THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 7. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 16, 1869. NO. 35.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT!

New Stock, Low Prices!

BUILDING HARDWARE, TIN WARE, AND STOVES.

THE citizens of Chestertown and the adjacent country, are respectfully invited to call at the New Establishment, (stand formerly occupied by Wm. Simpson, on High street, nearly opposite the Voshell House,) and examine our large and cheap stock.

IN BUILDING HARDWARE

We are able to offer great inducements to Carpenters, Mechanics, Farmers, Builders, and those who contemplate having building done. If all such will only give us a chance we are confident of being able to convince them that we can supply their wants with a better article and for less money, than any establishment in this town. Our stock in this line is very full, and we are constantly making additions to it.

TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE.

In this department our stock is very complete, comprising almost any thing that can be called for, and at prices that must, we are sure, give satisfaction. In Tin we also keep the celebrated Stamped Ware. We have in our employ experienced, skillful and faithful workmen, and always use good material.

Stoves.

We shall keep a good stock, of all kinds, purchased from manufacturers direct, and will sell at a very small advance.

TIN ROOFING AND SPOUTING,

and all kinds of repairing (including repairs to stoves,) done promptly in a workmanlike and durable manner, at low rates.

HOUSEKEEPING GOODS,

Embracing Safes, Japanned and Block Tin Ware, Ornamental Chamber Sets, and fancy Ware generally, in great variety.

In conclusion we would remark that we have gone into this business with a determination to sell *low*, to spare no pains, and to do all in our power to give satisfaction; and we respectfully ask our friends and the public to give us a trial.

JAMES T. PARKS,
THOMAS BRYAN.

Chestertown, July 25, 1868—y.

GROCERIES,

WINES AND LIQUORS.

NOTICE.

TO ALL LOVERS OF GOOD BRANDIES, WINES, TEAS AND GROCERIES.

I AM PREPARED TO OFFER GREAT inducements to customers, wholesale and retail. Keep constantly on hand a large and well selected Stock of Goods, consisting in part of

Green and Black Teas, of choice chops; Coffees—Java, Laguyra, Rio, &c.

English and American Pickles, Capers and Condiments, Olives, Italian Maccaroni and Vermecilla. Frehs Canned Fruits of all kinds; Canned Meats and Fish; Foreign and Domestic Preserves and Jellies. I have on and a fine stock of

Old Brandies, Wines, Whiskeys, Gin,

which I offer to Hotel keepers at the VERY LOWEST PRICES, and ask a call,

THOMAS M. GREEN.

88 *W. Baltimore Street, near Holliday.*

Sept. 12, 1868—y.

DURYEAS'

Satin Gloss Starch

HAS established a world-wide celebrity for being the Purest, Whitest, Strongest, and Most Glossy and Economical Starch known. Disinterested judges pronounce it the "Perfection of Starch."

The Messrs. Duryea have no occasion to personally assert the superiority of their goods. A discriminating public and the decision of the following scientific and disinterested judges establish it.

PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED

Duryeas' Starch and Maizena

For their "Perfection of Quality," at Grand Paris International Exposition, 1867. Great London International Exposition, 1862. Great Internat. Exposition, Hamburg, 1863. Great Internat. Exposition, Cologne, 1865. Also at States', Agricultural, American Institute and Maryland Institute Fairs.

Inferior Starch is sour, musty, or has a golden or yellow tinge, a color not desirable in one's linen. (It is absurd for the laundress to cleanse and bleach, and then discolor linen with impure yellow starch.)

Maizena

Is a pure flour, from the choicest Indian corn, and is used for all the purposes of Corn Starch and Arrowroot, to which it is superior. Put up in the same style of packets, and at same price, with directions for use.

For culinary purposes, call for Duryeas' Maizena. For the laundry, call for Duryeas' Satin Gloss Starch.

For sale by all grocers. Be sure you get our goods. Our name is on all our boxes.

H. H. BURNETT,

No. 3, Exchange Place, Baltimore,
Agent for Maryland, Dist. Columbia and Va.

September 5, 1868—y.

H. F. B.

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

Now offering at the Gelena Cash Store, DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, CLOTHING, BOOTS and SHOES, &c., &c.,

At our established low Prices.

