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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. R. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

Two DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance. If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents may be charged.

☞ Local and other correspondence solicited from all parts of the county.

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence, Literature, Agricultural and Mechanical Interests, Politics and Advertising

Vol. 33. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1873. No. 40.

Rates of Advertising:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines brevier type, will be inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year, half-year or quarter.

Obituaries will be inserted at one-half of advertising rates.

JOB-PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS,
CARDS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS,
&c., &c.,
Executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

PUBLIC SALE
OF
REAL ESTATE.

BY VIRTUE of authority conferred by a power in a mortgage from John Downey and wife to Thomas Hill, dated the 16th day of March, 1870, duly recorded among the land records for Kent county, Maryland, in Liber J. K. H., No. 9, Folio 189, etc., which said mortgage was afterwards duly assigned to George B. Westcott, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale at the "Voshell House," in Chestertown, Kent county, Md., on

WEDNESDAY,
THE NINTH DAY OF APRIL, 1873,
AT 12 O'CLOCK, M.,

All the right, title, claim, interest and estate of the said Mortgagors, of, in and to THAT FARM, situate and lying in Kent county aforesaid, near Rock Hall, called

"PROVIDENCE,"

and a WOOD LOT, lying east of said tract, adjoining the woodland formerly belonging to Wm. B. Crane; being the same tract and woodlot which was conveyed by Jos. Wickes, trustee, to Wm. Crane, by deed dated March 27th, 1836, recorded among the land records of Kent county, in Liber J. N. G., No. 4, Folio 279. And is the same land described in a deed from Thos. R. Crane and wife to said John Downey, dated December 11th, 1854, duly recorded among the said land records, in Liber, J. F. G., No. 2, Folio 467, containing

199 Acres, 2 Roods and 30 Perches,
MORE OR LESS,

saving and excepting therefrom those parts which were conveyed by said John Downey and wife to the following persons, viz: To George L. Maslin, 2 acres, 1 rood and 35 perches, by deed dated Jan. 4th, 1858, recorded in Liber, J. K. H., No. 1, Folio 39. To James M. Coleman, 1 acre and 2 roods, by deed of Jan. 5th, 1858, recorded in Liber, J. K. H., No. 1, Folio 44. To Susan J. Coleman, 4 acres, by deed of April 22d, 1862, recorded in Liber, J. K. H, No. 3, Folio 218.

Also, ALL THAT FARM OR TRACT OF LAND, known as the

"Dennis Vickers Farm,"

which was conveyed to said John Downey by Richard Hynson, Trustee, by deed dated on or about March 16th, 1870, duly recorded among the said land records in Liber J. K. H., No. 9, containing

62 Acres of Land, More or Less.

The CRANE FARM is improved with a

TWO-STORY FRAME
DWELLING HOUSE,

with KITCHEN attached, and the necessary Outbuildings all in good repair. It is under good fencing and the soil is productive. It has a fine

PEACH ORCHARD of 2,000 Trees,

Young, and in full bearing.

The "DENNIS VICKERS FARM" has all necessary buildings in fair condition.

Both farms are rented for 1873, but the purchaser will be entitled to the rents.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms of sale are:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, the balance in two equal instalments, of six and twelve months therefrom—the deferred payments to be secured by bonds of the purchaser bearing interest from the day of sale, with security to be approved by the Trustee.

C. T. WESTCOTT,
Trustee and Attorney.

Chestertown, March 15, 1873—ts.

BURNS & SLOAN

132 Light St. Wharf,

BALTIMORE,

BUILDING

AND HARDWOOD

LUMBER,

SHINGLES,
FENCING,
PALES,

DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, &c.

Ratification Notice.

RICHARD HYNSON,
vs.
JOHN L. HUDSON, and others.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Chancery.

MARCH 14, 1873.

ORDERED that the sales made and reported by RICHARD HYNSON, Trustee, for the sale of the real estate of John M. Hudson, deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the twentieth day of May next; Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks, before the twentieth day of April next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $7,108 75.

JESSE K. HINES, Clerk.

True Copy,—Test:
JESSE K. HINES, Clerk.

March 15, 1873—4t.

Ratification Notice.

WM. VANNORT,
vs.
JAMES YEATES. } *In Equity.*

ORDERED, that the report of sale made in the within cause by WM. VANNORT, Mortgagee, be and the same is hereby ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the twentieth day of May next; Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the twentieth day of April next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $2,232.

JESSE K. HINES, Clerk.

True Copy,—Test:
JESSE K. HINES, Clerk.

March 15, 1873—4t.

GREAT AUCTION
—OF—
STORE GOODS,
AND OTHER
PERSONAL PROPERTY,
AT CHESTERVILLE, KENT CO., MD.

