THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 8. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 26, 1870. NO. 45.

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. 3 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.

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. Fresh 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. 25, 1869—y.

C. T. R.

ATTENTION.

1st.

TO MY LARGE and VARIED STOCK OF GOODS,

Embracing the *Largest* and the *Best* assortment of all descriptions that I have ever offered to the Public, it would be almost an impossibility to enumerate the various kinds and qualities, and the only way to find out is to give me a call and save money by *buying of me for the CASH.*

2nd.

To my full and beautiful line of CASSIMERES,

BOUGHT TO MATCH IN SUITS,

together with assortments of Beaver & French Cloths for Overcoats, and to the fact that

MR. WM. GREENBURG,
Fashionable Tailor, formerly of Philadelphia,

now occupies rooms over my store: I am therefore prepared to furnish to order Clothing of all Styles, to suit the most fastidious.

3rd.

I am Agent for the justly celebrated

Grover & Baker Sewing Machines,

which I keep constantly on hand in a room fitted up for the purpose, where they are open to inspection to all that wish to buy. This Machine is so well and favorably known, that only an examination is necessary to accomplish a sale.

4th.

Lastly, I call the attention of my customers

To my complete Stock of Liquors,

consisting of

WHISKEY, BRANDY, WINE, GIN,

&c., which I will constantly keep on hand until further notice. Especial attention is called to my *SUPERIOR OLD COGNAC BRANDY, HOLLAND GIN* and *PURE RYE WHISKEY,* which I bought especially for MEDICINAL purposes and family use.

Any of the above articles can be bought CHEAP FOR CASH, at

E. W. PURNELL'S
GALENA, MD.

N. B.—*Country Produce* and *Poultry* dressed for the Philadelphia market, taken in exchange for Merchandise, or the Cash.
Galena, November 16, 1869.

FOR SALE.

100,000 Healthy Peach Trees,
OF CHOICE VARIETIES.

☞ *Send for Price List, &c.*

E. R. COCHRAN,
Middletown, Del.
Sept. 25, 1869—6m.

JOHN P. RINGGOLD,
175 Balt. street,

OFFERS the following inducements to the citizens of Kent and Queen Anne's Counties:

For Ladies.

Patent Merino Vests.
Patent Merino Drawers.
Fine Wool Under Vests.
Fine Wool Drawers.
Scarlet Cashmere Vests.
Fine Cardigan Jackets.
Balmoral Stockings.
Kid and Buck Gloves.
Castor and Cloth Gloves.
Roman Scarfs and Sashes.

For Misses.

Patent Merino Vests.
Patent Merino Drawers.
Patent Merino Stockings.
Scarlet Cashmere Stockings.
Black Cashmere Stockings.
Kid and Buck Gloves.
Cloth and Castor Gloves.
Fine Cardigan Jackets.
Fleecy Cotton Hosiery.
Roman Scarfs and Sashes.

For Gentlemen.

Shirts, Collars and Cuffs.
Undershirts and Drawers.
All Wool Undershirts.
All Wool Under Drawers.
Scarlet Cashmere Shirts.
Scarlet Cashmere Drawers.
Buckskin Shirts & Drawers.
Buck and Cloth Goves.
Kid and Castor Gloves.
Scarfs, Ties and Socks.

For Youth.

Patent Merino Shirts.
Patent Merino Drawers.
All Wool Undershirts.
All Wool Drawers.
Fine Woollen Hosiery.
Knitted Mits and Gloves.
Wristlets, Mittens.
Suspenders, Ties.
Merino Stockings.
Roman Scarfs and Ties.

Dec. 11, 1869—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, 1870—y

NEW FALL GOODS,
AT KENNEDYVILLE.

C. W. WARREN has just opened a large, well-selected stock of seasonable

Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.,

bought on good terms, and will be sold as low, for cash or Produce, as they can be purchased anywhere in this county.

READY-MADE CLOTHING!

A large stock all kinds, at low prices.

MALLALIEU'S CEREBRATED CASSIMERES, and KERSEYS, in great variety.

☞ Call and See our STOCK "☜

No trouble to show Goods.

Kennedyville, Nov. 6, 1869.

FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The Democratic Almanac for 1870.

We have now in press, and will publish about the 1st of January, THE DEMOCRATIC ALMANAC for 1870. It will contain, besides the usual matter of all Almanacs, full and official returns of the elections held this year, compared with previous ones, the most important Acts of the last session of Congress, lists of Federal and State officers, members of Congress, chronology of all the important events of the year, statistical and other information indispensible to every politician, planter, farmer, merchant or mechanic.

