THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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TERMS.

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Of one square (one inch,) inserted one time for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each subsequent insertion. Long [illegible] in proportion. A liberal [illegible] to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not [illegible] number of insertions desired, will be [illegible] until forbid, and charged accordingly. Marriages and Deaths inserted without charge.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, [illegible] be allowed to insert any advertisement [illegible] with their regular business, without an additional charge.

All orders addressed to the editor, will receive prompt attention.

Professional Cards, &c.

CHAS. E. GIBSON
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
EASTON, MD.
Office opposite the Court House. [jun 18-1y

L. A. LEONARD,
Attorney-at-Law
EASTON, MD.
mar 16-1y

P. T. KENNARD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
(Office Opposite the M. P. Church,) EASTON MD.
mar 16-1y

A. A. TOWNSEND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
EASTON, MD.
Especial attention given to the COLLECTION of CLAIMS. [jy 4-1y

EDWARD B. BATES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
PROMPT attention to COLLECTION of CLAIMS and purchase and sale of REAL ESTATE.
Office with I. C. W. Powell, Esq., Easton, Md. (aug 1

Auctioneering.

JAMES A. ROE,
EASTON, MD.,
OFFERS his services as Auctioneer, and will promptly attend sales whenever called on. [mar 9-1y

Auctioneering!

THE undersigned returns his thanks to the public for past favors, and respectfully informs them that no pains shall be spared to give satisfaction to all who may employ him as an Auctioneer. He will attend sales in any part of the county, and orders left at either of the Printing offices in Easton, will be promptly attended to.
WM. H. BOSTIC, Auctioneer.
sep

CHAS. E. SHANAHAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
BAY HUNDRED, TALBOT CO., MD.
ESPECIAL attention to Collection of Claims, purchase and sale of Real Estate, Conveyancing, &c. Also, Surveying in all it branches.
Orders, by mail, from a distance, promptly attended to. [mar 6 6m

Real Estate.

PERSONS having Real Estate to sell, or those wishing to purchase, will find it to their advantage to call upon the subscriber.
A. A. TOWNSEND,
Attorney-at-Law,
jy 4-1y Easton, Md.

PUMPS.

HAVING removed to Easton, notice is hereby given, that the subscriber is prepared to sink new wells or clean out old ones, or make new Pumps, or repair old ones. All orders left with F. G. Woods Esq., or at the Easton Hotel promptly attended to. He will also put down lance Iron Pumps. Work solicited in Talbot and the adjacent counties.
WM. H. SAULSBURY.

WHITEWASH BRUSHES—We have just received the greatest variety in size and quality of Whitewash Brushes ever offered here, and at low prices.
Dawson & Bro.

ROCK SALT—Another ton of Rock Salt just received and for sale at the old price—2 cts. per pound.
june 12 Dawson & Bro.

TURNIP SEED—Red or purple top, strap-leaved, crop 1869. Also Dutch White Flat and Yellow Ruta Baga, just received by
july 17 Dawson & Bro.

SARDINES—Fresh Sardines, in whole, half and quarter boxes, just received by
Dawson & Bro.

CIGARS—5,000 Cigars, some of superior quality, just opened by
Dawson & Bro.

Revenue Stamps
Of all denominations, for Notes, Deeds, Checks, &c., for sale by Dawson & Bro.

CHEWING TOBACCO.—Gravely's genuine chewing Tobacco, superior quality.—Also Light Pressed and Fine Cut Chewing Tobacco, for sale by Dawson & Bro.

SMOKING TOBACCO.—Yacht Club, May Queen and Lone Star Smoking Tobacco, just received by
june 19 Dawson & Bro.

