THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY TUESDAY MORNING
AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD
Office on Spring Avenue, at Door to Main
S. H. SULLIVAN. C. G. WOODALL.
SULLIVAN & WOODALL,
Editors and Proprietors.

Terms of Subscription:
ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, two dollars may be charged.

Chestertown Transcript

VOL. XVII. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1879. NO. 43.

THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

Advertising Rates.

EIGHT LINES BREVIER (or its equivalent in space) or less, will be inserted three times for One Dollar; Twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

One square, three months, three dollars; six months, five dollars; one year, eight dollars.

Fractions of a square will be charged as a square.

Yearly and semi-annual advertisements must be paid quarterly.

Advertisements not stating the number of times they are to be published, will be continued and charged for until ordered to be discontinued.

NEARING THE SHORE.

The rain patters down on the moss-covered roof,
And beats its merry refrain,
Like the feet of a dancer behind the lights,
Over the dark window-pane;
And the pebbles lie bare in the gullies worn
By the ceaseless drip of the rain.

The red blaze leaps like a flash of wings
O'er a battlement high and strong,
And low on the earth the cricket sings
To the teakettle's droning song;
And the silver finger turns round to nine—
The evenings are growing long.

So I sit and dream, while the kitten curls
Its head on my arm to sleep,
And the firelight glimmers upon the wall,
And the shadows rise and creep,
Till over my senses they steal and steal,
And I fall in a reverie deep.

There are faces that waver and come and go,
Through a blinding mist of tears,
There are voices and voices that rise and call
From out the depths of the years,
And the winds from the islands of long ago
Are sounding in my ears.

There are ships afar on the boundless waste,
That will never, never come home;
I have seen them in dreams of the solemn night
As they plunge through the shoreless gloom,
Their white sails floating, their tall masts bowed,
But far from the port they roam.

And precious as gold is the freight they bear,
Of beauty that never dies,
Of merriest laughter and sweetest song,
And the language of loving eyes:
A holly-wreath twined among chestnut braids,
And blushes and low replies.

There's a boat adrift on an idle stream,
When the summer day is done,
A withered rose in an old, old book,
And two hearts woven in one,
And a golden ring that has a gleam
Like the rays of a setting sun.

But best and dearest of all to me
Is the face of my sailor boy,
Who sailed away in the early spring,
When the wild birds sang for joy,
And down by the river we pledged the faith
That time should never destroy.

So I sit and dream, while the rain beats down
On the roof with a merry rhyme,
And wonder whether that bonny face
Is still on the seas of time,
Or if it has passed the harbor bar
Of a softer sky and clime.

For he never came back, and I gave my hand
To one who was true to me;
His grave lies to-night by a shorter one,
Under the church-yard tree;
And I never knew of his earthly fate—
My sailor boy over the sea.

And I never may know till the lapsing waves
Have swept my boat from the strand,
And through the darkness the angels reach
And lovingly clasp my hand,
And I hear the roll of the silver sea
In the light of the spirit land.

The winds from the islands of long ago
Bring never a sigh of pain;
My life has been as the life of all—
A wave of sunshine and rain;
Love and duty, and care and grief,
Have welded the long-drawn chain.

But the first glad faith of our early years—
We dream of it o'er and o'er—
The first, the purest, the best of all,
Shall be broken at last no more.
Life is sweet—as a long day's sunset hour;
As a voyage that nears the shore.

JUST TOO LATE.

"I never knew what a presentiment was before this afternoon, but for the last four hours I have been haunted by an idea that I ought to be down at the Hall. It is confoundedly odd! I wish I had gone with Charley, for I might have known that old Brooks would die long before the train ti—"

A knock at the door, and a servant entered with a telegram—

"From C. Clifton, Riverton Hall. To Dr. Mantyle, —— street, London.

"Come down here at once. Momentous issues depend upon your speedy arrival. Catch the six train. The station master at Dalston has a letter for you."

After a few moments' thought, Dr. Mantyle folded up the telegram, and put it in his pocket. He was a man prompt to decide and swift to act. He looked at his watch; it was half-past 9, and muttering to himself, "This is very singular!" the doctor went to dress, and prepare for the journey he had determined to make. A little before 6 P. M. he was seated in the train which would convey him to Riverton.

George Mantyle, M. D., was a successful man. By sheer hard work he had won for himself, in the comparative short space of twelve years, a high position in the medical profession. He was now 32 years old; his features were massive, his frame powerful. Altogether there was something solid and firm in the doctor's appearance, and it stamped him no common man.

