The Chestertown Transcript.

$1.50 PER ANNUM. CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1881. VOL. XX-NO. 33.

STOVES!

We have on hand as Fine a Line of

Cook

AND

Heating Stoves,

AS WAS EVER OFFERED TO THE PEOPLE OF KENT AND QUEEN ANNE'S COUNTIES.

THE NEW EMERALD

AND

FARMER GIRL COOK STOVES

are, without exception, the best in the market, no other stoves having so many fine qualities. Guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every case. Call and examine them.

OUR HEATING STOVES

FOR

PARLORS AND SITTING ROOMS,

have been selected from the best houses in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Our

ARGAND,

made by Messrs. Perry & Co. of New York, is the finest finished stove ever seen in this market. Call and examine it, if you want to see something beautiful.

The number of Fire Place Heaters sold last year is a guarantee of their worth. This year they are much improved. We will guarantee every stove to work and give satisfaction.

THOS. L. HINES & CO.,

Next door to Kent National Bank.

Chestertown, Oct. 13, 1881.

Tolchester Line.

FALL ARRANGEMENT.

ON AND AFTER

Friday, September 16th, 1881, Steamer PILOT BOY,

will leave Tolchester Beach

TUESDAYS & FRIDAYS

At 9 A. M. and 4.30 P. M., will leave Baltimore same days at 7 A. M. and 2.30 P. M.

☞ This will give 3 and a half hours for business and return the same day.

FREIGHT AT LOW RATES and received in Baltimore Daily.

FARE EACH WAY 40 CENTS.

Excursion Tickets, good until used.....75 cts.
" " good on day issued..50 cts.

N. B.—Horses fed and well cared for at Tolchester. LEM PIERCE, Hostler.

WM. C. ELIASON, Manager.

Sept. 15, 1881—tf.

Chester River Steamboat Company

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

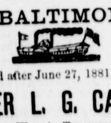
On and after Monday, May 23d, 1881, the steamer B. S. FORD will leave Chestertown every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., for Baltimore, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Grey's Inn, Queenstown and Kent Island.

Returning, leave Baltimore every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the above named Landings.

GEO. WARFIELD, President.

May 19, 1881

THOMPSON'S FREIGHT & PASSENGER LINE For BALTIMORE.



On and after June 27, 1881, the

STEAMER L. G. CANNON,

CAPT. WM. A. THOMPSON,

Will leave Chestertown every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 3 P. M.; Quaker Neck 4 p. m.; Hooper's Wharf, Centreville, 5.30 p. m.; Emory's Wharf 5.45 p. m.; arriving in Baltimore at 10 p. m.

Returning, leave Baltimore every Wednesday at 3 p. m. and Friday at 6 p. m., stopping at above landings.

Mr. Thomas Davis will convey freight and passengers to and from Centreville.

☞ Freights received every Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, at Piers 13 and 14 Ligh Street Wharf, Baltimore.

☞ *Specialty—handling and caring for freight.* Charges moderate.

FARE 75c. Round Trip tickets $1.25. State-rooms extra.

Freight on grain 4c. per bushel.

JOS. W. THOMPSON, Manager.

June 30, 1881—tf.

WHITE GOODS.

NANSOOKS, Plaids, Lace Stripes, Figured Lace Stripes, India Lawns, Madras Linens, Piques, Marseilles, Basket Goods.

For sale by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

FORKS, SHOVELS, SPADES, RAKES, Hoes, Spading Forks, Rope and Chain Traces, Plow Lines, Rope Halters, Back Bands and Hooks, &c., at

Mach 10 J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

BLACK CASHMERES, Black Silks, Black Satins. Black Alpaca worth 50 cents, price 25 cents. For sale by

T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

BLATCHLEY'S B. and G. PUMPS—for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

FARMERS' HARDWARE—for sale by THOS. L. HINES & CO

WE keep as large and fine a stock of Cigars as there is in town. SPARKS

A FULL stock of Confectionery, Foreign Fruits, Nuts, Cigars and Tobacco, constantly on hand—at SPARKS'.

A VERY large lot of Barbed Fence Wire on hand, and cheaper than ever.

THOS. L. HINES & CO.

THOS. L. HINES & CO'S.

Is the place to get stove castings. They keep a fully supply of all patterns. Oct. 13

FODDER YARN! FODDER YARN! Four kinds, and we think the cheapest in the market, at J. K. ALDRIDGE'S.

