Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. VII. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 5, 1868. NO. 16.

HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS.
HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN TONIC.

THEY CURED YOUR
FATHERS AND MOTHERS,

will cure you and your children. They are different from the many preparations now in the country Bitters or Tonics. They are a preparation, or anything but good, honest, reliable medicines. They greatest known remedies for

Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA,
Nervous Debility,
JAUNDICE,
Diseases of the Kidneys,
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,
Diseases arising from a Disorder Liver, Stomach, or
IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.
All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters

are purely vegetable, and contain no Brandy. It is a compound of Pure Extracts, The Roots, Herbs, and Barks which these extracts are made gathered in Germany, where medicinal virtues are extracted from them by scientific chemists. They are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitters that can be used in places where alcoholic stimulants are prohibited.

Hoofland's German Tonic

is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is used in diseases where some alcoholic stimulus is required. You will hear in mind these remedies are entirely different from those advertised for the cure of the diseases named; these scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while there were decoctions of rum in some form. The TONIC is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public, and as a restorative. It is a pleasure to take it, while its invigorating, and medicinal qualities have been known as the greatest of all tonics.

DEBILITY.

No medicine equal to Hoofland's German Tonic in cases of Debility. It imparts vigor to the whole system, restores the appetite, causes good digestion, enables the stomach to digest food, purify the blood, give a healthy, sound, healthy action, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eyes, bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a pale, broken-down, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a robust, full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.

Nervous and Delicate Sufferers are strengthened by using the Bitters or Tonic; in fact, they are Family Medicines, and may be administered with safety to a child three months old, to the most delicate female, or a man of 90.

These medicines are the best

Blood Purifiers

in the world, and will cure all diseases resulting from impurity of the blood, such as keep your blood pure; keep your stomach healthy, keep your digestive organs healthy, regulate the liver when it is out of order, put the whole system in a healthy condition, by the use of these medicines, and no disease will dare to approach you.

The best men in the country recommend them. Clergymen of all denominations, men of honest reputation, give their testimony in favor of these preparations.

HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.
"Hoofland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating drink, but is a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and of nervous action, in the system.
Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

HON. JAMES THOMPSON,
Judge Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, April 29, 1866.
Gentlemen: I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable tonic in cases of attacks of indigestion or Dyspepsia. I speak this from my experience of their effects, with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON.

REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D.D.,
Pastor of the Seventh Baptist Church, Philadelphia.
DEAR SIR:—I have been frequently asked my name with recommendations of patent medicines, but regarding the practice as inappropriate where I have in all cases demanded a clear proof in various instances, and in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my rule to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system and especially for Liver complaint, they are a valuable preparation; in some cases it may be useful, and I doubt not, in all cases where recommended, will do good to those who suffer from these complaints. Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth, below Coates street.

CAUTION.

The genuine Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The signature of C. M. Jackson on the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name blown in each bottle. All others are spurious.

Put up in quart bottles.

Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies are now extensively used and so highly recommended that it seems to allow the Druggists to sell anything else that he may say is good, because he can make more profit on it. These Remedies may be expected to stay healthy wherever applied.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
CONSULTATION ROOMS,
AMERICAN MEDICINE STORE,
No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.
C. M. EVANS,
Sole Proprietor,
late C. M. JACKSON & CO.

Country merchants can purchase of Druggists everywhere, and Medicine Dealers generally.

Examine well the article you buy, to avoid mistakes.

Strawberry Plants
AND
Dwarf Pears.

I have about **200,000** Strawberry Plants, cultivated expressly for the Plants, which I now offer as low as can be bought of any Nurseryman, embracing the following choice varieties: Wilson's Albany, Agriculturist, Russell's Prolific, Knox's, Jucunda or 700, and Golden Seedel.

Also, **5,000** Dwarf Pear Trees, principally Dutchess, *budded on the best two year old transplanted Auger's Quince*, of my own importation, from the celebrated nursery of Duvesse & Co., at Orleans, France, that I will warrant equal if not superior to any that can be bought and at as low a price.