WM. B. WHEELER,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
EASTON, Md.
HAVING removed his office to his old stand, next door to the Star office, will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.
mar 20-1y

SAMUEL H. TOCKEY,
CONSTABLE,
HAVING taken an office with William B. Wheeler, Justice of the Peace, next door to the Star office, will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care, both civil and criminal. [june 20

R. E. NICOLS,
GENERAL AGENT FOR THE
COLLECTION of CLAIMS
AND THE SALE OF REAL ESTATE, PATENT RIGHTS, PATENT MACHINERY, &c., &c.,
EASTON, MD.
REFERENCES:
James Lt. Shaw, Esq., Easton, Md.
Capt. R. L. F. Hopkins, " "
Mr. Wm. S. Powers, Baltimore "
Messrs. Upshur Lloyd & Bro., " "
Hon. Eli Saulsbury, Dover, Del.
Capt. E. M. Newhard, Allentown, Pa
(mar 28

Miscellaneous.

FLOUR.

GAMBRILL'S Family and Extra Flour just received.—Cheap. Jas. H. Grace.

PAPER TIES.

JUST received 25 dozen paper ties a beautiful article and very cheap, something just out
Jas. H. Grace.

LIME!

VERY best white washing Lime
je 6 Jas. H. Grace.

LOOKING GLASSES.

LOOKING GLASSES of all sizes, for sale by Thompson & Kersey.

Window Curtains.

BEAUTIFUL Window Blinds for sale by
Thompson & Kersey.

Fresh Mattings.

A LARGE lot of Fresh Mattings, White and Colored, all widths and grades just received and for sale by.
Thompson & Kersey.

Oil Cloths! Oil Cloths!!

THE Largest, Cheapest and Handsomest lot of Floor Oil Cloths in this market can be found at the Carpet ware Rooms of
Thompson & Kersey.

AUCTION. Auction. AUCTION

—OF—

HAVING determined to commence a GENERAL AUCTION and COMMISSION BUSINESS, every description of Goods is solicited on consignment, such as Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Clothing and Housekeeping articles generally.

All persons having such goods to dispose of can have them sold to the best advantage for cash, and prompt returns made.

Sale every TUESDAY and SATURDAY, and EVENINGS through the week.
SAM'L. PATCHETT.
jy 17 Wm. E. Bethell, Auc'r

MINER'S
PATENT STREET LAMPS.
For Gas and Kerosene.

TOWN and COUNTY COMMITTEES on LAMPS, and GAS, Railroad, Gas and Ferry Cos., Railroad supply Houses, Large Storehouses, Depots, Skating Rinks, Manufactories, Hotels, Restaurants, also Churches, Physician' country residences, and all others interested will find that this is exactly what they need for an out-door or street Lamp.

MINER'S STREET LAMP DEPOT LAMP gives a much better light, is cleaner, more durable, and more economical every way than any lamp now in use. Testimonials of the same kind will be furnished in abundance.

Send for Pamphlet and price list.
E. A. HEATH & CO.,
Sole Manufacturers for the United States,
may 1-6m 44 Murray St., New York.

Fashionable Spring & Summer
Millinery
AND
Fancy Goods.
MRS. E. A. MASON

HAS just returned from the city with a full stock of the above goods, which she has selected with great care, and will be sold at the lowest cash price. Her stock embraces everything in the above line needed by the Ladies, embracing all the latest novelties. A long experience in the business and a desire to please all, she regards a sufficient guarantee of general satisfaction.

She has opened on this day a general assortment of trimmed BONNETS and HATS, which she will be pleased to show at all times. An early call is solicited from the ladies.

DRESS MAKING.

She has a complete assortment of all the latest patterns for Dress Making, and is prepared to do all work in the above line, and feels confident of giving general satisfaction. (apr 17

1869. NEW GOOD. 1869.
Beautiful and Cheap,
SAMUEL PATCHETT

HAVING returned from the city with a well assorted stock of

Sping and Summer Goods,

most respectfully asks his friends and the public generally to call and examine his goods and prices before buying elsewhere. Would name in part.

NOTIONS,
QUEENSWARE,
GLASSWARE,
STONEWARE,
WOODWARE,
LAMPS & BURNERS,
GROCERIES, etc., etc., etc.

A fine assortment of Fancy, Plain and Black Cassimeres, for Coats, Pants and Vests, Cotton and Linen Goods.