I would call the Ladies attention to my large stock of fashionable SHOES, made to order and every pair warranted, also ladies MERINO VESTS and PANTS, and hundreds of other [illegible] impossible to mention [illegible] Celery Stands, [illegible] has been purchased [illegible] in Europe and [illegible] within the last three [illegible] at fair and moderate [illegible] pt. 12, 1868—3m.

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.

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.

Bounties.

I AM still receiving all classes of State Claims for collection, upon my usual commission of ten per cent. NO CLAIMS BOUGHT.

No Charge unless Successful.

Notwithstanding the recent Limitation Act, it is believed that provision will be made for the payment of the large class of just claims still unsettled.

Papers entrusted to my care will be kept in a *Fire-proof Vault*, specially built in the office for the purpose.

All kinds of U. S. Bounty, Pay and Pension Claims still promptly collected by

WM. B. HILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
N. E. cor. Fayette & St. Paul, Sts., Baltimore, Md.

Sept. 19, 1868.

LUMBER.

THE undersigned has now for sale in his Lumber Yard at Turner's Creek, a full assortment of Lumber, embracing

White Pine and Hemlock bill stuff, nearly all lengths and sizes.
White Pine Boards, from 1 to 2 inches.
" " Select Boards.
" " Flooring.
" " and Hemlock Fence Boards.
" " and Cypress Shingles, Nos. 1 & 2.
Yellow Pine Flooring.
" " and Hemlock Pale Railing.
Laths, Siding worked and plain.

Orders left with Mr. A. Bell, at Buck Neck, will be promptly filled, and the Lumber delivered at that place.

I will also furnish FERTILIZERS of all kinds, either at Turner's Creek or Buck Neck Wharf.

Carpenters and Builders will do well to examine my stock before making their purchases elsewhere. GEO. W. JONES.

June 27, 1868.

SALOON,

ON BRIDGE ST. NEAR CROSS, CHESTERTOWN,

IS fitted up for the accommodation of Ladies and Gentlemen with all the delicacies usually found in the the Saloons of the city.

In the Ladies' Saloon, Ladies will be served with Cake, Ice Cream, Oysters in all styles of cooking, Terrapins, Crabs, Beef-Steaks, Fried Ham, all the delicacies of the season, at the short notice.

In the Gentlemens Saloons, Gentlemen will in addition be served with choice cigars.

☞ Parties will be supplied with everything needful for refreshment tables—and Ice Creams, Families supplied with Oysters, Ice Cream, Water Ices, Custard &c., by the gallon upon reasonable terms.

ICE

in large or small quantities for sale, and delivered every morning to regular customers in Chestertown.

The long experience of the subscriber as a caterer, justifies him in asking a liberal patronage from the public.

WILLIAM PERKINS,
Proprietor.

j13-'68.

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 diseases 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 tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the patient from a short-breathed, emaciated, weak, and nervous invalid, to a vigorous, active, 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

over 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 yours 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, 1866.

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 28, 1866.

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 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 most valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial. I know no bitter which I prefer to it. 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 tonic 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 palm off anything else upon you that they 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 Baltimore Statesman.

NO MOON TO-NIGHT.

No moon to-night! Each drifting cloud
Sails darkly through the sky;
As ships, when winds are shrieking loud
Through bending masts and strained shroud,
Like frightened sea-birds fly.

No moon to-night! Yon restless bay
Mirrors no star, nor moon;
Viewless and dark its tossing spray
Bemoans the dawning light of day—
The golden light of noon.

No moon to-night! The mountain's crest
May boast no coronet;
In silvered green no longer dressed—
Upon its brow the clouds have pressed
An unseen crown of jet.

No moon to-night! No dew-drops gleam
Upon the folded rose;
Uncheered by moonlight's gentle beam
The lillies, by yon unlit stream—
Droop sadly to repose.

No moon to-night! The nightingale
Has ceased its wondrous strain;
The notes which floated through the vale,
Like perfume, on the evening gale—
I listening, wait in vain.

No moon to-night! AMABEL lies
Where fall the shadows deep;
No spirit, o'er her closed eyes,
May cast the light of Dreamland skies—
For dreamless is her sleep.

