THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 9. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 18, 1870. NO. 5.

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.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscribers have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, letters of Administration, on the estate of

ISAAC BOYER, colored,
late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscribers, on or before the 27th day of December, 1870, otherwise they may be excluded by law from the benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 31st day of May, 1870.

WILLIAM PERKINS,
THOMAS C. BOYER,
June 4, 1870—4t. Executors.

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.

Chestnut Rails.

JUST RECEIVED, A LARGE LOT OF Chestnut Rails, for sale low.

WM. VANNORT.
Chestertown, April 9, 1870—tf.

BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, BALMORALS, &c.

In great variety, embracing the latest and most Fashionable Styles, just received and now opening. Bought at the *right* time, they *WILL BE SOLD VERY LOW.*

April 16. J. W. COLLINS.

THE MISSES HYNSON

HAVING TAKEN HOUSE

No. 62 Barre Street,

Between Hanover and Sharp,

Convenient to Light street Wharf and Camden Depot, will accommodate Transient, Permanent and Table Boarders.

Baltimore, Nov. 27, 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!!

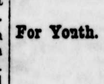
RICHARD B. RUSSELL having removed to the Old Stand on High St., below T. B. Hynson's, is now

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 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,

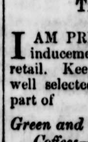
which I offer to Hotel keepers at the VERY LOWEST PRICES, and ask a call.

THOMAS H. 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.

WORDS.

FROM "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

Words are lighter than the cloud foam
Of the restless ocean spray;
Vainer than the trembling shadow
That the next hour steals away;
By the fall of summer rain-drops
Is the air as deeply stirred;
And the rose-leaf that we tread on
Will outlive a word.

Yet on the dull silence breaking,
With a lightning flash, a word,
Bearing endless desolation
On its lightning wings, I heard.
Earth can forge no keener weapon,
Dealing surer death and pain,
And the cruel echo answered
Through long years again.

I have known one word hang star-like
O'er a weary waste of years,
And it only shone the brighter
Looked at through a mist of tears;
While a weary wanderer gathered
Hope and heart on life's dark way,
By its faithful promise shining
Clearer day by day.

I have known a spirit calmer
Than the calmest lake, and clear
As the heavens that gazed upon it,
With no wave of hope or fear;
But a storm had swept across it,
And its deepest depths were stirred,
Never, never more to slumber,
Only by a word.

I have known a word more gentle
Than the breath of summer air,
In a listening heart it nestled,
And it lived forever there;
Not the beating of its prison
Stirred it ever, night or day,
Only with the heart's last throbbing
Could it pass away.

Words are mighty, words are living;
Serpents, with their venomed stings,
Or bright angels, crowding round us,
With heaven's light upon their wings;
Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered,
Echoes in the skies.

Cutting off Little Excesses.

A writer on health well remarks that less food means temperance. Precisely this; nothing more or less. It doesn't mean the temperance reform. It means simply the avoidance of excess, or the little-too-much that hurts. It is the feather that breaks the camel's back. And is it then so hard that this little can't be avoided? Yes, that is it: we must have a little more room in the over-crowded stomach. And what is the consequence? Simply a little uneasy feeling? Sometimes this is all; but not always. It is, however, always a hurt that will be felt by-and-by, and more and more as the individual persists. But, even for the present, with many men, it is a bad thing. A person will feel stupid; he will have the blues, the stomach, through the nervous influence, affects the whole system, making the body dumpish and the whole mind dull, and the individual anything but agreeable. Now this is a common fact; we see it everywhere, every day, every meal; people "hog it;" that is the word. Why not just cut off the little excesses, and thus be cheerful, be healthy? Some men do this. Reader, try it, and you will thank us. Remember, it is not hard; the habit is soon formed; and then you will be in a new atmosphere; you will live a new life. Think not you are not the one aimed at; we all are more or less at fault here. Much more happy as a race should we be, if we paid more attention to diet.

Burned With It.

Two persons who had not seen each other for some time, met accidentally, and one asked the other "how he did." The other replied "that he was very well, and had married since they had last seen each other."

"That is good news, indeed," said the first.

"Nay," replied the other, "not so very good either, for I married a shrew."

"That is bad."

"Not so very bad either, for I had fifty thousand dollars with her."

"That makes it all well again."

"Not so well as you think, for I laid out the money on a flock of sheep and they died of the rot."

"That was hard, truly."

"Not so hard either, for I sold the skins for more than the sheep cost me."

"You were lucky at any rate."

"Not so lucky as you think, for I built a house with the money and that was burned down uninsured.

