Chestertown Transcript.

CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 26, 1868. NO. 32.

JUST OUT.



THE undersigned have just completed the

BALTIMORE COOK,

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

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

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

ltimore Sewing Machine Mart.

THE Public have long desired the estab lishment 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.

MORO PHILLIPS'

GENUINE IMPROVED

SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

STANDARD GUARANTEED.

For sale at Manufacturers' Depots,

No. 21 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 raw bone 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.

USE

WINSLOW'S DYSPEPSIA CURE,

the best remedy extant for Dyspepsia, malarious diseases, general debility, &c.
Sold everywhere.

USE

MURDOCH'S ANTI-BILLOUS PILLS

for Billious Complaints, Colds, &c.
Sold everywhere.

USE

CASPAR'S FROST LOTION,

Sold everywhere.

BURROUGH BROS.
Wholesale Agent,
Light St. near Pratt, Baltimore, Md.
Oct. 5th 1868—1y.

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

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 O. Kennard,
ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR,
37 SAINT PAUL STREET,
apr4-1m BALTIMORE.

Mules, Mules!!

One Pair MULES and one HORSE, for sale by
N. BARNARD,
Sept. 19—tf Bell Pond, Md.

LUMBER, LUMBER.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF LUMBER on reasonable terms, for sale by
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 preparations from the many preparations now in the country called Bitters or Tonics. They are no tavern preparations, concoction, 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 all cases of Debility. They impart a tone and vigor to the whole system, strengthen the appetite, cause an enjoyment of food, enable the stomach to digest it, purify the blood, give a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheek, 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 a Family Medicine. 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, and 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 cases of bowel complaints go for anything you must try these preparations.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, March 15, 1867.

I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" to be not an intoxicating beverage, but 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 8, 1867.

I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in cases of stomach 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 in 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 be necessary to use other remedies in connection with it, but in those cases where it is required, it will be found a valuable auxiliary. Yours, very respectfully,*
J. H. KENNARD.
Sixth, below Green 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 taste 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 Druggist or Storekeeper to induce you to take something else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. Do not be deceived. 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 New York Observer.

CHRISTMAS AND THE POETS.

BY C. P. DISOSWAY, ESQ.

Some of the best gems of poetry have been produced in honor of the Advent of the World's Redeemer, and the good old festivities and hospitalities of our English forefathers were among the most beautiful holy days of Christendom. These Christmas carols would fill volumes from the Anglo-Norman period to the time of the Reformation and downwards.

Here is one of the earliest and best—nearer four than three hundred years old—from the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum:

IN EXCELSIS GLORIA.

When Christ was born of Mary free,
In Bethlehem, in that fair citie,
Angels sang there with mirth and glee;
In Excelsis Gloria!

Herdsmen beheld these angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said, "God's Son is born this night,"
In Excelsis Gloria!

This King is come to save mankind,
As in Scripture truths we find,
Therefore this song have we in mind,
In Excelsis Gloria!

Then, dear Lord, for Thy great grace,
Grant us the bliss to see Thy face,
That we may sing to thy solace,
In Excelsis Gloria!

This is simple, but good in its simplicity. Most of the Elizabethan poets have left odes on Christmas. We give a stanza from good George Herbert of this period:

The shepherds sing, and shall I silent be?
My God, no hymn for Thee?
My soul 's a shepherd, too; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts and words and deeds.
The pasture is Thy word; the streams Thy grace
Enriching all the place.

But, amid all the minstrelsy of the English Christmas, no one comes forth more sublime than Milton's grand

HYMN TO THE NATIVITY.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child,
All meanly wrapt, in the rude manger lies:
Nature, in awe, to Him,
Had doff't her gaudy trim,
With great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season, then, for her
To wanton with the sun—her lusty paramour.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deud amaze,
Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer, that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glim'ring orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake and bid them go.

Here is a hymn—tender as the voice of childhood—from Keble:

CHURCH BELLS.

Wake me to-night, my mother dear,
That I may hear
The Christmas bells, so soft and clear,
To high and low glad tidings tell:
How God the Father loved us well;
How God the Eternal Son
Come to undo what He had done;
How God the Paraclete,
Who in the chaste womb found the Babe so sweet,
In power and glory came, the birth to aid and greet.