For the benefit of those wishing to plant Pear Trees, I will state that I have 2,800, of eight varieties, planted in 1863, and selected from the orchard of a gentleman who had thirty-two varities, as the only ones worthy of cultivation. My own experience has induced me to discard all but the following, of which I shall plant about 5,000 myself this fall: Beure Gifford, very early; Beure Easter, very late; Louise Bon de Jersey; Dutchesse de Angouleme.

For price, &c., address
R. S. EMORY,
Chestertown, Kent Co., Md.
August 8, 1868—2m.

LAND FOR SALE

THE subscriber finding it inconvenient to attend to his Farm in Quaker Neck, and his professional and public duties, has concluded to dispose of it at Public Sale, on

THURSDAY
The Tenth day of September next,
at 12 o'clock, M.

It contains about 356 Acres,

and is about four miles from Chestertown: is divided into six fields, and is under good fencing. The land has been limed. There are

Several Peach Orchards in bearing,

CONTAINING IN THE AGGREGATE
ABOUT 3000 TREES.
A PEAR ORCHARD OF ABOUT 150 OF STANDARD AND DWARF, also bearing.

200 APPLE TREES,

Dwarf and Standard, about nine years old, beginning to bear fruit. Also, an OLDER APPLE ORCHARD. The Dwelling is in fair condition. Kitchen new; Out Buildings in a good state of repair. There is a good Tenant House on the farm. The Landing is a good one on Chester River. The Terms may be made to suit both seller and purchaser, and are therefore not stated.

Mr. John C. Money, the tenant, will shew the premises to any one who may call.

The WOOD is ample for the farm.

GEORGE VICKERS.
Chestertown, August 8, 1868—tds.

LAND FOR SALE

THE undersigned, as Agent and Attorney, will expose to Public Sale, at the Voshell House in Chestertown, on

THURSDAY,
The 10th day of September next,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., that Valuable Farm in Quaker Neck, called

THE HANSON OR WILMER FARM,

on which Mr. Wm. A. Thomas resides as Tenant, containing

About 468 Acres.

This Farm is divided into six Fields and a Lot of three or four acres, under fair fencing. The Land has been Limed, and is good and productive. There are about one hundred acres in

WOOD AND MARSH.

THE DWELLING
Is a Large Two-Story Brick,

Three rooms below, with a good Hall and Stairway; three rooms on the second floor, and two good and finished rooms in the garret, which has dormer windows—all in good repair. There is a GRANARY, STABLING, SHEDS, &c., on the premises.

This property is within three-fourths to a mile of Chestertown, on the main road leading to the latter place, and binding on Chester River. The situation is high, handsome, healthy and very desirable. The property is among the finest and handsomest on the River line.

THE TERMS OF SALE ARE: One third cash, balance in three equal instalments in one, two and three years, with interest, and secured. The terms may be modified, if desired.

GEORGE VICKERS,
Agent and Attorney.
Chestertown, August 8, 1868—tds.

Maryland Agricultural College.

Fall Term opens September 15.

Charge Reduced since the Circular was Issued.

TERMS PER SESSION of Ten Months: Board $175; Tuition $75.

Sixty Students from the State received free of charge for tuition. Applications for the free Scholarships must be made to the President of the Board of County School Commissioners before the 9th of September.

☞ Send for Circular. [Aug. 15—1m.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent County, letters of administration on the estate of

SARAH ANN BECK,

late of said county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 11th day of March, 1869; otherwise they may be excluded by law from the benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of August, 1868.

BENJAMIN F. COMEGYS,
August 15, 1868—4t. Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, letters of Administratirn on the estate of

JOHN S. HANES,

late of said county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 11th day of March, 1869; otherwise they may be excluded by law from the benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of August, 1868.

JANE HANES,
August 15, 1868—4t. Administratrix.

