AT THE DOOR.

I thought myself indeed secure—
So fast the door, so firm the lock—
But lo! he toddling comes to lure
My parent ear with timorous knock.
My heart were stone could it withstand
The sweetness of my baby's plea—
That timorous, baby knocking and
'Please let me in—it's only me!'

I threw aside the unfinished book,
Regardless of its tempting charms,
And opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in Eternity
I, like a truant child, shall wait
The glories of a life to be,
Beyond the Heavenly Father's gate?
And will that Heavenly Father heed
The truant's supplicating cry,
As at the outer door I plead
"Tis I, O Father! only I?'

Eugene Field, in the Current.

AN EVENTFUL TRIP.

INCIDENTS THAT ENLIVENED THE JOURNEY OF A NEW YORK TRAVELING AGENT.

'If I didn't have a trip spiced with variety this time,' said Commercial Traveler John Gilbert, 'then I'll give you my commissions.

'To start with, when we stopped at Trenton, where I had some business, I was requested by a couple of train men to give them a hand toward lifting a man off the cowcatcher of the locomotive. Nobody knew when he got on there, or how far he had ridden, but he was dead. From that time on my trip was quite dull until I struck a town in Pennsylvania called McKeesport. People were all worked up there over a little incident that had just occurred.

'Two boys, while digging in the bank of the river, had uncovered about half a peck of silver dollars. They were hurrying home with the boodle when they were stopped by a strange man wearing a straw hat and red hair. He made the boys show him what they had. They were carrying the money in their hats. They showed up, and he told 'em that he had lost that money himself, and had just missed it, and was on his way back to look for it. So the boys handed it over to him, hats and all, and took to their heels.

'The man who had so luckily recovered his money couldn't be found afterward, and the whole community was out looking for him. It seems the money had been hidden more than forty years ago, and had belonged to some old resident who had been murdered and robbed in his [illegible]. The folks were very mad about the way the find had turned out.

'Then I struck a little quiet place called Windsor, and the town was so worked up over a family disturbance that I had to leave without doing any business at all. It seems that one of the citizens of the place had been sent to the penitentiary some months before for picking up a man's halter strap and going away with it, without thinking to take off the horse that happened to be at the end of it. His widow married another man, and subsequently exchanged him for another. The first one got mad, and the second one inserted a knife in the first one's neck. This led to quite a family row, and the citizens of the place, male and female, took charge of both the lady and gentleman in the case, and ran them out of town with bells on. Consequently, society was all torn up, and the stores hadn't taken their shutters down yet, and I moved on.

'At Franklin things were comparatively quiet. A young lady had eloped with a man her father had a grudge against, and the old man had lammed the life nearly out of the young fellow and taken the girl away from him. There was a constable looking for the old man when I got there, but there was no stir.

'At Oil City I met a man who was looking for a team and wagon, his wife, three children and a man that used to clerk for him up in York State somewhere. He had tracked them as far as Titusville, but there they gave him the slip. He seemed to take things pretty cool, unless there was something hot in what he took at the bar every ten minutes.

'At Butler, a man 84 years old, with great grandchildren old enough to be married, had come in from the back country and was looking for some one to marry him to a girl not yet 16. He was leading her around by the hand. This didn't stop business in the place, but it made talk. He wasn't married yet when I left. The girl was nice looking, neat and smart, and I wondered what she could be thinking of. I found out later that the old man had a tip top farm and about $25,000 in cash.

'At Petrolia the people were out looking for a wild man. They hadn't lost one, but they seemed anxious to find this one, because he was chiefly engaged in butchering sheep and things that are usually left around loose in the fields out there. Before the wild man came to disturb them a long headed old citizen had been robbed for the third time by masked burglars. He had the habit of keeping a hundred thousand dollars or so stuck away in coffee pots, stockings, old boots and such, because he didn't believe in banks. The folks were so broke up over the wild man that I thought it would be too bad to mention business to them, so I grabbed my gripsack and shook the place.

'I got to Port Allegheny just in time to hear of the suicide of an old gentleman who had four living wives, and who had tired of life, after burning down the barns of the fourth. Things were quiet, though, and the funeral was small. I got on to the Erie road at Olean, and turned up in Hornellsville in time to see a horse running away at the rate of twenty miles an hour with a corpulent gentleman of Teutonic cast of features. The gentleman attempted to jump out, and did. But he fell in front of the wagon, and both wheels went over him right at the belt. That upset the wagon. The gentleman got up and walked to a board fence and laid down. Some men carried him into a hotel. The horse and wagon went on. In a few minutes they came back. The horse was trotting gently. A stout lady sat in the wagon driving. It turned out to be the gentleman's wife. She had stopped the horse and righted things, and came back to see what was the matter. Her husband breathed hard for a while, then took a glass of beer, got in the wagon, and the two drove away as cheerful as if nothing had happened.

'I don't know what else would have happened on my trip if I had n't taken a sleeping car at Hornellsville and came right straight through to New York.'

Alphabet of Proverbs.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Boasters are cousins to liars.

Confession of a fault makes half amends.

Denying a fault doubles it.

Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.

Foolish fear doubles dangers.

God reaches us good things by our own hands.

He has hard work who has nothing to do.

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.

Knavery is the worst trade.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

Modesty is a guard to virtue.

Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.

[illegible] to-morrow.

Proud looks make foul work in fair faces.

Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.

Richest is he that wants least.

Small thoughts indulged in are little thieves.

The boughs that bear most hang lowest.

Upright walking is sure walking.

Virtue and happiness are near kin.

Wise men make more opportunities than they find.

You never lose by doing a good turn.

It Made the Engineer Cry.

From the Chicago Herald.

