THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 9. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 20, 1870. NO. 14.

GROCERIES,
WINES AND LIQUORS.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

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

Old Brandies, Wines, Whiskeys, Gin,

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

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

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

BOTS AN D 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.

LONDON BROWN STOUT.

E. & G. HIBBERT'S exportation—guaranteed genuine and recommended for people laboring under debility during hot weather: in store and for sale by

THOMAS S. WICKES.
July 2, 1870.

PEACH BOXES.

THE undersigned as Agent for A. J. Horsey, Laurel, Del., is prepared to furnish Peach Growers with Boxes of the best quality, at the lowest prices. They will be delivered at any of the Landings on Chester or Sassafras Rivers.

Specimen Boxes may be seen at the store of Wm. Bacchus, Chestertown,

GEO. Q. BACCHUS,
June 11—tf. Chestertown.

WM. TOMLINSON. WM. T. TOMLINSON

WM. TOMLINSON & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
FOR THE SALE OF
Grain, Live Stock and Country Produce Generally,
No. 112 Ligh St. Wharf, Balto.

ORDERS FR GROCERIES, SEEDS, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, and other Merchandise promptly filled.

☞ *Consignments respectfully solicited.*
January 19, 1870—y

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.

WM. P. FRANCIS

OFFERS his services to the Fruit Growers of Kent and Queen Anne's counties. Having had experience as a fruit grower, and believing that his knowledge as a salesman will enable him to obtain prices that will be satisfactory to the grower of fruit, will be thankful to receive fruit on consignment, or any thing that the farmer may have to sell.

Returns made promptly: sent by check or private hands when ordered in writing.

WM. P. FRANCIS,
WITH
WM. TOMLINSON & CO.,
July 23—2m. 112 *Light St. Wharf.*

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.

PAY YOUR TAXES.

THE subscriber has been appointed Collector of Taxes for the third election district of this county, he has given bond for the faithful and prompt collection thereof he has received his books and hereby notifies the tax payers of the third district that thei, taxes are due and that he intends to collect them, by the voluntary act of the parties if he can, but promptly by the law if he must.

Can be found every day of the week (Sundays excepted) at his place of business at Smithville. WM. V. LUCAS,
July 16, 1870-tf. Coll. Third District.

CHAS. B. BAYLY,
DEALER IN
SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS, Musical Instruments
AND MUSI AL 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.

CIGARS & CONFECTIONARY.

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.

Balmoral Boots & Shoes,
Ladies and Misses
Lasting Gaiters,
CHILDRENS' AND INFANTS' PLAIN AND FANCY SHOES, ALL OF THE LATEST STYLES!
T. W. ELIASON & SON

Have just opened a very large assortment of the above Goods, to which they invite your ttention. [April 16, 1870.

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.

AT PRIVATE SALE,
The very Desirable Farm

OF THE LATE AUGUSTINE BOYER in Kent county, Maryland, situated about a mile from Sassafras, on the road leading to Smyrna. The location is one of the most healthy, convenient and pleasant in the county, being about a mile from a station on the Kent county Railroad and two and a-half miles from a Landing on the Sassafras River.



THE MANSION HOUSE is of brick, well and carefully built, and in good order, with a dry, cool cellar, and the grounds and surroundings have been arranged and attended to. The fields may be arranged to be watered from a running stream.

The Farm is in good order, with an ample supply of Chestnut and other Timber for repairs.

The land is considered of the best quality, producing Grain, Fruits and Grasses in perfection.

The Farm contains 375 Acres,
MORE OR LESS.

As it is supposed that any one desiring to purchase would wish to view the premises, they will be shown with pleasure by the occupier, Mr. Edward Boyer.

A Plot of the property is in the possession of the undersigned; and for terms of sale apply to

GEORGE VICKERS,
July 30, 1870—4w *Chestertown, Md.*

TRUSTEE'S SALE
OF
A SMALL HOMESTEAD.