ORDER OF RATIFICATION.

Ludowick W. Morgan and others,
vs.
Mary A. Brown and others.

In the Circuit Court for Kent County, as a Court of Equity, August 8, 1868.

IT is hereby ordered, That the sale made and reported by James A. Pearce, Trustee for the sale of the Real Estate mentioned and described in the above entitled case, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the Twelfth day of October next: provided a copy of this Order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the fifteenth day of September next.

The Report states the amount of sales to be $9808.50.

JESSE K. HINES, Clerk.
True copy—Test:
JESSE K. HINES, Clerk.
August 15, 1868.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, letters of Administration on the estate of

SAMUEL H. HURLEY,

late of Middlesex county, Virginia, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, on or before the 11th day of March, 1869, otherwise they may be excluded by law from the benefits of said estate. Given under our hands this 11th day of August, 1868.

DAVID HURLEY,
RACHAEL W. HURLEY,
August 15, 1868—4t. Administrators.

FESTIVAL.

THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING, BOYS,
WAIT A LITTLE LONGER.

To relieve their newly acquired Parsonage of an embarrassing debt, the congregations of the Methodist Protestant Church on Chesapeake Circuit will offer to their friends on the

Evenings of Wednesday and Thursday,
September 9th and 10th,

in the Grove attached to Wesley Chapel, one of their elegant and recherche entertainments, under the supervision of a Committee of Ladies. Every effort will be made to ensure a pleasant reunion.

The hour of meeting will be 3 o'clock, P. M.; and Tea will be served at 6 o'clock.

Ice-Cream, Fruit, and Confectionery will be sold at reasonable rates.

☞ Tickets for Supper, 50 cents.

The Committee earnestly solicit a generous response from their friends. By order

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.
August 15, 1868—1f.

Notice.

THE subscriber takes this method of notifying the community that he will prosecute for misdemeanor, all persons found gathering and taking away the cranberries growing on his farm.

W. T. WALLIS,
Aug. 15, 1868—7t. Near Kennedyville.

NOTICE.

PERSONS having Bounty Claims in my hands will please call at the Clerk's Office and make the necessary affidavits, as I wish to file said claims with the Comptroller on or about the 20th of this month.

JESSE K. HINES.
August 8, 1868—tf.

NOTICE
To Tax Payers in the Second District.

TAXES are due from the first of July. All who pay in August will get 5 per cent. off their State tax; 4 per cent. off if paid in September, and 3 off if paid in October.

I hope this notice will be sufficient to induce every person to pay without delay. I will further say to those who have not paid last year's taxes, that I shall not wait much longer. Office at Mr. Hayes' store.

J. SUTTON, Collector.
Kennedyville, August 8, 1868—tf.

600 Tax Payers Take Notice!

YOUR Tax Bill for 1868 are now due, and in my hands for collection. I am not only anxious to collect the bills and settle the books during the present year, but parties are urging their claims for payment, which cannot be delayed longer than the 1st, of January next. A prompt settlement, therefore, is asked. The subscriber will be at MASSEY'S CROSS ROADS on Wednesday mornings; SASSAFRAS on Wednesday afternoons; CHESTERVILLE, Saturday mornings; MILLINGTON, Saturday afternoons; and at Galena on Mondays. And will continue to visit said places on the days named, in each week, until further notice.

E. E. MILLER, Collector,
August 1st, 1868. 1st Dis. Kent Co.

Notice.

I am closing my Books and all having Accounts standing for a longer time than one year, will find it greatly to their interest to call and settle with myself or Mr. Charles H. Wickes, by October next, as after that time they will be assigned in liquidation of some claims I wish to pay.

Aug. 29, 1868. T. H. WHALAND.

Selected Poetry.

A COUNTRY CHURCH.

The Church was plain without display,
Front gorgeous colors free,
Through unstained glass the light of heaven
Was shining cheerfully,
And rich and poor sat side by side,
I saw no cushioned pews,
Whose doors the meanest of the flock,
An entrance might refuse.

