The Chestertown Transcript.

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Chestertown Transcript
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E. F. PERKINS, Editor.

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Advertisements

Of TEN LINES Bourgeois (or its equivalent n 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 mderatoe 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.

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.

Look at This!

A NEW BLACKSMITH SHOP UP TOWN.

THE undersigned having taken the new Shop up town, nearly opposite Mr. S. S. Usilton's, respectfully informs the Farmers and Public generally that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in the BLACKSMITHING LINE, *at the lowest prices, and on the shortest notice.*

Particular attention paid to HORSE SHOEING,

AT THE LOW PRICE OF $1.50, *and all other work in proportion.* He hopes by strict and punctual attendance to his business to merit a share of the public patronage.

ALFRED L. BENJAMIN.
Chestertown, Apr. 20, 1867—6m.

BERGER & BUTZ'S
EXCELSIOR
SUPR PHOSPHATE OF LIME,
ALSO, THEIR
Ammoniated Super Phosphate of Lime.

(See advertisement, in another column, of **R. J. RUTH & CO.,** No. 16 Bowly's Wharf, Baltimore.)

SOLD BY
Hines & Woodall,
CHESTERTOWN,
Or by Agents at Buck Neck and Crumpton.
Also, PERUVIAN GUANO
AND ALL FERTILIZERS
IN BALTIMORE MARKET.
We will have the above Fertilizers shipped to any Landing in Kent county that the purchaser may desire.
HINES & WOODALL,
April 13, 1867. General Agents.

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.

Butchering!

The subscriber having purchased the good will and fixtures of S. S. Usilton, and having removed to the store room recently occupied by Geo. W. Simpson, intends to conduct the above business. Will be found at the Market House every morning until 9 o'clock; after that time at his place of business.

All persons indebted on store account for last year, will confer a great favor by settling at once.

RICHARD S. USILTON.
April 6, 1867—tf.

SASH CORD—SASH CORD—For sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

COAL HODS, Shovels and Pokers—for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

COPARTNERSHIP.

BALTIMORE, MARCH 1st, 1865.

THOMAS NORRIS, for TEN years past engaged in the sale of *AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS* and Machines, FIELD and GARDEN SEEDS, etc., respectfully informs his friends and customers, that he has this day associated with him Mr. JOEL PUSEY, of Havre de Grace, very favorably known to many of the farmers of Maryland. The business will be continued under the name and style of

NORRIS & PUSEY,

at the old stand, No. 141 PRATT STREET, (near Light.) The senior partner tenders his grateful acknowledgments to his many friends who have so liberally patronized him, and solicits for the new firm a continuation of their favors.

In addition to the old business, the subscribers will be prepared to transact, in an extensive way, the

Lime, Plaster and Cement Business.

Yielding to the solicitations of many friends in the country, they beg to offer their services as

General Commission Merchants

for the sale of GRAIN and all kinds of *Country Produce.*

By a faithful attention to business, they expect to merit a good share of public favor, and ask a continuation of the patronage of old customers, and a fair trial by new ones.

They will continue the sale of *Wood's Prize Mower, Wood's Self-Raking Reaper, Westinghouse's Horse Powers and Threshing Machines, Beckford & Hoffman's Grain and Guano Drills, Van Wickle's Grain Fans,* and many other Implements and Machines, of superior merit.

They assure their customers that they are prepared to furnish any article in their line on as good terms as they can be supplied by any house in Baltimore.

Circulars, Catalogues, etc., giving descriptions, prices, &c., will be furnished on application.

NORRIS & PUSEY,
March 11, 1867 41 Pratt Street.