Having settled himself comfortably in his place, he began to think about the mysterious telegram he had received from his friend Clifton. That theme occupied him until the train stopped at Dalston, when, just as he was stepping on to the platform of that station, a new aspect of the affair seemed to strike him.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, half aloud, it must refer to Isabel Riverton.

Two or three rapid glances of Dr. Mantyle's keen eyes, and the station master was "spotted."

"My name is Mantyle; I believe you have a letter for me."

"I have, sir."

The missive was produced.

"Thank you," said the doctor, as, placing it in his breast pocket, he strolled back to his seat. There was no other person in the compartment, but he did not open the letter until the train was once in motion; then, sitting himself in the far corner of the carriage, he broke open the envelope, and drew out a sheet of paper, both sides of which were filled with close and very beautiful caligraphy:

"RAILWAY HOTEL, RIVERTON.

"MY DEAR GEORGE—What I have to tell you in this letter will, I fear, materially affect your future life. I will be as concise as my restless nature will allow me. I, with some of the other fellows now enjoying Riverton's hospitality, had a grand day's shooting over the estate, and about 4 o'clock I came round by the lake to try for a brace of ducks. I was couching behind the hedge at the east side, when Isabel Riverton and Agnes Melvaine passed me on the other side. They did not see me. I heard your name mentioned, listened, and the following conversation (as nearly as I can remember it) reached me:

"Agnes—'So you are sure you prefer Mantyle and Brady above all the rest?'

"Isabel—'Yes, I think so.'

"Agnes—'Then, who is to be fortunate?'

"Isabel—'Well, you know I like Dr. Mantyle best; but it was too bad of him not to come down to our party when I asked him myself; so I have decided to do as Amy Clare did, accept whoever proposes first, just to punish George for wilfully doing what he calls his duty.'

"Agnes—'But that is scarcely fair; for Brady is at the Hall and Mantyle is not.'

"Isabel—'The doctor must run the risk; he should have been attending upon me, and not a rich old patient. But, Agnes, you will not mention it?'

"I waited until they were out of sight, and then ran to the village. I dispatched a telegram, which I sincerely trust was delivered in time to allow you to catch the six train; then I came to the hotel and am writing this, which I will forward to Dalston, inclosed in a letter to the station-master, telling him to look out for you. Thus you will have plenty of leisure to read this between Dalston and Riverton, and to decide upon your course of action when you arrive at the Hall; for what I greatly fear is that, though Miss Melvaine would like to have Brady herself, yet she may be fool enough to tell him of the opportunity, now within his grasp, of securing Isabel. Knowing how dearly you love the girl, you may rely upon my making every effort in my power to thwart the captain. If I am very hard run, I will hang a white pocket-handkerchief from the library window. If you see this you will understand your case is desperate. Get into the house, and propose to the fair Isabel without delay. I will arrange to send a horse to the station for you. You cannot make too much haste, as I am positive Agnes Melvaine is not to be trusted with such a secret, and you know she is a young lady who is not overfond of George Mantyle.

"Ever yours most faithfully,

"C. CLIFTON."

The doctor read this letter from beginning to end; then he recommenced it, and when he reached the signature a second time he folded it up.

"How seldom am I mistaken in my estimate of a man's character!" he thought. "And what a treasure I have in a friend like Charley Clifton! and yet how I have mistaken Isabel! I never thought she could have used me thus."

The great, strong man was completely overcome for a time; but Mantyle had an iron will, and by exerting it to the utmost he succeeded in suppressing his emotion, and began to think calmly of his position. He had loved Miss Riverton long, and had been working hard for three years past to provide a home suitable to her rank; and now she had jeopardized his future happiness so fearfully.

He was pale when the train stopped at Riverton, ten minutes later; but he walked swiftly and firmly across the platform, and out into the moonlight. He saw the squire's groom seated upon one horse and holding the bridle of another. The man knew him and Mantyle lost no time in getting into the saddle.

"I am in a great hurry, my man; you had better not attempt to follow me, but come on at your own pace."

The groom touched his hat, handing the doctor a riding-whip, and the next moment the handsome bay mare, upon which Mantyle was mounted, dashed along the frost-bound road at full speed.

Mantyle's brain was in a whirl; he had kept himself cool as long as he possibly could, but the moment he found himself astride the back of that good horse, with the keen northeaster whistling past his ears, his stern resolution, his mighty will, broke down, and the proud, steel-nerved doctor was wild, excited and eager as a schoolboy.

There was an awkward check at the park gates; the old woman seemed to be an age in opening them.