All orders will be filled according to the date of their reception. The cash must accompany all orders.

TERMS:

Single copies, by mail, prepaid,	$0 20
Seven copies, by mail, prepaid,	1 00
Fifteen copies, by mail, prepaid,	2 00
One hundred copies, by express,	12 00

Address,
VAN EVRIE, HORTON & CO.,
Publishers, No. 162 Nassau st.,
Nov. 20, 1869. New York.

H. McCoy. *Wm. I. 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. Hayday,
Dr. Samuel A. Beck.

Feb. 13, 1869—y.

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.

NOTICE TO
Tax Payers.

MY TAX BOOKS and Accounts for 1868 are now ready, and persons are earnestly solicited to settle their taxes promptly. The demands upon the Collector this year, both by the State and County, are urgent, and will not permit indulgence.

Those whose taxes for 1866 or 1867 are still unpaid need not expect further indulgence, as I shall be under the necessity of advertising and selling their property unless their accounts are settled at once.

For convenience of tax-payers I will be at
Trappe, Monday afternoons;
Bel Air, Tuesday "
Rees' Corner, Saturday afternoons;
Grey's Inn Wharf, Monday mornings;
Chestertown, Tuesday "

S. G. COPPER,
Sept. 26—tf. Collector Fifth District.

TAXES FOR 1869.

THE subscriber hereby notifies Tax Payers of the Fifth District that their tax accounts for the present year are now due and prompt payment is earnestly solicited.

He will be at Gray's Inn steamboat wharf every Saturday morning, at Rees' Corner every Saturday afternoon, and at Chestertown on Tuesdays.

A. B WHEATLEY,
July 31, 1869—tf. Coll. Fifth District.

NEW CHEAP CASH STORE
IN GALENA.

THOMAS H. HORSEY.

"Come one, come all! This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
Fitz James spoke thus to Rhoderic Dhu,
And so, kind friends, we'll say to you,
That we intend to sell
Goods as cheap as they can be bought in Kent.

We now offer to the Public at LOW RATES for *CASH* or *COUNTRY PRODUCE,* a General Assortment of Goods, just purchased from NEW YORK & PHILADELPHIA markets.

OUR STOCK OF DRY GOODS
Is Hard to Beat.

Always on hand a full supply of

FAMILY GROCERIES
And Choice Liquors.

A well-selected stock of Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Hosiery and Gloves, Builders' and House Keeping Hardware; Queens, Stone and Cedar Ware—a full stock in this Line, to suit all tastes.

☞ Ladies *DRESS GOODS, WHITE GOODS, NOTIONS* and *TRIMMINGS* we make a speciality.

MALLALIEU'S KERSEYS and CASSIMERES, *very cheap.*

Turner's celebrated Axes, just received.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS!

Give us a call, and we'll suit you all.

Galena, October 30, 1869—y.

CIGARS & CONFECTIONERY.

TOBACCO! TOBACCO!!

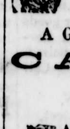
RICHARD B. RUSSELL having removed to the Old Stand on High St., below T. B. Hynson's, is now

Manufacturing Cigars

with a view to supplying the store-keepers as CHEAP AS THEY CAN BE BOUGHT IN THE CITY!

Chewing Tobacco of all grades,

both natural and sweet; and also Fine Cut.



A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
Smoking Tobacco, SNUFF AND PIPES,
A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF
CANDIES
AND
FRUITS.

☞ A good smoke or a good chew may always be had at

RICHARD B. RUSSELL'S.
Chestertown, Jan. 8, 1870—tf.

General Jobbing & Carpentering!
DONE BY
ARTHUR J. TOULSON.
SHOP ON QUEEN STREET,
Over the Blacksmith Shop, near the Foundry.

PARTICULAR attention paid to mending broken Tables and Furniture of all descriptions: will neatly Varnish the same, if ordered. Venitian Blinds neatly repaired and hung. He is prepared to make

WARDROBES,
DESKS, TABLES, STANDS,
CLOTHES RACKS,
IRONING BOARDS,
LAP BOARDS, GATES, &c.

Also, Saw Filing done.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited. [Jan. 8, 1870—3m.

Examiners' Notice.