"That [illegible] been a great loss!"

"Not so great a loss, I assure you, for my wife was burnt with it."

☞ Daniel Webster said: "If we work upon marble it will perish; if upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples they will crumble into dust. But if we work upon our immortal minds—if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men—we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten through all eternity."

Was that person in a stormy mood who hailed a friend?

WHAT CAME OF MY JEALOUSY.

It was a misty, yet sweet, September night. I can see the sky hung over our cottage home, starry blue, with here and there a patch of white, floating gossamer; and the harvest-moon coming up and flooding all the world with golden splendor. I remember how the crimson roses hung above the door-way, heavy with their own sweetness; and what suggestive odors floated up from the flower-beds in the dim, old garden. I can even remember the dress in which my husband loved me best. Did he love me at all? Or was it my yellow gold that won him?

Immediately after our mar marriage we went to Europe, where we rambled about for a year or two, wintering in Rome, and spending our summers amid the Alps.—Then we returned home. But the nomadic spirit was still upon us, and we took what our own country afforded in the way of gipsy life. In the midst of this wandering, in a little country town amid the lakes, my first trouble came. On the second day of our sojourn at this place, to which we had come in accordance with my husbands wish, I missed him. He was fishing for trout, one of our party suggested; and in the afternoon we strolled down toward the stream. Passing a small cottage, we heard voices, and something familiar made me glance that way. There they stood, side by side, my husband and a woman—a young woman, with glossy, raven hair! I passed on in silence; but that night night, when my husband returned and sought me, I was reserved and cold, I refused to dance, and would not sing for him. He followed me from place to place, his eyes full of grave solicitude. The instant we were in our own room, he caught my hand in his.

"My darling," he said, "what troubles you?"

For my life I could not tell him. I was afraid to let him know that I doubted his integrity.

"Horace," I questioned, timidly, "do you love me?"

His fine eyes opened wide with astonishment. But he answered passionately.

"Love you? Ay, better than you will ever know, Violet."

"Did you—have you ever loved any one else?" I faltered.

"Never, Violet, on my honor."

I was happy, yet not entirely satisfied. I was a woman. Eve ate the forbidden fruit with Paradise all around her.

"Then who was it." I faltered, "that woman—I saw you with—this afternoon?"

He started, and flushed very red for a moment, then he laughed.

"Oh!" he said, "jealous, are you?—I am sure you love me. But, seriously, dear, I ought to have apologized for my long absence. That woman was a friend, and old friend of mine—she's in distress, and I had to help her. Are you satisfied?"

I nodded my head in assent, yet my heart was not quite at rest. After that we went down to our little sea-home, and settled into sober, married life; and for months our bliss was perfect; and then that dreadful night came!

Horace had been gone all day. He did not come home to dinner, as was his custom; so after having ordered tea, I dressed myself, and sat down on the rose-shaded porch to await him, Sunset, dusk, evening: the moon soaring up above the sea! Still he did not come. Dinner and supper had both spoiled; the flowers in my hair were fading, and I was sick and weary with waiting and suspense. Horace had never remained away so long since our marriage. What could detain him so? Very slowly the night went by.—Twelve o'clock came, the moon dropped out of sight, leaving me in darkness. An owl hooted from the top of the willow, and the surf beat with a weary, sobbing sound.

I worked myself up into a perfect tremor of alarm and nervous excitement, and by degrees the old doubt, or fear, or whatever it was, stole back to my mind. My husband was cruel to keep me in such suspense. He did not love me! It never occurred to me that he might be detained against his will. When, at last, the clock was on the stroke of three, I caught the quick tramp of his horse's feet. But it did not greatly relieve me. I felt angry, and instead of running down to meet him, as my woman's nature prompted me, I yielded to my petted, wayward will, and kept my seat. He did not stop to take down the bars, but cleared them with a leap. When he reached the porch, he sprung down, flushed and eager.

"Violet," he cried, the moment he caught sight of me, "are you up yet?"—I am so sorry."

He approached, both hands extended. But I turned from him, and walked to the other end of the porch.

He stood for a moment in silent astonishment, then followed, and took my hand, though I [illegible] averted.

"Violet, are you [illegible]? I [illegible] sorry to keep you waiting, but circumstances—"

"Never mind the circumstances now!" I exclaimed, pettishly. "I am very tired, and now that I know you are safe, I will go to bed."

He loosened his hold on my hand, but looked after me as I left him, with a glance I shall never forget. I can see him now, as he stood in the moonlight, so handsome and noble; and I loved him so well I wonder why I turned from him that night.—God knows how it pained me. But the spoiled, wilful temper, that has been my ruin, urged me on.