BY Virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, sitting as a Court of Equity, the undersigned, as Trustee, will offer at Public Sale, on

Thursday, the 25th day of August, 1870,

at eleven o'clock, A. M., at the store of Geo. W. Covington, in the Village of Still Pond,

ALL THAT TRACT OF LAND

situated on Still Pond Creek, the property of the late Mrs. Mary Kennard, deceased, and

Containing about Fifteen Acres
OF LAND.

This Tract of Land is situated near the head of Still Pond Creek in Kent county, and adjoins the lands of Edwin P. Janvier, Mrs. A. Crew and others. The land is high, and the soil light and kind, being admirably adapted to gardening purposes, and nearly all arable. It is a short distance from a Wharf on Still Pond Creek, and binds immediately on said Creek. It is within two miles of the Village of Still Pond, and convenient to Churches, Schools and Mill. The Kent Co. Railroad runs within five miles of this tract, and there is daily communication by steamboat from Betterton Wharf, four miles distant, both to Baltimore and Philadelphia.



The improvements consist of a comfortable Two-Story BRICK DWELLING, and the necessary Out Buildings.

THE TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the Decree, are—Five hundred dollars cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification thereof, and the balance in twelve months from day of sale. The credit payment to be secured by the bond of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the Trustee. The purchaser to pay for all Stamps and Deed.

J. A. PEARCE, *Trustee.*
August 6, 1870—tds.

LOST,

A **POCKET BOOK** CONTAINING *THIRTY DOLLARS* in money; also, papers and notes, no use but to the owner. It was lost last Wednesday evening, August the 3rd. The person finding the Pocket Book can keep the money if he will return the papers and notes to

B. STRAUSS,
Clothing Store, Chestertown, Md.
August 6, 1870—3t.

VENDUE.

BY Virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Kent County, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on

WEDNESDAY, 24th of AUGUST,

at his late residence, at 10 o'clock, A. M., all the Personal Estate of the late William T. Baker, consisting of;



Eight head of Horses, some fine roadsters, and one very

HANDSOME COLT, 3 YEARS OLD;

1 Yoke of LARGE OXEN,
ONE LARGE ROAN BULL,
three years old, of superior Stock, quiet and gentle;



16 Superior Milch Cows,
Several beautiful Heifers,
Very Fine LARGE HOGS and several SUPERIOR BROOD SOWS.



ONE NEW FARM WAGON,
With Peach Rigging,
that will carry 100 Baskets of Peaches, one of the best wagons ever made in the county; also, another FARM WAGON:
Carts, Machines, Clover Huller, Drill, Rake, Mower, Reaper, Horse Power, Plows, Cultivators, Harrows, &c., &c.

A large lot of
GOOD CLOVER HAY,
HOUSEHOLD & KITCHEN FURNITURE.

THE TERMS OF SALE
As prescribed by the Court are—Are a credit on all sums of and over Twenty Dollars, of six months, with approved security.

No property to be removed till the terms are complied with.

C. H. BAKER,
Executor of W. T. Baker.
August 13, 1870—tds.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS indebted to *J. A. CATLIN* are hereby notified that their accounts will be due *July 1st,* at which time they are positively requested to call and settle. [June 25, 1870—tf.

Selected Poetry.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures, that always please;
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share his joys with a genial glow.
With sympathy large enough to enfold
All men as brothers is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untried by the lusts or cares of wealth;
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot,
For mind and morals in nature's plan
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops in his slumber deep
Brings sleeping draughts to his downy bed,
Where luxury pillows his aching head,
His simple opiate labor deems
A short road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is the thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian lore,
And live with the great and good of yore,
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires pass away,
The world's great drama will thus unfold,
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is the peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come,
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife,
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold
And centre there are better than gold.

THE OLD GUNNER'S SHOT.