THE undersigned having been appointed by the County Commissioners for Kent County, Examiners, to view and determine whether the public convenience requires the

Opening of a Public Road

in the Third Election District of Kent county, commencing at or near the gate of J. W. Howard, running across the lands of Joseph Howard, Thomas S. Wilson and Norris Barnard, to a point where it shall intersect with the public road leading to Barnard's Wharf, —hereby give notice that they will meet at the gate of J. W. Howard, on

Wednesday, April 13th, 1870,

at 10 o'clock, A. M., to execute the duties of their commission.

JOHN T. DODD,
WM. W. STEPHENS,
SAMUEL BECK,
March 12, 1870—5t. Examiners.

Selected Poetry.

The Three Homes.

"Where is thy home?" I asked a child,
Who, in the morning air,
Was twining flowers most sweet and mild,
In garlands for her hair.
"My home," the happy heart replied,
And smiled in childish glee,
"Is on the sunny mountain's side,
Where soft winds wander free."
Oh! blessings fall on artless youth,
And all its rosy hours,
Where every word is joy and truth,
And treasure lives in flowers.

"Where is thy home?" I asked of one
Who bent with flushing face,
To hear a warrior's tender tone,
In the wild wood's secret place.
She spoke not, but her varying cheek
The tale might well impart:
The home of her young spirit meek
Was in a kindred heart.
Ah! spirits that might soar above,
To earth will fondly cling,
And build their hopes on human love,
That light and fragile thing.

"Where is thy home, lonely man?"
I asked a pilgrim gray,
Who came, with furrowed brow and wan,
Slow musing on his way.
He paused, and with a solemn mien,
Upturned his holy eyes—
"The land I seek thou ne'er hast seen;
My home is in the skies."
Oh, blest, thrice blest, the soul must be,
To whom such thoughts are given,
That walks from worldly fetters free—
Its only home in heaven!

For the Chestertown Transcript.

JACOB.

Though this story includes a portion of the history of Isaac, I think it may properly be called the story of Jacob.

Jacob was the youngest of twin brothers, the eldest of whom was called Esau: though they were twins there was a great difference between them. Esau was red and hairy; Jacob was a smooth man, and probably paid more attention to the raising of stock than Esau.

In olden times, the first-born enjoyed greater privileges than the other children: in the first place, he was given wholly to God; was next in honor to his parents; and had a double portion of his father's goods.

Esau was Isaac's favorite, but Rebekah loved Jacob most. Once, when Jacob had boiled pottage, Esau came in from the field; and being very hungry, asked him for some. "I will give it to you if you will give me your birth-right," said Jacob. Esau, thinking his birth-right would do him no good if he died of hunger, consented. The birth-right belonged to Esau, and Jacob did wrong to take advantage of his brother in this manner: neither can Esau be excused for selling his rights for a mess of pottage. I cannot help feeling sorry for Esau, if he did wrong; for I know hunger is not a pleasant feeling. I think there was much good in him, for when he found his father did not want Jacob to marry a woman of Canaan he would not do it either; and thus showed his filial obedience.

When Jacob grew old, he became blind; and as he thought he might not live long, he called Esau and asked him to take his weapons and get some venison, that he might eat and bless him. But Rebekah, who overheard this conversation, told Jacob to get a young goat from the flock, and she would dress it so that his father would think it was venison. But Jacob was smooth and Esau was hairy; Isaac might feel him as he gave him the meat. When Jacob got the kid, Rebekah covered his wrists and neck with the skin: he then went to his father with the savoury meat, and asked him to bless him, which he did, thinking it was Esau.

Esau was very angry when he heard of Jacob's deception, and determined to kill him! Bebekah hearing of this, told Jacob, and advised him to go to his uncle Laban's, and stay until his brother's anger was turned away. Before he started, Isaac blessed him again; probably to confirm the first blessing.

