THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 8. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 12, 1869. NO. 4.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!!

Hardware! Hardware! Hardware!

BROAD AXES, Choping Axes, Post Axes, Shingling Hatchets, Lath and Half-Hatchets, Draw Knives, Framing Chisels, Firmer and Socket Firmer Chisels from ½ to 2 in.; Augers, Post Augers, Post Spades, Cook's, Biddle's and Pugh's Auger Bitts, Wood, Iron and Steel Braces, Spear and Jackson Hand Saw, Henry Diston's Hand Saw, Meat, Back, Kitchen, Compas, Key Hole, Wood, Pruning, Pannel,, Webb and Fellow Saws, Fore, Jack and Smoothing Planes, single and double Plane Irons, Loose Joint and Fast Butt Hinges, Lull and Gorter Hinges, Parliament Hinges, Brass Butt Table Hinges, Hooks and Hinges, Strap and T. Hinges, and a large assortment of Screws Hinge Nails, Rivets and Burs, Hasps and Staples, Hooks and Staples, Rim Knob Locks, Plate, Dead, Pad, Chest, Wardrobe, Cupboard, Till, Drawer, Box and Sash Locks, Barrell Bolts, Shutter, Tower, Square, Flush and Spring Bolts, Prunning Shears, Compases, Dividers, Callipers, Chalk-Lines, Glue and Glue-Kettels, Single and Double Nut Hand Rail Screws, Saw Sets, Punches, Hooks and Eyes, screw rings, Picture Nails, Axle and Frame Pulleys, Wardrobe Hooks, Hat and Coat Hooks, Drawer Pulls, Shutter and Blind Fastenings, Shutter Stays, Hammers, Levels, Level Viles, Mill Saw Files, Bastard, Taper, Half-round and Rat-tail Files, Horse Rasps, Spoke Shaves, Screw Drivers, Molasses Gates, Tap Borrers, Iron, Lead, and Brass Spiggots, Twine Boxes, Foot Scrapers, Tacks, Clout and Finishing Nails, Galvinized Tacks, Bed Casters, Pegging Awls, Sewing Awls, Sprig Awls, Thumb and Sash Guages, Awl Handles, Chisel, Saw, Auger, Plane, Fork, Shovel and Spade Handles, Toats, Pad Lock Keys, Cabinet Keys, Door Lock Keys, Key Hole Escutcheons, foot and two foot Rules, Try Squares, Iron and Steel Squares, Nails by the pound and Keg, Window Springs, Cupboard Ketches, and a large assortment of Knives and Forks, Scissors, Shears, Pocket Knives, Pruning Knives, Tea and Table Spoons, Childrens Knives and Forks, Basting Spoons, Wrenches, Pincers, Coffee Mills, Tea Scales, Droanes, Mallets, two, three and four prong Forks, Grain Scoops, Haulter Chains, Breast, Back and Trace Chains, Carriage and Tire Bolts, Plow Bolts, Carriage Knobs, Thumb Latches, Rim Night Latches, Curry Combs, Horse Cards, Plasterers and Brick Layers Trowels, Garden Trowels, Sad Irons, Bramble Scythes, Hay Knives, Ox Balls, Sash Cord, &c., by

J. K. ALDRIDGE.

Chestertown, April 17, 1869.

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 shops; 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

BUILDING MATERIALS.

The undersigned announces to Builders and others that he has opened

AN EXCHANGE,

At Nos. 52, 55 & 57 Calvert St.,

Corner of Saratoga Street,

BALTIMORE, MD.

The object of which is to furnish all kinds of Building Material from one locality, thus saving purchasers that trouble and expense they would otherwise be subjected to in visiting different places to procure such articles. They propose, and are constantly prepared to furnish

Lumber, Doors, Sash, Frames, Mouldings, &c.,

Slate Roofing, MARBLEIZED SLATE, AND MARBLE MANTELS.

Ornamental Garden and Parlor Vases, Statuary, &c.