No moon to-night! The moon is dead—
Let Night, in sadness, moan;
No crescent gleams upon her head—
No stars upon her robe are spread—
She's wiltowed and alone.

No moon to-night! E'en wine and song
Are sadden'd and o'ercast;
Then, why a bootless strain prolong?
Dark mem'ries in the darkness throng
And call me to the past.

TROT.

"HOPEDALE!" I opened my sleepy eyes as the conductor's voice rang thro' the cars, and, taking my satchell, sprang out upon the platform of the little station. My brief holliday was over, and, with a shrug, I prepared for my short walk thro' the morning air, looking forward to the good fire and delicious cup of coffee I was sure Mrs. Watson was keeping for me.

It was a very rare event for me to leave the little village whose name heads this story. My father had been the only resident physician there, from the time when I was a boisterous school-boy, up to the hour when, in his professional rounds, he fell dead with heart disease, leaving me, his heretofore assistant, sole heir to his name, property and practice. Ten years before, they had carried my dear mother to the little churchyard, and installed Mrs. Watson housekeeper in her place. The villagers were willing to let the young doctor step into his father's place beside their sick beds, and so for five years I had filled his duties. In all those five years I had taken no holiday; so when an invitation came from my old college friend and since correspondent, Clement Payne, to spend Christmas with him, at his father's place, on the Hudson, I was sorely tempted to accept, and finally concluded to do so. It was literally CHRISTMAS I spent, leaving home at midnight on the 24th, and my friend's house exactly twenty-four hours later. It had been a pleasant break in the monotony of my life, and as I stood at sunrise on the Hopedale station platform, I was sure my recreation would give me new vigor for my daily duties.

As I turned to descend the steps leading to the road, some impulse, say, a Providence, led me look in at the window of the room, by courtesy "Ladies' Room," of the station. It was cold and desolate. No fire was lighted, and there was no furniture, unless the hard, wooden benches against the wall could be so denominated. But curled up on one of these benches, sleeping soundly, lay a strange child.—His dress of rich fur-trimmed velvet, the warm fur cap, long gaiters and mittens, spoke of wealth and care, and the pale face, round which clustered short curls of a sunny brown, was round with health and wonderfully beautiful. He was no Hopedale child; I knew them all. My professional instinct made my heart thrill with a sudden shock, as I caught sight of the pale face, for well I knew the danger of that deep sleep in the biting winter air.—How long had he been there? Was he already dead? was the questions I asked myself as I strode across the room and lifted him in my arms. There was no breath came from the white lips, no throb at the wrist, only a faint, very faint fluttering under my fingers as I pressed them over the baby heart. Mantling him warmly in my heavy cloak, I tore down the steps, and raced along the road homeward at a pace that would have considerably amazed my patients, had any of them been awake at that early hour.

Allowing Mrs Watson no time for amazement, I pressed her into service, in what she called "a fix," we had the little form undressed, in my bed, and undergoing the most vigorous treatment. It was so long before we were successful, that my heart almost failed me; but at last faint heart throbs grew stronger; color came to the pale lips and cheeks, and a pair of large brown eyes opened from under the heavily fringed lids I had watched so anxiously.

Only a look of sleepy inquiry was visible, as he stared a moment at me, then obeying my order to drink the warm food Mrs. Watson held to his lips, my little patient closed his eyes again, and turned over to finish his nap. He was safe now, I knew; so leaving him to Mrs. Watson's care, who, by this time knew as much about him as I did, I went to sleep myself, to be ready for the day's duties.

It was nearly nine o'clock when my house-keeper roused me to say that breakfast was ready, and the child awake.

Very wide awake I found him, the glorious brown eyes staring round my room, taking in every detail of its arrangement.

"Who are you? How did I get here? Am I nearly at Australia? Who's that man in the picture?" were the questions poured rapidly forth, before I had time to frame inquiry. "I want to get up!—Who's got my clothes?" came next; then,—"Who put me to bed without any night-gown?"

Not a sign of fear or word of home-sickness! I was puzzled.

"What is your name?" I asked, sitting down beside him.

"Trot! I want to get up!"

"You shall get up in a minute, but first tell me your name, and how you came to be sleep in the station?"