Prints, Delaines, Armures, Black and Figured Alpaccas, Poplins, Bleached and Brown Muslins, White Marseilles, a nice assortment of Plain and Field Nansooks, striped Organdies, Plain and Striped Cambrics, all of which I am determined to sell at prices for cash or trade that cannot fail to please. (may 1

WM. HEMSLEY,
AGENT FOR
MURREY KEESLER,
Steam Biscuit, Cracker and Cake Bakery,
Nos. 258, 260 & 262 N. Twenty Second Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

All orders addressed to Agent will be gratefully received and promptly filled.

All goods delivered to Baltimore Steamers FREE of charge, and after said delivery, at the risk of the purchaser. (jy 17 1y

FOR PICNICS, &c.

GANTZ'S Sicily Lemon Sugar is invaluable for Pic Nics, Excursions, Camp Meetings, &c. During the heat of Summer Lemons are usually scarce and high, and the Lemon Sugar is more economical and always ready for use. For sale by (july 10) Dawson & Bro.

CORN MEAL—99 cents per Bushel, fresh every week at 92 cts. per bushel or two cents per pound, at Thare's
Grocery and Provision store

CORN at 90 cents per bushel, at
Thare's
Provision, Grocery and Feed store,
Cor. Washington st. and R. Road, Av.
may 29

HOWER'S
COMPLETE MANURE,
MANUFACTURED BY
Henry Hower, Chemist,
PHILADELPHIA.
MADE FROM
Super-Phosphate of Lime, Ammonia & Potash.
WARRANTED FREE FROM ADULTERATION.

This Manure contains all the elements to produce large crops of all kinds, and is highly recommended by all who used it, also by distinguished chemists who have, by analysis, tested its quality.

Packed in Bags of 200 lbs. each.
DIXON, SHERPLESS & CO,
AGENTS,
39 South Water & 40 South Delaware Avenue,
Philadelphia.
FOR SALE BY
WILLIAM REYNOLDS,
No. 79 South Street, Baltimore Md.

And by dealers generally throughout the country. For information, address Henry Hower Philadelphia. mar 27 1y

Shingles, Shingles.

JUST received direct from North Carolina
95,000 No. 1 Heart N. C. Shingles,
90,000 No. 2 " "
A prime article of the best make, for sale cheap for cash.
apr 27 R. B. DIXON.

WM. PENROSE. WM. PORTER. WM. HEMSLEY

Penrose, Porter & Hemsley,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
Brandies, Whiskies,
WINES, GINS, &c.,
No. 240 Arch St., (below Third,)
PHILADELPHIA.

All Goods delivered to Baltimore Steamers FREE of charge—after said delivery, at the risk of the purchaser. [july 17-1y

$15. Get the Best. $15.

SENT BY EXPRESS, CASH ON DELIVERY.

THE GENUINE OROIDE GOLD WATCHES.

IMPROVED AND MANUFACTURED by us are all the best make. Hunting cases, finely chased and beautifully enameled. Patent and Detached Levers, full jeweled, and every watch perfectly regulated and adjusted, and GUARANTEED BY THE COMPANY, to keep correct time, and wear and not tarnish, but retain an appearance equal to solid gold as long as worn.

These celebrated watches we are now sending out by mail and express, C. O. D., anywhere within the United States and Canadas at the regular wholesale price, payable on delivery.

NO MONEY IS REQUIRED IN ADVANCE as we prefer that all should receive and examine these goods before paying for them.

A SINGLE WATCH TO ANY ADDRESS, $15.

A club of six, with an extra Watch to the Agent sending the club, $90, making seven Watches for $90.

Also, a superb lot of most elegant Oroide Chains, of the latest and most costly styles and patterns, for Ladies and Gentlemen's wear, from 10 to 40 inches in length, at prices of $2, $4, $6, and $8 each; sent when ordered with watch at the regular wholesale prices.

DESCRIBE THE WATCH REQUIRED, Ladies or Gentlemen's size, and address your orders and letters to
THE OROIDE WATCH CO.,
may 22 6m 148 Fulton St., New York.