'Yes, indeed, we have some queer incidents happen to us,' said the engineer. 'I was running along one afternoon pretty lively when I approached a little village where the track cuts through the streets. I slacked up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly, about twenty rods ahead of me a little girl, not more than 3 years old, toddled onto the track. There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop or even to slack much in that distance, as my train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over, and, after reversing and applying the brake, I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more. As we slowed down my fireman stuck his head out the cab window to see what I'd stopped for, when he laughed and shouted to me, 'Jim look here!' I looked and there was a great big black Newfoundland dog holding that little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt, and the dog had saved her. My fireman thought it funny and kept on laughing, but I cried. I just couldn't help it. I have a little girl of my own at home.'

ACCORDING to the Chinese, cask-making has been known to them for many thousand years. They labored, however, under this drawback. They did not know how to give the final touch by which the lid is fastened in, the only method that struck them as feasible being to place a boy inside while the copper tightened the hoops and secured the lid in its position. But how was the boy to be got out? This remained an unsolved problem for three thousand years.

BALTIMORE & DEL. BAY R. R

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Connecting with Delaware Rail Road at Clayton.

On and after Thursday, January 24th, 1884, until further notice trains will run as follows:

GOING NORTH.	Passenger No. 1. Daily.	Passenger & Freight No. 3. Thursdays only.
LEAVE	A.M.	P.M.
Chestertown	8 00	2.00
Worton	8 20	2.20
Lynch's	8 28	2.30
Still Pond	8 35	2.40
Kennedyville	8 45	2.55
Blacks	9 00	3.10
Lambson	9 15	3.20
Masseys	9 30	3.35
Delanys	9 45	3.50
*Bingham	10 00	4.00
arr Clayton	10 15	4.10
leave "	11 08	4 31
" Middletown	11 42	5.06
" Wilmington	12 40	6 05
arr Philadelphia	1 40	7.05
Baltimore	3.20 p m	8 32
New York		10.2

GOING SOUTH.	Pa se'r & freight daily exc,pt Thursdays.	Passe'r & No.2 freight No. 4, Thursdays.	Pas. no 5 Thurdays only, P.m
LEAVE	A.M.		
New York			12 10
Baltimore	7.00	.....	3 00
Philadelphia	8 00	8 00	4 00
Wilmington	9 05	9 05	4 42
Middletown	10 11	10 11	5 05
arr Clayton	10 40	10 40	5 10
leave "	11 45	11 15	5 20
" Binghams*	12 00	11 30	5 25
Delanys	12 10	11 40	5 40
Masseys	12 25	11 55	5 50
Lambson	12 40	12 10	6 00
Blacks	12 55	12 25	6 10
Kennedyville	1 10	12 40	6 15
Still Pond	1 20	12 50	6 22
Lynchs	1 30	12 55	6 27
Worton	1 40	1 05	640
arr Chestertown	2 00	1 20	

Stations marked thus (*) have no agents.

Freight for Delanys and Bingham's must be prepaid.

The morning trains make connection at Clayton with the Delaware Railroad going North and South.

Passengers on morning train to and from Baltimore change cars at Wilmington.

Freight carried at low rates to all points and must be at Stations 30 minutes before starting time, in order to insure dispatch.

Excursion Tickets issued at reduced rates

FRED. GERKER, Lessee.

Jan. 24, 1884

W Register's MARBLE WORKS

Chestertown, M

ALLOW ME to tender my sincere thanks for the past patronage of the public, and hope to receive their approval and patronage this present year. I am prepared to cut and finish every design in the marble business.

I have a very handsome assortment of my own finished

TOMBSTONES.

Some of the Latest Designs

HANDSOMELY FINISHED,

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A large assortment for children, different patterns, some as low as $6.00, lettering included Some fifty different patterns for grown persons handsomely finished, some of them as low a $15.00, lettering included. Also, a fine line o different patterns, expressly for the

QUAKER BURYING GROUNDS,

ery thick and heavy and handsomely finished of the best marble.

Marble Posts, marble Vases with Pedestal, Marble Coping, Tombstones and monuments, of all sizes and styles.

Marble or Sandstone worked to order. I warrant all my work not to color or blister—time has no effect on it. I set up all of my work, thus relieving the purchaser of all trouble or risk.

Come one, come all, that are in want, and examine my work and learn my prices. I will be thankful. Don't send the money out of your own neighborhood.

Call and see me. I do not like to canvass for work, for I think it too sad a business to barter with relatives or friends.

My work can be seen in all the cemeteries of Kent and the adjoining counties.

March 11, 1881 W. REGISTER

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$66 a week at home. $5 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time the work, with absolute certainly, write for particulars to H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

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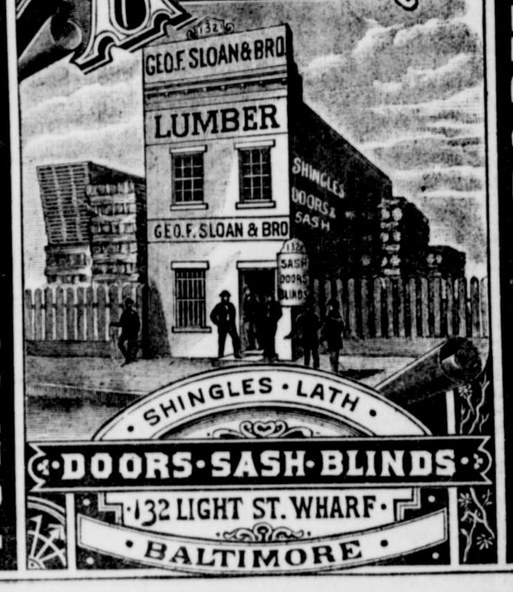
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