Would that fatal handkerchief be hanging from the library window? If it were he could see it when he passed the first clump of trees, half a mile away!

One cut of the whip, and they are off again; straight as a line for the gleaming light of the Hall. Now he approaches the place from which he will read his fate.

One wild look. Would that his eyes were deceiving him! But no! A white handkerchief hangs from the library window.

The flushed face paled, the flashing eyes were still, as they gazed at the danger-signal with cold, glittering earnestness. Suddenly the twitching mouth grew firm and compressed, the hard, white hand steady; only the proud nostril quivered, and the high, open forehead lowered. But the excitement had passed away, and the doctor was himself again.

Within two short minutes he would hear his fate.

It was 6 P. M. when Charley Clifton returned to the Railway Hotel, after sending off his letter to Mantyle.

"There can be no danger until after dinner," he thought; "so I may as well stay here, dine comfortably, then walk to the Hall and dress; when I shall be in ample time to checkmate the gallant captain if he try any dangerous moves in the drawing room."

So Charley dined at the hotel, and then, stepping out into the clear, starlight night, he walked briskly off to the Hall.

The gentlemen had not left the dining-room when he arrived, so he went up to his room and changed his shooting habiliments.

In descending the staircase he came full upon Squire Riverton, his host, who was the model of what an English country gentleman should be.

"Hullo Charley! where have you been?"

"I have been along to the station Mantyle finds he will be able to get away, and is coming down by the 9 train."

"Mantyle coming! That *is* glorious! We had better send the carriage to meet him."

"Better send a groom with a horse. Mantyle prefers riding," said Charley, who did not wish to lose any time.

"I will send the bay mare; she will carry his twelve stone sweetly."

The bay mare was accordingly ordered to be at the station to meet the south train.

"But, by Jove! I am forgetting; you have not dined?"

"Oh, yes, I have," replied Charley. "I could not get back by your dinner-hour; so I stayed at the hotel, and my appetite astonished the waiters, I can assure you."

"I believe that," laughed the squire; "but I was going to remark that Capt. Brady has taken a fancy to my bay mare ("Your fair one too," thought Charley). He wishes to give me £300 for her; it is a good price for the animal; but I really don't care about part—"

"There is Mrs. Riverton beckoning to you, sir," interrupted Charley.

Away trotted the good natured squire to obey without a murmur the behests of his good natured wife, and Clifton rushed off toward the drawing-room.

But he was not fated to reach his destination without another stoppage, for young Rupert Melvaine met him on the stairhead.

"I say, Clifton, here's a joke! you should see Brady trying to propose to Isabel Riverton. I have managed to interrupt them twice since dinner; one time he got as far as 'Lovely Isabel,' and the other as far as 'Lovely Isabel, I am devoted—'"

"Let me pass, old fellow!" said Clifton; "I'm in a hurry."

As soon as he got into the drawing-room he saw that Melvaine had not exaggerated the position of affairs. Brady was undoubtedly anxious to draw Miss Riverton from the rest of the company; so anxious that Clifton instantly divined his suspicion had not been unfounded, that Miss Melvaine had played the traitor, either directly or through her brother. However, being resolved to help his friend by every means in his power, Charley stuck closely to the pair, joking and punning to an alarming extent, until after many vain endeavors, Capt. Brady, finding he could not get rid of him, hastily left the room.

So far Clifton had effected his purpose; but it was only half-past 8—three-quarters of an hour must elapse before Mantyle might be expected. He knew how passionately his friend loved this accomplished and ladylike girl, and what an awful blow it would be if he lost her. He must know what Brady was doing, and to ascertain this, he also quitted the room a few minutes afterwards. As he slowly ascended the staircase he met the gallant captain returning. A servant passed Clifton, and Brady stopped the man.

"There is a note upon the library table; be so good as to give it to (Clifton was just passing) the person to whom it is addressed."

"I'm on an errand for Mrs. Riverton, sir; but I'll attend to it in five minutes," said the man.

"Very well," replied the captain, and bowing slightly to Charley, he went into a small ante-room, and shut the door behind him.

"How determined the fellow is! I'll bet anything he has written to her;" and Charley stamped vindictively upon the carpet. There was the library; the impulse was irresistible, and he went in. A sealed letter lay upon the table; with an effort he turned from it, opened the window slightly at the top, pushed his white pocket handkerchief through, and, closing the sash, fastened it there—a white signal of deadly danger hanging in the moonlight. Then he looked at the fatal letter. The address was written hurriedly, but with grim distinctness—

"MISS RIVERTON,
"RIVERTON HALL."