Glass, Hardware, Terra Cotta Chimney Tops, Sewer and Water Pipe of Hydraulic Cement and Terra Cotta, Hydraulic Cement, Marble, Iron, and Stone Fronts, Crest Railings, 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. 3, 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.

COX, WARDEN & 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, 1868—y.

H. McCoy. *Wm. A. Rasin.*

McCOY & RASIN,

General Commission Merchants,

No. 73 South Street,

OPPOSITE CORN EXCHANGE,

BALTIMORE.

Tendering our thanks to the citizens of Kent, for the liberal patronage extended to us in the past, we ask for a continuance.

☞ We refer to the following among our patrons in Kent:

Judge Joseph A. Wickes,
Hon. William Welch,
Hon. Samuel Comegys,
George D. S. Handy,
William B. Wilmer,
George T. Hollyday,
Dr. Samuel A. Bock.

Feb. 13, 1869—y.

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 compounds from the many preparations now in the country called Bitters or Tonics. They are no tavern preparation, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicines. They are

The greatest known remedies for

Liver Complaint, DYSPEPSIA, Nervous Debility, JAUNDICE, Diseases of the Kidneys, ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN,

and all Diseases arising from a Disordered Liver, Stomach, or

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

Constipation, Flatulence, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil and Great Depression of Spirits.

All these indicate disease of the Liver or Digestive Organs, combined with impure blood.

Hoofland's German Bitters

is entirely vegetable, and contains no liquor. It is a compound of Fluid Extracts. The Roots, Herbs, and Barks from which these extracts are made are gathered in Germany. All the medicinal virtues are extracted from them by a scientific chemist. These extracts are then forwarded to this country to be used expressly for the manufacture of these Bitters. There is no alcoholic substance of any kind used in compounding the Bitters, hence it is the only Bitters that can be used in cases where alcoholic stimulants are not advisable.

Hoofland's German Tonic

is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with pure Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, &c. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some form 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 full-faced, stout, and vigorous person.

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

These Remedies are the best

Blood Purifiers

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

FROM HON. GEO. W. WOODWARD,

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, March 16, 1867.

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

Yours truly,

GEO. W. WOODWARD.

FROM HON. JAMES THOMPSON,

Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA, April 29, 1868.

I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in cases of attacks of Indigestion and 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 and valuable preparation. In some cases it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above causes.

Yours, 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 druggist to induce you to take anything else that he may say is just as good, because he makes a larger profit on it. These Remedies will be sent by express to any locality upon application to the

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,

No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia,

CHAS. M. EVANS,

Proprietor,

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

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

Be sure and inquire and see that the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

FOR SALE BY

S. Wickes & Son, Chestertown.

Selected Poetry.

MEMORIAL FLOWERS.

We publish with pleasure the following beautiful lines, written by a member of the Tazewell Literary Society, of Norfolk.—*Ed. Norfolk Journal.*

"At Fort Lafayette, Indiana, on the 30th of May, the graves of the Federal soldiers were decorated. During the ceremony, Dr. Rice read the following letter, which accompanied a beautiful wreath: 'Please place this wreath on the grave of some poor Rebel soldier. My dear papa died at Andersonville, and perhaps some little girl in the South will place a wreath of roses some time on the grave of my dear, dear papa.

"JENNIE VERNON.'"

Near a fair city of the distant West,
The people met,
And unto aching bosoms hands were pressed,
And eyes were wet;
And o'er the green graves of the nation's dead,
The young spring flowers, memorial flowers, they spread.

And for their loved and lost the women wept
And prayed,
While the impartial sunbeams softly crept
Through the deep shade,
And showered its golden glory o'er the grave
Of Southern hero and of Northern brave.

And in that silent city, where the dead
Took their repose,
No sweet magnolia flower its fragrance shed,
Nor Southern rose,
And all, unconscious of the cold neglect,
In their deep sleep our Southern soldiers slept.

When for the grave that held a fallen foe
There came a wreath,
A sweet peace offering in that day of woe
And selfish grief,
And from a child made orphan by the war,
Whose father's grave his darling never saw.

