THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

VOL. XI. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 30, 1872. NO. 28.

PRINTING.

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WM. P. FRANCIS. SOL. WRIGHT.

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Part'cular attention paid to all kinds of Country Produce on consignment.
Orders from the country respectfully solicited and promptly filled.
July 22, 1871—tf.

REMOVAL.

WHEN YOU VISIT THE CITY GO TO
W. H. RINGGOLD,
191 West Baltimore Street,
THREE DOORS ABOVE LIGHT,
AND BUY ALL YOUR
UNDER SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,
HOSIERY AND GLOVES,
NOTIONS AND FANCY GOODS.
He can sell them
Cheaper than any one!
And you can
Pay your expenses in your purchases!
☞ DON'T FAIL TO GO; HE HAS THE VERY ARTICLE YOU WANT.
Do not forget the Number!
W. H. RINGGOLD,
191 W. Baltimore st., 3 doors above Light.
Baltimore, June 15, 1872.

To the Ladies.

MASSEY & HUDSON

HAVING completed their new Greenhouses, will be pleased to see their Lady friends at
RIVERBANK.
They offer a fine collection of Plants for
WINTER FLOWERS.
These will make your home bright after the
Frost King
has destroyed the beauties out doors.
They have
CARNATIONS,
ROSES,
BOUVARDIAS,
PLUMBAGOES,
LIBONIAS,
BEGONIAS, &c.
All of which are fine for window gardening. Come and look at them whenever you are in town.
Chestertown, Sept. 28, 1872.

GREAT BARGAIN STORE!

A GREAT BARGAIN STORE is now open on the corner of HIGH AND CROSS streets, in the "Burchinal Building," and every effort is made to sell Great Bargains to every customer who comes with the *CASH* or *cashable Produce*. All who wish to receive the value of their money, must come to the Great Bargain Store without fail, where they will find a general assortment of
Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,
NOTIONS,
Ready Made Clothing,
Piece Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c.
Come one! come all! and see for yourselves, and be convinced!
M. BALL.
Corner High & Cross streets,
Burchinal Building.
☞ ORDERS FOR SUITS to be cut and made, are respectfully solicited, and will be promptly attended to.
The highest cash price paid for Rags, old Iron, Grain and Produce.
Chestertown, Aug. 3, 1872.

OILS.

LINSEED, LUBRICATING, WHALE, NEATS FOOT and LARD OIL.
C. F. STAM & BRO.

Best Italian Guitar & Violin strings.
C. F. STAM & BRO.
January 27, 1872.

BIBLES,
PRAYER BOOKS,
HYMN BOOKS,
SCHOOL BOOKS,
POEMS,
NOVELS,
ROMANCES, &c., &c.
At City Prices, FOR CASH ONLY.
C. F. STAM & BRO.
May 4, 1872.

READY MADE CLOTHING, a good assortment; fine and coarse.
JOS. E. WEER,
Feb. 24, 1872. Kennedyville, Md.

Selected Poetry.

LITTLE WILLIE AND THE APPLE.

SELECTED.

Little Willie stood under an apple-tree old,
The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold,
Hanging temptingly low; how he longed for a bite!
Though he knew if he took one, it wouldn't be right.

Said he:—"I don't see why my father should say,
'Don't touch the old apple-tree, Willie, to-day!'
I shouldn't have thought, they're hanging so low,
When I asked just for one, he would answer me 'No.'

'He would never find out if I took just but one,
And they do look so good, shining out in the sun;
There are hundreds and hundreds, and he wouldn't miss
So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretched forth his hand, but a low mournful strain
Came wandering dreamily over his brain;
In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid,
That the angel of consience quite frequently played.

And he sung:—"Little Willie, beware! Oh beware!
Your father is gone, but your Maker is there;
How sad you would feel if you heard the Lord say,
This dear little boy stole an apple to-day!"

Then Willie turned round, and as still as a mouse
Crept slowly and carefully into the house;
In his own little chamber he knelt down to pray
That the Lord would forgive him, and please not to say—
Little Willie *almost* stole an apple to-day."

SAVED.

"Miss Violet, will you give this letter to Mrs. Maltby?"

