The Chestertown Transcript.

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Chestertown Transcript
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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IF PAID IN ADVANCE. If not paid within three months from the time of subscribing, TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS will be charged.

Advertisements

Of TEN LINES Bourgeois (or its equivalent in space) or less, will be inserted three times for One Dollar: Twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. One square three months, three Dollars: Six months, five Dollars: One Year, eight Dollars. Fractions of a square will be charged as a square. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements at moderate rates. Yearly and semi-annual advertisements must be paid quarterly. Advertisements not stating the number of times they are to be published, will be continued and charged for until ordered out.

JOB PRINTING.

—x—

Having supplied our office with a large, varied and beautiful assortment of TYPE FOR JOBS, we are prepared to print

HANDBILLS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
SUITABLE FOR
STORES,
TRUSTEES' SALES,
Public Sales,
&c., &c., &c., &c.,

☞ Cheap for Cash, and at short notice. ☜

COUGH NO MORE. **DR. STRICKAND'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

$1,500 PER YEAR! We want Agents everywhere to sell our IMPROVED $20 Sewing Machine. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Sent on trial. Warranted five years. Above salary or large commissions paid. The ONLY machines sold in the United States for less than $40, which are *fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co., and Bachelder.* All other cheap machines are *infringements* and the *seller* or *user* are *liable to arrest, fine and imprisonment.* Illustrated circulars sent *free.* Address, or call upon Shaw & Clark, at Biddeford, Maine, or Chicago, Ill. May 12, 1866—1y

Sept. 22, 1866.

JAMES R. CHANCE & SONS
Old and Popular Stand, The
CHEAP CORNER!

LARGE INVOICE OF GOODS JUST OPENING. *DRY GOODS.*

Invoice of Delaines, Alpacas, Silks, Mourning Goods and Calicoes, AT CITY PRICES!

Invaice of MUSLINS; bleached and unbleached 7-4 and 5-4 Sheeting—cheaper than ever offered.

All wool heavy Flannels, at prices unrivaled.

French and English Ginghams. Ticking & Shirting Stripes, at prices to suit the times.

All wool CASSIMERS, French and English, bought of importers.

Satinets, N. Y. Kersey, all wool heavy Kerseys, bought of manufacturers. Mallalieu and Murphy's Kerseys.

Large and varied Stock of NOTIONS.

Hem-stitched Handkerchiefs, Plain and Fancy Hosiery, from the commonest to the best. Gloves, Gauntlets, Hoods, Sontags, &c. Fine assortment of Cologne, Handkerchief Extracts, Hair Oil, &c., at prices ranging much lower. H. W. VICKERS,
Sept. 22, 1866. Cheap Corner.

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.*

PRODUCE

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION wanted at EDESVILLE, for which the *highest Cash prices* will be paid, by
T. ROMIE STRONG & CO.
December 16, 1865.

Latest Fashions.

FALL MILLINERY AND Fancy Goods.

MISS SUSAN A. SPARKS respectfully informs her old customers and the ladies generally, that she has just returned from the City with a complete assortment of

Fall MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS,

embracing all the latest Novelties in Bonnets Ribbons, Velvets, DRESS TRIMMINGS, &c., which were selected with great care, bought on the best terms, and will be sold low. An inspection of her Stock is solicited before purchasing elsewhere.

Stamping.—The latest styles and patterns in great variety. Call and see them.
Chestertown, October 13, 1866.

NOTICE TO FARMERS.

THE Partnership, under the name of HINES & WEST, was dissolved, by mutual consent, February the 1st, 1866. The undersigned has taken the Warehouse,

No. 132 West Pratt Street,

FOR THE PURPOSE OF DOING A

GENERAL COMMISSION BUSINESS,

and hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the patronage so liberally extended to the late firm.

Particular attention given to the sale of

GRAIN, FRUITS,

AND ALL KINDS OF

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Having been extensively engaged in the

Fruit Business

for a number of years, and knowing the disadvantage the Peach Growers labor under, by the loss of Boxes, all persons intending to send their Fruit, and notifying me how many Boxes they will need, I will furnish the Boxes; the Grower paying only for what Boxes he has on hand at the end of the season, at market price.

W. H. WEST,
132 *West Pratt street, Baltimore.*

REFERENCES:

Messrs. John A. Stephens & Bro., of Balto.
" Norris & Pusey, "
Dr. C. H. B. Massey, of Kent County.
R. C. Johnson, " "
John S. Hurlock, " "
Messrs. Mallalieu & Bro., of Queen Ann's Co.
June 23, 1866—tf.