THE BEST RAT TRAP—for sale by J. K. ALDRIDGE.

THE

Philadelphia TIMES

Now stands confessedly at the head of Philadelphia journalism in all that makes a thoroughly complete, general and family newspaper. It is more complete in its news, in its special correspondence, in its varied contributions on all subjects of popular interest, and in all the qualities of a newspaper for the family circle and for the business man than any of its contemporaries, because its facilities and resources are equal to every want of a first-class national journal.

"The Weekly Times" has nearly doubled its former large circulation during the year. Its contributors from week to week are among the foremost men of the nation, and no department of news or literature is slighted in any number on any pretext. It is adapted as well to women as to men; hence, although its political intelligence is full and accurate and its political editorials free and fearless, liberal provision is made for literary, dramatic and musical matters, travels and adventure, fiction, poetry, fashions and the chronicle of current social events. In all these departments the pens of the best writers are engaged, while selections from other journals are made with care, taste and fullness that are unsurpassed.

The "Annals of the War" embracing chapters of unwritten history contributed by prominent actors in the war of the rebellion, are a valuable feature of the paper and have become a recognized depository of such matters, whether from Northern or Southern sources. This department, as well as all others, will be kept fully up to the high standard of former years.

TERMS:

THE DAILY TIMES—Delivered in the City of Philadelphia and surrounding Towns for Twelve Cents a week. MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS, postage free, Six Dollars a year, or Fifty Cents a month.

THE WEEKLY TIMES—Fifty-six columns of the choicest reading, especially prepared to meet the wants of weekly newspaper readers. One copy, $2.00; Five copies, $8.00; Ten copies, $15.00; Twenty copies, $25.00. An Extra copy sent free to any person getting up Clubs of ten or twenty.

THE SUNDAY EDITION—Double sheet, eight pages. The best known and most accomplished writers contribute to its columns every week. Two Dollars a year, postage free. Single copies, Four Cents.

THE TIMES ALMANAC—A Manual of Political and other Information, published on the First of January, every year. Fifteen Cents a copy.

THE ANNALS OF THE WAR—a royal octavo volume of 800 pages, beautifully illustrated. Written by Principal Participants in the War, North and South. Price, $3.00.

Address all letters and other communications to

THE TIMES,
TIMES BUILDING,
Chestnut and Eighth Sts. Philadelphia.

☞ *SEND FOR A SPECIMEN COPY.*

THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES.

LIKES, BERWANGER & CO

LEADING

One Price Clothiers

216 & 218 W. Baltimore street,

BALTIMORE.

HAVE the pleasure to announce to the people of this vicinity the opening of their

Fall and Winter

STOCK OF

CLOTHING

FOR

Men's, Youths,' Boys and Children's WEAR.

Special and exclusive shapes prepared for this season's business. Every garment in the establishment of their OWN MANUFACTURE, hence they sell their own productions only.

They have 5 floors devoted to their business, every floor 115 feet deep, stocked to their utmost capacity with every grade of clothing, and sell them at the lowest possible figures.

☞ Money refunded if goods do not prove satisfactory.

Likes, Berwanger & Co.,

216 *and* 218 *West Baltimore street,*

BALTIMORE.

Oct. 6, 1881—3m.

EXTENSIVE STOCK

—OF—

Dry Goods.

FALL OF 1881.

HAMILTON EASTER & SONS

Nos. 199, 201 and 203,

BALTIMORE ST., BALTIMORE

Have now on hand, and are constantly adding to their very Extensive Stock of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC DRY GOODS. Articles in every department of a regular DRY GOODS BUSINESS, adapted to the wants of purchasers generally.

Their stock of the most

FASHIONABLE FOREIGN GOODS,

has been selected in person from the best sources in Europe, thereby saving to retail purchasers from us, the profits usually made by importers.

Our assortment of

DOMESTIC FABRICS

and STAPLE GOODS generally, have been purchased to great advantage, after an experience of over 50 years in the trade, during which time we have built up a large business by Fair Dealing and giving at all times and *to all purchasers*, full value for the price paid.

The prices in plain figures marked on all our goods, from which there is no deviation.

Sept. 29, 1881—3m.

SPRING DALE

PURE RYE WHISKEY

FIVE YEARS OLD,

50 CENTS A BOTTLE.

Rockbridge Virginia Pure Whiskey,

THREE YEARS OLD,

$2 a Gallon.