I had my hands full of drawing materials, but I received the letter, and continued on my way to Mrs. Maltby's dressing-room.

The drawings were little studies I had made while down at the seaside, where I had spent my vacation, made for Mrs. Maltby—to whom I had been companion for a year—and Mrs. Maltby had been interested in them, saying:

"Touch them up a bit, Violet, and I will get a portfolio for them, and keep them.'

I usually sat with her in her dressing-room through the mornings, and thither I now repaired to touch up the drawings, while she sat with her slippered feet on the fender, embroidering with purple and crimson wools.

I gave her the letter, and went to a low seat in the deep bay-window. I sharpened a pencil, and then happened to glance taward my companion.

Her face was ashy white. Her profile was turned toward me. In its regularity and pallor it looked like a face cut in stone. But I had never seen it look so sharp and deathly.

The letter was clenched in her hand. I had brought her bad news.

I was shocked but silent, I tried to remember what I knew of her family relations. She was a handsome, black-haired woman of fifty, who had been early widowed, and returned to her father's house. Her parents were dead. Her mother had died in her infancy, and she had been the mistress of Redburn ever since. It was not long, however, since her father's decease. She had never had a child. She had no brothers or sisters whom I had ever heard of. I could not surmise what had happened.

I saw her burn the letter, and then she rose and left the room.

Afterward I guessed whom that communication was from.

A week passed. They were quiet and comfortable, but rather monotonous weeks at Redburn. But, though young, I was less restless than most girls. I was not unhappy with Mrs. Maltby. Only sometimes I wished for a little change. It came—a most startling episode.

We had company to dine—Mrs. Maltby's lawyer and personal friend, from New York. I was dressing her hair, as I sometimes did, for she liked my arrangements, pronouncing them artistic. Suddenly, without a knock or warning, the door was flung open, and a young man walked in.

I felt Mrs. Maltby start under my hands. I myself was frightened, the intruder looked so bold and reckless.

He was very handsome, but he looked to me to have been traveling long, or to have come out of some revel. His linen was soiled, his long, clustering hair unbrushed, his eyes blood-shot, yet his appearance was singularly attractive. I had never before seen so high-bred and graceful a man.

Mrs. Maltby did not speak to him. He seated himself before, and not far from her, however.

"Go, on, Violet," she said

"Certainly. Let the young lady proceed with her task," he said quickly. "What I have to say need not interfere with her employment. I understand that she is your companion and confidant, though I have not had the pleasure of meeting her before."

The last sentence appeared to have been mechanically spoken, for he had fixed his eyes fiercely upon Mrs. Maltby's face, and seemed to see only her. I went on, pinning up the braids of her hair as I had been bid, but my hands trembled. I could not see her face, but I think she met that look steadily.

"You refused me," he said, in a far different tone from that in which he had first spoken, low and concentrated.

"Do you want my blood upon your head?" he exclaimed.

"I washed my hands clear of you long ago," she answered, composedly.

"Long ago," he repeated, and a wave of emotion that was inexplicable to me, went over his face. Then he was silent. I don't know why, but from that moment I pitied him. He got up and commenced walking the floor.

"I tell you, Winfred, I must have this money," he said. "I must have it to-night, to-night," he repeated. Mrs. Maltby was silent. I caught a glimpse of her face. Flint was not harder.

"Let me have it, Winfred," he said, pausing before her, "and I promise you that it shall be the last time." She made no reply.

"The last time. I mean it, Winfred." His voice faltered. She did not speak.

"Will you?"

"No," she replied, with no emotion whatever.

His face had been working with some strong, deep feeling. But that monosyllable seemed to strike him like a blow. He stood looking at her, his face still and desperate.

'I did not think God could make such a woman as you are,' he said, at last.

I felt her shrink beneath the actual horror with which he seemed to regard her. But she spoke with unaltered composure.

'I told you more than a year ago, that I should pay no more debts of yours, contracted at faro, or in any other way,' she said. 'I meant it; you know that I meant it. I have given you fair warning. I shall not change.'

He did not speak; his head was drooped upon his breast; he was deathly pale.

'I have done my duty by you, Guy—you know that I have,' she added.