Our noble ship lay at anchor in the bay of Trangier, a fortified city in the extreme northwest point of Africa. The day had been extremely mild, with a gentle breeze sweeping in from the northward and westward, but toward the close of the afternoon the sea-breeze died away, and one of those sultry, oven-like atmospheric breathings came up from the great sunburnt Sahara. Half an hour before sundown the captain gave the cheering order to the boatswain to "call all hands to go in a swimming," and in less than five minutes the forms of our hardy tars were seen leaping from the gangways, the ports, the nettings, the bowsprits, and some of the more venturesome took their plunge from the arms or the lower yards.

One of the studding-sails had been lowered into the water, with its corners suspended from the main yard arm and the swinging boom, and into this most of the swimmers made their way. Among those who seemed to be enjoying the sport most were two of the boys, Tim Wallace and Fred Fairbanks, the latter of whom was the son of our old gunner, and in a laughing mood they started out from the studding-sail on a race. There was a loud, ringing shout of of joy upon their lips as they put off, and they darted through the water like fishes. The surface of the sea was as smooth as glass, though its bosom rose in long heavy swells that set in from the broad Atlantic.

The ship was moored with a long sweep upon both cables, and the buoy of the starboard anchor was far away on the starboard quarter where it rose and fell with a lazy swell like a drunken man.—Toward this buoy the two lads made their way, Fred Fairbanks taking the lead; but when they were within a dozen fathoms of the buoy, Tim shot ahead and promised to win the race. The old gunner had watched the progress of his little son with a vast degree of pride, and when he saw him dropping behind he leaped upon the poop, and was just upon the point urging him on by a shout, when a cry reached him that made him start as though he had been struck by a cannon ball.

"*A shark! A shark!*" came from the captain of the forcastle, and at the sound of these terrible words the men who were in the water leaped and plunged toward the ship.

Right abeam, at a distance of three or four cables' length, a sharp wake was seen in the water, where the black fin of the monster was visible. His course was for the boys! For a moment the poor gunner stood like one bereft of sense, but the next he shouted at the top of his voice for his boy to turn, but the little fellow heard him not; stoutly the two swimmers strove for the goal, all unconscious of the bloody death-spirit which hovered so near them. The merry laugh still rang out over the waters, and at length they both reached the buoy together.

Oh, what drops of agony started from the brow of our gunner! A boat had put off, but Fairbanks knew that it could not reach his child in season, for the shark was too near his intended victims; and every moment he expected to see it sink from sight—then he knew that all hope would be gone. At this moment a cry reached the ship which went through every heart like a stream of scorching fire—the boys had discovered their enemy!

That cry startled old Fairbanks to his senses, and quicker than thought he sprang to the quarter-deck. The guns were loaded and shotted fore and aft, and none knew their temper better than he. With a steady hand, made strong by a sudden hope, the old gunner seized a priming-wire and pricked the cartridge of one of the quarter guns; then he took from his pocket a percussion wafer and set it in its place, and set back the hammer of the patent lock. With a giant's strength the old man swayed the breech of the heavy gun to its bearing, and then, seizing the string of the lock, he stood back and watched for the next swell that should bring the shark within range. He had aimed the piece some distance ahead of his mark, but a single moment would settle his hopes or fears.

Every breath was hushed, and every heart in that old ship was painfully still. The boat was yet some distance from the boys, while the horrible sea monster was frightfully near. Suddenly the air was awoke by the roar of the heavy gun, and as the old man knew that his shot had gone, he sunk back upon the combings of the hatch, and buried his face in his hands, as if afraid to see the result of his own effort, for if he had failed he knew that his boy was lost!

For a moment after the report of the gun had died away upon the air there was a dead silence; but as the impenetrable smoke arose from the surface of the water, there was a low murmur breaking from the lips of the men; that murmur grew louder and stronger, until it swelled to a joyous, deafening shout. The old gunner sprang to his feet, and gazed off upon the water; and the first thing that met his view was the huge carcass of the shark, floating with its white belly uppermost—a mangled, lifeless mass.

In a few a moments the boat had reached the daring swimmers, and half-dead from fright they were brought on board. The old man clasped his boy in his arms, and then overcome by the powerful excitement, he leaned back upon his gun for support.