"So! the trout is in the landing-net, and only requires lifting out," said Charley. An idea struck him, and he seized a pen. Three strokes of the magical instrument, and exclaiming, "Now for the squire," he rushed joyously off to find that gentleman.

The door had scarcely closed behind him before the man to whom Brady had spoken entered the room and took up the letter.

"MISTER RIVERTON,
"RIVERTON HALL."

"'MISTER!' Now that is a nice way to address a gentleman like the squire! It's my humble opinion the hupper classes are getting lower, and the lower hupper—witness that captain's penmanship and phraseology, and witness mine.

Soon may the metamorphosis be completed;" and breathing this benevolent wish, he set out to find the squire.

* * * * * *

"A note for you, sir."

"For me?"

"Yes, sir, from Captain Brady."

"What on earth can he have to write about unless it be my bay mare?" After a long search the squire found his spectacles, broke open the envelope, and drew out the note. Now was the time for Charley to destroy all proof of having had a hand in the miscarriage of Brady's letter. He drew a cigar from his case.

"I beg your pardon, squire, but I have not a light—may I?"

He took the envelope.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Riverton.

In a moment the paper was lighted; he expected the squire would discover that the letter was not for him before he had two words, consequently Charley was delighted to see the envelope burn quickly away. He lighted his cigar, but still no observation from the squire.

"It is very singular how bent upon having my mare the captain seems," said Mr. Riverton at last.

Charley was too much astonished to reply.

"Read this letter."

Clinton took it and read the following:

"I shall regard it as a great favor if you will see me immediately about the matter which I was mentioning to you in the early part of the evening. I am very anxious, and will await you in the ante-room. Please come without delay.

"Yours truly,
"H BRADY."

"Better see him, sir, or ask him down here," he said.

The squire rang the bell.

"Tell Captain Brady I will speak with him here; you will find him in the ante-room."

"How did the *battue* go off at Clare's last week? Did the prince come down?" asked Charley, when they were alone.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr Riverton; "I'll tell you all about it. I was standing on the lawn—his highness and the rest of the party were too long over their breakfast to suit an old sportsman like me—when up came Clare in such a state as I never saw a man. 'What is the matter?' I asked. 'Matter!' he roared, stamping with rage; 'I have preserved the west cover all the season especially for the occasion; never fired a gun near it—and—and—' 'Did the poachers get in last night?' I asked. 'Would to Heaven they had,' he replied, dancing about the turf like a maniac; but that is not it. O Riverton! Riverton! the birds are there by thousands, but *they won't fly*, man. 'Won't fly!' repeated I. 'No!' he roared' 'They are so confoundedly tame, you can kick them about like foot-balls; *but I'll be hanged if you can make them get up!*'"

At this juncture Brady entered, pale and nervous. He glanced at Clifton, who was seated on a sofa, apparently absorbed in the paper, then at Mr. Riverton; he saw and recognized his letter in that gentleman's hand.

"Take a seat, captain," said the squire.

"Now for it," thought Charley.

"This letter has just been given to me," continued Mr Riverton, when Brady interrupted him by saying, haughtily:

"I don't think the subject of that letter a fit one to discuss in the presence of a third party."

Charley rose.

"Oh, I assure you," exclaimed the squire, "Charley is welcome to stay and see fair play; sit down, Clifton, and mind you don't allow me to swindle the captain."

Brady looked vicious as Charley reseated himself on the sofa.

"So you were not joking, and would really like to have her," remarked the squire.

"Of course I would," replied the captain.

"Well, remember I have warned you, she has defects."

"I can put up with them."

"Ah! but you might be put *down* by them," responded Mr. Riverton. "It is only a year since she broke Tom Barnes' leg with one kick."

Brady was slightly astonished, but he replied, "He had probably offended her."

"However, if you really want her—"

"Want her?" interrupted the captain, vehemently; "I would give my life for her."

"Dear at the money, I should say," put in Charley, shaking his head with the air of a connoisseur.

"What the d—l have you to do with it?" thundered Brady.

"I am umpire," quoth Charley.

"Mr. Riverton, I think we will find another time to talk of this. I see my letter has been given to you, and I trust your answer will be favorable."

"Nay, nay," said the squire; "we can settle it now. I consider your offer merely a joking one (which was all it had been, the captain having forgot all about the horse five minutes afterwards); but if you are in earnest, I will take £300 for the jade and not a penny less, for—"

"I will give you £3,000," said the captain, proudly, but with a look of scorn at his intended father-in-law.

"There you go! you are offering more than she is worth," said Mr. Riverton, testily.

"She is worth the world to me, sir."

