THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 9. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 3, 1870. NO. 16.

GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

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

Old Brandies, Wines, Whiskeys, Gin,

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

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

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

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.

NEW STOCK.

Ladies and gentlemen, young and old;
Youths and maidens, timid and bold;
And children! all call at the store of

Jas. H. Smith,

NEXT DOOR TO T. W. ELIASON & SON,

and examine his Stock of Christmas Goods, embracing in part a fresh and complete

STOCK OF CANDIES,

French, Medium and cheaper grades:

FRUITS;

A large quantity of the best Currants, 500 lbs. best Rasins; Oranges, Apples, Lemons, Prunes, Tamarinds, Dates, and the different

Varieties of Canned Fruits.

Chow-chow; Pickles of every variety;

NUTS
of all kinds;
ALMONDS, WALNUTS, PECAN, &c.
Sauces and Jellies; Crackers of all kinds;

FANCY GASSWARE,
BOTH ORNAMENTAL AND USEFUL.

Fine assortment of

WAX AND OTHER DOLLS; TOYS; CIGARS & TOBACCO.

My stock has been selected with care; it is fresh and good; and if the citizens of the county will give me a call will soon be sold.

JAMES H. SMITH.
Chestertown, Dec. 11, 1869—tf.

For Sale,

SEVERAL THOUSAND
CHESTNUT RAILS,
Four Young *HORSES*,
Two Yoke Young OXEN,
and two FRESH COWS.

JOHN T. SKIRVEN.
Worton Point, Aug. 6, 1870—tf.

LUMBER,
For Sale at Buck Neck Wharf.
Nov. 20, 1869. J. BELL & BRO

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 GUITARCASES: 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 cariest 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.

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.

A large Stock of Builder's Hardware

ON hand and for sale at the lowest market price. Call and examine my large Stock, at the Tin, Stove and Hardware Store of

J. K. ALDRIDGE.

FOR SALE,
TWO BUILDING LOTS,
in Chestertown, eligibly situated. Apply to
March 26. E. F. PERKINS.

BLACKSMITH AND WHEELWRIGHT SHOPS.

The subscriber hereby notifies his friends and the public generally that he has opened the Shops near the Foundry in Chestertown, where he is prepared to execute all orders for new work or repairs, with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

Horse Shoeing.

Having employed a first-class Horse Shoer, I will give particlar attention to this branch of the business, and guarantee satisfaction.

WHEAT CRADLES made to order or repaired, and Reaper and Mower Knives ground and repaired at short notice and fair prices.

I respectfully request a share of the public patronage.

C. A. A. STANLEY.
June 18, 1870—tf.

FOUNTAIN HOTEL,

(Formerly the National,)
Camden Street,
NEAR HOWARD,
BALTIMORE, MD.

☞ Within three squares of Steamboats at Light Street Wharf.

THE undersigned, late proprietor of the Maltby House, has the pleasure of announcing to his friends, and the public generally, that he has leased the above Hotel for a term of years, and proposes making it

A FIRST CLASS HOUSE.

This Hotel, being convenient to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Depot, and also to other business portions of the city, will be found as desirable as any other Hotel in the city for business men.

This House has been thoroughly renovated and re-furnished throughout, and I hope by strict personal attention to business to add to the comforts of all who may favor me with their patronage.

Having been proprietor of the 'Maltby House' for a number of years, I feel confident of meeting all expectations of the traveling public and all others.

Very respectfully,
Jan. 8, '70—y. A. B. MILLER.

H. McCoy. *Wm. I. Rasin.*

McCOY & RASIN,
General Commission Merchants,
No. 79 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.

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Come Running, but don't Fall, to

Robt. E. Holtz's Carriage 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.

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.

CARD.

E. F. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. Particular attention given to the collection of claims and the sale of Real Estate.

☞ Office in the New Building in Court Street. May 23, 1868.

Selected Poetry.

NO NIGHT.

Of all the wondrous things we read
Of that Heaven so dear and fair,
There's none that seems so strange as this—
"And there shall be no night there."

No gathering of its solemn shade
For a hush of Nature's song—
Only a thrill of holy joy
Through that perfect day and long.

