THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 19, 1871. NO. 13.

TIME TABLE
KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.
Summer Schedule.

ON AND AFTER *MONDAY*, the first day of *MAY*, 1871, Trains will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) for Freight and Passengers, between Worton station and Townsend, where close connection will be made with trains of the Delaware Rail Road, and run as follows, until further notice.

GOING EAST.	A. M.	P. M.	
Leave Worton	6:45		
" Lynch's,	6:55		
" Still Pond,	7:05		
" Kennedyville,	7:20		
" Black's,	7:35		Q.A.R.R.train
" Lambson's,	7:50		
" Massey's,	8:05		1:25
" Morris',	8:15		1.40
" Vandyke's,	8:22		1:55
Arrive Townsend,	8:35		2:10
GOING WEST.	A. M.	P. M.	
Leave Townsend,	11:40		3:00
" Vandyke's,	11:55		3:15
" Morris',	12:05	P.M.	3:25
" Massey's,	12;20		3:35
" Lambson's,	12:30		
" Black's,	12:40		
" Kennedyville,	1:00		
" Still Pond,	1;10		
" Lynch's,	1:15		
Arrive Worton,	1:25		

☞ Passengers from Worton and all Stations on the Kent County Railroad, will reach Wilmington at 10:15, A. M.; Philadelphia at 11:45, A.M., and Baltimore at 1:05, P. M.

Passengers for the Kent County Railroad, will leave Baltimore (President street depot) at 7:25, A. M.; Philadelphia (depot corner Broad street and Washington Avenue,) at 8:30, A. M., and Wilmington at 10;10, A. M.

A DAILY MAIL STAGE

will run in connection with the cars at Worton, as follows:

Leave Hall's Hotel, Chestertown, daily, (Sundays excepted) at 6 o'clock, A. M. Returning, leave Worton on the arrival of the train, say 1:25 o'clock, P. M.

☞ Passengers, by registering their names at *Hall's Hotel* in the evening, will be called for.

FARE THROUGH from Chestertown to Philadelphia, $3.30.

J. K. HINES,
April 30, 1871. Superintendent.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale a Farm situated in Queen Anne's county, Maryland, on the public road leading from Church Hill to Millington, about five miles from Church Hill, and adjoining the lands of Capt. Ford, Capt. Robinson, and others, and at present tenanted by Mr. Jas. Porter, containing

244 ACRES,

more or less, under good fencing.



The improvements consist of a fair one-story FRAME DWELLING, large Pantry and Kitchen, a good Barn and Stable under it, Meat House, Wagon House, Poultry House and Dairy; and a well of excellent water.

100 ACRES ARE IN WOOD,

mostly young White Oak Timber.



THERE ARE
2,000 PEACH TREES,
SIX YEARS OLD, on the Farm—and 24 bushels of Wheat seeded.

This land is about ½ mile from a Church, two schools within ½ of a mile, and 2½ miles from a Landing on Chester [illegible]

[illegible] gallon, or glass.

FIRST NATIONAL WHITE LEAD. It is not surpassed by any Lead now manufactured.

JOHN WYETH & BRO'S. Pharmaceutical Preparations.

BURNETT'S Flavoring Extracts. For sale by C. F. STAM & BRO.,
May 6, 1871. Chestertown.

NOTICE.

I HAVE ON HAND AND FOR SALE, *FLOUR*, by the barrel and retail, *CORN, MEAL, CHOPS, FEED*, &c., *LIME*, by the small quantity or barrel, BACON, BROOMS, &c.

W. BACCHUS.
Chestertown, April 15, 1871.

GREAT OFFER.

CHOICE CIGARS AND CHEWING TOBACCO.
For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

LUMBER,

For Sale at Buck Neck Wharf.
Nov. 20, 1870. J. BELL & BRO

THE
EUREKA
FANNING MILL.
The Greatest Invention
OF THE 19th CENTURY!
FARMERS, LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST.

THE attention of Farmers and Mechanics is particularly directed to the combined economy, utility and practicability of the Eureka Mill, and to the many other advantages it possesses over every other Fanning Mill which has been introduced to the public. It is the fruit of long and patient investigation by the inventor, who has made it his constant study for over twenty years. He has secured several patents for Mills, and has always been rewarded with the best of success. But not feeling satisfied with his former attainments, he determined to reach the climax, and he now believes that his new invention will warrant him in exclaiming in the joy of his heart, like the philosopher, Phythagoras, EUREKA, signifying in the Grecian language, "I have found it." This has given the name to this new Mill.

