THE CHESTERTOWN

VOL. 8. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, AUG

THE HANESVILLE

Manufacturing and Repair Shops,

SITUATED IN THE REAR OF MR. A. L. VANNORT'S STORE,

AT HANESVILLE,

Supplied with ample Stock and Material, are now prepared to build to order

NEW WORK, OR MAKE ANY REPAIRS IN THEIR LINE OF BUSINESS.

Blacksmithing and Wheelrighting,

of all kinds, done at shortest notice, in the best manner.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO CARRIAGE AND MACHINE WORK.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS

constantly on hand.

Wagons, Carts, Drays, &c., &c.,

built to order, with neatness and dispatch.

Horse Shoeing.

Having secured the services of an excellent Horse-shoer, that important branch will not be neglected. Both branches of the business are in the charge of competent mechanics who are *able* and *willing* to accommodate the public.

Self Interest is a great thing!

SECURE THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

I buy all my Material exclusively for Cash and can therefore afford to furnish the best article at the lowest price.

☞ The Books of the establishment are in the possession of Mr. A. L. Vannort, my authorized agent, to whom all payments on account are very respectfully requested to be made. ☜ E. A. VANNORT.

January 23, 1869.

Attention.

THE undersigned respectfully call the attention of the people of Kent County and elsewhere, to their new stock of

Drugs, Medicines,

SOAPS AND PERFUMERY,

which they are now prepared to furnish at reduced prices.

Thankful to the public for the past patronage and trust by their own merit and strict attention to business to continue that patronage.

S. WICKES & SON.

S. WICKES & SON are also Agents for Hoofland's German Bitters and Hoofland's German Tonic, which they are prepared to furnish in any quantities.

Chestertown, August 29, 1868.

CORTLAN & CO.,

216 & 218 Baltimore St.,

Baltimore, Md.,

IMPORTERS

CHINA,

Glass & Earthenware,

TABLE CUTLERY AND FAMILY HARDWARE,

PLATED TEA & COFFEE SERVICES.

Forks, Spoons, Casters

And Butter Tubs,

Britannia and Block Tinware,

Fenders, Shovel & Tongs, Standards,

And House Furnishing Goods

OF EVERY VARIETY.

The Goods have all been selected from the most celebrated makers, and are guaranteed to be first class in QUALITY, new in PATTERN, and beautiful in DESIGN. The stock having been bought MUCH UNDER former prices on account of the depression in trade, will be offered to customers at a corresponding reduction.

CORTLAN & CO.

Baltimore, August 29, 1868—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 R. GREEN.

38 *W. Baltimore Street, near Holliday.*

Sept. 12, 1868—y.

Dress Making and Tailoring.

MRS. MARGARET C. USILTON is prepared to do Dress Making and Tailoring; also Stitching, on the Grove and Baker Machine. She can be found on the corner of Princess and Cannon street, near the Iron Foundry. [July 24—3t*

THOMAS NORRIS & SON,

141 Pratt street,

Near Light, Baltimore.

SOLE AGENTS for the following First Class Standard Machines:

WOOD'S SELF-RAKER REAPERS, $165.

Self-Raker Reaper and Mowing Attachment, $205.

WOOD'S JOINT-BAR MOWER,

4 ft. 8 in. cut, $125.

These Machines are too well known to need any commendation from us.

WESTINGHOUSE THRESHERS AND CLEANERS,

PELTON OR TRIPPLE-GEARED POWERS,

Warranted to suit purchasers, or no sale.

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN GRAIN DRILLS,

The farmer's favorite, with improvements for the next season, rendering them the most superior Drill in the wide world.

NOVELTY WHEEL HORSE RAKE,

The simplest and most complete and consequently most desirable rake in use: price $45.

McKENNEY'S GRUB AND STUMP PULLERS,

Worthy the attention of those who have new grounds to clear and old peach orchards to take up; takes up old peach trees by the roots with the greatest facility.