No parting gift from the dying day
In sunset's golden hue,
When o'er the earth the shadows come,
Still as the falling dew.

No shooting of the crystal stars
Across the dark on high—
No more watching with yearning thoughts
The moon sail over the sky.

For of all the footsteps of God
That nature reveals to sight,
In none does He come so near to man
As the deep and solemn night.

Trembling we feel Him pass,
When shadows conceal his face,
Making the stillness His temple—
Its darkness His secret place.

And we know how changed we must be,
In that life beyond the veil,
To bear the living glory-tides
That never ebb or fail.

Yet strange as all this seems to us,
With earth so fair and bright—
We are waiting with patient hearts to go
Where there is no more night.

THE WIFE.—Only let a woman be sure she is precious to her husband—not useful, not valuable, not convenient, simply, but lovely and beloved: let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attention; let her feel that her care and love are noticed, appreciated and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected: in matters of which she is cognizant; in shot let her only be loved, honored and cherished in fulfillment of the marriage vow—and she will be to her husband, children and society a well-spring of pleasure. She will bear pain, and toil and anxiety—for her husband's love is to her a tower and a fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy will dull the edge of sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love I mean love expressed by words, and looks, and deeds, (for I have not one spark of faith in love that never crops out) is to a house without love as a person to a machine; one is life, the other mechanism. The unloved woman may have bread just as light, house just as tidy, as the other, but the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness, an aggressive, penetrating and prevading brightness, to which the former is a stranger. The deep happiness in her heart shines out in her face. She gleans over it. She is full of devices and plots and sweet surprises for her family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She herself is a lyric poem, setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance The prize makes her calling high, and the end sanctifies the means. "Love is heaven and heaven is love."

COMFORT FOR OCTOGENTRIANS.—When you are eighty years old, good reader, you may soliloquize after this fashion:

"I have become very deaf. What a blessing. There is such a lot of silly talk I cannot hear—such scandals, etc.

"My eyes are failing. How fortunate! I do not see a tithe of the folly and wickedness that is going on around me. I am blind to faults that would provoke me to censure.

"I have lost my teeth, and my voice is not very audible. Well, I find it is no use babling to folks who won't listen, so I save my breath for better purposes. I don't show my teeth where I can't bite. I venture on no tough meat.

"My taste is not so discriminating as of yore, and the good is that I am the more easily satisfied, don't keep finding fault, am contented and thankful. A nice palate is a plague I have got rid of.

"My joints are rather stiff. Well, if they were ever so supple, I do not want to go to see sights, hear concerts, make speeches, nor carouse at feasts.

"I am not so strong as I was; but for what do I need to be stout? I am not going to wrestle or fight with anybody.—My morals are generally improved.

"My brain is not so clear as in my younger days, therefore I am neither so hot-headed nor opinionated. I forget a thousand injuries."

THINK.—Do your own thinking. Yes, that is the idea. Think for for yourself. It is well to listen to the expressed thoughts. But when alone weigh what you have heard and traverse what you have said.—It is well to do this, for it will assist in curing you of false, notions, and of eradicating unprofitable and vicious ideas, and in time make you better men and women. What you thus from surroundings you will unwittingly transmit to the rising generation, and the result will be that you will do your share in the glorious work of elevating the human family. Do your own thinking.

The man who tore his coat thinks rents are increasing.

THE EMPEROR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

A Russian Story.

A few years since, there was in the city of St. Petersburgh, a young girl so beautiful and lovely that the greatest prince of Europe, had he met her, even in a peasant's hut, might well have turned his back upon princesses to offer his hand and his crown.

But far from having first seen the light in a peasant's hut, she was born in the shadow of the proudest throne. It was Marie Nicolœwna, the adored daughter of Russia.

As her father saw her blooming like the May-flower, and sought for by all the heirs of royalty, he cast his eyes upon the fairest, the richest, and the most powerful of them, and with the smile of a father and a king, said to her:

"My child, you are now of an age to marry, and I have chosen for you the prince who will make you a queen, and the man who will make you happy."

