THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 8. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 30, 1870. NO. 50.

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 accom plish 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,
Middle town, 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 Gloves.
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

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.

FARMERS,
LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST!
AT
The Galena Machine Shops,
BY
W. A. HYLAND & CO.

YOU CAN GET *REAPERS, MOWERS, THRESHERS, HORSE-POWERS, JACKS, CORN SHELLERS, CULTIVATORS, CULTIVATOR TEETH* and *PLOWS.* We have on hand about

Fifteen Tons of Castings,

As Good as can be Bought in the State.

ALSO, ONE HORSE POWERS,

suitable for shelling corn, and other light work. A number one article, as tested by some of our best farmers.

ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING NEATLY AND PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

☞ Old Iron wanted, at market prices.

GIVE US A CALL.

GOOD WORK AND FAIR DEALING!
IS OUR MOTTO.
Galena, Jan. 29, 1870—10m.

STATE OF MARYLAND
MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF BALTO.
Office, No. 196, W. Balt. st.

THIS Company Insures on the Mutual plan, Buildings and Personal Property against loss or damage by fire. The entire profits returned to the policy holders.

B. G. HARRIS, President.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

FRANCIS NEALE, of Neale, Harris & Co.,
S. H. CAUGHY, of Nosh Walker & Co.,
C. MCCULLY, of Poumarat & McCully,
PHILIP T. GEORGE, of George & Jenkins,
B. G. HARRIS, late of Neale, Harris & Co.,
HON. GEO. BRENT, of Court of Appeals,
GEORGE P. JENKINS, of Charles County,
GEORGE COMBS, of St. Mary's County.

☞ WANTED—An active man as Agent to represent the above company in Kent Co
Sept. 25, 1869—y.

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.

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.

County Commissioners' Notice.

THE Commissioners of Kent County will meet at their office in Chestertown, on

Tuesday, the 22d day of February, 1870,

at 10 o'clock, A. M., and will continue to meet at the same hour EVERY TUESDAY, until the 3d day of May next.

All persons who have sold or transferred any assessable property since the general valuation and assessment of 1869, are particularly requested to attend at an early day and have their Tax accounts adjusted. After *TUESDAY, the 3d day of MAY* next, no alteration in the assessment will be made during the present year.

The Standard Keeper

will be appointed on *Tuesday, the 5th day of April.* The salary of the Standard Keeper has been fixed at $30 for the present year.

The Tax Collectors,

one from each Election District, will be appointed on *Tuesday, the 26th day of April*, By that time all persons having accounts against the County, are requested to bring in the same, otherwise they will not get into this year's levy. All accounts presented will be required to be under oath.

All persons who intend to make application for pensions, (including those who received pensions last year,) must appear before the County Commissioners on or before *the third day of May* next, with their petitions, in writing, stating the residence, condition and circumstances of the applicant, and signed by two or more persons having a knowledge of the facts therein set forth.

By order. JOHN RUSSELL,
Clerk to Commr's. for Kent Co.
Feb. 19, 1870—tf.

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND.

ESTATE of Wm. N. Brice, deceased.

On application, ordered, that Martha Brice, Administratrix of William N. Brice, deceased, give notice by advertisement that a dividend on the Personal Estate of said deceased will be made in this Court on TUESDAY, the 3d day of May, 1870.

Test: EDWIN CROUCH,
Register of Wills.

N. B.—All creditors of William N. Brice are hereby notified and requested to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Register of Wills, on or before TUESDAY, the 3rd day of May, 1870, or they will otherwise be excluded from the dividend in the Personal Estate.

MARTHA BRICE,
April 9, 1870—4t. Administratrix,

RASIN'S BILLIARD TEMPLE.



The subscriber having thoroughly refitted the MORNING STAR HOUSE, on Princess Street, as a Billiard Saloon, has opened it to the public.

The entire upper floor has been thrown into one room, making it a spacious Saloon, which has been newly painted and papered in the best style, and furnished with a *first-class* Marble Top Billiard Table, easy chairs, and all the comforts of a first-class resort.

At the Bar will be found the usual varieties of good Liquors.

The public patronage is solicited.

W. B. RASIN.
Chestertown, March 19, 1870—y.

PROFESSIONAL CARD.

DR. J. H. PRICE having located at THE TRAPPE, offers his Professional services to the surrounding community.