☞ Constantly on hand and for sale every variety of Implement and Machine needed on the farm, from a Portable Engine to a Hand Grain or Hay Rake.

Fresh and genuine FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS, &c.

THOMAS NORRIS & SON,

June 5—tf. 141 Pratt st., Balt.

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, 1868. 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.

BUILDING MATERIALS.

The undersigned announces to Builders and others that he has opened

AN EXCHANGE,

At Nos. 53, 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. 2, 1869—y Cor. of Saratoga.

KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.

FIFTH AND LAST CALL.

THE Stockholders of the Kent County Railroad Company are hereby notified that the fifth and last call of SIX DOLLARS AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS per share of Stock, has been called for by Resolution of the Board of Directors of said Company, payable to the Treasurer, on or before *the first day of September next.*

C. T. WESTCOTT,

July 10, 1869. Secretary.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN TONIC.

THEY CURED YOUR FATHERS AND MOTHERS,

And will cure you and your children. They are entirely different from the many preparations now in the country called Bitters or Tonics. They are no tavern preparation, or anything like one; but good, honest, reliable medicines. They are

H

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.

O

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.

O

Hoofland's German Tonic

is a combination of all the ingredients of the Bitters, with PURE Santa Cruz Rum, Orange, etc. It is used for the same diseases as the Bitters, in cases where some pure alcoholic stimulus is required. You will bear in mind that these remedies are entirely different from any others advertised for the cure of the diseases named, these being scientific preparations of medicinal extracts, while the others are mere decoctions of rum in some form. The TONIC is decidedly one of the most pleasant and agreeable remedies ever offered to the public. Its taste is exquisite. It is a pleasure to take it, while its life-giving, exhilarating, and medicinal qualities have caused it to be known as the greatest of all tonics.

DEBILITY.

F

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

L

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 28, 1866.

A

I consider "Hoofland's German Bitters" a valuable medicine in case of attacks of Indigestion or Dyspepsia. I can certify this from my experience of it. Yours, with respect,

JAMES THOMPSON.

FROM REV. JOSEPH H. KENNARD, D.D.,

Pastor of the Tenth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

DR. JACKSON—DEAR SIR:—*I have been frequently requested to connect my name with recommendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my appropriate sphere, I have in all cases declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my own family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that for general debility of the system and especially for Liver* Complaint, it is a safe 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, very respectfully,*

N

J. H. KENNARD,

Eighth, below Coates street.

CAUTION.

Hoofland's German Remedies are counterfeited. See that the signature of C. M. Jackson is on the front of the outside wrapper of each bottle, and the name of the article blown in each bottle. All others are counterfeit.

The tonic is put up in quart bottles.

Recollect that it is Dr. Hoofland's German Remedies that are so universally used and so highly recommended; and do not allow the Druggists to 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

D

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

AT THE GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,

No. 631 ARCH STREET, Philadelphia.

CHAS. M. EVANS,

Proprietor,

Formerly C. M. JACKSON & CO.

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

Do not forget to examine well the article you buy, in order to get the genuine.

FOR SALE BY

S. Wickes & Son, Chestertown.

Selected Poetry.

WEIGHING THE BABY.

"How many pounds does the baby weigh,
Baby who came a month ago?"
How many pounds from the crowning curl
To the rosy point of the restless toe?"

Grandfather ties the kerchief's knot,
Tenderly guides the swinging weight,
And carefully over his glasses peers
To read the record, "only eight."

Softly the echo goes around;
The father laughs at the tiny girl,
The fair young mother sings the words,
While grandmother smoothes the golden curl,

And stooping above the precious thing,
Nestles a kiss within a prayer,
Murmuring softly, "Little one,
Grandfather did not weigh you fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
Or the love that came with the helpless one;
Nobody weighed the threads of care,
From which a woman's life is spun.

