THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 9. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 23, 1870. NO. 10.

KENT OUNTY 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 trains, 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 Kennedyville.

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.

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.

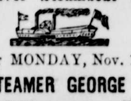
At the Bar will be found the usual varieties of good Liquors.

The public patronage is solicited.

W. B. RASIN.

Chestertown, March 19, 1870—y.

Chester River Steamboat Company.



On and after MONDAY, Nov. 15th, 1869

THE STEAMER GEORGE LAW

Will leave *Baltimore* every TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 7 o'clock A. M., for Kent Island, Queenstown, Grey's Inn Creek, Corsica, Spencer's, Quaker Neck, Booker's, Rolph's, Chestertown and Crumpton. *Returning*, will leave Crumpton every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY, at half-past 6 o'clock, making the above stops.

☞ The steamer Chester will discontinue her trips for the present, for repairs.

R. C. SMITH, Agent.

November 13, 1869.

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURING.

The undersigned having removed to and opened a Boot and Shoe shop on High street, adjoining the Millinery Store of Mrs. C. R. Fiddis, is prepared to make, in the best workmanlike manner, Ladies and Gentlemen's

BOOTS AND SHOES, OF ALL STYLES.

My old customers and the public generally are invited to give me a call.

JOHN A. FIDDIS

Chestertown, Jan. 8, 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

Large New Stock! Large New Stock!

JUST RECEIVED! JUST RECEIVED!

At he People's Popular Store,

Purchased for the Cash, since the latest decline in Prices, enabling us to sell Cheaper than any other establishment now offering *the same Goods.*

The Latest novelties in Summer Dress Goods. Figured Grenadines, Plain and Fancy Poplins, Mozambiques, French Lawns, Rich snd Beautiful Styles. *Grenadine, 12½ cts per yard.*

Organdies, Chambray Ginghams.

White Piques, Percales, Poplinettes, &c.

A Full Variety of White Goods.

Flannels; § Bleached and Unbleached Sheetings; Prints. Domestics; Muslins, bleached and unbleached. Heavy Duck and Drillings, Ticking, Musquito Netting, &c.

PLAIN AND FANCY CASSIMERS,

for Men and Boys. Cottonades, Jeans, Tweeds, Linens, White Linen Drill, &c.

BOOTS AND SHOES,

for Men and Boy's wear.

Ladies, Misses and Childrens BOOTS, SAODS, and GAITERS.

Large Stock of Groceries for Harvest, comprising in part; Sugars, Coffee, Rice, Molasses, &c.

NOTIONS—Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies and Gents Linen Handkerchiefs, Curtains and Fixtures, Parasols and Sun Umbrellas, Fans, Perfumery, Soaps, &c.

Large lot of White and Checked Matting, just received, and will be sold cheap.

Scythes and Sneads, Scythe Stones.

Our Stock is full and complete in all its Branches, to which we invite the attention of Buyers.

☞ Call and examine and be convinced that we can and will sell as cheap as the Cheapest.

WM. A. VICKERS',
June 11. People's Popular Store.

NOTICE.

I HAVE on hand and for sale, at the corner of Queen and Main streets, *FLOUR* at different prices; *MEAL, HOP, FEED, BRAN, OATS* and *ORN.* Those in want will give me a call. W. BACCHUS.

MY MILL is in nice order for grinding. I ask a share of patronage. My effort will be to give satisfaction to all.

Oct. 30—tf. W. BACCHUS.

DR. J. T. TWILLEY,



Dentist,

CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Kent county, that having located in Chestertown, he can always be found at his office on High Street, next door below the residence of Miss T. Bradshaw.

☞ His charges are moderate and all work done by him guaranteed to be as he represents.

Jnuray 13, 1865—y.

PURNELL

HAS RECEIVED

A New Stock

OF

Spring and Summer Goods,

embraced in which is a beautiful assortment of

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES.

—:o:—

MR. WM. GREENBURG,

The New York Tailor,

Occupies rooms over his Store, and *guarantees a fit.*

Call and see him at

GALENA.

April 30, 1870—tf.

