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H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

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ALL persons having legal demands against the estate of GEORGE I. FITZRANDOLPH, late of Williamston, in the county of Annapolis, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested to, within three months from the date, and all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

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Williamston, June 17, '84. 13t23.

Poetry.

(Original.)

He Speaketh Still.

Weary child of pain and sadness,
Busy child of toil and care,
Eager seeker of earth's pleasures,
'Mid the glory and the glare.

Are you listening through the darkness,
Through the pleasure, pain and woe,
For the voice of the Redeemer
Speaking to you soft and low?

Do you ever pause and hearken,
Through the great world's rush and roar,
For that voice so pure and tender,
Gently speaking as of yore?

"Come unto Me all ye weary,
All ye heavy laden come;
Follow, and My voice shall lead you
Unto your eternal home."

"To the many glittering mansions,
Of your Father's home above,
Where the ransomed thro' the ages,
Breathe the atmosphere of love."

"Where the spirits brondest promise,
Perfects in the light divine,
Where the saved of every nation,
In reflected glory shine."

"I am speaking to you ever,
And my heart with love is warm,
For I would not have you perish,
In the darkness and the storm."

Holy voice of our Redeemer,
Just above the din of life,
Speaking to our inmost spirit
Of the truest hope of life!

Let us listen to its prompting,
Let us follow where it leads,
Learning all things pure and
Finding all the human needs.

S. P. E.

Bridgetown, June 15th.

Select Literature.

"Ring in the True."

(John Haberton in the Current.)

The richest people are not always the happiest, but on the last day of December of a year that need not be designated in its calender number, the most joyful heart in the little village of Thornton was Mrs. Alice Arthray, wife of the owner of the great Arthray mills. Although she had passed her fortieth birthday, she would not have exchanged places with the prettiest girl in the city, of which, when she and Thornton were twenty years younger, she had been, though poor and simple, the reigning belle. Good health, a clear conscience, a good husband and an active mind, had so steadily increased her beauty, spirits and appreciation of everything worth enjoying that she looked forward eagerly to the year to come, instead of longing for those which had passed. Although most of her time was spent in New York, she was the ruling spirit of her native town, for she never returned to her Thornton residence without at least one new hobby that all her old acquaintances were eager to ride.

This time her hobby was New Year's calls. Thornton society had so divided and sub-divided itself into cliques that families, once on intimate terms, now scarcely saw one another. Mrs. Arthray believed the original Knickerbocker system of receiving all one's old acquaintances on New Year's day would break up this undesirable exclusiveness, and she was now, for the first time, able to put her theory into practice. At least a score of other ladies were willing to assist at their own houses.

Oscar Arthray fully approved his wife's plan; his only advice was:

'Don't neglect any of your old admirers my dear, even if they are now proxy old farmers or stupid mechanics. I don't want any of them to remain miserable under the impression that you might have been happier had you married him instead of me. Men will be fools on the subject of their old flames, unless absolutely prevented.'

So Mrs. Arthray mailed cards to all whom she could remember, whether she had recently seen them or not, and her memory proved so good that the postoffice clerk was mistified at seeing tiny envelopes addressed to several men who had been dead for years.

Among the young men whom Mrs. Arthray remembered pleasantly was Tom Dolser; indeed, she had never known anything against him except that he drank liquor. She had long ceased to know or hear anything about him, but most of the old residents knew that Tom had become the most hopeless sot in the village. His home was the stable of the common tavern that had once been the village hotel, and for serving in the bar-room as boot-black and general messenger, he was allowed to eat with the landlord's colored servants. His wardrobe was supplied from the castoff clothing of stable-boys, yet his dress never was as unsightly as his face. Only two friends of his younger days remained to him—rum and the river; the latter could not cast him off if it would, and he would not abandon the former if he could; when he could get rum he was happy; when he could not, he solaced himself by lounging on the river bank and listening to the only village babbler that talked as it used to do, and never upbraided him.

