# The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1879. VOL. XIII.-NO. 30.



**NEW DRUG**

AND

**Chemical Store**

AT

**Bordley's Corner.**

**M. A. TOULSON**

HAS just fitted up the store-room formerly occupied by Mr. John Bordley, and has opened a

**First-Class Drug & Apothecary Store.**

Being a graduate of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and having had an experience of nine years in the business, he confidently assures those who patronize him that all prescriptions will be most carefully manipulated and correctly compounded. He has taken great care in the selection of his drugs and medicines to get none but the purest and best.

**Prescriptions a Specialty.**

A full line of the most popular Patent Medicines

*The Attention of the Ladies*

is called to a complete line of

**TOILET and FANCY ARTICLES,**

embracing

LILY WHITE, HUNT'S POWDER, LUIN'S POWDER, &c., &c.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited, and no pains will spared to give satisfaction in every respect.

M. A. TOULSON.

Chestertown, July 3, 1879—y.

**Go To**

**CHAPMAN & LAMBERT**

and get one of their Clymax

**IRON FRAME CULTIVATORS,**

to put your corn ground in order for wheat.

THEY GUARANTEE THEM

not to choke in filth or cornor ots.

They also have a large lot of

Good CULTIVAVATOR TEETH

for preparing ground for wheat.

All our prices have been reduced.

REFERENCES:

Wm. H. Stewart, Joseph Trew,
Capt. Edward Woodall, Jas. A. Toulson,
T. A. Jacobs, Wm. Carter.

Sept. 18, 1879.

**New Milinary**

AND

**FANCY GOODS.**

MRS. KATE GILL has just opened, at her new store, on High street opposite the Voshell House, a large and elegant assortment of MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS, suited to the present season, all of the latest and most fashionable styles, and embracing every article to be found in a first-class establishment.

**PECIALTIES.**

She makes the following articles specialties:

Worsted Fringes;

**DRESSBUTTONS, all styles,**

**ZEPHYRS, all shades;**

**Embroidery Silks, of all shades:**

FLOSS WORKING THREADS & COTTONS, in every shade;

**FINE KID GLOVES.**

In all the Fashionable shades and colors; also,

**BLACK KIDS**

of fine quality and durable color;

And COTTON GLOVES, in great variety.

HANDSOME NECK RUFFLINGS AND TIES.

☞ I am determined to sell at lowest prices and respectfully invite an examination of my goods.

MRS. KATE GILL,
Nov. 19, 1878. Opp. Voshell Houes

**J. W. HINES**

Desires to call attention to his stock of PLOWS, Plow Traces, Plow Lines, Chain Traces, Shovels, Forks, Hoes, Spades, &c.

**Here is the place to buy Plow Castings.**

*I KEEP A LARGE SROCK.*

Don't forget to buy a

**RANDALL HARROW.**

Ask E. M. Wilkins, J. W. Fowler, W. W. Stephens, Capt. Bacon, James Shuster, Samuel Todd, and others, about them.

Come and see me.

**J. W. HINES.**

March 27, 1879.

**BUY**

THE

***Swan Lake***

**—196—**

FANCY

***FAMILY FLOUR!***

*WARRANTED.*

James B. Sappington,
CHESTERTOWN.

☞ We beg to refer to

Hon. J. . Wickes, T. DeC. Ruth,
Rev. Mr. Roberts, T. R. Hubbard,
Rev. S. Hobl itzell, James U. Coleman,
James W. Lambert, Samuel Vannort,
Jas. W. Chapman, S. E. Sullivan,
Mrs. J. Evan Thomas, and others.

We have constantly on hand, for sale, all grades

FAMILY, EXTRA, and SUPER FLOUR,

**At Less than City Prices!**

N. B.—The "Swan Lake" Flour is sold only by us, by the barrel, sack or pound. Try it. We warrant it will make you happy! Delivered free of charge.

**J. B. SAPPINGTON,**

CHESTERTOWN.

**DO YOU KNOW**

**You can buy fine Stationery very cheap**

*AT STAM'S DRUG STORE?*

Writing Paper at 6 cents per quire, Envelopes at 5 cents per package, and beautiful Boxes o Paper from 10 cents up! July 31

**LOUIS K. STAM,**

DEALER IN

**Furniture,**

WALL PAPER

Oil and Paper Window Curtains

AND FIXTURES.

**PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,**

**Putty, Varnishes,**

**KALSOMINE, &c. &c.**

*Cottage Furniture, Extension Tables, Lounges, Mattresses, Sideboards, Kitchen Saes, Cradles, Cribs, Chairs, &c. &c.,*

Which have been purchased direct from the manufacturers. For sale *as cheap as they can be bought in the city.*

**WINDOW CURTAINS**

MADE TO ORDER,

Very cheap, and in the best manner.

**GLASS**

OF ALL SIZES, CUT TO FIT ANY SASH.

NEW JERSEY

**ENAMEL PAINT,**

AND

**JOHNSON'S DRY SIZD KALSOMINE.**

**J. W. MASURY & SON'S**

Coach, Car and Cottage Colors.

*John Lucas & Co's & Jas. Brad ord's*

LIQUID PAINT,

By the Pint or Gallon. Agent for Cowgill's Walnut Stain, Furniture Varnish and Leather Oil

☞ CALL AND EXAMINE MY STOCK AND PRICES.

Remember the place—

**L. K. Stam,**

Nearly opposite the Bank and adjoining C. F. Stam's Store.

Chestertown, June 26, 1879—y

**Woolen Goods.**

**Goods for Men.**

**Goods for Boys.**

**KERSEYS, CASSIMERES, FLANNELS, BLANKETS.**

WE HAVE IN STOCK, Lines of the above Goods in great variety—many of them just put on sale, and of Mallalieu's Manufacture.

Buyers of discernment will confess the figure to be reasonably close.

Goods generally, to meet the calls of the season, all the time in store, and at prices to challenge competition.

**WICKES & BROTHER.**

Chestertown, October 30, 1879.

**SALT! SALT!!**

IN LARGE WELL-FILLED SACKS—for sale at very close figures—by

WICKES & BROTHER.

Chestertown, November 5, 1879.

**SEE! SEE!**

**J. M. Horning & Co.**

ARE NOW PREPARED TO TAKE

**PICTURES**

OF ALL KINDS

In Chestertown,

at the

**LOWEST CASH PRICES.**

Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases; Family Groups a Specialty. Children under four years of age will not be taken after 2 o'clock P. M. Our facilities for taking Views unsurpassed.

**STEROPTICAN**

and all other views put up in the Best Styles at

THE LOWEST PRICES.

**STEROPTIC** and other views of "Interiors" of Buildings, Parlors, &c., taken in the

**BEST STYLE.**

Sept. 25, 1879—2m.

*DR. C. P. GILPIN,*

**DENTIST,**

*HAVING LOCATED in CHESTERTOWN,*

offers his

*Professional Services*

TO THE PUBLIC.

Sept. 18, 1879—6m.

**A CARD.**

MISS R. W. WATKINS respectfully informs her friends and the public generally, that she is prepared to give Music Lessons on the PIANO or ORGAN, and flatters herself that she will be able to give satisfaction to those who may favor her with their patronage. Pupils instructed at her residence, or, if desired, at their homes. Terms moderate.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 21, 1879.

It gives me great pleasure to recommend Miss ROBINA WATKINS to my former pupils as Teacher of Music. I consider her highly qualified to give instruction on Piano and Organ, and am confident that she will give satisfaction to those who may employ her.

MRS. C. LAKE.

Nov. 13, 1879—tf.

**ATTENTION.**

JUST received at the CORNER DRUG STORE a large supply of

GRAIN PEPPER,
GROUND PEPPER,
SALTPETRE,
PREPARED SAGE,

All perfectly pure and for sale at very low prices.

COLIN F. STAM,
Nov. 13, 1879. Druggist.

**BLANK BOOKS,**

DAY BOOKS, Ledgers, Journals, Pass Books, Memorandums and Composition Books, exceedingly low—at C. F. STAM'S.


## Select Poetry.

### BE WILLING TO TRY.

Don't give up so easy,
I pray you, my friend,
Nor judge at the first
How the journey will end.
The pathway is rugged,
The mountain is high;
But ere you lose courage
Be willing to try.

You gain quite a foothold,
You, step by step, climb;
Look out! Have a care
How you tread; and take time!
Let hope be your watchword—
Let truth be your cry;
Though evils beset you,
Be willing to try.