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Come Running, but don't Fall, to

Robt. E. Holtz's arriage Factory,

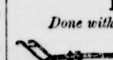
WILLIS' CROSS ROADS,

Where you can have built to order, of the best material, and in the very latest styles, BUGGIES, SULKIES, JAGGERS, ROCKAWAYS, PHAETONS, GERMANTOWNS, DOG CARTS, EXPRESS WAGONS and ROAD WAGONS.



Painting, Trimming and Repairing,

Done with neatness and dispatch.



I will also carry on the WHEELWRIGHT SHOP *at Hanesville,* where I will do all kinds of work in that line, and build to order Wagons, Carts, Drays, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators. All kinds of Repairing done with neatness and dispatch, and



20 PER CENT. LOWER

THAN YOU CAN GET DONE ELSEWHERE, AND *Guaranteed at that!*

LOOK WHAT A SAVING THAT WILL BE!

☞ Feeling sure that I can give satisfaction, I most respectfully solicit a share of your patronage.

ROBERT E. HOLTZ,
Willis' Cross Roads and Hanesville,
Apr. 9, 1870—y. Kent Co.

WOOD FOR SALE.

THE subscriber has in Yard, and offers for sale, 300 Cords of Wood—Oak, Pine and Hickory.

Yard corner of Bridge and Queen streets.

S. S. USILTON,
Feb. 12, 1870—tf. Chestertown.

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.

H. McCoy. Wm. I. Rasin.

McCOY & RASIN,

General Commission Merchants,

No. 73 South Street,

OPPOSITE CORN EXCHANGE,

BALTIMORE.

Tendering our thanks to the citizens of Kent, for the liberal patronage extended to us in the past, we ask for a continuance.

Feb. 13, 1870— y.

Removal.

SAMUEL C. GLEAVES

RESPECTFULLY informs his customers and the public generally that he has removed to the

Corner Store, up town,

formerly occupied by Mr. James W. Phillips, and has now in store, and will keep constantly on hand a large and choice assortment of

GROCERIES, SUGAR, COFFEE, TEA, &C.

GOOD TOBACCO AND SEGARS.

I have also a full assortment of

LIQUORS OF ALL KINDS.

FLOUR, MEAL AND FEED, of all kinds, on hand.

☞ Please call and examine my stock of Goods.

SAMUEL C. GLEAVES.

Chestertown, Sept. 11, 1869—y.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

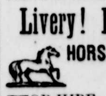
DEBORAH TURNER,

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 subscriber, on or before the 17th day of January, 1871, otherwise they may be excluded by law from the benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 21st day of June, 1870.

JULIA A. HUNT,
June 25, 1870—4t. Executrix.

Livery! Livery!! Livery!!!



HORSES AND CARRIAGES



FOR HIRE.—I am prepared to furnish all who want to hire Horses and Carriages, with good, safe and quick animals, and with substantial, easy carriages, on *liberal terms.*

Parties sent to any part of the county.

A good, safe turnout, can always be obtained by applying to

SAMUEL S. RAWLEIGH,
April 30, 1870—3m. Queen street.

Selected Poetry.

From the New York Day Book.

HOPE'S DELAY.

BY H. M. BURT.

Sweet Hope! thou hast fled from me far, far away,
Scarce leaving a trace of thy brief bright spring-day,
And the dark cares of earth gather fast o'er my soul,
As the waves of life's agony over me roll!

Through the deep gloom of sorrow no hope star appears,
And my heart's weeping silently over its fears;
That vanished for aye like a dream of delight,
I'll ne'er see thy shining, sweet star of my night!

Why tarriest thou, Hope? Are thy rainbow-lit wings,
Aweary of drooping 'mid earth's fair, frail things?
Where the light that shines brightest but bids us beware
Of the shadow that lingers forever so near!

Where the flowers of feeling are born but to die,
'Neath the cold, withering blight of misfortune to lie,
Or blooming unnoticed, breathe out their short day,
In sorrowful sweetness soon fading away.

Where the gem's only judged by the setting 'tis in,
And hearts can be bought (ah! such traffic is sin!)
Where virtue in rags is passed sneeringly by
And purple clad vice reigns triumphant on high!

