THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 7. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 13, 1869. NO. 39.

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 publicity 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. 2, Exchange Place, Baltimore,
Agent for Maryland, Dist. Columbia and Va.
September 5, 1868—y.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

JAMES P. WICKES,

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 subscribers, on or before the 26th day of August, 1869; otherwise they may be excluded by law from the benefit of said estate. Given under our hands this 26th day of January, 1869.

CHARLOTTE A. WICKES,
RICHARD HYNSON,
Jan. 30, 1869—4t Administrators.

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

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.

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

SAMUEL W. SPENCER,

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 2d day of September, 1869; otherwise they may be excluded by law from the benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 2d day of February, 1869.

GEORGE B. WESTCOTT,
Feb. 6, 1869—4t Executor.

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.

"RISING SUN" 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 Crem, 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.

☞ 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.
jl3-'68.

MEDICAL CARD.

DR. J. A. PERMIN, having removed to Chestertown for the active resumption of his profession, offers his professional services to the public.

May be found at his residence in Princess street, opposite Miss Caroline Thompson's, when not professionally engaged.

Chestertown, June 1, 1867.

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

THEY CURED YOUR
FATHERS AND MOTHERS,

And will cure you and your children. They are entirely vegetable, and contain the purest medicines ever used in the country. Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic may be relied on in any case where the stomach is not entirely destroyed, or the constitution exhausted by the last stages of consumption. 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, Fullness 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, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imagining 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 the Stomachic Elixir, Extracts from Roots, Herbs, and Barks, from which alone these extracts are made, which are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then transported 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, &c. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some nervous debility or irritation exists, requiring the aid of a cordial. Both of these remedies are entirely free from any other advertised for the cure of the diseases named, they being scientific preparations of medicinal roots, while the others are mere decoctions or syrups of cheap rum. 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, and as a tonic, to impart vigor and strength to the system, it is unequalled. Dyspepsia, Debility, Nervousness, Chronic Diarrhœa, Jaundice, Loss of Appetite, Low Spirits, Palpitation of the Heart, Difficulty of Breathing, Sick Headache, Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Intermittent Fever, Weakness, Infirmities, Nervous Affections, Paralysis, Sleeplessness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Diseases of the Urinary Organs, Female Complaints, and Diseases arising from Indiscretion or Exposure, are speedily cured by the use of these remedies. In fact, they are the best remedies that have ever been known in the United States, and are daily performing cures which seem almost miraculous to those who are not acquainted with their composition. They are purely vegetable, and may be taken at all times of the year, with perfect safety, by persons of any age, from infancy to old age. They are pleasant to the taste, and powerful in their effects. They are the best remedies known for

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 digestion, create a healthy appetite, cause the food to assimilate with the blood, make it digest it, purify the blood, give it a good, sound, healthy complexion, eradicate the yellow tinge from the eye, impart a bloom to the cheeks, and change the sallow, pale face of a dyspeptic, nervous, 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, and good health is sure to follow. Keep your stomach regular by occasional doses of Hoofland's German Bitters or Tonic, and your blood will be pure, your health will be good, your spirits will be light, your complexion will be clear, your skin will be free from pimples, blotches, and eruptions, and you will escape all attacks of fever and ague, bilious fever, and other diseases which are caused by a disordered liver or impure blood. Remember, it is Hoofland's German Bitters or Hoofland's German Tonic that will do you good. Either of these remedies will be found beneficial in all cases where a tonic is required, and will be found to be the best remedy in the world for Drunkenness, or any habit for which a medicine is required. Prepared by

C. M. JACKSON,
Sole Proprietor, at the German Medicine Store,
No. 418 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.

The Tonic is put up in quart bottles.

Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so extensively used and so highly recommended; and do not be imposed upon by any of the worthless preparations that may be offered you in place of them. If you cannot procure the article you want, inclose the money to us in a letter, and we will send it by return mail or express. Direct to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,
No. 418 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

CHAS. M. EVANS,
Proprietor.

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

These Remedies may be had of Druggists, Storekeepers, and Medicine Dealers everywhere.

Be sure and ask for Hoofland's German Remedies, and do not be induced to take any of the worthless preparations that may be recommended to you, in order to get more profit. In order to get the genuine, be sure and call for Hoofland's German Bitters or Hoofland's German Tonic, and do not allow the dealer to impose upon you with any of his stuff.

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.