Wake me, that I the twelvemonth long
May bear the song
About with me in the world's throng,
That treasured joys of Christmas tide
May with mine hour of gloom abide;
The Christmas carol ring
Deep in my heart, when I would sing;
Each of the twelve good days
Its earnest yield of dutcous love and praise,
Insuring happy months and hallowing common ways.

Wake me, my mother dear,
That I may hear
The peal of the departing year.
O well I love, the step of Time
Should move to that familiar chime;
Far fall the tones that steep
The Old Year in the dews of sleep,
The New guide softly in
With hopes to stream and minister akin!
Long may that soothing cadence ear, heart and conscience win.

We contrast these sweet strains with the still sweeter words of Wordsworth, addressed to his brother—a beautiful example of his peculiar style:

CHRISTMAS MINSTRELSY.

The minstrels play'd their Christmas tune,
To-night, beneath my cottage eaves;
While, smitten by a lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Give back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpower'd their natural green.

* * * * * * *

And who but listened?—till was paid
Respect to every inmate's claim:
The greeting given, the music play'd
In honor of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "Merry Christmas" wish'd to all!

Here are good old homely lines from "Poor Robin's Almanac," 1700:

Now that the time is come wherein
Our Saviour Christ was born,
The larders full of beef and pork,
And garners fill'd with corn.

Let fires in every chimney be,
That people they may warm them;
Tables with dishes cover'd,
Good victuals will not harm them.

Good customs they may be abused,
Which makes rich men so slack us:
This feast is to relieve the poor,
And not to drunken Bacchus.

We conclude our Christmas carols with the good, solid words of Walter Scott:

Heap on more wood; the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

* * * * * * *

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved, when the year its course had roll'd,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train,
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night;
On Christmas eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas eve the mass was sung.

* * * * * * *

Forth to the wood did merry men go
To gather in the mistletoe.
All hail'd, with uncontrolled delight
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

* * * * * * *

England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.

* * * * * * *

A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

THE HOMELY TALISMAN.

Some years ago, when I was a rambler through the streets of Cincinnati, for the purpose of picking up trifles to interest the readers of the local column of a city paper, I often purchased apples, nuts and candies of a young girl who had a stand near the junction of two business avenues.

She was not handsome in the common acceptation of this much-abused word, but there was an artlessness and yet a winning grace in her manner which convinced me that her station in life should be above the one she then occupied. Her dress was invariably a close-fitting pink calico one. I felt that her parents must be very poor, and as I saw her day after day in the same attire, I had my suspicions that her wardrobe could not be very extensive; yet, as she always appeared neat and tidy, it was a mystery to me how this striking neatness was secured, and why there was not ever any variety in her apparel. I saw that it was tasteful and becoming, but I knew that the ladies are proverbial for a love of variety in dress, and I had an interest in knowing why this simple girl was so marked an exception.

I have always delighted to study character, either in high or low life, and I took it upon me to investigate the pretty apple girl's peculiarity. Her fruit was ever clean and tempting, but I often made purchases merely for the sake of forming an acquaintance. At length, known to her as a liberal patron, she began to have less reserve with me than when I first noticed her, and finally I was emboldened to make inquiries in reference to her family. It was some time before she conversed freely, but by dint of perseverance, I learned that she lived with her mother, in a pleasant cottage on a quiet street in the suburbs of the city. I knew the spot—its attractiveness had often interested me, and I now became more curious than ever to hear the story of the apple girl in the pink calico dress.

I ventured to ask permission to call on her mother and make her acquaintance, under the plea of a love of birds and flowers, with both of which the cottage was surrounded. I did not receive the encouragement I wished, but still was left to hope that my curiosity might some day be gratified. As obstacles to my purpose increased I became more determined, and I resolved to change my tactics. I could not understand the girl's disinclination to allow our acquaintance to become, in any respect, familiar, but I knew that she would not dare to treat me rudely, and watching my opportunity on Sunday afternoon, I addressed her as she stood at the street gate of the cottage, and as I admired some flowers which in a bed near the house, she could not escape, politely, from the necessity of inviting me to walk through the yard. Accidentally we met the mother. I had an invitation to enter the cottage. Of course I accepted with pleasure, and finding the mother inclined to be more communicative than the daughter, I managed to learn that they were French folks, although they both spoke English remarkably well. The cottage parlor was furnished plainly, but elegantly. There were upon the wall several pictures, and upon the mantel a number of delicate works of art, which I was satisfied could not have been purchased by the limited earnings of an apple girl.