In this Mill are all the former improvements, to which have been added several more, adding still greater advantages than were at first anticipated, or even thought possible by the inventor himself. It embraces the three great essentials necessary in every invention.

It combines Utility, Economy and Practicability!

THE EUREKA MILL

Is small and lighter, and is capable of doing more and better work in a given time than any other Mill ever invented. It is the only Mill that will successfully remove from wheat such pests as Cockle, Garlic, Oats, Rye, &c.

Should an extra quality of grain for seed or gristing purposes be required, it can be so arranged as to catch in one box perfect grain, and in the other, grain fit for market or mill. Here is made a great saving usually lost sight of: for nearly one-quarter of the grain cleaned in the common Mills is lost when sown, on account of shrunken kernels and inferior grain. The Eureka Mill saves all this, and gives seed every kernel of which will grow when put into the ground, and this saving will, in a short time, pay for the Mill.

HINES & BURCHINAL,
Chestertown, Md.,

Owners of the Mill, are having them manufactured at the Sash Factory and Planing Mill of NOLAND & Co., Port Deposit, Md., which is a guarantee they will be put up in the very best manner.
June 17, 1871—tf.

A CARD.

GEORGE VICKERS and H. W. VICKERS have united under the title of *GEORGE VICKERS & SON*, for the practice of the Law in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties.
Chestertown, July 1, 1871—3m.

PEACH BASKETS

THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the Peach Growers of Kent and adjoining counties with the MITCHEL BASKET, at 18 cts. (at present), and three other styles; also, the ROCHESTER BERRY BASKET.

☞ Samples to be seen at C. F. Stam & Bro's., Chestertown; A. L. Gooding's, Chesterville; T. H. Horsey's, Galena, and at D. J. Dewees', Kennedyville.

Also, a general assortment of *NURSERY STOCK*, particularly SMALL FRUIT Plants.

For particulars apply to
ROBERT E. WALLIS,
KENNEDYVILLE,
June 17—3m* *Kent Co., Md.*

250 Sets Cultivator Teeth.
250 Sets Cultivator Teeth.

WE offer to the farmers of Kent and adjoining counties our well known Cultivator Teeth, which have been used for some years with entire satisfaction. They have stood the test, and are considered far superior to the old three-cornered teeth. Their regular crook from the frame to the point makes them draw to the ground and run steep, while they run close to the plant without covering it up. They are made of the best steel, and can be bought as cheap here as elsewhere, having reduced the price on them as on the rest of our work.



WE DO BLACKSMITHING
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Carriage & Machine Smithing,
REPAIRING REAPERS
And MACHINES OF ALL KINDS.
WHEELWRIGHTING



Done at Reduced Prices, and
WITH SEASONED LUMBER.
FARM, PEACH AND EXPRESS WAGONS, AND DEARBORNS,
MADE TO ORDER.
Every thing needful for the farm.
☞ Orders by mail promptly attended to.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT,
April 29, 1871. Chestertown, Md.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

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

SAMUEL CLARK

late of Kent county, deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, on or before the 11th day of February, 1872; otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefits of said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of July, 1871.

LOUIS B. VANHORN,
July 15, 1871—4t. Administrator.

Selected Poetry.

DAWN AND SUNDOWN.

BY MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

The rain is drifting down again?
It sweeps across the rose-pink lawn,
It trembles on the window-pane,
And round the hills its veil is drawn.
Oh, cold and long the day will be:
No light, no warmth it brings to me;
For you, my love! my love! to-day
Wait in the sweet South far away.

How wait you? In some grassy place,
Beneath an arch of bowery trees,
A smile upon your upturned face,
Your hands clasped idly on your knees?
My love! my love! the day is dark;
The rain is dull and cold—and hark!
The wind is up; I hear the sea
That separates you, dear, from me.

What happy sun shines in your eyes?
What flowers of France about you bloom?
What rare, sequestered beauty lies
Far in the low hills' purplish gloom?
The garden leaves about me fall,
The vines hang loosely on the wall;
And, hush! across the storm comes, faint,
The ring-dove's mourning, low complaint.

