THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 23, 1872. NO. 44.

TIME TABLE



KENT COUNTY RAILROAD.

Spring Schedule.

The Kent County Railroad having been completed to Chestertown, trains will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) for freight and passengers, between Chestertown 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		
" Chestertown	6:30	
" Worton	6:45	
" Lynch's,	6:55	Q.A.R.R.train
" Still Pond,	7:05	
" Kennedyville,	7:20	
" Black's,	7:35	
" 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	8:00
" Vandyke's,	11:55	8:15
" Morris',	12:05P.M.	8:25
" Massey's,	12;20	8:35
" Lambson's,	12:30	
" Black's,	12:40	
" Kennedyville,	1:00	
" Still Pond,	1:10	
" Lynch's,	1:15	
" Worton,	1:25	
Arrive at Chestertown	1:45	

☞ Passengers from Chestertown 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.

JENNINGS HOOD,
March 2, 1872. Superintendent.

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.

STOVES! STOVES!! STOVES!!!

Excelsior Hot Blast Cook, Superb Cook, Ironside, Columbia Cook, Niagara, Continental, All Right Cook, Farmer, Champion Complete Improved, Victor Range, Reliance Range, Novelty parlor Cook.

THE IMPROVED MORNING GLORY,

Token Gas Burning Base, Token with Reflector, Parlor Light Base Burner, Magic Light Base Burner, Comet Air-tight Radiator, Myrtle Illuminating Base, Casket Air-tight, for wood or coal, Vulcan Egg, Tuscan Open Front, for wood, Union Air Tight, Woodland, Flame, Nine Plate Stove, &c. &c.

BIBB AND SEXTON'S HEATERS

put up to heat one, two or three rooms, at city prices, and repaired at moderate rates.

Call and examine our large stock of Stoves, and be convinced that we are selling them as low as in the city.

Store opposite the Court House.

J. K. ALDRIDGE.
Chestertown, Oct. 21, 1871.

New Firm in the Lumber Business!



Having purchased the entire stock of Mr. Wm. Vannort in the Lumber Business, we intend to keep at his old stand a full and complete assortment of

BUILDING MATERIAL;

AND A LARGE STOCK OF LUMBER, to which we invite the attention of consumers, comprised in part of Select Cullings, 4-4, 6-4 and 8-4 White Pine, 5-8 Siding. Yellow Pine Dressed Flooring, White Pine Scantling and Bill Stuff, Hemlock Joist, Scantling & Bill Stuff, White Pine and Hemlock Fencing, White Pine and Cypress Shingles, Laths, Pales, Window Sash glazed, and Window Shutters.

We hope, by attention to our business, to merit a full share of public patronage.

We will also continue the

CARPENTERING AND Undertaking

business with unabated vigor.

JOHN T. DODD & SON.
July 15, 1871—tf.

For Rent.

A desirable Dwelling on Queen street in Chestertown, with a large Garden in front. The building is a two story Brick, a d was recently occupied by B. B. Perkins.

The premises are also for sale.

Apply to E. F. PERKINS,
Dec. 9, 1871. Chestertown, Md.

CIDER VINEGAR,
RELIABLE FOR PICKLING,
on hand and for sale by
THOMAS S. WICKES.
Chestertown August 19, 1871.

SMALL FRUITS,

Plants, &c.

100,000 Strawberry, of the Leading Varieties.
40,000 Dooitte Back Cap Raspberry.
20,000 Phi adephia, do.
20,000 Brandywine, do.
10,000 Davidson's Thornless, do.
100 Herstine, do.,

Together with a general assortment of NURSERY STOCK, most of which is of my own growth.

Also, *BARLING'S PATENT PRUNING SHEARS*, which are superior to any other article of the kind, and which I have the exclusive right to sell in Kent county.

For sale by

R. E. WALLIS,
Near Kennedyville.
Oct, 28, 1871—5m

B. C. BROOKER, JR. WM. B. LEWIS.

Brooker & Lewis,

AUCTIONEERS

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

No. 236 W. Baltimore street,
NEAR CHARLES,
BALTIMORE, MD.

☞ Sales of Household Furniture, Carpets, &c., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock A. M. Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes and Notions every Monday at 10 o'clock A. M.

Consignments respectfully solicited.

Out-door Sales of every description taken at lowest rates.

Cash advances made if required.

Baltimore, August 26, 1871—y

Special Notice.