E. WHITMAN & SONS,
Nos. 22 & 24 S. Calvert St., Balto., Md.,
Manufacturers of
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
AND MACHINERY.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SEEDS, FERTILIZERS AND AGRICULTURAL HARDWARE.
SOUTHERN AGENTS FOR
"Buckeye" Mowing & Reaping Machines.
Wagoner's Celebrated Grain and Guano Drills.
"American" Sugar Mills and Evaporators.
The "Sweepstakes" Threshers & Cleaners.
Grant's Grain Cradles.
The Celebrated "Maryland" Wheel Horse Rakes.
Montgomery's Rockaway Wheat Fans.
The "Keystone" Cider Mills.
Hutchinson's Family Wine and Cider Mills, and a general stock of Implements and Machinery, embracing nearly every variety in use.
The above Machines, have all of the latest improvements, and are confidently recommended as the best of the kind, in the country.
Repairing parts of any of the above Machinery furnished, and Machines repaired at short notice.
We have in store a large and carefully selected stock of Garden, Field and Flower Seeds, which we confidently recommend as fresh and genuine. Send for one of our Seed Catalogues, giving practical directions for planting all varieties of Seeds.
Garden and Flower Seeds forwarded by mail. Baltimore, March 2, 1867—y.

REMOVED.

F. LLOYD
Has removed to the New Building
COR. BALTO. AND HOLLIDAY STS.,
94 Baltimore Street,

WHERE he intends keeping on hand a large assortment of

Boots, Shoes, Gaiters,

&c., which he intends to sell at greatly reduced prices. He invites the citizens of Chestertown and the County of Kent to call and examine. He is confident he can sell cheaper for Cash than any Fashionable Establishment in the City of Baltimore, considering the quality of his Goods. Give him a call at 94 Baltimore street, corner of Holliday.

F. LLOYD.
January 26, 186—y.

GREAT REDUCTION
IN
PRICES!

BUY YOUR
HOSIERY, GLOVES, DRAWERS, UNDER SHIRTS, HANDHERCHIEFS and Small Wares,
For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children,
FROM
RINGGOLD & Bro.,
175 Balt. St., near Light.
November 24, 1866.

CHESTERTOWN
CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT

Having associated themselves with GEORGE E. LAMBERT for the Manufacture and Repair of Carriages in all its branches, respectfully inform the public that they have taken THE SHOP ON CROSS STREET, recently occupied by R. W. Caulder, and

Having laid in a Stock
Of the Very Best Material,

are now prepared to build to order
FIRST CLASS CARRIAGES
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
TRIMMING, PAINTING
AND ALL KINDS OF REPAIRS
Neatly and promptly done.

Believing a good Carriage Manufactory will be sustained in our town, we respecfully ask the public patronage.

GEO. E. LAMBERT & CO.
Chestertown, March 9, 1867.

GAS TAR and WHITE WASH LIME, for sale at the TRAPPE CORNER

The Poet.

A Girl's Thoughts at Twenty.

Girlhood's sunny days are over
With to-day;
They, with all their wayward brightness,
Pass away;
Woman's earnest path before me
Lieth straight;
Who can tell what grief and anguish
These await?

Guide me, Father, God of mercy,
On the way;
Never from Thy holy guidance
Let me stray;
Give that meed of joy or sorrow
Pleaseth Thee,
Whatso'er Thy will ordaineth
Best for me.

In the shadow and the darkness
Be my star;
In the light, lest radiance dazzle,
Go not far;
Make me patient, kind, and gentle,
Day by day;
Teach me how to live more nearly
As I pray.

That my heart so much desireth,
Grant me still,
If that earnest hope accordeth
With Thy will;
Should Thy mercy quite withhold it,
Be Thou near;
Let me feel I hold its promise
All too dear.

Here, upon life's very threshold,
Take my heart;
From thy holy guidance let it
Ne'er depart.
When life's stormy strife is over,
Take me home,
There to be more fully, truly
Thine alone.

The Secret.

"I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic among a number of others, at work on a house erecting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who had a kind and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. "No secret, Doctor," he replied. "I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and kiss, and then tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody." What influence, then, has woman over the heart of man to soften it and make it the foundation of cheerful and pure emotion? Speak gently, then; greeting after the toils of the day are over costs nothing, and goes far toward making home happy and peaceful.

Legal Anecdotes.