Chestertown BAKERY.

EVERY PERSON SHOULD LOOK TO HIS OWN INTEREST.

THOSE in want of *CAKE and CONFECTIONARY* for the coming Holidays, should not forget to call at HUDGINS' BAKERY, where Cakes are made up in style surpassed by no other Bakery in Kent county,

SUCH AS

Fine Lady Cakes, French Wine Cakes, Almond Drops, Jelly Cake of different kinds, New Year Tea Cake, Cakes for Parties, in fact

CAKES OF DIFFERENT KINDS, such as you will find in a similar establishment in the City. Also, a full assortment of

Confectionary of all Kinds.

Nuts, Kisses, Raisins,
Currants, Dates, Figs,
Prunes, Citron, Candies.

BREAD, RUSK, BISCUITS, AND PIES,
FRESH EVERY DAY.

☞ Our Mince Pies are delicious—just try them.

Thankful for past favors, he respectfully asks a continuance of the Public patronage.

WASHINGTON HUDGINS,
Main St., nearly opposite Post Office.
N. B.—Cakes at Retail, Wholesale and by the Barrel. Dec. 19, 1863.

THE POPULAR

CLOTHING HOUSE.

BOYS' JACKETS,
BOYS' COATS,
BOYS' PANTS,
MEN'S FINE CLOTH COATS,
MEN'S SACK COATS,
MEN'S ENGLISH WALKING COATS.
MEN'S FRENCH SACK COATS.
Men's Spring Overcoats,
MEN'S BLACK PANTS.
MEN'S FANCY PANTS.
WE HAVE THE BEST
AND FINEST STOCK OF
MEN'S & BOY'S CLOTHING
IN THE CITY.
Together with a
SUPERIOR STOCK OF
Piece Goods
FOR
CUSTOM WORK,
☞ *At Less Than Gold Rates!*
Smith Bro's. & Co.,
Marble Hall Clothing House,
40 West Baltimore St.
March 25, 1865—y

NOTICE:

To all Whom it may Concern.

I DESIRE Tax Payers to understand that Taxes are due on the first day of July, and not, as many seem to think, on the first of January. I also desire to collect all the taxes in my District before the first of January next, so that I may be prepared to pay promptly all levies when demanded. It cannot be expected that I should wait with tax payers until the first of January, as at that time all levies upon me are due. This notice is deemed sufficient to show the necessity of prompt payment, and parties need not flatter themselves with long indulgence, as I am determined to collect the taxes within a reasonable time, and will resort to the law in every case where it may be necessary.

I can be found at the Court House, Chestertown, every day.

JOHN W. DUYER,
Collector Second District.
August 18, 1866—tf.

The Poet.

A GRAND OLD POEM.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for nothing less,
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thought and feeling—
Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever welling out of stone,
There are purple beds and golden,
Hidden, crushed, and overgrown;
God who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,
Oft forgets his fellows then;
Masters, rulers, lords, remember
That your meanest hinds are men;
Men by labor, men by feeling,
Men by thought, and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In a man's ennobling name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little weed-clad rills;
There are feeble, inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills.
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me;
For to him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth or fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of other's foreheads,
Living only to rejoice;
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly lifted up his voice.

Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light,
Secret wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right;
God, whose world-heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

How to Tell the Age of Ladies.

There are some men who wait upon ladies who would be better satisfied if they knew their sweethearts' age. They feel a delicacy in putting the question right to them; and, no doubt, if they did, they would be just as wise before they asked as after. Hand the following lines to them, requesting that they inform you in how many columns their age appears; then add the number together at the top of each column in which their age is, and you have it:

1	2	4	8	16	32
3	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

Only One Brick Upon Another.

A boy watched a large building, as the workmen from day to day carried up bricks and mortar.

"My son," said his father, "you seem taken with the bricklayers. Do you think of learning the trade?"

"No, sir; I was thinking what a little thing a brick is, and what great houses are built by laying one brick on another."

"Very true, my son; never forget it. So it is in all great works. All your learning is one lesson added to another. If a man could walk all around the world, it would be by putting one foot before another. Your whole life will be made up one moment upon another. Drop added to drop make the ocean.

"Learn from this not to despise little things. Be not discouraged by great labors. They become easy if divided into parts. You could not jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side. Do not fear, therefore, to attempt great things. Always remember that the large building went up only one brick upon another."

☞ What metamorphosis does a washerwoman undergo in the night? She goes to bed a washerwoman, and gets up fine linen.