H. ROSENHEIM.

375 *West Baltimore street,*

Between Eutaw and Paca streets.

Sept. 15, 1881—6m.

A LINE OF FINE *TOBACCOS.*

For sale by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

LUMBER. LUMBER.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

HAS in yard and for sale at the lowest rates the market will allow, a large stock of

White Pine and Virginia Pine

LUMBER,

embracing in part:

White Pine	Barn Boards, 12, 14 and 16 feet;	
"	"	Rabbitted Barn Boards;
"	"	½ " Weatherboarding;
"	"	¾ and ⅞ Plank;
"	"	Dressed Boards, Culls and Picks;
Virginia	"	Boards, 10, 12, 14 and 16 feet;
"	"	Siding, dressed and undressed;
"	"	Flooring, No. 1 and 2;
"	"	Scantling, joist, bilistuff & railing;
Georgia	"	Sill stuff, from 16 to 32 feet;

Hemlock Fencing;
White Pine 2x3 Railing;
" " 3x4 do.
Cypress Shingles; Laths, Pickets.

He also keeps in stock an assortment of

DOORS, DOOR FRAMES, GLAZED SASH, WINDOW FRAMES, BLINDS, CROWN MOULDINGS, BAND MOULDINGS, O G MOULDINGS, BEADINGS, &c.

☞ Do not buy your Lumber from home, and then discover that you would have saved money by purchasing in your own home market. Give me a call.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.

Chestertown, Nov. 3, 1881.

GO TO THE

Town Hall,

—IN—

GALENA,

AND BUY YOUR

Furniture,

STOVES AND CARPETS

AT CITY PRICES.

A well-selected stock always on hand. An examination of stock and prices is requested before purchasing elsewhere.

THOS. H. HORSEY.

Nov. 5, 1881—3m.

FARMERS,

—USE—

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT'S

IRON FRAME

CULTIVATOR

For putting Corn ground in order for wheat. We believe it to be the best Cultivator in use to-day, and we are selling them at reduced prices.

And don't you forget that we make the

BEST CULTIVATOR TEETH

for preparing Corn ground for wheat.

We are making large shipments of Cultivators and Cultivator Teeth every day. We can give the following parties as reference and we desire you all to see them in person in regard to them:

REFERENCES:

A. Hurlock,	Thos. A. Jacobs,
William Morris,	S. A. Roseberry,
T. C. Parsons,	Thos. Rasin, Jr.,
Wm. Stevens,	Samuel F. Cooper,
Thos. A. Hulme,	Wm. H. Coleman,
Capt. Ed. Woodall,	A. J. Hynson,
R. H. Corbaley,	J. T. Dixon.

Sept. 29, 1881.

SPECIAL.

GROUND PEPPER,

GRAIN PEPPER,

SAGE,

SALTPETRE,

At the very lowest possible prices in keeping with strictly pure goods.

Call at Stam's Drug Store and make your purchases.

COLIN F. STAM,

Nov. 17, 1881. DRUGGIST.

New Millinery

FOR

FALL & WINTER,

MRS. KATE GILL

Has just opened her NEW FALL AND WINTER STOCK, of the latest and best shapes of HATS.

New and magnificent line of

Shaded Plushes, Shaded Ribbons,

New Styles Watered Ribbons,
Handsome Ostrich Plumes
and Tips of all varieties,

and all the LEADING NOVELTIES IN MILLINERY.

Also, a fine assortment of kid, silk and Berlin GLOVES. Full assortment of Zephyrs, Germantown Wool, Saxony Yarn; Zephyr Knit Coats and Hoods for infants and children, with other notions just open. Please call.

Oct. 27, 1881. MRS. KATE GILL.

Barber Shop.

THE Barber Shop at the old stand, corner of High and Court streets, formerly conducted by Woolford & McCoy, is now conducted by

WOOLFORD

Prompt and polite attention shown to all customers. April, 1881.

CORSETS.

DR. WARNER'S HEALTH CORSET—Indestructible Hip. For sale by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

WM. LEA & SONS and C. A. Gambril & Co's. Best Grades of Flour.

For sale by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

DON'T

Go away to buy Christmas Goods when you can find a choice selection at STAM'S DRUG STORE.

Elegant Novelties, Prices Right. *No fancy profits.* The question is what shall I buy? Come and we will tell you. Come soon, before the rush. Choice is greater now, hurry less.