And when the hymn was given out,
With what astonished face,
I watched a lady clad in silk
Bend forward from her place,
To share her book with one whose robes,
So scanty were and mean,
No maiden formed of earthly mould,
To greet her would be seen.

And yet I saw not that the deed,
Lessened a single grace,
But rather that a sweeter look,
Beamed on the maiden's face.
And while I pondered in my mind,
How such a thing could be,
The whole assembly joined to sing,
Some time-worn melody.

Vainly I strove with modern ear,
To catch the organ's tone,
These simple Christians swell the praise
Of God by voice alone.
And here no fashionable airs,
The tedium to beguile,
Are set to solemn hymns of praise,
And sung in opera style.

And yet the music of that choir,
Right pleasant was to hear,
Though nothing in the strain I found
To please a critic's ear.
But childhood joined its ringing tones
With those of faltering age;
And rich and poor, and old and young,
In the blest work engaged.

I listened, and my thoughts recurred
To many a boasted choir,
In city church, who meekly meet
To praise the Lord for hire;
And well, thought I, the Church of God
This mockery might spare,
I ceased—for every knee was bowed
In reverential prayer.

And all in spirit seemed to join,
Nor could I well forbear,
For Christ, and not the minister,
Was most apparent there.
Its words of Charity and love,
Did the whole world embrace,
Unfetter'd by the love of sect,
That modern Christian grace.

And little did I care to know
If Old the School or New,
From which the soul of such a man,
Its rich instruction drew.
His teacher none could well mistake,
One only can impart
Lessons of wisdom that can guide
A sinful human heart.

And soon the fervent prayer was o'er,
The benediction asked,
And slowly down the narrow isles,
The congregation passed,
Slowly, as one might turn his back
Upon the gates of heaven,
After a taste of angel's food,
Unto his soul was given.

And now kind greetings were exchanged,
With many a friendly word;
And Christians met, as Christians should,
Who serve one common Lord.
One heart, one mind, one earnest will,
Seemed to inspire the whole,
As friend to friend with freedom told,
The welfare of his soul.

Strange though it seem, no single word,
These curious folks did say
Of "politics," of "rise in stocks,"
Or gossip of the day.
Not only did they "shut up shop,"
And lock the office door,
They turned the key on worldly thoughts
Till holy time was o'er,

The sermon, while a group discussed,
I listened in amaze,
And marvelled at the words they used,
When speaking in its praise.
They did not call it "great," or "deep,"
"Ingenious," "witty," "smart,"
Or thanked their "stars" they had a man
After the people's heart.

But whispered low, with moistened eyes,
How precious was the word,
How full of hope the promises
Their strengthened souls had heard.
And murmured blessings on his head,
Who laboring by their side,
In all simplicity and truth,
Preached Christ the crucified.

LET some ingenious quibbler explain how a letter written by an officer can be called a private letter.

MANY ladies, who profess an enthusiastic love of nature, sit in their parlors as if expecting her to make a call.

WHY is life the riddle of riddles? Because we must give it up.

WHEN you are running from a mad bull to be slow isn't to be sure.

Original Story.

Written for the Transcript.

The Proud Heart Humbled.

BY THOS. B. HARRIS.

The March night had darkened down the little New England village of Ashdale. It was a pretty place in summer, lying between two hills, on whose summits the ash trees lifted their green arms to the sky all the long, bright days, as if imploring a benediction, or spread out lovingly over the white houses nestled round the church in the vale below.

But to-night it wore a different aspect A storm was upon the hills. A little snow and hail was borne upon its wings, but not much. Chiefly it was the force of rushing winds; shaking the leafless ash trees, hurling against closed windows; swinging the bell in the old church-tower, till it gave forth now and then a dirge-like peal, as if the dead were tolling their own requiems.