Where the few hearts that cherish an old-fashioned love,
For "lang syne's" vanished brightness, or Heaven's above,
Are like the sweet visits of angels so rare,
They seem but lost relics of Eden so fair!

Where thy hope light shines dimly to cheer us still on,
To the home where misfortune and change cannot come,
Where love shines forever unsullied and pure,
And sad hearts find joy never dreamed of before!

Then stay not thy coming, sweet star of my heart,
Shine on in thy beauty and never depart;
Lest, earth-sick and weary, I faint by the way,
And ne'er reach thy home, where there's no more delay.

John Chinaman's Amusements.

On Wednesday night invitations were issued by some of the Chinese established in New York, for a private entertainment at one of their houses. A reporter of the Times, who was present, tells what he saw, as follows:

Shortly after the hour named an agile son of the Orient, with a long queue falling from his head, came from behind the cover, and at the conclusion of a few salaams, proceeded to introduce himself in pigeon English in the following style: "I am big juggler and Chinaman. My name in China is Hang Chow. My name in Inglesee is Dr. Ah Foon. I speak Inglesee and I knows Chinese with pen and ink. I come here to see my brother. I have been to California." After delivering himself of this speech Dr. Ah Foon made another bow and then commenced giving an exhibition of his skill as a conjurer. One of his first tricks was to take a pocket handkerchief and twist it into the semblance of a rat. He subsequently placed it on a deal table and covered it over with a cloth, first making a short, gibberish incantation. A movement was immediately noticed underneath the cloth, and the latter article, on being removed, was found to contain two live pigeons. He also took a neurospat, or puppet, and with the aid of two fans caused it to walk and to lie down at his dictation. The same fans were brought into requisition in making a tea cup and saucer revolve through the air. Dr. Ah Foon afterwards lighted some pieces of paper, which he put in his mouth and pretended to swallow amid great pain. He next crammed some fresh paper into his mouth, and soon commenced vomiting out smoke. He finally removed all the paper, after which he apparently pulled out of his throat a long, black-colored thing, having the appearance of a stick. This was suspected to be nothing less than black paper, from the fact that he went behind his screen before removing it entirely from his mouth. One of the most adroit movements which he made consisted of handling some empty tea cups in such a manner as to fill one of them partially full with a decoction which he called lemonade. The spectators thought he must have invoked the aid of the genii to help in executing this trick. The entertainment closed with a collation, in which sponge cake and peanuts were freely offered among the Chinamen. It was alleged that they were particularly fond of both, and that if they have any preference it is in favor of the peanuts.

☞ A man who was too mean to advertise land he wanted to sell put a written notice in one of the hotels the other day. A man who was inquiring for a small farm was referred to the written notice, when he replied: "I can't buy land at a fair price of any man who does his advertising in that way. He'd steal the fence, the pump-handle, and the barn doors, before he gave up possession."

THE BURGLAR.

Aladdin Park. My aunt lived at No. 3, Mr. Summer at No. 2; and the paling which divided the two gardens was not high. So it fell out that I often held romantic converse with Lucy. There was a certain similiarity about our tastes and positions in the world which created sympathy between us. She liked gooseberries—I liked gooseberries; and we compared samples over the paling. She lived with an uncle—I stayed sometimes with an aunt. Startling coincidences these, which almost made one's blood thrill. The mysterious hand of fate had some evident purpose in thus drawing us together. I remember making that remark, and she said "Yes," quite placidly: so I suppose my words had some meaning—tho' I have no notion what, unless it was intended that she was very pretty and attractive, and I liked gossiping with her over the paling. That style of flirtation seemed best suited to both of us. We never got on half so well when we went on ordinary term, without an emboldening partition-wall. Perhaps Pyramus and Thisbe would have stammered platitudes about the weather, and contented themselves with a bashful hand-shaking, if the wild best had not poked his nose in, and prevented their meeting at "Ninny's tomb."

Lucy's uncle, Mr. Summer, reminded one somewhat of a hare. He was a small man, with a wiry body, which gave promise of agility, and—have you ever heard of a race-horse described as "quick on his legs?"—well, Mr. Summer gave one the impresion that, if need were, he could be quick on his legs. His face denoted great timidity: when in repose, there was an air about him of listening for the hounds; and every now and then he would raise his nose, as if sniffing the enemy in the wind; while at any sudden noise he would start, and turn his large round, prominent eyes in the direction from which it came, as much as to say, "Here they are!"

