THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 7. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 1, 1869. NO. 50.

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 hand 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 Holiday.*
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.

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON

WM. TOMLINSON & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Live Stock and Country Produce Generally,
No. 112 Light St. Wharf, Balto.

ORDERS FR GROCERIES, SEEDS, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise promptly filled.

Consignments respectfully solicited.
January 19, 1868—y

WORK BENCH SCREWS,

MADE of good Hickory, for sale much under the usual price.

PARKS & BRYAN,
July 25. Tin and Hardware Dealers.

[redacted]

and Stone Fronts, Coverings, Encaustic and Marble Tiling, and all other building materials at the lowest market prices,

Having made arrangements with the leading Factories in their respective branches of trade to supply all building materials at one place. Estimates for Marble, Iron and Stone Fronts, Gas Fitting, Plumbers Work, &c., furnished. Sole Agents for the State of Maryland for Thompson and Harper's and other celebrated slate mantels, the Terra Cotta Works of Philadelphia, and represent Davison, Ayres and Heuvelman Agents of the architectural department of the Novelty Iron Works, New York, in Baltimore.

P. De MURGUIONDO,
Nos. 53, 55 & 57 Calvert street,
Jan. 2, 1869—y Cor. of Saratoga.

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.

NEW HARNESS STORE!

JOSEPH W. EDWARDS

RESPECTFULLY informs his old friends and public generally that he has again removed to Chestertown, and has commenced the **SADDLE & HARNESS** business at his "OLD STAND" opposite the Voshell House. He has now in his employ good Workmen, and has now in store a fine assortment of

Saddles, Bridles, Collars, Whips, Horse Blankets, Sleigh Bells,

all kinds of Oil for Harness, and all kinds of BITTS.

HARNESS of all kinds manufactured to order. REPAIRING done at short notice.

Having had some 18 or 20 years experience in the business, I flatter myself that I am able to give general satisfaction to all who may favor me with their patronage.

Give me a CALL

JOS. W. EDWARDS.
Dec. 26, 1868—tf.

NO USE OF TALKING.
Old Worton is About!
WORTON HEIGHTS
WHEELWRIGHT & BLACKSMITH SHOP.

The undersigned having rented the Shops of Mr. Geo. Rees Jones, are prepared to do all kinds of work in their line. Being both practical workmen, we are competent of taking charge of our own business. With strict attention and good material, we hope to receive a share of public patronage.

A. O'MEARA, *Wheelwright,*
JOS. A. HENRY, *Blacksmith.*
Worton Heights, Jan. 30, 1869—3m.

COX, WARREN & MERRITT
SUCCESSORS TO
Cox & Brown,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
FOR THE SALE OF
GRAIN, FLOUR AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,
Nos. 8 Bowly's Wharf & 72 South St.
Baltimore, Md.
Jan. 16, 1869—y.

RECEIVED THIS WEEK, a large assortment of Table and Pocket Cutlery, Tea and Table Spoons, Scissors, Shears, &c., &c., at ALDRIDGE'S.

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 punch, whiskey 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 Field Herbs, Roots, Barks, and Berries 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 stimulant is required. You will hear in mind that these remedies are entirely different from [redacted]

Blood Purifier.

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

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

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

Yours truly,
GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,
Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, April 23, 1866.

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 counsel my users with reference to the use of different kinds of medicine, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate province, I have let all cases decided; 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 and valuable preparation. In some cases it does not cure; but usually, I believe, it does cure, if taken in any reasonable time. Yours, very respectfully,

J. H. KENNARD,
Eighth, below Spring Garden.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. The genuine have the signature of C. M. Jackson on the front of the 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 induce you to take [illegible] something else that may chance to be kept by them, on account of [illegible] profit they make on it. These remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
AT THE GERMAN REMEDIES 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.

☞ Be sure and ask for Hoofland's German Remedies, and take no other.

FOR SALE BY
S. Wickes & Son, Chestertown.

Selected Poetry.

WE SHALL BE LIKE HIM.

We shall be like Him! Oh! beautiful thought!
Well may our souls into rapture be wrought;
After the sorrow, the woe and the tears,
We shall be like Him, when Jesus appears.

After the conflict, in peace to sit down,
After the cross, to be wreathed with the crown,
After the dust and the toil of the way,
With Him, and like Him, forever to stay.

Never again shall the throbbing head ache,
Never again shall the beating heart break,
Never the task drop from wearying hands,
Nor the feet ever fall in the brightest of lands.