Home Again.
CALL AND SEE.

I HAVE just returned from the city with the largest stock of goods ever offered in this town, which I am prepared to sell lower than any person in town for cash.

MEN'S WEAR.

I will name in part; Fine French Calf Sewed Boots for $9.00. Fine Calf Congress Gaiters from $2.50 to $3.50. The Box Toed Gaiter, Alligator Box Toed Gaiters.

The Plow Shoe, Calf Shoe, Kip Shoe, Buff do., and every other kind.

FOR LADIES.

High Cut Leather Button Gaiters, High Cut Leather Gaiters, open in front, Congress Gaiter, double and single sole, and Gaiters from $1.75 to $5.50. Kid Button High Cut Gaiter, Kid Shoe, Dress and undress Morocco Boots, and others.

FOR BOYS.

Calf Shoes, Buff do., Plow do., Kid do., Congress Gaiters, and every other kind.

FOR CHILDREN:

High Dress Morocco Boots, High Undress Morocco Boots, High Light Color Morocco Boots, Kid Button Gaiter, and all other kinds.

I have also a large supply of Leather which I am prepared to make into all kinds of work, Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, at the Shortest notice and in the best style. Feeling thankful for the past, I hope to merit a continuance of same.
C. ELLIOTT

SELECT POETRY.

The Sculptor and his Daughter.

"The damps of death are coming fast,
My father, o'er my brow;
The past, with all its sums, has fled,
And I must turn my view
To that dim future, which in vain
My eyes ask to descry;
To tell me, father, in this hour,
In whose hand I die.

"Is thine? I've watched thy tearful smile,
And heard thy pitiying tone,
Where'er the Christian's humble hope
Was placed upon thine own;
I've heard thee speak of coming death
Without a shade of gloom,
And laugh at all the childish fears
That chapter round the tomb;

"Or, is it in my mother's faith?
How fondly do I trace
Through many weary years long past
That calm and saintly face;
How often do I call to mind
(Now she's beneath the sod)
The place, the hour, in which she drew
My angel thoughts to God.

"Turn then she took the sacred book,
And from its burning page,
Read how its proofs support the soul
In youth and failing age,
And bade me in its promptings live,
And by its promptings die,
That I might share scenes of love
In worlds beyond the sky.

"My father, shall I look there,
Amid the gathering gloom,
To him whose prominent love
Extend beyond the tomb?
Or cause the being who has blessed
This checkered heart of mine;
Must I embrace my mother's faith
Or die, my sire, by thine?"

The frown upon that partial brow
Passed, like a cloud, away,
And tears coursed down the rugged cheeks
That flowed not till that day,
"No! not in mine," with choking voice
The skeptic made reply—
"But in thy mother's holy faith,
My daughter, may'st thou die."

HOME.

THE MAIDEN'S MOTTO.

Maiden, let thy motto be
Modesty forever!
Pure as flowers that grace the lea
By thy heart's endeavor,
Free from guile each bird and bee;
O, maiden, keep thy soul as free.

Maiden's mind should never bend
To flatterer's opinions;
Maiden's voice should never blend
Exposing Folly's minions;
But, treading light the paths of sin,
Strive the angels smiles to win.

Choicest blessings from on high
Is modest womanhood;
Blest our lot when she is nigh,
So purely fair and good;
Then beams of radiant beauty play,
And cast a bliss upon the day.

If anguish to thy spirit creeps,
Let fall the tear;
Angels smile when maiden weeps
O'er sin career.
Oh, He will all thy sorrow share
Who e'en for sparrows hath a care.

As tender flowers their heads decline
Beneath the blast;
So, maiden, bend from Folly thine
Till she has passed.
True beauty springeth from the heart,
And such doth modesty impart.

Then, maiden, let thy motto be,
Modesty forever!
Pure as flowers that scent the lea
Be thy heart's endeavor.
Let modest grace with thee abide,
Nor from her respect turn aside.

