waived, postponed and deferred in favor of the holders of bonds of the said Company, which may be issued for the construction and equipment of the said Railroad, to an amount not exceeding in the whole three hundred thousand dollars.

Section 2. *And be it enacted*, That the said Company shall have full power to issue its bonds, or other securities, or the pledge of its property, estate and franchise bearing interest at a rate not exceeding six per centum per annum, redeemable at any time within twenty years, and not exceeding in amount the sum of three hundred thousand dollars, and dispose of the same for the objects aforesaid, and no bond of the said Company, issued in good faith for the construction, completion, or equipment of the said Railroad, shall be annulled or abated, because the same may be disposed of by the said Company at less than its par value.

Section 3. *And be it enacted*, That in the election of Directors on the part of the private Stockholders in Kent County Railroad Company, and in all other Railroad Companies on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, the stock of the State shall not be voted, nor shall the same be counted in ascertaining the presence of a quorum necessary for such election.

Sec. 4. *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

CHAPTER 158.

AN ACT to authorise and empower the Trustees of the Almshouse of Kent county to sell and convey a certain piece of land to Thomas Baker and others, Trustees of Camp meetings and for other purposes of the Methodist Episcopal Church on Kent Circuit.

Section 1. *Be it enacted by the General assembly of Maryland*, That the Trustees of the Almshouse in Kent County be, and they are hereby authorised and empowered, for such consideration as they may deem proper, to convey by deed duly executed and acknowledged according to law, a part of the farm or tract of land in said county, known as the Almshouse property, described as follows: Beginning at a stone set on the lines of the land of the devisees of the late Samuel E. Baker and the said Almshouse farm, and running thence North sixty-two degrees, West thirty-nine perches and nine-tenths of a perch, to lines of the land of the said Samuel E. Baker, thence with said lands North forty-four degrees East ten perches and three-tenths of a perch, to a stone, thence with said lands and the Camp ground lot in a straight line to the beginning, containing one acre and twenty-four perches, to Thomas Baker, Joshua Clark, James Kendall, William W. Parks, Joseph A. Harper, John N. Usilton and Henry Bramble, and their successors forever, in trust to and for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church on Kent Circuit, for holding and conducting camp-meetings, Sunday School meetings, festivals or other meetings, and for such other purposes as may be considered useful or advantageous to the said Church, or for any other moral, religious or literary institutions of the said Church, according to the provisions of the act of Assembly passed at December session, eighteen hundred and sixty-one, chapter seventy-two, entitled, "an Act to appoint and authorise certain persons in Kent county to purchase real estate in Kent county, from Samuel E. Baker, of said county, to be held in trust for the Methodist Episcopal Church on Kent Circuit, for purpose of holding camp-meeting or other meetings on the same, Sunday School festivals, and so forth."

Sec. 2. *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

May 12, 1866—3t.

BLACK LEAD and Blacking Brushes for sale by ALDRIDGE.

The Poet.

Among the Laurels.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The sunset's gorgeous dyes
Paled slowly from the skies,
And the clear heaven was waiting for the stars,
As side by side we strayed
Adown a sylvan glade,
And found our pathway crossed by rustic bars.

Beyond the barrier lay
A green and tempting way,
Arched with fair laurel trees, ablaom and tall,
Their cups of tender snow
Touched with a rosy glow,
And warm sweet shadows trembling over all.

The chestnuts sung and sighed,
The solemn oaks replied,
And distant pine trees crooned in slumberous tones;
While music low and clear
Gushed from the darkness near,
Where a shy brook went tinkling over stones.

Soft moss, damp and sweet,
Allured our waiting feet,
And brambles veiled their thorns with treacherous blood,
While tiny flocks of flowers,
Which own no name of ours,
Added their mite of beauty and perfume.

And hark! a hidden bird—
To sudden utterance stirred,
As by a gushing love too great to bear;
With voiceless silence long—
Burst into passionate song,
Filling with his sweet trouble all the air.