Soon after, Jacob started on his journey to Padan-aram. The first night, he slept on the ground, with stones for his pillow, but his situation did not prevent him from having a beautiful dream. He saw a ladder with one end resting upon the earth, the other reaching to Heaven! Angels were passing up and down, and the Lord stood above it and told Jacob he should prosper greatly, and that He would always be with him, and bring him back to that land again! I think Jacob must have felt very comfortable after these promises. If he did sleep on the ground, with stones for his pillow. In the morning, he took the stones and poured oil over the stones, and served him as a pillow, and called the place Bethel: that is, the House of God: and told God if He would fulfil His promises to him, he would give Him one tenth of all the property he should possess in the future. He then continued his journey, and after some time arrived at Padan-aram. He saw a well and three flocks of sheep by it, and engaged in conversation with the men who kept them. In a few minutes he saw Rachel, the daughter of Laban, coming with her father's sheep. Jacob watered the sheep, and told her who he was, and Rachel told her father, who came to meet Jacob, and welcomed him to his home. Laban had two daughters: the oldest was named Leah, the youngest Rachel. Rachel was the prettiest, and Jacob loved her most, and told Laban he would serve him seven years for Rachel. Laban consented; and Jacob worked seven years; and his love for her was so great, they were as a few days! When his time was fulfilled, Laban would not let him have Rachel; but gave him Leah; and told him if he would serve him seven more years, he could have Rachel. A sorry way, this, to treat his nephew! It would have been bad enough to defraud him in the purchase of a horse, or cow, but still worse to cheat him out of his wife! Laban tried in other ways than this to impose upon Jacob; but notwithstanding this, he prospered greatly, as God had promised he should. Laban began to covet Jacob's goods, and therefore was not as kind to him as he had been. Then, at God's command, Jacob took his wives, and all his goods, and started for home.

We will leave the description of Jacob's journey homeward for another time.

B. H. H.

Thrilling Adventure.

One of our oldest merchants, who is so soon to pass away, and who formerly carried on business in Beaver Street, residing—as it was the custom in olden times—over his store, tells the following thrilling narrative, which he occasionally relates with wonderful effect: A party had been collected at his house to give eclat to one of those little family festivals which brighten the dark trace of life, and cheer the human heart in every clime.—It was his daughter's wedding day; crowds of her young acquaintances circled round her, and as the father gazed proudly on the face of the young bride, he wished as bright a prospect might open for his other children who were gamboling merrily among the crowd. Passing through the passage connecting the lower rooms, he met the servant maid, an ignorant country girl, who was carrying a lighted tallow candle in her hand without a candlestick. He blamed her for this dirty conduct, and went into the kitchen to make some arrangements with his wife about the supper table; the girl shortly returned with her arms full of ale bottles, but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollected that several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in his cellar during the day, and that his foreman had opened one of the barrels to select a sample for a customer.

"Where is your candle?" he inquired in the utmost agitation.

"I couldn't bring it up with me, for my hands were full," said the girl.

"Where did you leave it?

"Well, I'd no candlestick, so I stuck it into some black sand that's there in one of the tubs."

The merchant dashed down the cellar steps; the passage was long and dark, and as he groped his way on, his knees threatened to give way under him; his breath was choked, and his flesh seemed suddenly to become dry and parched, as if he had already felt the suffocating blast of death. At the extremity of the passage, in the front cellar, under the very room where his children and their friends were reveling in felicity, he discerned the open powder barrel, full almost to the top—the candle stuck lightly in the loose grains, with a long red snuff of burnt-out wick topping the small and gloomy flame.—This sight seemed to wither all his powers, and the merry laugh of the youngsters above struck upon his heart like the knell of death. He stood for some moments, gazing upon that light, unable to advance. The fiddler commenced a lively jig, and the feet of the dancers reponded with increased vivacity; the floor shook with their exertions, and the loose bottles in the cellar jingled with the motion. He fancied the candle was moved—was falling!—desperate energy he dashed forward; but how was he to remove it? The slightest touch would cause the small live coal of wick to fall into the loose powder. With unequalled presence of mind he placed a hand each side of the candle, with open palms upward and the distended fingers pointed toward the object of his care, which as his hands gradually met, was secured in the clasping or locking of his fingers, and safely removed from the head of the barrel. When he reached the head of the stairs, the excitement was over; he smiled at the danger he had conquered; but the reaction was too powerful; he fell into fits of most violent and dreadful laughter.—He was conveyed senseless to bed, and many weeks elapsed ere his nerves recovered sufficient tone to allow him to resume his habits of every day life."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Motives.

Men do not study motives as they should; they see acts performed, or hear words uttered, and pass judgment hastily and inconsiderately. [illegible] trait in some [illegible] with whom [illegible] occupied [illegible] standard [illegible] jects mankind, and the divine precept, "judge not lest ye be judged," had not been written for them.

In order to form correct estimates of character, we must learn what influences formed it. But above all, no one can act the critic of men unless he understands human nature. The best of motives are often misunderstood through ignorance of this point. Many have been the deeds performed, originating in kindness of heart, for purely kind intentions, that have been received in the most unfriendly and abusive manner. Yes, often has the recipient of such favors held up to the ridicule of the unfeeling world the very person whose life would have been staked for his honor and welfare.