Late in the afternoon of the day preceding the beginning of New Year's calls in Thornton, Tom Dolser returned from a long errand and entered the bar of the tavern in a doleful frame of mind, for the trip was to yield him only ten cents; the next day, New Year's, could hardly bring him business of any kind, there being no travelers with boots to black in town on holidays, so how was he to get his customary stimulus? The prospect unmanned him—as almost anything could—and he felt like crying, but after some effort he succeeded in swearing instead. As he shuffled to his place on the bootblack's bench, he was startled by shouts of:

'Here he is now!' 'Tom, your in luck!' 'There's a week of solid bliss ahead of you!' and other remarks of similar purport.

The sot looked about him defiantly; he had been the subject of very rough jokes at the bar-room. He stared inquiringly at the bar-keeper, who always spoke with authority when he spoke at all.

'They mean it Tom,' said the great poisoner. 'The New York fashion of New Year's calls is to be taken up here tomorrow—Arthray's wife started it—and the fellows here think I'will be fun to keep the women and the men who are to call on 'em awake all through to-night, so they'll all feel good and stale to-morrow.'

'I don't want to get into the lock-up,' said Tom, shuffling again toward the bootblack's bench and looking much disappointed.

'There's no danger of that, Tom,' explained one of the opponents of New Year's innovations from New York. 'All the bells of Thornton are always rung at midnight of the last of the year, but the racket sometime ends pretty soon, because the ringers get tired and havn't anything to brace 'em up. Now, just see how lovely we've arranged the whole thing; the old school-house is right in the middle of the town, its bell is the easiest of the lot to ring, and yet its jingle is so infernally loud that nobody can help hearin' it. We've got the keys; you take 'em, go in just before twelve, lock yourself in so nobody can get at you, take life easy until the other bells shut up and then begin to ring, first with one hand, and then with the other, straight through till daylight. We'll lend you a horse-blanket to keep you company, and, if you see the job through, you shall have free rum at the bar here all day to-morrow, and for a week afterward——eh, Tootls?'

'Fact,' replied the bar-keeper. 'The boys are to pay the score.'

'I'll do it,' said Tom, 'if you'll see me through from now till midnight,' said Tom.

'Oh, no,' laughed the expounder of the conspiracy, 'or you won't be fit to do the job.'

Tom curled up resignedly on his bench; eight hours would be a long time to wait, but then he would have a pint—a pint at a time, of his favorite substitute for food and clothing. Soon he was roused, however, by some one saying:

'Tootls; you forgot to give Tom his letter.'

'By the shillalah of St. Patrick, so I did!' exclaimed the bar-keeper hastily taking a small envelope from behind the bar where it had rested against a bottle labelled 'Old Tom Gin.'

'What cowardly trick are they playing on me now?' thought Tom to himself, as he slowly rose to his feet. Again he appealed, with his eyes, to the bar-keeper, and that official responded:

'It's no joke, Tom. One of the postoffice clerks said he put it in our box because he heard you came here oftener than anywhere else.'

Tom slowly extended his hand and took the letter.

'Better hire a room an' lock yourself in for you open it,' suggested one lounger. 'I'raps it's from the Secretary uv the Treasury, an' got a check in it for interest on yer registered bonds.'

'More likely it's from a tailor that trusted Tom when the bummer wore good clothes,' said another.

The envelope was thin enough for Tom to read through it the name, 'Mrs. Oscar Arthray' in remarkably uniform letters. As he read, some one remarked:

'Like enought it's from some woman who's taken with his style, an' wants him to make love to her.'

Tom began to lay the letter on the bar; but as the speaker ended the remark, the drunkard changed his mind and placed the missive between his teeth—then he picked up a chair and fetched his tormentor to the floor. There was a dead silence for a moment, such as usually follows any manifestations of honorable feeling in a bar-room; meanwhile, Tom went to a basin in a corner, washed his hands, took the envelope from its somewhat inappropriate position and left the room.