☞ Two former French schoolmasters met after a lapse of years. "Do you see married, Victorine?" "Yes." "Happy?" "Oh! yes, perfectly happy." "You have children, of course?" "No; you know our lodgings are so small!"

☞ A young lady who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified the act by quoting the passage: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

☞ A gentleman standing on the street observed a boy passing who had gotten up regardless of expense, and turning to his friend, said: "By Jove, Charley, we'll be splendidly upholstered."

☞ "Why don't you kick yourself?" said a physician to an intemperate person. "Set down a stake that you will go so far and no farther." "I do," replied the other; but I get so far off that I always get drunk before I get to it.

☞ A lady asked a pupil at a public examination of the Sunday School. "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Straining gnats, and swallowing camels, ma'am," replied the pupil, cheerfully.

SELECT STORY.

Sober Second Thought.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM."

"I must have it, Charles," said the handsome little wife of Mr. Whitman. "So don't put on that sober face."

"Did I put on a sober face?" asked the husband, with an attempt to smile that was anything but a success.

"Yes, sober as a man on trial for life. Why, it's as long as the moral law. There dear, clear up, and look as if you had at least one friend in the world. What money lovers you men are!"

"How much will it cost?" inquired Mr. Whitman. There was another effort to look cheerful and acquiescent.

"About forty dollars," was answered, with just a little faltering in the lady's voice, for she knew the sum would sound extravagant.

"Forty dollars! Why, Ada, do you think I am made of money?" Mr. Whitman's countenance underwent a remarkable change of expression.

"I declare, Charles," said his wife, a little impatiently, "you look at me as if I were an object of fear instead of affection. I don't think this is kind of you. I've only had three silk dresses since we were married, while Amy Slight has had six or seven during the same period, and every one of them has cost more than mine. I know you think me extravagant, but I wish you had a wife like some women I could name. I rather think you'd find out the difference before long."

"There, there, pet, don't talk to me after this fashion! I'll bring you the money at dinner time; that is, if—"

"No 'ifs' nor 'buts' of you please. Sweetness is complete without them. Thank you, dear! I'll go this afternoon and buy the silk.—So don't fail to bring the money. I was at Silkshine yesterday, and saw one of the sweetest patterns I ever laid my eyes on. Just suits my style and complexion. I shall be inconsolable if it's gone. You won't disappoint me?"

And Mrs. Whitman laid her soft, white hand on the arm of her husband, and smiled with persuasion in his face.

"Oh, no. You shall have the money," said Mr. Whitman, turning from his wife, as she thought a little abruptly, and hurrying from her presence. In his precipitation, he had forgotten the usual parting kiss.

"That's the way it is always!" said Mrs. Whitman, her whole manner changing, as the sound of the closing street doors came jarring upon her ears. "Just say money to Charles, and at once there is a cloud in the sky."

She sat down pouting and half angry.

"Forty dollars for a new dress!" mentally ejaculated the husband of rain, pretty, thoughtless Mrs. Whitman, as he shut the door after him. "I promised to settle Thompson's coal bill to-day—thirty-three dollars—but know not where the money is to come from. The coal is burnt up, and more must be ordered. Oh, dear! I'm discouraged. Every year I fall behindhand. This winter I did hope to get a little in advance, but if forty dollar silk dresses are in order, there's an end to that devoutly to be wished-for circumstance. Debt, debt. How I have always shrunk from it; but steadily, now, it is closing its Brareian arms around me, and my restricted chest labors in respiration. Oh, if I could but disentangle myself now, while I have the strength of early manhood, and the bonds that hold me are weak. If Ada could see as I see; if I could only make her understand my position rightly. Alas! it is hopeless, I fear."

And Mr. Whitman hurried his steps, because his heart beat quicker, and his thought was unduly excited.

Not a long time after Mr. Whitman left his house, the postman delivered a letter to his address. His wife examined the writing on the envelope, which was in a bold, masculine hand, and said to herself, as she did so—"I wonder who this can be from?"