☞ When were there only two vowels? In the days of *no a* (Noah,) before u and i (you and I) were born.

Farmers' Column.

Managing Old Peach Trees.

[From the American Farmer.]

There are many farmers and others who have old "peach trees" which we think should not be cut down as "cumberers of the ground." Rather let them remain for a time and "dig about them and dung them, and if they bear fruit well, if not, then after that cut them down." Age in trees, as in man, is characterized by decrease of vigor: each *must* fill "their allotted time." In many old trees there is vitality sufficient to produce fruit, to an extent that threatens their very existence. With a little attention, these good old trees would continue for years to produce good crops of fruit. The difficulty with many old trees which we have witnessed seems to be to induce them to grow rather than to produce fruit, and with the exception of the dying of an old branch, and very small annual growths, they present no sign of their approaching end.

In our experience with old peach trees we have found no manures so beneficial as those of a cooling nature, such as cowdung composted with muck, or other rich compost. Hog, stable, and hen manure, we have found to be too stimulating for *old trees;* and *strong* liquid manure will destroy, rather than renovate them. Strong kinds of food, as we all know, are only suited for strong constitutions, consequently it deranges old trees, and any not naturally strong, as the roots cannot absorb or the foliage digest it, the trees as a consequence have to perish. The business of the root, as we understand it, is to collect the food in a diluted state and to transmit it to the leaves, where a great proportion is given off again; all therefore that is necessary for the constitution of new parts is retained and becomes part and parcel of the trees;—young trees require food of a much more stimulating nature, but of them more anon.

To improve old peach trees, our method is, first for the crown of the roots to undergo a most searching scrutiny for the borers, which are so destructive to the peach trees—when satisfied that all the worms are extracted, we apply common tar from the crown of the roots to about 10 inches up the bole of the tree, which, by being looked over occasionally, and a little applied when it becomes too hardened upon the tree, we have found to be a good preventive, which is better than a cure. In pruning old trees, we endeavor to keep in view the supplying the tree with young wood, and the removal of all old and useless parts, more than looking to the forming of a handsome head, which is nearly impossible to do in many old trees. The small weak shoots from the smaller main stems we remove entirely, bringing a young strong shoot, if such can be selected, up in their places; the main branches if too crowded, we thin out so that there may be a clear distance of from 16 to 20 inches apart; a proper number of last year's shoots we are very careful to retain about 10 or 12 inches apart, along the main branches, to produce fruit. We never leave any of these fruit producing shoots but on the *upper side* of the branch, as when they are left upon the lower side, the tree becomes crowded with wood to the exclusion of light and air to the tree. If the shoots are not more than 6 inches in length we do not shorten them, or if there be nothing but fruit buds on them, but where the shoots have some two or more fruit buds, and a wood bud between them, they should if more than 10 inches, be pruned to a wood bud, being careful to leave sufficient fruit buds below the pruning to produce a crop. In the pruning of the young shoots it is necessary to leave a wood bud at the extremity, in order to draw the sap into the fruits which are situated below it. This pruning is done early in the spring after the tree commences to swell its buds, as the uninitiated will then be better able to distinguish wood from fruit buds. All pruning of the young shoots should be to a wood bud. As a top dressing for old peach trees, we give the preference to composted cow dung, which after having cleaned the surface of all weeds, &c., around the tree, we apply from one to two inches thick over the surface for a distance of from six to eight feet, in a circle from the stem of the tree, and then point it in with a fork, being careful not to go so deep as to injure the roots—as a neat finish we cover the whole surface an inch or more in thickness with fresh, clean loam—this surface dressing we consider best given in the fall. We have found that if applied about the time the blossoms are expanding that too much nourishment is thrown into the flowers, and they fall without setting. Manure applied in the fall will by spring have passed into the soil above and below, and when the early rains have fallen upon it in spring it will be in a form calculated to afford direct food to the trees, and consequently to invigorate them. Old trees thus treated are not long ere they show great improvement in their foliage and annular growth, and in the production and quality of the fruit.

DANIEL BARKER, *Md. Ag. College.*

THERE is a hopeful popular delusion that there is silver in the new three and five cent coin. Perhaps there is. The doctors tell us that there iron in the human blood, but we never heard of any fellow-creature being successfully worked as an iron mine.

☞ When does a severe cold resemble a brilliant idea? When it comes into one's head suddenly.

☞ What is the largest room in the world? The room for improvement.

☞ How many peas are there in a pint? One *p*.

LOOKING UNDER THE BED.

