THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. 9. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 25, 1871. NO. 40.

J. Bell & Bro.,

BUCK NECK WHARF,

INVITE the attention of Farmers to their LARGE STOCK OF FERTILIZERS:

Soluble Pacific Guano: Terms, $56 per ton of 2000 pounds, cash.

Zell's Ammoniated Phosphate of Bones. $60 per ton of 2000 pounds; 90 days time.

Wilson's Super Phosphate of Lime. $56 per ton of 2000 pounds, on 90 days time.

Watson & Clark's Crosdale. $54 cash or $56 on 12 months time, per ton of 2000 lbs.

Bower's Complete Manure. $52 cash or $56 on 4 months time, per ton of 2000 lbs.

Sphagnine, the Great Delaware Fertilizer, $40 cash, $42 on 6 months, or $44 on 10 months time, per ton of 2000 pounds.

Bone Flour, a pure article, $36 per ton.

Land Plaster; also,

FARMING IMPLEMENTS

At prices to suit the times, viz: Bickford & Huffman Grain Drills, with Guano and Seed Attachments; Tripple Screen Dixie Grain Fans, Fodder Cutters, Corn Shellers, &c.

J. BELL & BRO.,
Sept. 24—tf. Buck Neck Wharf.

LIGHT! LIGHT! LIGHT!

Combination Burning Fluid,

THE CHEAPEST, SAFEST, AND BEST article, for illuminating purposes, ever offered to this community.

Only 25 cents per Gallon, retail:
Wholesale, 20 cts. per gallon.

E. F. PERKINS, Esq., has been using the above named oil for some months, and allows me to use his name as a reference.

Having purchased the exclusive right to manufacture and sell this oil in Kent county, parties may rely upon being always able to obtain it from me, either wholesale or retail.

Groceries, Meats, Lard, &c.

A good assortment of all kinds of Groceries, Meats, Lard, &c., of good quality, and for sale very low. Don't forget the place:

H. O. PAYNE'S OIL STORE,
Queen street, near the pump.

☞ *All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted, either for Cash or Trade.*
Chestertown, March 19, 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. ames 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.

Sheriff's Sale.

BY virtue of one writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the Circuit Court for Kent [illegible] at the suit of

[redacted]

Feb. 4, 1871—[illegible]

Neglect Not to Read this Notice!

For it Contains Information which, if heeded, will certainly save You Money! It is that

BARRATT & ALLEN, AUCTIONEERS,

Are now visiting the various towns in Kent County, and selling Goods

AT YOUR OWN PRICES!

At Public Auction,

Consisting of Dry Goods, Blankets, Woolen and Fancy Goods, Hosiery, Notions; *Stationery, Fancy Soap, and Perfumery;* Fine Table and Pocket Cutlery; Silver Plated Ware, Glass Ware, &c.; *MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, JEWELRY,* **Fine Gold and Silver Watches.**

☞ The above will be sold without reserve.

SALES COMMENCE AT 7 O'CLOCK, P. M.

All Goods waranted as represented, or the money refunded.

BARGAINS AT PRIVATE SALE, 50 PER CENT. SAVED BY BUYING OF

BARRATT & ALLEN.

G. W. BARRATT, Auct.

☞ Outside Sales promptly attended to, on reasonable terms. [Jan. 14—3m.

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,

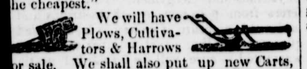
BALTIMORE, MD.
May 14, 1870—y.

BLACKSMITHING AND WHEELWRIGHTING.

WE, the undersigned, take this method of informing our friends and the public that we have connected Wheelwrighting with our former business, believing it will be better for ourselves and our customers too, as we will be able to work much lower where there is to be but one profit. We have

Good Seasoned Stock, And Good Workmen

in our employ. We intend to have the wood work done as we have had our Blacksmithing—that is to say, *in the very best manner;* and we are willing for the public to be the judges. Our experience is that "the best is the cheapest."



We will have Plows, Cultivators & Harrows for sale. We shall also put up new Carts,

Wagons, Dearborns, Express Wagons,

&c., in good style.

ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.

Our work will be done as low as at any other establishment here or elsewhere, in the State or outside of it. We are determined to have no excuse in the way of those who have heretofore been sending their money out of our own community—where it is so sadly needed—to build up manufacturers at a distance. We challenge a comparison of our work with that done any where else, as to price, material, workmanship, style, finish, or any other essential.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.
Chestertown, January 7, 1871.