I find "Hoofland's German Bitters" to be a valuable tonic, and useful in disorders of the digestive organs, and of long standing, in 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 26, 1867.

I consider Hoofland's German Bitters a valuable tonic 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 several kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as highly improper, I have uniformly refused. In the case of your German Bitters, however, I feel myself called upon, for once, to depart from my usual course, in order that my full approbation of them may be known. Yours, very truly,
J. H. KENNARD.

SALOON.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. Be sure you get the genuine. Observe that the name of the article bloom on 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 extensively used and so highly recommended; and do not be imposed upon by any of the worthless preparations that may be offered you in place of them. If you cannot procure the article you want, inclose the money to us in a letter, and we will send it by return mail or express. Direct to the

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Selected Poetry.

THE SUPERFLUOUS MAN.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I long have been puzzled to guess,
And so I have frequently said,
What the reason could really be
That I never have happened to wed;
But now it is perfectly clear,
I am under a national ban;
The girls are already assigned—
And I'm a superfluous man!

Those clever statistical chaps,
Declare the numerical run
Of women and men in the world,
Is twenty to twenty-and-one;
And hence in the pairing, you see,
Since wooing and wedding began,
For every connubial score,
They've got a superfluous man!

By twenties and twenties they go,
And giddily rush to their fate,
For none of the number, of course,
Can fail of a conjugal mate;
But while they are yielding in scores
To nature's inflexible plan,
There's never a woman for me—
For I'm a superfluous man!

It isn't that I am a churl,
To solitude over inclined;
It isn't that I am at fault
In morals, or manner, or mind;
Then what is the reason, you ask,
I am still with the bachelor clan?
I merely was numbered amiss—
And I'm a superfluous man!

It isn't that I am in want
Of personal beauty or grace,
For many a man with a wife
Is uglier far in the face;
Indeed, among elegant men
I fancy myself in the van,
But what is the value of that,
When I'm a superfluous man!

Although I am fond of the girls,
For aught I could ever discern,
The tender emotion I feel,
Is one that they never return;
'Tis idle to quarrel with fate,
For, struggle as hard as I can,
They're mated already, you know—
And I'm a superfluous man!

No wonder I grumble at times,
With women so pretty and plenty,
To know that I never was born
To figure as one of the twenty;
But yet, when the average lot,
With critical vision I scan,
I think it may be for the best,
That I'm a superfluous man!

A WRECKED LIFE;
—OR—
The Effect of Slander.

Mr. Graham called on Mrs. Grant one pleasant day in July; they were neighbors, and loved a bit of gossip. Mrs. Graham seated herself near the open window, and looked out over the fragrant garden to the little white house beyond.

"Who lives there?" is the query

"Don't you know? There is where the widow Bryson and her daughter live."

"Ah! the old and the young lady who sat in the west pew last Sunday?"

"Yes."

"Have you called?" questioned Mrs Graham.

"Me?"—with emphasis.

"Yes; are you not going to be neighborly with them?"

"I don't associate with every one"

"No, I suppose not—but are not these nice people?"

"Oh! I didn't say they were not—I don't believe in talking ill of my neighbors; if I can't well speak of any one, I believe in just letting them alone."

"Ah! what is it?"

"Oh! nothing much; but I guess if you saw what I see daily you wouldn't think of my calling; they don't enter for want of company very much."

"Who has been there? I'll send mention it," said Mrs Graham.

Mrs. Graham shook her head.

"Ladies?"

"I never saw any ladies calling there."

"Gentlemen?"

"Yes, if you call Squire Gregory a gentleman."

"Squire Gregory!" Mrs. Graham lifts her hand in horror.

We will just whisper to the reder that the masculine in question bore a very evil reputation, having been, figuratively speaking "kicked out of society" long ago.

"And you saw him really there?" mused Mrs. Graham. "Is it possible? Well, one cannot mistake their character. I'm glad we've found the out in sheep's clothing."

Mrs. Grant shells her peas forfarmer, and Mrs. Graham rolls up her sleeves work.

"Don't be in a hurry, Mrs. Grant,"

"Oh! I hope't been. By the w. you have got any yeast you couldspare? Mine has soured, and I must bake to-morrow, if possible."

"Oh! yes; take a cupfull now, I send little Jamie over for it," said Mrs. Grant.

"Going up to Mrs. Merrill's," as Mrs. Graham. "Here's her magazine that I borrowed last week; I've been trying to get John to take it; he likes to read it as well as I do, but when he can hear he won't subscribe."