"I don't see how you can make that out—she is vicious."

The captain stared, and peculiar sounds came from the sofa, as if a man were trying to thrust a cushion down his throat, and being choked in consequence.

"She flung one of the stable-lads over her head into the horse-pond last Thursday."

The captain's jaw fell and his eyelids rose.

"Though he certainly did give her a sudden cut with his switch."

"Confound his impudence!" quoth Brady.

The captain thought the old man's intellect must be weak, and he looked at Clifton as if seeking some explanation; but that gentleman's eyes were fixed upon the paper. There must be no compromise between Brady and himself—foes they were, and foes they must continue.

"It is worse than you imagine," continued the squire. "I would have let you see it; but—"

"It would scarcely be the proper thing," observed the captain, with a smile.

"It would be the fair thing, only she has gone to the station to meet Mr. Mantyle."

The captain almost sprang to his feet.

"It cannot be!" he muttered half aloud.

"Eh? what?" said the squire, looking keenly at him.

"Sir," said Brady, "she is in the drawing room."

"Nonsense!" cried the squire. "I tell you she has gone to meet Mantyle."

"By Heaven! I'll prove that instantly!" exclaimed the captain, in an agony of terror at the very prospect of such an assertion being true, and jumping up, he rushed from the room.

Mr. Riverton seemed petrified with astonishment. He stood gazing with open mouth at Charley Clifton, who struggled against his merriment for a moment, then flung himself at full length upon the sofa, and laughed long and loudly.

"What the deuce does all this mean?" cried the distracted squire. But Charley lay speechless and shaking.

"I tell you what—" commenced Mr. Riverton.

There was the sound of a hurried footstep outside; Clifton checked his mirth, and snatching up the paper, buried his head behind it. The squire paused as Brady entered the room.

"Mr. Riverton, she is in the drawing-room."

"It is a lie! it cannot be!" exclaimed the squire, now thoroughly roused.

Brady turned with anger.

"I tell you, sir, I have been upstairs and seen; she *is* in the drawing-room, and dancing with young Melvaine."

"My bay mare dancing with young Melvaine, are you mad?"

"Who was talking about your confounded mare?" shouted the excited captain.

"You were, and I was," thundered the wrothful squire; "and your conduct, Captain Br—"

"Pardon me! I was speaking of your daughter—of Miss Riverton."

They were both too engrossed to notice Charley Clifton, who just then laughed himself off the sofa and came heavily to the floor, cracking his head against the table foot. This brought his merriment to an abrupt end; he rose with a countenance in which pain and mirth were curiously blended.

"We appear to have mistaken each other," said the captain.

"We have sir; perhaps you will explain," replied Mr. Riverton, politely, though he began to suspect he had made a fool of himself.

Clifton looked at his watch; it was ten minutes past 9. In five minutes Mantyle would be due; the crisis had arrived.

"I will, sir," replied Brady, "and briefly. I love your daughter, and I have reason to think she returns my affection; I could not speak to her upon the subject in the drawing-room, so I wrote that note (pointing to the letter which lay upon the table), asking her to allow me a few words in private. When I saw my letter in your hands I judged Miss Riverton had divined my meaning and referred me to you. I trust you will approve of—"

"I have every confidence in my daughter, Capt. Brady; the husband whom she chooses I shall, without a moment's hesitation, accept as my son-in-law; but I think your letter came direct to me. I will ask the man—" and the squire rang the bell.

"Never mind that, sir—your servant must have mistaken the address; but you will allow it to go to Miss Riverton now, I presume."

"I will go and deliver it myself, as you seem so anxious, captain."

"A thousand thanks, squire!"—and the two left the room together; the captain bestowing a look, half triumphant, half suspicious, upon Charley Clifton as he went out.

The latter was well nigh desperate; for though he was now slightly overdue, Mantyle had not arrived. He accompanied the captain and Mr Riverton upstairs; the former turned into the ante-room. Charley was half-minded to follow, and fling him out of the window; but Brady was a powerful fellow, and might object to the process; so judging discretion the better part of valor, he waited on the stairs, determined to tackle Miss Riverton. But another disappointment was in store for him—she was accompanied by her father.

Charley Clifton ground his teeth and used naughty language internally, as he stepped into the library doorway to allow them to pass. He gave Isabel a meaning look, but she did not seem to understand it; indeed, how could she be expected to do so?

As they neared the ante-room, how he strained his ears hoping to catch a sound of a horse's tramp. But inside, merry laughter rang from the drawing-room; outside, all was cold, clear and silent. Mr. Riverton left his daughter at the door, went on down stairs. Clifton sprang forward; but she quietly turned the handle, and her slight form glided into the room. Charley went back into the library. Good heavens! What was he to do?

