THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. X. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 6, 1872. NO. 46.

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	
" Still Pond,	7:05	
" Kennedyville,	7:20	
" Black's,	7:35	
" Lambson's,	7:50	Q.A.R.R.train
" 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 proved 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, ad 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

[redacted]

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.

Selected Poetry.

No Mortgage on the Farm.

BY JOHN YATES.

Mary, let's kill the fatted calf and celebrate the day,
For the last dreadful mortgage on the farm is passed away;
I have got the papers with me, they are right as right can be—
Let us laugh and sing, together, for the dear old farm is free.

Don't all the Yankees celebrate the Fourth day of July,
Because 'twas then that freedom's sun lit up our nation's sky?
Why shouldn't we then celebrate, and this day ne'er forget?
Where is there any freedom like being out of debt?

I've riz up many mornin's an hour before the sun,
And night has overtaken me before the task was done;
When weary with my labor 'twas this thought that nerved my arm,
Each day of toil will help to pay the mortgage on the farm.

And, Mary, you have done your part in rowin' to the shore,
By takin' eggs and butter to the little village store;
You did not spend the money in dressing up for show,
But sang from morn till evening in your faded calico.

And, Bessie, our sweet daughter—God bless her loving heart,
The lad that gets her for a wife must be by nature smart;
She's gone without piano, her lonely hours to charm,
To have a hand in payin' off the mortgage on the farm

I'll build a little cottage soon, to make your heart rejoice,
I'll buy a good piano to go with Bessie's voice;
You shall not make your butter with that up and down concern,
For I'll go this very day and buy the finest patent churn.

Lay by your faded calico, and go with me to town,
And get yourself and Bessie a new and shining gown.
Low prices for our produce need give us no alarm,
Spruce up a little, Mary! there's no mortgage on the farm.

While our hearts are now so joyful, let us, Mary, not forget
To thank the God of Heaven for being out of debt,
For He gave the rain and sunshine, and put strength into my arm,
And lengthened out the days to see no mortgage on the farm.

TRUTH.

Monsieur Adolphe Simon was near upon thirty years of age before he felt that he was rich enough to take a wife, yet to be married had been the object of his existence since he had reached man's estate and obtained a situation in *Ministere des Affairs etrangeres*. With much patience, from twenty to thirty, had M. Simon waited his very gradual and slow promotion, at every advance in his salary adding something to the future home, the model home he was one day to have. First of all he decided that he would not live within the fortifications; he had rural tastes, and besides was deeply tinged with sentiment and romance.

The first thing he did was to buy a lot of ground just two leagues from the walls of Paris. For more than a year the great relaxation of Monsieur Simon was to go out after office hours and contemplate this barren ground, on which his imagination was perpetually raising fantastic edifices.

The house came at last, however, built especially under his direction and according to his own plans—a rustic habitation, that is, what a Parisian, taking his ideas from the pastorals of the opera comique, imagines to be rustic habitation. But to all who have seen something more than the asphalt pavement of Paris, Monsieur Simon's country seat looked like a Nuremburg toy, or a baby house from Giroux & Company in la Rue de Coq. It was painted the tenderest of dove colors; it had painted glass in the windows. It had balconies and verandahs; it had real China vases in various corners of the garden, two nice little trickling fountains, a nice square bit of lawn, a grotto, a picturesque ruin, freshly painted brown, very fine yellow gravel in the pathways, and plenty of flowers. Could anything be prettier? Nothing, except perhaps the wife that, having attained the age of thirty and reached a salary of five thousand francs a year, Monsieur Simon felt authorized in obtaining. Laure Leblond was a young girl who differed in nothing from all other young ladies he had seen in anything except her beauty. You might go to many balls and parties before you found so pretty a creature as Laure. M. Simon was entirely convinced of this, and so set about making inquiries as to fortune, family, etc. Monsieur Simon was not ambitious, so when he discovered that this modest divinity possessed a capital bringing in two thousand francs a year, he got a friend, as is customary in France, to declare his intentions to Laure Leblond's guardian, her uncle (she had neither father nor mother), and being accepted by him, was of course not rejected by the lady. Marriage in France is not such a lottery as in other countries. Perhaps when there are shortcomings they are of more serious nature than in other countries, but there certainly are in France fewer scolding wives, cross wives, jealous wives' snarling wives, than anywhere else; whether it is that the national politeness takes the form of good temper it is difficult to say, but certain it is, however, that good temper is inherently French. French women, too, do their hen-pecking by coaxing, not by bullying, so that if the husband discovers it, it is too pleasant to resent.