'Yes, you have been just—but you have never been merciful,' he replied. 'Oh, God!'

He flung up his arms with a bitter cry that wrung my heart. I looked at her. She did not relent or go to him. He had flung himself into a chair, and with his head dropped and his arms folded upon the back, was the most hopeless figure I had ever seen. She rose, for I had finished her hair, and took a seat near the fire. Her lips were gray, as if she were cold, but her face was still as inflexible as flint. He gave a groan and started up suddenly.

'I am going,' he said. 'I—' He met her eye, and asked: 'Why did you not kill me? I was altogether in your hands once. You killed her, you will remember.' A slight flush stained her cheek.

'You would have made her happy, I suppose, if she had lived!'

'Oh! heaven, if she had lived! Winfred Sedley, may God deal by you as you have dealt by me.'

'I am willing,' she answered. He remained not a moment longer. Wrapping his cloak about him, he gave her one look of reproach, and left the room. I looked wistfully at her; she did not speak to me, and I, too, went away. She was ill the next day, but on the day following she appeared much as usual.

Of all that I thought and felt, I, of course, said nothing. The matter was no affair of mine. I had not understood it—Mrs. Maltby would make me feel it. I understood that the two were brother and sister—that the young man was named Guy Sedley—that he was dissolute and in disgrace—that Mrs. Maltby had taken care of him in boyhood, but now ignored the relationship. I was in no way allowed to learn any more. But on the second night I was awakened by a light shining into my chamber. It was something unusual, for the little clock on the mantle was chiming twelve.

After a moment I slipped out of bed and glided toward the open door. The long embroidered folds of my night-dress tripped me, but I made no noise with my bare feet upon the deep velvet of the carpet. I don't know whom I expected to see—certainly not Guy Sedley, kneeling before a sandal-wood chest, with papers strewn around him on the floor. A taper burning in the silver sconce upon the wall, showed his face perfectly cool as he went on searching for something.

He must have come through my room to reach this apartment, for it had no opening but into my chamber. I was aware that the papers in the chest were valuable—that there was money placed there. I saw that he was robbing his sister. I saw, too, a dirk-knife on the floor, close at his side.

I looked at him an instant—even then I remembered to pity him—then glided forward, snatched the knife, and leaped back to the door.

I was mistress of the situation, for I had come from behind him, done all as in a flash of light, and as he rose to his feet, I stood with my back to the closed door, with a calmness that showed it was not my intention to immediately arouse the house.

With a presence of mind equal to my own, he put the roll of bills he had been searching for into the folds of his waistcoat, and with a glittering eye regarded me speculatively. I was *petite*, and I had not screamed. I know now that he was not much afraid of me.

'You have been robbing your sister,' I said, 'but if you will put the money back, I will let you go?'

His intense attention of me changed to a look of wonder.

'You, child, are you not afraid of me?' he asked.

'No,' I answered, truthfully.

'But I watched you in your sleep a moment ago, debating whether it was necessary to kill you or not.'

'You must have been glad to find that it was not necessary,' I said.

He looked more astonished than before, but I did not stop to think of that.

'Put the money back,' I said.

'No,' he said firmly, 'I will murder you first.

'Do not do that,' said I. 'I am your friend. I was sorry for you that day.'

He did not speak, but a troubled look disturbed the pale fixedness of his face.

'How much money have you there?' I asked.

'One hundred dollars.'

'And you need it very much?'

'Very much,' he replied, with a bitter smile

'Please put it back,' I said. 'She has been just to you—I would like to be merciful. I will give you the money.'

'You?'

'I have it—yes—here in my room. Let me show you.' I flung open the door, next to my writing desk, and came back

'These I will give you freely,' I said, opening the roll. 'You said to her that it should be the last time, and I hope—'

He had taken the bills into his hand, looking at them in a kind, unbelieving way

'You may hope that you have saved me,' he said, in a low voice. We were silent for a moment.

'You know now that I was very sorry for you,' I said,' with tears in my eyes.

'Yes,' he said gravely,' and I love you for it.'

He put Mrs. Maltby's money back and re-arranged the chest. I began to listen nervously for voices about the house, but all was very still. He locked the chest and gave me the key.