Refers to a practice of four years at Hooversville, Anne Arundel county.
January 8, 1870—6m*

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF LUMBER on reasonable terms, for sale by
T. W. ELIASON & SON.

Selected Poetry.

ONLY A BABY'S CHAIR.

BY E. E. REXFORD.

Only a baby's chair, you say;
I know that you never knew
The thrill of a baby's heart close to your own,
And so I can pity you.

If only a little one's cheek had lain
All night on your throbbing breast,
You would never have been like your old self again
But full of sweet unrest.

The clothes that a baby used to wear
You would count as sacred things,
And hold your own nestling close to your breast,
As a mother-bird when she sings.

I think, when I look on this little chair,
Of the baby I used to hold,
And I clasp my arms on my breast again,
But no little form they fold.

And I listen to hear his voice again,
And his prattle as of old,
And look to see the sunshine gleam
Across his curls of gold.

And I often listen to hear his step
Come pattering over the floor,
And, "Mother is here," I softly say,
"Come home to my arms once more."

And then I remember that angels came
And bore my babe from my breast,
And left me weeping sorrowfully.
o o o o o o o
They told me, "God knoweth best."

I know that my boy is an angel now,
For his soul was as white as snow;
He had only been a brief while from heaven
When I had to let him go.

Yet often I sit alone in the gloom
That the twilight shadows bring,
And rock my angel babe on my breast,
And, rocking him, softly sing.

Oh! do you wonder this little chair
Is a sacred thing to me?
For I used to see him sitting there,
My little one, aged three.

That the angels bore from my bosom
So long and long ago:
That he would have grown to manhood
Ere this, had he lived, I know.

But perhaps in the life God gave him
He has grown to man's estate;
I can not tell—but some day
I shall know—and so I wait.

IN PAWN.

In Chickory street resides a gentleman named Lazarus Levi, Esq., whose spacious old-fashioned house is the repository of various articles of property belonging to numberless enlightened but distressed citizens of the United States. The lower story of Mr. Levi's house is fitted up with a glass front, very dingy and dusky, so that the various articles exposed to view in the window are but dimly seen. There are flutes with tarnished keys, that have lain silent for years. The dust lies thick on the *embouchre* of each; for the lips that blew therein the graduated air have shrunk into mere skin long ago, and the agile fingers that ran over the holes are now loose bones, that lie here and there, never to hang together again.

There opera glasses, too; opera glasses of every mode. From the antique species that our grandmothers used—a single tube, short and flat, which was intended to be pulled out like a telescope, but which never would pull out until the opera was over, and only blackened the white gloves in which the attempt was made—down to the large and imposing modern *lorgnette* with its double tubes, and its complicated interior, and its little windlass in the centre that winds it out into a telescope, or flattens it up into a pair of spectacles.—How pregnant a lesson lies in these opera-glasses in the pawnbroker's window!—What stories of dissipation, of fleeting wealth, of ruined elegance they tell!—Don't you see the broken-down dandy, seedy; but not yet all corrupted, darting at dusk of eve in the dingy shop, and with faintly flushing cheek, prodneing the remnant of his better days? And can't you trace him after that to the bar-room under ground, where amid actors and authors, and loafers, he purchases a few moments excitement with the few shillings that but half an hour since he obtained with shame?

You can see all sorts of things in Mr. Levi's window. California diamonds; real diamonds, very rare; banjos, relics of disappointed minstrels; guns, suggestive of sporting Englishmen hard-up; silver teapots, now black and uncheerful, hinting at terrible distresses in some poor fellow's home and making you see the thin wife stealing out at night to raise money on the family valuables to feed the children.

The interior of the shop is devoted to dry goods. The details, however, can be but dimly made out, owing to the extremely dubious light that pervades the store. Even in broad daylight a judicious twilight exists in Mr. Levi's. What the French call *demi jour*, is much affected by lovers and gentlemen who spout their watches. Through the mysterious atmosphere one can feebly distinguish rows of shelves packed tightly with dark bundles of wearing apparel. Biddy's gown and Patrick's Sunday coat lie there together until next month's wages comes to separate them.

Mr. Levi is my friend. I have occasionally, mercantile transactions with him; for I am a literary man, and it sometimes happens that I find myself the slave of a sudden necessity for five dollars. On these occasions I travel round my room, as M. Xavier de Maistre may be supposed to have done, in search of some appropriate token of esteem, which I may convey to Mr. Levi, in order to induce him to advance the required sum. In this choice it is necessary to exercise discrimination. For instance, I know it will never do to present my stamped velvet waistcoat three times running. And that if I were to take my little French clock to Mr. Levi too often the article would pall upon him and my credit be impaired.—Variety is necessary to persons of Mr. Levi's position. Continual partridge destroys the appetite. They are epicures, and must be fed with novelties.