Vases and Toilet Sets in abundance. Plush Goods of the finest quality, and artistic workmanship. Porcelain Roses of French importation, $1 less in price than same goods in Baltimore. Silver Ware, the largest and most varied stock ever seen in Chestertown.

Colognes and Perfumeries of choicest odors. Stationery in beautiful boxes. Books for the old and young. Prayer Books, Hymn Books, and Bibles from 20c. to $5.

For children we have little fancy articles too numerous to mention, and books for them in bright and illuminated covers—one of the best we will mention (Chatter Box), which we have made a specialty of, and will sell you very cheap.

Gold Pens and Pencils. You already know the quality of these goods, they are made by Aikin, Lambert & Co., of N. J.

We extend to one and all a cordial invitation to visit our store, we can give you a comfortable seat while you examine goods.

Respectfully,

COLIN F. STAM.

☞ We forgot to mention above that we had received an extra lot of Fine Majolica Ware, which we intend to sell without regard to cost.

Eclectic Magazine

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

1882—38th YEAR.

The ELECTIC MAGAZINE reproduces from foreign periodicals all those articles which are valuable to American readers. Its field of selection embraces all the leading Foreign Reviews, Magazines, and Journals, and the tastes of all classes of readers are consulted in the articles presented. Its plan includes *Science, Essays, Reviews, Sketches, Travels, Poetry, Novels, Short Stories, etc., etc.*

The following lists comprise the principal periodicals from which selections are made and the names of some of the leading writers who contribute to them:

PERIODICALS.	AUTHORS.
Quarterly Review.	Rt. Hon. Gladstone.
Brit. Quarterly Review	Alfred Tennyson.
Edingburg Review.	Professor Huxley.
Westminister Review.	Professor Tyndall.
Contemporary Review.	Rich. A. Proctor, B.A.
Fortnightly Review	J. N. Lockyer, F.R.S.
The Nineteenth Cent'y.	Dr. W. B. Carpenter.
Popular Science Review	E. B. Tylor.
Blackwood's Magazine.	Prof. Max Muller.
Cornhill Magazine.	Professor Owen.
Macmillan's Magazine.	Matthew Arnold.
Fraser's Magazine.	E A. Freeman, D.C.L
New Quart. Magazine.	Jas. Anthony Froude.
Temple Bar.	Thomas Hughes.
Belgravia.	Anthony Trollope.
Good Words.	William Black.
London Society.	Mrs. Oliphant.
Saturday Review.	Turgenieff.
The Spectator, etc., etc.	Miss Thackeray, etc.

☞ The ELECTIC MAGAZINE *is a library in miniature. The best writings of the best living authors appear in it, and many costly volumes are made from materials which appear fresh in its pages.*

PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR 1882.

Every subscriber to the ELECTIC remitting $5 directly to the publisher will receive, in addition to the ELECTIC for one year, a copy of the beautiful steel engraving of

"MARGUERITE."

This subject has been engraved for us by the same artist who engraved the small plate of "Marguerite," so much admired in our January number of last year.

Size of the engraved surface is 12x7 inches; size to frame about 15x10 inches. The price of this engraving in the art stores is $5, and it will be sent free to all subscribers who may indicate a desire to receive it.

TERMS.—Single copies, 45 cents; one copy, one year, $5; five copies, $20. Trial subscription for three months, $1. The ELECTIC and any $4 magazine to one address, $8. *Postage free to all subscribers.*

E. R. PELTON, Publisher,

25 *Bond Street, New York.*

Dec. 8, 1881.

CARROLLTON HOTEL,

Baltimore, Light and German streets,

BALTIMORE, MD.

RATES REDUCED TO $3 00 and $2 50 per day according to location of rooms.

Extra Charges for Parlors, Bath and Double Rooms, according to size. The most convenient and latest built Hotel in the city.

ELEVATOR runs continuously to all floors

All lines of city passenger cars pass its doors.

F. W. COLEMAN,

March 10, 1881—y MANAGER.

DR. C. P. GILPIN

DENTIST,

HAVING LOCATED in CHESTERTOWN,

offers his

Professional Services

TO THE PUBLIC.

Sept. 18, 1879.—6m

Do not use adulterated Baking Powder

When you can get HORSFORDS BREAD PREPARATION, perfectly pure, from C. F. STAM. It is manufactured by the distinguished Chemist Prof. E. N. Horsford, and regarded the best Bread Powder in use. July 31

VENINORISM.

