Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. VII. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 28, 1868. NO. 28.

JUST OUT.

THE undersigned have just completed the

BALTIMORE COOK,

and confidently offer it to the people of Kent county as the *best* and *cheapest* Cooking Stove in the market.

Call and examine our new stock of Dwelling, Church, and School Stoves, which we always *guarantee* to be as represented.

DORGAN & CO.,
S. E. cor. Light and Lombard sts.,
Sept. 5, 1868—4m. BALTIMORE.

Baltimore Sewing Machine Mart.

THE Public have long desired the establishment of a Mart where all kinds of Sewing Machines and Sewing Machine Findings could be had; where they could see and compare the workings of one machine with another, and select from the different makes, the Machine best suited to the use to which they desire to apply it.

FRED. W. WILD,
78 W. Baltimore Street.

☞ Sewing Machines repaired and adjusted by skillful mechanics, and a fair remunerative compensation only will be charged for the time and skill expended in the work.

The Great American Combination Button Hole Overseaming and

SEWING MACHINE,

Is warranted to execute in the best manner every variety of Sewing, Hemming, Felling, Cording, Tucking, Braiding, Gathering, Quilting, Over-seaming, Embroidering on the edge, and in addition makes beautiful Button and Eyelet holes in all fabrics. It has no equal, being absolutely the best Family Machine in the world, and intrinsically the cheapest, for it is two Machines combined in one by a simple and beautiful mechanical arrangement.

Circulars with full particulars and samples of work done on this machine, can be had on application at the sales room of

FRED. W. WILD,
78 W. Baltimore street,
Over Eisenbrandt's Music Store.
AGENTS WANTED.
Sept. 12, 1868—y.

BOWER'S

COMPLETE MANURE,

MANUFACTURED BY HENRY BOWER,

PHILADELPHIA,

MADE FROM

Super-Phosphate of Lime, Ammonia and Potash.

Warranted Free from Adulteration.

This Manure contains all the elements to produce large crops of all kinds, and is highly recommended by all who have used it, also by distinguished Chemists who have, by analysis, tested its qualities.

Packed in Bags of 200 lbs. Each.

DIXON, SHARPLESS & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS,
39 South Water and 40 South Wharves,
PHILADELPHIA.

For Sale by WM. REYNOLDS,
79 South Street,
July 18. BALTIMORE, MD.

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

WALTER T. H. MILLER,

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 20th day of May, 1869; otherwise they may be excluded by law from the benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 20th day of October, 1868.

RICHARD W. JONES,
Oct. 24—4t Administrator.

MORO PHILLIPS'

GENUINE IMPROVED

SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

STANDARD GUARANTEED.

For sale at Manufacturers' Depots,

No. 27 N. Front Street, Philadelphia,

AND

No. 95 South Street, Baltimore.

And by Dealers in general throughout the Country.

The SOMBRERO GUANO of which MORO PHILLIPS' PHOSPHATE is and always has been manufactured, (and of which he has sole control for the United States,) contains fifty per cent. more Bone Phosphate than Raw Bone, therefore it is more durable. The addition of Ammonia gives it greater fertilizing value.

Over seven years' experience has proved to the Farmer that it makes a heavier grain than even stable manure, and is not only active but lasting.

Price $56 00 per ton, 2,000 lbs.
Discount to dealers.

MORO PHILLIPS,
Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer.
Philadelphia, August 29, 1868—3m.

BLACK LEAD and Blacking Brushes for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

HERBERT & HAIRSTON,
Grain Commission Merchants.

General Agents for

ANDREW COE'S

Super-Phosphate of Lime.

BEST ARTICLE IN USE

Letter from A. L. Carter.

MONASKIN, Lancaster Co., Va., August 10, 1868.

Messrs. HERBERT & HAIRSTON, Baltimore, Md.