Laure, however, was even something beyond the average of these agreeable wives; she actually, besides her beauty, had a kind, loving heart, and took a violent fancy to her husband from the first. M. Leblond, Laure's guardian, who was rich and generous by fits and starts, gave the young couple ten thousand francs to furnish the pretty baby house Simon had built for himself and the unknown partner of his existence, so that they began life without debt and with their income clear before them. How happy Laure was! She didn't care much for society, though she knew she was made to shine in it; but she loved her little cottage and everything within and without it, and she adored her husband. Such a husband—he had never missed coming back from his office by the same five o'clock train once since their marriage, now a year and a half ago.

Laure takes as much care of her garden, her gold fish, her pigeons, her two ducks who sometimes drink up all the water in their very small pond, as if they were all her children or her husband. Her brown hair rolled l'Imperatrice off her forehead, her nankeen dress, braided in black, freshly put on, she runs up and down every alley, keeping an eye on the gate, however, for it is near the time for Adolphe to return. The moment the whistle of the train is heard, that moment the cook puts the vermicelli in the soup; ten minutes after, when Adolphe appears at the gate, the little chambermaid rings the bell, and Monsieur Simon, his official portfolio under one arm, and his wife under the other, triumphantly enters his dining room. It was a very small room, but still it would occasionally hold three or four friends, who always left the cottage with a sigh of envy. After dinner, Mme. Simon would take her husband round her domain, show him the pigeons she had tamed; ask him whether he didn't think the ducks had grown and the fishes become more golden. Then going back either to the verandah or the drawing-room, according to the season, Simon would tell his wife all the Parisian news, every minute particular about himself, and finally—while she embroidered some surprise present for her husband, of which, pretending not to see them, he watched the progress every day till he knew all the flowers and arabesques by heart—Simon would read some sentimental poetry or the last new novel.

Such was their life—monotonous, if happiness can be called monotonous, and happiness cannot, after all, be monotonous, for the moment the monotony is felt, something is evidently wanting; discontent is dawning, and happiness exists no longer. One ripple had alone disturbed the smooth, limpid stream of their existence, but that had quickly passed away.

Adolphe Simon had a younger brother, the exact opposite of himself—extravagant, imprudent, reckless—he was always getting into scrapes. The last he had got into, finding that his brother's weak point was his pretty sister-in-law, he had induced her to get Adolphe's signature to a bill of exchange drawn on a Spanish banker at Bordeaux. Simon the younger had been able to negotiate this bill, his brother's signature being so good, and having received the money in Paris he wrote a beautiful letter of thanks to his brother and his wife, declaring they had saved him from ruin, (a spendthrift is always ruined and always saved to spend and be ruined and saved again when the next crisis comes), bidding them be certain he was going to make a fortune in Spanish railroads and return to France a millionaire. In a postscript he bid them not have the least anxiety with regard to the bill of exchange; of course he should pay that even before it was due.

The happy couple had obeyed him to the letter. They had never even thought once of the bill of exchange—Simon believing his signature had been a mere form, and Laure imagining that as the money was had, why, of course all was at an end, or something of the kind; but it was no use of her thinking, she knew nothing about such matters at all. Now what could possibly be found to disturb this serenely beautiful life; to bring into this gentle household anxiety, estrangement, falsehood and misery; to make the roses be neglected, to keep the birds and fishes without food? A very common thing—a thing that is heard every day without emotion, a ring at the bell attached to Monsieur Simmon's neat little man resque, no it was renaissance—gate.

Laure, who had just bid good-bye to her husband, and was lingering with silly fondness for the whistle of the train which bore him away, turned from her gold fishes and opened the gate herself—opened it to a paper which, if the style had been a little modified, the hard, obsolete words taken away, would have read thus, as in the midst of its figurative language it meant: "I am the law, if you don't satisfy me I will take away your cottage, your flowers, your gold fish, your pigeons, and even your liberty; I will separate you from all you love, and I wil bring your name to disgrace."

Laure didn't at first understand all this but the politeness of the law's emissary soon revealed to her that this was the bill of exchange protested and returned to her husband for payment.