God's blessing rest upon thee, gentle child;
May happy hours,
And days, and months, and years upon thee smile;
Thy gift of flowers
Will bring more peace to our distracted land
Than iron chains or swords in tyrants' hand.

Thrice happy man that takes unto his home
Thy young warm heart;
For thy soft eyes will drive away all gloom
With loving art;
May rosy children play their merry plays
Around thy door, and crown thy happy days.

Thy generous words give token that the day
Will dawn again,
And local feuds and factions pass away,
That noble men—
Men born of mothers such as thou wilt be,
Will make our land the birthright of the free.

B.

AN EQUIVOCAL ANSWER.—A certain literary gentleman, wishing to be undisturbed one day, instructed his irish servant to admit no one, and if any one inquired for him to give an "equivocal answer." Night came, and the gentleman proceeded to interrogate Pat as to his callers:

"Did any one call?"

"Yis, sur, wan gintleman."

"What did he say?"

"He axed was yer honor in?"

"Well, what did you tell him?"

"Sure, I gev him a quivvikle answur jist."

"How was that?"

"I axed him was his grandmother a monkey!"

A LITTLE youngster, two and a half years old, who had heard some complaint in the family about pegs in shoes hurting the feet, approached his mother the other day, with his finger in his mouth, and says: "Mama, me dot pegs tumming in my mouf and dey hurt me." And sure enough the little fellow was cutting two or three nice teeth.

A WORTHY Quaker thus wrote: "I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I will not pass this way again."

AN Iowa man telegraphed to a sheriff in Illinois, directing the arrest of a man who was eloping with his wife. He added, "He owes me one hundred dollars. If he pays let him go."

☞ It was an apt answer of a young lady who, being asked where was her native place, replied: I have none; I am the daughter of a Methodist minister.

☞ A carpenter being asked for a riddle, propounded the following: I picked it up; I couldn't find it; I put it down, and went along with it. No one could guess it. It was a splinter of wood in his foot.

☞ My dear sir, said a candidate, accosting a sturdy wag on the day of election, I am very glad to see you. You needn't be, replied the wag; I've voted.

☞ Women charm, as a general thing, in proportion as they are good. A plain face with a heart behind it, is worth a world of heartless beauty. Men who have tried both unformly agree to this.

☞ Long absence makes the heart grow fonder—of some one else.

A Remedy for a Cross Husband.

"Bedlam let loose. Pandemonium in rebellion! Chaos turned inside out.—What is the reason a man cannot be allowed to sleep in the morning without the everlasting racket raised about his ears? Children crying—doors slamming—I will know the reason of all this uproar."

Mr. Luke Darcy shut the door of his bedroom with considerable emphasis, and went straight to the breakfast parlor.

All was bright and quiet and pleasant there; the coal snapping and sparkling in the grate, the china and silver neatly arranged on the spotless damask cloth, and the green parrot drowsily winking his yellow eyes in the sunny glow of the eastern window. Bedlam wasn't located just there, and Mr. Darcy went stormingly up stairs to the nursery.

Ah! the field of battle was reached at last. Mrs. Darcy sat in her low chair trying to quiet the screams of an eight month's old baby scion of the house of Darcy, while another, rosy boy of five years, lay on his back, prone on the floor, kicking and crying in an ungovernable fit of childish passion.

"Mrs. Darcy!" enunciated Luke, with a loud and ominous precision, "may I inquire what all this means! Are you aware that it is fifteen minutes past nine o'clock! Do you know that breakfast is waiting?"

"I know, Luke—I know," said poor, perplexed Mrs. Darcy, striving vainly to lift the rebellious urchin up by one arm. "Come, Freddy, you are going to be good now, mamma is sure, and get up and be washed."

"No-o-o!" roared Master Freddy, performing a brisk tattoo on the carpet with his heels, and clawing the air at a furious rate.

Like an avenging vulture, Mr. Darcy pounced abruptly down on his son and heir, carried him to the closest, and turned the key upon his screams.

"Now, sir, you can cry it out at your leisure. Evelyn, the nurse is waiting for the baby. We'll go down to breakfast."