No index tells the mighty worth
Of little baby's quiet breath,
A soft, unceasing metronome,
Patient and faithful unto death.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul,
For here on earth no weight there be
That could avail; God only knows
Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul
That seeks no angel's silver wings,
But shines in it this human guise,
Within so small and frail a thing!

Oh mother, laugh your merry note;
Be gay and glad, but don't forget
From baby's eyes looks out a soul
That claims a soul in Eden yet.

—*Living Age.*

Peculiar Men.

The *Jealous man* iz alwaz a hunting.

He iz alwaz a hunting for something that he don't expect to find, and after he haz found it then he iz mad bekous he haz. These fellers eon't beleav in spooks, and yet they are about the only folks who ever see enny. A jealous man iz alwuz happy jist in proporshun as he iz miserable.

Jelosy iz a disease, and it iz a good deal like sea-sickness—dreadful sick and kan't vomit.

The *Anonymous Man* boards at a red tavern, and pays his board bi tendin' bar occasionally. He haint got enny more karakter than the jack ov spades haz when it aint trumps.

He is a loafer by professhun, without enny vices.

He rides on the box once in a while with the driver, and nobody thinks of asking for his stage fare.

He sprung from a respectable family, his great grandfather was a justice ov the peace; he haz not got vanity enuff tew brag on it.

He ain't necessarily a phool, enny more than a bull's eye watch iz; if enny body will wind him, he sett still and run quietly down.

The *Stiff Man* looks down, when he walks, upon folks. He don't seem tew have but one limber jint in him, and that iz lokated in hiz noze.

He iz kind ov masculine turkey on parade in the barn-yard.

He iz generally loaded with wisdum clear up tew the muzzell, and when he goes oph, makes a noise like a cannon, but don't dew enny damage.

I hev seen him fire into a crowd, and miss every man.

This kind uv *stiff man* iz very handy tew flatter. They seem tew know they ai'nt entitled to a good article, and, therefere, are satisfied with very hard soap.

There ain't but fu men who git stiff on what they actually know, but most aul ov them git stiff on what they actually feel.

Stiff men are called aristokrats, but this ain't so. There ain't no such thing as aristokrats in this country.

The country ain't long enuff yet, unless a man has got some Indian in him.

As a general thing, stiff men get mad dreadful easy, and hav tew git over it dreadful easy bekause folks ain't apt tew git a big skare at what they ain't afraid ov.

Stiff man had a grandfather once who went tew Congress once from our districk, and there ain't one in the whole family, that hav been able to limber since.

The *Model man* never disturbs a hen when she is setting; never speaks cross to a lost dorg; alwuz puts a five cent shinplaster in his vest pocket late Saturday night, to hav it reddy Sunday morning for the church platter; rizes whenever a lady enters the street kars; remembers yure uncle plainly, and asks after awl the family. If he steps on a cat's tail, he sure to do it light, and immediately asks her pardon; reads the Weekly Gossip, and laffs bekause he kan't help it; hooks up his wife's dress, and plays hoss with the children. Never meddles with the cream in the milk pans; goes easily ov errands, and comes back in season; attends everybody's phuneral; kan alwus tell when the moon changes; thinks just as you do, or the other way, if you want him tew; follows everybody's advise but his own; practises most ov the virtues [illegible] knowing it, [illegible] the life ov a [illegible] sick after awhile, and dies as soon as he kan, [illegible]

The model man's vi[illegible] ner his virtues respon[illegible] the memory ov the world just as long as a pleasant day [illegible]

He may be [illegible] than [illegible] ward hereafter—[illegible]

BECKY HARLAND[illegible]

BY AMY [illegible]

"I don't know whether [illegible] or not," said Miss Towers, [illegible]

"I will do my best, [illegible] Becky.

"Any objections to the [illegible]" demanded Miss Towers in a [illegible] ness-like way.

"No, ma'am."

"I never have kept a girl before," [said] Miss Towers, gravely. "[illegible] is coming home this summer [illegible] want to be obliged to be [illegible] the whole time! Where have you [lived] last?"

Becky Harland grew pink all over.