Gentlemen:—I purchased two tons Andrew Coe's Phosphate last fall and applied it in comparison with A No. 1 Peruvian Guano, each drilled in with wheat, at the rate of about 150 pounds per acre, on similar land. The growth of straw was greater where the guano was applied, but the yield of wheat greater and quality better where I used the Phosphate. I also purchased two tons last spring to experiment on oats and corn. The growth of oats was very fine, the corn looks well and bids fair to yield heavily. I shall want more to apply to wheat this fall.

Very respectfully, A. L. CARTER.

Letter from Hon. E. J. Henkle.

Anne Arundel County, Aug. 8th, 1868.

Messrs. Herbert & Hairston:

Gentlemen:—I have used Andrew Coe's Super-Phosphate of Lime on my corn crop for two successive years, and take great pleasure in testifying to its merits. My crop last year was bettter filled in the ear and heavier than I ever raised before. The soil was of inferior quality, and I could only attribute the success of the crop to the effects of the fertilizer. I have used it again this year and it promises equally good results. It is, in my opinion, the most popular and best manufactured fertilizer in use in this community.

Very truly yours, E. J. HENKLE.

Letter from Michael Graybill.

Amsterdam, Va., July 31, 1868.

Messrs. Herbert & Hairston:

I used Andrew Coe's Phosphate by the side of No. 1 Peruvian, and I could see no difference between the two; both did well. I will want some again this fall. Very respectfully yours, MICHAEL GRAYBILL.

Letter from Jesse Slingluff, Esq., President of the Commercial and Farmers Bank.

Baltimore, August 4th, 1868.

Andrew Coe, Esq., Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir:—I used on my wheat last fall your Super-Phosphate of Lime, and found it to do well. I most cheerfully recommend farmers to use it, as a first-rate fertilizer.

Very respectfully yours,
JESSE SLINGLUFF,
Baltimore county, Md.

Letter from Basil S. Benson.

Anne Arundel Co., Md., July 18, 1868.

Andrew Coe, Esq., Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir:—I have bought twenty-six tons of your Phosphate and used it on my fall and spring crops, and it is the best fertilizer that I have ever used. Yours, truly,
BASIL S. BENSON.

HERBERT & HAIRSTON, Agents,
No. 10 Camden St., Baltimore, Md.
August 29, 1868.

CORTLAN & CO.,
216 & 218 Baltimore St.,
Baltimore, Md.,
IMPORTERS.

CHINA,
Glass & Earthenware,
TABLE CUTLERY AND FAMILY HARDWARE,
PLATED TEA & COFFEE SERVICES.
Forks, Spoons, Casters
And Butter Tubs,
Britannia and Block Tinware,
Fenders, Shovel & Tongs, Standards
And House Furnishing Goods
OF EVERY VARIETY.

The Goods have all been selected from the most celebrated makers, and are guaranteed to be first class in QUALITY, new in PATTERN, and beautiful in DESIGN. The stock having been bought MUCH UNDER former prices on account of the depression in trade, will be offered to customers at a corresponding reduction.

CORTLAN & CO.
Baltimore, August 29, 1868—y

Wood and Coal.

THE Subscriber has in his yard and is prepared to supply Oak, Hickory and Pine fire wood at regular prices. He also gives notice that he will be prepared in a few months to furnish *Coal of all sizes and quality.* Persons wishing to engage their coal, will be supplied as cheap as it can be furnished in this market.

13-tf. W. H. HAMILTON.

Henry C. Kennard,
ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR,
27 SAINT PAUL STREET,
apr4-6m BALTIMORE.

Mu es, Mu es!
One Pair MULES and one Horse, for sale by N. BARNARD,
Sept. 19—tf Still Pond, Md.

LUMBER, LUMBER.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF LUMBER on reasonable terms, for sale by T. W. ELIASON & SON.

HOOFLAND'S

GERMAN BITTERS.

HOOFLAND'S

GERMAN TONIC.