Accordingly, one day, having need of the traditional five dollars to meet the expenses of a forthcoming literary soiree at my rooms, I, after some deliberation, determined to present my Indian chess board to Mr. Levi, as a token of my affection, and work upon his feelings so far as to induce him to present me with the longed-for V. The chess board was ivory inlaid. The men were delightfully Oriental, being carved all over, even to the tips of their noses, altogether I had great faith in the article, as it had never before been in Mr. Levi's charge.

I waited until evening. It was a lovely evening for pawning. A thick fog, damp and threatening rain hung over the streets, so that there were but a few passengers abroad. Chickory street was almost entirely deserted.

I rang at Mr. Levi's private door. It was a privilege I had earned, both by the constancy of my friendship and the usually valuable nature of my presents. A delightful Hebrew servant girl, with a nose massive as Egyptian architecture, opened the door and admitted me to Mr. Levi's private parlor. In a few moments that estimable gentleman entered.

"Ah! Mister Papillotte," he said, holding out his hand, "how do you do? Come again, eh? Well, what is it this evening?"

"A little matter I want you to arrange for me," I replied, unrolling my silk handkerchief from the chess board. "I want five dollars on this for a few days."

"Hum! On my word, Mr. Papillotte, I'm sorry to see a gentlemen like you coming here so often. It's really too bad!"

Levi, as I said before, took an interest in me, and sometimes talked to me like a father.

"My good Levi," I answered, laughingly, "don't take any serious trouble on my account. I'm all right. You know the best of us will get into difficulty occasionally. By the way, would you like to go to the opera to-morrow night?"

The Jew's eyes glistened. They love music, these Jews.

"Have you got tickets?"

"Here are two. Can you let me have the money?"

"Well, really, Mister Papillotte, chess is not a valuable property just at present. It comes hard on the intellect, sir."

"But that is an Indian chess-board.—It belonged to the Rajah of Gundarcool, and was taken from the royal table by an uncle of mine in the Albicore Fencibles, who was at the seige of Gundarcool. It is a historical chess-board, Mr. Levi.—Do you play chess, sir?"

"Not exactly. But I came very near learning it once."

"You know that the pawn is inseparably connected with the game, I suppose?"

"I have heard something of the kind, sir."

"Completely in your line of business, you see."

Mr. Levi started. The joke was completely lost upon him. It was a very mild joke, certainly; but then, could better have been expected from a man who was begging for five dollars?

"I am sorry you don't play," I hastened to continue, covering my jocular failure with some other remark. "I should like to have a game with you. That chess, I assure you, is worth thirty dollars, if it is worth a penny."

Heaven forgive me, but the Rajah was a creation of the moment. I had been made a present of the chess-board by a sailor who had voyaged to Calcutta, but one must be a little deceitful now and then in this wicked world

"Well, I'll let you have the money," said Mr. Levi, "though we're rather short to-day. A great deal of business doing just now, Mr. Papillotte;" and laying the Rajah's property on a table, he disappeared into the office to make out to the duplicate.

"A great deal of business doing."—That meant, when translated, a great deal of misery wandering about the streets; a great many homes gloomy for want of petty sums of money; a great many mechanics without Sunday clothes; a great many students moaning over valuable books, sacrificed to [illegible] in them to [illegible]; a great many drunk[illegible] for their accustomed poison, and getting it at the cost of necessities; a great many mothers shivering in blanketless beds that the little ones might not starve. This was the kind of business that was doing.

I was reflecting on all this when I heard the parlor door open, and a light fall softly upon the carpet. Thinking that it was Mr. Levi returning with the money, I did not raise my head. Presently a voice—ah! how unlike Levi's buttery Jewish accents—startled me from my reverie.

"I can play at chess," it said, softly.

I looked up suddenly. A little fairy creature, about sixteen years old, with long, fair hair, and large, beautiful blue eyes, stood just within the door, staring at me like some timid bird at him who wanders in the lonely woods, half-fearing to approach, yet longing to come nearer.

"And who on earth are you?" I asked, abruptly; and as I spoke I saw at a glance that the blood of the children of Israel did not run in her clear blue veins.