MILLING.

CHESTERTOWN, DEC. 27TH, 1870.

The subscriber most respectfully informs the Public that after the first day of January next he will take possession of the Mill and will conduct it, he hopes, more to the satisfaction of the Public than for some time past. He is in treaty for a very superior Miller, and soon as the Spring opens will make some improvements which must render her equal to any Mill on the Eastern Shore.

He hopes whenever there is any cause of complaint to be at once notified of the same. By strict attention or supervision, and competent workmen, he hopes soon to be able to re-establish her former reputation.

THOS. H. WHALAND.
Dec. 31, 1870—tf.

GENUINE EXTRACTS FOR FLAVORING,

VANILLA,
LEMON,
ALMOND,
AND OTHER EXTRACTS.

For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

C. F. STAM & BRO.,

SUCCESSORS TO

J. L. STAM & SON.

TENDERING our thanks to the Citizens of Kent and Queen Anne's counties for their liberal patronage extended to us while we were associated with the old firm, we solicit a continuance of the same.

We always have on hand a well selected stock of

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS,

DYE STUFFS AND WINDOW GLASS.

Also, a large stock of

PERFUMES and FANCY ARTICLES

not to be excelled on the Shore.

PHYSICIANS' prescriptions compounded with accuracy, and neatness at all hours.

☞ The *night bell* promptly answered.

Respectfully,
C. F. STAM & BRO.
January 7, 1871—y.

BENJAMIN STRAUSS'

CLOTHING HOUSE,

Cor. of High and Cross sts.,

Chestertown, Md.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL SUPPLY OF

Fashionable and seasonable CLOTHING.

SUITS MADE TO ORDER

OF THE BEST MATERIALS, AND IN CITY STYLE.

Jan. 7, 1871—y.

Attention!

THE most elegant mode of *perfuming* clothing is by placing them in contact with odoriferous substances. This end can be attained by purchasing at the Drug Store of T. W. WICKES the most popular and prevailing perfumes now used. You can also find at his store a most elegant assortment of Combs, Brushes, Soaps, and Fancy Articles, all of the finest quality, and at city retail prices. The Bachelor Hair Dye, which is used so extensively in Europe and this country, and which has been satisfactorily proven by men of science and taste to be the best Hair Dye in the world, is sold by T. W. Wickes. Natural Mineral Waters for the debilitated, such as Vichy, Kissengen, Saratoga, and other waters. Spices, Ginger, Cloves, Cinnamon, Allspice, Mustard, Mace, Black and Red Pepper, Nutmegs, and *ground* Sage. Extracts for flavoring, of all varieties. Fine Cigars and Chewing and Smoking Tobacco. Jan. 7, 1871.

Exposition

AT

T. W. WICKES' DRUG STORE.

BAZIN'S AND BARNES' MAGNOLIA & FLORIDA WATER, the most agreeable and refreshing of all perfumes for use on the handkerchief, at the toilet, or in the bath. Jan. 7.

Pure Spices.

GINGER, Cloves, Cinnamon, Mace, Allspice, Nutmegs, Sage, Mustard, Black and Red Pepper: all can be obtained, ground, at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

SAVE YOUR MONEY!

THERE is no class of remedial agents so extensively or so justly used as Medicated Plasters. The timely use of one of Alcock's or Wells' Strengthening Plasters will prevent much suffering and sickness, especially if predisposed to weak lungs or any affection of the chest or back. They afford great relief in Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, etc. For sale at

Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

NEW STORE AND New Goods AT BUCK NECK WHARF.

J. BELL & BRO. invite the attention of the public to their well selected assortment of DRY GOODS and GROCERIES, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, HARDWARE, &c.

FLOUR by the barrel at city prices.

☞ ALL GOODS SOLD CHEAP FOR CASH.

J. BELL & BRO.
Sept. 24, 1870—tf.

NOTICE.

Cut this out and keep it for Reference.

WHEN YOU VISIT THE CITY GO TO

W. H. RINGGOLD'S,

95 N. Charles Street,

AND BUY ALL YOUR

UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, HOSIERY AND GLOVES, NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS.

He can sell them

Cheaper than any one!