You're up near the summit—
You're sighting the goal,
What rivers of beauty
Unceasingly roll.
Forgetting your footsteps,
To think of the crown,
One single step backward,
And you may plunge down!

If so, don't give over—
Men greater than you
Have missed, nor lost heart,
Starting each time anew
With staff well in hand,
And a glance at the sky,
They said to their comrades:
"Again will I try!"

Persistence works wonders,
And pluck is like gold,
And he who would thrive
Must have patience untold!
Must wrestle with fate,
Till the day he shall die,
Or sink like the coward
Who never will try!

NEW YORK, Nov. 29, 1879.

*Messrs. Editors*:—I told you in my last that I would take you for a stroll through Washington Market and the rail roads that are the fountain heads of supplies. The Central rail road of New Jersey is the first, but they have only a small part of the Jersey supply to bring to market. Next in routine, on the Jersey city side of the river, (as are all of the great rail road centres, except the New York central and Hudson river) is the Pennsylvania rail road, which is by far the most important. To go with me, you will have to start at the witching hour of midnight. We are in the yard, occupying six squares of the city, with shifting engines running hither and thither, as if their life depended on their speed. Here and there is a truck bearing the sign of some New York commission merchant, the driver of which divides his time between the yardmaster's office and attending to his team, to keep it out of the way of shifting cars. The first train in is the city freight, from Philadelphia via. Camden, to New York. It brings the most valuable freight that comes into the yard. Among other things is the famous Philadelphia poultry, raised and prepared for market on the Peninsula between the Chesapeake and Delaware bays. It is shipped to Philadelphia parties, who, without breaking bulk, immediately re-ship it to New York, where it sells the year round at 25 and 30c. per pound. The next trains in are three local trains from different parts of Jersey. They bring produce from as far south as Cape May. Their average of live stock and produce is about forty cars a day. The last, and by far the most important, is the Delaware and Maryland fast freight. Its daily average is about ten cars of produce, amongst which are about three hundred barrels of shucked oysters. It would bewilder one not used to the scene to see the rush there is for the last-named train. Oftentimes there are as many as a hundred trucks, all striving to be the first at the car door, for the first in the market brings the best price, and the swiftest driver gets a premium from his employer at the end of the year.

The Erie and D. L. & W. R. R. bring but a small lot of Jersey produce, but bring considerable from the West as soon as cold weather sets in. They both have a large milk train, running from 15 to 20 cars per day, and the New Jersey Midland runs a daily train of 12 to 15 cars, an aggregate of thousands of gallons of milk daily.

Washington Market covers about five blocks, four south and one north of West street, and is divided into narrow lanes called rows. Every class of dealers can be found, from the old apple woman, to firms whose business reaches all parts of the globe. At this time one can hardly imagine that so much produce is consumed in this city; but what is seen on the stands is only a part, and a small part at that. The long rows of beef, lambs, calves and hogs, run up to an aggregate of thousands of tons a day. One firm alone had consigned to them last week, during *one day*, 4,500 dressed hogs. Rabbits by the barrel. Long strings of partridges, quails, pheasants, prairie chickens, canvas-back ducks, mallards, wild geese, turkeys, venison, bear, and all kinds of game known on this continent are piled up in one bewildering mass.

Between 2 o'clock in the morning and 3 o'clock in the afternoon it is no light task to work your way through the mass of people and vehicles, and it requires no small amount of work to cross West street in the vicinity of the market. The day before Thanksgiving of last year, your correspondent saw West and Greenwich streets, for 10 blocks, so completely blocked with teams for three hours, that not one of them could move for that time. Every thing was at a stand still. It is an incident that does not often happen, though. For fear of becoming monotonous I will close. More,

ANON.

☞ An evening interview. "Good evening!" "Good evening. "This is a pleasant evening." "A very nice evening." "May I see you home this evening?" "Well, not this evening." "Good evening." "Good evening."

## Original Story.

*Written for the Transcript.*

### THE WEDDING PRESENT.

BY ALICE LEIGHTON.

"Cheer up, brother mine, I think the cloud is lifting," and Cordelia Foster nestled down beside her brother, half timidly, as though she somehow feared he would not altogether favor her proposition.

"What is it my little sister?" and the large dark eyes looked lovingly down on her.

"I think, Clarence, I have found you a situation."