"The man who will render me happy," stammered the blushing princess, with a sigh, which was the only objection to which her heart gave utterance. "Speak, father," she said, as she saw a frown gathering on the brow of the Czar, "speak, and your Majesty shall be obeyed."

"Obeyed!" exclaimed the Emperor, trembling for the first time in his life. "Is it then only as an act of obedience that you will receive a husband from my hands?"

The young girl was silent and concealed a tear.

"Is your faith already plighted?"

The young girl was still silent.

"Explain yourself, Marie, I command you."

At this word, which sways sixty millions of human beings, the princess fell at the feet of the Czar.

"Yes, father, if I must tell you, my heart is no longer my own; it is bestowed upon a young man who knows it not, and who shall never know it, if such be your wish. He has seen me but two or three times at a distance, and we will never speak to each other, if your Majesty forbids it!"

The Emperor was silent in his turn. He grew pale. Three times he made the circuit of the saloon. He dared not ask the name of the young man.

He would have braved for a caprice, the monarchs of the world at the head of their armies—he, with his omnipotence, feared this unknown youth, who disputed with him the possession of his dearest treasure.

"Is it a king?" he demanded, at last.

"No, father."

"The heir of a king, at least?"

"No, father."

"A Grand Duke?"

"No, father."

"A son of a reigning family?"

"No, father."

At each step of the descending scale, the Czar stopped to recover breath.

"A stranger?"

"Yes, father."

The Emperor fell back into an arm chair, and hid his face in his hands, like Agamemnon at the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

"Is he in Russia?" he resumed with effort.

"Yes, father."

"At St. Petersburgh?"

"Yes, father."

And the voice of the young girl grew faint.

"Where shall I see him?" said the Czar, rising, with a threatning aspect.

"To-morrow, at the review."

"How shall I recognize him?" repeated the Czar, with a stamp of his foot.

"By his green plume and his black steed."

"'Tis well. Go, my daughter, and pray God to have pity on that man."

The princess withdrew in a fainting condition, and the Emperor was soon lost in deep thought.

"A child's caprice," he said at length. "I am foolish to be disturbed at it. She shall forget it," and his lips did not dare utter what his heart added. "It must be, for all my power would be weaker than her tears."

At the review on the following day the Czar, whose eagle eye embraced all at a glance, saw in his battalions naught else but a green plume and a black charger. He recognized in him who wore the one and rode the other a simple Colonel of the Bavarian Light Horse, Maximilian Joseph Eugene Auguste Beauharnais, the Duke of Leuchtenburgh, youngest child of the son of Josephine (who was for a brief time Empress of France) and of Auguste Amelie, daughter of Maximilian Joseph, of Bavaria, an admirable and charming cavalier, in truth, but as far inferior than Marie Nicolœwna as a simple soldier to an Emperor.

"Is it possible," said the Czar to himself, as he sent for the Colonel with the design of dismissing him to Munich.

But at the moment when he was about to crush him with a word, he stopped at the sight of his daughter fainting in her caleche.

"There is no longer a doubt," thought the Czar, "'tis indeed he."

And then, turning his back upon the stupefied stranger, he returned with Marie to the Imperial Palace.

For six weeks, all that prudence, tempered with love and severity, could inspire, was tried to destroy the image of the Col. in the heart of the princess. At the end of the first week she was resigned; at the end of the second she wept; at the end of the third she wept in public; at the end of the fourth she wished to sacrifice herself to her father; at the end of the fifth she fell sick; at the end of the sixth she was dying.

Meanwhile, the Colonel, seeing himself in disgrace at the court of his host without daring to confess himself the cause, did not wait for his dismissal to return to his regiment. He was on the point of setting out for Munich, when an aid de camp of the Czar came for him.

"I should have set out yesterday,' he said to himself, 'I might have avoided what now awaits me—at the first flash save yourself from the thunder-bolt."

The bolt in reserve for him was the following: He was ushered into the cabinet where only kings are allowed to enter. The Emperor was pale, his eyes moist, but his air was firm and resolute.

"Colonel Duke,' said he, enveloping and penetrating him with his glance, 'you are one of the handsomest officers in Europe. It is said, also, and I believe it is true, that you possess an elevated, a thorough education, a very lively taste for the arts, a noble heart, and an ideal character.