It is the habit of many persons to take a look under the bed before retiring for the night. Mrs. Evergreen, my beloved wife, indulges, if indulgence it can be called, in this peculiar practice. I do not object to it the least so long as she does not enforce the performance upon myself, but when, as is sometimes the case, she forgets it until she has put out the light and ensconced herself under the comforter, then it is hard that I, who am not troubled with nervous apprehensiveness, should have to get out in the cold and do it for her. I have often remarked to Mrs. Evergreen, when I have seen her prying under the bed, that it was a silly habit, and that the sooner she gave it up the better. To this gentle admonition my better half invariably rejoins:

"La, Evergreen! what harm does it do? It's a kind of satisfaction to know that nobody's under there, and then I don't think of such a horrible thing after I'm in bed."

"I think, my dear, you might just as well pursue your investigation further, and look into the bureau drawers and the clothes-basket!"

"Evergreen," she will rejoin, "don't mention the idea, or I shall certainly do so Come to think of it, a man could very, easily get into the clothes-basket!"

"Certainly he could, my dear, quite as easily as Falstaff. You should certainly include the clothes-basket, and, by-the-by, there's the chimney, why not look up that as well?"

"Now, Evergreen, you're laughing at me. But I can't leave off the habit, and I never will. It's a comfort for me to know that there's nothing wrong about it, and I don't see why you should deprive me of it."

So under the bed goes the candle, and no signs of humanity being discovered, Mrs. Evergreen is able to repose in peace. But, as already observed, this precautionary act is sometimes forgotten, and I am myself obliged to rise, light the lamp, and report. I've done it rather more frequently of late than is agreeable, and have intimated as much to Mrs. E. She says:

"Very well, Evergreen, I'll do it myself."

But this procedure is almost equally as bad, for she invariably lets the cold in on me both in getting out and getting in.—If it were not for increasing this mental idiosyncrasy on the part of Mrs. Evergreen, by giving her some good reason to apprehend danger, I should relate to her what I am about to lay before the reader. In this narration, therefore, I ask the public most particularly to bear in mind that Mrs. Evergreen is of a sensitive nature, rather apprehensive and slightly superstitious, and that which I have to say must, under no circumstances, be told again.—If for two-and-twenty years (that is the period of our wedded life, and happy years have they been)—if, I say, I have for this long period refrained from imparting the matter to the beloved sharer of my joys and partaker of my sorrows, surely the public (which, as we know, always does keep a secret) will keep mine.

All young men, I suppose, have love-affairs before they eventually fix their affections on the one who is to bless their lot in life. I know that I had, and I don't regret it. Regret it? far from it. Mrs. Evergreen is not present, and therefore I have no hesitation in saying that if I had my life to live over again I'd like to go through with the same suntimental experience, particularly if it was to be succeeded by again leading to the hymenial altar the present Mrs. Evergreen.

I was not bad-looking when I was in my twenties. I think I may go further, and confidentially say that "Gus Evergreen" was a decided favorite among the girls of Oakville, and I really believe that I could have had any of them "for the asking." As I before remarked, Mrs. Evergreen is not present, and I indulge my thoughts somewhat more freely than would otherwise be the case. I don't think that I cared particularly for any of the Oakville girls, however, and I might have kept my heart whole to this day if it had not been for the circumstances which I am about to relate.

Fred Evans, who had been my chum at school, came to make me a visit at Oakville for "a day or two," as he said, when he came; but he made it a week or two easily enough after I'd taken him about a little among the "young ladies." When that time had expired Fred said he really must go, as he didn't know what his father and mother would think of his long absence; but it ended in his relieving their anxiety by a letter and sending for his trunks. I knew how the matter was perfectly well, and that Belle Bronson had bewitched him out his five senses. Fred used to put it on the "country air and the quiet which was benefitting his health, &c.," but it was no use trying to deceive me, and I told him so. Then he owned up frankly, and I promised to help him all I could, if he required any help in the prosecution of his suit. I never thought Belle a flirt, or that she would willingly distress any human being; but she had a way of looking into one's eyes as if to captivate them for her mere personal amusement.