"But, Luke," hesitated Mrs. Darcy, "you won't leave Freddy there?"

"Won't; I'd like to know why not?" It's temper, and nothing else, that is at the bottom of these demonstrations, and I'll conquer that temper or I'll know the reason why. It ought to have been checked long ago; but you are so ridiculously indulgent. There is nothing I have so little intolerance for as a bad temper—nothing that ought to be so promptly and severely dealt with."

"But if he'll say he's sorry, Luke?"

Mr. Darcy rapped sharply at the panels of the door.

"Are you sorry for your naughtiness, young man?"

A fresh outburst of screams and a renewal of the tattoo was the answer.

"I am sure he is sorry, Luke," pleaded the all-extenuating mother, but Mr. Darcy shook his head.

"Entire submission is the only thing I will listen to," he said shortly. "I tell you, Evelyn, I am determined to uproot this temper."

Evelyn, with a dewy moisture shadowing her eyelashes, and dull ache at her heart, followed her leige lord down to the breakfast table, with as little appetite for the coffee, toast and eggs as might be.

A tall, blue-eyed young lady, with a profusion of bright chestnut hair, and cheeks like rose velvet, was already at the table when they descended, by name, Clara Pruyn, by lineage, Mrs. Darcy's sister. She opened her blue eyes rather wide as the two entered.

"Good gracious Evy, what is the matter?"

"Nothing," answered Luke, tartly.—"Mrs. Darcy, you appear to forget that I have eaten no breakfast."

"Something is the matter, though," said Clara, shrewdly. "What is it, Evelyn? Has Luke had one of his tantrums?"

Luke sat down his coffee-cup with a sharp click.

"You use very peculiar expressions, Miss Pruyn."

"Very true ones," said Clara saucily.

Evelyn smiled in spite of herself.

"It's only Freddy, who feels a little cross and—"

"A little cross," interrupted the indignant husband. "I tell you, Evelyn, it's quite time that temper was checked.—Oh, that parrot. What an intolerable screeching he keeps up. Mary, take that bird into the kitchen, or I shall be tempted to wring its neck. Strange that a man can't have a little peace once in a while. What does ail these eggs, Evelyn? I thought I had asked you to see that they were boiled fit for Christmas to eat."

Mr. Darcy gave his egg, shell and all, a vindicative throw upon the grate. Evelyn's brown eyes sparkled dangerously as she observed the maneuver, but she made no remark.

"And the plates are as cold as stone, when I've implored again and again, that they might be warmed. Well, I shall eat no breakfast this morning."

"Whom will you punish most?" demanded Miss Clara. "Evelyn, give me another cup of coffee, it's perfectly delightful?"

Luke pushed his chair back with a vengeance, and took up his stand with his back to the fire, both hands under his coat tails.

Please, sir," said the servant, deprecatingly advancing; the gas bill—the man says would you settle it while—"

"No!" roared Luke, tempestuously.—"Tell the man to go about his business; I'll have no small bills this morning, and I won't be so persecuted."

Mary retreated precipitately. Clara raised her long brown eyelashes.

"Do you know, Luke," she said demurely, "I think you would feel a great deal better if you would do just as Freddy does—lie flat down on the floor and kick your heels against the carpet for a while. It's an excellent escape valve when choler gets the better of you."

Luke gave his mischievous sister-in-law a glance that ought to have annihilated her, and walked out of the room, closing the door behind him with a bang that would bear no interpretation. Then Clara came round to her sister, and buried her pink face in Evelyn's neck.

"Don't scold me, Evy, please—I know I have been naughty to tease Luke so."

"You have spoken nothing but the truth," said Evelyn, quietly, with her coral lips compressed, and a scarlet spot burning on either cheek. Clara, I sometimes wonder how I can endure the daily cross of my husband's temper."

"Temper!" said Clara, with a toss of her chestnut brown hair. "And the poor dear fellow hasn't the least idea how disagreeable he makes himself."