Why a young girl who lived in such a cottage, with so much evident taste and cultivation, should invariably wear a plain calico dress, and sell fruits, nuts and candies on the street, was to me a perplexing inquiry. There was a web of romance weaving around the mysterious apple girl, which became more and more interesting, and every day my resolution to unravel it became stronger. There was so much modesty in the girl's bearing at her apple stand—she seemed so much afraid of scandal, should any converse with her longer than was necessary to make purchases, that there was no way left for me to solve the mystery of her life but by visiting the cottage. Again I went without an invitation, and boldly made known the curiosity which led me force myself upon their acquaintance.

The daughter laughed heartily, and said gaily, "We have been just as much at fault to understand your curiosity as you have to reconcile our circumstances with our employment."

"Then we should be mutual confidants," I observed; "I have been very frank with you, and hope you will reciprocate."

"But our relations are not similar," she archly replied. "We are not responsible for your curiosity, but you for ours."

"Why so," I cried.

"It was forced upon us."

"Indeed; and was not mine forced upon me, in such a manner, too, as left me no choice but to seek out the mystery?—But a truce to this bandying of words; you will not take advantage of my frankness for any other purpose than to reward it with full explanations!"

She looked at me a moment, as if questioning my apparent honesty, and then said, pleasantly:

"Well, as you have been so good a patron of my apple stand, and you have taken such pains to know the romance of history, if you will promise secrecy, I'll tell you."

"I'll accept any condition that I can fulfill," I answered eagerly.

"Walk with me into the garden, then," said the girl.

We had a pleasant seat under a rustic arbor, when the lady remarked:

"Mother told you that we once lived in a village near Paris."

"She did," I answered, "on my first visit."

"We were not rich, but we had a pretty cottage, and an income sufficient to support us. Father died when I was a little girl. I had no brothers, but I had a playmate who was dearer to me than a brother. As we grew older, his parents, who were rich, forbade him to visit our house. We met in the fields. We loved each other, and would not be separated. His father learned that we still met, and he was very angry. He told his son that if he visited me he could not live at home. Our fathers had been bitter enemies, but we could not understand why that should make us enemies when we loved each other, and Emile declared that he would not neglect me, if his father did shut his doors against him. One day he said to me, "I am going to run away, but not from you—from father, and you shall come to me, and then we shall never be parted." It was hard to consent, but Emile insisted, and we took leave of each other, and he did run away. It was a long time before we heard from him—then we got a letter which told us he was in America. I had changed very much since Emile's absence, and mother was afraid I would die. I coaxed her to let me go to America; Emile told us in his letter that he lived in Cincinnati. When we arrived in Boston, we inquired for Cincinnati, and were directed to this place.—Mother bought this cottage, and here we have lived expecting to meet Emile."

"Have you never heard from him?" I enquired.

"Only once," she answered.

"Do you know where he is now?"

"No, indeed; if we did we would not stay here long."

"Have you never written to him?"

"We do not know his name. He has changed it, as we told us in his letter, but he neglected to tell us what name he now bears."

"Do you think you will ever find him?"

"Yes, indeed, I do. I dream about him every night. I know he is not dead, and I shall soon meet him."

I made inquiry, hoping it might lead to some explanation of the pink dress and apple selling mystery. She understood my look and tone of curiosity, and answered pleasantly:

"That will explain to you the romance of my dress and occupation. When Emile and I played together in France, I often wore a dress very much like this one. If he should see me anywhere in this dress he would know me. I might meet him and not know him, but he would recognize me and I would not dress in any other style, for fear we might miss each other."

"But why sell apples in the street?" said I, with a look of admiration of her devotion which she could not well mistake; "there is certainly no necessity that you should be so occupied."

"Yes, there is," she answered, naively; "I must be where Emile could see me if he were to visit the city. I dare not be on the street all the time unless I am occupied, and I never thought there was any disgrace in selling apples."

"Certainly not," I exclaimed; "but all who know your history will honor you.—Accept my sincerest wishes that your devotion to the lover of your youth may be fully rewarded by an early meeting and a happy reunion."

"Thank you—thank you—but he is my lover now as much as he was when we were in France, and I know that I am going to see him soon. I will show him to you here before winter, I know I will.—Mother, says I am foolish, but some thing tells me to hope, and I do hope."

"May you not be disappointed," I said involuntarily.