A New York paper, in noticing the recent ruling of Judge Fisher in the Surratt case, relates the following anecdote of the late Mr. Van Buren: "John Van Buren once sauntered into one of our city courts and seated himself beside a friend who was conducting an important suit.—After several questions had been put and exceptions taken, Mr. Van Buren, thinking that the ruling of the bench was a little odd, asked, in his peculiarly quiet way, "Who is on the other side in this case besides the Judge?" To which we add the following:—Hon. Elisha D. Cullen, late of Sussex county, once openly rebuked the court. He was trying a case in Georgetown, in which the presiding justice seemed desirous of taking a part not compatible with the duties of the bench, which annoyed Mr. C. exceedingly. At length he remarked, "your honor will excuse me, but I did not know that you were counsel in this case." Mr. Cullen then sat down, and it was only at the urgent request of the judge and on a promise that he should manage the case in his own way that he consented to proceed.

A clergyman who enjoys the substantial benefits of a fine farm, was slightly taken down a few days ago by his Irish ploughman, who was sitting at his plough, in a tobacco field, resting his horse. The reverend gentleman being an economist, said, with great seriousness:

"John, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a stub scythe here and be cutting a few bushes along the fence while the horse is resting a short time?"

John, with quite as serious a countenance as the divine himself, said:

"Wouldn't it be well, sir, for you to have a tub of potatoes in the pulpit, and when they are singing, to peel 'em awhile to be ready for the pot?"

The reverend gentleman laughed heartily and left.

A "free love" society was discovered and broken up in Harrisburg, Pa., a short time since, which had drawn into its embraces many of the most promising and respectable young girls in the place. It comprised over a hundred members, but was kept a profound secret from all outsiders. Among the members were wives and children of State dignitaries, and all were persons who moved in the better class of society. The ruin of several young girls, and the running away of others, led to the stern demand for confession, and one of the girls told all.

JOHN MORTON,
OR,
The Pink Calico.

"John," said old Mr. Morton, taking off his gold rimmed spectacles and putting them methodically in their cases as he spoke, "John, come into my study, I want to have a talk with you."

The old gentleman said this with such an air of importance that John Morton, albeit of a phlegmatic temperament, not easily astonished at anything, arose and followed his father with no little surprise and curiosity upon his handsome features. "What on earth can the Governor have in his mind?" he asked to himself;. "I hope he isn't agoing to give me a stepmother, but he looks solemn enough for anything."

Solemn indeed was the old gentleman's countenance as he sat down opposite his son, folded his hands on the green cloth of the table between them and began:

"John, if I am not mistaken, the day after to-morrow is your thirtieth birthday."

"So it is, by Jove," said John; "I'd quite forgotten it."

"Your thirtieth birth-day," continued the old gentleman, "and really when a man comes to be thirty, it is my opinion he ought at least to begin to think about a wife. I married your poor dear mother when I was five and twenty, and felt none too young. And as my sons have grown up I am glad to say they have generally followed my example. Hiram made a fine match when he married Miss Gower—and though Peter's wife was not such an heiress, she is a good woman and a pretty one—and not extravagant—and as for William, I couldn't wish him a better partner than the girl he married last year. You are the only bachelor of the four, and I must confess I am extremely anxious to see you married before I die—and I am an old man, John, and can't live a great while."

"As to that, father, you'll live, I hope, to be a hundred," said John. "But I will look about me, and if I see the girl I fancy, I'll pop the question. In fact, I've been doing that these ten years, oaly the right person hasn't come along."

"I see, I see," said the old gentleman with a sly chuckle, "you want a good wife—a good sensible girl, who knows how to take care of her husband's home—eh?"

"Well, yes," said John with a yawn.

"A handsome girl—with bright eyes—and rosy cheeks with dimples in them—and nice hair and taper waist."

"You're quite a judge of beauty, I declare, father," said John. "Well, I should want a pretty wife, that's certain."

"A little wife with a little something of her own, too," said the old gentleman, "in fact an heiress. To sum up the whole—a sensible, affectionate beauty, with a fortune. That's your wife, John."