BY VIRTUE of an order of the Orphans' Court for Kent county, Md., the undersigned, administrators of AARON L. GOODING, dec'd, will offer at Public Auction on

SATURDAY, April 12th, 1873,

(and continue from day to day until all is sold,) all the PERSONAL PROPERTY of the said dec'd, consisting in part as follows:

THE WHOLE STOCK
OF
STORE GOODS
NOW ON HAND, EMBRACING
COTTON AND WOOLEN GOODS,
NOTIONS, HOSIERY, &c.

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES,
GROCERIES, SPICES, &c.

Salt, Vinegar, Molasses, Tar, Linseed, Machine and Coal Oil,
QUEENS, GLASS and HARDWARE,
TOBACCO & CIGARS.
Toilet, Cashmere and other Soaps, Washing Soda and Indigo Blue, Tubs, Washboards, Buckets, Brooms, Shovels, Spades and Forks of various kinds, and many other articles too numerous to mention.

Also, A LOT OF STORE FIXTURES.

On the day above named, previous to commencing the auction of Store Goods, the following described property will be offered for sale:

ONE BAY MARE,
4 GOOD MILCH COWS,
ONE HOG.
1 TWO-SEAT CARRIAGE, SULKY, DEARBORN, HORSE CART,
Carriage, Dearborn and Cart Harness, Straw-Cutter, Hillside Plow, Road Scoop and Garden Implements,
1 Farm Bell, and a lot of Timothy Hay.

Also, Household & Kitchen Furniture

☞ Sale to commence at 10½ o'clock A. M., each day.

TERMS:—All sums under $20 cash; on all sums of and over that amount a credit of six months will be given, the purchaser giving note with approved security. No goods to be removed until the terms are complied with.

REBECCA V. GOODING,
F. M. GOODING,
Adm'rs of A. L. Gooding.

E. E. MILLER, Auct'r. mar22-tds.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the estate of A. L. Gooding, dec'd, on open store account, are hereby notified that settlement must be made on or before the First Day of May, 1873. All disregarding this notice, after that time will be proceeded against according to law, without further delay.

REBECCA V. GOODING,
F. M. GOODING,
mar22-ts. Adm'rs of A. L. Gooding.

Notice is Hereby Given,

That the President and Directors of

The Elkton & Massey's Railroad Co.

at their meeting on Tuesday, March 4th, 1873, decided to increase the Capital Stock of said Company, exclusive of the State's subscription, to $160,000. Books for the subscription of

Two Thousand additional Shares

of said Stock, will accordingly be opened at the Office of James B. Groome, in Elkton, Maryland, on TUESDAY, APRIL 15th, 1873, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and kept open on each day of that week from 10 o'clock, A. M., to 3 o'clock, P. M. If the whole of said stock is not subscribed on said days, the President or any of the Directors is authorized to receive subscriptions for said Capital Stock until the said two thousand additional shares are disposed of. The par value of shares is $50.00, and an instalment of $2.50 per share will be paid in at the time of subscribing for shares.

J. TOME, President
Elkton & Massey's R. R. Company.

W. T. WELDON,
Secretary E. & M. R. R Co.

March 15, 1873—5t.

NOTICE to the STOCKHOLDERS
OF THE
ELKTON & MASSEY'S RAILROAD

ALL STOCKHOLDERS of the ELKTON & MASSEY'S RAILROAD COMPANY are hereby notified, pursuant to a resolution of the President and Directors of the Elkton and Massey's Railroad Company, that an instalment of $2.00 per share is hereby demanded on each share of the Capital Stock of said Company, payable on

TUESDAY, the 8th of April, 1873,

at the National Bank of Elkton, Maryland, or to the Treasurer of said Company, William T. Weldon, in Cecilton, Maryland.

J. TOME,
President of E. & M. R. R. Co.
WM. T. WELDON,
Sec'y and Treasurer of E. & M. R. R. Co.

March 15, 1873—4t.

"The Light in the East"

is the title of a

VALUABLE RELIGIOUS WORK

Containing 850 pages, and illustrated with over 200 fine engravings. The title of the book has been well chosen; since the volume contains a clear and comprehensive condensation of all the blessed light that has dawned upon us from the East. It tells the story of the Redeemer's life and sufferings, with simple eloquence and fervor, and is so conservative in its spirit that men of all denominations publishers have placed it at such a low price that it is within the reach of all. The work is for sale by subscription only, and Mr. JOSEPH L. MENCH, who is the authorized agent for Kent county, is now canvassing for it.

March 15, 1873—tf.