THE subscriber Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of *AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS*, Farm and Plantation Machinery—he also makes a speciality of PLOWS of all the various varieties for the Southern Trade. Having established himself in

Warehouse No. 40 and 42, Light street, Baltimore,

respectfully invites all his old customers and others interested in such Wares to give him a call and examine his stock, which will be as

COMPLETE AND WELL MADE AND SOLD AT AS MODERATE RATES

as any other like establishment in the country. Address

JOHN MAYHER,
40 and 42 Light street,
Oct. 7, 1871—y. BALTIMORE.

COAL HODS, Shovels, Pokers, Seives, Stove Brushes and Blacking, on hand and will be sold at a very small advance on cost. A large assortment of HARDWARE, TINWARE, AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, for sale cheap.

Give me a call and get a good Cook Stove or a very small sum of money.

Store opposite the Court House.
Oct. 21. J. K. ALDRIDGE.

TAKE NOTICE!

THE subscriber is making up a Club for the "American Agriculturist" and "Hearth and Home," Orange Judd's two great papers.

JOHN W. HINES,
Nov. 11, 1871—tf. Chestertown, Md.

FOOD FOR THE SICK.

CORN STARCH,
FARINA,
RICE FLOUR,
TAPIOCA,
SAGO,
SEA MOSS FARINA.
For sale at *WICKES' DRUG STORE*

NOTICE.

OWING to the pressure of the times, the undersigned will be compelled to do a STRICTLY CASH BUSINESS on and after *the first day of February*, 1872.

All persons indebted must make immediate settlement.

G. W. SUTTON.
Galena, Jan. 13, 1872—4t.

GALENA SEMINARY.

A Home School for Young Ladies,

Near Lambson's Station, Kent Co. R. R.

THIS INSTITUTION offers special inducements to those desiring for their daughters careful training, thorough instruction in all the branches of an English and Classical education, and every advantage of a Home School.

Studies in English, French, German, Music, Drawing and Painting, conducted by *experienced* Teachers.

The Fourth Half-Yearly Term will begin on *Tuesday, the 6th of February*

Address E. L. BENNY,
Feb. 3, 1872—6w. Principal.

EDWARD HAYES,

Iron Commission Merchant,

BALTIMORE,

Buys and sells Scrap Iron and old Metals of every description. Feb. 10—y.

NOTICE.

ALL ACCOUNTS *MUST* be settled on or before March 1st, either in Cash or by Negotiable Note.

C. F. STAM & BRO.
January 27, 1872.

Money Saved! Money Saved!!

BY ENCLOSING **ONE DOLLAR** (1.00) a three cent stamp and sample of goods, and getting in return ONE PAIR of *OUR OWN KID GLOVES*, in all the Fall shades and colors.

The only place to get them is at

W. H. RINGGOLD'S,
95 N. Charles Street,
3 doors South of Mulberry.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER PAIR, AND EVERY PAIR *GUARANTEED.*
Balt., Sept. 16, 1871.

WILLIAM HARRIS, Gun & Pistol

MANUFACTURER,

No. 116 West Pratt street,
(One Door East of South,)
BALTIMORE,

KEEPS constantly on hand a complete assortment of

DUCK AND BIRD GUNS,
REPEATING PISTOLS,

SMITH & WESSON'S CARTRIDGE PISTOLS, COLT'S REPEATING PISTOLS, and every description of Pistol now in use.

Also, a Variety of Sporting Articles,

Such as Powder Flasks, Shot Pouches, Water Proof Caps, Wads, &c.

Wholesale and Retail.

GUNS neatly Stocked and repeaired at short notice.

Baltimore, Oct. 7, 1871—y.

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.

JOHN R. HARE,

THE ENGLISH

Watchmaker and Jeweller,

Has removed to his New Store,

63 FAYETTE STREEET,
OPPOSITE BARNUM'S HOTEL.

N. B.—*Fine Watch Repairs*, at Trade prices, a speciality.

☞ The cheapest Stock in the City.
Baltimore, Nov. 25, 1871—1y.

Colin F. Stam. Louis K. Stam.

C. F. STAM & BRO.,

APOTHECARIES,

Booksellers and Stationers,

Corner High and Court Streets,

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

WE tender thanks to our patrons of the year 1871, for the liberality extended to us, and beg a continuance of the same.

Having a large and well selected stock of *FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CHEMICALS*, we are prepared to compound prescriptions, with accuracy and neatness, at all hours. Jan. 27, 1872.