I have seen men in all phases of excitement and suspense; but never had I seen three hundred human beings more overcome by thrilling emotion than in that startling moment when first we knew the effect of our gunner's shot.

Fulton's First Steamboat.

A correspondent of the Geneva *Courier* relates the following story of the Kate Morgan, the little steamer which for more than a generation has plied on Cayuga Lake, her owners obeying the behest of the first proprietor, to run her till she burst:"

Before the Chancellor Livingstone stemmed the current of the Hudson, yet after the little Clermont had stirred the quieter waters of the Collect Pond, the whistle of the Kate Morgan awoke the echoes in Taughanic Glen, and her paddle-wheel dashed the spray upon Cayuga bridge.—There is a bit of romance attaching to her name and building.

Old General Morgan, of Revolutionary fame, had a noble estate on the eastern bank of the lake, not far from where the present Wells College now stands. Between his only daughter, a lovely girl of eighteen, and young Fulton had long existed a tender attachment, which however, the poverty and obscurity of Robert led the General to severely frown upon. Fulton went to New York. He labored long years in perfecting his invention; his day of triumph came, and then he wrote to the stern father relating his success and asking for the daughter's hand.

"Nay," wrote back the incredulous old soldier, "I'll believe what I see with my own eyes. Come you back, scrapegrace, to the lake; build and sail a steamboat past my own door, and then, and not till then, shall you have my daughter Kate."

"Need I say that Fulton came joyfully back, that a steamer was built as rapidly as circumstances would permit, that she was launched, in due time did sail triumphantly past the General's door! But let me add that, according to an express stipulation made by sly Robert in case he succeeded—when the Kate Morgan sheered in towards the General's dock a small boat was seen pushing out containing the original Kate, her grim father, and a gentleman in clerical vestments. They were soon on board, and there, amid the waving of flags, the ringing of bells and the blowing of whistles, the proud inventor and prouder bride were made one. A glorious sweep up and down the lake completed the first bridal trip by steam ever known in this country.

Before we leave this historical boat let us go below a moment. Here are the old fashioned engines, inscribed "Treman, Cartwright &c." They were the first engine builders in the United States, and furnished both Fulton's and Fitch's boats. Cartwright was the father of the well known Peter Cartwright, the Western backwoods preacher.

Glance now at the cabin. Its upholstering was furnished by A. T. Stewart, at that time an enterprising young tradesman, keeping a little seven by nine shop in Chambers street. Though the lustre of the goods has long since passed away, its durability remains to attest to the honesty and good judgment of the young dealer, and by which he has since risen to be the foremost merchant of our country.

☞ "Dan," said a little four-year old, "give me a sixpence to buy a monkey."

"We've got one monkey in the house now," replied the elder brother.

"Who is it, Dan?" asked the little fellow.

"You," was the reply.

"Then give 'me a sixpence to buy the monkey some nuts."

His brother could not resist.

☞ A crusty old bachelor in Congress proposes to levy a tax of twenty-five per cent. on corsets, whereupon a down-east paper remarks, "since there is no tax on men getting tight, why should not ladies have the same privilege?"

The Jolly Miller.

Lolling indolently at the foot of his mill steps stood a stout miller, whistling merrily, when a stranger who had been for some time slowly toiling up the hill, accosted him—

"Why dost thou whistle, friend?" said he.

"For lack of wind," replied the miller abruptly; and the stranger smiled at the paradoxical reply.

"Thou art short," continued he.

"Some six feet, at any rate," answered the miller, drawing himself up.

"Thou art a merry soul."

"Merry?"—pshaw!—flat as a cask of unbunged ale—no, that's windy; rather like an unblown bladder, for that's flat for the same reason, want of wind.

"Then thou art only in spirits when thy mill is going like a race-horse."

"That is a bad comparison," said the miller, "for my mill goes just when it's blown and that's just when a horse stops."

"True; I should have said an ass, for that, too, goes the better for a blow."