And you can

Pay your expenses in your purchases!

☞ DON'T FAIL TO GO: HE HAS THE VERY ARTICLE YOU WANT.

Do not forget the Number!

W. H. RINGGOLD,

95 N. Charles st., 3 doors South of Mulberry.
Baltimore, Sept. 24, 1870.

Selected Poetry.

From the Jeffersonian.

The following beautiful lines were written on the death of a young girl, who died on the passage of an ocean steamer from Liverpool to New York. They are copied from memory, and may not be exactly as written, but are as near as I can recollect.—*T. Tick'em.*

Listen to me, gentle lady,
For I know I'm dying now,
For I feel the death-damp gather,
Fast upon my icy brow.

I have prayed—God knows how often,
That I might but live to see,
For a moment, all the loved ones
That are all so dear to me.

Live to hear my father's blessing
Softly breathed above my head;
Clasp his trembling hand a moment,
E'er I slumber with the dead.

Live to see my darling mother;
Lay my head upon her breast,
As I used to in my childhood,
When she cradled me to rest.

Live to see my brother, sister,
Once again before I die,
Oh, it would not seem so fearful,
If I knew that they were nigh.

For they'd lay me in the church-yard
'Neath the willows drooping there,
And would come to me so often,
And plant flowers bright and fair.

O'er the grave where I was sleeping,
In my low and narrow bed,
The long sleep that knows no waking
There among the pious dead.

It would grieve them, oh! how sadly,
If I die upon the deep,
And they lay me in the ocean,
Neath the crested waves to sleep.

I am dying; tell them, lady,
How I longed to have them here,
That I loved the blessed Saviour,
And I die without a fear.

Take my last kiss to them, lady,
And this curl of golden hair;
Tell them I have gone to heaven;
Tell them all to meet me there.

[COMMUNICATED.]

The Visitor of the Sick.

If it be not from want of something better to do, or from mere curiosity, which, as the story goes, is among the attributes of the fair sex—if, in a word, it be not from some important object that Mrs. X. visits Mrs. Z. in her serious febrile disease; if she does it out of Christian, sisterly or cousinly affection and friendship, I fear I should be denounced as a bad man were I in this last case to forbid such visits.

And yet, it must be done. I must forbid them; but I beg to be heard before being condemned.

Malignant fevers that spread among the people have usually, at all events often, a contagious character, notwithstanding some have endeavored, most learnedly, to prove the contrary.

It is safer to consider them so, as it is in all cases safer to believe in a little too much hell than too little, in order that we may take greater precautions to preserve ourselves from it, whether it be a reality or only a sort of wood-cut *in serum natura.*

It is likewise quite praiseworthy to make our children believe that the brook that flows by is somewhat deeper and more fearful than it actually is.

The very probably contagious nature of prevalent fevers being conceded, it must be highly criminal, at least very imprudent, for the healthy lady to sit beside her deadly-sick friend and gossip for hours at a time without the slightest necessity.

We often hear them exclaim, "She would be very much offended if I did not visit her: what would the relations say to my impoliteness? I am told she longed to see me—if she should die without me seeing her once more, I should never forgive myself!" Such excuses are all very well, but avail us nothing.

Granting she had a real affectionate desire to see her friend once more, this good intention must remain unfulfilled, just as many good things in this world must remain undone because they cannot be done, or at least not without great injury or palpable danger.

If you wish to save your friend from drowning you must be able to swim; if you cannot, do not jump into the water after him—for any sake don't! but run for assistance, and if he is drowned before help arrives, then help to drag for him: help with all your might to bring him back to life, or if all is of no avail, follow his body to the grave.

There are cases where you can do nothing but pray when your neighbor is being burnt to death in the fourth story, and your heart is bleeding for him. Your sick friend, most probably, knows you no longer in her delirium: but supposing she would know you, you may, when she recovers, make up in many ways for this neglected service of love, as such unnecessary and dangerous visits to the sick are commonly called.

Would that we poor creatures began to testify our friendship more in deed and in truth than in empty compliments and visits; there is already enough of the empty and windy in this world of ours!

No one requires fewer persons about him than a dangerously sick person, himself nearly related to death, which slumbers in solitude beneath grave mounds.