"The Colonel looked up.

"What think you of the Grand Duchess, my daughter, Marie Nicolœwna?

The point blank question dazzled the young man. It is time to say that he admired and adored the princess without being fully aware of it. A simple mortal adores an angel of Paradice even as an artist adores the idea of beauty.

"The Princess Marie, sire!' exclaimed he, reading at last his own heart, without daring to read that of the Czar, 'your anger would crush me if I told you what I think of her, and I should die of joy if you permitted me to say it."

"You love her, 'tis well,' said the Czar, with a benignant smile, and the royal hand from which the Duke was waiting the thunderbolt, delivered to the Colonel the brevet of General Aid-de-camp to the Emperor—the brevets of the Commandents of the Cavalry of the Guards, and of the Regiment of the Hussars—of the Chief of the Corps of Cadets, and of the Mining Engineers—of President of the Academy of Arts, and members of the Academy of Sciences and of the Universities of St. Petersburgh, of Moscow, of Keasan, of the Military Schools of the Council, &c. All this, with the title of Imperial highness, and several millions of revenue.

"Now," said the Czar to the young man, who was beside himself with joy, 'will you quit the service of Bavaria and become the husband of Princess Marie."

The young officer could only fall upon his knees and bathe with tears the hands of the Emperor.

"You see that I also love my daughter," [illegible] his arms.

On the 14th of July following, the Grand Duchess was restored to health and the Duke Deauharnis de Lecuchtenburg espoused her in the presence of the representatives of the royal families of Europe.

"I'LL TRY."

"And so you are going to California, are you, Phil?"

"Yes, I'm off next week."

"You are a foolish fellow, in my opinion, Phil Travers. With a good situation here, in a first-class bank, a good reputation, and a first-rate chance to rise, you are going to throw it up for a mere lottery-game, with the added risk of being scalped by the Indians."

"Yes; but, Richards, what is a fellow to do? I might manage very well, as a single man; but, you see, I'm in love, and want to marry."

"Then, why, in the name of common sense, don't you marry? You could keep house decently enough, on three hundred a year. And if your lady love is made of the right kind of metal, and loves you, she would much prefer to do so, to having you run such risks in California."

"So she would, bless her loving heart! But I'm not going to permit her to do any such thing. She has been used to comparative luxuries, though her father has nothing but his good income, every penny of which is absorbed in his style of living. No, no! Bertha Clark is to be my wife and not my maid-of-all-work, nurse, seamtress, and washerwoman—so long as I have health and strength."

"But suppose you don't succeed?"

"I shall succeed. I feel perfectly sure of it. And I shall not be scalped, but shall come home, before long, in good health, and the possessor of a fortune."

"Well, I'm glad you feel so sanguine, old fellow, and I heartily bid you God speed. But are you sure that Bertha will wait for you?"

"Sure of her, as I am of myself."

"Maybe you're right; but if it was my case, I wouldn't trust a girl in such a matter. I should expect her to accept the first good offer that came to hand."

Phillip Travers had never had a doubt of Berth Clark's love for him, nor any reason to doubt her constancy; but still, the remark of Richards disturbed him.

What right had he to expect a woman to wait for him, when his fortunes, and even his life, were so uncertain? Could he blame her, if after a reasonable time, she should "accept the first good offer that came to hand?"

* * * * * *

"Bertha, you have not heard from Phil lately?"

"No, papa."

"And what do you expect to do? You have waited for him three years, and none of his letters have been at all encouraging."

Bertha twirled her empty tea-cup in her saucer, to charm the tea-leaves into the right position to tell her fortune.

"The world was not made in a day, you know, papa."

"But, Bertha, you don't know what you're talking about. Girls are not always right. Here you are, past twenty-three years old, and with less and less prospect of marrying. Constancy is all very well, but there can be too much of a good thing. Remember how many good chances you have thrown away since Phil left you, on that wild-goose chase of his; and now you don't know whether he is alive or not."

"Yes; but papa——"

"There is Colonel Grainger, now, who would be glad to marry you, and put you in a better position than either of your sisters is in. He spoke to me on the subject yesterday—said he should have offered himself before this, if you had not been so shy and cold. It would be a shame for you to refuse him, if he did ask you."