Then one, whose eager soul
Could brook no slight control,
Said, "Let us thread this pleasant path, dear friend—
If thus the way can be
So beautiful to see,
How much more beautiful must be the end!

"Follow! this solitude
May shrine the haunted wood,
Storied so sweetly in romance and rhyme—
Secure from human ill,
And rarely peopled still
By Fauns and Dryads of the olden time.

"A spot of hallowed ground
By mortal yet unfound,
Sacred to nymph and sylvan deity,—
Where foiled Apollo glides,
And bashful Daphne hides
Safe in the shelter of her laurel tree!"

"Forbear!" the other cried—
"O, leave the way untried!
Those joys are sweetest which we only guess,
And the impatient soul,
That seeks to grasp the whole,
Defeats itself by its own eagerness.

"Let us not rudely shake
The dew-drop from the brake
Fringing the borders of this haunted dell;
And the delights which are—
The present and the far—
Lose half their charm by being known too well!

"And he mistakes who tries
To search all mysteries—
Who leaves no cup undrained, no path untracked;
Who seeks to know too much
Brushes with eager touch
The bloom of Fancy from the brier of Fact.

"Keep one fair myth aloof
From the hard and actual proof;
Preserve some dear delusions as they seem,
Since the reality,
How bright soe'er it be,
Shows dull and cold beside our marvelous dream.

"Leave this white page unscored,
This rare realm unexplored,
And let dear Fancy roam there as she will;
Whatever page we turn,
However much we learn,
Let there be something left to dream of still!"

Wherefore, for aught we know,
The golden apples grow
In the green vale to which that pathway leads;
The spirits of the wood,
Still haunts its solitude,
And Pan sits piping there among the reeds!

A Wonderful Tree.

In the birch wood of Culloden, Scotland, there is a remarkable tree, well worthy of note. About thirty years ago, a young giant of the forest was blown down, and fell across a deep gully or ravine, which it completely spanned, and the top branches took root on the other side. From the parent stem no less than fifteen trees grew up perpendicularly, all in a row; and there they still flourish, in all their splendor, while the parent stem evinces no token of decay. Several of the trees are not less than thirty feet high. The tree is a birch fir.

So You Might have Been.

An eminent divine, remarkable for the devoted piety and spotless purity of his character, was heard to say that he never read or heard of a crime in his life, no matter how heinous, without feeling an inward consciousness that under certain conditions of education, training or association, he might have committed the same crime himself. The same feeling must have been experienced more or less by all reflecting, enlightened men; and yet how little charity there is in the world.

THE SECOND THOUGHT.

"I must have it, Charles," said the handsome little wife of Mr. Whitman. "So don't put on that sober face."

"Did I put on a sober face?" asked the husband, with an attempt to smile that was anything but a success.

"Yes, sober as a man on trial for his life. Why, it's as long as the moral law. There, dear, clear it up, and look as if you had at least one friend in the world. What money-lovers you men are?"

"How much will it cost?" inquired Mr. Whitman. There was another effort to look cheerful and acquiescent.

"About forty dollars," was answered, with just a little faltering in the lady's voice, for she knew the sum would sound extravagant.

"Forty dollars! Why, Ada, do you think I am made of money?" Mr. Whitman's countenance underwent a remarkable change of expression.

"I declare, Charles," said his wife, a little impatiently, "you look at me as if I were an object of fear instead of affection. I don't think this is kind of you. I've only had three silk dresses since we were married, while Amy Blight has had six or seven during the same period, and every one of hers cost more than mine. I know you think me extravagant, but I wish you had a wife like some women I could name. I rather think you'd find out the difference before long."

"There, there, pet, don't talk to me after this fashion! I'll bring the money at dinner-time, that is, if—"

"No ifs nor buts, if you please. The sentence is complete without them. Thank you, dear. I'll go this afternoon and buy the silk. So don't fail to bring the money. I was at Silkskin's yesterday, and saw one of the sweetest patterns I ever laid my eyes on. Just suits my style and complexion. You won't disappoint me?"