Dear love! when in some still noonday
Your rapt, high glance you northward turn,
I catch its light here, far away,
Fanned with the airs of sweet Auvergne;
Your face comes in my sleep—a star
To guide me in my dreams afar;
I feel a kiss on cheek and hair,
And then, oh! then, the day dawns fair.

Through summer hours our love was born;
The water shone about our feet,
The fields were green with growing corn,
And June laughed low in lane and street.
O love! my love! in days like these,
When we two watched the birds and bees
Flash through the flowers about our door,
We asked the world for nothing more.

What if the ship which bears you home
Goes sailing by the sunlit strand,
While, weeping, here I watch and roam
In Memory's tender, twilight land?
O love! my love! I watch and wait;
The land with rain is desolate,
And all the blue toss of the sea
Lies now betwixt the light and me.

So, on and on my thoughts are led!
I hide my tears against the wall,
And, dreaming thus, I hear the tread
Of unknown feet along the hall.
I dare not look! Ah, Heaven! if he
Should come this rainy day to me,
Then all these rain-drops, shining cold,
Would turn to bits of burning gold!

THE DROP OF BLOOD.

A Hungarian Story.

Doctor N——, one of the most eminent surgeons of Pesth, was summoned at daybreak one morning to see a person who pressingly sought to be admitted to him. While waiting in the ante-room the visitor desired the servant to add that every moment's delay was dangerous, as he stood in need of instant help.

The surgeon, hastily throwing off his night robe, gave orders for him to be shown up at once.

It was an entire stranger, but one whose dress proclaimed him a man belonging to the best class of society. His pallid cheeks spoke of some deep inward bodily and mental pain, and his right arm rested in a silken sling. Though he succeeded perfectly in controlling the expression of his countenance, a low murmur of pain, in spite of all his efforts, broke forth repeatedly from his lips.

"Have I the honor addressing Doctor N——?" he asked, in a weak, almost fainting voice, as he approached the surgeon.

"Yes, sir."

"Pardon the question. I do not live in Pesth; I came only from the country, I know you by reputation only. I regret not to be able to make your acquaintance under happier circumstances."

The surgeon, seeing that his visitor could scarcely stand on his feet, begged ged him to rest on his divan.

"I am weary; for a whole week I have not closed my eyes. I have been having a pain in my right hand to which I can give no name. In the beginning I felt only a slight pang, but in a short time it commenced to burn with constantly increasing violence, growing to a torture beyond the reach of the slightest alleviation. I have tried every obtainable remedy, far and near, but nothing relieves me—there remains the same piercing, cutting, deadly pain. Finally, I could bear no more; I got into a carriage and hastened here to you, that you might free me from my torment by an operation—the knife or iron—for I can support it no longer.

The surgeon here endeavored to encourage him, saying his suffering might be overcome by a milder means than the use of the knife.

"No, doctor; neither plaster nor yet any palliative can relieve it. What I need is the knife. For that alone did I come here.

Dr. N—— asked to be permitted to look at his hand, on which the sufferer, setting his teeth hard, held it forth. The surgeon using the greatest of precaution began to loosen the bandage.

"Let me entreat you, in advance, doctor, not to be overcome by anything you will see. My pain is so strange, so extraordinary, that it will certainly take you unawares. Hesitate at nothing, I pray you."

The surgeon assured the stranger that he was accustomed to everything in his profession, and pledged himself to hesitate at nothing. Nevertheless, when the hand appeared, he shrunk back involuntarily, letting it fall heavily. The hand was apparently as sound, healthy looking, and perfect as any other—not a spot was to be seen upon it.

A sharp cry from the suffer, as he lifted the dropped hand with the left, proved that he had come in no jest, but that he suffered cruelly.

"Where does it pain you?"

"Here doctor," said the stranger, pointing to a place on the upper surface of his hand, where two veins parted from each other in faint blue lines. The surgeon marked him shudder, as he touched that spot with his finger.

"You feel it paining here?"

"Frightfully?"

"And you suffer from the pressure when I touch the place with my finger?"

The stranger was not in a condition to answer. Tears started to his eyes, so so dreadful was his suffering.

"Wonderful! I distinguish nothing here."

"And yet I experience there so inexpressible a pain that I could dash my head against the wall."