At any rate she had a larger share of beaux than the other girls, but all their attentions came to nothing. I feared it might be so with Fred Evans, and warned him accordingly; but Fred said he'd "have her if he tried all his life;" that "without her life was naught to him;" that "she was the only living being who had ever awakened a real emotion in his breast," &c. After that I said no more, but closely observed the lovers and soon came to the conclusion that Fred was by no means disagreeable to her. Things went on in this way without any definite results until Fred received a sudden summons home on account of his mother's illness. When he came back to renew his visit he insisted upon stopping at the Oakville Hotel rather than wear out his welcome at our house, and finding remonstrances unavailing, there he went. The landlord (honest old Downsburry—I wonder if he yet lives) gave Fred, at my suggestion, his best bed-room, "No 20"—I am particular in mentioning the number. "He shall have No. 20," said Downsburry. "Any friend of yours, Master Augustus, shall have the best I have to give as long's I'm landlord." It was a pleasant room, looking out on the distant hills and the beautiful winding branch of the Black Water; but what cared Fred for scenery? He was in the hands of the blind god, and could not see as far as his nose, except in the direction of Belle's cottage. I used to go over to Fred's room and smoke my cigar, while he, poor wretch, expatiated on his sufferings, doubts, and solicitude. Did she love him? that was the question which disturbed every moment of his existence, and to which, with the closest reasoning, he could not bring himself a satisfactory reply.—Sometimes he thought a word or a sign settled the point beyond a doubt in his favor, and at others he fancied he read a coolness and indifference in her eyes. In this condition of uncertainty he dared not press the question lest a hasty step might bring them to grief.

At Fred's earnest solicitation I promised to sound Belle as to her sentiments, if a favorable opportunity presented itself, or at any rate to let her know, in an indirect way, that Fred was languishing in distress on her account, and thus give her no excuse for unnecessarily prolonging his misery. It so happened, however, that my services were not called into requisition. Belle Bronson, because of the sudden arrival at her house of some country cousins, was obliged to give up her room—and to occupy for a single night a room at the hotel. We would have offered her guests accomodations at our house, but we were in the same perdicament. An agricultural fair in the village had brought many strangers to the place, and our guests were so numerous that I had given my room to two of them, and had intended asking Fred Evans to let me pass the night with him.

For this purpose I went to the hotel at a late hour, and proceded at once to Fred's room, but to my surprise found no one there. I did not even notice that the trunk was gone, or suspect the fact, which afterwards became apparent, that "to oblige some lady guest for this night only," as the landlord expressed it, Fred had consented to give up "No. 20" and occupy a small room in the rear of the building. The gas being turned up, I took a book to await his return, and hearing at last what appeared to be steps approaching the room, and supposing it to be Fred, in a momentary impulse to play a joke on him, I slipped under the bed, a large and high one, intending to imitate a cat (of which animal I knew he had a detestation) as soon as he entered the room. The door opened, and I was on the point of indulging in my ventriloquial faculty by giving a long-drawn *mieow*, when from my hiding-place I beheld Belle Bronson take quiet possession of the apartment!

My astonishment was so great, and the sense of mortification so intense, that I did not, as I should have done, make myself immediately known to her. Thus the opportunity for discovery and explanation was lost, I dared not move a hair, but hoped sincerely that some excuse might take her out of the room for a moment, and so facilitate my escape. She, however locked the door, removed the key, and, as I knew by the sound, prepared to retire. Finally she kneeled down beside the bed, and clasping her hands and bowing her head, (so fearfully near to mine that I could hear the soft words in my very ear,) she offered up her evening prayer in a manner so full of feeling, and with such sweet accents of womanly tenderness and devotion, that I felt as if she was an angel bending over the vilest of mortals. That prayer went to my heart; but one portion went *through* it and held it captive. Never shall I forget my feelings of surprise and deep emotion when I heard her utter these words: "Bless my dear mother, sisters, and friends; bless all around me and, O God bless him I love, Augustus Evergreen, Amen." "Ah, Augustus," said my divinity to herself, as she rose from her devotional attitude, "if you but knew that I named your very name in my prayers, you would be less indifferent to me!"

If I breathed short before, after this my breath seemed to desert me entirely, and I verily thought that the beating of my heart would betray me. Belle, pure as an angel to me then, and white as a snow-flake, proceeded to turn off the gas and get into bed. I felt her soft pressure over my head, and shrunk closer and closer to the hard floor upon which I was extended. What thoughts rushed through my brain! above me lay a young unsophisticated girl wholly unconscious that the one she loved lay so closely to her, and who had for the first time been made aware of her interest in him, by hearing words which she supposed went only to Heaven! I knew then that the night must pass away, and the morning come, and that Belle must first leave the apartment before I could venture to change even my position.