"My name's Trot; and the plaguy cars started off without me when I got out.—It was dark night, and I could not catch them, so I went into the room and went to sleep till they came again."

"Was your mother in the train—in the cars?"

"No; nobody but just me. I'm going to Australia."

"Going to Australia?"

"Yes; Ellen's there! They have roses there at Christmas, and we wanted some for our tree."

"But, my child, you did not leave home alone?"

"Yes I did! I ain't afraid! I'm going back right away, as soon as I find Ellen and get the roses."

"But, don't you know you will have to sail in a great ship for months to get to Australia?"

"Ellen went into the cars. We saw her go, mamma and I. We went in the carriage and said good-bye, and she got in the cars with Mr. Williams."

"Who is Mr. Williams?" I said, eagerly catching at a name.

"Ellen's husband. Our milkman he was, before he went off to Australia.—He's jolly! always filled my cup for nothing when I was up."

"And who was Ellen?"

"My nurse."

"What's your father's name?"

"Papa!"

"But his other name?"

"'Harry dear.' Mamma always called him so."

"Where does he live?"

"He's dead!" said the child, in a whisper. "Mamma cries all the time, most, and wears an ugly black gown every day."

"Well, where does mamma live?"

"At grandma's, with Aunt Daisy, and Walter, and Sue, and baby, and—ain't it funny?—baby's my uncle, and he so little he has to be carried about, and Walter's littler than me, and he's my uncle, too; and Sue's only six, and she's my aun't."

"Where does grandma live?"

"Why, home, in her own house."

"Well, what is her name?"

"Grandma!" in a very positive tone, and becoming restive under so much questioning.

I took him from the bed and began to dress him, and explain his position; but even when he understood that he must give up the Austrailian journey, and was made to feel something of his mother's despair at losing him, he could give no clue to which to find his home. Grandpa, grandma, mamma, who was called Mary by the rest, Aunt Daisy and the three children, were all mentioned, and persistent questioning revealed that he lived in a large house in the country, but that was all. My heart grew fairly sick as I looked in his beautiful face and pictured the grief of his widowed mother over the loss of this only child. In vain I searched his clothing for the mysterious "locket containing the minature of a beautiful female," always found on the stray children in novels; no "strawberry or raspberry mark" disfigured his smooth, white skin. His clothing, of the most dainty material and make, was marked with the initials "A. H."

Days passed away, and still the little Trot—for he would own no other name—was an inmate of my cottage, the very darling of Mrs. Watson's motherly heart. I advertised him in all the large cities, hoping some paper would reach his country home; yet, as the days wore away, and he became reconciled to his new home, and ceased to grieve for his family, I began to dread the hour when he should be claimed. His frank, bright joyousness, his merry prattle, his loving caresses, began to fill an unsuspected void in my heart, and Mrs. Watson was a perfect slave to his loving tyranny. She made him pretty garments to replace the rich velvet suit which we put carefully aside, in case they were ever required to prove his indentity. She furnished for his bedroom a small apartment leading from her own sleeping-room. She made the day one long set of service for his comfort, and as weeks glided into months, and there was no clue found to guide us to his home, she taught him to call her grandma, while Uncle Charley became my newly acquired title. To tell how he was petted in the village would be a vain task to attempt. To say that he was the hero and idol of Hopedale, will give but a faint idea of his popularity. Gradually the memory of his home, Ellen, the visit to Australia, died away and he seemed to forget that he had ever lived away from us. Mamma and Aunt Daisy had been the two of whom he spoke most; but I judged from all he said, that his father's death was very recent, and his residence at his grandparent's a brief visit only in his memory.

Eleven months had this dear little treasure been an inmate of my house, when there came into my life a new dream of hope and happiness. About five miles from Hopedale there resided, and had lived for many long years, and eccentric old bachelor, by name Herman Graham. His home, Lechaven, was far away from any clustor of houses, indeed, nearly a mile from any other residence; and here in solitary state, with only two ancient servitors in household, he had lived ever since I could remember. He was a morose, ill-tempered man, and some early cross had made him adopt a perfect hermit-like seclusion, though his wealth would have commanded every advantage society could offer. It was early in November that I was summoned to attend this odd genius, professionally. The little note brought to my office by an elderly man on horseback, was signed "Lillian Graham," and urged my immediate attention.