"I am Nellie, sir," replied the apparition, "and I'm in pawn."

"In what?" I exclaimed, under the impression that I must have been deceived in the absurd statement I had just heard.

"In pawn, sir," she repeated, as simply as if she was saying that she was in bed.

"And who put you into pawn, in the name of all the Medices, may I ask?" I said, scarcely able to keep my countenance.

"Father pawned me for money to buy paints," answered this most extraordinary deposit; and I'm so lonesome—oh, you can't think!"

"What is your respectable parent, may I inquire?"

"He's an artist, sir, and he has just got an order, sir, and he wanted money for the canvas and the paints to finish the picture. He paints beautiful pictures; indeed he does."

She seemed so very anxious about my not doubting her father's ability that I smiled a sort of assent, as if I were perfectly convinced of this rare talent, and was intimately acquainted with the merit of every one of his productions.

"Where do they keep you?" I asked, half jestingly, for the whole affair seemed so like a vaudeville, that I expected every moment to hear some unseen audience applauding the performance. "Do they put you in the safe with the jewelry, or lay you on the shelves with gowns and coats?"

"No, sir, I live up stairs with Mr. Levi. Father will come, though, in a few days, with the money and redeem."

All this as seriously as if it was the commonest thing in the world for the distressed fathers to pawn their children and keep the duplicates in their waistcoat pockets.

"Have you ever been in pawn before, Miss Nellie Lee?"

"Oh yes, sir. Father painted the "Seven Sleepers of Ephesus' with what he got on me last fall."

This was really more than I could stand. I lay back on the old hair-bottomed sofa and roared with laughter.—The deposit stood before me with a grave and patient demeanor, neither surprised at my merriment nor apparently thinking that there was anything singular in her position.

"You say that you play chess," I said, at last checking my merriment by a great effort, out of respect to the fair face and beautiful eyes that I saw before me.—"Would you like to play a game?"

"Oh, yes," answered the deposit; "I should like it very much. You can't think——"

We sat down to play chess. I don't know how long we were at it; but this I do know, that if the entrance of Mr. Levi had not disturbed us, it would have continued probably to the present day.—There was a first move. Then a long conversation. Then a pause, during which the blue eyes seemed to be intently studying the board, and mine were intently studying the blue eyes. Then another move. Then more conversation, until at last the rival forces on the Rajah's ivory battle-field got in such a state of confusion that I believe Herr Hartwiz would have become a lunatic the first glance he cast upon them.

As for me, I thought of nothing but the simple, beautiful young creature who sat opposite to me, and in spite of myself, visions of such a being moving about my lonely chambers, making the gloom gay, and causing the bachelor's barren life to bourgeon and bloom like the dry rod of the high priest.

In the midst of all this, in came Mr. Levi with my five dollars and a duplicate for the chess-board. He seemed rather astonished at the quiet intimacy which had been so suddenly established between myself and his deposit.

"Mr. Levi," I said to him," "I had no idea that you lent money on this species of personal security. I have a rich old uncle, who won't die and leave me my share of his property, that I would be very glad to raise something on. How much will you give me on him? He's in an excellent state of preservation, and served in the last war."

"Oh!" he replied, laughing, without paying any attention to my proposed avuncular exchange, "Nellie Lee's a capital girl, and it's sometimes as well that she should be away from her father.—He—' and here he made an expressive pantomine suggestion of rum. I looked at Nellie. Her large eyes were filled with ters.

"Don't be angry with me, Nellie," continued the pawnbroker, kindly. "You know he has very bad habits, or you would not be here. My wife is very fond of her, Mr. Papillotte, and for that matter her father adores her, and as he never will finish any of his pictures without the spur of some terrible necessity, we contrive to get him to put Nellie in what he calls pawn, and then he is sure to work to get the money to redeem her. Nellie, child, don't cry."

I went to the poor child and took her hand gently in my own.

"Nellie Lee," I said, "you love your father very much."

She nodded her head, and shook off a tear or two that fell upon my hand.

"It is but right that you should do so. You are in a strange position here. Your father is not fit to be your guardian, and you will not always meet with pawnbrokers as kind as Mr. Levi. Now what you ought to do is to entrust yourself to the care of some man who is young and strong, and who, with your fair face and good influence to stimulate him, will work for you day and night, and love you as dearly as ever your father did."

She shook her head gently, and still the tears fell.