CALL AND GET ONE OF *C. F. STAM & BRO'S. ALMANACS.* They are more correct than any other now in use. *We give them away.*

Chestertown, Dec. 16, 1871.

WOOL WANTED.—People's Popular Store, will pay cash for Wool, or xchange for merchandise, and have no objection to receive it on account. We are selling the cheapest Dry Goods in this market.

Respectfully, WM. A. VICKERS.

ATTENTION.

THURSTON'S
PEARL TOOTH POWDER

Whitens the teeth, strengthens the gums, purifies the breath, and is the most perfect Tooth Powder made. For sale at

Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE*

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.

Something Wonderful.

READ'S Sore Throat and Catarrh Powder is the most wonderful article I ever heard of, for sore throat almost vanishes at its touch.—Rev. J. Foley, Balt For sale at

Jan. 7. *WICKES' DRUG STORE.*

BLACK LEAD and Blacking Brushes for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

Selected Poetry.

☞ The following verses, copied from a newspaper published more than forty years ago, may probably amuse some of our readers:

I.

There's something very curious in the manner
In which you twist words into rhymes,
Single and double;
To see how one thing with another chimes;
That is, if you have not wit enough to plan a
Story, or something else to write about,
Without
Much trouble.

II.

Suppose we try it now. One Asa Stokes,
One of those men whom everything provokes,
A surly-tempered, evil-minded, bearish,
Ill-natured kind of being;
He was the Deacon of the parish,
And had the overseeing
Of some small matter, such as the ringing
Of the church bell, and *'took the lead in singing.'*

III.

Well; Deacon Stokes had gone to bed, one night,
About *eleven:*
'Twas in December, if my memory's right,
In—'97.
'Twas cold enough to make a Russian shiver.
I think, I never
Knew one
Colder than this; in faith it was a *blue one!*
As by the Almanac foretold 'twas
A real Lapland night. Good Lord! how cold 'twas.

IV.

There was a chap about there named Ezekiel,
A clever, good-for-nothing fellow,
Who, very often, used to get quite mellow;
For he was fond of cracking jokes
On Deacon Stokes:
To shew on
What terms he stood among the *women folks,*
And so on.

V.

It came to pass that on the night I spake of,
Ezekiel left the tavern bar-room, where
He'd spent the evening, for the sake of
Drowning his care,
By partaking
Of the merry-making
And enjoyment
Of some *good-fellows* there, whose sole employment
Was, in all kinds of weather,
On every night,
'By early candle-light,'
To get together,
Reading *the papers*, smoking pipes and *chewing;*
Telling *long yarns*, and pouring down 'The Ruin.'

VI.

'Pretty well corned,' and up to anything;
Drunk as a lord, 'and happy as a king,'
'Blue as a razor' from his midnight revel,
Not fearing muskets, women, or the devil;
With a light *heart*
Much lighter than a feather;
With a light *soul*
That spurned the freezing weather;
And with a *head*
Ten times as light as either;
And a *purse* perhaps as light as all together;
On went Ezekiel, with a great expression
Of thought,
Until he brought
Up, at a post before the Deacon's mansion.

VII.

With one arm round the post, awhile he stood
In thoughtful mood;
With one eye turned
Up toward a window, where,
With feeble glare,
A candle burned;
Then with a serious
Face, and grave, mysterious
Shake of the head,
Ezekiel said,
[His right eye once more thrown
Upon the beacon
That from the window shone:]
'I'll start the Deacon.'

VIII.

Rap, rap, rap, rap, went Deacon Stokes' knocker,
But no one stirred. Rap, rap, it went again.
"By George!—it must be after ten oclock, or
They take an early hour for turning in."

IX.

Rap, rap, rap, rap,—'My conscience! how they keep
A fellow waiting! Lord, how sound they sleep.'

X.

The Deacon then began to be alarmed;
And, in amazement,
Threw up the casement,
And, with cap on head,
Of fiery red,
Demanded what was the cause of the riot
That thus disturbed his quiet.

XI.

'Quite cool this evening, Deacon Stokes, replied
The voice below. 'Well, well, sir, what's the matter?'
'Quite chilly, Deacon; how your teeth do chatter!'
'You vagabond, a pretty time you've chosen
To show your wit; for I am almost frozen,
Be off; or I'll come down and put the lash on'—
'Why, bless you, Deacon; don't be in a passion.'
'Twas all in vain
To speak again;
For with the Deacon's threat about the lash,
Down went the sash.

XII.