"If Xmas day on Sunday be,
A windy winter ye shall see;
Windy weather in each week,
And hard tempest, strong and thick.
The summer shall be good and dry,
Corn and beats shall multiply;
That year is good for lands to till,
Kings and princes shall die by skill;
If a child born that day shall be,
It shall happen right well for he,
Of deeds he shall be good and stable,
Wise of speech and reasonable.
Whoso that day goes thieving about;
Had better been in than out.
And if sickness that day betide,
It shall quickly from thee glide."

AN INFERNAL MACHINE

The Ingenious and Destructive Invention of a Would-be-Regicide.

During the summer 1812 there might have been observed loitering about the Tuilleries a spare, shabbily dressed man, past the prime of life, restless and watchful in his movements, but wearing, in spite of his humble garb, an air of faded respectability and character. He was a decayed Spanish noble, Don Monsen Chavarri by name, and one thing noticeable about him was his persistency in endeavoring to obtain an audience of the emperor. Foiled in every attempt, either through accident or the suspicions of the attendants, he invariably received his rebuffs in silence, and withdrew—merely to renew his importunities. Repulsed to day, to-morrow found him at his post. He haunted the place like a spectre.—Even the gamins soon grew familiar with the story of his hopeless quest, and he began in time to be treated with that sort of pitiful consideration which is usually accorded to those of unsound mind.

At length, however, there came a day when, in the Rue de Rivoli, as the emperor was returning from a review, a pistol shot rang out from the corner of the court, and the bullet, whistling through the line of outriders, buried itself in a panel of the imperial carriage. The police at once charged the crowd: and among the number arrested was our friend the Spaniard.

At the trial, there being no evidence against him, he was acquitted, but warned to instantly leave Paris. Acting upon the warning, he disappeared, and all traces of him were lost.

It was some two years after this occurence that there began to circulate among the *quidnuncs* of the capital reports of a marvelous clock to be seen in that city, which illustrated, by means of automatic figures, an episode in the life of the emperor.

It was designed for presentation to that personage. It was said to be the work of a famous artisan, who had lately arrived, incognito, from foreign parts accompanied by a young lady, his daughter, who, in a supposed fit of eccentricity, had taken lodgings in an humble and obscure quarter of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

The reports of the wonderful, almost supernatural performances of this piece of mechanism, and the mystery surrounding its owner and inventor, gave rise for a short time, and in certain circles, to no small amount of gossip. This gradually died away, and the artisan and his clock were alike forgotten, when an event occurred which restored them to more than their former prominence, and entitled them to a place in history.

Fouche, one morning in his office, received a letter from his secret agent in Spain, which contained information of a most startling and important character. Its perusal threw him into a state of unusual excitement, and its result was an immediate descent of the police upon the mysterious shop in the Faubourg St. Antonin, with orders to arrest the artisan and his daughter, secure the premises, and carefully guard all the stock, tools, implements, and other contents from being touched or displaced till further opportunity offered for a thorough investigation.

The party detailed for the duty having departed, Fouche reseated himself, and waited, with ill-concealed anxiety, the arrival of the prisoners. After a considerable lapse of time, the officer charged with the arrest, appeared empty-handed. His report was soon made. The lady in the case, the daughter, had that morning, at an early hour, left her house in the Faubourg, accompanied by a young lad, who bore a heavy black portmanteau. The two had been traced to the gates of Montmartre, beyond which point no clue to their movements could be obtained. The old workman himself had left the shop an hour before the visit of the police, locking doors and barring windows behind him. He bore in his arms what was apparently, according to the apple-woman opposite, a great square box, covered with oilskin. It seemed heavy. He sat down awhile on his doorstep, when a caleche came by into which he put himself and the box, with the assistance of the driver, and was driven off at a rapid pace. The caleche was brown; the driver was in green livery. A gendarme was following him, and another was guarding the shop in the Foubourg, where, however, nothing remained but a piece of furniture, and a great many scraps of brass and iron.

Fouche reflected a moment, when his face suddenly whitened. Without a word, he dashed down the stairway to the street, and sprang into a passing fiacre.

"To the Tuileries!" he shouted. "Double wages for double speed!"

Arrived at the palace, he hastily alighted, and demanded to be at once shown into the presence of the emperor.

Napoleon was in the room in which he receivrd private visitors, and thither the ushers instantly conducted Fouche, who, encountering some delay in the anteroom, impatiently pushed open the folding-doors, and entered unannounced. The emperor greeted the intrusion at first with a frown of displeasure, but, instantly recognizing his visitor, resumed his customary expression, and nodded affably.