Never shall sin, with the trail of its shame,
Shadow love's sunlight, or chill its clear flame;
Saviour, oft grieved in the house of Thy friends,
We will not wound Thee, when Earth's frail life ends.

Death! 'tis this thought does away with Thy sting,
Makes us triumphant, to meet Thee and sing,
"Glory to God!" When the Jordan is passed,
We shall go home, and be like Him at last.

Master alas! Thee we've often denied;
When the world scorned, we have shrunk from Thy side;
Yet, blessed Jesus, Thou knowest Thy love,
Pardon and help us with grace from above.

When Thou appearest—oh! rapturous thought!—
Well may our souls into transport be wrought;
We shall be like Thee! when this life is o'er;
Wound Thee, deny Thee, offend Thee no more.

THE TIDE OF TRUE LOVE.

BY AMY RANDOPH.

The evening sunshine was stretching its long, golden fingers across the glittering expanse of pearl-white beach, where the waves came curling up with a low, dreamy murmur, and broke into snowy fringes of foam as the tide came in. Walter Lindley, leaning back in his invalid chair, watched the creeping sunset, and the waves that followed in its track, with half-closed, thoughtful eyes.

His companion, Major Bernard, sat on a low stone by his side, with folded arms, and eyes that looked far off into the golden calm of the horizon—a brown faced, handsome man of middle age, in the undress uniform of an army officer.

"Walter—young fellow," he said, after a silence of some minutes, "it is getting late—you must go home."

"I'm going, Major Bernard," preparing slowly to make a move. "Mammy will be anxious for me, and Carry will be fretting."

"Carry—a pretty, musical name," muttered the major, dreamily. "I knew a Carry once."

"Was she your sister?"

"No."

"Your cousin?"

"Walter, *will* you go home."

"All right,—*au revoir*."

And away rolled the invalid chair over the firm, snow-white strand, tiny shells cracking under its wheels, here and there, and trailing bits of sea-weed clinging to the spokes.

"He is going home—home," he murmured, "to a mother's love and the tenderness of a sister. I have no home, save a room in the second story of a farmhouse where I keep my books and smoke my meerschaum. And his sister's name is Carry. Is she like him, I wonder?—Carry! How the name brings back the old, times and makes a boy of me again! Well, well, it's all over now. I expected too much of her, and she was wilful and wayward, as girls will be.

"She was only a child then—a passionate, untrained child, and I expected too much of a woman's will and judgment from her.

"I was hard with her," he murmured, "God forgive me! How different things might have been!"

Walter Lindley, rolling homeward in in the chair that he was wont to propel himself, was thinking also.

"He's a brick, that Major Bernard!" thought the pale boy, "and what a lot he knows about everthing, to be sure! And he was in that Indian war, led and knows about the charge at Lucknow! I suppose he's an Englishman, and I never did like John Bulls before. I should like mother and Carry to meet him some time. I am sure they would be friends as soon as they had broken through that odd reserve way he has with him."

Mrs. Lindley sat at the open window, fanning herself, when Walter came into the room; and near her sat a dark-eyed woman of thirty, with jet-black, ripply bands of hair beashed away from a clear olive brow, and magnificent mesmeric eyes full of starry glitter and translucent sparkle. Carry Owens might have been pretty as a girl; as a woman she was beautiful as Hebe.

"Mamma, here I am!" was the boy's salute as he entered the apartment—throwing off his cap, and appropriating the easiest chair.

"Better late than never," said Mrs. Lindley.

"I was beginning to be anxious about you."

"Carry," said Walter, "I've been thinking about you all the way home."

"About me!"

"Yes. I've been wondering why you never got married. For you *are* pretty, Carry, you know."

"Thank you."

"And if I were ten years older—no fifteen—I'd marry you myself sooner than let you die an old maid, for all you're my adopted sister."

"I'm infinitely obliged to you," said Carry, with a comical smile dimpling her rich scarlet lips.

"But," went on Walter, meditatively, "I'm not in danger at present—at least Major Bernard thinks not."

"Bernard—who?"

"How you start, Carry! and it was only a mosquito after all. What *is* the sense of being so nervous? Why—Bernard—that's all—an English officer!"

"And how on earth did you manage to pick him up?"

"He picked *me* up, mamma, wandering round on the beach, and I can tell you he's capital company. I wish you and Carry would walk down to the Point with me some day and see him."