Simultaneously, he heard the sharp click of a closing door and the distant "thud! thud!" of a horse's tread upon the turf. In another instant, it was grinding the gravel walk. There was no mistaking the sound; an animal was being urged towards the hall at a desperate pace, and its rider was Mantyle.

Where was all Charley's vaunted wit now? Could he not hit upon the expedient by which he might yet win for his friend the woman he loved? Five seconds after the ante-room closed behind Isabel Riverton, Charley exclaimed joyfully, "Won't I astonish their weak nerves; just!"—and he proceeded to do so.

Dr. Mantyle was still fifty yards from the hall door; his eyes were fixed upon that terrible handkerchief hanging from the window. Inside the library all was dark, the gas being either unlighted or very low. Suddenly there were two bright fire flashes, two loud reports, a momentary silence, then one long, wild yell rang through the house from garret to cellar. The doctor heard all this distinctly, and before the last echo of that scream had died away he was at the Hall. He sprang to the ground, dashed across the walk and thundered with hand and foot upon the door. Through the stained glass he could see the people running distractedly about inside; but they took no notice of him. The doctor stepped back and then hurled his full weight forward; the light door broke with a crash, and he was in the Hall. Servants and guests were hurrying wildly up the staircase, and the doctor followed the throng. When he reached the first stairhead he saw a form before him that he knew full well. He bounded on, every pulse in his body throbbing fiercely. Clear above the hum of the crowd that stood round the library, sounded the voice of the doctor:

"Isabel!"

Miss Riverton stopped, with a little scream of astonishment. Mantyle heard a muttered oath behind him, and looked back. Brady was standing near the anteroom; doubtful of what was to be done; *he* paused to think, but Mantyle went forward to act.

"Isabel, my love, for God's sake tell me I am not too late in asking you to be my wife."

She was so much agitated she could scarcely reply; but she gasped—

"Oh! see what is the matter with Mr. Clifton; they say he is shot!"

"Can you not see how I have suffered since I knew of your rash resolve? Answer me and take away the agony."

She glanced at that handsome face, and those keen, glittering eyes, at the firmly-compressed lips, and then she replied—

"Yours for ever, George, dear—only see to Mr. Clifton."

All that I have related, since Mantyle first heard the pistol shots, till Isabel's last, low words fell upon his ear, like strains of the sweetest music, passed in far less time than you can read it, and George Mantyle was striding through the crowd which had gathered at the library.

As he left Miss Riverton, Capt. Brady joined her. He never knew what he said, but he remembered her answer for many a month.

"You are *just too late*, Capt. Brady!"

And as I have said, he did not forget that reply for some time—not till he succeeded in inducing Agnes Melvaine to change her name to Agnes Brady.

Mantyle was cool and self-possessed again, as his quiet, commanding voice said—

"Make way, gentlemen! what is the matter with him?"

In the middle of the floor lay Charley Clifton, with closed eyes, and a revolver grasped in his right hand; Mr. Riverton was supporting his head.

"Pass me that water," said Mantyle, looking keenly at Charley and feeling slightly nervous. At the sound of his voice the prostrate man opened his eyes.

"Do you think you are in time, George?" he asked, in a low, languid voice, but with a meaning look at his friend.

"I am certain of it, Charley."

To the surprise of every one, Clifton scrambled to his legs.

"I was rather faint until Mantyle sprinkled the water over me," he explained.

"What was the matter? Are you hurt? Whom did you fire at?" demanded a score of voices.

"Give me a chair, and I will tell you."

Charley was accordingly placed in a large easy-chair, while servants and guests stood around him, eager and attentive.

"You remember that ghost you were telling me about last night, squire?"

"My great-great-great grandfather's ghost? certainly," replied Mr. Riverton, promptly.

A shiver of horror ran through the assembly. Charley looked expressively at Mantyle.

"Well," he said, slowly, and emphasizing each word. "*I have seen that old gentleman!*"

Everyone gazed upon the narrator in astonishment: he enjoyed their perplexity for a moment or two, and then:

"I came into the library for a book; there was a rustle in the tapestry, and the ghost of the squire's ancestor stood before me—"

"Oh, come, come, Clifton! you won't gammon me," interrupted Rupert Melvaine.

"Silence, young man!" said the squire, sternly; "I believe it, every word. Go on, Charley."