Fouche took in the situation at a single glance. Besides Napoleon there were five persons in the room. Four of these were officials of the palace—chamberlains and armed valets, who frequently attended when he gave audience, to prevent attempts at private assassination. The fifth was a man habited in a common workman's blouse, standing apart from the others, in a respectful attitude, and holding in his hand a workman's cap. It needed but a glance to assure Fouche that this person was none other than the old familiar goblin of the Tuileries—Don Monsen Chavarri. But how metamorphosed! His hair, formerly gray, was dyed to a glossy blackness; his face was despoiled of its moustache and pointed beard, and his once smooth hands were roughened as though by exposure and toil. At his side stood a large lacquer table, supporting an object on which Fouche's attention was immediately fixed. This was seen at once to be the exact model of the church of Notre Dame, wrought in metal, in the highest style of art, and serving evidently as the case for a clock, since just above the folding doors which were perfect imitations of those which barred the principal entrance of Notre Dame, were two dials, on one of which the hours and minutes were measured, while on the other a long, sweeping hand described the seconds. Fouche, by a natural impulse, noticed the time indicated by the dials. It lacked a few minutes of noon.

Immediately thereafter he started with nervous alarm, as the clock gave a warning note as though about to strike; then suddenly there was a clank of complicated machinery, and the great doors folded slowly inward exposing the whole gorgeous interior to view. The mimic church was decorated as though for some great fete. Banners and hangings of the richest material and costly workmanship fluttered from the ceilings, and flaunted from the niches in the walls. The aisles were carpeted with gold, and blazing with gems. On the opposite sides of the great nave two thrones were erected, the one being approached by a flight of velvet-covered steps, and canopied with cloth of gold and scarlet velvet sprinkled with golden bees. And now the great bell in the tower struck one with a heavy reverberating clang; there arose a swell of triumphal music, and a mimic procession, clad in gorgeous robes, moved into view from one of the hidden aisles. At the head of the cortege walked an old man wearing a triple crown, who, as the bell tolled for the second time, ascended the steps of the smaller throne. It was the coronation performed by automatons.

Napoleon looked on with unusual interest.

"Confess, Fouche," said he, "that this is as admirable in its way as the police system in Paris. There is one mistake, however," he continued; "the great doors of Notre Dame were not open on that occasion. The throne was built against them, and the only entrance was through the transverse halls."

"True, sire," said the fictitious artisan, casting a side glance at Fouche, whose name he had just heard pronounced. "True, but your majesty will see that it is a mistake unavoidable here. Like the rest of the world, we have been obliged to sacrifice truth in order to secure effect."

The emperor smiled and remained silent. Meanwhile, Fouche was revolving a dilemma in his mind with the rapidity of one accustomed to act in dangerous crises. There are situations in which a slight vantage in the hands of a dangerous man may set at naught the strength of thousands, and in which the most extraordinary means must be employed to secure what are apparently trifling results. Fouche adopted the course which seemed at first most speedily practicable, since the consideration of first importance was, in this instance, time.

"Your majesty," said he, advancing, and speaking rapidly, "may I request your immediate attendance in your cabinet for a matter of the utmost consequence—a matter which will not permit of a moment's delay?"

The emperor turned in surprise, and frowned. Chavarri looked up sullenly and silently, and made a suspicious movement to his clock. With the rapidity of thought, Fouche changed his plans.

"Your majesty," said he, loudly, and more rapidly than before, "Lady Isadore Chavarri has just been arrested near the Cemetery of Monmatre, charged with a capital crime. She has already been tried by a special tribunal, and condemned to death. I come to implore your majesty to grant her pardon."

As he spoke, he fixed an intent, searching gaze upon the Spaniard. This time the bolt had struck. The old man's tawny face was taking on a sickly hue, and his limbs trembled.

"This is a most unusual proceeding," said the emperor, in amazement. "Who is this lady, and what is the nature of the crime?"

Fouche, bent double with suspense still keeping his eye riveted upon the tawny, changing face, spoke almost imploringly:

"You have trusted me before, sire, I beseech you, trust me now! Ask me no questions, but write the pardon."