Did you ever speak a harsh word to one you love, and feel something within you prompting you to speak another? Then you understand how it was that I left my husband standing there, weary and supperless.

"Violet, dear," he said, softly, as I paused involuntarily at the head of the stairs, "come back and let me explain; you know I have not kept you waiting willingly."

But I went on without a word, not to our chamber, but to a little dressing-room exclusively my own, and closed and locked the door. I am sure the Evil one must have had control of me that night. In a little while he came up stairs, and tried the lock of my door; then he called my name softly; but I did not answer—and he went away.

A dozen times that night I lifted my throbbing head from my tear-wet pillow to go out to him and implore his forgiveness, but pride kept me back. Thus I lay, sleepless, till morning. It was a wild morning, too, with drifting rain and sobbing winds, and the sea thundering on the strand.

My husband was already in the breakfast-room when I went down. He turned, and said kindly,

"Good-morning, dear. Are you quite well?"

"Quite well, thank you," I responded, crossing to a window on the opposite side of the room. He arose, and I hoped he was coming to my side, but he only looked at his watch, and said,

"Be kind enough to let me have breakfast at once, Violet, if you can. I am in a hurry, for I have important matters to look after."

I rang the bell at once, and placed myself at the head of the table. When the cheerless repast was over, and my husband rose to go, I felt the hot tears blinding me. I could not let him leave me in anger. I had made a step toward him when he spoke, and his words roused all my old anger and discontent.

"Violet," he said, "I may not be here to dinner. Don't wait for me; it is impossible—"

"Make no excuses, sir," he replied, haughtily; "none are needed."

Oh! those sad, reproachful eyes! But his lips uttered no retort He only said, "Good-bye, dear," and went out.

I watched him from the window, hidden behind a curtain, as he rode away through the driving rain.

The memory of that day comes back to me like a terrible dream! Toward evening my agony became unendurable; and as the rain poured in torrents, I determined to drive over to my husband's office in the neighboring village. About half-way, we met a covered carriage, containing a lady and gentleman.

"Why, that's Mr. Reade!" exclaimed my Driver, as the vehicle dashed past us.

One glance confirmed his words. It was my husband, and by his side was the same woman that I had seen with him once before. My resolution was taken on the instant. I ordered my servant to drive back to Swan's-Nest. I would not wait my husband's return, I said to myself: I could not even charge him with his infidelity: I would go away at once, and never let him see my face again.

In a short time I was ready for my departure. I wrote a note for Horace, telling him that I believed our marriage had been an unwise one, and that I should be happier with my own friends. I begged him not to hunt me down as a fugitive; but to leave me to follow the bent of my inclination. I put the note upon his table, and then went out from the home, where my life had been so happy. In less than a week, my father and I were on our way to Europe.

At the expiration of two wretched years we returned; and I learned from our lawyer that my husband had sailed for China, first making over to me, in fee simple, all his real estate. He never, so the lawyer said, expected to return. I went back to Swan's-Nest. Everything was unchanged. The rooms were just as I had left them. My husband would not let them be touched, the housekeeper said. "Had she ever heard from him?" I asked.—"Only once," she replied, "and then the letter contained another; it was on my dressing-table." I went for it myself, and read it, sitting there in our old room.

"Violet," it began, "you must pardon this intrusion. It will be the last, for, in all human probability, the disease that now consumes me will soon give me a grave in foreign land. But there are a few things I wish to say before I die. I was wrong not to explain all to you from the first. But I desired to spare you what you might consider a disgrace. I thought you could and would trust me.—It was my sister you saw. She was vain and frivolous, and eloped with a profligate. The marriage was illegal, and Ethel was disgraced. She came to me for help.—I could not refuse her. I was taking her to a safe asylum when I was absent that night. You understand it all now.—Don't be troubled, dear, [illegible] and be happy. My [illegible] is dead now, and I [illegible] to live. God bless you, dear. In heaven all these wrongs will be righted."

For two years I lived alone at Swan's-Nest—two years of inexpressible agony; then the news came! A steamer, homeward bound, from Calcutta, was lost, and Horace Reade was one of the passengers. That was death of hope!

Another year dragged by. One sweet May evening I strolled down to the seashore. The sun was setting in waves of gold and purple, and a full moon came up, flooding the great sea, and the long stretch of glittering sand, with a misty splendor. The tide rolled in with a low, musical murmur. I sat down on a rock.