Many homes there were where the wild scene without seemed but to heighten by the force of contrast, the blessed calm within—homes where smiling infants slept warm and still, through the twilight, in the soft hush of mother bosoms, and happy children gathered round the knee of some father or grandsire, to hear again some simple story; or thoughtful ones looked into the fire, and fashioned from the embers, brave castles, in which they were to dwell in the coming time, with, over all, the sunshine of youth and hope. Twenty years from now they will look again into the embers, and see those fair castles in which they had never come to abide, with ruined windows and blackened walls—

"The twilight of memory over all
And the silence of death within."

But in one house no stories were told to gladly listening ears—no soft evening hymn hushed slumbering babes to rest—no children's eager eyes looked into the embers. It was the stateliest house, by far, in the little village—a lofty mansion, gleaming white through the trees, with the roof supported by massive pillars. Nowhere did the evening fire burn brighter, but into it looked only two old people, worn and sorrowful, with the shadows of grief and time upon their shrivelled faces—two who had forgotten, long ago, their youth's fair castles—who looked back over waste fields of memory, where not even setting sun rays gilded the monument built to their dead hopes.

They sat there silently. They had sat silently ever since the darkness gathered. The lofty well-furnished room was lighted only by the wood-fire's glow, and in the corners strange shadows seemed to gather, with beckoning hands and white brows gleaming spectrally through the darkness. Towards them, now and then, the wife looked with anxious gaze; then turned back again toward the fire, and clasped her hands over the heart that had learned through many trials the hard lesson of patience.

Judge Howard was a stern, self-contained man. In his native town, where he had passed all his life, none stood higher in public esteem. Towards the poor he was liberal—toward his neighbors just and friendly; yet, for all that, he was a hard man, whose will was iron, whose habits were granite. His wife had come to know this, even in her honey-moon. The knowledge was endorsed by her sad, waiting face, and her restrained manners.

His daughter Julia, his only child, had learned it early, and her father became to her almost as much an object of fear as of tenderness. And yet he loved those two with a strength weaker and more yielding natures could not have fathomed. When his child was first put into his arms, when her frail helpless hand grasped blindly at his own, he felt the strong thrill of fatherly love sweep over him. For the moment it swelled his soul, flooded his heart, but it did not permanently change or soften his nature. As she grew toward womanhood, and her bright head glancing in his path was the fairest sight earth held, her ringing voice the sweetest music, he never gratified her whims, nor always yielded to her reasonable wishes.

At length love came to her. She gave her heart to one whose father Judge Howard had hated. James Huntley and he had been youths together, and a feud had arisen between them, which Rufus Howard's stern nature allowed him neither to forget or forgive. He had yet to learn the lesson, holier than philosophy, loftier than all the teachings of seers and sages, the lesson our Saviour lived and wrought, aye, and died to teach, of forgiveness even for our enemies—prayer for those who have despitefully used us and persecuted us. His former enemy was dead now, but not so the Judge's hate. It had been transmitted like real estate, to the dead man's heir, and so he bade her choose between parents and lover. She inherited her father's strong will, and she put her hand in Richard Huntley's and went forth. She would not have been her father's child if she had not.

From that time for ten years, her name had been a forbidden word. Letters she had written at first during her banishment, but they had been sent back unopened, and for years no voice or token had come to tell whether she was dead or living. Therefore the mother looked shuddering into the shadow-haunted corners in the long twilights, and almost believed that she saw there the face for which her mother's heart had yearned, momently, all these years.

Judge Howard loved his wife, too—oh, if she had but known it! Every outline of that sad, waiting face, every thread of that silver hair, was dearer to him now than when bridal roses crowned the girl-bride he had chosen, but his lips never soothed away the sadness of that patient face.

"It is a terrible night," he said at length, rousing himself from his long silence. In the pause after his words you could hear how the wind shook the house, groaned among the trees, and sighed along the garden walk.

"Yes, a terrible night," his wife answered, with a shudder. "God grant no poor soul may be out in it shelterless."