What could Mrs. Arthray want of him? He supposed she had forgotten him long ago. Not that he had forgotten her; he never saw her in the street, without keenly realizing for a moment how wide and deep was the gulf that separated him from the friends of his youth; for had not that glorious woman's hand often made his coat-sleeve feel a little fuller than usual in the old days—had not his voice and hers blended in the church choir—had not he and she taken part in many an innocent village frolic? Some of his early acquaintances had grown sad and old, but she seemed to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth. Could it be that—enraging thought!—that now she, who had once been his companion, wanted him for some menial service on the morrow, some service such as he was often called on to do for other people?

He went to the stable loft, and broke the envelope; it contained merely a card bearing the lady' name, and the line: 'At Home, January 1; from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

'Great Heavens!' exclaimed Tom, 'It must mean that I'm invited to call on her! Then she can't know that—she can't ever have seen or heard—she—oh, my God!'

The poor wretch imagined for a moment Mrs. Arthray and himself standing face to face, and his little strength deserted him so entirely that he fell as if struck by paralysis. He covered his face with his hands, groaned, swore, cried and exclaimed, 'awful, awful.'

Suddenly he sprang to his feet, hurried out of the stable and toward the river. The sun had set, and the shopkeepers were lighting their lamps, but no matter 'the darker the better,' muttered Tom to himself; 'I don't want anybody to see me now. He went through the least frequented streets, he almost ran, and before the darkness had entirely closed around him he reached the shore.

He had meant to end his misery by a sudden plunge, but his feeble nerves were already exhausted by his unusual exertion and he paused to recover courage. He tried to gain strength and resolution by withdrawing from his pocket the little bit of pasteboard that had worked such a sudden change in his apathetic, brutish life, but the spell did not work as he wished. Into his bewildered brain came the thought that Alice Arthray herself—the handsomest woman in Thornton, the loveliest woman he had ever known or heard of, had touched the same card—had sent it to him. He seemed to profane the card by touching it, yet at the same time the insensate thing, seemed to be placing before his eyes incident after incident of his early life. In imagination he became his own self again and at last he turned toward the town, saying to himself:

'Better be a happy fool while it lasts than a dead one.'

But the charm did not last. By the time he reached the hotel he had sworn to reform and then sworn to steal rum and get blind drunk as soon as possible; he did not keep either oath, but slunk into his own place in the bar-room and gratefully took a glass of rum which the bar-keeper in admiration of the only man who had ever in that room resented an insult to a lady, silently handed him. The stuff made him entirely his own self again; he forgot Mrs. Athray, his good resolutions, his bad resolves, and everything else but the thought that at 12 o'clock he was to have a pint of whisky, and from daylight of the next morning he was to have unlimited liquor for a week. It seemed to him the hour from 6 o'clock to 12 would never pass. He tried to sleep but could not. The smell of the liquor that began to flow in profusion as the evening loungers gathered, almost maddened him, and he begged one man after another to give him just another to give him one drink, but they were all obdurate, for they knew of the part that Tom was to play, and they all wanted him to be sober enough to do all that was planned for him.

At the stroke of 11, he arose in desperation and went out of doors to keep the sight and smell of his liquid enemy from tormenting him any longer. The night was bitter cold, so he sneaked into a little bed-room in the stable and stole the sleeping coachman's ulster, to keep him warm while he walked; in a short time he would have a pint of rum; then he would be warm enough. He turned up the great collar of the coat so that it covered his ears; he thrust his hands deep in the pocket; he felt gloves; he put them on. Then he laughed to himself and muttered:

'Nobody could tell me from a gentleman—here in the dark. I wonder how it would feel to wear overcoat and gloves by day-light again? By—, I half feel as if I was a man again; I wonder—'

What he wondered he could never afterward remember, for he suddenly encountered something that felt like a post, but which, as he fell over, proved to be a man with a lantern, beside whom a woman appeared to have been walking.