Far out upon the bar, a stately vessel swung at anchor, and a little boat from it was coming in. I watched the tiny craft with a kind of fascination. Presently it grated on the sand, and a man sprang ashore.

A wild, nameless hope took shape in my heart. I arose and tottered forward, blind, and half-unconscious. The instant after a strong arm clasped me.

I looked up into the face above me.—It was wan, and worn, and changed by suffering, but I knew it in an instant.

"Oh, Horace! my husband!" I cried, "forgive me."

Then I felt his tears upon my cheek, his kisses on my lips. The happy world, drowned in the splendor of the spring sunset, faded out, and I sunk into his arms insensible.

It is all over, the remorse, the loneliness, the aching pain! We live at Swan's-Nest, my dear, forgiving husband and myself.

"I had engaged my passage," he said, "in the steamer that was lost. But I fell ill, and could not come then; and that sickness has restored me to you, thank God!"

I thank him also, daily and hourly, for this undeserved, this perfect bliss.—*Peterson's, for May.*

Death of a Famous Bird.

The French papers announce the death of Jacko, the famous parrot of the War Office in Paris. Jacko was first brought into the office in 1830 by Marshall Soult, and he remained for forty years at his post unaffected by revolutions or party conflicts. After a time he came to be looked upon as an indispensable appanage to the War Department, and when there was a Cabinet crisis people used to ask who was to get, not the War Office but the parrot. Tho' he served under eighteen different ministers, he always remained consistent to the principles which were instilled into him when he first entered office. Both under the republic and the second empire he remained a staunch Royalist, and there were few members of this party who spoke their minds with so much frankness. One day his repeated cries of "Vive le Roi!" so annoyed Marshal St. Arnaud when he was War Minister that he ordered the indisiscreet bird to be turned out. Jacko had a friend, however, in the porter, who took him into his lodge and taught him to add "de St. Arnaud" to his usual cry.—The bird was then put back into his room, and as the Marshal was passing, screamed out: "Vive le roi de St. Arnaud!" "A la bonne heure," said the Minister, and Jacko was at once retaken into favor.—Of late years the clerks tried to teach him "Vive l' Empereur!" but he never could bring out the entire sentence without tremendous efforts. He got on very well as far as "Vive l'Empe——," but at this point he seemed to choke, his feathers stood on end, and his eyes rolled with an anxious expression as if he felt his conscience reproaching him. At last, after several minutes' intense struggling, he would jerk out the last syllable "—reur," in a hearse, sepulchral tone. He died immediately after the Duchess of Berry, and on the anniversary of the death of Napoleon I., three days before the Plebiscitum.

The Heartease.

There is a good fable told a king's garden, in which, all at once, the trees and flowers began to wither away; the oak, because it could not yield any fair flowers, the rose bush, because it could bear no fruit; the vine, because it had to cling to the wall and could cast no cool shadow.

"I am of no use in the world," said the oak.

"I might as well die," said the rose bush.

"What good can I do?" murmured the vine.

Then the king saw a little heartease, which, all the time, held up its little cheerful face, while the rest were sad.

And the king said, "What makes you so bright and blooming when all the rest are fading?"

"I thought," said the little heartease, "you wanted me here, because you planted me; and so I thought I would try and be the best little heartease that could be;" Reader, are you like the oak, and the rose bush and the vine, doing nothing because you cannot do as much as others are doing? Or will you be like the heartease, and do your very best in the little corner of the vineyard in which God's hands has put you?

The fastest city in the world—electicity.

Maids of honor—those who do not jilt their suitors.

Dangerous associates—those who are dressed to kill.

A Yankee paper says, in an obituary notice, that "the deceased had been for several years a director of a bank, notwithstanding which he died a Christian and universally respected."

An old lady recently visted Oneida, and was asked on her return home if the *canal* passed through the village. She paused a while and answered, "I guess not—I didn't see it, and if it did it must have gone through in the night when I was asleep."

A couple of fellows, who were pretty thoroughly soaked with bad whiskey, got into a gutter. After floundering about a few minutes one of them said: "Jim, let's go to another house, this hotel leaks."

"Why doctor," said a sick lady, "you give me the same medicine you are giving to my husband; how's that?" "All right," replied the doctor, "what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

"I once observed to a Scotch lady," says Samuel Rogers, in his Table Talk, "how desirable it was in any danger *to have presence of mind.*" "I had rather," she rejoined, "*have absence of body.*"

Henry the VIII., after the death of Jane Seymour, had some difficulty to get another wife. His first offer was to the Duchess of Milan; but her answer was, "She had but one head; if she had two, one should have been at his service."

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