While my aunt and myself were yet contemplating his niece, he came up to us in a greater tremble and with larger eyes than usual.

"Dreadful, dreadful, is it not? We shall all be murdered in detail, house by house! They tried No. 7 last night, but rang a bell attached to one of the shutters, and so gave the alarm to Mr. Jones, who happened to be sitting up late."

"Bless me, Mr. Summer!" cried my aunt, "you don't mean burglars?"

"Yes, Miss Cingle, I do mean burglar; doubtless the same gang that stripped No. 1 so completely—from the plate to the umbrellas—and finished up with supper in the kitchen before they departed."

"The same gang, Mr. Summer? Would they dare to revisit the neighborhood only a fortnight afterwards?"

"Yes, Miss Cingle, they would. I have made burglars my peculiar study, and that is their audacious custom. You take great interest in your apiary, and are probably aware that when robber bees have once tasted the honey in a strange hive they will return again and again in spite of all risks. Well, housebreakers apper to have a similar instinct."

"But are you sure there was any attempt made last night at all? Bells sometimes slip."

"Madam," said Mr. Summer, solemnly shaking his head, "on opening the shutter, Mr. Jones found that the window had been drawn up."

"But perhaps it had been left so. Servants are careless!"

"Would there were any such loophole for hope. I have myself seen the impress of boots upon the flower-bed—large, brutal boots, with great nails in them—such boots as the villians kick their wives and other victims to death with."

"Dear me," said my aunt; "the police ought to be communicated with."

"That has been done," replied Mr. Summer, despondently; "but it is not of the slightest use. However, it will be a satisfaction to our friends, when we lie on a bloody bier, to know that all precautions have been taken. On that account I mean to exercise, and recommend to my neighbors, increased vigilance. Every practicable entrance to the house ought to be firmly secured the last thing at night—not that it is possible to keep burglars out if they are determined to effect an entrance, the instruments they employ in their nefarious craft have been too highly perfected for that—but, as I said, for satisfaction, to avoid self-reproach, just as we call in a physician when a case is hopeless."

"What dreadful times we live in, to be sure!"

"We do, indeed, Miss Cingle."

"It is all the march of intellect," said I; "for though my dear aunt's will is made, there are such things as codicils." And here I killed two birds with one stone; for Lucy's uncle smiled and nodded approvingly; and I followed up the favorable impression my words made upon him fetching him, too, some Champagne cup; and then, being called away to take part in croquet, I left my aunt and Mr. Summer to indulge in what cheerful anticipations they liked, and preceded to exercise my talent of ingratitation in another quarter, by nursing Miss Lucy's ball through a protracted game—thereby, as she was a nominal adversary, exciting great wrath amongst the members of my own side.—But it is impossible, with the best intentions, to please everybody.

I told my charmer what our relatives under the verandah were talking about, and asked if she were afraid of thieves.

"No," she replied, "I am quite hardened. My poor uncle is always in a state of dread about something or another. One day it is earthquakes, another, fire—then he anticipates an English edition of the French Revolution—then an invasion.—All last autmn he was in monetary dread lest the whole earth should go [illegible] off into the sun, so that I have become so used to the cry of 'wolf!' that I don't think I am afraid of anything—except spiders."

"I do not wonder at his nervousness when he has such a treasure under his care."

"What treasure?" asked Lucy.

"Spoons!" cried Miss Boy Thomas, who was standing nearer than I knew of.

When the party broke up, and I took my aunt home, I found that she was, to a considerable extent, affected by Mr Summer's conversation. She spoke of her unprotected condition; of the relief it was to have me sleeping in the house; and of how she wished that I could reside with her permanently—which was not a feasible plan. I suggested that she should indulge in a man-servant, and she said that she had already had that idea, but Mr. Summer had painted the probability of her engaging a disguised member of the gang—a burglar in footman's clothing—in such vivid colors, that the motion had been lost without a division. I next proposed investment in a dog; and, as her ingeniously timid neighbor had met this comfort also with the assertion that the pacification of those faithful animals with drugged meats was the first lesson learned by every tyro in house-breaking, I promised to get her a small bull-dog, of fierce disposition, but drawing-room dimensions, who might live in the house, and remain always under her own eye; and the prospect of possessing such a guardian soothed her fears to a considerable extent.