"A situation, Cordie; where? what is it? I will do anything to secure us a living," and the bitter despondency that a moment before was visible in his face, gave place to a look of deep interest in what his sister had to communicate.

"You remember our mother's old friend, Mrs. Bartram, that called to see me yesterday? Well, her kind sympathy won from me the story of just how we were situated, and she went away telling me not to despond that the orphan's God would not utterly forsake us. This morning she called again, and said if you were willing, her husband would take you into his counting-house as an assistant clerk, and me she would take to her home, as a companion for her invalid daughter."

"You, Cordie! No, I could not think of that. You know I promised our dying father that I would protect you from all hardships. How would he think I had kept my promise, if he knew I had allowed you to go out into the cold world to earn your living?"

"But, Clarence, you know Mr. Bartram could only give an inexperienced clerk a small salary, and I should be much better satisfied to know I was doing something for myself. Besides, I should be far more comfortable with Mrs. Bartram than to be shut up in this boarding house all day."

"But, Cordie, you have no idea what a change of situation it will be for you, who never did an hour's work in your life, to dance attendance on the whims of an invalid."

"Yes, Clarence, I understand all that, but are we not already undergoing a great change in our manner of living? And just think how hard you have tried to obtain a situation that would support us both. If you refuse this offer, you may be for months longer idle, and then how shall we be able to pay our board?"

As their little stock of money was nearly expended, Clarence had no answer to make to this reasoning, and so was silent, but it was a bitter humiliation to the young man to have his darling sister go out, dependent on her own exertions.

A few months previous to this time, Richard Foster, their father, from circumstances entirely beyond his control, had failed in business. Being an honorable man, he had given up all to his creditors, and summoning his children home, the son from college, and the daughter from boarding school, he acquainted them with the fact, that from luxury, they were reduced to absolute poverty. Neither could he hold out to them the hope that in any way he could rebuild their fortune, for his health, that had been failing for more than a year, consequent upon the accidental death of his beloved wife, was by no means benefited by the misfortune that had overtaken him, and he was totally unable to rally from the deep dejection that had settled upon him. A few weeks passed and he had confided his daughter to the keeping of her brother, as we have seen, and closed his eyes on a world that at its best was little else than a weary pilgrimage to him, since the death of his wife.

Clarence found after his father's funeral expenses were paid, he had very little money left, so the orphans decided to retire to a private boarding house, and then commenced the struggle for life. Day after day he sought employment, but his ignorance of the details of business was a constant bar to his success. Evening after evening he returned more and more discouraged to his sister's sympathy. To pursue his law studies was totally impracticable under the circumstances, as he had pressing need of something that would afford immediate support, and so with a little more pleading from Cordelia, he felt forced to accept the offer of Mr. Bartram, and allow her to join him in the struggle for daily bread, with the understanding that so soon as something more favorable presented itself, she would resign herself to his support.

Mrs. Bartram and Mrs. Foster had been friends since their school-days, and as soon as Mrs. Bartram became aware of the straightened circumstances of the orphan children of her friend, all the kindlier feelings of her nature were enlisted in their behalf, and by an earnest appeal to her husband, she had touched a sympathetic chord in the heart of the sturdy old merchant. Hence the offer to take them into his counting house and his home; rightly reasoning that they would feel much more comfortable in finding employment, than to feel that they were eating the bitter bread of dependence.

But two children had been spared to the Bartram's. Fred, who was now his father's partner in business, and Lilly, a hopeless cripple, caused by being thrown from a carriage whilst riding out with her parents. Just budding into womanhood, with everything to make life desirable, it was a sad blow to see her placed upon a couch of suffering, from which she could never again hope to rise without assistance. But a naturally sweet and amiable disposition, together with the sympathy and council of a Christian mother, caused her to bear patiently and uncomplainingly the burden that had been placed upon her, and Cordilia found that she could not possibly have found a happier home. Mrs. Bartram was kind without being condescending, and to Lilly, she became so much attached, that her pleasantest hours were passed by her side, and many were the lessons of patience she learned beside the couch of her suffering friend.—Clarence came frequently to see her, and surrounded as she was by every comfort, to which she had always been accustomed, and in accordance with her refined tastes, she sometimes almost forgot it was not her own home.

The acquaintance of Clarence and Fred soon ripened into warm friendship, and the new clerk soon became aware that he was treated with great kindness by the junior partner of Bartram & Son. Every allowance was made for inexperience, every opportunity was given for improvement, which he appreciated by a close application to business.

