The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1879. VOL. XVIII.-NO. 32.

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 Millinary 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.

SPECIALTIES.

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 STOCK.

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. [illegible], 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 of Paper from 10 cents up! July 31

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.

BIBB'S "New Baltimore,"

THE ONLY GENUINE

FIRE-PLACE HEATER.

UNEXCELLED.

Manufactured by B. C. BIBB & SON, Inventors and Patentees, Baltimore, Md.

Special features and recommendations of Bibb's New Baltimore Fire-Place Heater:

1st. Manufactured in Baltimore, where invented and perfected.

2d. *All the inside parts can be inserted without removing heater from fire-place.*

3d. The room in which it is placed will always be camfortable, as it sets well out of the fire-place, and has *entire front radiation*, thus giving more heat in lower room than any other.

4th. It has the celebrated *Sole Side Centre Grate* by which the clinker can be removed *without disturbing the fire*, besides this peculiar style of grate lasts longer than any other.

5th. It is arranged to *drop ashes* into cellar when so desired.

6th. *It makes no dust* when shaking grate, thus saving furniture and carpets.

7th. It is the *latest and newest style*, and the only Heater that meets the wants of the public in *all particulars*.

Before you buy a Cook Stove, come and see the "New Regulator," a cook stove with revolving top, thus saving the lifting of pots and kettles when you wish to change their position on the stove.

Other styles of First-Class Cook Stoves and Ranges, constantly on hand.

Those in want of a first-class Parlor or Dining room stove, should not buy until they have seen the HEXIGON, a new stove, of new style, with all the improvements of grate and draught.

LARD CANS for sale cheap.

J. W. HINES.
Dec. 4, 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 ROSINA 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, Plain Books, Memorandums and Composition Books, exceedingly low—at C. F. STAM'S.

LIBB'S COMPRESSED COOKED CORNED BEEF, 20c. per lb.—at BELL'S.

Select Poetry.

BUDD B.'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

[From Ericha' Fashion Quarterly.]

I.

It was Christmas time, as all the world knew,
It stormed without, and the cold wind blew,
But within all was cheerful, snug, and bright,
With glowing fires and many a light.

II.

Budd B. was sent quite early to bed,
His stocking was hung up close to his head,
And he said to himself, "When all grows still
I will find a big stocking for Santy to fill."

III.

Now good honest Hans, who worked at the house,
Had gone to his bed as still as a mouse;
The room where he slept was one story higher
Than Budd's little room, with gaslight and fire.

IV.

Now Hans loved "the boy," and petted him too,
And often at night, when his task was all through,
He would tell him strange stories of over the sea,
While Budd listened gravely or laughed out in glee.

V.

This night Hans had promised to wake Budd at four,
He would come softly down and open his door;
But suddenly Budd bounded out of his bed,
And stole softly up to the room overhead.

VI.

On his hands and his knees he crept softly in:
"I'll borrow Hans' stocking," he said with a grin:
"Old Santy will fill it up to the top,
And Hans—oh, such fun—will be mad as a hop."

VII

He moved very slowly, and felt near the bed;
No stocking was there, but down on his head
Came a deluge of water, well sprinkled with ice,
While honest Hans held him as if in a vise

VIII.

"Vat ish dat?" he cried out; "von robber I find,
Den I pound him, and shake him, so much as I mind."
"It is me," called out Budd; "stop, Hans, oh! please do;
I am only a boy; I could not rob you."

IX.

But Hans did not pause; his temper was hot,
And he dragged the young robber at once from the spot.
When he reached the light hall great was his surprise
To find his young master with tears in his eyes.

X.

"I wanted your stocking," muttered Budd B.;
"It is bigger than mine; boo hoo, I can't see,
And I'm all wet and cold," thus Budd cried aloud,
Until guests and his parents ran up in a crowd.

XI.

He was wrapped up with care and taken to bed,
But, strangest of all, not a harsh word was said,
He flattered himself as he fell fast asleep
That Hans and his friends the secret would keep.

XII.