The surgeon took a microscope, examined the place, and shook his head.—"The skin is clear and healthy; the blood courses freely in the veins; there is no inflamation, no apparent hurt. The place is precisely in its natural state."

"I think it somewhat redder."

"Where?"

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket-book and drew a line round the spot the size of a half kreutzer. "Here."

The surgeon carefully looked at the spot and began to think that his patient was insane. "Remain here," he said, "I may be able to assist you in a few days."

"I cannot wait. Do you think, sir, that you have a mad man before you?—This is a misfortune which you will have to cure. The place I have indicated causes me so much agony that, I repeat it, I have only come here to have it cut out."

"Which, however, I will not do," said the surgeon.

"And why not?"

"Because your hand is perfectly sound; so far as I can see there is no more the matter with it than there is with my own hand."

"You are, therefore, ready to decide that I am mad. You cannot believe me jesting," returned the stranger taking a note for a thousand guilders out of his pocket-book and laying it on the table. "There see that this is no child's play, and that the service I ask at your hands is of the highest necessity and importance to me. I entreat you, cut this spot from out of my hand."

"And I say to you, sir, that all the wealth of the world would not induce me to look on a sound member as diseased, or make the slightest incision in such a one. To do it would be to do what my surgical knowledge condemns; in a word, my duty forbids it. The whole world would maintain that you were a lunatic, but of me they would say either that I had been so unprincipled as to profit by your means, or that I was too ignorant to perceive the error into which you had led me."

"So be it. At least you can accord me this favor. I will perform the operation myself. My left will, it is true, be somewhat unskillful, but let that pass. I will soon finish; you will surely have the goodness to dress the wound for me."

The surgeon marked with amazement beyond words that the strange being was in sad earnest, for he laid aside his coat, turned back his sleeves, and took out his penknife in his left hand. And another moment and he would have plunged it deep into his right hand.

"Hold!" cried the surgeon, alarmed lest the stranger sheuld sever the artery, "if the operation be really inevitable, then in the name of Heaven, let me perform it!"

On which, taking his surgical instrument in his hand, he laid the patient's right hand straight out in his own, at the same time requesting him to look another way.

"That is not necessary. Allow me to show you how deep the knife shall go." And truly, during the whole operation, the stranger's resolution did not fail him; he himself directed the surgeon as to the depth of the incision; his hand never moved until the spot represented as the seat of pain was cut out, when throwing back his chest he heaved a great sigh of relief.

"Do you feel no more burning?" questioned the surgeon.

"It is entirely gone," answered the stranger, smiling; the torture has ceased. As for the slighter pain which the wound occasions me, it is to the first pain what a warm breeze is compared to insupportable heat."

While the bandage was being applied, the appearance of the stranger totally altered. A calm pleasant expression met the surgeon's eye, instead of the former look of intense pain; the brow grew clearer, the color lively, a returning look of life replaced the late cruel agitation—the whole man seemed transformed.

As the surgeon readjusted the stranger's hand in the sling, he felt his own seized by the left hand of the latter, who pressing it warmly, said to him in the most fervent tones:

"Receive for your masterly services my most sincere thanks. You have laid me under a real obligation to you—for the remuneration on my part is small, indeed in comparison with the mighty assistance which you have rendered me. I will be indebted to you all my life long!"

But the surgeon's estimate of his services was wholly different; he absolutely refused to accept the note for a thousand guilders, which still lay on the table.—The stranger persisted in leaving it, and had passed out of the door, when seeing the growing displeasure of the surgeon, he turned, and begged him at all events to consent to expend a part of the sum for the benefit of some hospital, and hastily took his departure.

Dr. N—— visited his patient for a few days, at the hotel, where he was remaining until his wound was completely healed. This was rapidly taking place. During the course of this time the surgeon had an opportunity to make observations, which resulted in the convictin that he had to deal with a refined, accomplished man; one whose every word evinced not only extensive information, but that knowledge of the world so agreeable when united with superiority of mind. Not the slightest trace of any ailment, either bodily or mental, was to be marked after the operation. The stranger returned to his estates shortly afterward, perfectly restored.

Three weeks had passed, when the servant was again called upon to announce to the surgeon the arrival of his singular patient The stranger, who was instantly admitted, appeared again, with a bandaged arm, and so great was the suffering that, at first glance, his features were scarcely recognizable. Sinking into a chair, before the surgeon had time to offer him a seat, he stretched out his hand to him, no longer sufficiently master of himself to control his groans.

