THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 9. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 28, 1870. NO. 2.

KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.



The Kent County Railroad being completed to Kennedyville, Trains will be run daily, (Sundays excepted,) for freight and passengers, between Kennedyville and Townsend, where close connection will be made with trains of the Delaware Railroad,

Commencing on Monday, May 2d, 1870, and run as follows, until further notice:

GOING EAST.

Leave Kennedyville	7:00	A. M.
" Black's	7:10	"
" Lambson's	7:25	"
" Massey's	7:50	"
" Morris'	8:00	"
" Vandyke's	8:15	"
Arrive at Townsend	8:30	"

GOING WEST.

Leave Townsend	11:40	A. M.
" Vandyke's	11:55	"
" Morris'	12:05	P. M.
" Massey's	12:25	"
" Lambson's	12:40	"
" Black's	12:50	"
Arrive at Kennedyville	1:00	"

☞ Passengers from Kennedyville, and all Stations on the Kent County Railroad, will reach Wilmington at 10:15, A. M.; Philadelphia at 11:45, A.M., and Baltimore at 1:05, P. M.

Passengers for the Kent County Railroad, will leave Baltimore (President street depot) at 7:25, A. M.; Philadelphia (depot corner Broad street and Washington Avenue,) at 8:30, A. M., and Wilmington at 10:10, A. M.

A STAGE will run between Chestertown and Kennedyville, making close connection at the latter place with trains East and West. It will leave Chestertown at 5:30, A. M., and returning, leave Kennedyville on arrival of train, and reach Chestertown about 2:30, P. M

J. B. WINGATE,
Chief Engineer and Superintendent.

April 30, 1870—tf.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

THE KENT CO. R. R. COMPANY

HAVING made arrangements with me to RUN A HACK DAILY

From Chestertown to connect with the Railroad at Kennedyville,

I will leave the "Voshell House" at 5:30 A. M., and returning will leave Kennedyville on the arrival of the train—say about 1 P. M., and arrive at Chestertown at or about 2:30. I will call for passengers any where in Chestertown, when notified in due time.

Persons wishing to procure passage on this line, going from Chestertown, are requested to register their names &c., the previous evening on a slate, kept for that purpose in the Drug Store of John L. Stam & Son or notifying me personally. Small bundles or pacages will be carried and attended to, for Express or otherwise, when left at the said drug store, properly and plainly marked.—Packages for express will be carefully attended to, and the express company's receipt taken therefor. Reasonable compensation asked and prepayments required from Chestertown to Townsend.

I will call at Mr. Stam's store every morning before leaving for Kennedyville, and will leave the

Voshell House at	5:30	A. M., fare	75 cts
Chincopin Lane,	5:55	" "	70 "
Goose Hill,	6:10	" "	60 "
End of Quaker Lane,	6:25	" "	40 "
Urieville,	6:30	" "	30 "
Arrive at Kennedyville at 6:50 A. M.			

All baggage over 50 lbs. will be charged extra

JOHN W. RASIN.

☞ Persons will observe by the above arrangement that a trip can be made from Chestertown to Middletown, New Castle, or as far as the Wilmington Junction, and return by 2½ o'clock. [May 21—tf.

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.

THOS. NORRIS & SON,
June 5—tf. 141 Pratt st., Balt.

SMITHVILLE STORE.

THE subscriber has opened at Smithville, in his New Store House, a good stock of

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
Boots, Shoes,
AND
NOTIONS;

and is ready and prepared to accommodate his friends and the public as heretofore.

WILLIAM V. LUCAS.
Smithville, April 23, 1870—3m.

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

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 Noah Walker & Co., C. MCCULLY, of Poumairat & 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.

CHAS. B. BAYLY,

DEALER IN

SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS,
Musical Instruments
AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE
Of Every Description.

Read the following:

GUITARS from $4 to $60.
VIOLINS from $2 to $60.
ACCORDEONS $3 to $25.
FLUTES $2 to $30.

Violoncellos, Drums, Fifes, Cornets, Concertinas, Flageolets, Mouth Organs, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

INSTRUCTION BOOKS

For every Musical Instrument, at publishers prices—from thirty cents to six dollars.

CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL Music Books,

Glee, Opera and Sacred Chorus Books,

IN ENDLESS VARIETY,

Sheet Music

FOR EVERY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

☞ Music, Music Books, and small articles, mailed to any address, free of postage.

Excellent assortment of Piano Stools covered with Hair Cloth, Red and Green Rep and Plush—from $5 to $12.

A choice lot of German, French and Italian

GUITAR, VIOLIN, BANJO AND VIOLONCELLO STRINGS,

fifteen cents each, and upwards.

TUNING FORKS, TUNING HAMMERS, PEGS, ROSIN, BRIDGES, REEDS, BOW HAIR, MUSIC PAPER, MUSIC FOLIOS, MUSIC WHAT-NOTS, VIOLIN AND GUITAR CASES: Agent for

TILTON'S PATENT GOLD MEDAL GUITAR

The most excellent and durable Guitar in the World; tone rich, full, brilliant.

HARMONICS,

Loud and clear. Price from $30 to $60, in in Case, with extra set of Strings.

ENCLOSE the price you wish to pay for anything in our line, and you will receive the article, by earliest conveyance, the same and as much to your advantage as if you made the selection in person.

CATALOGUES

and information sent free, on application.

REMEMBER, it is no more trouble or expense to send Music one thousand miles than it is one mile: therefore, send directly to us, and save both trouble and expense.

CHAS. B. BAYLY,
No. 178 West Baltimore street,
BALTIMORE, MD.
May 14, 1870—y.

LA PIERRE HOUSE,

Baltimore.

THE undersigned has the pleasure of announcing to his friends of Kent and the adjoining counties, and the public generally, that he has *leased* the large and commodious

New Hotel,
situated on the
Corner of Calvert and Franklin Streets,
opposite Northern Central Depot.

Having been engaged for the last twenty years in conducting popular Hotels, I feel assured of being able to meet all just expectations of the traveling community in managing the LA PIERRE HOUSE in a style equal to any Hotel in the City.

Very respectfully,
JOHN C. VOSHELL.
May 7, 1870—3m.

GROCERIES,

WINES AND LIQUORS.

NOTICE.

TO ALL LOVERS OF GOOD BRANDIES, WINES, TEAS AND GROCERIES.

I AM PREPARED TO OFFER GREAT inducements to customers, wholesale and retail. Keep constantly on hand a large and well selected Stock of Goods, consisting in part of

Green and Black Teas, of choice chops; Coffees—Java, Laguyra, Rio, &c.

English and American Pickles, Capers and Condiments, Olives, Italian Maccaroni and Vermecilla. Frehs Canned Fruits of all kinds; Canned Meats and Fish; Foreign and Domestic Preserves and Jellies. I have on hand a fine stock of

Old Brandies, Wines, Whiskeys, Gin,

which I offer to Hotel keepers at the VERY LOWEST PRICES, and ask a call.

THOMAS M. GREEN,
88 *W. Baltimore Street, near Holliday.*
Sept. 25, 1869—y.

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.

Selected Poetry.

THE VERGE OF JORDAN.

I stand upon the river's verge,
Its waves break at my feet:
And can hear the roar of this dark surge
Sound in my ear so sweet?
Higher and higher swells its wave,
Nearer the billows come:
And can a dark and lonely grave
Outweigh a long-loved home?

'Tis not alone the billows' roar
That falls upon my ear;
But music from yon far-off shore
Is wafted sweet and clear;
For angel harps are tuned to cheer
My faltering human faith,
And angel tongues are chanting there
Triumphal hope in death.

Though dim and faltering grows my sight,
It rests not on the grave;
It sees a land in glory bright
Beyond the darkening wave.
The gales that toss its crest of foam,
Come from that far-off shore:
They whisper of another home,
Where parting is no more.

The everlasting hills arise,
Bright in immortal bloom:
The radiance of those sunny skies
Illumines e'en the tomb;
And glorious on those hills of light
I see my own abode—
E'en now its turrets are in sight—
The city of our God.