The worst of motives, on the other hand, are often clothed in words and acts of "specious seeming," which remind one of the wolf in sheep's clothing. People thus actuated wish to appear what they are not. Their very existence is a lie.

Sooner trust a gruff out-spoken man than one whose very utterance is studied by policy, and whose every act weighed by selfish interest. With the former you deal with facts. In his presence you are at home and at your ease. You meet his genial countenance, and it commands your confidence and esteem; and when he speaks you know his words, uncouth, perhaps, come from his heart; for he has a heart!

With the latter you feel a chilling sensation creep over you at once. He grasps your hand mechanically, guards his words carefully, handles them as the commander does his forces, directly with some object in view. He knows no genuine sympathy, for he has no heart which to sympathize; susceptible to no kindly emotion, for his is not a world of kindness and sensibility.

Diversity, however, is the law of nature, manifest in all her works: in landscape, in vegetation, and in animal life, from the lower orders through the advancing scales upward to man. And it is this diversity that lends a charm to existence. While we love our native hills and their surroundings, we admire the picturesque scenery that meets the eye abroad. And we would not always see just the same order of vegetable and animal life. It is when we classify them, learn what forces made the mountains and the valleys, what insects govern the animal tribes, and above all, what influences, customs, habits and aspirations actuate men in their dealings and intercourse with each other, then do we truly realize the grandeur and wisdom of creation.

We live but a brief period; in the measure of eternity it is but an instant; and while we thus tarry, awaiting the unfolding of the Creator's plans for the future, let us not brutalize our natures with passion and hatred, nor degrade ourselves with contentions and jealousies. Rather let us act the nobler part, by overlooking faults, forgiving offences, sympathizing with sorrow and distress, alleviating suffering and want; then shall our mission have been fully accomplished, and our reward for the future more fully assured.

Rip Van Winkle.

The legend upon which Washington Irving founded his quaint story is as follows: In the village of Sittendorf, at the foot of a mountain, lived Peter Klause, a goatherd, who was in the habit of pasturing his flock upon the Kyffhausen hills. Towards evening he generally let them browse upon a green plot not far off, surrounded with an old ruined wall, from which he could take a muster of his whole flock.

For some days past he has observed that one of his prettiest goats soon after its arrival at this spot usually disappeared, nor joined the fold until late in the evening. He watched her again and again, and at last found out that she had slipped through a gap in the old wall, wither he followed her. It led into a passage which widened as he went into a cavern, and here he saw the goat employed in picking up the oats that fell through some crevices in the place above. He looked up and shook his head at this odd shower of corn but could discover nothing. Where in the earth could it come from? At length he heard over his head the neighing and stamping of horses; he listened and concluded that the oats must have fallen through the manger when they were fed. The poor goatherd was sadly puzzled what to think of these horses in this uninhabited part of the mountain, but so it was, for the groom making his appearance, without saying a word, betokened him to follow. Peter obeyed, and followed him up some steps, which brought him to an open court yard, surrounded by old wall[illegible]. At the side of this was a still more spacious cavern surrounded by rocky heights, which only admitted a kind of twilight through the overhanging trees and shrubs. He went on and came to a smooth shaven green, where he saw twelve ancient knights engaged in playing nine pins. His guide now beckoned to Peter, in silence, to pick up the nine pins and went his way. Trembling in every joint Peter did not venture to disobey, and at times cast a stolen glance at the players, whose long beards and slashed doublets were not at all in the present fashion.—By degrees his looks grew bolder; he took particular notice of everything around him; among other things, observing a tankard near him, filled with wine, whose odor was excellent and he took a good draught. It seemed to inspire him with life, and whenever he began to feel tired of running he applied with fresh ardor to the tankard, which always renewed his strength. But, finally, it quite overpowered him, and he fell asleep.

When he [illegible] his eyes he found [illegible] grass plot, again in the old [illegible] where he was in the habit of feeding [illegible] goats. He rubbed his eyes, he looked round, but could see neither dog nor flock. He was surprised at the long rank grass that grew about him, and the trees and bushes which he had never before seen. He shook his head and walked a little farther looking for the old sheep path and the hillocks and roads where he used daily to drive his flock; but he could find no traces of them left. Yet he saw the village just before him; it was the same Sittendorf and scratching his head, he hastened at a quick pace down the hill to inquire after his flock.

All the people whom he met going into the place were strangers to him, were differently dressed, and even spoke in a different style to his old neighbors.