"What has happened?" sympathizingly inquired the surgeon.

"The incision was not deep enough," groaned the stranger; pain has returned—burns more fiercely than before. I could not at first bring myself to trouble you again. I lingered, hoping that death would come and put an end to my existence. But what I longed for came not. The pain was, and still retains, concentrated in this one place. Look at me and perhaps you will form an idea of my sufferings." The countenance of the stranger was white with agony, and cold drops covered his brow. The surgeon unlossed the bandage. The wound has closed; everything about the hand appeared healthy and sound as before, and the pulse beat evenly and naturally.

"This touches on the marvellous!" exclaimed Doctor N——. "It passes widely beyond everything in my past experience. Wonderful!"

"Yes, wonderful, terrible! Seek not now for the cause, doctor, but free me from this torture. Take your instrument and insert it deeper than before; that alone will give me relief."

The surgeon saw that he must grant this prayer. For the second time he performed the same operation; again did he remark the astonishing alteration in the countenance of the stranger. Again, as he replaced the bandage, a fresh color took the place of the patient's pallor, brightening the visage before so wan.—But the smile returned not now, as before. Sadly he thanked the surgeon for his assistance.

"I thank you doctor. Again the pain has ceased. In a few days the wound will be healed. Nevertheless, be not astonished if you see me here in a month."

"Be easy on that score, sir; chase that thought out of your mind!" exclaimed the surgeon.

"I have an unerring conviction that that deadly pain will return at the end of a month," said the stranger decidedly.—"Besides, what is to happen to me will happen!—till we meet again."

The surgeon related to his colleagues all the particulars of the unaccountable pain. They consulted together, but no one was able to offer a theory, perfectly satisfactory, explanatory of the case so strange.

Towards the end of the month, Doctor N—— began to look forward, not without sadness, to again seeing the stranger; but time passed on and he did not appear.

II.

Thereupon several weeks elapsed, when the surgeon received a letter dated at the patient's place of residence.

He opened it. By the first glance at the closely written pages within, he saw that the stranger had written the letter with his own hand, and inferred from this that the pain, which assuredly would have prevented him from writing, had not returned.

The contents of the letter were as follows:

Dear Sir:—I will not [illegible] ve you longer in doubt concerning the fearfully strange malady which I am about to carry into the grave. I will give you the origin of this terrible evil. For a third time within a week had this frightful pain returned. I will no longer struggle with it. At this moment I am only enabled to use a pen by placing a piece of burning sponge on the back of my hand over the affected part; while this burns I feel only the smarting caused by its intense heat, and that is as nothing compared to the former pain.

Six months ago I was a happy man. I lived, without a care, upon my income, and was in peace and friendship with all the world, enjoying all the pleasures that a man of thirty-five finds to enjoy. A year ago, I married—married for love. My choice fell upon a beautiful, accomplished, warm-hearted girl, the portege of a countess in the neighborhood. This portionless maiden loved me—not from gratitude alone, though through me she had become mistress of my home and sharer of all I possessed—she had a truly childlike love for me. For half a year each succeeding day brought me more happiness than the last. When I went to the city for a day my wife could scarcely rest; when I returned, she came out to meet me a mile from home; and once when I had been belated, she never closed her eyes the whole night long. When I occasionally prevailed upon her to pay a visit to the countess, who loved her tenderly, she always returned the same day; it seemed impossible for her to remain more than half a day away from home and me. Her love for me even went so far that she gave up dancing rather than rest her hand in the clasp of another. In a word, my wife was an innocent child, who had no other thought than me.

I know not what demon one day whispered to me: "What if this be only assumed?" Thus man, in the midst of great happiness, too often experiences an insane desire to look for pain.

My wife had a little work table, the drawer of which she kept invariably locked. I had often noticed that she never left it open; never, by any chance, had forgotten to take out the key. This thought began to trouble me; what had she to conceal from me; I was certainly beside myself. I believed her innocent countenance her clear eyes, her kisses, her embraces no more. What if these were but parts of the deception?

One day the countess visited us. She came to take my wife home with her. Our estates lay not far distant from one another, and I gave my wife a promise to follow her soon.