"If I can find her, father," said John Morton. "But you see all the good things in the world are seldom given to one woman. The heiresses are often frights, and the beauties poor, while half the time one doesn't care to hear a pretty one speak, or look at a sensible one. And as for prudence and economy, they are handed over to grandmothers, and affection is quite old-fashioned. However, find me such a paragon as you described to-day, and I'll lay my hand and heart at her feet to-morrow."

"Will you?"

"Why, of course I will, sir."

"Ah, ha! you're a married man then, for I found her for you yesterday."

John Morton's eyes opened wider than their lazy wont with astonishment.

"Who is she?" he asked.

"She's a Miss Spice," said the old gentleman. "Baxter Spice's daughter. I met her there yesterday, and the moment I set my eyes on her I said that's the wife for my son John. A beauty, and such a notable domestic little body—and every cent old Spice calls his own will be her's some day. I want you to go down and see her."

John laughed.

"Perhaps she's engaged to somebody else," he said. "People seldom leave such tempting fruit on the bough long—no doubt she's appropriated."

"She's only eighteen!" said Mr. Morton; "and—ahem! I happen to know she's not engaged. I had a talk with the old gentleman. He want's to see her married, but she don't fancy any one. She has a notion, you see, that the young men are thinking of her money, and declares she will die an old maid. Between you and me, Spice expects you down."

"And the young lady?"

"Oh! she don't know a word about it, not one, I assure you. You will go, won't you?"

John yawned.

"I don't mind running down that way," he said, "but really I can't promise to admire, you know."

"But you will without promising," said the old gentleman. "You can't help it. I've some business for you to make an excuse of—a couple of horses old Spice wants to sell, which are just the things for you. And he is a hospitable old fellow, who will make you stay a week if you once get there. Go up to-morrow and fall in love with Miss Spice, you rascal."

The rascal laughed. But he had his own opinion about the probable beauty of Miss Spice, knowing that a fortune is apt to blind old eyes to many deficiencies, but there was a savor of romance in his search for a wife that pleased him after all, and he determined to enjoy it to the full.

Consequently, on the following morning, he started, with his valise well packed, his dressing case fitted up in exquisite style, and a secret determination to flirt with Miss Spice if she was in the least attractive. As for any design of wooing and wedding, nothing was farther from John Morton's thoughts.

When the train had screamed and whistled over the necessary number of miles, it stopped, according to custom, at the little depot of D——, and there, with others, the traveler alighted amid a whirl of country dust, betook himself to that portion of the Village wherein the residence of the Spices must be located were his directions right.

He found it, at last. A rather pretentious mansion, built on a rising ground, with stone steps leading to the garden, wherein a white fountain kept guard over sundry geometrical beds of flowers. Everything about it was trim and neat, and dlightfully cool.

To one of John Morton's rather indolent disposition the shady colonade, and the rural seats under the great elms behind the house, had a wondrous charm. It would be a glorious place to live in, he thought, especially were one rich, and able to forget all tormenting business details, and fortune making, and other bores of the kind, and lounge all day with a book and a Havana under those trees—"I wonder whether Miss Spice appreciates her residence."

As he thought thus, John Morton coolly sauntered, valise in hand, up the broad gravel path, and rapped in his own careless fashion at the door. No one answered the first time, and a second application only brought out a white poodle with a pink ribbon round his neck, who barked with puny fury at the stranger; but on a third trial the door opened suddenly, and there stood before him a pretty girl in pink calico, with a white apron on, and her sleeves pinned up, exhibiting the plumpest arms in the world, with dimples at the wrists and elbows. In one hand she held a dusting brush, in the other a dustpan, and keeping both tidily away from her dress, she seemed to wait for his inquiry. It came promptly:

"Is Mr. Spice in?"

"Dear me, no sir," replied the girl. "The family are all away—called very unexpectedly to see a sick relative. But, I beg your pardon, are you Mr. Morton?"