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

TEN BUILDING LOTS at WORTON STATION, on the Kent County Railroad, will be sold at low prices and on accommodating terms. They are laid off with 100 feet front, and running back varying from 120 to 400 feet. This would make a good stand for a Store, or Shops of any kind. Mr. THOS. PARSONS, the Station agent, will show the lots to any persons who may desire to examine them.

For further information, terms, &c., apply to the undersigned at the office of the "Kent News."

PLUMMER & USILTON.

Dec. 14, 1872—tf.

Notice to Farmers.

WE have just received an assortment of PLOWS, GASTINGS, TRACES and LINES, which we are selling at city prices.

MOORE & BEACHAM,
mh15-tf. Buck Neck.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, sitting as a Court of Equity, the undersigned as Trustee will expose to public sale to the highest bidder, on

TUESDAY,
The EIGHTH day of APRIL, 1873,
At half-past Eleven o'clock, A. M.,
At the "Voshell House" in Chestertown, kept by Mr. S. V. Farson,

All that House and Lot of Ground,

Lying at or near Worton Heights, in Kent County, and in the vicinity of St. James' Church, and which was formerly owned by Michael Lyzer, and afterward by Wm. Lyzer. THERE IS A

DWELLING HOUSE
AND KITCHEN,
An old Smith and Wheelwright Shop
AND ABOUT
22 ACRES OF LAND.

There is a well of most excellent Water on the premises, and the stand would be an excellent one for business.

THE TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by the Decree, are:—One-fourth of the purchase money on the day of sale, or in sixty days thereafter at the option of the Trustee, and the balance in three equal instalments, in six, twelve and eighteen months from the day of sale, with interest from the day of sale, to be secured by the bond of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the Trustee.

GEORGE VICKERS, Trustee.

Chestertown, March 15—ts.

UP TOWN
Dry Goods Store.

THE LATEST STYLES!
THE BEST GOODS!!
And LOW PRICES!!

WM. H. ANTHONY

HAS JUST RETURNED FROM NEW YORK and having taken the Store formerly kept by Mrs. Barrett, has just opened a good assortment of

DRY GOODS of all kinds,
NOTIONS and GROCERIES.
ALSO,
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes.

I will be pleased to see my friends and old customers. I am very thankful for past favors and hope to receive further patronage.

All kinds of Produce Wanted
IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

☞ GIVE ME A CALL, and I will do my best to please.

WM. H. ANTHONY,
"UP TOWN DRY GOODS STORE."

Chestertown, March 29, 1873.

TO FARMERS.

The Place to get your Work Done

At MODERATE RATES.

HAVING enlarged my new Shop, above the Jail, and employed the very best workmen, and having laid in a large stock of the best material, bought for cash, I think I can now do work at prices which the Farmer can afford to pay. All kind of

Cart, Wagon and Carriage Work

done with neatness and dispatch.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS
of all kinds, such as
PLOWS, HARROWS, Cultivators, &c.
kept constantly on hand, or made to order.

CULTIVATOR TEETH of the most approved style, and made of the best steel plate.

Give me a call and see for yourself.

All new work guaranteed for twelve months.

D. A. BENJAMIN.

Chestertown, Mar. 29—3m.

State of Maryland,

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
ANNAPOLIS, March 20th, 1873.

To all whom it may Concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that application has been made to the Governor for nolle prosequis in the cases of

STATE vs. HIRAM GOODHAND,

indicted by the Grand Jury of Queen Anne's County, at the November Term, 1872, of the Circuit Court for said County, for assault with intent to kill John C. Legg, and for breaking into the house of Frank C. Thomas. These cases have been removed to the Circuit Court for Kent county.

The Governor will take up the said cases for final decision on and after the

Eighth day of April, 1873,

until which time protests against the said application will be heard and the petition in the case open to inspection at the discretion of the Governor.

By order of the Governor:
JOHN THOMSON MASON,
mh29-2t Secretary of State.

Notice to Road Supervisors.

THE County Commissioners for Kent county will commence the appointment of Road Supervisors on

TUESDAY, the 22d of April, 1873,

and will continue to appoint until all public roads are put out.

Persons intending to make application will do so at that time or as soon thereafter as convenient.

By order,
JOHN RUSSELL,
Clerk to County Commissioners.

March 29, 1873—4t.

LABOR! LABOR!!

THE undersigned is prepared to furnish German Laborers to the farmers of Kent, and also to fill orders for families, or for men, women, boys, girls, singly, also men to work at any particular kind of trade. Persons who desire labor of this class are referred to Mr. WM. VANNORT, my agent at Chestertown.

mar22-8t. CLARENCE HOLLYDAY.

DR. W. T. JONES,
State Vaccine Agent,
31 N. CALVERT ST., BALTIMORE.