Loved faces look upon me now,
And well-known voices speak,
O! when they left me long ago,
I thought my heart would break;
They beckon me to yonder strand,
Their hymns of triumph swell,
I see my own, my kindred band,—
Earth, home, and time, farewell!

Welcome the waves that bear me o'er,
Though dark and cold they be!
To gain my home on yonder shore
I'll brave them joyously.
The snowy, blood washed robe I'll wear—
The palm of victory!
Welcome, the waves that waft me there,
Though dark and cold they be!

"I CANNOT AFFORD IT;"

A Sensible Love Story.

Mr. St. Johns entered the fashionable dry goods store of "Lovering & Brothers," to see one of proprietors.

"He had stepped out for a moment," one of the clerks informed him.

Withdrawing to an obscure corner he stood watching, with half-amused, half-comical look on his handsome face, the streams of gayly-attired women that floated past him, gazing with envious and admiring eyes upon the rich fabrics, of every line and texture, that there were suspended from the ceiling and spread out upon the broad counters.

Many of them were known to him, but he was in no mood to meet the sparkling glances and gay sallies that he knew would be showered upon him if he made them aware of his presence; for Mr. St. Johns was rich, and a bachelor, and had been so flattered and beseiged by ambitious mammas and marriageable daughters as to make him almost resolve to always remain one.

So he stood back in the shadow, marking with curious eye, unconscious betrayals of the natural dispositions, little glimpses of feminine nature, and which the dear creatures would not have had him observe for the world.

As he stood there the two Mieses Parker came in, charming and brilliant girls, in whose society he had passed many a pleasant hour.

They were lavish in their purchases. And, as Mr. St. Johns contrasted their smiling countenances with the care-worn face of their father, whom he met in the street scarcely an hour before, hurrying from one friend to another to borrow money to pay a note on the point of being protested, their lively chatter jarred harshly on his ears.

"Isn't it lovely?" exclaimed one of the sisters, holding up some costly lace trimmings. "I suppose pa will scold when he sees the bill; but so he would, if it were only half as large."

"To be sure he would" responded the other. "And I m not going to let the Dayton girls outshine me, you may be certain. It's my belief that they give the party simply on account of St. Johns' return from Europe. I suppose they are trying to catch him for Georgiana. Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous for [illegible]

"Never! Such horrid taste as that girl has in dress, too! She showed me the new silk she is going to wear. Would you believe it? It is blue! And she as [illegible] Indian?"

"That is for the benefit of Mr. St. Johns; it is his favorite color. I met him in the street yesterday. How tall and handsome he has grown!"

"Yes; and he is so rich! Pa says he is worth half a million if not more."

Here the two girls passed along out of sight and hearing, quite unconscious of of the proximity of the subject of their remarks.

"Good heavens!" was St. Johns' inward reflections; "are all women so heartless, so wrapped up in vanity and display?"

He was about to quit the store in disgust, when his attention was arrested by a low and gentle voice, which aroused a host of vague though pleasant recollections. He turned his eyes eagerly in the direction whence it proceeded; and as they rested upon a slender, neatly attired lady they lighted up with pleasure.

A woman would have noticed that the bonnet, though neat and fresh was not of the latest style, and the mantle of last season's fashion; but men rarely observe such things. All that St. Johns saw was the graceful form and the fair and gentle face of the wearer.

"Sweet Rose Lennox!" he thought, "she looks as lovely and fragrant as her name! Can her fresh and guilless nature be so perverted as to care for nothing but outward show?"

In the meantime Rose made a few simple purchases, quite unconscious of the eyes that were following her every look and motion.

"Is that all, Miss Lennox?" said the clerk.

"All to-day."

"If you were thinking of getting a dress, I can show you something that will just suit you."

"As I cannot purchase I will not trouble you," was the low and quiet reply.

"No trouble at all, miss," said the clerk, unrolling the goods and spreading it out upon the counter.

It was a heavy, lustrous silk—brown, with a glint of gold in it, not unlike the color of the soft hair that shaded her forehead.

It caught the eye of the Parker girls, who were passing, and they gathered eagerly around it.