'You know where it has been kept?'

'Yes, in a drawer in her dressing-room.' I wondered how he had obtained it.

'Hurry, and get away.'

'There is no danger; I paved my way carefully. Pure, brave little girl, how fearless you are for yourself!'

He looked at me earnestly, as if he wished to carry away a clear memory of my features, then wrapped his cloak about him, flung up the sash and leaped soundlessly out into the darkness.

I extinguished the taper, and crept back to bed. I did not hear a sound about the house until daybreak.

When I arose, I saw the dirk-knife glittering in the sunshine near my writing desk, where I had lain it. Then I shuddered.

At 8 o'clock the watchman, who was kept on the grounds, was found gagged and bound, just inside Redburn's entrance. Yes, Guy Sedley paved his way coolly and surely.

A year later I was the mistress of Redburn; the beautiful house, the spacious grounds were all mine. Mrs. Maltby had died and bequeathed them to me. On her dying bed she had said:

'Violet, you are my heiress. There is only one living being who has my blood in his veins; him I disown.' She paused, and then went on: 'You have seen my brother. I loved him. I was ambitious for him. But his natural bent was evil. We had a cousin, Flora, a lovely child, who was brought up with him. They were engaged to be married. But I forbade it. I revealed to her his dissipation. I told her of his debts and deeds of daring. She loved him, she trusted him; but she was delicate, and died. He said I killed her.'

She grew pale, even past her dying pallor. She went on:

'When I saw him last the officers of justice were after him; he was a defaulter. He had stolen money to pay his gambling debts. He is probably lying in jail now; but I will have none of him. I was just to him, and I will never forgive him.'

So she died, hard as flint to the last. And I was mistress of Redburn.

I was young; and I was fond of gayety; I had now the means at my disposal. Every summer my home was filled with guests. In the winter I was in New York, or abroad. And yet I lived only on the interest of the money bestowed upon me.

Three years passed. I had never heard a word of Guy Sedley, when, one day, the Bromleys of New York, who were coming to visit me, asked leave to bring a friend; I extended the solicited invitation, and Guy Sedley came.

It was a shock, but he gave no token of the past Reclaimed from his errors, he was so refined and manly that he was the most distinguished of the guests. I loved him, but I thought:

'He must hate me, the usurper of his right. He is poor because I have his patrimony. I have no right to Redburn, and I will not keep it. I will give it back to him.'

An opportunity came. He was sitting on the terrace one bright evening I went and took a seat near him.

'How lovely this view is!' he exclaimed, pointing toward the distant hills.

'Yes, and you shall wish for your right no longer, Mr. Sedley. Redburn is yours. I have no claim to it.' He did not speak, and I went on:

'Your sister was just. And she would have made you the heir if she had lived to see what you are to-day.'

'But it was your mercy, and not her justice, Miss Violet, that saved me. Violet, I love you, and I will take Redburn with your hand, not else.'

I put my hand in his, trusting him, loving him utterly, and proud, very proud, to make him the master of Redburn.

Josh Billings says: 'If a man has got eighty thousand dollars at interest and ownes the house he lives in, it ain't much trouble to be a philosopher.'

A Chicago woman has married a man in jail. She brags that she is 'the only girl in town who knows where her fellow stays of nights.'

SELF-RELIANCE.

When the clouds are lowering o'er thee,
And in loneliness and sorrow.
Thou canst see no star before thee,
Heralding a bright to-morrow;

Let no coward thought persuade thee
To resign a glorious strife;
Ask no human friend to aid thee
In the battle-field of life

For in the chambers of thy soul,
Where, perchance, they've slumbered long,
Thou has still supreme control
O'er an army brave and strong.

Hope and energies are there;
High resolve and mighty thought.
Brother! why with these despair?
Nobler allies never fought.

Onward, then, without a fear,
Rest not, faint not, by the way;
God will make the star appear,
And usher in a brighter day.

COME TO ME.