VACCINE VIRUS directly from the Cow, will be furnished to practicing Physicians free of charge, by applying as above and enclosing postage stamp. mh15-3t.

A NEW LINE OF
Bleached and Brown MUSLINS,
received by T. W. ELIASON, Ja

Don't Go Putting on Airs.

Supposing you are the possessor
Of a little more money than I;
Pray tell me, is that any reason
You should carry your head up so high?
Is a man to be judged by his money—
His coat, or the proud name he bears?
Not a bit it! Worth tells the story—
So don't go to putting on airs!

It's a long lane that hasn't a turning;
You may find that dame fortune may frown;
Banks may break and cashiers may skedaddle,
And those who are up may be down.
Then for those who to us have been lofty,
And turned up their noses—who cares?—
What *has* been may happen again, sir;
So don't go a putting on airs!

Don't treat those whom Fate gathers 'round you
Like mere creatures, but rather like men;
In your hour of sorrow and trouble
You'll have their sympathy then.
Misfortunes they never come singly,
But often in triplets and pairs;
You *may* need the help of your neighbor—
So don't go a putting on airs!

And you, my proud, beautiful lady,
With the bloom of the peach on your cheek,
Who would think it an action disgraceful
To a poor working woman to speak;
That beauty will fade like a flower,
And the bloom that your ladyship wears,
Be as naught in the eyes of your Maker,
So don't go a putting on airs!

The riches of this world are transient,
And oft of a sudden take wing;
And you can never be very certain
What luck the next moment may bring.
So take the advice that I give you,
And come down from your perch on the stairs;
Don't be afraid of a hand that is honest
And don't go a putting on airs!

AN ENGLISH LADY IN PRISON—*From Affluence to a Lager Beer Saloon.*—The Newark (N. J.) *Advertiser* of the 21st instant remarks:

Now being detained at the Second Precinct Station House in this city is a fine looking young woman of about twenty-seven years of age, whose genteel and becoming dress, lady-like manners and evident culture, stamp her a person who has indeed seen better days. A descent was made some days since upon the saloon under Oraton Hall, a place of questionable reputation, and presiding at the piano at the time was the subject of this paragraph. She was taken in custody with the other parties found in the saloon, but when brought before Judge Lambert she protested her innocence of any criminality, and declared that penury had driven her to seek employment as a pianist in the only place which, as a stranger and without any means at hand to prove her respectability, she could expect to get it.

Her cultured manner and conversation, her evident sincerity and unaffected dignity of demeanor, satisfied the Judge that her representations were truthful, and he took pains to separate her as much as possible from disagreeable prison associations, and subsequently drew from her a brief story of her life. She said she was the daughter of Colonel John Hutchinon Garner, of Garnerville, near Belfast, county Down, Ireland, who formerly commanded the Fortieth Regiment British Infantry, but is now a retired officer, living in wealthy ease at the place which bears his name. Several years ago she was married to Wm. Francis Hull, then Cashier of the Ulster Bank at Belfast, the proprietor of a manor of one hundred acres at Killyleigh, near Belfast. Soon after their marriage, which was not one wholly approved by her father, her husband attached himself to a club, and soon became so addicted to gambling and drinking, that accumulating debts and the threatened dismissal from his position caused him to abscond to this country, where she followed him soon after. He had saved from the wreck of his fortune some $10,000, but he continued his dissipation and gambling in New York, and squalid poverty soon drove them to apartments in a garret.

Then came a struggle for which neither was prepared, and, after some weeks of deprivation and goading want, the husband caused their three children to be placed on Ward's Island, and then deserted his wife and fled to Canada, which is the last she has heard of him. Mrs. Hall, being an accomplished musician and quite proficient enough to teach it, sought for employment as a tutor. But she was friendless and without endorsement of any kind. Hence she accepted the distasteful occupation of a saloon pianist, and while in that vocation she was arrested. She claims, however, that she had been only a week in the place and knew nothing of its bad reputation. Judge Lambert, believing her representations, has written to her father a detailed account of his daughter's troubles, also to Robert Herron, of Ardington House, Killyleigh, who is her brother-in-law, and one of the wealthiest men of County Down.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—Have I given them up forever? Is all this discipline, all this love of the nursery, all this sweet life upon the knee, all this night and day in my bosom, as they lay sick while they were babes—is all this gone forever? My boys—are they mine only as they are everybody's? Is there nothing of me in them? Is there nothing that my heart may claim in them? I doubt not that we shall find our children there. I do not believe that the heart has been kindled to so much fear and suffering that it may be quenched with everlasting forgetfulness. This is my liberty. It is not God's revelation. It is my necessity. And I am not rebuked when I indulge in such thoughts. My heart cries out to those who have loved me and gone to the heavenly land; and when I cry to them I hear a voice answering, as the Spirit and the Bride are represented as saying, "Come!" At night, by day, at twilight, in joy and in sorrow I hear the voices of loved ones saying, "Come!" Over all troubles, louder than the noise of winds and storms, I hear the voices of those who have gone before me, saying, "Heaven is real; God is real; love is eternal; come—from out of winter, from out of trouble, from out of storms, from out of sin-land, come!" There sound perpetually from the wall and battlements of the celestial city voices that win and woo every aching heart, saying, "Come, come, come!"—*Ex.*