"Amen! I would take in my worst enemy on such a night as this."

His worst enemy! But would he have taken in his own child; the daughter with his blood in her veins, fed once at his board, warmed at his hearth? If this question crossed his wife's mind, she gave it no utterance.

"Shall I light the candles, Rufus," she asked meekly.

"Yes, it is almost bed time. I had forgotten how long we were sitting in the dark. I will read now, and then we shall better be in bed."

He drew towards him the Bible, which lay between the candles she had lighted—it had been his habit, for years, to read a chapter in it nightly. Somehow, to-night, the pages opened at the beautiful, ever-new story of the prodigal son. Judge Howard read it through calmly, but his hand trembled as he shut the book.

"Hannah," he began, and then paused, as if his pride were still too strong to permit him to confess himself in the wrong. But soon he proceeded. "Hannah, I do suppose that was written for an example to those who should seek to be numbered with the children of God. He is our father, and his arms are ever open to the wanderer. My heart misgives me sorely about Caroline. She should not have disobeyed me, but do I never disobey God, and where should I be if He measured out to me such measure as I have measured to her? Oh, Hannah, I never felt before how much I needed to be forgiven."

The mother's tears were falling still and fast. She could not answer. There was silence for a moment, and then again the Judge said restlessly—"Hannah!" and she looked up into his white, moved face. "Hannah, could we find her? Do you think she lives—our one child?"

"God knows, my husband. Sometimes I think that she is dead. I see her face on dark nights, and it wears a look of heavenly peace. In the winds I hear a voice that sounds like hers, and she seems trying to tell me she has found rest. But no, no!"—her face kindled—"she is not dead. I feel it in my soul. God will let us see her yet once more. I am her mother—I shall not die till my kisses have rested on her cheek, my hand touched her hair. I believe I have a promise, Rufus."

"God grant it, Hannah," and after those words they both sat silently again, listening—listening—listening.

They had not heard the outer door open, but now a step sounded in the hall, and the door of the room where they sat softly unclosed. They both started up—perhaps they half expected to see Caroline, but it was only their next neighbor, holding by the hand a child. She spoke eagerly, in a half-confused way which they did not notice.

"This little one came to my house, Judge, but, I hadn't room to keep her, so I brought her over here. Will you take her in?"

"Surely, surely. Come here, poor child."

Who had ever heard Judge Howard's voice so gentle? The little one seemed somewhat reassured by it. She crept to his knee, and lifted up her face. The Judge bent over her. Whose were those deep blue eyes? Where had he seen that peculiar shade of hair, like a shell of a ripe chestnut? Did he not know those small, sweet features, the wistful mouth, the delicate chin? His hands shook.

"Whose—whose child are you? What is your name?"

"Grace," and the little girl trembled visibly.

"Grace Huntley," said the neighbor's voice, grown somewhat quivering now, "Grace Huntley. You cannot help knowing that face, Judge. It is a copy of one which belonged once to the brightest and prettiest face in Archdale."

"The old man—he looked very old now, shaken by the tempest in his strong heart, as the wind shook the trees—drew the child into his bosom with an eager, hungry look. His arms closed around her as if they would hold her there forever.

"My child, my child," burst like a sob from his lips, and then he bent over her silently. At first his wife had stood by in mute amazement, her face almost as white as the cap-border which trembled round it. Now a thought pierced her, and keen as the thrust of a sword. She drew near, and looked piteously into the neighbor's eyes:

"Is she an orphan? Where is her mother?"

The Judge heard her, and lifted up his head

"Yes," he cried, "Where is Caroline? Have pity and tell me where is Caroline?"

Before the woman could answer, an eager voice called, "Here, father, mother, here," and from the hall where she had been lingering half in fear, Judge Howard's one child came in. It was the mother's breast to which she tottered forward, and threw herself down at her father's feet.