"Nonsense! Bring him to us."

"He would not come, mamma. He's a regular old hermit—a misanthrope."

"He *must* be very agreeable!" observed Carry, with a spice of satire in her voice.

"But you will come with me, Carry?"

"Some time, perhaps," assented Carry who believed in the doctrine of satisfying children with promises. "Mrs. Lindley, it's time this boy took his medicine."

Carry sat at her window that night, late and long, watching the golden constellations climb the blue ladder of heaven and thinking of the past—the past before she became Mrs. Lindley's adopted daughter, when she was a hard-working little seamtress in a garrett room, toiling for her daily bread; and then came a past still farther off, when she drank the exhilarating draught of Love, for so brief a time, but it was snatched from her lips!

"Pooh!" thought Carry, dashing away a diamond drop from her eye-lashes, "I am an old maid, and nobody is better aware of it than myself. I won't begin to be sentimental now."

"Come, Carry, *do!*"

"But I want to finish my blue grenadine dress!"

"Oh, bother the grenadine dress.—You're no idea of the beauties of shells there are there! Come!"

"Walter," laughed Carrie, despairingly, "what a nuisance you are! Yes, yes, I will come—anything to satify you!"

"That's a darling little sister, and here's your hat!"

"But my hair?"

"Oh, fiddlesticks, your hair looks well enough I belive if a woman was going to Heaven, she had to stop and fix her hair first!"

And Walter dragged Owens away in spite of of her pathetic remonstrrnces.

"Why, Walter, I thought you were going to Highstone Cliffs."

"So I am"

"Isn't this the point?"

"What's to prevent a fellow from taking the Point on his way to Highstone?"

"And who is that? On the rocks beyond, reading?"

Carry stopped suddenly.

"Why, that's Major Bernard!"

"Walter I can't go any farther."

"Nonsense—why not, surely you are not tired?"

"No, not tired but——"

She caught her trembling hand away from Walter's detaining grasp, and looked wildly about as if for some place of refuge. But there was only the white sunshiny beach stretching upward and the dazzling cliffs beyond. Carry could not have fled, unless she had transformed herself into a snow plumed sea gull and fluttered away with the winged creatures even now skimming over the surface of the deep.

Major Bernard had arisen, and was coming towards them in a strange, uncertain sort of way. Walter Lindley looked from one to the other, scarce knowing what to make of this singular agitation on both sides.

"Carry! Carry Owens!"

Bernard was holding out both hands, imploringly, while Carry stood before him, as pale as death.

"Bernard Eveleth!"

Neither spoke any more, but some electric current in their eyes must have telegraphed secret, signals, for Bernard took Carry's hand in his, and her tears sparkled into smiles.

"Wheel on your chair Walter," said the Major in the English army, "it's all right—Carry will walk with me!"

And Walter wheeled on his chair marvelling much within himself, but too wise to ask any questions

"I wish I was in Jericho!" said Walter, shrewdly to himself, "for it's very plain they don't want me here! I wonder where Carry could possibly have met him."

Major Bernard walked home to the hotel with Miss Owens, and when they parted, Carry went up to tell Mrs. Lindley, with many blushes and a rainbow tear or two, she must expect to lose her adopted daughter.

"Why, Carry, where on earth are you going?"

"To England with Major Bernard Eveleth."

Yes, she was going to England—the old love was new once again, and Walter was fated to be deprived of friend and sister both!

"However," observed Walter, sagely, "I'm glad Carry won't be an old maid, after all, and Bernard is a brick."

A few Sundays since a clergyman in Maine, in the middle of his sermon, had occasion to use his handkerchief, and to his astonishment scattered in all directions some fifty specimens of paper dolls, which his little daughter had lodged in the pavental pocket for safe keeping. The effect upon the audience was marked.

AFFECTION.

Affection is not half so hardy a plant as is usually thought. Inasmuch as it is native to every soil, and grows in otherwise barren spots; many persons, particularly men, believe no absence of dew, or sun, or rain will make or mar it. True, it flourishes under the snow of adversity, and the storm of opposition cannot bear it down. But when it has once struggled through these.—has put forth its rich green leaves, and unfolded its delicate blossoms to the welcome morning or the radiant noon—it needs gentle nourishment and constant care. Hardy as it seems, it is sensitive as the mimosa. The foot of strangers may trample it into the earth; and yet it will bud again with new beauty and fresher fragrance. But if the familiar hand that has planted and tended it, neglects or touches it rudely, its leaves droop on the instant, and it is never itself again. It may not die, for its root is deep and strong; but the dullest eye can see it has lost its olden savor, and that for it the fair face of the overarching heavens is changed.