Next morning when Christmas songs filled all the air.
Budd found, to his grief and boyish despair,
That his neck was so stiff he could not turn his head,
And must spend the whole day alone in his bed.

XIII.

What was worse, his own stocking hung limp on a chair,
And on it these words in writing most fair:
"To him who so greatly I love less than all,
The world is so large, and my reindeers so small.

XIV.

"My pack is elastic when children are kind,
But it shuts with a snap and leaves nothing behind
When a boy or a girl is selfish and mean.
Good-by, little Budd, I am off with my team.

SANTA CLAUS."

CIVILITY IS A FORTUNE.—Civility is in itself a fortune, for a courteous man always succeeds in life, even when persons of greater ability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Marlborough is a case in point. It was said of him by a contemporary, that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend; and by another, that it was more pleasing to be denied a favor by his grace, than to receive one from other men. The manners of Charles James Fox preserved him from personal dislike, even at a time when he was politically the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The history of our own country is full of examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if he will but recall the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of professional men, politicians, merchants, and, indeed, individuals of all pursuits. On being introduced to a stranger, his affability, or the reverse, creates, instantaneously a prepossession in his behalf, or a prejudice against him. To man, civility is, in fact, wheat beauty is to woman—a general passport to favor, a letter of recommendation written in a language that every stranger understands. The best of men have often injured themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness, as the greatest scoundrels have frequently succeeded by their plausable manners. Of two men, equal in all other respects, the courteous one has twice the chance for success.

THE subject of conversation at an evening entertainment was the intelligence of animals, particularly of dogs. Says Smith—"There are dogs that have more sense than their masters. "Just so," responds young Fitznoodle, "I've got that very kind of a dog myself."

"MAMMA," said Harry Thomas, a bright little fellow, "have my toes got eyes?" "No, my darling; why do you ask such a foolish question?" "Because my foot's asleep."

THE reason why "the horn of the hunter is not heard on the hill" any more, is because he carries it in his pocket flask just now."

ANY actress can paint, but only a few can draw.

Select Story.

A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

It was Christmas Eve, and bitterly cold. The down train from London, due at Bristol at 5:50, had just come in crowded with passengers, and the arrival platform was a scene of indescribable confusion. Excited passengers rushed hither and thither seeking their own special property amid the piles of luggage that lay scattered around; and wearied and worried ladies sought vainly among the crowd for a disengaged porter to convey their bags and boxes safely to a cab. Active youths and stalwart men who could carry their own impediments were best off: and among those who did so was a tall, bronzed, brown-bearded man, who wore his coat-collar buttoned up closely round his throat, and his deer-stalker pressed down over his eyes. His travel-worn portmanteau was large and heavy, but he seemed to think nothing of its weight, and, swinging it in his hand, strode out of the station.

"Cab, sir?" cried an urchin, eager for a penny.

"No; an omnibus will do for me," returned the gentleman, passing on to where the Redland omnibus was drawn up, and cold though it was, he at once mounted to the box, and took his seat beside the driver.

All this time a lady was waiting patiently at the farther end of the platform. Seeing the bustle and confusion that reigned around she had managed by dint of a little exertion, to drag her modest tin trunk out of the melee; but having done so she could do no more, and now stood beside it waiting until one of the porters should be able to attend to her. She was a plainly-dressed gentlewoman, with fine gray eyes and a pale tired face, apparently about thirty years of age. She had been pretty once, but time and trouble had stolen away the bloom of youth; and though her features were good, she could scarcely be described as pretty now. To-night she was cold and weary, and stood passively waiting until some one should come to her assistance.

Presently a porter approached her.

"Want a cab, miss?" he asked.

"Yes. Will you please to carry this box?"

The man picked it up and walked off, followed by the lady.

So great had been the demand for cabs that evening that by this time there was but one to be seen outside the station, and that one had just arrived with a fare. The horse was steaming and the driver looked surly.

"Where do you want to go?" he asked the lady gruffly.

"To Stoke Bishop," replied the lady.

"Where there?"