Rap, rap, rap, rap, the knocker went again;
And neither of 'em was a very light rap.
Thump, thump, against the door went Zekiel's cane,
And thrst, once more brought Deacon Stokes' night-cap.

XIII.

'Very cold weather, Deacon Stokes, to-night.'
'Begone, ye vile,
Insolent dog; or I'll
Give you *a warming;* and should serve you right;
You villain, it is time to end your hoax.'
Why bless your soul and body, Deacon Stokes,
Don't be so cross;
When I've come here
In this severe
Night, which is cold enough to kill a horse,
For your advice
Upon a very difficult and nice
Question:—Now, Lord bless you,
Deacon, do make haste and dress you.'

XIV.

Well, well, out with it—if it must be so,
Be quick about it,
I'm very cold.
'Well, Deacon, I don't doubt it,
In a few words the matter can be told.
Deacon, the case is this; I want to know,
If this cold weather holds all summer here
What time green peas will be along next year?

The Most Singular Case of Circumstantial Evidence on Record.

It is only within the present century that the law has required, in case of murder, the finding and identification of the victim. Previous to that, if a man disappeared, and his absence could not be accounted for a person to whom circumstantial evidence pointed as his probable murderer could be arrested and hanged for the alleged crime. A most extraordinary case, which occurred during the war between England and France, at the beginning of the century, first called particular attention to the singular law, and was ultimately the cause of its being replaced by the statute as it now stands. The story is substantially as follows:

Two Englishmen, uncle and nephew, took up their quarters at a well-known inn in Portsmouth, close to the pier. They were well received by the landlord, for they had plenty of money in their possession. The uncle, whom we will call William, suggested to his companion, who shall be called Robert, in the hearing of the landlord, that they should hand their money to their host for safe-keeping.—Robert objected, and proposed that they should keep it on their person. This was agreed to.

At night they occupied the same room and the same bed. The inn was an old fashioned, irregular building. From their bed-room the two men could enter a long passage which ran along the end of the house to the pier. They went to their room together about 11 o'clock at night. Next morning Roberts entered the landlord's room with a hurried, anxious air, and asked the landlord whether he knew what had become of his uncle. The landlord said he did not. At the same time he observed to his horror that the hands of Robert were stained with blood. The landlord arose and suggested that they should go to the bed-room together.—They did so. On entering a terrible spectacle met the landlord's gaze. The clothes of the bed which had evidently been occupied by two persons, were stained all over with blood. The pillow was saturated with it. The wash-basin and the stand were also bespattered with blood. On the dressing-table lay a large jockey or sailor's knife, the handle and blade all bloody. Drops of blood marked the floor from the bedside to the door which opened upon the passage referred to. The landlord told Robert the case was a suspicious one, and that he must place it in the hands of the authorities He did forthwith. Robert was arrested. On being searched his clothes were found to be bloody. Blood stains were discovered in the passage from the bed-room door to the water's edge, where apparently there had been a struggle. On Robert were found the purse and papers of the missing man.

Robert, manifested coolness and presence of mind, told the follwing story: After his uncle and himself had been in bed a short time, the former, who lay on the outside, complained that his nose was bleeding. Presently he got up and went to the washstand. He used water freely, but in vain. The bleeding continued, and so violently that the men both became alarmed. Robert suggested the application of cold iron to the back of his uncle's neck. He took his jack-knife out of his pocket and applied it accordingly. In attending his uncle his hands and shirt were stained with blood. As the bleeding still continued, William dressed himself and said he would go out at the side door and walk on the pier in the cold morning air. Before doing so he handed his pocketbook and purse to his nephew to keep until his return. Robert fell asleep after his uncle left and was astounded when he awoke to find that he had not returned.

Robert was indicted for murder. All the circumstances were against him. The jury believed that William had been murdered and his body carried down to the water and flung in. Robert was convicted and sentenced to be hanged, and hanged he was accordingly in a few days.

Two years afterwards the missing man returned. He confirmed every word that his nephew had uttered in his defence.—When William reached the pier on the night of the supposed murder, he turned to the left, and had only gone a few paces when he was pounced upon by a press-gang. He was overpowered and carried to a boat, and in an hour found himself on board a British sloop of war in Southampton waters. The vessel was getting under way. In her he remained for three months without a chance of writing to his friends. Then the ship was captured by a French frigate, and William spent twenty months in a French prison. On his release he returned to England to find to his horror that his beloved nephew had been hanged as his assasin.—*N. Y. Sunday Despatch.*

☞ Everything in nature indulges in amusement of some kind. The lightnings play, the winds whistle, the thunders roll, the snow flies, the rills and cascades sing and dance, the waves leap, the fields smile, the vines creep and run, the buds shoot, and the hills have tops to play with. But some of them have their seasons of melancholy. The tempests moan, the zephyrs sigh, the brooks murmur, and the mountains look blue.