Laure's first thought was one of joy that her husband was away; to say nothing of the money, it would have broke the heart of Monsieur Simon to find out that his brother was a rogue. Next she knew that though they had sufficient, they had not one single franc to spare, and she felt that such a blow as this falling on her husband would be to one so methodical, regular and prudent, almost a death-blow. She thought only of her dear, good husband, and without another idea in her head than this, she turned calmly to the emissary of the law.

"Sir," said she, "Monsieur Simon is from home, he will return too late to-day, but to-morrow he will attend to this."

"Does that mean he will bring the funds?"

"Of course."

"With all the costs as here specified?"

"With the costs."

"Well, miud you are exact, for they will enter judgement against you by twelve o'clock; so its your own look-out."

The emissary of the law made a note on the bill of exchange, and so without further ceremony, departed.

"Now," said Laure, as she closed the gate and slowly wended her way back to the house, "now what's to be done—where is the money to be found?"

Preoccupied with this thought, Mme Simon proceeded straight to her own room and sat down wearied and perplexed, in front of her dressing table. There, instinctively, while she was thinking, she raised her eyes to a woman's confidential friend, her looking-glass. And a faithful friend her's proved, and a good counsellor, for, as she glanced at her own image (always a pretty picture), her eyes were especially attracted towards the diamond ear rings clinging close up to the little tiny pink ear, that auburn hair. These ear rings were the only diamonds she possessed; they had been given her by her uncle on the first anniversary of her marriage, and were, she had heard, of considerable value. There was but one stone in each, set *a jour*, but the stone was large and of the first water."

"Yes," said Laure, "these may be sufficient," so, much encouraged, she dressed to go to Paris; telling the servant that she should not be home till evening, she departed by the next train. There was a train every quarter of an hour, so she was not kept long waiting. On her way she meditated how she was to proceed. All at once she remembered that they knew a diamond merchant, an Italian, and she determined to confide in him.

M. Leopardi was at home; he was an old man, solitary and uncared for; it was like a breeze of spring coming to him for anything so young and bright as Laure to visit him. He received her very graciously.

She told her story, and then "you know," said she, "my husband's nervous temperament, his peculiar principles; he really has not the money to pay this, and the anxiety as well as the grief at his brother's conduct would make him wretched and ill. Now, can you help me?"

"By lending you the money?"

"No, buying these diamonds of me." Here Laure presented her ear rings.

"Buy your ear rings? Yes, they are fine diamonds; yes, I will give you three thousand francs for them; but what right have you to sell them?"

"They are mine."

"My dear, all you possess belongs to your husband; I think you had better tell him the truth."

"No! no! as long as I can spare him a sorrow I will. Won't you buy my diamonds?"

"Yes; here are three thousand francs. Wait, here is a receipt: now, read it, and see specified in it the motive which induces you to sell, and the motive which induces me to buy. This is only for your justification in the future."

"What justification shall I ever need?"

"Who knows? You begin to-day with a deception; we don't know where that may lead you. However, as you say you care for the person who gave you these ear rings, wait I will take the real ones out of the setting, and put you in immitations that shall deceive every one."

"Deceive! Oh! I don't want to do that"

"You are doing it."

"Monsieur Leopardi! But you won't betray me?"

"No; but you will betray yourself."

Her ardor a little damped, Laure left Monsieur Leopardi; but she had the money in her pocket, and money gives courage; besides, to pay instead of to beg money are two very different effects.

Great was her relief when she had the bill of exchange and the notary's bill in her pocket; she rushed back just in time to meet her husband at the depot, and to go home with him. She had paid two or three visits in town in order to give a reason for her going out, and related with great volubility all the insignificant details of her visit. When her husband simply asked her the question, "Have you been anywhere?" she felt as if it were a judge asking a criminal a question, and blushed up to the eyes. That very evening, as mischance would have it, a rich agent de change, who occupied a splendid fancy edifice near them, much larger than theirs and constructed in the form of a castle, came to pay them a visit. With the ostentation of men of money, Benazous had diamond studs, a diamond brooch, a diamond ring—in fact a diamond wherever there was an excuse for putting one. In order to display his own he began talking diamonds.

"Where ore your ear rings, Laure?" said Simon, quite innocent of the pang he was inflicting; "go fetch them."

"What could Laure do but obey."

"They were a present from her uncle; I think they are very fine.

"Are they brighter than your ring, Monsieur Benazous?" said Laure, bending over the agent de change, and pretending to hold her ear ring by his ring.