"I will tell you when we get there," returned Miss Lyon, not very well pleased with the man's manner.

The driver muttered something to himself, banged the tin trunk down on the roof of the cab and drove off in a huff.

"I wish there had been another cab," thought Laurette Lyon, uneasily, as she leaned back in her seat. "I don't like this driver at all. I wonder if he is drunk. I hope Mr. Mansfield will be at home when I reach Tivoli. I will ask him to pay him for me."

In the meantime the cab was progressing as rapidly through the crowded slippery streets as could reasonably be expected, and Laurette began to look about her.—Eight years had passed since she had visited Bristol, under circumstances very different from the present. Then her father had been her companion; they had stayed at a fashionable hotel and money had been plentiful. Now she was an orphan; a lonely, hard-working governess, going to spend Christmas with an old school-friend who had been recently married. Laurette did not like Christmas. To her it was a time haunted with sad memories. Every year as Christmas Eve came round the picture of a certain Chrismas Eve long ago rose up before her eyes. She could see it all. The pretty drawing-room, lighted only by the flickering fire, in the roomy old house at Blackheath; and Herbert Lindsay's earnest face as he asked her to be his wife. How happy they were that evening and how eager Herbert had been to ask Dr. Lyon's consent, never dreaming of refusal. They had sat side by side hopefully planning for the future and listening between whiles for her father's step. And when they heard him enter the house and cross the hall to his study Herbert had raised up at once, anxious to get the interview over and return to her.

"Give me one kiss before I go, Laurette," he had said.

But she had laughingly refused him.

"I will owe it to you," she had said, kissing her hand to him as he turned to look at her as he left the room.

And she had never seen him since.

The interview proved to be a long, and alas! a stormy one. Dr. Lyon refused Herbert's offer in harsh, almost insulting terms; and the young man, deeply wounded and mortified, had hastily left the house, and shortly afterwards quitted the country for Australia. But before sailing he had written once to Laurette.

"As your father sets such a high value on money, and requires so much," he wrote, "I have resigned my situation, and am going out to Australia to make my fortune. It will be a long process, I fear; but a strong will and a stout heart can do much, and I shall not want for these if I am assured of your faith, Laurette. Will you be true to me, as I shall ever be to you, even though years may pass before you hear from me again, for I shall not write unless I have good news to send. Think well before you answer, and do not promise unless you can do so freely and with your whole heart. It is no light thing that I ask, and it may, and probably will, involve years of weary waiting. If you have any doubt of your own feelings, of your own strength, I beseech you tell me now. Remember, your promise once given, I shall believe in it implicitly, and on the strength of it build all my future happiness."

To this Laurette had answered simply, "I love you dearly, and as long as I live I will be true to you."

Two years later, on Christmas Eve, Dr. Lyon died suddenly. His daughter, in common with most persons who knew him, had imagined him to be a wealthy man; but after his death it was discovered that he had lived far beyond his means, and when all claims were satisfied a paltry £20 a year was all that remained for Laurette.

It is a hard thing for any girl brought up in ease and idleness to be suddenly turned out of a luxurious home and compelled to earn her own living as best she may.—Fortunately Miss Lyon was a girl of sense and resolution, and she had at once bravely faced the position; and though her heart ached for her father's loss and she keenly felt the change of circumstances, she had nevertheless calmly accepted the inevitable and had taken, without ado, the first situation that offered. Eight years to-night Dr. Lyon died, and for eight years Laurette had been working hard as a daily or resident governess. Ten years had rolled away since she and Herbert parted, and all that time no news of him had reached her.—How she had thought and dreamed of him and longed with heart-longing for a letter! But no letter had ever come; and year by year hope slowly waned in her breast, and now it was well nigh dead. "I shall never see him again," she thought. "He is dead, I know, or he must have had some good news to send me all these long years." She had kept her faith to him inviolate. It is an easy thing to be true to an absent lover if no lover at your side tempts you to break your word.—But Laurette's faith had been tried by temptation, and her quiet "no" had been so decided that no aspirant for her hand had ever ventured to repeat his offer.