Thus a year rolled rapidly away, and two things became apparent, one was that Clarence Foster was fast becoming a valuable acquisition to the counting house, and the other, that all the light and joy would go out of the home of Fred Bartram if his sister's companion ever left it, and so he besought her to stay always—as his wife.

As there was no dissenting voice to this proposition, Cordelia imagined her cup of happiness was filled to overflowing, and so it would have been, if just at this time Clarence had not been offered a most lucrative position to travel as private secretary and correspondent with a scientific party, and his delight at the proposition proved to Cordelia how great had been his dislike to the confinement of a counting house desk.

"The only objection is removed by your engagement, Cordia," he said, when telling her of his plans. "To leave you in the loving care of this family, as the wife of Fred Bartram relieves my mind of all care for your welfare. I only regret that I must leave before your wedding day, but I have only two weeks in which to make my preparations," and in the exuberance of his spirits he was like a school-boy out for a holiday.

On the sixth of May, the Path Finder was to sail from New York with the scientific party, and on the fifth came the parting between brother and sister, to enable Clarence to reach that city and make his final prepations. When he had kissed her, and bade her be of good cheer, he placed in her hand a bank note, saying:

"Cordie, Mr. Bartram gave me an order this morning, on Fowler, our head clerk, for a quarter's salary, although he really did not owe it to me, as I have been very little in the counting house for the last month, but I accepted it, as it gives me an opportunity to give you a wedding present, get it little sister and wear it for my sake."

Blinded by tears, Cordelia did not look at the note, and after he was gone, laid it away in her escretoire.

Fred was much later in coming home than usual that evening, and going up to his sister's room as was his custom, he found his mother and Cordelia quite anxious on his account. In answer to his mother's inquiry at his delay, he informed her he had been detained at the detectives office.

"And may I ask for what purpose?"

"Certainly. Somebody has been systematically robbing the safe for a year. A few weeks ago father marked several one hundred dollar notes, and placed them in the safe with other money. In the corner of each he made a small triangle with red ink, and placed his initials in the center, a mark easily overlooked, but readily recognized. All the notes have disappeared, and the matter is in the hands of able detectives, with fair prospects of discovery."

"Then you have your suspicions?"

"Very strong ones, and it was to guard against our man giving us the slip, that I was detained with the detectives."

Cordelia paid but little attention to this conversation, little dreaming how much it would influence her future, and not wishing to intrude her grief upon her friends, that she felt for the loss of her beloved brother, she retired early to her own room.

The next morning at breakfast, Mrs. Bartram seeing that Cordelia was much depressed in spirits, said, "come, you must not sit moping in the house; run away and dress, and we can do oceans of shopping today, and I will order the carriage immediately."

Cordelia was soon ready, and taking up her porte-monnaie, containing her last quarter's salary, which she had carefully saved for her trousseau, she bethought her of Clarence's gift, and thinking Mrs. Bartram could best aid her to select a suitable present, she went to her escretoire and took out the note.

As soon as she glanced at it, her cheek paled, her blood seemed freezing in her veins, her limbs refused to bear her, and she sank on the nearest chair. Mrs. Bartram coming in at that moment was alarmed at her appearance, but to her earnest inquiry as to what was the matter, she could only point to the note she held in her hand. A hundred dollar bill, with a triangle in red ink in one corner, and in the centre the initials L. B.

"How came that in your possession?" the lady asked.

In a moment the horrible suspicion flashed over Cordelia's mind. Clarence would not sail until the afternoon, she must see him, and throwing down the note she hastily left the room, saying:

"I cannot tell you now, wait until I return," and before Mrs. Bartram recovered from her surprise, she was speeding away in her mad endeavor to catch the train, that would bear her to New York in time to see her brother before he sailed. The train was at the depot when she reached it, and taking her seat, in a moment she was being carried along at lightening speed, which to her seemed all too slow, so eager was she to reach New York.

Arrived, she lost no time in calling a carriage and driving to the ship, only to find that the Path Finder had already sailed.

Cordelia was dumb-founded, but she ordered the hackman to drive her to her aunt's, with whom she had frequently spent weeks at a time visiting, and not until she was safely there, did she fully realize her position. She had fled from her home on the discovery of the marked note in her possession, they would think her a thief.