"It's just the sweetest thing I ever saw!" exclaimed the oldest, enthsiastically. "Why don't you get it, Rose?—You have nothing for the party next Thursday, and it's just what you want."

"Only four dollars a yard," suggested the clerk, gathering up the silk in heavy folds, so as display its luster and beauty.

There was not the slightest touch of envy or regret in the soft blue eyes that rested admiringly upon it.

"It is very pretty, and quite reasonable too; but *I cannot afford it.*"

These words were spoken quietly, and with such entire unconsciousness that she was admitting anything painful or humiliating, that with the wonder it aroused in the hearts of her companions was mingled an involuntary respect; though it was conduct that they could not have imitated, and but vaguely comprehended.

St. Johns made inquiries in regard to Mr. Lennox the next day, and learned that he had sustained some heavy losses, but was still supposed to be doing a good business.

Presuming on his former acquaintance, he resolved to call at his house.

Despite the adulation he had received, and his really fine personal advantages, St. Johns was no coxcomb, and well knew that with a girl like Rose Lennox, he must stand on his individual merits. So, not venturing to call for her who was uppermost in his thoughts, he was shown into the family sitting-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Lennox sat, with their three oldest children.

Rose was among them; and the blush that mounted to her cheek, the bright smile she gave him, as their eyes met, spoke a warmer welcome than even her father's extended hand and cordial greeting.

But having testified, by looks rather than words, her pleasure at seeing him, Rose left the entertainment of their guest to her parents. And, disappointed as St. Johns was, he could not but admire her utter unconsciousness that his visit was intended for her, and absence of all desire to attract his notice.

As he conversed with her father, his eyes wandered to the place where she sat, sewing; noting every expression of the pure, young face, even the quivers of the golden-brown lashes that shaded the rose-tinted cheek, especially the sweet, womanly charm of her low, quiet tones and gentle movements.

The richest party robe never looked half so lovely as that simple home-dress of brown merino, worn with no ornament, save a dainty ruffle at the wrist and throat.

"You will be at Mrs. Dayton's to-morrow evening?" he contrived to say, as he took his leave.

"No, I am not going."

A shade of disappointment crossed St. Johns' face, almost immediately followed by a gleam of satisfaction, as a happy thought struck him.

The next evening Rose was sitting in the parlor, quite by herself.

Her mother was up stairs with the younger children, and her father preparing to go out.

Mr. Lennox looked in upon her a moment, as he passed through the hall.

"Do you regret your decision in regard to the party, my daughter?"

"No, indeed, papa," returned Rose, smiling [illegible]

"My [illegible] successfully through this crisis it will be owing to the strength and courage that you have given me."

"Are things looking any brighter, papa?"

"A great deal brighter, my child.—You know I told you that I could retrieve my losses if I had time; Mr. Hart, my principal creditor, has offered to give me six months; it is owing to something Mr. St. Johns said to him. He is a noble hearted young man. God bless him!"

The heart of Rose echoed this wish, as her father hurried away. For the first time regrets mingled with her thoughts as they reverted to the gay gathering from which she had been debarred.

"I suppose *he* will be there," she murmured.

"A gentleman to see Miss Rose," said Katy, opening the door.

Rose lifted her eyes and [illegible] object of her thoughts stood before [illegible]

"Not sorry to see me, I hope?" said St. Johns, taking her unresisting hand in his.

"Sorry? Rose turned her eyes around, that he might not see how softly radiant they were.

"Oh, no," she faltered; I—I was only surprised. I thought you would be sure to be at Mrs. Dayton's this evening."

"Shall I tell you why I did not go?" inquired St. Johns, as he took a seat by her side."

The cheeks of Rose grew as red beneath that earnest gaze as the flower from which she was named.

"I was just thinking about you, and wishing that I could thank you for the kindly office you performed for my dear father."

"I am going to ask him to perform for me a more kindly one; to give to my keeping the brightest and sweetest rose that ever bloomed. When he asks me what *your* wish is, oh, Rose—if I could only say *my* Rose what shall I tell him?"