There was an instant of silence, broken only by the ticking and low music of the clock. The second hand was measuring off the sixtieth minute with rapid, steady sweep. Almost unconsciously, Fouche drew a pistol from his pocket, cocked it unobserved, and, with a face as that of a corpse, was raising it to fire, with a cry to the emperor on his lips, when Chavarri, whose mind seemed torn by contending emotions, bent suddenly over his mechanism, touched a spring concealed in the rear of the tower, and instantly the whole complicated machinery of the clock stopped with a sudden metallic clang. The music ceased, the automatons paused, standing like statues, each in his place, the mimic emperor stretching out his hand for the crown of the Cæsars, and the great bell in the tower poised midway in its swing for the twelfth and final stroke.

"Parbleu!" muttered Fouche, pocketing the pistol, and wiping the perspiration from his brow. "Allow me, monsieur," he said, advancing to the table, "to inspect this wonderful specimen of art."

"It is so delicate, monsieur," said Chavarri, hurriedly, still keeping his finger on the secret spring, and waving Fouche off with his unengaged hand.

"Here is the pardon," said the emperor, affixing his signature to a paper as he spoke. "I hold you, Fouche, responsible for results. Well, what next?"

"Our worthy friend's clock is broken, it appears," said Fouche, awkwardly.

"Broken, sire," said the Spaniard, "and with it the plans of a lifetime. And, he added, casting down his eyes, and speaking in a querulous, broken voice, "since, when one's hopes are broken, one cares but little where he goes; I wish a passport to leave France."

Fouche took up the cue immediately.

"I have to request, sire," said he, "that you also make out a full and free pardon for the accomplice of Lady Isidore Chavarri—her father, Don Monsen Chavarri, of Seville."

The emperor smiled bitterly. His active mind had already compassed the situation, and without a word either of expostulation or inquiry, he seized a pen and wrote. Then, having finished and signed the double pardon, he advanced with it in his hand.

"Our friend here,', said he, doubtless knows where these persons are to be found, and to him I confide these papers."

The old man still jealously keeping his hand on the spring of the mechanism, read aloud:

"A full permission to Don Monsen and Donna Isidore Chavarri to leave France immediately, without hindrance or question."

"Add," said he, "and alive."

"You would have made a good diplomat," said Napoleon, as he made the required addition.

Chavarri hesitated for a moment, removed his hand lingeringly from the spring, and bowing his head, glided toward the door. Just upon the threshold he turned in sudden dismay.

"Where shall I find my daughter," he asked.

"When she is found we will send monsieur word," sneered Fouche.

An expression of the most intense malignity flashed across the old man's face, and with an oath, he sprang toward the table in the room. But a pistol confronted him.

"The pardons are forfeited," said Fouche.

"No," said the emperor, "let him pass."

Chavarri, with a look of wonder, wheeled slowly about and disappeared.

After his departure Napoleon stood for a short time in the centre of the apartment in a profound reverie. Then as his gaze fell upon the clock, and the automaton standing beneath the suspended crown within, he bent forward and regarded the figure attentively.

"So," said he, "this was to have been my successor."

It is scarcely necessary to add that the clock proved on examination, to be an infernal machine of the most ingenious and deadly description. Concealed beneath the metallic slab which formed the pavements of the mimic chapel, and which was constructed to fold back at the proper moment, was a triple row of small wrought-iron barrels, loaded heavily with slugs and balls, arranged to cover an arc of forty-five degrees, at a distance of twenty yards from the machine. No one within that range could possibly have withstood their discharge, exploded simultaneously, exactly when the hands on the dial indicated the hour of noon; but a spring on the outside of the case gave the manipulator power to alter the "set" of the works, and discharge them sooner if necessary.

A few months after the occurrence of the incidents narrated above, Fouche received a letter from Chavarri, then in England, written in the vein in which men who have played a desperate game, and lost, write occasionally to those who have outwitted them. The writer stated that the clock was entirely the work of his own hands, and that he and his daughter alone were concerned in the plot, which had been frustrated by Fouche's promptness. As for himself, he had little expectation of escaping, having freely resolved to involve himself, if necessary, in the destruction which should overwhelm the emperor. His daughter, however, the only person on earth for whom he retained any affection, he could not afford thus to sacrifice. He had made provision elsewhere for her support, and she had departed at as early an hour as possible, while he himself had proceeded to the palace at eleven, No personal danger, no promised honor, but the cunningly devised falsehood regarding his daughter, could have induced Chavarri to stop the hands of the fatal clock. He also confessed that it was he, who, two years before, had fired the shot in the Rue de Rivoli, Chavarri subsequently died in extreme poverty in London. Of the after fate of his daughter nothing is known. His clock, despoiled of the murderous portion of its machinery, was preserved for several years in the Tuileries, and was finally destroyed by an accidental fire and the falling of a wall.—*Translated from the French.*

SOME years ago Miss Libbie Minkler of Rochelle, Ill., lost both arms by falling in front of a reaper. To-day she is earning a good living by oil painting, holding the brush in her teeth.