From the Ohio State Journal.

A Beautiful Description.

WHY THE HON. S. S. COX IS CALLED BY THE NAME OF "SUNSET"

At the request of many readers, we republish from the Ohio Statesman of May 19, 1853, the brilliant piece of descriptive writing which won for Mr. Cox the name of "Sunset:"

What a stormful sunset was that of last night! How glorious the storm, and how splendid the setting of the sun! We do not remember ever to have seen the like on our round globe. The scene opened in the West, with a whole horizon full of a golden interpenetrating lustre which colored the foliage and brightened every object into its own rich dyes. The colors grew deeper and richer until the golden lustre was transfused into a storm-cloud, full of finest lightning, which leaped in dazzling zigzags all round and over the city. The wind arose with fury, the slender shrubs and giant trees made obeisance to its majesty. Some even snapped before its force. The strawberry beds and grass plots "turned up their whites" to see Zephyrus march by. As the rain came, and the pools formed, and the gutters hurried away, thunder roared grandly, and the fire-bells caught the excitement and rung with hearty chorus. The South and East received the copious showers, and the West all at once brightened up, in a long, polished belt of azure, worthy of a Sicilian sky.

Presently a cloud appeared in the azure belt, in the form of a castellated city. It became more vivid, revealing strange forms of peerless fanes and alabaster temples, and glories rare and grand in this mundane sphere. It reminds us of Wordsworth's splendid verse in his "Excursion:"

"The appearance instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city, boldly say
A wilderness of buildings, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendor without end!"

But the city vanished only to give place to another isle, where the most beautiful forms of foliage appeared, imaging a Paradise in the distant and purified air.

The sun, wearied of the elemental commotion sank behind the green plains of the West. The "great eye in heaven," however, went not down, without a dark brow hanging over its departing light. The rich flush of the unearthly light had passed and the rain had ceased; when the solemn church bells pealed, the laughter of children rang out, and joyous after the storm, is heard with the carol of birds; while the forked and purple weapon of the skies still darted illumination around the Starling College, trying to rival its angles and leap into its dark windows.

Candles are lighted. The piano strikes up. We feel it is good to have a home; good to be on the earth where such revelations of beauty and power may be made. And as we cannot refrain from reminding our readers of everything wonderful in our city, we have begun and ended our feeble etching of a sunset which comes so rarely that its glory should be committed to immortal type.

An Affecting Case.

A one-armed horseman, recently traveling through Missouri, stopped at a blacksmith's shop to have his horse shod. The smith noticed the empty sleeve, and asked him if he had lost his arm in the war. He replied with a sigh, that he did, and even more, going on to relate how he left home to enlist in the Southern army, and at the close of the war, on going back, he found that his wife, who thought him dead, had moved away, and he had since been unable to obtain a trace of her. "What is your name?" asked the blacksmith. When the answer was "S. M. Waldrup," he suddenly released the hoof over which he had been bending, and without looking at the ex-soldier, said: "Follow me into the house," and hurriedly led the way. Result, the discovery of Mrs. Waldrup with three new children by her side. She had supposed Waldrup dead, and had accordingly been married to the blacksmith. The two men wisely came to the conclusion to let the lady choose between them, and she elects in favor of Waldrup Then she says she cannot do without the children, and the blacksmith says, after a most painful pause, "You shall take them, my dear."

"When the steamboat St. Luke, "says the Cincinnati Enquirer, in a most touching paragraph," stopped at the landing some hours later, Waldrup went on board with his still weeping and thickly veiled wife, and the blacksmith followed with the children. The boat's bell rang for the starting, and the dread separation was at hand. The crew, the passengers, the captain—all who witnessed it,—were affected to tears by the touching scene. With great drops rolling down his tawny cheeks, the smith kissed the children, one after another, and in a choking voice bade their mother an eternal goodbye. The two men gazed wistfully at each other's faces, shook hands long and earnestly, and then the blacksmith, by a strong effort of his iron will, released the hand of Waldrup, and walked quietly to the shore. He never turned his face to the boat, which soon passed out of sight around a merciful bend in the river, but strode on, with his head bowed down, to the home whither the voice of his wife and children should welcome him no more."