"Thou hast hit it," said the miller, laughing; "and I shall henceforth never see a donkey without thinking——"

"Of me!" anticipated the stranger, joining in the laugh. "Surely," said he, "thine is a happy vocation. The situation, too, is so much above the richest of thy neighbors—nay, even the great lord of the manor himself must look little from the height thou beholdest him."

"Why, yes," replied the miller, "and although I be not a proud man, I look down upon all; for not only the peasant, but the squire is beneath me. 'Tis true, like all other tradesmen, I depend upon my *sails* for a livelihood; but I draw all my money from the farmer's *till;* and then all the hungry look up to me for their *meal.*

"How grateful ought all to be for thy favors.

"Aye, indeed; for where would either the highest or the lowest find bread without my exertions? To be sure, if they be ungrateful, I can give them the sack.

"Every mouth ought to be filled with the miller's praise," said the stranger.

"Certainly," added the miller, "for every mouth would be imperfect without the grinders."

Here they both joined in a hearty laugh, and the jolly miller, finding the stranger's opinions and sentiments so flatteringly in unison with his own, gave him an invitation to taste his malt while they conversed upon his meal.

The Chinaman as a Husband.

The St. Louis *Republican*, referring to the redundancy of female population in Massachusetts, speaks hopefully of the prospects there of the Chinamen. It says:

The Chinamen may want wives, the Massachusetts spinsters may want husbands. It isn't every woman that would have John for a husband; and it isn't every woman John would have for a wife; but human nature is human nature, even in spite of antipodal diversities. If the Johns "do well" in Massachusetts, those now there will stay, and others will come. The longer they remain the more tolerable they will become, and it does not require an excessive strain of the fancy to imagine a time when their oblique eyes, attenuated shins, pig-tails, chop-sticks, heathenism will lose all their repulsiveness, and they themselves grow to be altogether lovely in the spectacles of the myopic Massachusetts Puritanesses. The very antipodes of the two parties will accellerate their approximation and perhaps precipitate the dreaded calamity. The missionary and proselytizing spirit will break out with renewed ardor in the bosoms of the redundant sex, and they will yearn to rescue the Johns from their benighted spiritual condition. They will have them at Sunday schools, at church, at sewing societies, fairs, bazaars, picnics, and so-forth.

John is a stubborn animal—tenacious in his faith, in his habits, in his traditions, and in his views on things in general; but he would be as superhuman as the pictured goblins and monsters on his own battle banners if he could stand all this. He won't stand it; he is clay, and yellow clay at that; he will yield; he will forget the flowery kingdom; he will forget Confucius; he will cut off his pig-tail; he will drop his slippers and put on North Adams boots; he will lay aside his blue cotton-blouse, and put on a bob-tailed coat; he will wear eye-glasses; he will get married to his kind-hearted Sunday-school teacher; and he will bring over 45,000 other Johns, like himself, to restore the social equipoise in Massachusetts.

Eldridge on "Loyalty."

Mr. Eldridge of Wisconsin, is not particularly enamored of the Radical cant of loyalty. The other day, in the House of Representatives, he said: "The word 'loyalty' I have always despised. I despise what is called a 'loyal' man; I hate him from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet. I once undertook to illustrate to the House by a story the meaning of this word "loyalty?" and as the House may have forgotten the incident I wish to repeat it for the benefit of my friend from Massachusetts. The question was asked why a friend of mine could not get the contracts out of which he could make money during the war, and one who was able to get contracts and make money, a loyal man told him the reason why he could not was because he was not 'truly loil.' My friend then says, 'Now, what do you mean by loyalty?' 'Mean?' he says 'why it is a feeling which pervades a man that influences his whole conduct, that makes him really what he is, or what he is not' 'But,' said my friend, 'what does that mean?' He replied, 'It is a feeling.'—Well, then, how do you feel?' 'I feel loyal.' 'But what is that feeling?' He then replied, 'I feel as though I wanted to steal something or kill somebody.'—[Laughter.] And that is loyalty. You have made that word take the place of the true and noble old word, the foundation principle of the republic, and of the nation—to take the place of 'patriotism.' I am patriotic, but I am not 'loyal.' It is a word which does not belong to this country, but only belongs to Massachusetts. [Laughter.'