This visit at Bristol had quickened many old recollections, and her thoughts this Christmas Eve were sadder even than usual. Wrapped in her own reflections, she did not notice how far she had proceeded on her way to Stoke Bishop, or how slowly the cab was progressing.

As before stated, it was a bitterly cold night. Rain had fallen in the afternoon, and before the ground had had time to dry the wind changed and it had begun to freeze and was freezing still, and all the country roads were like glass. In the beaten Bristol thoroughfares and along White Ladies' road progress was fairly easy; but having climbed the steep bit of hill at Redland and gained the level of the down that stretched between that and the pretty village of Stoke it became difficult for the horse to stand, and when about half-way across the down, to Laurette's great surprise, the cabman suddenly pulled up, and, getting down, opened the cab-door.

"You must get out," he said, roughly.

"Get out!" repeated Miss Lyon, in astonishment. "Why, this is not Stoke Bishop! We are not more than half-way across the down!"

"I know where I am well enough, but I can't take you a step further. My 'orse can't keep 'is feet, and I'm not a-going to 'ave 'is knees broke, and 'is neck, too, p'raps, for anybody."

"Do you mean to say that you intend to leave me with my luggage here, in the middle of the down?" asked Laurette, quietly. "And at this time of the evening, too?"

"Where is it you want to go to?" he asked.

"To Tivoli—Mr. Mansfield's," replied Laurette.

"Right away down at the bottom of Stoke Hill? No, miss, I ain't a-going to take you there, not if you was to give me a five-pound note; but I'll tell you what I'll do," with an air of making a great concession—"I'il drive you over to one of them villas," pointing with his whip to lights twinkling in the distance, "and you can leave your box at one of 'em and walk on."

"But I do not know anyone living there!" exclaimed Laurette, aghast at the man's impudence; "and I could not think of taking such a liberty!"

"Well, please yourself; only you must get out of my cab," was the rough answer.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said Miss Lyon, decisively. "You will drive me back to Redland; there I may be able to get another cab—or at any rate a man to carry my box."

"And supposing I don't, miss, what then?" with an ugly leer.

"Then you won't be paid," was the prompt answer. And Laurette looked the rude driver steadily in the face, although in her heart she was getting afraid of him, and very heartily wished herself safe in her friend's house.

The man grumbled a good deal, but finally climbed back to his seat and turned his horse's head toward Redland. He had not gone very far, however, before he again pulled up, and Miss Lyon heard him accost some one on the road. A man's voice answered, and Laurette, hastily letting down the window, heard the driver rejoin:

"There's a young woman inside as wants a hescort down to Stoke. P'r'aps you'll oblige 'er?"

The insolence of the man's tone was more than Laurette could brook. She sprang out of the cab and addressed herself to a tall man, with his coat-collar turned up and his hat pressed dow over his eyes, who stood on the path.

"I want some one to carry my box to Mr. Mansfield's, at Stoke," she said, in a clear tone. "If you can do so I shall be glad to pay you what you think proper. This cabman can't or won't drive me over there."

Her vail was thrown back and the light of a neighboring lamp showed to the stranger a pale, finely-cut face and a pair of flashing gray eyes. She was too flurried and angry to notice his appearance.

Without a word he turned to the driver. "Give me the trunk," he said, in a deep, gruff voice.

"Trunk, indeed," returned the other with a sneer; "'tis but a light bit of a box."

"I have a heavy hand," returned the stranger in the same deep voice. "Do you want to feel the weight of it?"

The man looked up, startled.

"I want my fare," he said, in a more civil tone.

Laurette paid him and then, with her new companion, turned her face towards Stoke.

They walked on in silence. The lady was greatly relieved to escape from the insolent cabman, and felt grateful to the stranger for his opportune arrival and readiness to oblige her; and, taking him to be a respectable artisan, or something of that kind, began presently to talk to him. He, however, did not appear to be disposed to converse, and replied so briefly to her remarks that the conversation soon ceased altogether; and when he did speak his voice was so gruff and deep that it sounded unnatural, and the idea occurred to Laurette that it must be assumed.