Scarcely had the carriage left my court yard, when I collected together all the keys I could find, and with them sought to open the closed drawer. At length I found one.

A looker-on would have taken me, as I drew out the drawer, for one who for the first time in his life was about committing a theft. I was a thief, opening a lock to steal from a weak woman her secrets.

My hands trembled as they came in contact with the different things in the drawer, but I carefully avoided creating any disorder that might betray my presence. Suddenly my breast seemed as if crushed by iron bands; I felt on the point of suffocating! Under a roll of lace lay a parcel of papers; quick as thought my heart whispered they were letters; at the first glance one would have kuown them to be—love letters.

The package was bound together by a rose colored ribbon, embroidered with silver. As I touched the ribbon I thought "Is this right? Is it not unworthy of an honorable man thus to steal the secrets of his wife—secrets which belong to her maidenhood alone? Is she answerable to me for her thoughts and feelings before she became my wife? Should I be jealous of the time when she scarcely knew of my existence? But what if these letters date since I had a right to watch over all her thoughts—to be jealous even of her dreams—since she has been my wife?"

I untied the ribbon. No one was there; no mirror near to point out on my cheek the mounting flush of shame. I opened one letter after another, and read them through to the end.

Oh, that was terrible!

Shall I tell you what was in those letters? The most despicable treachery ever practiced against man. My best friend had written them, but in what tone! With what persuasive and passionate eloquence did he speak therein! How he planned and counselled the course a wife might take to deceive her husband! All these letters were dated since our marriage—while I had been so happy! I find no words to picture what I experienced on reading them. It was a feeling like the work of deadly poison. I drank the poison to the last drop. I read every one of these letters through by itself. Then I laid them in order, bound them together, covered them with the lace and locked the drawer.

It was certain that my wife, if I did not go for her, would hasten home before evening. And so it was. How quickly she sprang from her carriage and ran toward me: how she embraced me, how she kissed me! How happy she was to be with me again!

I allowed her to see nothing of the revolution which had taken place within me. We talked together, supped together, and retired as usual to our rooms, which were side by side. I did not close my eyelids; awake I counted the hours. As the first quarter past midnight struck I stood in her chamber! Like a little angel in the midst of snowy clouds lay her lovely fair head in peaceful slumber upon the dazzling white pillows. What a monstrous lie of nature, to lend to sin features so innocent! I was as determined, as inflexible, as a monomaniac in his fixed idea. The raging poison of jealousy had eaten into my soul. Shortly I laid my hands upon her throat, and suddenly I pressed them together. That moment she opened her large dark eyes, saw me with amaze, then closed them slowly. She was dead. She died without having time to utter a word in her defense, peaceful as a dream. As I murdered her she felt no anger towards me. Only a single drop of blood, pressed out of her mouth, fell on the back of my hand; where, you know but too well.

* * * * * * *

She had no relations to inquire into the cause of her death; and I purposely delayed sending out to my friends invitations to the funeral until it was too late for them to reach my place in time. No one upon my estate had any suspicion of the truth. Besides I was master; who had any right to question me?

When all was over, and I was returning to my home, my conscience was not burdened in the least. She had deserved her fate, I thought of her no more.

On reaching my home I found the countess, my wife's only female friend, just arriving. Like others, she had come after the hour appointed for the funeral. She was painfully agitated. Whether from sorrow or sympathy I know not, but the words of consolation with which she essayed to address me were so confused that I could scarcely understand them.—At last she clasped her hands, and said, in faltering tones, that she saw herself obliged to confide to me a secret, which she must entreat me not reveal. She had given my wife a packet of letters to keep for her—the contents were such that she dared not keep them by her—she had now to beg me to return them to her. An icy shudder went through me as she spoke these words. With marked coldness I asked her what these letters contained. The countess shrunk back, and answered hastily;

"Oh, sir, your wife was more generous than you. When she took these letters into her care she did not ask what they contained, but gave me her word to guard them well, and I am sure she has kept her pledge. She had a noble soul; it would have been impossible for her to break her solemn promise."

"Very well," I said, "how am I to know these letters."

"They are tied together with a rose colored ribbon, embroidered with silver."

"I will look for them immediately."

With this I took my wife's keys in my hand, and began to search for the packet I knew but two well where to find it.

"Is this it?" said I, at last bringing it to the countess.