'You stupid fellow!' exclaimed the man, as he regained his feet; 'who are you?'

'Tom Dolser,' replied the drunkard, defiantly' he seemed to have absorbed a great deal of courage from the coachman's coat and gloves. 'Now do you know?'

The man with the lantern brushed snow from his sleeves and muttered something to himself, to the effect that he had never heard the name before, and hoped he might never meet its owner again, but the lady broke into a musical laugh, and exclaimed:

'What an odd way to meet an old friend! Don't you remember me, Tom, Alice Barrow? and let me make you acquainted with my husband, Mr. Arthray.'

'This materially alters the case,' said Arthray, extending his hand. 'Any old friend of my wife may run against me in the street whenever he he likes.'

'Oscar is going to ring the chimes in our church to-night, and I'm with him for company,' said Mrs. Arthray. 'Won't you come with us, so I can chat with you about old times? Oh, Oscar, this very Tom Dolser beat these very same chimes on our wedding-day—didn't you, Tom?'

'Y-s,' is a very small word, but Tom had great difficulty in uttering it. He asked himself what was he to do, in these unforseen and embarrassing circumstances. Mrs. Arthray answered the question by taking one of his arms and telling her husband to take the other and hurry along.

'Else the year will get there before us,' she exclaimed. Then, after a little pause, she continued: 'You don't seem overjoyed at meeting us, Tom?'

'Then my manners don't tell the truth,' said Tom, getting possession of his tongue at last; 'but I've been too astonished to speak. I'll walk a little way with you, but I must hurry away then.' 'Curse that school-house bell!' thought he to himself; 'I'd cut the job if it 'twasn't for the pint that's waiting for me. I hope Arthray won't get his lantern in my face.')

'Hurry home to your wife and family?' asked Mrs. Athray. 'How many children have you? We have four.'

'I'm not married,' said Tom and he said it through his teeth, Mrs. Arthray blamed herself for not having kept herself well enough informed about her old friends to avoid distressing topics. She hurried back to the subject of the chimes.

'Oh, I forgot to tell you, this is an entirely new set of chimes, so you must come and try them. One of the old bells, or gongs, as Oscar persists in calling them was cracked, you know and my husband got the vestry's permission to replace them all, and he thinks the new set will be sweeter than the old that you and I heard so often when we were children. You will come just for a few moments, won't you?'

'Do, Mr. Dolser,' said Arthray 'and help us to double the meaning of.

'Ring out the old, ring in the new.'

'With the greatest pleasure,' said Tom. He felt that he was under false colors, but he believed they would protect him if only that dreadful lantern would be merciful. He would plead neuralgia, toothache anything to keep his face hidden by the ulster's collar; he would enjoy honorable company for a little while; the school house bell could wait—no one would miss it while all the other bells were ringing.

Then he slowly learned that he could chat; for Mrs. Atarny talked cheerfully of old times and aroused memories which unloosed his tongue so that by the time the old church tower was reached, Tom had entirely forgotten his task for the night and his remuneration that was to last for a week.

Arthray set his lantern in a window ledge behind him to Tom's great relief, took the two little mallets and rang out 'Old Hundred' with great precision and force; no other bells had yet begun, for the hour had not yet stuck. Then, like a good patrot, he rang, 'Yankee Doodle,' The clock bell below then struk twelve, and the general jangle began. The delicate notes of the chimes would be lost in such clamor, so the trio stood and chatted. Arthray, who was as curious and ignorant about local affairs as active business men usually are, asked numerous questions, to all of which Tom made prompt reply, although frequently compelled to throw himself upon his imagination—he would commit any crime rather than have Mrs. Arthray suspect that he was not what she seemed to believe him.

One by one the bells grew silent, and again Arthray rang the chimes; when he rang "Adestate Fideles," Tom broke down; he had heard his mother sing it thousands of times. He turned abruptly to Mrs. Arthray and said:

"I must go now—this moment."