Little children, come to Jesus;
Hear Him saying, "Come to Me!"
Blessed Jesus, who to save us
Shed His blood on Calvary!
Little souls were made to serve Him,
All His Holy Law fulfill;
Little hearts were made to love Him,
Little hands to do His will;

Little eyes to read the Bible,
Given from the heaven above;
Little ears to hear the story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love;
Little tongues to sing His praises,
Little feet to walk His ways;
Little bodies to be temples,
Where the Holy Spirit stays!

There are little crowns in heaven,
There are little harps of gold,
There are little shining dresses,
There are gems and joys untold;
Jesus gave His blood to buy them,
He has bought enough for all,
Little children, come to Jesus,
He has love for great and small.

Eli Perkinson Economical Girls—Gus Finds an Economica Girl.

Congress Hall, my old statistian, says there are just four of those beautiful sage-green dresses in Saratoga. Three, he says, are worn by very stylish young ladies and one is worn by an old lady who has no business to be wearing it. Every time he sees one of those beautiful dresses he goes into an ecstacy of delight. He rubs his hands and says, 'there goes the agony of Paris $400, if its a cent!'

When we look up, it is a sage-green.

Yesterday one of the beautiful young ladies who wears a sage green, took a ride over to the lake with my friend Gus.—Gus has got good blood in him, but he ain't very stampy.' He always takes to expensive girls, and after getting interested in them they talk such expensive talk about camel's hairs, velvet suits and frips to Europe, that poor Gus gets frightened off. He comes up to my room and says he don't believe there is a girl in New York who don't cost her father $3,000 a year just for nice clothes Then he buries his face in his hands, and says: 'Oh, dear there is no chance for a poor fellow on $500 a year.'

Yesterday Gus came into my room looking bright and happy. His eyes fairly shone with the ecstacy of a blissful emotion.

'What is it Gus?' I asked.

'I've found her; she's here!' and then he stopped to catch his breath.

'Who's here? I asked, thinking perhaps that Mrs. Woodhull or Susan B. Anthony had arrived.

'Why, the girl that I have been looking for—sweet, young, stylish—and not expensive!'

'Lightning. Gus?' said I, putting on my glasses. 'I'd like to see such a girl myself. Where is she?'

'We just come in from a ride—she's down in the parlor—a regular stunner, in sage-green, and so economical!'

'Sage-green—sage-g r-e-e-n,' I muttered to myself, thinking of the $400 I saw a lady pay for just such a dress: 'how do you know she isn't expensive? How do you—?'

'Why confound it!' broke in Gus, 'I know it. I've been talking to her for three hours. She talked very economical, just like a sensible girl.'

'What did she say?' I continued.

'Why, she said, she was looking for a true man, a man brave and generous, with love in his heart, and with such a man she said she could be happy in a garrett. Yes, she said she could be happy in a garrett with the man she loved. Ha!' ha!' and Gus whirled round twice and kicked the crown out of my best Dunlap hat in the excess of his mirth.

* * * * * *

I made Gus take me right down for an introduction to his economical friend, and then I let him go to change his coat for dinner.

Miss D. was pretty and stylish too.—She had on a love of a $75 hat, and those pretty $18 laced gaiters, which the man makes under the Coleman House. Her dress was the richest grosgrain sage-green, with painer, watteau, polonaise, and a court train. It contained exactly 176 yards of $9 silk. On her pretty hands were six-button gas-light green kids, which lost themselves under point lace undersleeves and over diamond bracelets. On her arm she carried a $1,500 camel's hair shawl.

'This is mother's, Mr. Perkins,' she remarked. 'I took it in case of a rain. I don't expect to have camel's hair and regular diamonds until I'm married. Mother's last words when I left home were, 'Now, Lizzie, don't be introduced to any foreigners or lose your jewelry.'

'Couldn't you be happy after you are married without camel's hair and diamonds?' I asked, taking her $75 pearl and point lace fan, and looking down at her point lace undershirt.

'Why, I hadn't thought much about it. That's just what your friend Motley and I were talking about. And such a nice long talk—"

'Then you and Gus have been discussing the love-in-a-cottage idea, have you?' I interrupted.

'Yes, that was it—and he's so nice—'

'And didn't you say that you could live in a garrett with a brave, handsome man whom you loved dearly?'