"Yes, yes. Only see here is the same knot I made, your wife never untied." I dared not lift up my eyes—I feared the countess would read in them that I had unloosed it—ah, that I had gone further, and committed a monstrous crime! I took brief leave of her, excusing myself as well as I could. I needed to be alone. The countess returned home. Her husband was in all his actions mean and brutal, his tastes were low and wholly unworthy of his rank. Had I been such a man I would deserve such a wife. But my wife was an innocent, spotless angel, who loved me when I murdered her! * * * I remember nothing of what passed for hours, but this I know, that when I returned to conciousness I was sitting on my wife's coffin in the vault. I was not yet insane as to believe that I could awake her. It seemed to me she would hear my words:

"By the true upright love with which you once loved me; by the love which you took with you for me to the grave, I implore you to have mercy on me and avenge yourself on me in this life! Leave not my punishment to another world, but let me suffer here on earth—torture me, kill me! Wait not until I am dead but avenge yourself now!"

Thus madly did I speak to the mortal remains of my wife; whereupon I slept or rather swooned. I began to dream. Perhaps it was no dream. I seemed to see the lid of the coffin slowly open and the form of my dead wife resting therein as slowly arise. I was on my knees before the coffin, my hand resting on the side. Her lips were pale but a red drop stood on them. Slowly she bent over me, opened her eyes as she had on that last time pressed a kiss upon my hand. The red drop which had hung on her lips rested on my hand; she closed her eyes, laid herself back again on her cold pillow and the coffin closed over her.

Not long after I was awakened by a frightful pain, like the sting of a scorpion. I hastened home. It was still daylight; no one had noticed my absence or my return. The blood had disappeared from off my hand, but in the spot where the blood had rested it was burning as if a corrosive poison had penetrated therein. The pain increased from hour to hour without ever ceasing. Even in sleep I felt it. I said nothing of it to any one—no one would have believed it. You know, sir, what I must have suffered, and from what anguish your knife relieved me? Scarcely had the second wound healed, however, when the pain came anew. For the third time it now racks me, and I have not strength to endure it longer. In an hour I will say farewell to earth!—Only the thought that, since she has been avenged here on earth, she will forgive me on the other side, gives me a ray of consolation.

I thank you for your heartfelt sympathy and for your aid. God bless you.

A few days later might have been read in one of the journals: "One of our richest patriots has shot himself. Grief for the loss of his wife is supposed to be the cause."

EXPANDING THE LUNGS.—Step out into the purest air you can find, stand perfectly erect, with head and shoulders back, and then fixing the lips as if you were going to whistle, draw the air through the lips into the lungs. When the chest is about full, gradually raise the arms, keeping them extended with the palms of the hands down, as you suck in the air, so as to bring them over the head just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the thumbs inward, and after forcing the arms backward and the chest open, reverse the process by which you draw your breath, till the lungs are empty. This process should be repeated immediately after bathing, and several times during the day. It is impossible to describe to one who has never tried it, the glorious sense of vigor which follows this exercise. It is the best expectorant in the world.

SELF TAUGHT.—Many men are said to be self taught. No man was ever taught in any other way. Do you suppose a man is to be a bucket to be hung on the well of knowledge and pumped full? Man is a creature that learns by the exertions of his own faculties. There are aids to learning of various kinds; but no matter how many of these aids a man may be surrounded by, after all, the learning is that which he acquires himself. And whether he is in college or out of college, in school or out of school, every man must educate himself. And in our times and in our community every man has the means of doing it.

IF one may credit the Richmond Virginia *Whig*, there is now in that city a curiously-shaped bamboo root. Holding it in one position, it says, you see clearly defined in outline and recognizable at a glance, a bull's head and three cow's heads. Reversing it, a sheep's head appears to view, exact and faithful to nature as if carved by some skilled hand. The heads of two African antelopes, a boar's head, a greyhound's, a bull dog's, a squirrel sitting on a stump, a tobacco worm, complete this strange jumble of representations of animal life.

WELL Sambo, is your master a good farmer?"

"O, yes, he be a very good farmer, he makes two crops in one year."

"How is that, Sambo?"

"Why he sell all his hay in the fall, and makes money once; den in de spring he sells all de hides ob de cattle dat die for the lack ob de hay, and makes money twice."

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