THEY CURED YOUR

FATHERS AND MOTHERS,

And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now in the country called Bitters or Tonics. They are no tavern preparation, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicines. They are

The greatest known remedies for

Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA,
Nervous Debility,
JAUNDICE,
Diseases of the Kidneys,
ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,
and all Diseases arising from a Disordered 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, etc., 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

is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific chemist. These extracts 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 cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Hoofland's German Tonic

is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with PURE Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these remedies are entirely different from any others advertised, for the cure of the diseases named, these being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions of rum in some form. The TONIC is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while its life-giving, exhilarating, and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.

DEBILITY.

There is no medicine equal to Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic in cases of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of the food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tings from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.

Weak and Delicate Children are made strong by using the Bitters or Tonic. In fact, they are Family Medicines. They can be administered with perfect safety to a child three months old, the most delicate female, or a man of ninety.

These Remedies are the best

Blood Purifiers

ever known, and will cure all diseases resulting from bad blood. Keep your blood pure; keep your Liver in order; keep your digestive organs in a sound, healthy condition, by the use of these remedies, and no disease will ever assail you. The best men in the country recommend them. If years of honest reputation go for anything you must try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.

I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" is not an intoxicating beverage, but is a good tonic, useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of great benefit in cases of debility and want of nervous action, in the system.

Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,

Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, April 29, 1868.

I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in cases of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect,
JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D. D.,

Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

DR. JACKSON—DEAR SIR:—*I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have to all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a valuable and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.*

Yours, very respectfully,
J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth, below Coates street.

CAUTION.

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

The trade is put up in quart bottles.

Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggists to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,

No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.

CHAS. M. EVANS,
Proprietor,

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These Remedies are for sale by Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

Selected Poetry.

From the Lynchburg News.

TALE OF A POSSUM.

Nox was lit by lux of luna.
And 'twas a night most opportuna,
To catch a possum or a coona;
For nix was scattered o'er this mundus
A shallow nix et non profundus.
On sic a nix with canis unus,
Two boys went out to hunt a coonus.
The corpus of this bonus canis,
Was full as long as octo span is;
But brevis legs had canis never.
Quam had hic dog brevis clever.
Some used to say in stultum jocum
That sic a field was too small locum
For sic a dog to make a turnus
Circum self from stem to sternus.

Unis canis, duo puer,
Numquam braver, numquam trueer,
Quam hoc trio unquam fuit,
If there was I never knew it.
Hic bonus dog had one bad habit
Amabat much to tree a rabbit
Amabat plus to tree a rattus,
Amabat bene to chase a cattus.
But in this nixy moonlight night,
This old canis did just right.
Numquam treed a starving rattus,
Numquam chased a starving cattus
But cucurrit on intentus,
On the track or on the scentus,
'Till he treed a possum strongum
In a hollow trunkum longum.
Loud he barked in horrid bellum,
Seemed on terra venit hellum,
Quickly ran the duo puers,
Mors of possum to secure;
Quum veneret one began,
To chop away like quisvue man.
Soon the axe went through the trunkum
Soon he hit it per! cher!! chunkum!!!
Combat thickens; on ye braves;
Canis, puer, bites and staves;
As his powers non longus tarry,
Possum potest non pugnare.
On the nix his corpus lieth,
Down to Hades his spirit flieth,
Joyful puers, canis bonus,
Think him dead as any stonus.
Aint his corpus like a jelly?
Quid plus proof ought hunter velle?
Now they seek their paters domo,
Feeling proud as any homo,
Knowing certe they will blossum
Into heroes, when with possum
They arrive, narrabant story
With plenus blood and plenior glory.
Pompey, David, Samson, Cæsar,
Cynes, Blackhawk, Shalmanezer,
Tell me where est now the gloria;
Where the honors of Victoria!!
Quum at domum narrant story
Plenus sanguine, tragic, gory:
Pater praiseth, likewise mater,
Wonders greatly younger frater.
Possum leave they in the mundus,
Go themselves to sleep profoundus;
Somniunt possum slain in battle
Strong as ursae, large as cattle.
When nox gives way to lux of morning
Albam terram much adorning,
Up they jump to see the varmen
One of which quid est the carmen.
Possum hic est resurrectum!
Leaving puers most dejectum.
Cruel possum; bestia vilest,
How the puers tu beguilest;
Puers think not plus of Cæsar,
Go O glammen, Shalmanezer,
Take your laurel cum the honor,
Since ista possum is a goner.