'Yes, I did say that. I don't care if I do blush. I said I could live happily in a garrett with the man I loved—and I could—if we could have a nice elevator and have our meals sent in from Delmonico's. Why, those Paran Stevens $6,000 garret suits are just as cozy as they can be!'

This, alas! was the economical sweetness of my friend Gus, who could live in a $6,000 garrett with the man she loved. These are the economical young ladies who come to Saratoga and deceive us poor fellows—who talk garrett, get our solitaries, and then come the elevator and lunch from Delmonico dodges on us. These, alas! are the young ladies who gain our honest love just to steal our money for $400 sage-green dresses with watteaus and polonaises all cut on the bias or sell us. These are dear creatures whom magnanimous fathers generally give away to us—saying. 'Take her, Adophus and be happy—alas! if you can!'

—SARATOGA IN 1901.

Sallie's Bed Time.

A father, not very far from here, read in the paper the other morning that the 'Utica girls who want their beaux to go home the same night they call, pull a string at the proper hour which reverses a picture, on the back of which appear the words, 'Ten o'clock is my bed-time.'

This father, who has a daughter given to late hours when a certain youth sits up and helps her keep them, thought he would try this Utica plan, so he wrote in large characters, on the back of a huge portrait of George Washington, this inscription:

'10 O'CLOCK IS SALLIEES BEDTIME.'

Then he arranged the picture so that when he attached a string to the frame, he could reverse it from his bed-chamber. But when Sallie entered the room an hour later, her æsthetic eye was outraged by observing the portrait of George hanging out of the plumb, so to speak, and adjusting it her father's little game was revealed in all its subtle ingenuity.

Sallie was not a Utica girl, however, so she just went to work and neatly effaced the figure '0,' leaving the 1 standing solitary and upright—which, you will observe, made a few hours difference in her bedtime. That night as usual, Sallie received a visit from her young man, whose front name was Henry—and her paternal parent attached his string to G. W.'s portrait, and retired to his downy couch.

About ten o'clock, while Henry and Sallie were deeply absorbed in some knotty problem, with their heads so contiguous that you couldn't insert a piece of tissue paper between them, the Father of his Country suddenly turned his face to the wall, as if he was ashamed to gaze upon such doings. Henry, with a sudden start, glanced at the picture, and saw the handwriting on the wall, as it were, which read, 'I o'clock is Sallie's bedtime.' Then Henry looked at Sallie with an interrogation in his eye, which was partly dispelled by the fair maid murmuring, 'It's all right.' Henry said of course it was all right—that he had long known one o'clock was her bedtime, and he thought it was plenty late enough, too, for a young girl to be out of bed, but what business, he said, had George Washington's portrait to be flopping about that way? Then Sallie explained—and the twain resumed work on the problem Henry putting his arms around Sallie to prevent her falling off the chair.

Meanwhile the old man was listening for the front door to open, and his would be son-in-law's footsteps pattering over the pavement with the toes of his boots pointing from the house. These sounds not falling upon his ears, and thinking maybe the old thing did not work right, he gave the string another pull, and Geo. W. again faced the audience. Then he listened, but he heard no footsteps—nothing but a peculiar sound, something resembling the popping of champaigne corks.

Then he grew cross, and gave the string another jerk, causing G. W. to turn about with violent suddeness, just as if he was dreadfully out of humor, too.

And still all was quiet below—except that popping sound.

Then the string was pulled again and again—and again, indicating that the old fellow was just ready to explode with rage. And for fully fifteen minutes did he have the portrait of the man who would not tell a lie turning excited flipflops and things on the wall, like a bewitched gymnast, untill he fell asleep exhausted—Sallie's father fell asleep, not the portrait.

Henry kissed Sallie good-night at one o'clock, A. M., remarking as he did so, that it would seem like a long, long, weary year ere he would see her again—because, you know, he didn't expect to see her again until the evening of that day.

The next morning her father examined that portrait, and when he fully understood the situation he was pained. He shed a silent tear, detached the string, sponged out the inscription, and walked away with the weight of fifty-five years on his shoulders—that being his age. He says that a girl who will go back on her father that way, would just as leaf disgrace her parents by marrying a congressman.