"Forgive me, father," she tried to say, but the Judge would not hear her. The angel had troubled, at length, the deep waters of his soul, and the wave of healing over-flowed his heart. He saw now, in its true light, the self-will and unforgiving spirit which had been the sin of his life.

He sank upon his knees, his arms enfolding his daughter and her child, and his old wife crept to his side, and knelt beside him, while from his lips Mrs. Marsh heard, as she closed the door and left the now united family to themselves, this prayer;

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."

Judge Howard had not uttered it before for ten years.

After that night the Judge's mansion was not only the stateliest but the happiest home in Ashdale. Caroline Huntley had borne as long as she could the burden of her father's unforgiving anger, and when the weight on her heart had grown too heavy to be endured, she had started with her child for home. The stage had set them down that stormy night in her native village, and the forgiveness for which she had scarcely dared to hope had expanded into a welcome.

The old people could not again spare their daughter, and they summoned Richard Huntley home. A son, he proved, of whom any father might be proud, and in the after years no shadow brooded over the peaceful dwelling, where once more children's feet danced round the hearth-fire; and children's fancies built castles in the embers; no shadow, until that last darkness came which should be but the night above which will rise the calm morning of eternity.

Walking.

Walking is good: not stepping from shop to shop, or from neighbor to neighbor, but stretching out far into the country to the freshest fields, and highest ridges, and quietest lanes. However sullen the imagination may have been among its griefs at home, here it cheers up and smiles. However listless the limbs may have been when sustaining a too heavy heart, here they are braced, and the lagging gait becomes buoyant again. However perverse the memory may have been in presenting all that was agonizing, and insisting only on what cannot be retrieved, here it is first disregarded, and then it sleeps; and the sleep of the memory is the day in Paradise to the unhappy. The mere breathing of the cool wind on the face in the commonest highway is rest and comfort, which must be felt at such times to be believed. It is disbelieved in the shortest intervals between its seasons of enjoyment; and every time the sufferer has resolution to go forth to meet it, it penetrates to the very heart in glad surprise. The fields are better still, for there is the lark to fill up the hours with mirthful music, or, at worst, the robin and the flocks of fieldfares, to show that the hardest day has its life and hilarity. But the calmest region is the upland, where human life is spread out beneath the bodily eye—where the eye moves from the peasant's nest to the spiry town, from the school-house to the church-yard, from the diminished team in the patch of fallow, or the fisherman's boat in the cove, to the viaduct that spans the valley, or the fleet that glides, ghostlike, on the horizon. This is the perch where the spirit plumes its ruffled and drooping wings, and makes ready to let itself down any wind that heaven may send.

Advantages of Crying.

A French physician, in a long dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying, especially during surgical operations, contends that groaning and crying are two grand operations, by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings, more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty, in the course of a few hours, by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy about anything, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud bohoo, and they will feel a hundred per cent. better afterward.

In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically repressed, the result may be St. Vitus' dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural is nearly always useful; and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain.

Probably most persons have experienced the effect of tears in relieving great sorrow. It is even curious how the feelings are allayed by the free indulgence in groans and sighs. Then let parents and friends show more indulgence to noisy bursts of grief on the part of children as well as of older persons, and regard the mouth and eyes as the safety valve, through which nature discharges her surplus steam.

SCHOOL NOTICE.

THE Board of School Commissioners for Kent County, will meet on

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th,

For the purpose of electing Six Candidates for the Free Scholarships in St. John's College to which Kent County is entitled; Six Students for the State Normal School, and one for the Maryland Agricultural College.

All applications must be handed in to the Commissioner of the District before the day of meeting. Applicants for admission to the Normal School must appear before the Examiner, on the day following the meeting of the Board, and pass the Examination required by law.

Hereafter the Examiner will not examine any person for a position as Teacher in the Public Schools of Kent County, except on the days advertised in each quarter, unless the necessities of the Schools absolutely require it.

W. F. MASSEY,
Sec'y. and Examiner of School Board.
August 22, 1868—1t.

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

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