'You won't fail to call, to-day?' said the lady. 'You received my card, I suppose?'

'Alice,' in low, quick tones, 'you don't know me I'm the worst drunkard, the lowest tramp, in all Thornton. I couldn't help being overcome by your kindness to-night, but I've insulted you by even standing near you and speaking to you. I'm ruined, ragged, vile, worthless—I've not felt like a gentleman in ten years until to-night. Now, if I do not call, you'll not tell anything that will make other people make fun of me?'

'Not call?' said Mrs. Arthray, as her husband turned away from the bells. 'Certainly you will call—I insist upon it. Oscar, Mr. Dolser must hurry away to look after a reformed drunkard who needs everything. I want to help in the good work; have you any money in your pocket?'

Arthray handed his wife a small roll of bank-notes; the lady went to the lantern and countd a hundred dollars, which she gently pressed upon Tom's acceptance, as he shrank hesitatingly from the proffered gift. And then she begged him for old acquaintance sake, for the sweet memories it might recall, to try the chimes with some familiar melody.

'I can't; I've entirely forgotten the bells,' said Tom. 'I'll help you—you can do it with a single mallet—here.' As she spoke she placed a mallet in his right hand, seized his wrist with her left, and guided him in playing 'Auld Lang Syne,' her rich voice singing near his ear:

'Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of Auld Lang Syne.'

'There!' said she at the end of the fourth bar, 'now we won't detain you any longer, but remember that I'll be the most disappointed woman in all Thornton if you don't call to-morrow,'

Tom dashed down the narrow, steps without saying a word. From force of habit he returned to the tavern-ter, where he encountered a storm of curses. The loungers demanded that he should fulfil his promise, but he refused, and declined to explain. Then they wanted the school-house keys, but he pretended to have lost them. Strange stories were old of his subsequent doings; it is said that he called on a physician and then on a minister, both between midnight and daylight; that he had paid several prices, early in the morning to overcome the fastidiousness of the owner of a barber shop and bathing establishment, and that he had persuaded the owner of a clothing store to open his place for a few moments and fit him to the best garments on the shelves However it may have come about, it is certain that on the afternoon of New Year's Day, Tom Dolser, in the garb and bearing of a gentleman though without much composure of countenance called on Mrs. Arthray. He had to introduce himself again and he feared the consequence if his hostess should have to introduce him to others. Heaven kindly arranged, however, that the only other person present was an old clergymen, who had been pastor of Mrs. Arthray and Tom a quarter of a century before. After Tom had gone the lady made a confidant of the minister. The old man hoped yet he feared; he had prepared dozens of pledges in twenty years, all of which Tom had signed and broken. Yet after the late drunkard had become, if not his original self, at least an industrious and respectable member of society and Mrs Arthray was one day piously attributing the charge of heavenly influences, the old pastor looked at her significantly, and said:

'It is no wonder to me now that Jesus Christ was born of a woman.'

AN ARGUMENT IN A SENTENCE.—The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, than whom few public speakers have shown themselves more ready with apt allusions and sallies of wit has seldom 'brought down the house" with a single sentence more successfully than he did last Monday evening. Plymouth Church was crowded to the doors with one of its characteristic audiences, and Miss Frances E. Willard, of Chicago, delivered a lecture on the work of the Woman's Gospel Temperance Union, which was received with great enthusiasm. As the prolonged applause at the close of her lecture died away Mr. Beecher ascended the platform, slowly, thoughtfully and stood for a moment regarding — almost staring at — the lecturer, with an expression of mingled wonder and admiration. Then turning to the audience he remarked, slowly and meditatively, emphasizing the words with nods with his head: 'And—yet—she cannot vote! It is hardly necessary to add that it was some time before the audience was quiet enough for the man to add, in ringing tones: 'And are you not ashamed of it?"

— Why can a fellow never crack himself more than once on the thumb when driving a nail?

— Bed-time is flea-ting.

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