And Mrs. Whitman laid her soft, white hand on the arm of her husband, and smiled with sweet persuasion in her face.

"Oh, no. You shall have the money," said Mr. Whitman, turning off from his wife, as she thought a little abruptly, and hurrying from her presence. In his precipitation, he had forgotten the usual parting kiss.

"That's the way it is always!" said Mrs. Whitman, her whole manner changing, as the sound of the closing street door came jarring upon her ears. "Just say money to Charles, and at once there is a cloud in the sky."

She sat down, pouting and half angry.

"Forty dollars for a new dress!" ejaculated the husband of the vain, pretty, thoughtless Mrs. Whitman, as he shut the door after him. "I promised to settle Thompson's coal bill to-day—thirty-three dollars—but don't know where the money is to come from. The coal is burnt up, and more must be ordered. Oh, dear, I am discouraged. Every year I fall behind. This winter I did hope to get a little in advance, but if forty dollar silk dresses are the order of the day, there's an end to that devoutly to be wished for consummation. Debt! debt! How I have shrunk from it; but steadily, now, it is closing its Briarean arms around me, and my constricting chest labors in respiration. Oh, if I could but disentangle myself now, while I have the strength of early manhood, and the bonds that hold me are weak. If Ada could see as I see—if I could only make her understand rightly my position. Alas! that is hopeless I fear.

And Mr. Whitman hurried his steps because his heart beat quicker, and his thoughts were unduly excited.

Not a long time after Mr. Whitman left home, the city postman left a letter to his address The wife examined the writing on the envelope, which was in a bold, masculine hand, and she said to herself, as she did so—

"I wondor who this can be from?"

Something more than curiosity moved her. There intruded on her mind a vague feeling of disquiet, as if the missive bore unpleasant news for her husband. The stamp showed it to be a city letter. A few times, of late, such letters had come to his address, and she had noticed that he had read them hurriedly, thrust them without remark into his pocket, and became silent.

If the thought of Mrs. Whitman recurred, as was natural, to the elegant silk dress of which she was to become the owner on that day, she did not feel the proud satisfaction her vain heart experienced a little while before. Something of its beauty had faded.

"If I only knew what that letter contained," she said, half an hour after it came in, her mind still feeling the pressure which had come down upon it so strangely, as it seemed to her. She went to the mantel-piece, took up the letter, and examined the superscription. Steadily it kept growing upon her that its contents were of a nature to trouble her husband.

Mrs. Whitman turned the letter over and over again in her hand, in a thoughtful way, and as she did so, the image of her husband,—sober-faced and silent as he had become for most of the time, of late, presented itself with unusual vividness. Sympathy stole into her heart.

"Poor Charles!" she said, as the feeling increased; "I'm afraid something is going wrong with him."

Placing the letter on the mantel-piece, where he could see it when he came in, Mrs. Whitman entered upon some household duties, but a strange impression, as of weight, lay upon her heart—a sense of impending evil—a vague feeling that all was not going well with her husband.

"He has been a little mysterious of late," she said to herself. The idea affected her very unpleasantly. "He grows more silent and reserved," she added, as though her mind, under a kind of feverish excitement, became active in a new direction. More indrawn, as it were, and less interested in what goes on around him. His coldness chills me at times, and his irritation hurts me."

She drew a long, deep sigh. Then, with an almost startled vividness, came before her mind in contrast, her tender, loving, cheerful husband of three years before, and quiet, silent, sober-faced husband of to-day.

"Something is going wrong with him!" she said aloud, as the feeling grew stronger. "What can it be?"

The letter was in her hand.

"This may give me light." And, with with careful fingers she opened the envelope, not breaking the paper, so that she could seal it again if she desired to do so. There was a bill of sixty dollars, and a communication from the person sending the bill. He was a jeweler.