How should she act. All who had been so kind to her would think she had been repaying them by conniving at their robbery. Fred, her betrothed, would think she had all along been wronging his father and him. But if she returned and explained, she would only be removing the blame from herself, to throw it upon her brother's shoulders.—Not for a moment did she think Clarence had stolen the money, but appearances were against him, he had been in a position of trust, had access to the safe, and stood in the position of friend as well as clerk. No matter how he obtained the money, circumstances would point to him as the thief, and he was not here to defend himself. The thought was maddening, and then she remembered the conversation between Fred and his mother, that they feared their man was about to give them the slip, but they were not sufficiently sure to make an arrest. Did not that show that they suspected Clarance? Cordelia soon found that if she remained in New York with her aunt, she would have very little time to brood over her troubles.

Miss Foster was her father's maiden sister, and to her brother she owed all that she had known of the comforts of life, and his death had reduced her, as it had done his children, to the necessity of daily work for daily bread. She had nearly reached three score years and ten, when this heavy blow fell upon her, and when Cordelia became aware of her privations, attended with feeble health, and the cheerfulness and courage with which she met them, she looked upon her own misfortunes as a special providence, to guide her to her aunt in her lonely condition.

She was a frail being, not fitted to meet privations, yet she uttered no complaint, nor expressed regret for the home she had left, as she lifted her new burden. She did her part of the sewing that brought them food, and took charge of the household. She learned to cook, wash and clean, thus saving the aged hands that were fast becoming too enfeebled to do much, and while she had to bend all her energies to the task, the certainty that she was doing a noble work, comforted her, at the same time giving her ample opportunity to practice the lessons of patience she had learned at the bed side of Lilly Bartram.

But many were the bitter tears Cordelia shed from the fact, that in her flight she had cut herself off from all communication with her brother. His letters would be directed to Mr. Bartram's care, and remaine unopened, and unanswered, and they would surely send him word of her absence, and the possession of the stolen money. So with worryings, and privations, the end of two years found her wan and heavy eyed, toiling for their daily bread, and nursing her aunt as she gradually sank into the sleep that knows no waking.

When the last sad duty was performed, and the funeral expenses paid, Cordelia found herself penniless and alone, and in her great sorrow she cried out, "Oh! my brother, my brother, why did you leave me?" Worn out with fatigue, the want of proper nourishments, and dark forebodings of the future, she sank wearily to the floor.

How long she remained unconscious she never knew, for oh, joy, the first sound that greeted returning consciousness was the voice of Clarence. The sight that met her eyes was his beloved features. Was she dreaming? She feared to move lest the vision should depart. But no, his arms were about her, his kisses were on her lips, tears, wrung from his inmost soul, as he gazed on her wan face that told of suffering, were falling on her forehead, and in her great joy she could only murmer: Thank God, you have come. His presence at that opportune moment was easily explained. He had just returned from his journey, and as in his wanderings he had missed all news from home, he had hastened to Bartram's, expecting to find his sister in the enjoyment of every comfort. Judge of his dismay when he was made acquainted with the facts.

Cordelia's friends had sought her everywhere, had inserted inquiry after inquiry in the papers, hoping she would see and understand them and return to her home. And now Clarence had hastened back to New York to seek his aunt, hoping through her he might find some clue to his long lost sister.

He was informed that his aunt had just died but her neice was at home, would he go up and see her? The meeting we have already described. "But," said Clarence, when Cordelia was sufficiently recovered to sit up; "I have brought a friend with me who is quite as anxious to see you as I was," and stepping to the door he pushed it open and there stood revealed Fred Bartram.

A moment more and Cordelia was folded to his bosom. All that Clarence heard was, "My long lost darling," for he had the good taste to withdraw and leave them to themselves, and I think we will do likewise.

Joy seldom kills, and Cordelia's case was no exception to the rule, so with all despatch she was carried back to her friends, and received by them with open arms. "But," said Mrs. Bartram, after listening to the story of her flight, "if you had only returned to us, you would have found that Fowler, the head clerk, was already under arrest, and his guilt clearly proved. He had given Clarence the note, thinking as he was going on a journey, it would never be traced."