"Why, yes; they are——"

"Pray, don't say they are false: pray do not," contrived to whisper Laure.

Benazous looked up from the bright diamonds to the brighter eyes, looking imploringly at him, and with a gentle pressure of the hand from which she took the ear rings he said aloud, "Ahem! they are very fine diamonds, worth a pretty bit of money."

Laure breathed again. Mons Benazous, as he walked from their cottage to his castle, had an imperial sir, and twisted his moustache in a most conquering manner.

"Well," said he, "the little woman has placed herself in my power, though what she means I can't tell; I think no one could deceive me with diamonds, however) I will see to-morrow how things turn out."

Laure was not a little surprised next day at receiving a visit from M. Benazous in the middle of the day; he came all smiles and politeness, with a bouquet of violets in his hand. He talked a great deal of sentimental methaphysical nonsense about confidence, love and friendship; twisted his moutache a great deal. Laure listened patiently, politely; she was afraid not to be polite; she felt herself in his power. At last pressing his lips and his moutache to her hand, he took his leave.

Next day came fruit and flowers from the castle. The third day came Benazous, still more metaphysical, still more insinuating. This time he stayed so long that he met Simon at the gate coming from Paris.

Simon took no notice of his visit however, seeming unusually preoccupied and silent The next day he came back at an unusually early hour; Laure was not at the gate, so Simon walked up to the house.

Passing along the verandah he heard his wife's voices in the drawing room.

"Who is with madame?" said he to the servant.

"Who?—why the man who comes almost every day, Monsieur Benazous?"

"What a bore!" thought Simon; but Benazous went away, and he thought no more about it. He seemed ill and out of spirits.

"Laure," said he, "you know how impossible it is for me to endure any worry about money; will you make a sacrifice for me—a temporary one? I have a debt hanging over my head like the sword of Damocles; will you lend me your diamonds for three months? The money I can raise on them will get me out of trouble, and I can——"

"Do not explain," said Laure, turning pale. "If I could I would help you; what do I care for diamonds, I have sold mine; those you saw are false——"

"False! why?" Benazous, he was going to say, but all at once the remembrance of Benazous' visit flashed on him in conjunction with the falsehood he had told about the diamond, and he held his tongue.

He was not any more anxious about money, he was wretched from another and more terrible sorrow. He was jealous. Still, after a long pause, he ventured to say: "Laure, for what purpose could you want such a sum of money?"

Laure blushed and played with her handkerchief. "Why!" said she at length, "I have caught the mania for speculation; I bought railroad stock."

"Oh! well, I can get money on that; lend me the coupons."

"I havn't got them."

"You havn't got them?" Simon made no other remark, but Laure felt he did not believe her, and turned from him in silence.

"Great powers!" said Simon to himself, "am I mistaken in Laure, or was she mistaken in me? Has she discovered I am not worthy of her? Can she—no—I will not suspect her?"

But spite of all his noble resolutions, Simon, when he had some hours in Paris, could not resist the temptation to come back, aye, to come back by stealth, too, to watch his wife. Nor had he to watch. Letting himself in with his key, he stole up to the house and listened, and actually listened under the drawing room window. Benazous was there, and what was more, Laure was sobbing, Benazous consoling her. Poor Laure! agitated and alarmed at her husband's manner, and by her own secret, she had not been able to dry her tears before Benazous had arrived, and she listened to his consolations almost without hearing them.

"Ah!" she at length sobbed out, "why did I ever deceive my husband?"

Simon heard no more. He was not a fighting man, but he was a man of honor; he resolved never to see his wife again, but not to disgrace her.

Stealing away, he paused in the village, wrote a few lines to Laure, and then took the train for Paris.

"Laure," said his letter, "I know all. I will never see you again."

Laure was alone when she received this letter. It drove her nearly wild. Go to her uncle—go to Paris—go—what was she to do? where was she to go? To her uncle, of course. But before she could leave her house her uncle was by her side.

"Madame," said he, "what do you mean? How dare you betray the honor of two honest families? Your husband, too, you have nearly killed him?"

"Oh! where is he?"

"At my house. I insisted on his remaining there—if you had seen the state he was in."

"But I am innocent. Take me to him—take me to him."

"Can you justify yourself!"

"I can."

"Come, then."

Monsieur Simon turned away from her as she knelt beside her bed; for he was exceedingly ill and in a high fever.