THE TWO BROTHERS;

Or, The Snake Guarded Gold.

A TALE OF NEW YORK.

BY CAPTAIN HOWARD.

CHAPTER I.

THE BROTHERS AND THEIR PLOT.

Two men were seated in a small room in R——— street, in New York city.—The apartment was nearly furnitureless. An old table occupied the middle of the room, and on its ricketty leaf stood a long black-necked bottle, in the mouth of which was stuck a tallow candle. A cupboard, minus one door, filled one corner, and the room boasted of no carpet, only a dingy, dirty floor.

And the men seated in the room—what of them? They were not in keeping with it all. It seemed as if they had dropped in for shelter during the storm which was raging without.

They were old young men—young in years, old in sin. They were dressed alike, their clothes were good broadcloth, and their hats silk plugs. No jewelry adorned their person. Their hair was alike, both possessed grey eyes, and a silky mustache shaded lips which were beautifully chiselled, but sensual. Their faces were handsome, extremely so, and it would have been no trouble to have told that they were brothers.

Yes, Olean and Otis Bainbridge were brothers, and were known to the belles of Fifth Avenue as the handsome brothers. Ah? and they were as equally well known to the frail beauties of the Bowery, and more than once had a good round been paid to keep their names from "Police Reports."

"You still pay your devoirs to Miss Visvert of the avenue, brother?" asked Otis, raising his head from the table.

"Yes."

"How is the suit progressing?"

"As well as could be expected. I am sure of the dove when I want her, and then her purse-strings will be opened to me, and to you, too, brother."

"Oh, of course we will hang together; but why not press your suit; our funds are low now, and we cannot act the part of rich gentlemen on nothing."

"Well, to tell the truth, Otis, old Visvert stands in my way a little, I must gain his favor, and then I will strike."

"A truce to this. We must have money, come how it may."

"True, but a question. You still meet the miser's daughter?"

"Oh, yes, Lenore Zentani is the loveliest being I ever saw. I can hardly withdraw from those dark, scintillating eyes of hers?" exclaimed Otis, enthusiastically.

"But you do not intend marrying *her?*

"Yes; just as I married the Wisconsin girl and Ida Grey, with you as parson. I do declare, Olean, you'd make a bully clergyman. Only think what a stir it would make in New York, if you would turn minister—ha, ha, ha! Reverend Olean Bainbridge! how it would sound?" and the brothers in crime laughed long and loud.

They feared no listeners, for the howling storm kept them away.

"You are severe, brother. When Olean Bainbridge moulded her to my own liking, and I think she would stoop to anything. Yes, I know she will help us. I will lay the scheme before her to-night. She will not refuse to acquiesce to it; by the gods, she dare not!" and Otis brought his clenched hand down so heavily upon the table that the room rang with the sound.

"It is well" said Olean, smiling; "we will make the old miser mourn his lost gold; but the chest!"

"I will have all fixed; have no fears on that score," said his brother.

"You're a trump, Otis!" cried Olean, rising and patting his brother on the shoulder.

"But they say old Zetani has a huge serpent that sleeps in the chest."

"It is not true. I know Dick Ward says so. I have often questioned Lenore about it, and she denies it."

"Then Mr. Dick Ward lies," said Olean "I know he has snakes in his boots—live snakes at that."