FIVE BLUE BIRDS.—T. Ellwood Pyle, Thorton, Delaware county, has had five blue birds in his house during all the cold weather. On Thursday he turned them out, but as soon as they began to feel the cold they come to the door and asked admittance by making a chirping noise. Mr. Pyle opens the door, lets them come in and they get warm and go out again.

[Written for the Kent News.]

UNMASKED.

VIRGIE LAYMAN.

'Twas a pleasant, September eve. In the great tide of vehicles constantly rolling through Central Park was a dainty phæton, drawn by a span of spirited, bay ponies. Among the easy cushions of blue satin, sat two lovely girls—Claire and Helva De Vere. A merry voice urged forward the pretty ponies: "On Prince; on Gypsy;" and the fleet-footed little creatures, tossing back their glossy manes, dashed onward with increased speed.

"By Jove, Venus herself!" exclaimed a gentleman who was riding in a handsome dog-cart, behind a fiery, black steed. "O Fortuna, be thou my friend, and ere long I shall claim this choice blossom as mine own!" The speaker, whose visiting cards bore the name of Benjamin Jones, was rather tall, but finely proportioned; possessing that rare, classic beauty which one admires in the paintings of the old masters.

Ben hastened to his lodgings, which were in a comfortable portion of the city of New York, but in a section almost unknown to the *beau monde*. He was not an epicure, but having excellent health, he generally partook with evident enjoyment of the plain, nutritious food furnished by his quiet, obese hostess. That evening at dinner Ben languidly sipped his coffee in silence, and left untasted the wholesome repast. His busy brain was trying to devise means by which he might gain an introduction to his *beau ideal*.—But no feasible plan was invented, and our hero was almost in despair.

The next day as he sat in his quiet study wooing the Muses—for his was a poet's calling—a vivid picture of a sweet, young face framed with pleasant memories, *would* claim his attention, scattering his gems of thought and dispelling his bright poetic dreams.

At five o'clock he went out to the Park, and there listlessly strolled about, hoping to see his pysche; but, she was not there; and Ben, piqued at having his every scheme, however trivial, thwarted, returned to his boarding-house and dispatched his six o'clock dinner in sullen haste.

A week passed much in this way, except that on two occasions he saw the charming nymph whom he already loved.

One evening on his return from his daily visit to Central Park, he was met in with a stiff courtesy, handed Ben a delicately perfumed missive. He found it to be an invitation to attend a soiree soon to be given by the fashionable Mrs. Montague.

On the festal evening, simply but tastefully dressed, Ben stood before his polished mirror, brushing the sunny ringlets that drooped in careless grace over his noble brow, beneath which gleamed a pair of great soul-lit eyes, in whose pure depths heaven's own blue was reflected. Having finished the minutiæ of the toilet, he entered a hired chariotee, and ordered the coachman to drive to Mrs. Montague's, in Fifth Avenue. In a short time he reached the *Madame's* stately residence, where he was at once presented by that gay lady to her two nieces—Claire and Helva De Vere—in whose honor the fete had been given.

Claire was a regal beauty that would have graced a throne—a blonde, with great waves of shining, brown hair, whose luxurious masses were arranged with exquisite taste, beautiful dark eyes, and full, red lips that would have provoked a kiss from the veriest bachelor in the social sphere. She certainly was *une arbiter elegantiarum;* for her dress, though costly, was of quiet elegance where colors blend in artistic harmony. This was the belle whose charms had led Ben into the labyrinth of love.

The music, the waltzing, the sumptuous supper where he drank her health, were intoxicating pleasures, but alas! too transient, as are all the joys of earth.—Ben, like a butterfly reveling in summer sweets and sunshine, was at last conscious that the hour was quite late, and that the brilliant assemblage had nearly all dispersed. He gracefully apologized in a tender, gallant little speech, and departed.

Soon after, Ben walked up Fifth Avenue to call on Claire De Vere. When near the house, he saw in the spacious reception-room, Claire seated at the piano, her fairy form bathed in waves of moonlight, while in accompaniment to the rich melody which floated on the breeze, in a clear, sweet voice she sang the "impassioned words:"

'By the fair and the brave,
Who blushing unite,
Like the sun and the wave,
When they meet at night!