"But I am innocent."

"Innocent! did I not hear you say, I have deceived my husband. Were you not weeping?"

"I have deceived you."

"Shameless woman."

"No, not shameless; guilty, guilty of falsehood."

"About Benazous"

"Not about Benazous, but about money."

"About money?"

"About my diamonds. I did sell them."

"Well, so you said—"

"But I sold them for you."

Then Laure told Simon all she had done—all about the bill of exchange—about M. Leopardi.

"Is this true? How, then, came Benazous to say the diamonds were real?" said Simon, not at all grateful, but still fearing she was again deceiving him.

"Send for Leopardi."

Leopardi came, armed with the prudent receipt he had made Laure sign. He confirmed all Laure had said.

"Now, child," said he, "take your receipt."

"But I have not the money to redeem the diamonds."

"You have the diamonds, I never took them out. I am an old friend of your husband's and would have lent him the money, but I saw you were entering on a dangerous path, and I resolved to make you feel the pangs and punishments of deception."

"Then I am not in Benazous' power? He said nothing but the truth!"

"Nothing. Your fear of a discovery put you in his power, by the seeming to make an accomplice of him."

"Now—now we shall be so happy. Adolphe, you don't mind the money and all this about your brother, do you?"

"The money—my brother—ah! Laure, all the suffering of my life could not equal that one moment when I heard you say—'I have deceived my husband'——"

"Ah! children, I am an old man. I may preach. Life is a labyrinth—so complicated, even with love and honor for guides, that without the clue there is no getting through it."

"And the clue is——

"Truth."

"AND THE WHALE SAID UNTO JONAH"—Curious stories are told of blunders made by Oxford under graduates in the Scripture examinatton which, as a matter of form, they have to pass before taking their degrees. It is told of one, that when asked who was the first King of Israel, he was so fortunate as to stumble upon the name of Saul. He saw that he had hit the mark, and wishing to show the examiner how intimate his knowledge of the Scriptures was, he added confidently, "Saul—also called Paul." Another was called upon to mention "The two instances recorded in Scripture of the lower animals speaking." Thy under graduate thought for a moment, and replied, "Balaam's ass," that is one, sir. "What is the other?" Under graduate paused in earnest thought. At last a gleam of recollection lit up his face as he replied: "The whale! The whale said unto Jonah.—'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian,'"—*London National Reformer.*

Guest.—"How comes this dead fly in my soup?"

Waiter—"In fact, sir, I have no positive idea how the poor thing came to its death. Perhaps it had not taken any food for a long time, dashed upon the soup, ate too much of it, and contracted an inflamation of the stomach that brought on death. The fly must have a very weak constitution, for when I served the soup it was dancing merrily upon the surface. Perhaps and the idea presents itself only at this moment—it endeavored to swallow too large a piece of vegetable; this remaining fast in his throat, caused a choking in in the windpipe. This is the only reason I could give for the death of the insect."

☞ The late Senator Grimes, of Iowa, used to mention this little incident:

While Governor of Iowa, during the session of the Legislature, a gentleman from the interior arrived at the hotel where the Governor was boarding, (and who at the time was pacing the hall,) and approaching his Excellency, whom he took to be the porter of the house, asked him to take his carpet-bag to his room. The Governor complied, a quarter was offered and accepted, and the weary traveler told that whenever he wanted baggage carried to "call on Governor Grimes."

☞ Mrs. Partington recently entered the office of the Probate Judge (called "civilian,") and inquired in the blandest tone;

"Are you the civil villain?"

"Do you wish to insult me, madam," said the judge.

"Yes," replied the amiable old lady; "my brother died detested, and left three infidel children, and I'm to be their executioner; so I want to insult the civil villains about it."

☞ A parsimonious sea captain, answering the complaints of his men that the bread was bad, exclaimed:

"What! coniplain of your bread that is made from flour? What do you think of the Apostles? They ate 'shew bread,' made from old boots and shoes."

A shawl manufacturer in Philadelphia has spun a thread twenty-seven miles long from one pound of American wool. It is one of the greatest yarns on record.

How many of our lady readers ever dreamed that we send to Great Britain, annually, fifteen million dollars in gold for the single article of spool cotton.

☞ "Fortune, men doth say, doth give too much to many, but yet she never gave enough to any."

☞ We seldom get into trouble by saying "too little," but often by saying "too much."

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