It was a long, cold drive, but the man represented his master as very ill, so I prepared to obey the summons. "I had no idea your master had a daughter," I said, referring to my note.

"That's master's neice," was the reply; "a nice, sweet-spoken young lady as ever I seen. She comes down on a visit sometimes from her father's place near Albany. They were burnt out, her father's folks, last winter, and the family all went to Europe while the new house was a-building. They came home about a fortnight ago, but they won't go to the new house till spring, so some of them's boarding in New York, and some in Albany, and Miss Lilian she's come to spend the winter with her uncle. They're all coming down for Christmas, I expect."

I found my new patient very ill, and for a week my visits were frequent, and more than once I passed a whole night by his bedside. I do not mean this for a love-table, so I will not weary my reader with the why and wherefore of my heart bending in allegiance to Lilian Graham's charms. Her beauty, gentleness and winning grace touched my heart as no woman had ever before thrilled it, and before that weary week of anxiety and watching was over I loved her. As her uncle began to recover, my visits slid from a professional capacity to a social one, and I saw that my welcome was sincere one from both the old gentleman and the fair girl, whose devotion to his sick bed proved her love. I was agreeably surprised to find the hermit neither so savage or inaccessible as he had been represented to me.—He had a painful chronic disorder; his manner was brusque, and his voice often harsh, but he could soften, and I was able to give him relief from pain, for which he repaid me by a gracious reception.

Christmas was drawing near, and I had resolved to lay my heart before Lilian, and ask her to be my wife. I was heir to considerable property left by my father. I had a good practice, a pleasant home, and could offer her the pure love of a young heart, so I was not without hope, especially as I could see the flush deepen on her cheek, and a glad light spring to her blue eyes whenever I was announced. She wore mourning, and I often longed to question her about the loss it implied, but our private interviews were very brief, and but seldom occurred, and she never spoke of her sorrow. I, too, had a story to tell. Of course, if she became my wife, she must hear about Trot.

It was the day before Christmas, and the snow was smooth and hard round Hopedale; so I ventured to propose a sleigh-ride, meaning to open my heart to her as we drove. She accepted my proposal readily, and we were soon on our way. Somehow there fell a long silence between us; I longing but not daring to speak, my eyes fixed upon that lovely face framed in its pretty fur-bound hood, the eyes looking down, the sweet mouth set with a sadder expression than I had ever seen it wear. Suddenly she spoke:

"I expect my parents, brothers, and sister here to-morrow."

"For Christmas gayeties?" I questioned.

"No, to escape them. They are coming here to pass the day quietly far away from from any festivity. It is a sad day for us. Doctor, do you believe in a broken heart?"

"Yes, I know they exist."

"And are fatal?"

"Sometimes! I have seen heavy sorrow drain away life!"

"My poor sister," she said sadly, her eyes filling with tears, "I fear her heart is broken." And after a pause she said: "A year ago—a year ago—poor little Trot!"

"Trot!" I cried, breathlessly.

"My sister's only child who died on Christmas day last year."

"Died?" I said, my hopes sinking.

"Burnt to death!" she said sadly.—"We had a Christmas tree for the children in the nursery. My sister had been a widow only three months, so we had no holiday gathering, but we dressed a tree for the little ones and lighted it on Christmas Eve. The next morning they, the children I mean, were all in the nursery, and I suppose one of them tried to light the tree. Certain it is that they set the room on fire, and before we could save anything the whole house was in flames All escaped but my sister's child, her only one; he perished in the fire."

"Are you certain?"

"Where else could he be? My two little brothers and my sister were saved with difficulty, and the roof fell in while we were all frantically searching and calling for Arthur, or, as we always called him, Trot. My sister's health gave way entirely under this blow. She had concentrated all the strength of her love upon this child after her husband died, and the loss prostrated her utterly. We took her to Europe; we have had the best advice for her, but she is slowly dying of a broken heart."

"It is from no impertinent curiosity," I said, "that I question you. Will you answer my inquiries?"

We were speeding over the frozen ground, toward my home, as she answered:

"Certainly."