Of course my aunt had no smoking-room in her house; but as she was a large-hearted lady, she allowed me to have my pipe in the kitchen after the servants had gone to bed, and even directed seltzer and sherry to be put out for my use on such occasions. I was enjoying these comforts and a book that night, when I thought I heard a voice; and, listening attentively, distinguished my name called in a loud whisper.

"Harry!" and then again, Harry!"

"Yes, aunt," I replied, in the same midnight tones, and going to the door; what is the matter?"

"I am sure I heard a noise in the garden."

This was highly probable, as the cats belonging to Aladdin Park are remarkably numerous, adventurous, and turbulent; and for their repression, indeed (though he said it was for the rabbits), the gardener kept a gun constantly loaded, which he brought into the house at night; and there it now stood, behind the eight-day clock, in a corner of the kitchen.

"I will go round and see what it is," said I—in brave defiance of the feline race, as represented at least in England.

"Take care, they will murder you.—Oh, no; I can never consent to your going out!"

"I will take Timothy's gun with me."

"Eh? Well, that is different; and it would be satisfying to know if anyone's there. I dare say it is all my fancy."

"We will soon see," said I, pushing back the top bolt of the front door—for I was in the hall by this time, and able to distinguish something white, from which my aunt's voice proceeded, on the first landing.

"Stop!" she now exclaimed; "they will rush in through the unfastened door while you are at the other end of the garden."

"I'll put the chain up after him," said another voice.

"Oh, cook, how you made me jump! cried my aunt. "But won't you be afraid?"

"Not I, mum."

So it was arranged. I went out with the gardner's gun, heard the chain put up behind me, and proceeded to make a tour of inspection round the shrubbery.—Cats, scratching up the flower-beds, fled before me; rabbits, nibbling the precious shoots, scuttled away in the moonlight; but no more formidable depredators were anywhere visible; and I was on the point of returning indoors, when my attention was attracted by something on the premises adjoining.

The wing of Mr. Summer's house next to ours had been an enlargement—an after thought—and was a story lower than the rest of the building; and on the roof of this new part I could distinctly see a figure, very much larger than that of any cat, crawling along, and peeping down the skylight which covered what, in the days of a former and more dissipated tenant, had been a billiard-room.

Poor Mr. Summer! His fears, then, had not been entirely fanciful; and his house had really been selected as a proper field for burglarious enterprise. It would be enough to frighten him into a state idiotiey to be roused from his slumbers by a villian with crape, mask and pistol. And Lucy! How fortunate that I had discovered the rascal before he effected an entrance. If I could only secure him cleverly, now, Mr. Summer would be bound, in common gratitude, to allow me to make love to his niece.

"Holloa, there!" I cried. What are you doing on the roof of that house?—Come down this instant, or I will shoot you. No; come down on the outside—the way you went up." For directly he heard my voice, the fellow seized the skylight and commenced raising it, evidently intending to enter the house.

"I declare I'll fire, if you do not come away from there," I persisted, seeing that he paid no attention. "Well, if you *will* have it: one, two, three"—explosion—crash—disappearance of burglar.

The gun could only be loaded with small shot, and at the distance he was off it was extremely improbable that he had received any fatal wound; but he might have broken his neck in falling through the skylight, or

"Cut his throat with a little bit of glass," like the gentleman in the ballad—for either of which calamities I could only be held partially responsible. But I thought more of the alarm of the family than the fate of the robber, and ran round to the front door of Mr. Summer's house with all possible speed.

There was a rare hullabaloo going on in inside—Lucy and the three female servants must all have been screaming their best to produce the din, which for some time drowned the sound of knocking and ringing. At last the door was partially opened—I was recognized by the housemaid, and requested to run for a dector.

"Master's bleeding awful!" she said.

"Your master! Mr. Summer?"