The idea was not a pleasant one. What could be the meaning of it? She noticed, also, that he kept looking at her continually. She never lifted her eyes without encountering his gleaming at her from under the shadow of his hat. Brave though she was, she grew nervous and uncomfortable. She knew absolutely nothing of this man, and his manner was suspicious. Had she only been freed from an impudent driver to fall into the hands of a thief or a murderer?

It was between seven and eight o'clock, and very dark. At that hour, on such a bitter night, the road they were pursuing was practically as though there were not a house within a mile of it.

What was there to hinder this fellow from knocking her down with one blow of his strong arm, robbing her at his leisure and then walking off with her box and other property and leaving her there to perish in the cold? If it came to blows she would struggle hard, she was resolved ere she would submit to be robbed of her valuables. But what if he were to slip behind her and in some sudden, treacherous manner deprive her of all power of resistance? She shivered at the thought, and stepped out into the center of the road; and when her companion followed her example, and placed himself again at her side, she almost screamed aloud with terror.

He saw her start.

"Is there anything the matter?" he asked, and his manner was so kind that she began to be ashamed of her fears.

Ten minutes more brought them to the foot of the hill, and examining the names on the gate-posts by the aid of a few flaming fuses, they quickly found themselves, to her great relief, in the well-lit hall of the house they sought.

The man put down the box, and the neat housemaid went to inform her young mistress of Miss Lyon's arrival.

"I am much obliged to you," said Laurette, drawing out her purse.—"How much do I owe you?" And looking at her companion she noticed, for the first time, and with dismay, that he looked much more like a gentleman than an artisan.

"You owe me a kiss, madam," he answered in a different and natural tone.

"Sir!" she ejaculated, in utter surprise, though now his voice sounded strangely familiar.

"Have you forgotten the kiss you promised me ten years ago to-night, Laurette?" and he tossed aside his hat and stepped toward her.

"Herbert! Oh! Herbert!"

And Mrs. Mansfield, coming into the hall a moment later, stood still in mute astonishment to behold Laurette—grave, fastidious Laurette—clasped close in the arms of a tall, fine-looking man.

"Well!" she exclaimed, at length.

At the sound of her voice Laurette released herself, and turned an April face, all tears and smiles, toward her friend.

"You have heard me speak of Herbert Lindsay? He has come home at last—at last!" and she leaned her head on his arm and sobbed outright.

Two hours later Herbert and Laurette sat together in Mrs. Mansfield's cosey little drawing-room. Miss Lyon, looking so young and pretty in her new-found happiness that in Herbert's eyes she seemed the very Laurette of ten years ago, sat in a low chair by the fire, with a screen in her hand and her face turned toward her lover.

"And so you were unfortunate the first five years?" she said.

"Yes, so unfortunate and poor that sometimes I hardly knew how or when I should get my next meal. When things were steadily improving with me for rather more than a year, I wrote to you, but received no answer. I waited a few months, and then wrote again, with the same result. Then I waited six months, and wrote for the third time, and after awhile my own letter was returned to me with the single word 'Gone' on it. You may imagine how disappointed I was. I made inquiries respecting you of all those likely to be acquainted with your movements, but all that I could learn was that your father was dead and that you had left the neighborhood. So I thought the best thing I could do was to work harder than ever, and return to England at the earliest possible moment and search for you; and thank Heaven! I have found you."

"And how strangely it came about," said Laurette, smiling. "Do you know I thought you were going to murder me at one time?" and to his amusement, she told him of the fears that had possessed her.

"I am so glad now that I came to Bristol," returned Herbert. "I was knocking about in London, putting all kinds of machinery in motion with the object of finding you—which, by the way, I must stop now, when I came across an Australian friend, who with his wife returned to England two years ago. He told me he had bought a house at Stoke Bishop and invited me to spend Christmas with them. A lonely old bachelor, staying at an hotel, I was only too glad to accept his invitation. Arrived at Redland, I found there was no cab to be had on account of the slippery state of the roads, and so left my portmanteau at the 'Black Boy,' intending to ask my friend to send his gardner for it. And glad I am that I did so, or I should never have met with this happy Christmas Adventure."