A few weeks after this interview I missed the apple girl in the the pink dress from her accustomed stand. Fearing that she might be sick, I resolved to call at the cottage in the evening. When I went to my boarding house at supper time, a note was handed me. It contained these words:

"DEAR SIR: Come to our house this evening. We have something more to tell you about the romance (as you call it) of my humble dress and occupation.

THE APPLE GIRL.

I went. The mother stood in the door to welcome me, but the daughter ran to meet me, and taking both of my hands in hers, in a delirium of joy, she cried:

"He's come—he's come!"

In her pink dress, at the apple stand, she had met Emile the day previous.

I stood that night a witness to their union, and a happier wedding I never attended. The devotion of the simple girl was rewarded—her faith was not misplaced—her homely talisman proved a true one.

A Good Story for Lawyers.

It is probable that every lawyer of any note has heard of the celebrated Luther Martin, of Maryland. His great effort in the case of Aaron Burr, as well as his displays in the Senate of the United States, will never be forgotten. Trifles in the history of genius are important, as we hope to show in this story.

Mr. Martin was on his way to Annapolis, to attend the Supreme Court of the State. A solitary passenger was in the stage with him, and, as the weather was extremely cold, the passengers soon resorted to conversation to divert themselves from too much sensibility to the inclement weather. The young man knew Martin by sight, and, as he was also a lawyer, the thread of talk soon began to spin itself out of legal matters.

"Mr. Martin," said the young man, "I am just entering upon my career as a lawyer; can you tell me the secret of your great success? If, sir, you will give me from your experience the key to distinction at the bar, I will—"

"Will what?" exclaimed Martin.

"Why, sir, I will pay your expenses while you are at Annapolis."

"Done. Stand to your bargain now, and I will furnish you with the great secret of my success as a lawyer."

The young man assented.

"Very well," said Mr. Martin. "The whole secret of my success is contained in one little maxim, which I laid down early to guide me. If you follow it, you cannot fail to succeed. It is this: *Always be sure of your evidence.*"

The listener was very attentive—smiled—threw himself back in a philosophical posture, and gave his brain to the analysis, with true lawyer patience, of—"Always be sure of your evidence."

It was too cold a night for anything to be made peculiarly out of the old man's wisdom, and so the promising adept in maxim learning gave himself to stage dreams, in which he was knocking and pushing his way through the world by the all-powerful words, "Always be sure of your evidence."

The morning came, and Mr. Martin, with his student, took rooms at the best hotel in the city. The only thing peculiar to the hotel in the eyes of the young man, was, that the wine bottles and the *etceteras* of fine living, seemed to recall very vividly the maxim about the evidence.

The young man watched Mr. Martin. Wherever eating and drinking were concerned, he was indeed a man to be watched, especially in the latter, as he was immoderately fond of the after-dinner, after-supper, after-everything luxury of wine. A few days were sufficient to show the incipient legalist that he would have to pay dearly for his knowledge, as Mr. Martin seemed resolved to make the most of his part of the contract.

Lawyers, whether young or old, have legal rights, and so the young man began to think of the study of self-protection. It was certainly a solemn duty. It ran through all creation. Common to animals and men, it was a noble instinct not to be disobeyed, particularly where the hotel bills of a lawyer were concerned. The subject daily grew on the young man. It was all-absorbing to mind and pocket. A week elapsed. Mr. Martin was ready to return to Baltimore. So was the young man, but not in the same stage with his illustrious teacher.

Mr. Martin approached the counter in bar-room. The young man was an anxious spectator near him.

"Mr. Clerk," said Mr. Martin, "my young friend Mr ———, will settle my bill, agreeable to the engagement."

The young man said nothing, but looked everything.

"He will attend to it, Mr. Clerk, as we have already had a definite understanding on the subject. He has pledged, professionally pledged to pay my bill," he hurriedly repeated.

"*Where is your evidence?*" asked the young man.

"Evidence?" sneered Mr. Martin.

"Yes, sir," said the young man demurely, "*Always be sure of your evidence,* Mr. Martin. Can you prove the bargain?"

Mr. Martin saw the snare, and pulled out his pocket-book, paid the bill, and with great humor assured the young man:

"You will do, sir, to get through the world with your profession without advice from me."

A little boy who sat listening to some gentleman conversing at his father's table, heard one of them quote the well known line, "an honest man is the noblest work of God," when he said he did not believe it, for his mother was better than any man that was ever made.

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