Would that every one understood this. Then the garden of our life would be fairer, and the varied valley of our experience would be greener.

Affection is not the hawthorn with all its sweetness. Nor is it the humble violet blowing under the hedge, and wasting its odors on the careless air. No more is it the flaring peony, demanding attention, and displaying its scentless hues to every gaze. It is rather the firm but unobtrusive eglantine, growing wild and yielding to culture as well, full of perfume and full of thorns, delighting the sense when it is gathered carefully, and wounding the hand that seizes it rudely; typifying beauty and tenderness, passion and pride. So vigorous and even robust is it, that no tempest breaks, no lightning blasts it. And still its dainty petals of pink shrink beneath the zephyr's kiss, and fail before the earliest frost.

How often is affection blighted by the neglect of those who should cherish and have cherished it! How are its sustaining tendrils broken and its softness crushed by the hand that has forgotten gentleness from over usage? All along the highways and by ways of life, plants of affection might be discovered drooping, withered, dying, if we but saw them through the glass of sympathy, and with the cunning of spiritual insight.

To drop metaphor, a very common peculiarity of our nature is to undervalue what we possess, and to long only for that which is beyond our reach.

This is truer of the affections than of aught else. Women love for the sake of loving; men for the sake of being loved; and yet they weary of the affection so generously given, because they believe it wholly secured. The difference between lovers and husbands has been the theme of satirists from time immemorial. The former are in doubt, the latter are convinced of the affection they have sought. Perfect security begets carelessness; carelessness neglect; neglect indifference.

Woman will love and be loyal to death, if man will but foster her love and loyalty, instead of killing it by inches with seeming nothings, that, in accumulation, are as the rock of Gibraltar. Believe—oh, careless son of over-faith!—that it is much to gain love, but that it is more to keep it; that to win a heart involves a solemn responsibility, and demands its anxious and chivalrous keeping, till the end of all things comes to you! When you find a soul that loves you, reverence that soul, garner it up as a sacredness, and visit it with all the comforts and tenderness that belong to you Surround it with your worship, and sacrifice all selfishness at its shrine; for of all the excellences and benisons of life, love is chiefest, purest, best.

Have no dread of being deemed "sentimental," since sentiment is among the finenesses of spirit that the rude world is always tending to destroy. Interweave the love you have gained with the love you bear. Braid them together, like precious braids of tenderness and strength of understanding and sympathy, of sweetness and truth, of trust and protection, of perfect giving, and perfect loyalty; and the intermingled strands—the finest chords of being—will sound, when touched, with unvarying music.—*Southern Home Jour.*

The New Baby—A Boy's Soliloquy.

BY GIPSEY GLENN.

"Yes, there's another of 'em up staire now! I knowed it, 'cause pa told me I must keep quiet and sit down in the corner with my book, mustn't play ball nor ask Willie Smart to come in and help put my new puzzle together. Then there's a cross nurse that's always scolding me for getting in her way, no difference where I get Besides, Miss Gadall was here today, and she took me on her knee, patted me on the back just like cook does when I'm choking, and said that my nose was another degree out of joint; but I know better, for this is the third time she has told me so, and it's no more out of joint now than it ever was. She's a hateful, goggle eyed old maid—that's what she is.

"I saw it, too. It's got a little round red head without any hair, with great deep wrinkles instead of eyes, when it cries it opens its mouth as wide as though it meant to swallow itself. Pa helped me up on the side of the bed, and told me to kiss my dear, pretty little sister; and when I wouldn't, and called it a horrid ugly little thing, he said I was a naughty boy, and then the nurse shook me and said I ought to be ashamed. I didn't get to kiss my ma at all, I knew better than to try it, for once when another baby came I climbed on the bed and putting my arms around her neck hugged and kissed her, but all the time I had my knee right on the baby's head, so I was whipped and put in my crib without any supper because I didn't know it was there.

"Little Annie thinks its nice to have a new sister, but then she was the baby before, and don't know anything about it. I can remember long, long ago, ma used to call me her 'sweet little darling,' and pa dangled me on his foot and said I was a 'fine fellow,' and Aunt Susan declared that I was a 'perfect little angel;' but then Tom came and all my pretty toys were given to him because he was the baby, and I was cuffed and scolded by every body except grandma, and she's good to me yet, though there's been two or three new ones since.