"That's my name," said the young man.

"Oh, in that case, Mr. Spice left word that he was very sorry to go, and that if you came you would oblige him by staying until his return. Martin, the coachman could show you the horses, and we were to make you comfortable. Will you walk in, sir?"

John Morton hesitated a moment, and then crossed the threshold. The girl pushed open the parlor door and ushered him in.

"John shall show you to your room," she said, "and I will have a lunch for you when you come down, Mr. Morton. People generally find an excellent appetite after a journey."

And away she ran humming a tune, and leaving John Morton to remember her smiles and dimples and pleasant voice.

"If Miss Spice is not a very pretty girl, she must be jealous of this little creature," he said to himself. "What eyes and snow-white teeth! I wonder who she is?" An hour after, when fresh from his toilet, he took his place at the tempting lunch table, he had a chance to ask the question:

"Excuse me," he said, as he took a cup of tea from her hand, "but whall I call you?"

"Oh, I am only Hetty," said the girl.

"Hetty?"

"Yes, sir. I don't call myself a servant, for they don't pay me any wages; but the old gentleman and lady give me my board and clothes, and I make myself generally useful. I'm quite one of the family. Do help yourself, Mr. Morton.

"Thank you, Hetty," and he took a sandwich. In a moment he began again: "Mr Spice has a daughter, hasn't he?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Very handsome, I've heard."

"Handsome! oh dear, no, not in the least handsome."

"Tastes differ, Hetty."

"I know it. But really, Miss Spice is, I should say, quite plain. Won't you have some more jam, sir."

"Not any, thank you. I presume Miss Spice being so amiable, is considered handsome on that account."

"Amiable! oh, mercy!"

"Why, is she not, Hetty?"

"I shall not tell you sir," said Hetty. "Its not my place to talk against Miss Spice, but—amiable—ha! ha!"

John Morton shrugged his shoulders and looked at Hetty. Her eyes were bright, and her cheeks dimpled with merriment. In his admiration he forgot the subject of conversation, and from Miss Spice turned to other subjects. Hetty on these grew eloquent. She talked well, and had the sweetest voice he ever heard; she told the city stranger of the pretty country places close at hand, of the brook where the trout were found, and the soft green grass and purple flags beside its margin, of the high hill whence such a view could be had, of the stone church ninety years old where they went every Sunday, and of her own great love for all these things. And as John Morton listened he thought, "this girl is above the sphere of dusters and brooms and scrubbing brushes. She is as much a lady as any in the land." Then he tried her on other things, and found she had read a good deal, and that the books she had chosen were not trash, and without intending to do so, expressed his surprise.

The girl looked down demurely.

"You see I read Miss Spice's books," she replied, "and I have picked up a good deal that way."

And then lunch being over, she left him to pass the time as he chose, and to go with Martin to the stables, and admire the garden. But at meal time she acted the part of the hostess, and after tea sat demurely at her work on the porch for an hour or two. That night the gentleman who came to woo Miss Spice, the heiress, dreamed of Hetty, "who made herself useful for her board and clothes."

Mr. Spice and family would not return for several days—so said Hetty—even if the relative whose illness called them away grew quickly better. And in that time there was nothing for John Morton to do but idle about the grounds, saunter into the stables, and get up a flirtation with Hetty.

Demure and shy she seemed at times, at others merry and self-possessed. She was a puzzle to him; and becoming interested in her, he tried to "make her out." The result was another puzzle more difficult than the first, for, one fine morning John Morton awoke to the knowledge that he was in love. How it began he could not tell. The girl was comely and pleasant to look at, but not beautiful. He was proud, and this half-menial position would have seemed an insurmountable barrier between himself and any woman. But the fact remained the same. He loved her. One bright hair of her head was worth all other women put together to him. The thought of parting with her was intolerable. He could not, would not, turn away from her and say, "This love of mine is too humble for me." Yet what a position. He was there as an aspirant for the hand of the mistress, and, ere she came, he had given his heart to the maid.