By the tear that shows
When passion is nigh,
As the rain-drop flows
From the heat of the sky!

By all that thou hast
To mortals given,
Which—oh! could it last,
This earth were heaven!

We call thee hither, entrancing Power!
Spirit of Love! Spirit of Bliss!
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour!
And there never was moonlight so sweet as this."

At the conclusion of the song, Ben, thrilled with delight, ascended the flight of granite steps, and rang the bell. He was shown into the reception-room which was still illumed by a silvery, liquid brightness, enveloping each object in dim, misty beauty. Claire received him in her queenly way, but, by her command, the gas being immediately lighted, Ben saw the deep blush tinging her fair face. For notwithstanding her calm, proud bearing, her heart throbbed wildly; and the annoying question: Did he hear my foolish song? constantly presented itself. Thus began their acquaintance. Cupid's busy fingers soon wove about their hearts the rainbow ties of mutual love.

Claire and Helva were orphans. Three years before the reader was introduced to them, Mrs. De Vere lost her life by a shocking railroad accident; and the next year their father died. Mr. De Vere had been a wealthy, prominent lawyer; but fast living had so nearly absorbed his fortune, that but a limited income was left for his two daughters. Their usual home was so lonely, particularly in the dull, drear winter months for the young ladies that Mrs. Montague (their father's twin sister) insisted on their spending much of their time, and especially the winter season, with her in the city.

Helva was a clear brunette, with the warm blush of youth lending her cheek its southern beauty, a pair of fascinating, brown eyes, and a small, coquettish mouth to which a saucy, bewitching smile seemed habitual; while the haughtily poised head was crowned with a wreath of rich, black hair.

One glorious autumn night, on their return from the opera, Claire told Helva of her engagement to Ben Jones. A burst of low scornful laughter was at first Helva's only response. Afterwards she said, "How excessively foolish, sister, for you, the peerless star of our social circle, to marry a poor poet, who has nothing to depend upon but his paltry earnings, which to you would seem a miserable pittance. His very name—Benjamin Jones—brands him plebian;" and again her rippling laugh sounded through the room. Claire looked grieved. "Ben is virtuous and talented," she said. "I love him sincerely; and believing love to be the chief element of happiness, what have I to fear?" A mocking answer trembled on Helva's lips, but ere she had time to speak, a manly voice exclaimed, "Thanks for your compliment, Birdie!" and Ben clasping Claire—surprised and blushing—in his arms, touched his lips to brow, cheek, and pouting lips.

"My feet shall not brave the storm of adversity, while I remain a millionaire," he said. "A year ago, tired of being annoyed by designing mammas and their vain, silly daughters, I concluded to indulge my taste for romance, by leaving my native city, assuming a more commonplace name, and marrying a lady who loved *me* instead of my *money*. The rest is known to you, except that my real name is Reginald Lectoire, and I am a Washington banker. My dwelling is located at the capital, where with my darling I hope soon again to tread the paths of fashion and luxury. I should not have interrupted your tete-a-tete had I not come back to ask you to ride over the hills tomorrow."

"Reginald, we are taxing you too much," replied Claire. "Yesterday we enjoyed a trip on the Hudson, in your yacht. This evening you took us to the opera, and——"

"Those bright eyes reveal what the lips would conceal," Reginald said, laughing. "Be ready at ten o'clock, love," he added; and again lightly pressing the coralline lips to his own, he bowed and bade them "good night."

Morning dawned roseate and fair as a blushing bride. Prince was early brought out and saddled for Claire's use. Helva said she did not care to go; and vain were all her sister's endeavors to induce her to join them. Promptly at ten Reginald arrived. *His* efforts to persuade Helva to go on the excursion with them must have been more effective than Claire's, for a little later Gypsy was ready to bear her mistress swiftly through the picturesque country beyond.

After a long, exhilarating ride, they reined in their horses before a large, palatial villa. The lawn sloping from the front seemed an Elysium, with its flowers and shrubbery, its wild birds and shy deer, its limpid, flashing fountains, and unique statuary.

The little party were cordially welcomed by Mrs. Seville, a young, impulsive lady, who was Reginald's cousin.

"Brother Walter came out from the city this morning," she said, "to have a day's sport in hunting. An English youth, who for the past few days has had a suite of rooms at the hotel where brother boards, came with Walter. What a pleasant company I shall have for dinner!" and the vivacious lady, excusing herself, flitted off to order a bounteous repast.

About four o'clock the gentlemen rode in from the woods; and after exchanging their hunting habits for evening costumes, they came into the drawing-room.