Who does the patient who is seriously ill prefer having near him? None but the necessary person, at the most a father, a mother, but best of all the sick-nurse and the doctor; two persons ordained by God and placed, like *Uriah* in the battle, in the thickest of the fight—forlorn hopes, quite close to the advancing enemy, without any hours of relief from their irksome guard—two very much misunderstood beings, who sacrifice themselves at hard-earned wages for the public weal, and in order to obtain a civic crown, brave the life-destroying poisoned atmosphere, deafened by the cries of agony and the groans of death. Let patients affected with contagious fevers be left to these two; the only necessary, the only useful individuals, and to a beneficient God; they alone can atttend to them properly; from their hands must they expect all the good that we can wish for them, *life and health.*

The anxious lady that visits her sick friend can do her no manner of good; all she can do will be to shew her a pocket handkerchief which she has moistened with her sympathizing tears, irritate her morbid nerves with chattering, help to spoil the air, of the close sick-room with her breath, increase the noise that is often so hurtful to patients, disarrange the good order by her officious interference, give well-meant but erroneous advice, and what is of still greater consequence, carry back the disease with her into her own house.

Let it not be alleged that the sick nurse and the doctor must run the same risk, if the doctrine of contagiousness be true.

They do so no doubt to a certain degree, as the death of many doctors and nurses shew.

But they do not so much as madam Gossip, and this is the reason: The Creator of mankind has so ordained that *habit* shall be a protector against many dangers.

Thus the chimney-sweeper gradually accustoms himself to the smoke from wood, which would choke any one else, and he can, if it be not too intense, easily exist in it.

The glass-blower, from gradual custom withstands the most intense heat of his furnace, and goes much closer to it than other persons can.

The Greenlander, a man like ourselves, laughs and jokes in a degree of cold that would freeze to death those unused to it.

The courier who travels many hundred miles in a few days, and the runner who makes a day's journey in a few hours; the fisherman who spends much of his life in the water without taking cold, and the Scotch miner who lives to the age of a hundered years in his unhealthy occupation, are all proofs of this.

In like manner some stout-hearted men can gradually accustom themselves to the exhalations of the most infectious diseases, and their system in the course of time becomes quite insensible to them.

There are some layers-out of dead bodies in large cities who attain a great age, and and have breathed the exhalations from thousands of corpses that have died of infectious diseases.

There have been grave-diggers who in the time of a pestilence have buried the last inhabitant of their district.

But it is only cautious nurses and physicians that can rejoice in this immunity from infection; they must accustom themselves to it very gradually, continue to habituate themselves and employ various precautions in order not to be destroyed by the murderous exhalation.

A casual visitor cannot pretend to such advantages; she must be totally unused to the insidious miasm, and in all probability she runs the greatest risk to her life.

She may be happy if her imprudence does not make orphans of her children, or even cause the death of all of them, without any fault of theirs.

The consideration that a self-sacrifice may do harm, but cannot benefit the patient, and that it is better to spare one's life for the preservation of many than to hazard it in order to gratify a few, will make the first precaution acceptable, viz: *by very gradually approaching and accustoming ourselves to the inflamatory material of the contagion, to blunt by degrees our nerves to the impression of the miasm otherwise so easily communicable.* Secondly, that during the visit to the sick, *endeavor to maintain our mind and body in a good equilibrium.* W.

Habits of Muskrats.

Muskrats have curious methods of traveling long distances under the ice. In their winter excursions to their feeding grounds, which are frequently great distances from their abode, they take in breath at starting and remain under water as long as they can. Then they rise up to the ice and breathe out the air in their lungs, which remains in a bubble against the lower part of the ice. They wait until the air recovers oxygen from juxtaposition with the water and ice, and then take it in again, and go on till this operation has to be repeated. In this way they can travel almost any distance and live almost any length of time under the ice The hunter some times takes advantage of this habit of the muskrat in the following manner: When the marshes and ponds where the muskrat abounds are first frozen over, and the ice is thin and clear, on striking into their houses with his hatchet for the purpose of setting his trap, he frequently sees a whole family plunge into the water and swim away under the ice. Following one for some distance, he sees him come up to recover his breath in the manner above described. After the animal has breathed against the ice, and before he has had time to take his bubble in again, the hunter strikes with his hatchet directly over him, and drives him away from his breath. In this case he drowns in swimming a few rods, and the hunter, cutting a hole in the ice, takes him out. Mink, otter, and beaver, travel under the ice in the same way, and hunters have frequently told of taking otter in the manner described.