"The storm still rages, but I must go," and Otis rose. "Lenore, I know, is awaiting me at the old trysting place. See to our arms, brother, for to-morrow night we relieve old Zentani of some of his surplus cash."

"Yes, we must rob him; it is our last resort, returned Olean, and extinguishing the light the brothers left the room, the younger to go to the Metroplitan, and the other to a concert soloon, where he had promised to meet the beautiful Lenore Zentani, who had left her father counting his golden hoards, to hear words of love, false as the oath of fallen angels.

CHAPTER II.

THE MISER AND HIS TREASURE.

The great clock of Trinity had tolled the hour of midnight, and the inhabitants of New York were sleeping—resting from the toils of the day just passed, to begin those of the morrow. Did I say all were sleeping? Nay.

In a long street not a human being was visible not even the faithful guardians of the city. A lamp at one end of the thoroughfare shone a few around, making the darkness more intense where the light did not penetrate.

In a room in one of the smallest houses in the street was a man—one whose hair was white as the snow-flecks, but whose eyes gleamed with all the freshness of youth.

He was seated on the floor, before a massive iron chest or safe, a lamp, the rays of which fell around the room upon heavily barred doors, and windows, stood beside him.

The old man drew some keys from his pocket and opened the iron doors of the safe, which swung on its well-oiled hinges without jar or sound.

He next opened an inner door nearly as thick as the first, and took from the safe some heavy canvass bags. He untied them and poured their contents out upon the heavy stone floor before him.

Ha! it was gold! that bright, glittering metal which can purchase anything, even the precious soul, and damn it forever!

Bag after bag of the golden ore the miser emptied before him, till he had quite a heap of it.

"All, all mine!" he exclaimed, as he raised a handful of gold and kissed it.—Yes, glittering gold, thou art mine. Years I have toiled for thee. Many sleepless nights has thou cost me; but now thou art mine! Let me see how many bags are here, and he counted the empty treasure sacks. Ten! Ah, yes, and thirty more in the safe. Forty thousand dollars I possess, and have nearly reached the goal, for fifty thousand I have sworn to have, and will have it. Oh, gold, precious gold, I love thee, worship thee; and weep when I think that some day we must part. Oh, that I could take thee to the other world," and he fell down, and long, and passionately embraced the accursed hoard.

At length he raised himself and began counting the money; its jingle, as the pieces fell from his hands upon the pile on the floor, was music to his senses, music which he loved to hear, music which he had heard for many years.

Suddenly a noise at the door leading to his bed-room adjoining the gold-room, startled the miser, and his face became as white as his hair.

He sprang to his feet, grasped a pistol, and hastened to the door.

"It is I, father," said a voice.

"Oh, 'tis thee, daughter—enter," and Zetani relieved the door of its bolts, and Lenore stepped into the room. The door was again secured.

"Oh, what treasure!" cried the beautiful girl, kneeling before the beautiful heap of gold, and playfully running her white hands through it.

"How soft it feels! how melodious its jingle! Listen!" and he tossed a handful up, and allowed it to fall upon the pile.

"It does sound sweet, Lenore," spake the old man. But what want'st thou here?"

"Then go to thy bed—it is late."

"I know it," said the fair girl. But, father, won't you give me one of those golden dollars?"

"Give thee one of them? Never! I'd see thee starve first. Now, Lenore, go!"

The girl, with a malicious smile, wreathing her lips, rose, the door was unbarred, and she went to her room, while her miserly parent returned to the companionship of his shining dieties.

After contemplating the gold again he replaced it in the bags, counted them a dozen times, and returned them to their places in the safe. Then he went to the stone wall and removed a stone, near the floor and inserted his hand.

A moment, and he slowly withdrew it, clasping a ludicrous looking serpent, which he allowed to crawl over his feet, and raise its monstrous head at him.

It was the Great Liboya, full twenty-five feet in length, its great grey folds glistening in the lamp-light.