Walter Clayton was quite homely, but a successful broker of thirty. His companion, whom he introduced as Lord Clermonte, was strikingly handsome, if we except the small, restless, gray eyes. He lingered near Helva during the remainder of his stay; and when she had said "*Au revoir*" to the host and his affable wife, Lord Clermonte craved the honor of escorting the party back to the distant city.

Courteous and generous, Lord Clermonte was lionized by New York society. Belles vied with each other for the honor of his attentions; but debonair to all, his most brilliant flashes of wit, and captivating smiles, most gracious words, and gentle tones, were reserved for Helva.

One day she came in from a drive with the Count, her face radiant with beauty and triumph. Addressing Claire, she said, "Congratulate me, sister, for the Earl has asked me to become Lady Clemonte. He told me of love's mad passion usurping the throne of his reason. He spoke so tenderly, and plead so earnestly, that I allowed him to place this ring on my finger;" and she held out her pretty hand to show her sister the rich circlet of lustrous, eastern gems, emitting a quivering light.

"I thought you were engaged to Doctor Ellison," Claire quietly remarked.

"Nonsense, an engagement is easily broken," said Helva. "Is it strange that I prefer a Lord to a county physician with a small practice?"

"But we have known Doctor Ellison so long; and this foreigner is comparatively a stranger to us," Claire remonstrated.

Helva looked irritated. "How singular that you would wish me to reject such a proposal! I hope you are not envious, Claire," and Helva left the room.

The next day she wrote a note couched in winning terms, to Doctor Ellison, asking a release from her former engagement. Punctuality was one of the doctor's virtues, and his response came that evening. In a terse epistle, written with bold, masterly skill, he waived her request, and begged that her wedding might not take place for three months. "When the trousseau is ready," he wrote, "if you will kindly summon me to your presence I will then do anything possible to contribute to your future happiness. Until that time, I am

"Yours, as of old
"VIVIAN ELLISON."

"Some one has informed him of my new relation to Lord Clermonte," Helva exclaimed pettishly. "What an odd letter for a sensible man to write!" she continued; "this time, however, I shall gratify his ludicrous whim."

* * * * * *

Nearly three months have fled into the past, since Helva promised to wed Lord Clermonte. At the old homestead on this quiet, June afternoon, we find Helva and Doctor Ellison seated in easy chairs, on the long piazza so suggestive of coolness and summer comfort, in front of the mansion. Later, when Claire sought her sister, she was alone and weeping passionately.

"Where is Vivian? What grieves you, dear?" softly inquired Claire.

"I bade him leave me alone," Helva answered. "O, Claire! I can scarcely realize the dreadful truth. Lord Clermonte is a villainous imposter, who, from his resemblance to the inheritor of the Clermonte estate, claimed and got possession of the property in the absence of the true heir—his school-fellow, *Doctor Ellison*."

Claire's gentle caresses and loving words soothed her sister, who was persuaded to lie down on her soft, inviting couch, to rest her weary brain; and, exhausted with excitement she was soon calmly slumbering.

A few days after this, Doctor Ellison called again. He said that shortly before he was the recipient of Helva's communication, he stopped at the hotel to see his friend, Walter Clayton, who told him of Lord Clermonte's betrothal. "As we passed out, meeting the peer in the hall, Walter introduced me to him. The recognition was mutual. His lordship flushed, and started guiltily, which caused me to remember his laughing menace, when a poor, discontented school-boy, 'to make good use of our likeness to each other.' His name is Guy Clinton.

"A fortnight after our meeting I quietly left America for England. There I employed eminent lawyers to investigate the matter. These gentlemen, after much trouble succeeded in proving Guy to be a scoundrel, and in regaining my inheritance. Does this explain my letter?" asked the doctor. "I did not wish the nuptials to be celebrated before my return, but was anxious for the preparations to be completed when I came back, for I had the audacity to hope that you still loved me, and that I might kneel at the bridal altar with Lady Helva Clermonte."

"I do not deserve your love, Vivian," said Helva.

"I do not condemn your choice of rank and wealth, rather than obscurity and poverty," he mildly replied, and the young saxon face was bent to Helva's, while he kissed the unresisting scarlet lips.

When June roses were still breathing their sweetness on the balmy air, a double wedding took place in a fashionable Episcopal Church. After a grand reception, at which the *creme de la creme* of New York society partook of a royal banquet, the carriages containing the bridal party bowled away to the thronged wharf, whence the beautiful brides and their noble husbands sailed for Europe in the splendid steamer *Clermonte*.

Guy Clinton, yet resolved to gain a subsistence without honest labor, ended his miserable life in a St. Louis gambling saloon, where he was stabbed through the heart in a drunken *melee*.