THE DARK HOUR.

A TRUE ROMANCE.

BY OLIVER

I can't stand it any longer, Jane, I'll go out, and perhaps something will turn up for us."

"It's a cold night, Robert."

"Cold, yes! But it's not much colder outside than in. It would have been much better for you if you had married John Tremain, he said bitterly.

"Don't say that, Robert; I've never regretted my choice."

"Not even now, when there is not a loaf of bread in the house for you and the children?"

"Not even now, Robert. Don't be discouraged. God has not forsaken us. Perhaps this Christmas eve the tide will turn; better days may dawn upon us tomorrow."

Robert Brice shook his head despondingly.

"You are more hopeful than I, Jane. Day after day I have been in search of employment. I have called at fifty places only to receive the same answer everywhere."

Just then little Jimmy, who had been asleep, woke up.

"Mother," he pleaded, "won't you give me a piece of bread? I am so hungry."

"There is no bread, Jimmy, darling," said the mother, with an aching heart.

"When will there be some?" asked the little child piteously.

Tears came to the mother's eyes. She knew not what to do.

"Jimmy, I'll bring you some bread," said the father, hoarsely, and he seized his hat and went to the door.

His wife alarmed, laid her hand upon his sleeve. She saw the look in his eyes she feared to what step desperation might lead him.

"Remember, Robert," she said solemnly, "it is hard to starve, but there are things that are worse."

He shook off her hand, but not roughly, and without a word passed out.

Out in the cold streets! There would be their only home next. For a brief time longer he had the shelter of a cheerless room in a cold tenement house, but the rent would become due at the end of the month, and he had nothing to meet it.

Robert Brice was a mechanic, competent and skillful. Three years since he lived in a country village where his expenses were moderate, and he found no difficulty in meeting them. But in an evil houf he grew tired of his village home and removed to the city. Here he vainly hoped to do better. For a while he met with very good success, but he found his tenement house in which he was obliged to live, a poor substitute for the neat cottage which he had occupied in the country. He saw his mistake, but was too proud to go back.

"Of course I can't have as good accommodations here as in the country," he said, "but is something to live in, and be in the midst of things."

"I'd rather be back again," said his wife; "somehow the city doesn't seem like home; there I used to run in and take tea with a neighbor, and have a pleasant social time; here I know scarcely anybody."

"You'll get used to it after a while," said her husband.

She did not think so, but did not like to complain.

But a time of great depression came, and with it a suspension of business enterprises. Work ceased for Robert Brice and many others. If he had been in his old home, he could have turned his hand to something else, and, at the worst, could have borrowed of his neighbors till better times. But the friendly relations arising from neighborhoods do not exist in the city to the same extent as in the country. So day by day he went out to seek work, only to find himself one of a large number, all of whom were doomed to disappointment. If he had been alone he could have got along somehow, but it was a sore trial to come to the cheerless room, and pale wife and hungry children with no relief to offer them.

When on that Christmas eve Robert Brice went into the streets, he hardly knew how he was going to redeem the promise he had made little Jimmy. He was absolutely penniless and had been so for three days. There was nothing that he was likely to find to do that night.

"I will pawn my coat," he said at last.

"I cannot see my wife and children starve."

It was a well worn overcoat, and that cold winter night he needed something more to keep him warm. Weakened by enforced fasting, he was more sensitive to the cold, and shivered as he walked along the pavement.

"Yes," he said, "my coat must go. I know not how I shall get along without it, but I cannot see the children starve before my eyes."

He was not in general an envious man but when he saw sleek, well-fed citizens buttoned up to the throat in warm overcoats come out of the brilliantly shops, provided with presents for happy children at home, while his were starving, he suffered some bitter thoughts upon the inequality of fortune's gifts come to his mind.

Why should they be so happy, he so miserable?

There was a time, he remembered it well, when he, too, suffered not the Christmas eve to pass without buying some little gifts for Jimmy and Agnes. How little he dreamed then that they would ever want bread.

There was one man shorter than himself, warmly clad, who passed him with his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his overcoat. There was a pleasant smile upon his face. He was doubtless thinking of a happy circle at home.

Robert knew him as a rich merchant, whose ample warehouse he often passed.