Something more than curiosity moved her.—There intruded on her mind a vague feeling of misquiet, as if the missive bore unpleasant news for her husband. The stamp showed it to be a city letter. A few times, of late, such letters had come to his address, and she had noticed that he had read them hurriedly, thrust them without remark into his pocket, and become silent and sober-faced.

Mrs. Whitman turned the letter over and over again in her hand, in a thoughtful way, and as she did so, the image of her husband, sober-faced and silent as he had become for the most of the time, of late, presented himself with unusual vividness. Sympathy stole into her heart.

"Poor Charles," she said, as the feeling increased; "I'm afraid something is going wrong with him."

Placing the letter on the mantle piece, where he could see it when he came in, Mrs. Whitman entered upon some household duties; but a strange impression, as of a weight, lay upon her heart—a sense of impending evil—a vague, troubled disturbance of her usual inward self-satisfaction.

If the thought of Mrs. Whitman recurred, as was natural, to the elegant silk dress of which she was to become the owner on that day, she did not feel the proud satisfaction her vain heart experienced a little while before. Something of its beauty had faded.

"If I only knew what that letter contained," she said, half an hour after it had come in, her mind still feeling the pressure which had came down upon it so strangely, as it seemed to her.

She went to the mantle-piece, took up the letter, and examined the subscription. It gave her no light. Steadily it kept growing upon her that its contents were of a nature to trouble her husband.

"He's been a little mysterious of late," she said to herself. This idea affected her very unpleasantly. "He grows more silent and reserved," she added, as thought, under a kind of feverish excitement, became active in a new direction. "More indrawn, as it were, and less interested in what goes on around him. His coldness chills me at times, and his irritation hurts me."

She drew a long deep sigh. Then, with an almost startling vividness, came before her mind, in contrast, her tender, loving, cheerful husband of three years before, and her quiet, sober-faced husband of to-day.

"Something has gone wrong with him," she said aloud, as feeling grew stronger.

"What can it be?"

The letter was in her hand.

"This may give me light." And with careful fingers she opened the envelope, not breaking the paper, so that she could seal it again if she desired so to do. There was a bill for sixty dollars, and a communication from the person sending the bill. He was a jeweller.

"If this is not settled at once," he wrote, "I shall put the account in suit. It has been standing over a year, and I am tired of getting excuses instead of money."

The bill was for a lady's watch, which Mrs. Whitman had almost compelled her husband to purchase.

"Not paid for! Is it possible?" exclaimed the little woman, in blank astonishment, while the blood mounted to her forehead.

Then she sat down to think. Light began to come into her mind. As she sat thus thinking, a second letter came in for her husband from the penny postman. She opened it without hesitation. Another bill and another dunning letter.

"Not paid! Is it possible?" She repeated the ejaculation. It was a bill of twenty five dollars for gaiters and slippers, which had been standing three or four months.

"This will never do," said the awakening wife—"never—no never." And she thrust the letters into her pocket in a resolute way. From that hour until the return of her husband at dinner time, Mrs. Whitman did an unusual amount of thinking, for her little brain. She saw, the moment he entered, that the morning cloud had not passed from his brow.

"Here is the money for that dress," he said, taking a small roll of bills from his vest pocket, and handing them to Ada, as he came in. He did not kiss her, nor smile in the bright old way. But his voice was calm, if not cheerful. A kiss and a smile would have been more precious to the young wife than a hundred silk dresses.—She took the money, saying:

"Thank you dear! It is kind of you to regard my wishes."

Something in Ada's voice and manner caused Mr. Whitman to lift his eyes, with a look of inquiry, to her face. But she turned aside, so that he could not read its expression.

He was graver and more silent than usual, and ate with scarcely an appearance of appetite.

"Come home early, dear," said Mrs. Whitman, as she walked to the door with her husband, after dinner.

"Are you impatient to have me admire your new silk dress?" he replied, with a faint effort to smile.

"Yes. It will be something splendid," she answered.

He turned off from her quickly, and left the house. A few moments she stood, with thoughtful face, her mind indrawn, and her whole manner completely changed. Then she went to her room, and commenced dressing to go out.