"I wonder where all the babies come from? Ma says the Lord sends them. I wish He wouldn't send any more to our house we've got more'n enough now. It might be nice for them if they could stay little always, but they have to grow big after awhile, and then they ain't no better off than they rest of folks. I rather think if I was a baby I'd ask the Lord not to send me where I'd grow any bigger, and then I'd have nothing to do but to lay on my back and chew my toes, and have folks say I was the 'darlingest, cunningest little creature they ever laid eyes on.' That's the way babies are always treated, and it's a deal better than being told one's a good-for-nothing, mischievous little rascal, or a careless, troublesome boy—that it is"

Speech of Mr. Joab Whittle in Squawkboro' Town Meeting, on the Subject of Building a Schoolhouse.

Mr. Moderator:—I want to say a word about this ere new school-us'. Most everybody has had their say, and now I'd like to hev' mine. I can't set, as I hev' sot for the last tew hours, and see the people's money flung away on a new sschool-us' without sayin' a word agin it,

If I understan' the matter right, it is proposed to spend *tew thousand* dollars.—And what fur, Mr. Moderator? To set up a high school-us', and teach the boys and gals of Squawkboro' a lot o' highfalutin stuff that will only make 'em imperdent and sassy! When I went to school and got my larnin,' all I studied was the three R's—*readin' 'ritin' 'rithmetic*; and that is plenty enough for any boy to larn, and two much for a gal. It is easy enough for men to get up in town meetin' and vote away *tew thousand* dollars at a lick; but how long would it take them to arn that money themselves? In my opinion, Mr. Moderator, there is too much money locked up in public buildings already. Look at the meetin'-uses in Squawkboro! *Four*, and any one on 'em is big enough to hold all the people that goes to the hull on 'em. How can a town ever get ahead that has so much capital locked up in meetin-'uses? And every one on 'em-callin' the other names!

Suppose this vote passes—where are ye agoin' to put your new school-'us'?—There'll be a puzzler for ye! I 'spose Squire Snukes will try his pootiest to have it built on his five-acre lot: and somehow the people of this town think they must dew jist what the squire tells 'em, because he was sent to Gineral Court one term.—But I can tell you, Mr. Moderator, that if the school-'us' is put on that lot, it will be playin' a mean thing on the children that live over by Skinner's Pond, and that live up by Silas Doozenberry's.—The can't come to school only when the sun shines. And I don't want the thing built anywheres near my place. I know what 'tis to live near the school-'us'. I don't want my apples and peaches hooked, or my fences hacked up by boys, to say nothin' about the windows broken by base balls and sich.

Mr. Moderator, we've got along all these years without this school-'us; why can't we get along fifty years more? Why agitate this peaceful town of Squawkboro' from one eend to t'other about edicatin' a parcel of boys and gals that know a sight more than their payrents do already?

Tew thousand dollars! My gracious Mr. Moderator! Just think of tew thousand dollars all to wonst! Jest think of the town debt *now*, and then picter to yourselves what it will be with tew thousand more piled onto it. Look forrard a hundred and fifty years, and see our children's children a grounin' under the taxes this 'ere school-us' will bring upon 'em. Why, sir, I got our minister to figger up what tew thousand dollars would be if divided ekally among the inhabitants of Squawkboro', and it come to *three and ninepence* apeice! Yes, Mr. Moderator, *three and ninepence* apiece!

Why, sir, it is only a year since the town went to the expense of two hundred and fifty dollar to build a *hearse-house*, and not a livin' person in Squawkboro' needed it. But there it is built, and stands there unopened, week after week, hardly any use for it. As I said before, I can't set still and see the hard-arned money of the people flung away on hearse-houses and school-houses without gittin' up and utterin' my voice agin it.

Mr. Moderator, I shall vote agin this appropriation, and I hope every liberal-minded, whole sounded man will do the same.—*William L. Williams, in Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

A MAN and his wife were sitting at breakfast the other day—the husband trying to read the paper, while the wife was lecturing him on his dissipated hours.—He suddenly looked up and said:

"Here's a perfect correct sentiment. A writer in this paper says the best capital to begin with is a capital wife."

"That's true dear," replied the wife smiling, thinking that her remark would elicit a compliment, "but where would you get them?"

"In the deaf and dumb asylum of course," he replied.

CHARITY in the heart will brighten the life, and add new beauty to all around.

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