All Sorts of Clippings

People love truth, but invite the lie to dinner.

The destiny of life is developed with each day.

How quickly the old are forgotten by the young.

No one is fatigued after the exercise of forbearance.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

It is weak and vicious people who cast the blame on fate.

An avaricious man can have no high opinion of Heaven.

Never come to the table with the dirty hands or disheveled hair.

Resist the first temptation, and the second will have no chance.

Twang on a golden harp, and the people will admire your playing.

Do not judge by how quickly a thing is done, but by how well it is done.

How contrary and eccentric seems one who thinks for him or herself.

As gold is purified in the furnace, so is character refined by suffering.

Hope softens sorrow, brightens plain surroundings and eases a hard lot.

James I. introduced the unicorn into the English coat of arms.

George Eliot's grave at Highgate is kept covered with flowers.

A sea-fisher was an officer in the houshold of Edward III.

The order of the Garter was instituted in 1384 by Edward III.

There is only one hundred of the Modoc tribe of Indians left.

The first Russian embassy arrived in London in Febuary, 1557.

The sons of the Prince of Wales are being banqueted at Yokohama.

Emperor William's health is believed to be declining seriously.

The Herdic coaches are so popular at Boston that 23 will be added.

Prof. S. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, was born in 1791.

Cadet Whittaker has become a manager of a negro minstrel troupe.

The Emperor William has resumed the transaction of official business.

General Francis A. Walker, superintendent of census, has resigned.

There were 2361 cases of desertion from the United States army last year.

How few there are who do not rejoice to profit by the calamities of others.

Make no decision while the memory of an injury is still fresh in the mind.

One needs a deal of wit to afford to be witty not at the expense of the heart.

The result always proves that in contention it is better to listen than to speak.

Some enter so thoroughly into the hope of good, that they do themselves harm.

The quality of timeliness is a valuable one, and we should look to it in all we do.

The sweetest thing on earth is a little child when it has learned to know and love.

The first Scotch martyr to the Reformation, was brought to the stake in 1527.

Chicago has already ten fine theatres, but is talking about building another.

The first shad of the season has been caught in the St. John's river, Florida.

Calling the hours by watchmen is a custom said to have had its rise in Germany.

It requires 850 turns of the crank to wind up the clock on Trinity Church, New York.

Semper Idem (always the same) was first used as a motto on the arms of England in 1792.

Two dyers of Exeter, England, were flogged in 1638, "for teaching their art in the North."

The Eddystone lighthouse was begun in 1766 by John Sweaton. It was built in four years.

A Texas man was lynched for riding a mule on Sunday. It was another man's mule, by the way.

The death is announced of Elie Schoumoff, for many years the chess champion of Russia.

Mrs. Collins, of Troy, N. Y., has been seriously poisoned by wearing scarlet-dyed stockings.

The interior of the Capitol of Virginia is being repainted by a convict from the Penitentiary.

A wire 400 feet long can be made from one grain of silver. Such a wire is finer than human hair.

A wise man watches the development of his plans; and bends his energies to waiting.

Many a youth has ruined himself by forgetting his identity and trying to be somebody else.

When things are said merely to please us we ought to be careful how we open our ears to them.

Remember for what purpose you were born, and, through the whole of your life, look at its end.

There is no rock so hard but that a little wave may beat admission in the course of a thousand years.

Fortune detests cowardice; and the man who will not be conquered by trifles is her prime favorite.

Calumny and detraction are but sparks, which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves.

Wish not ill to others, for that very disposition renders us the more liable to receive it ourselves.

The philosopher should be a man willing to hear every suggestion, but determined to judge for himself.

Poverty is often called the mother of rest and perhaps when truly compared with riches it is found so.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Mrs. C. Whipple, 371 Crogham Street, presents these facts: For six years I had suffered beyond all expression with Sciatic Rheumatism and tried every known remedy, but all to no purpose. At last I saw in the Free Press an advertisement of the St. Jacobs Oil, tried it and am well. I can walk without limping and sleep free from any pain.

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