"I never have lived out before, ma'am, but my uncle died suddenly, and there was no more than enough left to support my aunt, so I am going to try to support myself."

"Very right and proper!" said Miss Towers. "Well, Rebecca, I will try you, at all events. Six dollars a month is very moderate wages, and although you don't look real stout, yet I think I can make you very oseful about the house.

So Miss Towers took Becky Harland back with her to the old stone farm house in the Housatonic valley. And Becky was never tired of helping Miss Towers strain the milk, and work over the butter, and feed the little downy turkeys, and gather pink honeysuckles. And the roses in her cheeks grew deeper, and the velvet bloom of her lips seemed to catch the scarlet of the wood strawberries, and Miss Towers declared, with an admiring gaze at her little "help," that "she didn't look like the same child she was before, that she didn't!"

Meanwhile, the preparations for Miss Towers' "brother" went briskly on.

"I'll make up a lot of cocoanut pound cake," Miss Towers said, with the receipt-book in her lap. "That's what he used to be desprut fond of when he was a boy!"

"Perhaps his taste may have changed," said Becky, who was rubbing the old mahogany furuiture with a waxed cloth, at the other end of the room.

"I don't know about that," said Miss Towers, with a troubled air. "I haven't seen him since!"

"Not seen him since he was a boy!" echoed Becky, with wide-open blue eyes.

"Well, it does sound strange, don't it?" said Miss Towers; "but you see he went away from home when he was fifteen, and he's been out in the world ever since."

"Is he a very old gentleman, Miss Towers?" innocently questioned Rebecca, as she rubbed away at the claw-foot of an antique pier-table.

"Old!" echoed Miss Towers, uplifting both hands in amazement. "Why, he's ever so much younger than I am!"

"Is he?" asked Becky. "Why, I've been fancying him, all along, an old gentleman in a wig and cane?"

Miss Towers burst into a fit of hearty laughter.

"Well, that does beat all!" she cried, wiping the tears from underneath the spectacle glasses "But after all, to a stranger that don't know the family story, it might very easily appear so. You see, child, my mother was a widow when she married for the second time, and—dear heart alive! what does ail that little turkey chick, squeaking like a possessed creature? Run, Rebecca, and see. I'm afraid the old speckled hen has broke her string, and is worrying it."

Rebecca was sitting in the twilight on the door-stone that evening, one cheek resting on her hand, and her eyes dreamily fixed in the far off line of woods, growing purple in the coming gust. Miss Towers had gone to carry a little basket of her ripest Wilson strawberries to a sick neighbor, and Becky was all alone, thinking over her past, and pondering vaguely on her future.

"How strange it seems that I should be here," she thought, "when it is scarcely a year since I was the gayest little butterfly in all the city ball-rooms! The echoes of those old waltzes and gallops come back to me sometimes, when I am just falling asleep, with the moonlight on my face, and the maple leaves rustling softly at the open casement; and yet I am far happier here. That is, I should be, if I could only forget one thing. I wonder what girls want to be so wilful and capricious for? Oh, dear," and Becky's blue eyes swam with tears as she remembered the handsome lover who had been so true and faithful and constant, until her own coquetry had driven him away from her side. "I would like to know what Colonel Falconer is doing now, and whether he is married yet, and if he ever thinks of me. I would write to him if I were Miss Harland, the petted heiress still, but little Becky, who does housework for her daily bread—ah, never, never!"

And Becky, anxious to escape from her own haunting thoughts, jumped up and ran across the dewy meadow to meet Miss Towers, whose tall angular figure was just coming in sight, round the curve of the maple swamp.

"Bless and save the child!" cried Miss Towers. "Why, Rebecca, you wasn't afraid?"

"No—yes—I don't know. Let me carry your basket, Miss Towers, please?"

"Rebecca," cried the old lady, next morning, as she drove the shaggy little pony into the door-yard, returning from the village post office, "I've got a letter—he's coming to-night."