"If this is not settled at once," he wrote, "I shall put the account in suit. It has been standing for over a year; and I am tired of getting excuses instead of my money."

The bill was for a lady's watch, which Mrs. Whitman had almost compelled her husband to purchase. "Not paid for! Is it possible?" exclaimed the little woman, in blank astonishment, while the blood mounted to her forehead.

Then she sat down to think. Light began to come into her mind. As she sat thus thinking, a second letter for her husband came in from the penny-post-man. She opened it without hesitation. Another bill, and another dunning letter!

"Not paid! Is it possible?" She repeated the ejaculation. It was a bill of twenty-five dollars for gaiters and slippers, which had been standing for three months.

"This will never do!" said the awaking wife—"never—no never;" and she thrust the two letters into her pocket in a resolute way. From that hour until the return of her husband at dinner time, Mrs. Whitman did an unusual amount of thinking for her little brain. She saw, the moment he entered, that the mourning cloud had not passed from his brow.

"Here is the money for that new dress," he said, taking a small roll of bills from his vest pocket, and handing them to Ada as he came in. He did not kiss her, nor smile in the old bright way. But his voice was calm, if not cheerful. A kiss and a smile just then would have been more precious to the young wife than a hundred silk dresses. She took the money, saying—

"Thank you, dear. It is kind of you to regard my wishes."

Something in Ada's voice and manner caused Mr. Whitman to lift his eyes, with a look of inquiry, to her face. But she turned aside, so that he could not read its expression.

He was graver and more silent than usual, and eat with scarcely an appearance of appetite.

"Come home early, dear," said Mrs. Whitman, as she walked to the door with her husband, after dinner.

"Are you impatient to have me admire your silk dress?" he replied with a fain effort to smile.

"Yes, it will be something splendid," she answered.

He turned off from her quickly, and left the house. A few moments she stood with a thoughtful face, her mind indrawn and her whole manner completely changed. Then she went to her room, and commenced dressing to go out.

Two hours later and we find her in a jewelry store on Baltimore Street.

"Can I say a word to you?" she said to the owner of the store, who knew her vey well.

Certainly," he replied, and they moved to the lower end one of the long show cases.

Mrs. Whitman drew from her pocket a lady's watch and chain, and laying them on the show case, said, at the same time holding out the bill she had taken from the envelope addressed to her husband—

"I cannot afford to wear this watch, my husband's circumstances are too limited. I tell you so frankly. It should never have been purchased, but a too indulgent husband yielded to the importunities of a foolish wife. I say this to take the blame from him. Now, sir, meet the case, if you can do so in fairness to yourself. Take back the watch and say how much I shall pay you besides."

The jeweler dropped his eyes to think. The case took him a little by surprise. He stood for nearly a minute; then taking the bill and watch said:

"Wait a moment," and went to a desk near by.

"Will that do?" He had come forward again and now presented her with the receipted bill. His face wore a pleased expression.

"How much shall I pay you?" asked Mrs. Whitman, drawing out her pocket book.

"Nothing. The watch is not defaced."

"You have done a kind act, sir," said Mrs. Whitman, with feelings trembling along her voice. "I hope you will not think unfavorably of my husband. It's no fault of his that the bill has not been paid. Good morning, sir."

Mrs. Whitman drew her veil over her face, and went, with light steps, and light heart from the store. The pleausure she had experienced on receiving her watch was not to be compared with that now felt in parting with it. From the jeweller's she went to the bootmaker's, and paid the bill of twenty-five dollars; from thence to the milliner's, and settled for her last bonnet.

"I know you are dying to see my new dress," said Mrs. Whitman, gaily, as she placed her arm within that of her husband on his appearance that evening. "Come over to our bedroom—and let me show it. Come along! Don't hang back, Charles, as if you were afraid."

Charles Whitman went with his wife passively, looking more like a man on his way to receive sentence than in expectation of a pleasant sight. His thoughts were bitter.