"Mrs. Merrill, an aristocratic lady, who lived in a "two story back," greets her visitor with a quiet and polite good morning, ushering her into the sitting room. There is a canary in a gilded cage, who is thrilling his song very merrily, and there are blooming flowers in the windows.

"Will you lay off your shaker?" asks Mrs. Merrill, quietly.

"Oh! 'tisn't worth while—I just run in; I was going up to the store, and thought I would call and return this magazine"—handing herself with her shaker, which she had just removed—"How dreadful warm!"

"The weather is uncommonly sultry," Mrs. Merrill takes up the embroidery she laid aside on the entrance of her visitor. "We scarcely feel the heat, however, we have a good draught, and there is a very good shade around the house. Miriam," addressing a fair young girl who had just entered, "perhaps Mrs. Graham will take a glass of ice water."

"Thank you, dear; how cool and nice. By the way, have you called on our new town's folks?"

"Not yet. I was speaking to Miriam about calling to-day. What a sweet girl Miss Bryson seems to be—rather melancholy, though; have you called yet?"

"Not I."

"Why?"

"I don't visit where Squire Gregory does," replied Mrs. Graham.

"Squire Gregory—you are mistaken, surely."

"Oh! guess not—but I've said more than I meant to; don't let that influence you, but if I had a daughter like Miriam, there, I don't know as I should care that she should associate with such people."

"If that is their character, of course not," replied Mrs. Merrill. "I never dreamed of anything of that kind; the old lady seemed so high bred, and her daughter so modest and gentle."

Mrs. Graham takes her leave with a "Now do come and spend the afternoon when you can, Mrs. Merrill."

The latter and her daughter sit quietly at their work; Miriam is finishing a dress for herself, and her dainty fingers fly swiftly as their work. Bye-and-bye she looks up—

"I never was more deceived in any one in my life before, mother."

"Nor I."

The two sew away in silence; Dickey sits chirping unnoticed in his bright cage, the flowers breathe out their perfume unheeded.

"I'm so sorry and disappointed," continues Miriam. "I thoughout she would be such an addition to our set; but I'm glad we've found her out in time."

"There's the door bell is now ringing," said Mrs. Merrill.

The person chanced to be Mr. John Elmere, chorister. He is good-looking enough, and has a pleasant voice, and a good many bits of news to relate.

Mr. Elmere made known his errand, it is something about a choir meeting next Tuesday evening, to learn a new voluntary for the next Sabbath, when the new pastor is to preach his first sermon.

"But you can't guess whom we are to have in our choir after this," continues John Elmere—"a new member. Miss Bryson has a splendid voice. I just called this morning, and gave her an invitation to join—"

"Mr. Elmere!"

"Well?"

The haughty Merrill blood is now up in a moment.

"If she sings in the choir, I don't!"

"What!" in surprise.

"Just what I have said. She's said not to be a very proper person, and if she sits in the choir on Sunday, I leave it!"

"I'm sure I don't know what to do," said the young man. "I invited her; it would be the height of rudeness to withdraw the invitation."

Miss Merrill could not help him in his dilemma, and Mr. Elmere left the house in a very uncomfortable state of mind.

The next Sabbath Miss Bryson took her seat in the choir, according to invitation. The church was crowded when she entered, and as the choir seats were in front, she was observed by the congregation.—True to her word, Miriam Merrill arose and left the choir. The sensation occasioned can be better imagined than described at this change.

The young lady who sat next to Miss Bryson turned her back to her, and made no offer of her note book when she rose to sing; she seemed to be avoided as one with the plague. Her fair face burned crimson, and then grew pale again.—What had she done—what could be the meaning of all this?

Mr. John Elmere had got himself into a fine pickle! The young lady members of his choir notified him that they would sing no more unless Miss Bryson was removed, and this disagreeable task he was obliged to perform.

He wrote a note, stating that circumstances unforseen by him when he invited her to become a member of his choir, compelled him to withdraw the invitation. It was every rude proceeding, but would she pardon him?

Many girls would have rallied after the shock, and defiantly met the inhospitable and taunting world; but not so with Ellen Bryson; wherever she went into society she was treated with scorn and contempt, so at length she remained at home, and grieved herself sick over it. She was one of those fragile blossoms that a rough wind or unkind frost will so easily destroy.