He had applied to this man only two days before for employment and been refused. It was, perhaps, the thought of the wide difference between them, so far as outward circumstances, that led Robert Brice to follow.

After a while the merchant—Mr. Grimes—drew his handkerchief swiftly from his pocket. As he did so, he did not perceive that his pocket-book came with it and fell to the sidewalk.

He did not perceive it, but Robert did. His heart leaped into his mouth, and a sudden thought entered his mind. He bent quickly down and picked up the pocket-book. He raised his eyes hastily to see if the movements was noticed. It was not. The merchant went on unheeding his loss.

"This will buy bread for my wife and children," thought Robert, instantly.

A vision of the comfort which the money would bring that cheerless room lighted up his heart for an instant, but then—for he was not dishonest—there came another thought. The money was not his, as much as he wanted it.

"But I cannot see my wife and children starve," he thought again. "If it is wrong to keep the money, God will pardon the offence. He will understand my motive."

All this was sophistry, and he knew it, In a moment he felt it to be so. There were some things worse than starvation. It was his wife who said this just before he came out. Could he meet her gaze, when he returned with food so obtained? "I've lived honest so far," he thought, "I won't turn thief now."

It was with an effort he came to this decision, for all the while there was before his eyes that vision of a cheerless home, and he could hear Jimmy vainly asking for food. It was with an effort that he stepped forward and placed his hand on the merchant's shoulder, and extended the hand that held the pocket-book.

"Thank you," said the merchant, turning round, "I hadn't perceived my loss."

"You dropped it when you took out your handkerchief."

"And you saw it and picked it up. I am much obliged to you."

"You have reason to be," said Robert in a low voice. "I came near keeping it."

"That would have been dishonest," said Mr. Grimes, his tone altering slightly.

"Yes, it would; but it's hard on a man to be honest when he is penniless, and his wife and children without a crust."

"Surely you and your family are not in that condition," said the merchant, earnestly.

"Yes," said Robert, "it is only too true."

"And you are out of work?"

"For two months I have vainly sought for work. I applied to you two days since."

"I remember you now. I thought I had seen your face before. You still want work?"

"I should feel grateful for it."

"A porter left me yesterday, Will you take his place for twelve dollars a week?"

"Thankfully, sir, I would for half that."

"Then come to-morrow morning, or rather, to-morrow will be a holiday, the day succeeding. Meantime take this for your present necessities."

He drew from his pocket a bank note and put it into Robert's hand.

"It's fifty dollars!" said Robert, in amazement.

"I know it. The pocket-book contains a thousand dollars. But for you I should have lost the whole. I wish you a merry Christmas."

"It will, indeed, be a merry Christmas," said Robert, with emotion. "God bless you, sir. Good night."

"Good night."

Jane waited for her husband in the cold and cheerless room, which for a few days longer she might call her home.

"Do you think father will bring some bread?" said little Jimmy, as he nestled in her lap.

"I hope so, darling," she said; but her heart misgave her. She feared it was delusive hope. She feared it was a step on the stairs—her husband's It could not be, for this was a cheerful, elastic step, coming up two steps at a time. She looked eagerly to the door.

Yes, it was he. The door opened.—Robert, radiant with joy, entered with a basket full of substantial provisions.

"Have you got some bread, father?" asked little Jimmy, hopefully.

"Yes, Jimmy, some bread and meat from a restaurant, and here's a little tea and sugar. There's a little wood left, June. Let's have a bright fire and a comfortable meal, for, please God, this shall be a merry Christmas,"

"How did it happen? Tell me, Robert."

So Robert told his wife, and soon a bright fire lit up the before cheerless room, and there were four happy hearts that waited in joyful hopeful hope for the dawn of a "Merry Christmas day."

The next week they moved to a better home. They have never since known what it was to want. Robert found a firm friend in the merchant, and has an account in the saving's bank, and has reason to remember, with a greatful heart God's goodness on that Christmas eve.

RECOGNITION ON EARTH.—The following is suggestive to an evil which exests in certain city churches: A Boston minister says he once preached on "The Recognition of Friends in the Future," and was told after service by a hearer that it would be more to the point to preach about the recognition of friends here, as he had been in the church twenty years, and didn't know any of its members.

EXACTLY SO!—A contented mind is better than a full purse. Rich or poor, however, if we but act correctly, we can be contented.

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