"Only this morning, said Evelyn, "he punished Freddy with unrelenting severity for a fit of ill-humor which he himself has duplicated within the last half hour. I am not a moralist, but it strikes me that the fault is rather more to be censured in a full-grown reasoning man than in a child."

"Evelyn," said Clara, gravely, "do you suppose he is beyond the power of cure?"

"I hope not; but what can I do? Shut him up as he shut little Freddy?"

"Evelyn's merry, irresistable laugh was checked by the arch, peculiar expression in Clara's blue eyes.

"The remedy needs to be something short and sharp," said Clara, "and the dark closet system combines both requisites. Tears and hysterics were played out long ago in matrimonial skirmishes, you know, Evy."

"Nonsense!" laughed Mrs. Darcy rising from the breakfast table in obedience to her husband's peremptory summons from above stairs, while Clara shrugged her shoulders and went to look for her work-basket.

Luke was standing in front of his bureau drawer, flinging shirts, collars, cravats and stockings recklessly upon the bed-room floor.

"I'd like to know where my silk handkerchiefs are, Mrs. Darcy," he fumed. "Such a state as my bureau is in is enough to drive a man crazy!"

"It's enough to drive a woman crazy, I think," said Evelyn, hopelessly, stopping to pick up a few of the scattered articles.

"You were at the bureau last, Luke. It is your own fault!"

"My fault—of course it's my fault," snarled Luke, giving Mrs. Darcy's poodle a kick that sent it howling to it's mistress. "Anything but a woman's retorting and recriminating tongue. Mrs. Darcy, I won't endure it any longer."

"Neither will I!" said Evelyn, resolutely advancing as her husband plunged into the closet for his business coat, and promptly shutting and locking the door. "I think I have endured it quite long enough—and here is an end of it!"

"Mrs. Darcy, open the door." said Luke, scarcely able to discredit the evidence of his own senses.

"I shall do no such thing," said Mrs. Darcy, composedly beginning to re-arrange shirts, stockings and flannel wrappers in their appropriate receptacles.

"Mrs. Darcy," roared Luke, at a fever-heat of impotent rage, "what on earth do you mean?"

"I mean to keep you in that clothes press, Mr. Darcy, until you have made up your mind to come out in a more amiable frame of mind. If the system succeeds with Freddy, it certainly ought to with you; and I am sure your temper is much more intolerable than his."

There was a dead silence of fully sixty seconds in the closest, then a sudden burst of vocal wrath.

"Mrs. Darcy, open the door this instant, madam!"

But Evelyn went on humming a saucy little opera air and arranging her clothes.

"Do you hear me?"

"Yes, I hear you."

"Will you obey me?"

"Not until you have solemly promised me to put some sort of control on that temper of yours; not until you pledge yourself hereafter, to treat your wife as a lady should be treated, not as a menial."

"I won't!"

"No? Then in that case I hope you don't find the atmosphere at all oppressive there; I think it probable you will remain there some time.

Another sixty seconds of dead silence, then a sudden rain of heels and hands against the wooden panels.

"Let me out, I say, Mrs. Darcy, madam, how dare you perpetrate this monstrous piece of audacity?"

"My dear Luke how strong you do remind me of Freddie! You see there is nothing I have so little tolerance for as a bad temper. It ought to have been checked long ago, only you know I am so ridiciously indulgent."

Mr. Darcy winced a little at the familiar sound of his own words.

Tap, tap, tap, came softly to the door. Mrs. Darcy composedly opened it, and saw her husband's little office boy.

"Please, mam, there's some gentlemen at the office in a great hurry. It's about the Applegate will case."

Mrs. Darcy hesitated an instant; there was a triumphant rustle in the closet, and her determination was taken.

"Tell the gentlemen that your master has a bad headache, and won't be down this morning."

Luke, gnashing his teeth audibly, as soon as the closing of the door admonished him that he might do so with safety.

"Mrs. Darcy, do you presume to interfere with the transaction of business that is vitally important, ma'am vitally important?"

Mrs. Darcy nonchalantly took up the little opera air where she had left it, letting the soft Italian words ripple musically on her tongue.

'Evelyn, dear.'