☞ Patrick Henry left in his will the following important passage:

"I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had that and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor.

A Beautiful Incident.

On a beautiful summer's day a clergyman was called to preach in a town in Indianna, to a young Episcopal congregation. At the close of his discourse, he addressed his young hearers in such words as these:

"Learn that the present life is a preparation for and has a tendency to eternity The present is linked to the future throughout creation, in the vegetable, in the animal, and in the moral world. As is the seed, so is the fruit; as is the egg, so is the fowl; as is the boy, so is the man; and as the rational being is in this world, so will he be in the next. Dives estranged from God here, is Dives estranged from God in the next, and Enoch walking with God here, is Enoch walking with God in a calm and better world. I beseech you, live, then for a blessed eternity. Go to the worm that you tread upon, and learn a lesson of wisdom, The very caterpillar seeks the food that fosters it for another and brighter state; and more wisely than man, builds its own sepulchre, from whence in time, by a kind resurrection, it comes forth a a new creature in almost an angelic form. And now that which crawled flies, and that which fed on comparatively gress food, sips the dew that reveals in that rich pastures, an emblem of that paradise where flows the river of life and grows the tree of life. Could the caterpillar have been diverted from its proper element and mode of life, if it had never attained the butterfly's splendid form and hue, it had perished a worthless worm. Consider her ways and be wise. Let it not be said that ye are more negligent than worms, and that your reason is less available than their instinct. As often as the butterfly flits across your path, remember that it whispers in its flight, "live for the future."

With this the preacher closed his discourse; but to deepen the impression, a butterfly, directed by the Hand which guides alike the sun and an atom in its course, fluttered through the church, as if commissioned by Heaven to repeat the exhortation, There was neither speech nor language, but its voice was heard saying to the gazing audience—"Live for the future.

A Novel Way of Getting Rid of a Tenant.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer, March 2.

Mrs. Mayling is the name of a widow lady, with three children, who occupies a room in the third story of a building No. 180 Race street. The landlord has been giving her notice to leave very persistently for some time, and the lady has as persistently refused to comply with the wishes of the proprietor. Yesterday morning Mrs. Mayling sent one of her children in great haste for a physician, stating that she was in a very bad way. When the Doctor ascended the stairs leading to her altitudinous room, he was stifled with the fumes of brimstone. With a great disregard to consequences he pushed forward until he reached the poor woman's door, which was opened in response to his knock. The fumes of brimstone were so strong, however, that he was compelled to rush down one flight of stairs, where he called to the woman and asked her what she was trying to do. She replied that she was trying to keep possession of her room, but she was beginning to despair of being able to do so much longer. She said the landlord was fumigating her establishment with brimstone for the purpose of making her leave the premises, and she was beginning to find the situation unpleasant. The Doctor informed her that she could probably exist another hour in the atmosphere if her constitution was pretty strong, but he would not warrant her life and that of her children for a longer time than that. When the Doctor left the little family were gasping for wholesome air like a mackerel on a sand bar, on the lower steps of the stairway, and the landlord was still piling on the brimstone.

All Mixed Up.

A certain witness in an assault and battery suit we once heard, mixed things up considerably in giving his account of the affair. After relating how Dennis came to him and struck him, he proceeded:

"So, yer honor, I just hauled off and wiped his jaw. Just then his dog came along, and I hit him again."

"Hit the dog?"

"No, yer honor, hit Dennis. And then I up with a stun and throwed it at him, and rolled him over and over."

"Threw a stone at Dennis?"

"At the dog, yer honpr. And he got up and hit me again."

"The dog?"

"No, Dennis. And with that he stuck his tail betwixt his legs and run off."

"Dennis?"

"No, the dog. And when he came back at me, he got me down and pounded me, yer honor."

"The dog came back at you?"

"No, Dennis, yer honor, and he isn't hurt any at all."

"Who isn't hurt?"

"The dog, yer honor."

☞ "Mister, how do you sell sugar today?"

"Only 20 cents a pound, sir."

"Can't give it. I'll drink my coffee without sugar, and kiss my wife for sweetening. Good day, sir."

"Good day. When you get tired of that kind of sweetening, please call round again."

"I will."

He called next day.

☞ Mrs. Jones says: "I believe I've got the tenderest-hearted boys in the world. I can't tell one of them to fetch me a bucket of water but he'll burst out crying!"

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