Lilly Bartram had, during the two years absence of Cordelia, improved in health, contrary to all expectation, and manifested her pleasure at the return of her friend, by acting as bridesmaid at the wedding, which took place within the month, Fred declaring he would take no more risks, and should never feel safe until the knot was tied.

And the handsome locket, which was Clarence's present to the bride, was purchased with the note that had made all the trouble.

### A REMEDY FOR DIPTHERIA.

IMPERIAL RUSSIAN LEGATION,
WASHINGTON, Nov. 16, 1879.

To the Editor of the Herald:—In view of the increase of diptheria in several places of the State of New York I hasten to communicate to you for publicity a very simple remedy, which, having been used in Russia and Germany, may prove effective here. Out of several others, Dr. Letzerich, who made extensive experiments in the application of this remedy, has used it in twenty-seven cases, eight of which were of a very serious nature, all of which had a favorable result except in one case, when the child died from a complication of disease. For children of one year he prescribes the remedy, for internal use every one or two hours, as follows:—

Natr. benzoic, pur. 5.0 solv. in aq. distillat aq. menth. piper. ana 40.0 syr. cort. aur. 10.0.

For children from one to three years old he prescribed it from seven to eight grammes for 100 grammes of distilled water, with same syrup; for children from three to seven years old he prescribed ten to fifteen grammes, and for grown persons from fifteen to twenty-five gramme for each 100 grammes.

Besides this he uses also with great success the insufflation on the diptherial membrane through a glass tube in serious cases every three hours, in light cases three times a day of the natr. benzoic pulver. For grown people he prescribes for gargling a dilution of ten grammes of this pulver for 200 grammes of water.

The effect of the remedy is rapid. After twenty-four or thirty-six hours the feverish symptoms disappear completely and the temperature and pulse become normal. This remedy was used also with the same sncccss by Dr. Braham Braun and Professor Klebs, in Prag; Dr. Senator, in Cassel, and several others in Russia and Germany.

Hoping that the publication through your widely spread paper will prove beneficial in the United States, I remain, yours, very truly,

N. SHISHKIN,
Minister of Russia to U. States.

### THE SWIFT WITNESS.

Tom Gains was what you call a swift witness. When Tom was for a feller he was for him all over, and he was so friendly and confiding the judge didn't know what to do with him. Last court, lawyer Branham put Tom upon the stand to prove that a drinking man couldn't remember what he did when he was drunk. Tom had taken about two drams that morning, and was feeling splendid. He swore straight out that he couldn't.

The judge didn't like that. He didn't like witnesses who were so willing and familiar, and so he put a few questions to Tom from the bench.

"Mr. Gains, wasn't you drunk yesterday (Sunday)?"

"They say I was, your honor."

"And you don't remember it?"

"It's sorter like a dream, your honor; but I do remember I was awful sick last night."

"How are you now, Mr. Gains?"

"I am tolable well, I thank you, judge, how do you do, yourself?" and Tom bowed humbly, for he thought the judge was kindly inquiring after his health.

When the sheriff had quieted the general hilarity, the judge said: "Mr. Gains, you were drunk on yesterday, which was Sunday. Now, where did you find your whiskey?"

"In the jug, judge—right in the jug."

"Well, sir, where was the jug?"

"Under the fodder-stack, judge. I always keeps it there or in the shuckpen, and if your honor ever passes that way its a free thing to——"

"Mr. Gains, you can retire, sir. I believe you are the same man who about thirty years ago testified in this court house that Jim Wilkins bit his own ear off."

"They say I did, judge; but you know I was drunk, and of course I don't remember it. You was defendin' Jack Boozer for biting off Jim Wilkins' ear, and you told me that in the scrimmage Jack shoved him up agin the sharp edge of the door and the door cut it off; but you see, judge, I got drunk and forgot what you told me, and I 'spose I did swear that Wilkins bit his ear off himself, and it wasn't so unreasonable nohow, for he had the awfullest mouth that ever was seed—didn't he, judge?"

"Mr. Gains, I told you to sit down, sir. Mr. Sheriff, give me the names of those gentlemen who are so hilarious; I'll sse if I can't stop their merriment. Brother Branham, put up your next witness."