With a countenance solemn and sober as a judge, Clifton proceeded:

"He was a little elderly gentleman, just as the squire described him last night, and his nose was very red; moreover, his face was stern as the hinder part of a ship, and grave as a churchyard. 'Youth,' he observed, 'one of my descendants will choose a mate to-night.'"

Everyone looked at Isabel, who hid her blushes behind Mantyle's broad shoulders.

"'There are two suitors for her hand,' continued the ghost, 'and the name of one commences with B—'"

"Sir!" interrupted Capt. Brady, sternly.

"Capt. Brady, I must request you to hear this singular history to its end in silence," quoth the squire, who was deeply interested.

The captain looked indignant, but Clifton went on as innocently as before.

"'I object to military men,' said the ghost, 'principally because my wife liked them; liked them to such an extent that I had to call to my assistance a class of my fellow-creatures whom above all others I adore. This benevolent person put a little medicine into a bottle of wine, and, hey! presto! neither wife nor soldiers troubled me any longer. I turned monk in my latter days, and when my turn came, they said I was too bad to go upaloft, and too good to go down below, therefore I wander about the earth, warning people against military gentlemen.'"

"That will do, Clifton," interrupted Mantyle.

Up to this point the squire had listened with profound attention, and a deep conviction that every word was true. Now he turned to Capt. Brady.

"With regard to the subject upon which—"

But Charley was not going to be stopped.

"Well, squire," he continued, addressing himself to Mr. Riverton, who when he found there yet remained more to be told, was as attentive as ever, "that pun (as you might say), upset me; so I pulled out my revolver and gave him two chambers; but I might as well have fired into the air."

And for the rest of that night everybody, when he was not looking for the ghost, was regarding Charley as a hero, except Capt. Brady, who, when he was not "drowning memory," looked upon him as a foe; and George Mantyle, who, when he was not kissing Isabel Riverton, regarded him as a friend; and such a friend as I wish you, dear reader, may never be without.

VEGETABLE MILK.

A SOUTH AMERICAN PRODUCT WHICH EQUALS THE MILK OF THE COW.

Among the exhibits at the French Exhibition were several flasks of vegetable milk, sent there by the Venezuelan Government. These have been carefully analyzed by M. Boussingault, and in a paper descriptive of the results of his labors which he sent to the Academy of France, the astonishing statement is made that this fluid, in its constituent parts, is not only greatly like cows' milk, but in some respects is a decided improvement on that article. It contains fatty matter, sugar, caseine and phosphates; but the relative proportions of these substances are such that the fluid has all the richness and nutritive qualities of cream. M. Boussingault says that this vegetable milk was spoken of by Humboldt, who, in his travels in South America, had several opportunities of tasting it and of witnessing the methods adopted by the natives for collecting it. The trees of which this is the sap grow upon the sides of mountain chains in Venezuela. The Indians go each morning to the trees nearest to their settlements and cut in them deep incisions, from which the milk pours out in such quantities that in an hour or two quite a large vessel is filled with the fluid. This is taken back to the village, and forms a staple article of food for both old and young. It is singular that the rare virtues of this plant have never before been made public; but now that they have been, it will be stranger still if some effort is not made to extend their usefulness. As long as cows' milk can be had at every corner grocery for a few cents a quart, it will hardly pay for any one to send to South America for a supply; but if the trees can grow wild in the mountainous parts of the torrid zone, it may be that they are hardy enough to bear transportation to, and transplanting in, colder countries. The science of aboriculture has made rapid advances of late, and transitions are now made which years ago would have been deemed impossible. At all events, it is pleasant to think that a time may come when the dweller in the country districts can forego the trouble and expense of keeping a cow, in consequence of the ease with which he can obtain all the milk that his household requires by tapping the trees on his lawn or in his orchard.

—There died a few days ago in Paris, a lady whose decease was duly and legally attested. The funeral was fixed for Sunday afternoon, and when the hour arrived the undertaker made his appearance, and was placing the corpse in the coffin, when suddenly one of his assistants exclaimed that the body was warm. At the same moment the lady moved; her eyes opened slowly and regarded with a stupefied expression those who were standing around. The police were immediately apprised of the strange occurrence, and several doctors hurried in, hastily summoned. The lady was really alive, but was only temporarily snatched from the grave, and actually expired at the end of a few hours. Perhaps the shock on discovering her awful situation had proved too much for her enfeebled constitution. The funeral, after all, was only postponed for a day.

—A woodchopper on Lewie's Mountain, Wis., amused himself by riding astride the logs as they slid down a snowy incline and jumping off just before they went over a precipice. The fall was a 150 feet, and the danger involved in the sport fascinating to the woodchopper; but he finally ventured too far, of course, and went down under a heavy log.