Belle had lain perfectly motionless for several minutes and was, I flattered myself, losing herself in sleep, when suddenly she exclaimed to herself, "There—I haven't looked under the bed." A horror ran through me; all is lost, what should I do? Belle rose and I heard her feeling for the matches. She struck one and was moving toward the gas-light, when the lucifer went out, leaving all darkness again. Blessed relief; but how brief! Again I heard her feeling for the matches and trying to light one after another, as they failed to ignite; then an "Oh dear, there are no more!" escaped from her lips. "Safe! safe!" whispered my soul to me, and I thanked God in silence for my deliverance. Belle groped back to the bed, but did not immediately get in; she stooped and lifted the curtains which hung around the bottom and cautiously passed her arm under and around as far as it could reach. I almost felt her fingers graze my face as I held myself fearfully and silently back against the wall, too far, just too far for her reach. Apparently satisfied that no danger was near her, she lay down in the bed again, and I counted her respirations till she was lost in slumber.

As for myself, sleep was utterly out of the question. I never was so wide awake in my life. How I lay upon that hard carpet and thought the night out! thought of her, and her love for me, thought of myself and my love for her. Yes, I was convinced from that moment that the hand of destiny was in it, and that a benign and all-wise Providence had seen fit in this extraordinary way to open my eyes to the path of happiness and peace.

With the morning light fresh fears came upon me lest my unconscious room-mate might yet peer beneath the bed for robbers before she left the room, but my fears were groundless. She rose and dressed expeditiously, for she was to join her cousins at an early breakfast, and she had overslept herself. When at last she took the key, unlocked the door and departed, I lost no time in slipping out of my shameful place of confinement and escaping from the hotel. On the stairs I met Fred coming out of his room, who exclaimed:

"Why, what's the matter with you, old fellow! You look like the last days of an ill-spent life. And your coat, too—why it's all over feathers and dust. Where *have* you been?"

"Why, I slept—slept *out* last night; that's all. Our house is full, and so I had to find quarters elsewhere. I'm just going home to dress;"

"I should say so decidedly. I see it all, old fellow! You've been on a lark, and had to put up in the watch house: come now, own up, and tell us all about it."

"No lark at all, Fred; nothing of the kind, I assure you."

"Well, if not a *lark* what kind of a bird was it? From the looks of the feathers I should say it was a *goose*."

"*You're* the goose, Fred. But seriously, I've a word to say to you of a most important nature. Be a man, Fred, and make up your mind to hear something excessively disagreeable. It must be told you sooner or later, and I may as well tell it now."

"Good Heavens, Gus! how earnest you look at me; you don't mean to say that—that anything has happened to Belle Bronson?"

"Don't mention her name again, Fred, or think of her any more, for she'll never be anything to you. I have it from one who knows all about it, that she has long been attached to somebody else, and that somebody else means to marry her. There is no mistake about it; so bear up and try your luck elsewhere."

But Fred Evans was not to be discouraged by mere hearsay. That very day he went to see Belle, determined to know his fate from her own lips. Soon after he left Oakville, and I did not see him again for several years, when meeting him in town one day, I insisted on bringing him home with me and presenting him to his old flame, Belle Bronson—the present Mrs. Evergreen.

"Ah, Gus," he said, after dinner, when my wife and the little Evergreens had left us to ourselves—"Ah, Gus, you served me a shabby trick when you allowed me to lose my heart to the girl you were all along intending to marry yourself—a very shabby trick, one of which I never suspected you!"

So I had to tell him, (in strict confidence, of course, as I tell you, reader,) all about the bed-room affair at the Oakville Hotel, and the love that grew out of it.

THE Syrian salute is the most significant that there is: the hand is raised with quick but graceful motion to the heart, to the lips and to the head, to intimate that the person saluting is willing to serve you, to speak for you, and to act for you.

☞ At a wooden wedding in Detroit last week, one of the invited who was unable to be present, sent his regrets, written on a shingle, to the lady of the house.

All who love peace, and are destined to live with those of less delicacy of feeling than themselves, must learn to take no offence where none is intended.

☞ At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom? When long experience has made him *sage*.

Archimedes being asked to go and hear a person who imitated the nightingale to perfection answered, "I have heard the nightingale herself."

WHAT BRANCH?—"What branch of education do you have chiefly in your school?" was asked of a pupil. "A birch branch, sir: the master has used almost a whole tree.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Because, though he is first in pity, he is the last in help.

The editor of a newspaper says that he never dotted an "i" but once in his life, and that was in a fight with a cotemporary.

"You cruel man!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones; "my tears have no effect on you at all." "Well, drop them, my dear," said Jones.

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