MR. JAY GOULD'S PERSONAL HABITS.—Mr. Gould's millions now crowd close to those of Vanderbilt. He is a man of finer texture than the old Commodore's son. He doesn't run to fine houses, costly stables, and blooded steeds. At night, when he dismisses his operators from the telegraph offices in his own house in Fifth avenue, and enters up in a little book the telegraphic reports of the receipts of the various railroads which he owns, he does not go to a club to carouse, to a banquet to steam up with champaigne, or to a theatre; he retires to the recesses of a peaceful library, and with his young sons about him, reads the Latin classics, the world forgetting, but not by the world forgot—by a large majority. The next morning early he has the telegraph doing lightning service, and he is sending an electric shock through Wall street as soon as the bulls and bears come into that field for pasture. Mr. Gould is a liberal man although when he makes a bequest he does not have the information written in manifold and sent to all the newspapers. The first news New York had of his gift to the Memphis sufferers of $5,000 came from Memphis, as did the news of the second gift of $5,000.

Mr. Gould, being a small man of little physical prowess, is naturally not disposed to put himself recklessly in the way of the horns of the bulls and the claws of the bears.—There are some men in Wall street, as Mr. Gould has reason to know, who wish to resent their losses with their fists, and are disposed to follow Major Selover's example and despatch him bodily down into a convenient area. Accordingly, Mr. Gould keeps his office guarded by a stout Irishman, who prevents the intrusion of visitors, and he has usually a private way to get out into the street. He has, too, it is said, a big Italian book-keeper who accompanies him on many of his business trips about town, and stands ready to protect his millionaire employer.

## All Sorts of Clippings

A paper caller—a newsboy.

Are physicians squill drivers?

The best thing out—a big fire.

A game leg—a haunch of venison.

Confidence game—decoy ducks.

Cat and rat may rhyme, but they never agree.

Spare the rod, and you'll have no fish for dinner.

A loan woman—one who has money out at interest.

It is superfluous to tell a toper to "pull in his horns."

Virtue does not give talent, but it supplies their place.

A self-sufficient man is wise in his own can't-see-it.

The most perfect type of "sweet home" is the beehive.

Even a blacksmith's bellows sometimes comes to blows.

There is nothing so fatal to comfort, as well as decorum, as fuss.

"It's all over with me!" as the pan cake said when it was turned.

A young man in pressing his own suit frequently wrinkle's the girl's.

Three things to do: Live, think, act

Cheese is often mightier than the sword.

The farmer for the fair—a husbandman.

Lay up in your youth that you may lay by in your old age.

You can see, and hear, and learn a great deal when silent yourself.

The majority always ayes a thing, and the minority noes it.

The bee hive is the poorest thing in the world to fall back on.

A yacht can stand on a tack without swearing. A man can't.

"As lonesome as an oyster in a stew," is a Chicago comparison.

Many men fail in life because the ability they rely on is impossibility.

It is easier to draw an inference than the cork of a Scotch ale bottle.

A spendthrift's purse, like a thunder cloud, is constantly lightning.

A young man may sow his wild oats, but he can never sow his corns.

It is a fool who praises himself, and a madman who speaks of himself.

A man's good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

It is human nature to love to make experiments at the expense of others.

"The iron entered his sole," and the stricken sinner paused and pulled out the tack.

"That's the end of my tale," as the tadpole said when he turned into a gentleman-cow-frog.

What makes a boy crazy is to see another boy offered a cigar by his father.

The fellow who wants to know what will bring out his hair rapidly, should get married.

The Chinaman had a good grip on the idea when he spoke of the cucumber as "no belly good."

The man who was kicked out of the house by an irate parent didn't laugh in his leave.

A Nebraska belle is engaged to marry a Mr. Lemon. He has promised to be her Lemon aid.

The king of the Fiji Islands is said to relish "Baby Mine" very much. He likes it well done, too.

A gentleman in conversation said that his dogs were A1. Shouldn't they have been rated K9?

If history repeats itself, says the small boy, why should the teacher make me repeat it?

A shoemaker always swears by his boots, and anything else that is sole-y.

Common law is founded on common sense. Other laws are made by Congress.

Many a boy who is always in the first class at school becomes a fourth class man.

If every year we rooted out one vice, we should soon approach perfect men.

Every person is sure of at least one good friend, if he will not abuse himself.

A little boy, proud of his new jacket, informed his sister that he was a six-button kid.

Though charity may make your purse lighter one day, it will make it heavier another.

Men and women are something alike. The one takes to the beer glass, the other to the pier glass.

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