"I certainly shall refuse him, papa. A pretty husband he would make for me—fifty years old, at least! and a pretty wife I should make for him—marrying him for nothing but his money! I'm not afraid of being an old maid."

"You're a fool, Bertha Clark!"

"Dear papa, you don't compliment yourself when you call me a fool; everybody says I resemble you."

And the saucy young lady imprinted a kiss upon her irate father's cheek, and left the room.

* * * * * *

"Well, Peter, what is it?"

"A gen'l'man in the parlor, miss, asking for you."

"Who is it, Peter?"

"That oldish gen'l'man, miss—what's his name, now? Oh, Colonel Grainger!"

And Peter backed out of the room with many spinal curvatures and dental displays.

"Colonel Grainger? What a bore! I know papa has encouraged him to this," said Bertha to herself, much annoyed.—"But after all, the man is entitled to decent treatment I suppose. I'll go down, and if he asks me any questions, I can but answer them, and end his suspense."

So she tripped down to the parlor, where she found her visitor alone. She had never found herself *tete-a-tete* with him before. She had never noticed how gentlemanly, and even winning, he was in his manner. She should like him extremely well, she thought, but for the fact that he had proposed for her to her father. He talked a good while upon different subjects, displaying much tact and good sense, as well as general information.

Bertha began to hope that the dreaded question was not to be asked her. In the course of the conversation, he alluded to his having visited San Francisco. As he spoke the name, a slight blush came to her face, which he evidently noticed.

"By the way," he said, "I knew a young man there, a friend of your father's—Philip Travers."

[illegible] to conceal the interest she felt under the mask of indifference.

"Yes," he replied. "A very fine young fellow, but not very successful.—Only about one in a hundred succeeds out there."

He seemed to her to watch her face as he said this to mark the effect of his words. Her papa, she thought must have told him something.

Presently he said, moving his chair nearer her own:

"Miss Clark, I am a comparative stranger to you, but I have been in the army. I have also been a successful speculator, and I have proved to your father my respectability. I am rich—so rich that it is impossible for me to enjoy my riches without some one to spend them with me. I could not reasonably ask a young and pretty woman like you to fall in love with an old gray-headed fellow like me; but if you could like me well enough to marry me, I should treat you so well, that I believe love might come afterwards."

She looked at him gratefully.

"Your offer, made without pretence, and without requirements," said she, "is one that commands my thanks. But, though I like and respect you, I cannot accept it. I could not marry one whom I did not love."

"And you do not love me the least bit in the world you are quite sure?"

"A gentleman generally takes 'no' for an answer."

"But I'm not going to take 'no' for an answer." In a moment a gray wig and a false beard lay on the carpet at her feet, and Phil Travers stood before her. "And yet, I think, I I'm a gentleman."

"Oh, Phil! how could you?"

"I wanted to try you a little, Bertha. I wanted to be sure that you loved me still—poor as I might be."

"What do you suppose I care for your poverty? Was your faith in me so slight, as to need confirmation of this kind?"

"Bertha, don't be angry; but tell me that you love me, and forgive me!" he pleaded.

"Of course, I love you, miserable doubter! And of course, I must forgive you! So you have come back as poor as you went?" she said stroking his ebon hair, and smiling.

He returned her smile, with interest.

"We can work together, can't we, Bertha?"

"Of course we can. But how came you to call yourself a Colonel?"

"The better to stiffle suspicion on your part."

He sat and held her hand in silence, for awhile, looking into her happy eyes. By-and-by he said, what a pity this lily hand should be soiled by labor!"

"That is what hands are made for, I take," she said, gleefully.

"Not such a hand as this," she said, kissing it. "Such hands are made to wear diamond rings."

Suiting the action to the word, he slid a magnificent jewel upon her finger—a diamond worth a small fortune.

Phil, what does this mean, she asked, turning pale.

"It means, dear love, that I am rich—so rich that is is impossible to enjoy my riches without you to spend them with me. I have been fortunate in California. Will you love me just as well, knowing that I am a millionaria?"

"I'll try."

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