What Rose told him could be easily inferred by any one who looked in upon the two a few minutes later, and saw how quietly the head of Rose reposed upon St. Johns' shoulder, as though it was the most natural resting place it could find.

Rose was as modest as lovely.

"I don't see how you came to choose *me*, Paul when surrounded by so many stylish and brilliant women."

"Who would so gladly do their best to dissipate my fine fortune," returned St. Johns, laughing.

He then told Rose of the little scene he had witnessed in the store of "Lovering & Brothers." And how he had resolved then and there to do his best to win her, who when tempted to expenditures beyond her means had strength of mind to say: "I CANNOT AFFORD IT."

A GUESS FOR LIFE.

When my regiment was mustered out of service, I bade adieu to my old comrades, and to the army, and opened an office in the flourishing town of L———.

As I was starting for the supper-table, on the evening of the third day after my arrival, the office bell was rung violently, and soon the boy came in, and said that a man wanted to see the doctor.

The visitor was standing by the fire when I entered. He was a tall, powerful man—a perfect giant compared to my "five foot six;" and his great head and bushy black hair were well fitted to the monstrous form.

"If you are at liberty, doctor, please come with me. It is but a few steps, and you will not need your carriage."

I put on my coat and hat, and followed him. It was my first call in L———, and I fondly hoped it was the forerunner for many others.

The man strode a pace ahead of me all the way, notwithstanding my endeavors to keep at his side, and he spoke not a word, not even answering my questions.

Stopping before a substantial looking residence on one of the principal streets, he applied the latch key, and led me into a pleasant little room on the second floor (a study, I thought it,) hung about with good paintings and elegant chromos, and lined with books of every name.

"Take a seat, doctor; I will step out a moment. Take this chair by the fire. It is a bitter cold night."

The chair was a great unwieldy thing, but exceedingly comfortable. I threw my feet upon the fender, and leaned back on the cushion, very well satisfied to warm a little before seeing the patient.

I heard the man approach the door, which was directly back of where I sat, and heard the door open and close again. I supposed he had gone out, but did not look around to see. Indeed, I had no time, for a stout cord was thrown over my wrists and across my breast, and a handkerchief bound over my mouth, so quickly that I could make no move to prevent.

When I was perfectly secured, my conductor stepped in front of me and looked with much interest at my vain attempts to free myself.

"Good stout cord, isn't it?" he asked. "It has never been broken, and many a stouter man than you has tried it. There now, be quiet awhile, and I will tell you what I want."

He went to a cabinet that stood in one corner of the room, and taking a long, wicked-looking knife from one of the drawers, ran his thumb over the edge, and felt of the point, all the while talking in the most commonplace manner imaginable.

"I have studied the art of guessing for years," said he. "I can guess anything; that is my guessing chair that you are sitting in now, and I take great pleasure in imparting my knowledge to others. This is what I want of you to-night. I did intend to make you guess that, but I have thought of something better."

He had become satisfied with the edge and point of the knife, and was pacing up and down the room, giving me a full history of the world, interspersed with facts relative to the art of guessing, at which times he always stopped in front of me.

"Did you ever study it, doctor? I know you haven't; I am the only one that ever reduced it to a science. Since I left my noble veterans, I have devoted my whole time to it; and now I am about to initiate you into its mysteries, if you are worthy."

He was standing before me so very calm, that I did not really think that he intended to harm me, but when I looked into his eyes, burning with the fire of insanity, I felt that my situation was desperate indeed.

"I must test you," said he. "I must know whether you are naturally gifted or not, before I waste time with you. If I remove the handkerchief, will you answer my questions?"

I nodded affirmatively, and he removed it.

"Now, my dear doctor, you are an entire stranger to me. Without doubt, you have often heard of me, but it will be a hard task to distinguish my name from all the other great men of the time. You must guess it, doctor. What is it?"

He had brought his face so near to mine, that I could feel his hot breath, and I fancied that I could feel the heat of those terrible eyes. The long, keen blade he was holding over me—for what? To take my life if I failed.

"Guess! guess!" he screamed. "If you fail, it will be your last guess in the world."