When he asked about his goats, they only started at him, and fixed their eyes upon his chin. He put his hand unconsciously to his mouth, and to his great surprise found that he had a beard a foot long. He now began to think that he and all the world about him were in a dream, and yet he knew the mountain was that of Kyffhausen (for he had just come down to it) well enough. And there were the cottages with their gardens and grass plots, much as he had left them.—Besides, the lads who had all collected around answered to the inquiry of a passenger, what place it was, "Sittendorf, sir."

Still shaking his head, he went further into the village to look for his own house. He found it, but greatly altered for the worse; a strange goatherd in an old tattered frock lay before the door, and near him his old dog which growled and showed its teeth at Peter, when he called him. He then went through the entrance, which was once a door, but all within was empty, deserted. Peter staggered out of the house and called for his wife and children by their names. But no one heard him and none gave him any answer.

Soon, however, a crowd of women and children got around the inquisitive stranger, with the long, hoary beard, and asked him what it was he wanted. Now Peter thought it was a strange kind of thing to stand before his own house inquiring for his own wife and children, as well as about himself, that, without answering their question, he pronounced the first name that came into his head: "Kurt Steffen, the blacksmith? Most of the spectators were silent and only looked at him wistfully, till an old woman at last said: "Why, for these last twelve years he has been at Sachsenburg, whence, I suppose you are not come to-day."

"Where is Valentine Meier, the tailor?"

"Ah!" cried another old woman, leaning upon her crutch, "he has been lying more than these fifteen years in a house he will never leave."

Peter recognized in the speakers two of his young neighbors, who seemed to have grown old very suddenly, but he had no inclination to inquire any further. At this moment there appeared, making her way through the crowd of spectators, a sprightly young woman with a year old baby in her arms, and a girl about four years old, taking hold of her hand, all three as like his wife he was seeking for as possible.

"What are your names?" he inquired, in a tone of great surprise. "Mine is Maria." "And your father's?" continued Peter. "Peter Klaus, to be sure. It is now twenty years ago since we were looking for him day and night upon the Kyffhausen; for his flock came home without him, and I was then," continued the woman, "only seven years old."

The goatherd could no longer bear this.

"I am Peter Klaus," he said, "Peter, and no other," and he took his daughter's child and kissed it.

The spectators appeared struck dumb with astonishment, until first one and then another began to say, "yes indeed, this is Peter Klaus. Welcome, good neighbor, after twenty years absence; welcome home."

LIVE FOR A PURPOSE.—The secret of all success in life, of all greatness, nay, all happiness, is to live for a purpose. There are many persons always busy who yet have no great object in view. They fritter away their energies on a hundred things, and yet never accomplish anything because never giving their attention to only one thing. They are like butterflies, flit from spot to spot, never gaining wealth, while the ant, who keeps to a certain circuit around her hole, lays up stores for winter comforts. Such persons are doomed to be dissatisfied in the end, if they are not sooner, for they find in the race of life have been passed by all who had a purpose. It is not only the positive drenes, therefore, but the busy idle, that make a blunder of life for the want of a purpose.

☞ Archie and Tom sparked the same girl. One night Archie called on her and found her alone. After some conversation he burst out with:

"Miss Mollie, do you think you could leave this comfortable home, kind father and mother, loving brothers and sisters, and go to the far West with a young man who has but little to live on save his profession?"

Miss Mollie laid her hand gently on Archie's shoulder, with her eyes about half closed, her ruby lips slightly apart, and said softly:

"Yes, Archie, I think I could."

"Well," said Archie, "my friend Tom is going West and wants to marry. I will mention it to him."

Cure for Lockjaw.

[illegible]spondent of the *Scientific American* recommends turpentine as a certain cure for lockjaw. He says:

"Let any one who has an attack of lockjaw take a small quantity of turpentine, warm it and pour it on the wound, no matter where the wound is and what its nature is, and relief will follow in less than one minute. Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine; it will give certain relief almost instantly. Turpentine is also a sovereign remedy for croup. Saturate a piece of flannel with it and place the flannel on the throat and chest—and in a very severe case three to five drops may be taken inwardly. Every family should have a bottle on hand." This remedy is simple and can be easily tested.

☞ Niblack said a good thing in Congress the other day. Going over to Whittemore, who was about to be expelled, he suggested that if he wanted to remain he should get some Democrat to *contest his seat.*

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says that widows who cry easy, are the first to marry again. There is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8203-0058