Paper Currency in Santo Domingo.

From Monte Christo Mr. Hazard took passage in a schooner for Cape Haytien, a distance of about sixty miles. His first experience in the negro republic was anything but pleasant. Starting in the evening, and expecting to reach port by daybreak, there was not a mouthful of food on board. Delayed by a calm, the schooner did not come to anchor till noon. The custom-house officers were at breakfast, and kept our hungry voyager waiting two hours for permission to land, and then the aggravating police authorities took up all the rest of the day in examining his papers, before he was allowed to gratify his raging appetite. "What will you have?" asked the polite waiter, when, worn out with hunger and vexation, he seated himself at a cafe table. "Every thing, anything—beer, bread, fruit, cheese—bring it all at once," was the response; and the waiter's prompt compliance tended greatly to soothe the traveller's exasperated sensibilities.

The next morning Mr. Hazard experienced a new sensation. He suddenly found himself a millionaire. His first act on rising was to adapt himself to the custom of the country and ask for a "cock-tail." It was well fabricated and enjoyed with zest. Then there ensued the following dialogue:

"How much?" I asked.

"Thirty dollars, monsieur."

I start back horror-struck. Thirty dollars for a drink! I see it. I am a poor, miserable American, disowned by his government, in a foreign land, and these barbarians know it, and now they want to swindle me. But the old spirit of '76 comes strong upon me, and I get reckless. I vow I will not pay it; and drawing from my pocket a coin of the realm of America, value ten cents, I declare it is all the money I have.

To my amazement the mild bar-keeper says, "I haven't the change, sir."

Ah! I begin to see it; and with a princely air I said, "Oh, you can keep the change."

Later in the day Mr. Hazard was informed by the banker to whom he applied to have a draft for a few hundred dollars cashed, that one dollar in gold was worth 400 dollars in the paper currency of the country, and that if he had his draft cashed he would need half a dozen mule-carts to take away the bills! He left the draft at the bank, and drew only a few thousands for spending money.—From "The Cradle of the New World," by S. CONANT, in *Harper's Magazine for April*.

GONE BACK ON THE DOCUMENT.—A short time since a colored man entered the office of the Clerk of the County Court, and advancing to a table where the Deputy Clerk was busily engaged, he produced a marriage license for which he had paid the legal fee a few days before.

"Boss," said he, poking the license under the nose of the absorbed Deputy.

"What is it?" was the impatient response.

"Boss," continued the darkey, "de lady declines dis document, and I foched it in to git my money back."

It was a little consoling to the darkey to be told that some men went further and fared worse, but when assured his money could not be returned, he turned indignantly on his double soled pumps and muttered as he made his exit, "Ebery body's gone back on de document."

Twenty-one children gladden the knee of Senator Alcorn, of Mississippi.

Advice to Young Gentlemen.

The beaux of Hagerstown, Md., impose upon the belles of that place, by keeping them up until a late hour of the night, which has induced a sensible young lady to offer them the following good advice, through the columns of *Twice-a-Week*. The same advice will apply equally well to the young gents—and old too—of this latitude, who "go a courting" to pass away the evening hours:

"Dear gentlemen, between the ages of 16 and 27, listen to a few words of gratuitous advice: When you make a social call of an evening on a young lady, go away at a reasonable hour. Say you come at 8 o'clock; an hour and a-half is certainly as long as the most fascinating of you in conversation can desire to use his charms. Two hours indeed can be very pleasantly spent with music, chess or other games, to lend variety; but, kind sir, by no means stay longer. Make short calls, and a girl that is a sensible, true-hearted girl will enjoy it better, and really value your acquaintance more. Just imagaine the agony of a girl who, well knowing the feelings of a father upon the subject, hears the clock strike ten, and yet must sit on the edge of her chair, in mortal terror, lest papa should put his oft-repeated threat into execution—that of coming down and inviting the gentleman to breakfast. We girls understand it all by experience, and know what it is to dread a prognostic of displeasure. In such cases a sigh of relief generally accompanies the closing of the door behind the gallant, and one does'nt get over the feeling of trouble till safe in the arms of Morpheus.

"Now young gentlemen friends, I'll tell you what we girls will do. For an hour and a half we will be as irresistibly charming and fascinating as possible—then, beware! Monosyllabic responses will be all you need expect; and if when the limits shall have been passed a startling query shall be heard coming down the stairs, "Isn't it time to close up?"—you must consider it righteous punishment and meekly depart, a sadder, and we hope, a wiser man. Do not get angry, but next time you come be careful to keep within bounds. We want to rise early these pleasant mornings and improve the "shining hours;" but when forced to be up at such unreasonable hours at night, ex