"Shall my Ada become lost to me," he said, in his heart—"lost to me in a world of folly, fashion and extravagance?"

"Sit down, Charles." She led him to a large, cushioned chair. Her manner had undergone a change. The brightness of her countenance had departed. She took something, in a hurried way, from a drawer, and catching up a foot-stool placed it on the floor near him, and looked tenderly and loving into his face. Then handed him the jeweler's bill.

"It is receipted, you see." Her voice fluttered a little.

"Ada! how is this? What does it mean?" He flushed and grew eager.

"I returned the watch, and Mr. R..... receipted the bill. I would have paid for damage, but he said it was uninjured, and asked nothing."

"Oh, Ada!"

"And this is receipted also; and this," and handing the other bills which she had paid.

"And now, dear," she added, quickly, "how do you like my dress? Isn't it beautiful?"

We leave the explanations and scene that followed to the reader's imagination. If any fair lady, however, who, like Ada, has been drawing too heavily on her husband's slender income, for silks, and jewels, is at a loss to realize the scene, let her try Ada's experiment. Our word for it, she will find a new and happy experience in life. Costly silks and jewels may be very pleasant things, but they are too dear, when they come as the price of a husband's embarrassment, mental disquietude or alienation. Too often the gay young wife wears them as the sign of these unhappy conditions. Tranquil hearts, and sunny homes, are precious things; too precious to be burdened and clouded by weak vanity and love of show. Keep this in mind, oh, ye fair ones, who have husbands in moderate circumstances. Do not let your pride and pleasure oppress them.—Rich clothing, costly lace and gems, are poor substitutes for smiling peace and hearts unshadowed by care. Take the lesson and live by it, rather than offer another illustration, in your own experience, of the folly we have been trying to expose and rebuke.

Presence of Mind.

Every body has heard how presence of mind displayed by Sir Thomas More once saved his life; yet the story bears repeating. One day while Sir Thomas was walking on the roof of his palace, lost in contemplation, an insane man came rushtoward him, and threatened to push him from the battlements. The Chancellor was in his gown, and besides was old and unable to struggle with such a strong fellow. He had a little dog with him.

"Now," said he to the maniac, "let us throw the dog down, and see what sport it will be."

So the dog was thrown over.

"Is not this fine sport?" said his lordship; "let us fetch him up, and try it again."

As the madman was going down, Sir Thomas fastened the door and called for help.

One evening, not long ago, a peaceful-minded gentleman, who probably never fired a pistol in his life, was pursuing his homeward way through one of our city avenues. Suddenly he was accosted by a half-intoxicated ruffian with—

"Here, stop now, what have you got in your pocket?"

"A three-barreled revolver," was the instant reply. "What have you got?"

The drunken wretch turned, and rushed away without a word.

Wise Proverbs.

The harder the wood the higher the polish.

One man cries, "There's a well;" another quietly puts a pump into it.

Prayers and provender never hindered any man's journey.

Experience and wisdom are the two best fortune-tellers.

The covetous man makes a half-penny of a farthing; and a liberal man makes a sixpence of it.

Vain glory is a flower which never comes to fruit.

If folly were pain, we should have great crying out in every house.

Your looking-glass will tell you what friends never will.

The man that speaks plain truth is a cleverer fellow than he is generally taken for.

The snail looks around his house, and thinks it is the whole world.

☞ A young couple had been married by a Quaker, and after the ceremony, he remarked to the husband:

"Friend, thou art at the end of thy troubles."

A few weeks after, the young man came to the good minister, boiling over with rage (his wife was a regular vixen.)

"I thought you told me that I was at the end of my troubles?"

"So I did, friend, but I did not say which end."

Wise Sayings.

Have nothing to do with an angry man.

Take heed of whom and to whom you speak.

Rise from the table with an appetite.

Believe not all you hear, nor report all you believe.

Remember thy own faults, and be not severe upon those of other people.

A man advertises for "competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds that "it will be profitable to the *undertaker!*" No doubt of it.

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