On Christmas morning Herbert Lindsay found out his friend's house, and explained the cause of his non-appearance on the previous evening.

A month later there was a quiet wedding at Stoke Chuch, and after a few happy weeks on the Continent Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay sailed for Australia. In due course Herbert showed to his dear wife with infinite pleasure the comfortable, even luxurious home that he had worked so long and so hard to prepare for her.

AN ELECTION.

Shortly before noon on election day a chap whose boot-heels showed four kinds of clay and a streak of plank-road soil besides, and whose general make-up was as fierce as that of any Texas Jack on the prairie, appeared at the upper precinct of the Eleventh ward, Detroit.—Some folks thought he was a candidate, but he wasn't. Others thought he voted in that ward, but he didn't.

"I come in to see the fun and like enough square off to a few myself," he replied to those offering him tickets, and he took a seat on a fence and waited to hear some one call some one else a liar and a row to begin.

Nothing transpired, however, to disturb the general peace and harmony, and after about half an hour the young man got down off his perch and said to a citizen:

"What in blazes do you call this, anyhow?"

"It is an election," was the reply.

"Mighty thin this for an election. Why, out in my town we only poll 120 votes, but we are all day doing it, and we average one knock-down for every five ballots put through the window! I'm just dying to see a row, but you are all skimmed milk folks around here."

The good citizen didn't want the stranger to carry home a bad impression of Detroit, and after looking around a bit he said:

"Down around the corner is a saloon. I shouldn't wonder if you'd find some of the boys in there. if you wan't to 'rouse any of them just smash their hats over their ears and tell 'em you're a wild cat from the openings."

"Good 'nuff—wild cat—hanged if I don't!" chuckled the young man, and away he danced.

In about twenty minutes a boy came running for an officer and said that a man had been killed. Jammed into a barrel head first, was the wild cat from the interior, and the man who jammed him sat on the saloon steps singing "My Grandfather's Clock," squinting up and down for a lost overcoat button.—When the wild cat was pulled out of his retreat his overcoat was split in two, his shirt nearly torn off, and his nose and eyes had a butcher shop look.

"What's all this!" demanded the officer as he tendered the loan of a handkerchief.

"Bin licked!" was the humble reply.

"Who by?"

"I dunno, I didn't get to see mor'n half of him."

"Aren't you the chap who was blowing around up at the polls about the fun at your town meetings?"

"I are."

"And what do you think now?"

"I think your darned old town is one trick ahead of us," replied the young man, as he pulled some grass to wipe his nose. This is the first time I ever saw a man barreled up for market after being licked! I'm ready to go home now as soon as I find my hat!"

A NICE DIFFERENCE.—Peter Stephen Duponceau, who came from France to this country was private secretary to Baron Steuben, was admitted to the bar in the year 1835. His acquaintance with the languages of Continental Europe secured him a large practice, which did not prevent his paying much attention to the learned societies of which he was a prominent member.

A young man called on him for advice, and began his story thus: "Mr. Duponceau, my father died and made a will."

"Is it possible?" said Mr. Duponceau. "I never heard of such a thing!"

"I thought it happened every day," said the client.

"This is the first case of the kind that I ever heard of," said Mr. Duponceau.

"Well," said the young man, "if there is likely to be any trouble about it I had better give you a fee," which he did.

"Oh," said Mr. Duponceau, "now I think I know what you mean. You mean that your father made a will, and died. Yes, yes, that must be it. That must be it."

2 lovers sat beneath the shade,
And 1 un2 the other said:
"How 14 8 that you be9
Hath smiled upon this suit of mine:
If 5 a heart it palps 4 you—
Thy voice is mu6 melody—
'Tis 7 to be thy loved 1, 2—
Say, 0y nymph, wilt marry me?"
Then lisped she soft, "Why 13ly!"