"Ha, my treasurer," smiled old Zetani, patting the snake on the head, while it darted his tongue at his hand. "Thou hast faithfully guarded my golden stores for many years, and now to-night thou must watch them again," and he moved towards the safe.

The snake followed him, dragged his slow length into the safe, and coiled himself up in his wonted place.

"Now guard my gold, my treasurer," said the miser. "Thou knowest the breathing aperture," and he closed the heavy iron doors.

After seeing that all was secure from robbers without, he left the room to sleep, and to dream of the gold, and in what way he would amass more!

* * * * *

Hardly had the heavy breathing of Zetani proclaimed him asleep, when a light form flitted to his couch and bent over him.

The light of the moon struggling through the small and only window the room contained, fell upon the pale face of Lenore. She gazed upon the sleeper a moment, when drawing a vial from her bosom she held it to his nostrils.

Replacing it with an air of satisfaction, she glided to the door opposite the one through which she had entered her father's room, unfastened it, and stepped into the treasure apartment. The fastenings of the other door were removed, and she retraced her steps, relocking the door leading from her father's bedchamber into the gold-room, with keys taken from his pillow.

She then resought her pillow to dream not of her perfidy, but of the handsome devil, Otis Bainbridge, whose commands she had just now abeyed.

CHAPTER III.

"Here we are, Otis," said Olean Bainbridge, as the brothers drew up before the door of miser Zetani's stone house.

"Yes, here we are, as you say," responded his brother. I guess the girl has every thing fixed. There goes Trinity—one, two—so let's go to work. You know the plans. I'm to wait while you get the chink. Have the lantern and revolver in readiness.

Olean tried the door, and it opened quite readily.

"This door opens into the hall; then another into the gold-room," said Otis.

"Your girl is grit, brother," said Olean, as with his foot he pushed the door farther open.

"I knew that," was the confident rejoinder. "But say, Olean, I won't take the lantern. You and Lenore have told me so accurately where the safe is that I cannot miss it."

"Well, just as you say," said Olean, taking the lantern, and Otis grasping his revolver, entered the hall, leaving his brother at the entrance.

The hall was dark, but he felt his way along it and soon found himself in a dark room, which he knew was his destination. He advanced boldly, and a minute later knelt before the safe.

He was in no fear of the miser's suddenly appearing before him, for with his own hands he had given Lenore the vial of chloroform, and knew she would administer it.

He now took from his pocket a bunch of keys, one of which he inserted in the lock of the safe. The heavy doors swung open.

He paused a moment, and during that short rest the miser's treasurer, the Liboya, glided out upon the floor.

So noiseless did it move that the robber heard it not.

He put his hand in the safe and drew it forth clasping a bag of gold.

The bag was set down beside him, and he was reaching for another, when something darted upon him, and he felt himself in the folds of a monster serpent! Heroically he struggled, but in vain. He reached for his revolver, but one of the great, grey folds had pinioned his arms to his body!

Up to that time he had refrained from shrieking; but there was no other alternative. It might alarm the watches; but then it would bring his brother to his assistance, and he would dispatch the snake!

He was about to shriek: he tried to, but the serpent, as if divining his intention, suddenly twined a fold around his neck, and the intended shriek was a groan down his throat. He rose to his feet and battled on.

Tighter and tighter grew the enormous coils, and the result was horrible. The robber's face became distorted, and blood ran from his mouth; the veins in his forehead swelled to bursting, the blood running down his cheeks, and falling upon the skin of the dread destroyer. His eyes protruded from their sockets!

At last the monster bore him to the floor, relaxed his folds, crawled away, and coiled around the bag of gold which had been taken from the miser's safe.

Otis Bainbridge was dead. Every bone in his body was literally crushed.

For nearly an hour Olean waited the return of his brother; he had listened but heard no sound, for the serpent did his work noiselessly and completely.