Two hours later, and we find her in a jewelry store on Broadway.

"Can I say a word to you?" She addressed herself to the owner of the store, who knew her very well.

"Certainly," he replied, and they moved to the lower end of the long show-cases.

Mrs. Whitman drew from her pocket a lady's watch and chain, and laying them on the show-case, said, at the same time holding out the bill she had taken from the envelope addressed to her husband:

"I cannot afford to wear this watch; my husband's circumstances are too limited. I tell you so frankly. It should never have been purchased; but a too indulgent husband yielded to the importunities of a foolish young wife. I say this to take blame from him. Now, sir, meet the case, if you can do so in fairness to yourself. Take back the watch, and say how much I shall pay you besides."

The jeweller dropped his eyes to think. The case took him a little by surprise. He stood for nearly a minute; then taking the bill and watch, he said—"Wait a moment, and went to a desk near by.

"Will that do?" He had come forward again, and now presented her with the receipted bill. His fine work a pleased expression.

"How much shall I pay you?" asked Mrs. Whitman, drawing out her pocket-book.

"Nothing. The watch is not defaced."

"You have done a kind act, sir," said Mrs. Whitman, with feeling trembling along her voice. "I hope you will not think unfavorably of my husband. It's no fault of his that the bill has not been paid. Good morning, sir."

Mrs. Whitman drew her veil over her face, and went with light steps and a light heart, from the store. The pleasure she had experienced on receiving her watch was not to be compared with that now felt in parting with it. From the jeweller's she went to the boot-maker's and paid the bill of twenty five dollars; from thence to her milliner's, and settled for her last bonnet.

"I know you're dying to see my new dress," said Mrs. Whitman, gaily, as she drew her arms within that of her husband, on his appearance that evening. "Come over to our bedroom, and let me show it. Come along! Don't hang back, Charles, as if you were afraid."

Charles Whitman went with his wife passively, looking more like a man on his way to receive sentence, than in expectation of a pleasant sight. His thoughts were bitter.

"Shall my Ada become lost to me? he said in his heart—"lost to me in a world of folly, fashion and extravagance?"

"Sit down, Charles." She led him to a large cushioned chair. Her manner had undergone a change. The brightness of her countenance had departed. She took something, in a hurried way, from a drawer and catching up a footstool, placed it on the floor near him, and sitting down, leaned on him, and looked tenderly and lovingly into his face. Then she handed him the jeweller's bill.

"It is receipted, you see." Her voice fluttered a little.

"Ada! how is this? What does it mean?" He flushed and grew paler.

"I returned the watch, and Mr. H—— receipted the bill. I would have paid for damage, but he said it was uninjured, and asked nothing."

"Oh, Ada!"

"And this is receipted also; and this;" handing him the other bills which he had paid. "And now, dear," she added quickly, "how do you like my dress? Isn't it beautiful?"

We leave the explanations and scene that followed to the reader's imagination. If any fair lady, however, who, like Ada, has been drawing too heavily upon her husband's slender income, for silks and jewels, is at a loss to realize the scene, let her try Ada's experiment. Our word for it, she will find a new and glad experience in life. Costly silks and jewels may be very pleasant things, but they are too dearly bought when they come at the price of a husband's embarrassment, mental disquietude, or alienation. Too often the gay young wife wears them as the sigh of these unhappy conditions. Tranquil hearts, and sunny homes, are precious things; too precious to be burdened and clouded by weak vanity and love of show. Keep this in mind, oh ye fair ones, who have husbands in moderate circumstances. Do not let your pride and pleasure oppress them. Rich clothing, costly laces and gems, are poor substitutes for smiling peace and hearts overflowed by care. Take the lesson and live by it, rather than offer another illustration, in your own experience, of the folly we have been trying to expose and rebuke.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

☞ "Sambo, why did dat nigger down de hole ob de boat like a chicken in the egg?"

"I give um up."

"Cause he couldn't git out if he wasn't for de hatch."

☞ The course of true love never runs smooth—neither does matrimony, for at the very start there is no wedding without a "hitch."