—A bill to allow persons charged with crime to testify in their own behalf has been defeated in the Texas Legislature.

Varieties.

—It is rumored in Berlin, that Queen Victoria will, during the present year, pay a visit to the grave of the late Princess Alice.

—One of the courses of Cambridge lectures to women this term is given by a lady—Miss Crotts. The subject is English history.

—Strange to say, there are not enough lawyers in the lower house of the North Carolina Legislature to make a judiciary committee.

—It is suggested that New Haven, Conn., celebrate on the next 4th of July the 100th anniversary of the invasion of that city by the British.

—It came out at a trial in San Francisco that Leong Yow was engaged to play at the Royal Chinese Theatre, in that city, at the rate of $6,700 per annum.

—The latest organization for mutual protection is that of the farmers of Georgia and North and South Carolina, who have combined to resist the exactions of dealers in fertilizers.

—Thirty-five hundred dollars is the amount of the bill sent in by Lord Beaconsfield to England for medical attendance at Berlin, whither his London doctor went to attend him.

—The Lighting Committee of the Paris municipality have reported in favor of a twelve months' experiment of electricity in certain streets and squares; the price is limited to 2½ cents per hour.

—Sporting men in Connecticut are alarmed at the discovery that there is upon the statute books a provision that every horse used in races on which any wager is to be laid or any purse or stake offered shall be forfeited to the State.

—The Emperor of Austria and his wife are wise people. They are preparing to celebrate their silver wedding, but as the Empire, like other countries, is suffering from severe depression, they have declared that all costly pomp is to be avoided.

—The Queen of England still continues in retirement, with the Princess Beatrice, at Osborne. Her only visitor has been Colonel McNeill, one of the Queen's Equerries, who accompanied the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne to Canada, and who had an audience of the Queen on his return.

—Ira Cook, a laborer, 67 years old, attempted to scale a high fence in Northampton, Mass., and his foot caught between the pickets and he hung there till he died. The fence was battered with the heel-marks of the other foot, and the snow was pawed away as far as his hands could reach.

—The painter Karl von Piloty is far advanced with his great work, the decoration of the Guildhall of Munich, and it is expected that Easter will see the labor completed. The frescoes represent the entire history of Munich, and contain portraits of all the eminent men and women who have contributed toward the city's greatness and fame.

—The Executioner-in-Chief of Spain, Senor Pedro Hermandez, is 45 years old and resides in a palace at Madrid, making only professional excursions to the provinces. He began his career as an operatic singer, but, disgusted with the frequent hisses of the pit, became a matador in the bull ring, and reached a certain degree of fame. Failing, however, one day to give the proper home thrust to an infuriated animal, he was tossed till nearly dead. As soon as he recovered he resumed his profession as a killer, but of men, not bulls, and in skilfully applying the "garrote" he is said to be unequalled.

—During the ice blockade in the upper Hudson river, ice boats have been used at Newburg in transporting passengers and baggage across the river. Passengers on the Hudson River Railroad, after riding at the rate of at least thirty miles an hour, have been much surprised to find themselves scudding along on the ice at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The other day ninety sheep were transported across the river on an ice boat run by the famous Ward Brothers, oarsmen, and one or two trips were made so quickly that the boat crossed the river and returned before the next ten sheep could be caught and their legs tied.

—This story of the Prince Imperial, at the Shoeburyness School of Gunnery, is told by a writer in *Progress*: "One young gentleman of about his own age imagined himself a sculptor in embryo, and he persuaded the Prince to permit him to make a cast of the face of Napoleon IV. To that end a pile of soft mud was pressed up into position on the beach, and the Prince, kneeling, pushed his face down into the soft mass courageously, but fearing that it was not sufficient to produce a first-rate impression, the young artist took him by the back of the neck and crammed him down still further into the mud, and then, when he considered that the proper indentations had been received, he permitted the half-strangled Prince to arise and go and wash himself. The mixture of plaster of Paris was ready, and poured into this ingenious mould, and a highly interested crowd of young officers and men gathered to see what success crowned the efforts of the regimental artist. When the solidified cast was taken out it looked as much like a bell-neck squash as anything, for the plaster had somehow enlarged the original cavity left by the Prince's nose, and run down into the ground about ten inches. The Prince joined as heartily as anybody in the laugh that burst out at the sight of that caricature, but he refused to pose again, saying that he thought they would never get such another striking likeness. It is still in the mess-room at the barracks, and is labelled 'Bust of Napoleon IV.'"

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0723