For a few hours he had a mighty struggle with himself. Then he conquered and sought Hetty. She was in the garden amongst the flowers.

Surely nothing, not even those sweet roses, could be fairer or sweeter than the girl. Her eyes were cast down. Her taper fingers busy with some frail plant beaten down by the summer's shower.—As he came she looked up with a smile.

"My poor cypress vine is almost dead," she said, "and this rain has done more harm than good to the roses. I'm sorry, for the family will be here to-night. We received a telegraphic dispatch this morning to that effect."

Home to-night! John Morton had known, of course, that they would come. He could not be wild enough to fancy that Mr. Spice had deserted the villa for his his sake, and left him free to idle there and make love to Hetty forever. Yet the revelation was a shock.

Home! And Miss Spice, that ill-tempered, ugly heiress would be there, and Hetty's place be in the back-ground.—Stay—woo and win the lady and forget the girl, Not he. He would transact his business with Mr. Spice and ride away at once. But something must be done before even this could be accomplished.—Something in which Hetty was interested. He stooped down and touched her shoulder with his hand.

"Hetty," he said, "leave those flowers awhile and come and walk by the brook with me. I have something to say to you. Don't refuse me. It is something serious, Hetty."

Hetty arose, tied on her garden hat, and looked down at her flowers still. She would not lift her eyes, and he saw on their lashes two tears. These, and a smile about her mouth, made a perfect April's day of her face.

"You will walk with me, Hetty?" he said.

And for an answer she turned and took her place beside him. So they sauntered on down to the brook side, where the purple flags grew amidst green sedge, and deep in the clear water you could catch a glimpse of shining trout. For a while both kept silent; then John Morton spoke suddenly:

"Hetty, do you know I love you?"

That was all! no preface—nothing to lead to the subject; no prelude to the music—the whole sweet tune broke upon the girl at once:

"Hetty, do you know I love you?"

Hetty stood still; her hand trembled in his—her bosom rose and fell. In a moment she began to sob.

Then John Morton's arms crept around her waist.

"My darling," he said, "look at me—speak to me. Tell me that you return my feeling—tell me that you will one day be my wife?"

At that she pulled her hand away from him.

"You came to be Miss Spice's suitor," he said; "I know it—I heard it talked over when I could not help listening. Say those words to her—not to me."

"To her? I hate her very name," said John. "I love you, Hetty."

"A poor girl—almost a servant?"

"Why should I care! I love you, oh, Hetty, I love you better than I love my own life! Hetty, answer me—will you be my wife? It needs but one little 'yes.'"

An odd convulsion, between laughter and weeping, passed over her face. But she commanded her voice, and said slowly:

"You belong to Miss Spice."

Her words made John Morton flush scarlet.

"Miss Spice is nothing to me," he said. "I've never seen her, nor do I desire to see her. Hetty, answer me."

Hetty turned quite away from him, and in a sort of choking voice replied:

"This is the only answer I can give you: If Miss Spice will not be your wife I don't know of any woman in the place who will," and fairly ran away.

John Morton followed her, only a little way, however, for coming to a spot where the path took a turn, he spied her thro' the bushes, sitting under a great tree, laughing in the merriest manner. The sight turned his heart to stone.

"The heartless jade," he muttered; "and for her I would have given up any thing beside in the wide world. All women are alike. Rustic simplicity in pink calico differs not a whit from city airs and graces in moire antique. I'll go home.—Miss Spice may come or go, for all I care. Oh, Hetty, Hetty!"

With these last words on his lips, John Morton made his way to "Spice Villa," mounted to his own room, and proceeded at once to pack his portmanteau; cramming his wardrobe in pell mell, and using no gentle language towards the innocent garments which would bulge over and forbid the fastening of the lock. Just as the packing was completed there came a sudden racket in the garden, a sound of wheels and merry voices. And his attention was attracted to the window. There at the gate stood a carriage from which descended a stout old lady and a stout old gentleman—Mr. and Mrs. Spice returned without a doubt.