I dared not cry out; the knife was too near. I could not escape, for the strong cord bound me to the heavy chair that I could not lift, and I could not lie there and lose my life. What could I do?

"It is a hard guess, and I will give you three minutes to answer it," he said.

I summoned all my courage, which had never yet failed me—even in the awful hour of battle—and looking him steadily in the eye said:

"I know you sir, so where is the need of guessing? I have seen you on the battle-field marshaling your hosts to victory. I have seen you cut down a score of men with your single arm. I have seen you put to flight a whole battalion. I know you—everybody knows you. Your name is in my mouth."

I remembered what he had said about leaving his veterans, and had tried this harangue to divert his attention. I paused to mark the effect.

"Yes—yes, doctor. But what is it?" he screamed again. "Thirty seconds!"

Great God! What would I not have given for a clue to this madman's fancy. Thirty seconds, and how short a second is. The knife was raised higher, that it might gain momentum by the distance. His body was braced for the stroke, and his eye was upon the mark.

"Ten seconds more! What is it?"

There was only one hope for me and that was to guess. I felt that he considered himself some great man, and as he had spoken of veterans, some great military chieftain. I thought of our heroes, and the names of many of them were upon my lips, but I dared not utter them. It was the greatest game of chance that I ever played. My life depended on the guessing of a name. I thought of all the European generals, but cast them aside again, and came back to our own side of the water.

"Two seconds," screeched the lunatic.

Without thought, almost without volition, I spoke a name, breathing a prayer that it might be the right one.

"*Napoleon Bonaparte.*"

"Right!" said the madman, throwing aside his knife, and undoing the cords that held me. "I was not mistaken in you, doctor. You have true genius; this is your first lesson. Come at this hour every evening, and I will teach you the beautiful art—the way to immortal fame.

As I arose from the chair, weak and trembling, the door softly opened, and four strong men entered and secured the maniac. I started for home, well pleased that I had got through with my first guessing lesson, and fervently hoping I should never be called upon to take another.

EXTRACTING BULLETS BY ELECTRICITY.—M. Trouve, who made the electric jewelry that delighted the fashion of Paris for a few months, two years since, has invented what is called a bullet-probe.—"It is a double-pointed needle, each point being connected by a wire with a electric battery and a bell, which rings whenever the two needle points are united electrically; that is to say, whenever they both touch a piece of metal. With this divining rod, bullet searching is a simple business. The suspected part of the body is probed with it, and the instant the points touch lead, the bell announces the fact. The bullet found, the worst half of the extractor's task is over."

Where to Wear Garters.

A handsome leg is a rarity—we had almost said an impossibility—among the American women. The reason of this is the place where they wear garters. No French woman, no English woman of cultivation, now a days wears her garter below the knee. It is ruinous to the shape of the calf. More than this, it has serious consequences of another kind.—The principal vein of the leg (*vena saphenn pres is*) runs just beneath the skin until it nearly reaches the knee, when it sinks beneath the muscles. Now if this is constricted at its largest part by a garter, the blood is checked in [illegible] to the heart, the feet are easily [illegible] and more liable to disease, the other veins of the leg are swollen into hard, blue knots become varidose, as it is called, and often break, forming obstinate ulcers. This is a pictvre which a physician sees nearly every day. With a garter fastened above the knee all that pain and deformity is avoided, but it is still better to wear no garter at all, and suspend the stocking by tapes to a belt around the waist. In this case, however, a well-fitting stocking is needed.

A GOOD NAME.—Before all things, and beyond all price, is a good name.—Eminent wisdom has declared that it is "rather to be chosen than great riches."

It stands for and is the label of a man's character. The name one bears, or the accredited reputation, represents his manly worth, his solidity, his virtues and honor.

No power can bring back the fragrance of a good name once blasted. No tongue can declare its value, no mind can conceive the vacuum made by its loss. With it poverty becomes a handmaid, without it wealth is a disgrace.

With it the humblest stations of life are blessed and enobled; without it the highest titles, the most honorable positions and the most favorable human relations are marks of humiliation and insignia of worthlessness.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8203-0096