Many days passed, and the neighbors noticed that Squire Gregory was there with parcels and bundles, and that was enough for them. For had they not been so evil disposed they could easily have ascertained what these bundles contained, which will be seen presently.

Perhaps their consciences smote them a little when Dr. Green told them that the young lady at the cottage was ill of brain fever, brought on by some kind of worry or trouble, and that no persons were lending assistance.

Several volunteered. Mr. Bryson treated them coldly, politely: but one night, when Mrs. Grant, Merrill, and others, were gathered in the little bedroom to perform the last sad offices for poor Ellen, the bereaved mother said, bitterly—

"Your people in this town have murdered my child; tell me now, before her dead corpse, why did you do it?"

There was no reply.

"I heard yesterday," continued the old lady, "that it was because Squire Gregory was seen to call on her. Shall I tell you what caused his visits? Had you ascertained ere you spread broad cast the shameful reports that broke my child's heart and crazed her brain, it would have been far better. We were poor; that is, in moderate circumstances. We rented this house, the owner promising to take his pay in sewing; we neither of us were aware of anything being rumored against Squire Gregory's character; I must do him the justice to say he has treated us with more humanity than you all. If this be the means of learning you a lesson, my child will not have died in vain; yet pray to God to forgive you—I am afraid I never can."

Too late now; the tongue of slander has triumphed! What a lesson this narrative should teach!

They placed snow-drops in her hand, and looked with tears into the sweet face—the members of that choir and villagers who had shunned her with contempt so shortly before. Too late now! Tears of repentance could not bring her back again! They had murdered this fair, sweet flower, when they should have shielded her from this cruel world—if not for her own sake, for the sake of her dead father, who sleeps in in his bloody grave at Shiloh.

There are many such cases. When you would speak evil of any one, and condemn harshly; remembers this overtrue story; also, never forget, "With whatsoever judgment ye judge, and whatsoever measure ye meet, it shall be measured to you again."

The Anatomized Yankee.

Prof. S—— was a physiological lecturer who traveled from one end of the country to other, displaying his postera to the best advantage in country towns.—Among the attractions of his exhibition were a skeleton and manikin, the latter very perfect of its kind, and capable of being taken apart, bit by bit, till nothing was left but a vast pile of muscles and other parts of the human structure. Prof. S—— was a big wag in his way, and did not confine his drollery to his audiences. In one of the rural places out West he chanced to have for a bedfellow a verdant farmer who was absolutely so green that he had never seen no heard of artificial teeth. Before retiring for the night the conversation turned upon the facility with which a soldier stopping at the tavern used his artificial leg and the Professor astonished the verdant farmer by telling him that some men were almost completely artificial, and predicted that the time would come when a man might be false throughout, having a stomach in which food might be placed, and with the addition of a spoonful of patent gastric juices, have the food quickly digested, adding slyly that he himself was greatly dependent on the manufacturer for his present existence. With these revelations the countryman dared hardly look at him.

On retiring for the night, the lecturer purposely attracted the verdant's attention by removing his wig. When, however, he opened his mouth and quietly removed his teeth, the verdant, terrified by such a performance, hurriedly jumped into bed, and burying his head beneath the sheets, tried to lose himself in sleep. This the lecturer prevented by inarticulate mutterings, stating that he would extinguish the night, as he was rather ashamed to be seen taking himself apart.

Opening the closet door, he carefully took his manikin apart, and bringing out his nicely cleaned scull, proceeded to arrange the lungs, heart, kidneys, intestines and other parts of the manikin in various conspicuous parts of the room. The washstand, table, bureau and chairs were partly littered with the apparatus. While busy at this work, he gave utterance to numerous painful hoots and groans, fairly making the verdant's hair stand on end. He imitated the winding up of his lungs in readiness for the morning, and, after sundry other tricks, jumped into bed, carrying with him the cold washbasin, which he purposely hooked up against the warm body of his bedfellow, who nearly jumped out of the bed from the contact, and through the night clung to the extreme verge of the bed in fear.

The Professor had his eyes open early in the morning to witness the fun. Burled in the bed-clothes, with one little peep hole through which to watch the proceedings, he waited. The verdant soon slipped out of bed and started for his pants, when his eyes fell on the glistening skull. A morbid fascination led his eyes around the room, and taking in the whole horror of the display at once, he grabbed his clothes, and with one long howl of terror and despair, rushed headlong from the room. The lecturer instantly jumped out of bed, and quickly dressing, slipped down stairs, where he met the countryman, half out of his wits, trying to explain the necessity of leaving before breakfast. The appearance of the lecturer so quickly put together completed his fright, and another howl, in low from the tavern and from the village to his home, where he related the astounding character of the Yankee who could take himself apart as easily as one could butcher and cut up an ox.