"I can't imagine why he don't return," murmured Olean. "Perhaps he is having a comfab with that traitress, Lenore. Here I've waited till I'm tired, and Trinity will strike three directly. But I will go and hunt him, and setting the lantern down, he was the next moment, as his brother had done, groping along the hall to that now terrible room.

He entered it, and knowing where the safe was situated, went on. Suddenly his feet struck something, and he knelt down. He laid his hand upon that something, and withdrew it wet with blood. He felt again, and recognized the face of his brother, the finely formed nose, and the beautiful mustache now clotted with gore. He placed his hand to the heart, but no beat stirred it.

"Dead!" he muttered hoarsely.—"Dead!" and to the meanful words was affixed a horrible oath. "But it cannot be helped now," he went on. "We must all die, and while I do live I will live. *Dum vivimus vivamus!* The gold shall be mine—all mine!" and he moved to the safe.

A slight noise arrested his attention; he turned his head, and the slayer of his brother was upon him.

He arose to his feet, and with the strength of an Ajax, tried to tear the infernal folds from him. As well might he have tried to hurl a mighty oak to the ground. But, like his brother he was defeated; his veins bursted, his eyes protruded, and his heart ceased its beating! and the snake again guarded the bag of gold.

There lay the two brothers, side by side, crushed by the monster before them!

Morning dawned, and with noiseless step Lenore entered her father's room. He was restless, the effects of the chloroform were beginning to wear off.

She glided on noiselessly and opened the treasure-room door. She looked into the room, staggered back, threw her hands to her forehead, and fell senseless to the floor!

When she recovered from her swoon, she essayed to look again, and beheld the brothers lying side by side, and their slayer keeping vigil. She saw the face of the one she loved, who had drawn her into the meshes of the net of sin; and rushing forward she threw herself upon him, kissed his bloody face and swooned again.

The serpent raised his head and uncoiled himself. What! was he going to crush her? No—he seemed to recognize the daughter of his master, and he resumed guard at the treasure.

Three hours later the miser awoke from his stupor and rushed into the room. He was horrified at the sight that met his gaze, and approaching the snake put him back into his nest in the wall, saying as he did so—

"Well done, treasurer; thou art a better guardian than locks and bolts."

He raised his daughter; she uttered a piercing shriek when she saw his face, and fled from him to one corner of the room, where she crouched a maniac!

The miser replaced the bag in the safe, and locked it. He next removed a portion of the stone floor, and the bodies of Olean and Otis Bainbridge, the brothers in crime, were consigned to the earth. Side by side they had lived, plotted and died; and now, side by side, they lay in the sleep of death.

One morning, a year after the above occurrence, old Zetani was found dead in his treasure room, a huge serpent wrapped around him, Master and servant had fallen out, fought, and the servant had conquered. The snake was killed, the miser buried, and his hoarded gold given to some charity.

Not long since a woman died on Blackwell's Island. She was a maniac, who had been there for years, during which time she continually repeated the name of Otis Bainbridge. The reader knows who she was.—*Yankee Blade.*

A REMARKABLE cavern has been recently discovered in Salisbury, Conn., which promises, when fully explored, to take rank among the natural wonders of our country. It has been partially explored and found to contain many beautiful chambers, adorned with snowy stalactites and gypsum formations.

A Correspondent recently accused his milkman of giving the cows too much salt. The milkman asked:—"How do you know how much I give them?" "I judge from the appearance of the milk you bring us lately. Salt makes the cows dry, and then they drink too much water, and that makes their milk thin, you know."

One of the richest specimens of Irish bull which has ever fallen under our notice was perpetrated by the clever and witty, but blundering Irish knight, Sir Richard Steel when inviting a certain English nobleman to visit him. "If, sir," said he, "you ever come within a mile of my house, I hope you will stop there."

☞ A certain fop was boasting in company that he had every sense in perfection "There is one you are quite without," said one who was standing by, "and that is common sense."

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