"Wood is the thing after all," as the man with a wooden leg said when the mad dog bit it.

How We Are United.

Little Daughter. 'I wish the rivers would rise.'

Father. 'Why, what have you to do with the rivers rising?'

Little Daughter. 'A great deal, father; for then the boats would run.'

Father. 'And what have you to do with the boats running, my child, eh?'

Little Daughter they would bring the cotton down, father.'

Father (looking over his spectacles). 'And what have you to do with cotton bales, darling?'

Little Daughter. 'Why, if the cotton was down you would be able to sell it, you know, dear father,' smilingly.

Father. 'And what then?'

Little Daughter. 'You would have plenty of money.'

Father. 'Well?'

Little Daughter (laying her little hand on his shoulder, and looking up into his face). 'Then you could pay mother that twenty-dollar gold piece you borrowed from her, you know, father.'

Father. 'And what then child?'

Little Daughter. 'Then mother could pay Aunt Sarah the ten dollars she owes her.'

Father. 'Ay—indeed! And what then?'

Little Daughter. 'And Aunt Sarah would pay sister Jane the dollar she promised to give her on New Year's, but didn't have any cotton—any money, I mean father.'

Father. 'Well, and what else?' (He lays down the newspaper and looks at her cautiously, with a half smile.'

Little Daughter. 'Sister Jane would pay brother John his fifty cents back, and he said when he got it he would give me the half-dime he owes me, and two dimes to buy marbles—and this is what I want the river to rise for, and the big boats to run! And I owe nurse the other dime, and I want to pay my debts!'

'Pa' looked at 'Ma.' 'There it is,' he said; 'we are all, big and little, like a row of bricks. Touch one, and away we all go, even down to our little Carrie, here. She has, as a child, as great an interest in the rise of the river as I have. We are all old and young, waiting for money to buy marbles.'

A good lesson for debtor and creditor, too, and well enforced.

A New Test of Coal Oil.

A most interesting experiment, showing the imminent danger of using the impure oil that is but two frequently offered in public market, has been made in Pittsburg. Owing to the fact that there have been several oil explosions during the past few weeks, the United States inspectors made a test in the custom-house building, Smithfield Street, Satuaday. A measure of the fluid which caused the death of a young woman a week ago was procured, and also a tin can fifteen inches in diameter. The lid of the can was then saturated with the fluid, about a teaspoonful being poured upon it, after which it was poured back into the bottle, The lid was then turned upside down and forced into the can, and after a little while the heavy gas reached the bottom of the can. Through an opening a lighted match was held near the oil and the gas ignited immediately and the lid of the can, on which a four pound weight had been placed was sent flying to the ceiling. This startling result, considering the small quantity of oil used, proves equally the criminality of dealers who either from ignorance or carelessness, sell an impure article, and the extreme caution which should always be observed by consumers in the use of a substance which a slight adulteration renders so fatal in its effects.

Growth of Nails.

M. Dufour has made observations as to the rate of growth of the nails. Here are some of the results. The nails of the little fingers grow more slowly than those of the other fingers and thumbs. The difference is about one-ninth. The mean rate of these (excluding the little finger) is about one millimetre (100th part of an inch) in ten days. The rate of growth on the thumbs is probably greater than that on the six longer fingers. There is little difference between the rate of growth in different animals. The nails grow at about the same rate upon both hands. The rate of growth is not constant throughout the length of the nail; it is greater near the base. The rate of growth at the side parts is probably the same as in the middle part The substance of the nail advances equally throughout its breadth. The rate of nail-growing in an individual at intervals of several years shows sensible differences.

THE SECRET.—'I noticed,' said Franklin, a 'mechanic among a number of others at work on a house being erected but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who had a kind word and cheerful smile for every one he met Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy and sunless, a happy smile dashed like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant flow of spirits. 'No secret, doctor,' he replied. 'I have got one of the best wives and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me; and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss; and then tea is sure to be ready, and she had done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody.' What influences then has woman over the heart of man, to soften it and make it the foundation of cheerful and pure emotions. Speak gently then: greetings after the toils of the day are over cost nothing, and go far toward making home happy and peaceful.

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