"You think such a one can not be found. You are wrong. If you could bring yourself to accept his protection; if you could persuade yourself that a love suddenly born can be as vigorous and lasting as one that takes years to mature, you never would repent of it; I swear it!"

"And where is there such a one?" demanded Levi, with mingled incredulity and curisity twinkling in his black Jewish eyes.

"Here!" I answered. "I want but such an object as this to become industrious. I have abilities, if I turn them to account—of that I am convinced—and after all, if the worst should come, nothing under heaven can prevent me from inheriting a portion of my uncle's estate. If Nellie Lee will take me for her husband, I call God to witness that I will cherish and love her until death."

The little head shook no longer, and I felt a slight pressure from the small hand in mine. It may have been a tremor, however.

"Her father would never consent," said Levi, reflectively.

"Never," echoed Nellie, in a low murmur, "he loves me so."

I could have said, "What love is this that puts its idol into a pawnbroker's shop?" but I dared not insult the pure heart beside me, and I remained silent. There was a long pause. No one seemed to know what to say, and Nellie's hand still remained in mine. Then we all heard a sudden violent ringing at the hall door bell. Levi started and left the room, and still Nellie and I remained silent. But involuntary I drew her closer to my side; my arm stole gently round her small waist; I felt the throbbing of her little heart, and then our lips met. The compact, I knew was sealed.

In a few seconds Levi re-entered, pale and agitated. He stopped on the threshold when he saw us locked in the embrace, and leaning against the edge of the door, said:

"I am glad of it. She has no guardian now but you."

"My father!" and with a loud shriek Nellie slipped from my grasp and fled toward the Jew.

"Poor child," he said, laying his hand reverently on her head, as if misfortune had rendered her sacred; it is so—he has left you alone."

There was a wild burst of grief in that dingy pawnbroking parlor, and poor little Nellie Lee sobbed and fluttered like a bird vainly beating against the iron wires of its cage. The old artist was dead; the wretched man, unable to resist the temptation, had expended the money he had obtained from Levi in drink, and was found by the police in Washington Park, stretched dead on one of the walks. He had killed himself with rum.

For many hours my poor child was distracted with her sorrow; and good Mrs. Levi came down stairs adorned with unredeemed jewelry; and the black-eyed, thick-lipped Miss Esther, her daughter, was there also, smelling of patchouli; and Levi himself was continually coming in and out of the shop with bottles of cologne for the child's temples, and vinaigrettes to hold to her nose. They were all so kind and so gentle to my little Nellie in this her great sorrow, that I made a vow on the spot never to speak ill of a pawnbroker again in my life.

But in time the tempest wore itself away. Nellie came at last to listen to the few words of consolation I cared to utter, for I am an unbeliever in verbal anodynes; and late that evening I might have been seen sitting on the old hair-bottomed sofa, with a fair round face somewhat flushed with weeping, nestling on my bosom, while Mr. and Mrs. Levi and Miss Esther sat near the fire, and occasionally ventured to look around and admire us.

Need I go much farther? Need I describe the quiet wedding at St. Thomas', where I vowed to be a true husband to Nellie Lee? It would not interest you very much; for there was no orange blossoms or bridesmaids, and no reception and German cotillion afterwards.

But I may as well inform you that all I predicted has come to pass. I am now industrious and independent. Nellie is the dearest wife that ever wore a ring; and when I visit Mr. Levi, which I do often for old friendship's sake, I walk bold into his house, and have no pecuniary object in so doing.

On an inlaid table in my drawing-room stands an ivory chess-board. It belonged to the Rajah of Gundarcool, and was taken from the royal table by a relative of mine in the Albicore Fencibles, after the siege of that place. In short, it is the very identical chess-board which led to my finding Nellie Lee in pawn.

As the sun in all its splendor was peeping over the eastern hills a newly married man exclaimed: "The glory of the world is rising!" His wife who happened to be getting up at the moment, taking the compliment to herself simpered, "What would you think, my dear, if I had my silk gown on?"

A New York bachelor saw a nice young woman helping a blind man across the street, and forthwith was introduced, wooed, and married the girl. She told her lady friends all about it, and the consequence is that a new society has been started, called "The Young Ladies' Humanitarian Society for Helping Blind Men Across the Street."

He who visits the sick in hope of a legacy, let him be never so friendly in all other cases, is no better than a raven, which watches a weak sheep only to peck out its eyes.

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