"This little child—had he a pet name for you?"

"Yes; my home name. They all call me Daisy, and he calls me Aunt Daisy."

"And your sisters names are Mary and Sue, your brothers' Walter and Baby."

"yes, yes," she said, turning very pale.

"And Trot's nurse Ellen did she go to Australia?"

"Yes, a year ago last fall. Your face is radiant! Speak quickly—our lost boy!"

We were at my door; her face was ashy white with emotion, but she obeyed my motion, and let me lead her from the sleigh to my office. I made her sit down, and began to explain, when—"Uncle Charley's come! Uncle Charley!" rang out from my pet's voice, and Trot burst into the room. Lilian rose to her feet with a wild cry of "Trot! Arthur! darling!"

For a moment he stood bewildered; then a sudden rush of memory came over the childish heart, and he sprang into her arms.

"Aunt Daisy! Where's mamma! I want mamma! Quick! quick! Uncle Charley, Aunt Daisy, take me to my mamma!"

For nearly three hours we sat in the little office before Lilian could tear herself away from the child, but at last she let me take her to the sleigh, consoling Trot by a promise that to-morrow he should see his mother.

I left the disclosure to her womanly tact. But, on the morrow, when I drove over with the child dressed in his black velvet suit, altered to fit him by Mrs. Watson's trembling fingers, and moistened I am sure by many tears, I found all prepared for the great joy.

Such a Christmas never dawned for me. To tell of the gratitude of the pale widow, the joy of the grand-parents, the boisterous greetings between the children is beyond the powers of my pen.

Of course the precise time and manner of Arthur's escape from the house we could only conjecture. The nurse was in the kitchen nearly an hour when the alarm of fire was given, and the flames had gained great headway before they were discovered, the family sitting-room being on a different floor, and some distance from the nursery. Of course the fearless boy had left the house before the attempt to light the tree was made, but the others, absorbed in Christmas delights, did not miss him. The distance from the house to the station was very short, and Ellen had gone to New York from the little village near which Mr. Graham's house was situated. The departure for Europe, and the certainty all felt of his fate, had prevented any search being made for the boy, and we presume the railway officials supposed he belonged to some party on the train.

It was a glad day for all, for if I lost my little treasure, I won from Lilian the right to be called in good truth Trot's Uncle Charley.

A Kiss in the Dark.

HORACE VERNET, a distinguished French painter, happened once to be traveling from Versailles to Paris in the same railway carriage with two English spinster ladies, very prudish and prim, and of uncertain age. Vernet's appearance was striking, and the ladies, after scanning him attentively whenever they thought he was looking the other way, began to communicate to each other their observations upon him in a rather loud whisper, thinking, apparently, that as they spoke in their own language they were at liberty to make what comments they pleased. The veteran painter was intensely amused, but was too much a man of the world to manifest the slightest consciousness of what was going on.

It was not long before the train had to go through a tunnel. Vernet, seizing the opportunity, leaned forward, so as to be within hearing of his neighbors, and applied a smacking salute to the back of his hand. On emerging from the temporary obscurity, his face had assumed a mischievous expression, which, as he intended, was soon interpreted by each lady to the prejudice of the other, each charging the other with having received from the mustached stranger the mysterious kiss in the dark. Arrived at the terminus, all were alighting Vernet offered his hand to help his fellow travelers out of the carriage, and then, with a graceful bow, took leave of them, saying, as he retired, to their dismay, in perfectly correct English, 'Adieu, ladies; I suppose I shall never have the satisfaction of knowing to which of you I am indebted for the unexpected but valued favor I received in the tunnel.'

THE SCHOOL GIRL.—"Mary, do you say your prayers morning and evening?" "No, Miss, I don't." "Why, Mary, are you not afraid to go to sleep in the dark without asking God to take care of you and watch over you until the morning?" "No, Miss, I ain't afraid, 'cause I sleep in the middle.]

JOSH BILLINGS recently wrote to a lecture committee that the price of one of his lectures was $90 40; that he had in some instances been careless enough to throw off the $90, but the 40 cents he must have to maintain his reputation.

"I hate to hear people talk behind one's back," as the robber said when the constable was chasing him and crying "stop thief."

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