A Wanderer Meets His Wife at the Grave of Her second Husband.

Some fifteen years ago there lived in the northern part of Portage township, a young married couple by the name of Wm. and Annie Clarkinson. They owned a little farm, and made enough to keep themselves comfortably in the world, and were apparently happy. William was handsome and well educated, having graduated with honor at an Eastern University. He did not like the honest but humble occupation of farming. Wealth accumulated too slowly following the plow; he wanted to make money by thousands of dollars. So the farm was sold. Mrs. Clarkinson went to live with her parents, and William started for the golden State of California, with the expectation of "picking up" a couple of million dollars in a couple of years.

For a few months Mrs. Clarkinson occasionally heard from her husband, either directly or through some of the neighbors with the same train with which her husband was going. Then there was a long interval during which no word came.—After a time there were rumors that the train had been attacked by Indians and every one killed. This was at last too truthfully verified by one poor follw, who was found by another party a few days after with just life enough left to tell how the train had been attacked one dark night, and before any could recover from their surprise all were killed and scalped, and the Indians rode triumphantly away with their booty.

For three years Mrs. Clarkinson mourned for her dead husband. After the lapse of that time she married again, and moved to Wood county. For nearly twelve years she was as happy as a kind and affectionate husband and two beautiful children could make woman. At the end of that time (which carries us up to the 1st inst.,) affliction again cast its mantle over her. Death claimed her husband, and again, she was a sorrowing, weeping widow.

She follows weeping to the grave; she hears the sad, solemn words: "Dust to dust and ashes to ashes;" the earth falls with a dull, dreary thud upon the coffin, as the sexton slowly covers up all that remains of him whose spirit has gone before to the other world.

The widow raises her black veil and looks around. As she does so she meets a pair of eyes fixed intently upon her.—She starts—memory rushes back fifteen years and brings up the picture of her first husband. There can be no mistake—'tis he! The recognition is mutual.—There is a scene, the widow and wife faints; the bronze stranger explains his relation to the woman, and all repair to the house of her who ten minutes ago was a widow, but now again is a wife. Then Mr. William Clarkinson tells how he was not killed by the Indians at the time of that sudden onslaught on the plains, but was taken prisoner by the Blackfeet, and carried far away among the mountain fastnesses, and during all those long years had been forced to slave for his cruel captors.

He had finally escaped, and during his flight through mountain gulches he discovered a rich gold deposit. How he had written back to his old friends but could get no answer. He then went back and worked the gold mine which he had discovered. He grew rich, and longed to again visit the home of his youth and happiness. He had got off the cars at Pittsburg and taken stage to Bowling Green; had hired a buggy there and was driving to his old home when he overtook the funeral; a strange impulse induced him to follow; the widow's person seemed strangely familiar, and when she drew aside her veil he recognized her as the wife he had hidden adieu to fifteen years before, and whom he had thought to be dead. They now live happily together.—*Findlay (O.) Courier.*

☞ "How odd it is," said Pat, as he trudged along on foot, one hot, sultry day, "that a man never meets a cart going the same way he is."

☞ "Remember, Mrs. B.," said Bobus, in a fluster, one day, "that you are the weaker vessel." "May be so," retorted the lady, "but I'll take care you shan't forget that the weaker vessel may have the stronger spirit in it."

A young lady from the rural districts went to Des Moines to see an elephant. In the street-cars the conductor said to her: Miss your fare." "Well, if I am," she replied, "I don't want any more of your impertinance."

A drunken soldier in Detroit amused himself one hot day by cutting off canine caudalities with a sickle. He was knocked down just as he had harvested his 94 tail—that of a three-hundred dollar pointer.

A Tallow-chandler said he didn't mean any disparagment to the sun when he said that his candles were the best lights ever invented.

A man out West, hearing that dry copperas put in a bed of ants would cause them to leave, put some some in his mother-in-law's bed to see if she would go.—He says she was there at last accounts.

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