Advice to Girls.

Young ladies, the whole secret with nine-tenths of you, of not being able to secure good husbands, is simply that you do not know how to work. You have no knowledge of practical house keeping, and consequently are useless as helpmates. Instead of being an assistant to a husband you are an obstacle to his success. Your style of living, too, is incompatible with his means. You want to begin housekeeping as your parents left off, not as they began, and there are few young men who have not already a good income, can afford to marry you. There are no possible objections to the accomplishments of music, painting, and the like, as such, but the idea is to be able to set these prior amusements aside, for the stern duties of married life call for your practical knowledge. Show the young man that you can do your part at double business, and that you will not be a dead expense to him through life. Believe us, young friends, as many true, patriotic, womanly hearts beat over household duties as flutter beneath the soft light of a parlor chandelier. Your kiss is just as sweet, your smile just as bright, your heart as happy and tender after a day of exertions in a sphere worthy of true womanhood, as in the places of dissipation, frippery and silly amusement. Have an ambition to do your part in life, cultivate industrial habits, and let the parlor accomplishments go with the higher accomplishments we have roughly enumerated. It is astonishing how soon a domestic young lady is found out and appreciated. It is because she is such a rare exception to the general rule.

Rather Oblivious.

At a revival excitement in Connecticut, a respectable old lady was struck with conviction, became a convert, and was proposed for membership of the church. There was a meeting held for examination of the candidates, of whom there were several in attendance.

"Well, my dear sister Rogers," said the venerable examiner, addressing our venerable friend, "please relate your experience."

The old lady being thus addressed, lifted up her voice:

"Well," said she, "I don't know what to say, as I told my husband, Mr. Rogers, before I came here; but I believe I have experienced a change, as I told Mr. Rogers, my husband, after I came home from meeting, when I became convinced that I was the most sinful creature in the world, as I told my husband, Mr. Rogers; and says he, I think so too. Then I told Mr. Rogers, my husband, I was going to lead a different life, was going to trim my lamp, and have it burning agin the bride groom came. Then Mr. Rogers, my husband, said he didn't see what I wanted of another, but he didn't make no objection. Then I told Mr. Rogers, my husband, that I would join the church and prepare myself for the place where the worm dieth not and the fire is not squenched; my husband, Mr. Rogers, told me I'd better."

Woman.

Place her among flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness and sometimes folly, annoyed by a dew drop, fretted by a touch of a butterfly's wing, and ready to faint at the bustle of a beetle; the zephyrs are too rough, the showers are too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of rose buds. But let real calamity come, rouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then; how her heart strengthens itself—how strong is her purpose. Place her in the heart of battle—give her a child, a bird—anything she loves or pities to protect—and see her in a relative instance, raising her white arms, as a shield, as her own blood crimsons her upturned forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless. Transplant her in the dark places of earth, awaken her energies to action and her breath becomes a healing, and her presence a blessing. She disputes inch by inch the stride of the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, shrinks away, pale and affrighted. Misfortune haunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance and goes forward with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity, she is a bud full of odors, waiting but for the winds of adversity, valuable but untried in the furnace.—*Curran.*

DAN. BRYANT, at the minstrels, tells of the most complex family ever known, something in this wise: "I married a young widow, who lived with her step-daughter; my father shortyl after married the step-daughter. My wife was, therefore the mother-in-law of my father. I am the step-father of my mother-in-law, and my wife's step-daughter is my step-mother. Well, my step-mother—that is to say, my father's wife and my wife's daughter—had a son. He is my step-brother, of course, but being the son of my wife's step-daughter, my wife is, of course, his grand-mother, and I am his grand-father as well as his step-brother. My wife also had a boy. My step-mother is consequently the step-sister of my boy, also his grand-mother, because he is the child of her step-son, and my father is the brother-in-law of my son, who is the son of my step-mother. I am my mother's brother-in law, my wife is the aunt of her own son, my son is the grand-son of my father, and I am my own grand-father."

In the voyage of life we should imitate the ancient mariners, who, without losing sight of the earth, trusted to the heavenly signs for their guidance.

Many a girl is a pretty [illegible] of slippers is a pretty slippery [illegible]

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