"What is it, Luke?" she asked, mildly.

"Please let me out. My dear, this may be a joke to you, but—"

"I assure you, Luke, its nothing of the kind; it is the soberest of serious matters to me. It is a question as to whether my future life shall be miserable or happy."

There was a third interval of silence.

"Evely," said Luke, presently, in a subdued voice, "will you open this door?"

"On one condition only!"

"And what is that?"

"Ah! ah!" thought the little lieutenant-general, he's beginning to entertain terms of capitulation, is he? On conditions," she added aloud, "that you will break yourself of the habit of speaking sharply and crossly to me, and on all occasions keep your temper."

"My temper indeed," sputtered Luke.

"Just your temper," returned his wife, sternly. "Will you promise?"

"Never, madam!"

Mrs. Darcy quietly took up a pair of hose that required mending, and prepared to leave the apartment. As the door cracked on its hings, however, a voice came shrilly through the opposite key-hole.

"Mrs. Darcy, Evelyn! wife!"

"Yes."

"You are not going down stairs to leave me in this place?"

"I am."

"Well, look here—I promise."

"All and everything I require?"

"Yes, all and everything that you require—confound it all!"

Wisely deaf to the muttered sequel, Mrs. Darcy opened the door, and Luke stalked out, looking right over the top of her shining brown hair.

Suddenly a little detaining hand was laid on his coat sleeve.

'Luke, dear!'

'Well?'

'Won't you give me a kiss'

And Mrs. Darcy busrt out crying on her husband's shoulder.

'Well!' ejaculated the puzzled Luke 'if you aren't the greatest enigma going. A kiss? Yes, a half-dozen of'em if you want them, you kind-hearted little turn key. Do not cry, pet, I'm not angry with you, although I suppose I ought to be.'

'And may I let Freddy out?'

'Yes, on the same terms that papa was released. Evelyn, was I very intolerable?'

'If you hadn't been, Luke, I never should have ventured upon such a violent remedy.'

'Did I make you very unhappy?'

'Very.'

And the gush of warm, sparkling tears supplied a dictionary full of words.

Luke Darcy buttoned up his overcoat, put on his hat, shouldered his umbrella, and went to the Applegate will case, musing as he went upon the new state of affairs that had presented itself for his consideration.

'By Jove,' he ejaculated, 'that little wife of mine is a bold woman and plucky one.'

And thus he burst out laughing on the steps.

It is more than probable that he left his stock of bad temper in the law buildings that day, for Evelyn and Clara never saw any of it; and Freddy is daily getting the best of the peppery element in his infantile disposition.

Men, after all, are but children of a larger growth; and so Mrs. Evelyn Darcy had reasoned.

TO ASCEND a staircase eighteen feet high requires thirty-six times the force that is requird to walk eighteen feet on level ground, and would therefore be equal to a level walk of 324 feet. So then a person shut up in the house, and in need of exercise, can walk his mile by going up these stairs, say sixteen times.

A YOUNG man in California, whose friends had ceased to correspond with him, woke up their interest by sending letters to business men in his native place, inquiring the price of a tolerable sized farm. Seven affectionate letters came from the friends by return post, and two or three a day have come ever since, including one from an old (and cold) sweet-heart.

A DENTIST in Vienna having delivered imitative teeth to a lady of rank there who declined to pay for them, advertised them to be sold again, and to be seen in the mouth of this lady, naming her. He got his money.

THE latest idea for fashionable churches is a retiring room, like that of the opera house where ladies can leave their cloaks, parasols, etc., and thus disencumbered sit in all the glory of gorgeous raiment, and listen to the words of Him who was 'meek and lowly.'

A backwoods clergyman having alluded to an anchor in his discourse, described its use in the following lucid manner: 'An anchor is a large iron instrument that sailors carry to sea with them, and when a storm arises they take it on shore and fasten it on a tree, and that holds the ship till the storm blows over.'

A Rocky Mountain editor, alluding to the demand for female suffrage, female doctors and female clergymen, remarks that another want suggests itself—that of female women.

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