All Sorts of Clippings

The best trade-mark—$

The fuel of the future—Brimstone

Clubs are to their members meet and drink.

One touch of humor makes the whole world grin.

Lotta heartily desires to rest.—She always was loaf sugar.

Boston girls are sighing for an intellectual looking method of banging hair.

The Indian wears moccasins and has no cats, so he is just as well off without a boot-jack.

After all there is something human about the dead beat. He will stand by you as long as you have a cent.

Henry VIII. never worried much about popping the question. He married first and axed his wife afterward.

As Mrs. Hayes entered the Methodist Church Fair in Philadelphia the band struck up "Hail to the Chief."

Joseph Abair, of Winooski, Vermont, is the father of a boy six years old that weighs one hundred and five pounds.

The man whom you kant get to write poetry or tell the truth, until you get him half drunk, ain't worth the investment.

Sapphires are being picked up by the handful in Siam. Some modern Ananias has started up that Sapphiran story.

Friend—"Look here, Tom youv'e had enough." Tipsy youth—No such thing. Of'en had too much; never had enough."

Says Progress, "Nothing so quickly dries a woman's tears as a kiss." But how is a fellow to guard against giving an overdose.

The tramp is the only observer of the fourth commandment. He never works upon the Sabbath day—or upon week days either.

A big trade in toys is anticipated at Christmas time, and speculative children are urging their parents to go long on the market.

It is difficult to understand why a wife never asks her husband "if the doors are all locked" until after he is snugly covered up.

It is a happy provision of nature that people do not know when they lose their senses and fools do not miss the absence of brains.

The reason there is a resemblance between a soldier and a goat is, that one man's the ramparts, and the other rams the man's parts.

Why was Goliah very much surprised when David slung the stone at him? Because such a thing never entered his head before.

A Georgia woman has read the Bible through this year while churning. Her butter ought to be a whey ahead of all other orthodox butters.

"Do you keep any Hamburg edging?" asks a timid miss. "Not if we can sell it," was the pert reply of the clerk. He kept some that day.

Mrs. Partington, speaking of the rapid manner in which evil deeds were perpetrated, said that it only required two seconds to fight a duel.

A Springfield, Mass. man has named his four four boys Ara, Era, Ira and Ora, and they are "all alive and mischievous as if nothing had happened."

An Albany genius calls a new suspender which has been patented, "The Conscience Suspender." It owes its name to its extreme elasticity.

An Irishman who had on a very ragged coat was asked of what stuff it was made. "Bedad, I don't know I think the most of it is made of fresh air."

The foolish virgin on the train sitteth demure and quietly in her seat, but the wise one flirteth with the conductor and passeth free of charge.

The London press is chiefly devoting its personal columns to telling stupendous lies of the political influence and former wealth of Victoria Woodhull in America.

"In pursuing my theme, I should like to cover more ground—" "Buy shoes large enough for your feet, and you'll do it," was the impudent suggestion from the crowd.

When a paragrapher gets up something too stupid to go in the funny column, he gives it to the literary editor, who puts it in a column headed "Pearls of Thought."

It destroys half the pleasure of a summer resort to hear a man eat soup at the dinner table, like the last few gallons of water being sucked out of a bath tub by the waste pipe.

A lady on horseback bears about the same relation to the horse as does her hat to her head. Stuck on to one side respectively of the horse and head, both threaten to fall off on the slightest provocation.

There never was nor ever will be a chance to get square with the world, on account of its spherical shape.

Broad is the road that leads to debt,
And thousands walk together there;
Prompt payments find a narrow rut,
With here and there a passenger.

Thm. Scott receives a salary of $25,000 a year. For this reason we believe the stories of his intended resignation on account of poor health are false. No person could afford to have health on that salary.

People are apt to be very generous with what costs them nothing. Sidney Smith once said that most men are ready to act the Good Samaritan, but without the oil and twopence.

"You just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor to a consumptive, "and you'll never cough again." "Is it so fatal as that?" gasped the consumptive.

Leadville has four churches and one hundred and eight gambling houses, and someone wants to know how she can support so many churches.

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