"Five minutes more and I'd have been clear of the house. However, I'll not stay long;" and with this determination, he descended to the hall, just in time to see Hetty rush into the old gentleman's arms with the exclamation:

"Dear papa!"

Out of them she came in a moment—turning rosy red as she murmured:

"Oh, papa, I quite forgot—this is Mr. Morton."

John Morton stood like one petrified. He hardly heard the old gentleman's apology for his absence, or the old lady's welcome.

The truth which was so slowly dawning upon him made him oblivious to all else. He stared at Hetty, whose mischievous face was dimpling and blushing in the most bewitching way. And slowly his lips formed iwo words—they were:

"Miss Spice!"

"Eh!" said the old gentleman; "I really didn't understand you."

"The gentleman wants an introduction," said Hetty. "Please tell him that I am Miss Spice, *your daughter!*"

Then she burst into a peal of laughter that made the old house ring, and brought on her head a maternal reproof for being "so wild before a stranger."

Poor John Morton believed himself a victim of a dream.

But two hours after he had recovered his senses, and sitting close by Hetty on the porch in the moonlight whispered, "Hetty, do you think Miss Spice will say yes?"

Hetty answered, "I think she will."

After awhile she said—the old lady's absence and the old gentleman's nap favoring whispers:

"Never say I told you any stories. I told you I made myself generally useful, and that they gave me my board and clothes, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, that is true."

"Ah!"

"So you fancied me a servant of your own accord, sir. How could I help that?"

"Oh, Hetty, Hetty! But one story—nay, two—you have told. You said Miss Spice was ugly and cross—I know she is pretty and an angel!"

Then there was a sound suspiciously like a kiss and there were but three on the porch, and Mr. Spice was snoring, so it could not have been he.

One month after that there was a wedding, and Mr. John Morton was united to Miss Spice; and if all weddings were the beginning of years as happy as theirs have been since then, it would be well for married folks the world over. Though Mrs. Morton is a little mischievous, and tells a story of a gentleman she knew who traveled miles to woo and wed an heiress and at the end fell in love with a girl in pink calico.

General Robert E. Lee.

The following extract is taken from an interesting letter written by a lady in Liberty, Bedford County, Virginia, to a friend in Alexandria: "Gen. Lee, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Mildred, stopped here for a night on his way to the White Sulpher. While here the General's old officers proposed giving him an entertainment in the shape of a dinner or supper, but he declined all public demonstrations. As he rode through the village, the citizens assembled, and while he was passing along the streets every man raised his hat and stood with bowed head. The General also raised his hat, and this silent tribute of the people to their favorite General was indeed beautiful. A gentleman riding with the General at the time says 'that he felt like weeping, it being such a solemn tribute of respect—so silent and sad; not a voice was raised—'twas the heartfelt love of a conquered people for a beloved hero.''

MONEY.—Men work for it, beg for it, steal for it, starve for it, and die for it, and all the while from the cradle to the grave, nature and God are thundering in our ears the solemn question—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" This madness for money is the strongest and lowest of the passions; it is the insatiate Moloch of the human heart, before whose remorseless altar attributes of humanity are sacrificed. It makes merchandise of all that is sacred in human affections, and even traffics in the awful solemnities of the eternal.

An American in Paris was in want of a hat, and, not being able to speak French, considered himself lucky in stumbling upon a store where such articles were sold, to find in golf-leaf letters upon the window, "English spoken here." He entered, selected his hat, and asked how much, and was replied to as follows by the French shopkeeper: "I would scharge a gentleman twenty francs; I will scharge you sixteen." A Frenchman wouldn't often give such a doubtful compliment.

A Milwaukee somnambulist got into the habit of foraging through his own house in his sleep, carrying off his own pocketbook, plate and other valuables, and hiding them where, when awake, neither he, little suspecting the thief, nor anybody else could find them. A watch was finally set, and he was himself discovered at the work of plunder by friends, who awakened him after he had gone to the same hiding place to make another deposit, and all the missing articles were recovered.

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