"Is he?" said the girl, smiling [illegible] Miss Towers' [illegible] I'll [illegible]

[illegible] color [illegible] her cap, [illegible] sight round [illegible] a huge willow [illegible] shutting off all [illegible] streaming boughs.

Little Becky Harland, [illegible] the *qui vive* at the garret [illegible] flying down stairs like a [illegible] blown by the summer breeze.

"Oh, Miss Towers! Miss Towers! [there] is a gentleman all alone on the [illegible] of the stage, and I'm sure it must be [Mr.] Towers!"

"Mr. Towers!" repeated the old [lady] in an accent almost of irritation. "W[hy], Rebecca, I'm sure that I've told you [that] his name isn't Towers; it is—"

But here she broke short off, hurryi[ng] to the front door to greet the new comer, while Becky, in an unaccountable fit of shyness, shrank back into the corner, and looked up intently at the picture of Ruth and Naomi that hung over the mantle-piece.

"I wish he hadn't come! I wish he hadn't come!" repeated Becky over and over to herself. "We were so happy before!"

And then remembering Miss T[owers'] judicious advice as to "keeping [out of the] way, except when she was [wanted,"] Becky turned to escape among he[r] the downy chickens, at the so[illegible] but to her infinite discomfiture, j[ust as she] opened the door, Miss Towers' [col]ored silk rustled up to the thres[hold], a tall, stately figure walking by [her], and poor little Becky came face [to face] with them, her cheeks dyed scarl[et], her dark-brown hair dishevelled [with] haste, yet looking wonderfully [pretty] withal.

"Rebecca!" slowly enunciate[d Miss] Towers, in an accent betokening [a] mild displeasure.

But her tall companion, a man [of] thirty-five, with dark grey eye[s], black as a raven's wing, and a fac[e] if not strictly handsome, bore the site outlines of refinement, had passed her and entered the room.

"Becky! My darling B[ecky]!"

"Colonel Falconer!" was [all she] could gasp, so totally bewilde[red].

"Bless my soul!" ejaculate[d Miss Tow]ers, rubbing her spectacles as i[f to] wear a hole in the crystal len[s], ever did Rebecca get acquainte[d with my] brother?"

"I was engaged to be marr[ied to him] once, Miss Towers," said Becky [blushing] and smiling, for there was som[ething in] Colonel Falconer's eyes that to[ld her] the past was in a fair way to [be forgotten].

"And she will be again, E[lizabeth, un]less I have lost all my old arts [of persua]sion," demurely added Colonel [Falconer].

"But," cried Miss Towe[rs, "why] didn't you tell me, Rebecca?"

"Because, Miss Towers," [said] Becky, "I never dreamed for [a moment] that your brother's name was an[y other than] Towers, or that Colonel Falcone[r could by] any possibility be related to you.

"Well!" cried Miss Towers, [if that] don't beat all that I ever heard [of, that] Maurice Falconer should—Dear me, [there] goes the kettle boiling over in the kitchen!"

And away went Miss Towers, [her] housewife instinct in her bosom roused [by] the sibilant sounds of the escaping cl[ouds] of vapor.

When she came back—It is but ju[st to] state that she stopped to take the two [pans] of buttermilk biscuit out of the oven, [and] to reach down sundry tumblers of [illegible] jelly from the top shelf in the cu[p]bo[ard]—Colonel Falconer and Becky Ha[rland] were very snug and confidential [on the] front porch. Becky blushed a littl[e when] Miss Towers came out, but she d[id not] withdraw her hand from Maurice [Falco]ner's.

"Well," said the [lady], after [a] keen glance through the [illegible]

"I s'pose I shall lose my [illegible]

"Yes; but then, sister [illegible] the Colonel, "I shall g[ain a] little wife."

"Is it really so?" as[ked illegible]

"Yes, it is really s[o illegible]

"But oh, Miss Tow[ers illegible] all my life forget [illegible] to me."

And she [illegible]

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