"O, yes, sir. He was going his rounds on the roof, a looking for thieves, when some villian shooted him with a gun, and and he fell right through the skylight."

"Is—he—much—hurt?"

"Can't live a hower, I should say."

I rushed off to the house of the nearest surgeon, and, haying seen him to Mr. Summer's door, returned to my aunt, who was curious and hysterical. It was a very meagre account that I gave her. I said that a gun had been fired, and Mr. Summer had been much alarmed, but it was all right now; and so coaxed her off to bed. And next morning, not caring to stand a cross-examination, I started off early, without my breakfast; nor have I dared to go near Aladdin Park since.

The housemaid was wrong, though—thank goodness! Her master not only lived "a hower," but he is alive now.—Indeed, he was more frightened than injured—though that he certainly might well be, and yet receive considerable hurt. His first unpleasant experiences of the part of an amateur detective, and watchman and custodian of a whole row of villas, were not of such a character as to lead him to enter unnecessarily upon such a hazardous experiment in future.

His intentions were extremely good, though the result turned out to be so unfortunate for him—and me. Happily, however, the glass did not cut him very badly, and he did not fall to the ground, but saved himself by clutching at the ladder by which he had scrambled through the skylight. But alas! seven No. 6 shots have been extracted from his person, and he knows that I fired them into it.

Will He Succeed!

In nine cases out of ten, no man's life will be a success if he does not bear burdens in his childhood. If the fondness or the vanity of father or mother kept him from contact with hard work; if another always helped him out at the end of his row; if, instead of taking his turn at pitching off, he mowed away all the time—in short, if what was light always fell to him, and what was heavy about the same work to some one else; if he has been permitted to shirk till shirking has become a habit—unless a miracle is wrought, his life will be a failure, and the blame will not be half as much his as that of weak, foolish parents.

On the other hand, if a boy has been brought up to do his part; never allowed to shirk any legitimate responsibility, or permitted to dodge work, whether or not it made his back ache, or soiled his hands, until bearing heavy burdens became a matter of pride, the heavy end of the wood his from choice—parents, as they bid him good-by, may dismiss their fears. His life will not be a business failure.—The elements of success are his, and at some time and in some way the world will recognize his capacity.

Take another point. Money is the object of world's pursuit. It is a legitimate object. It gives bread, and clothing, and homes, and comfort. The world has not judged wholly unwisely when it has made the position a man occupies to hinge more or less on his ability to earn money, and somewhat upon the amount of his possessions. If he is miserably poor, it either argues some defect in his business ability, some recklessness in his expenditures, or a lack of fitness to cope with men in the great battle for gold.

When a country-bred boy leaves home, it is generally to enter upon some business the end of which is to acquire property, and he will succeed just in proportion as he has been made to earn and save in his childhood.

If all the money he has had has come of planting a little patch in the spring, and selling its produce after weary months of watching and toil in the fall, or from killing woodchucks at six cents a head, or from trapping musk-rats, and selling their skins for a shilling; setting snares in the fall for game, and walking miles to see them in the morning before the old folks were up; husking corn for a neighbor, moonlight evenings, at two cents a bushel; working out an occasional day that hard work at home has made possible—he is good to make his pile in the world.

On the contrary, if the boy never earned a dollar; if parents and friends always kept him in spending-money—pennies to buy candy and fish-hooks, and satisfy his imagined wants—and he has grown to manhood in the expectancy that the world will generally treat him with similar consideration, he will always be a make-shift; and the fault is not so much his as that of those about him, who never made the boy depend upon himself—did not make him wait six months to get money to replace a lost jack-knife.

Every body has to rough it at one time or another. If the roughing comes in boyhood, it does good; if later, when habits are formed, it is equally tough; but not being educational, is generally useless.—And the question as to whether a young man will succeed in making money or not depends not upon where he goes or what he does, but upon his willingness to do "his part," and upon his having earned money, and so gained a knowledge of its worth. Not a little of this valuable experience and knowledge the country boy gets on the old farm, under the tutelage of parents shrewd enough to see the end from the beginning, and to make the labor and grief of children contribute to the success of subsequent life.—*Hearth and Home.*

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