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The Kent News:

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

Jas. H. Plummer & Wm. B. 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 will be charged.

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. Obituaries half price.

Job Printing of every description executed with neatness and dispatch.

The Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Politics, General News and Advertising.

VOL. 31. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1870. No. 12.

1870. JUNE 18th. 1870.

SATURDAY.

NEW AND SEASONABLE GOODS,

NOW BEING RECEIVED AND OPENED.

GROCERIES, &c., for Harvest Hands.
SHOES for Ladies, Misses and Children.
SHOES for Farm Wear. Our Stock of Shoes was never better than now.

Staple and Fancy Dry Goods,

and an elegant Line of WHITE GOODS.

CASSIMERE CLOTHING, and Low Priced Clothing, and which we will offer upon the Best Terms.

OUR STOCK OF GOODS now on hand will be found full and complete in every branch of our Trade and adapted to the particular wants of the Season.

THOMAS S. WICKES.

NEW GROCERY AND PROVISION STORE.

LIME and HAIR.

THE subscriber has opened a New Store in the room formerly occupied by Jos. W. Edwards as a Harness Shop, where he will keep on hand a general assortment of

Family Groceries and Provisions,

which will be sold at a very small profit for cash or country produce.

Also, LIME and HAIR kept constantly on hand, and will be sold low. Lime can be had by the barrel, bushel, or smaller quantity.

COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange or Goods at the highest market prices.

JOHN W. CARROLL.

N. B.—I am still Auctioneering Sales, and always ready to serve in that capacity.
Chestertown, March 19-tf J. W. C.

BLACKSMITH AND

Wheelwright Shops.

THE subscriber hereby notifies his friends and the public generally, that he has opened the Shops near the Foundry, in Chestertown, where he is prepared to execute all orders for NEW WORK or REPAIRS with neatness and dispatch, and at low prices.

HORSE-SHOEING.

Having employed a first class horse-shoer, I will give particular attention to this branch of the business, and guarantee satisfaction.

WHEAT CRADLES made to order, or repaired, and Reaper and Mower Knives ground and repaired at short notice and fair prices.

I respectfully request a share of the public patronage. C. A. A. STANLEY.
June 18, 1870—tf.

Farmers Look to Your Interest

AT THE

Galena Machine Shops

By W. A. HYLAND & CO.,

YOU CAN GET REAPERS, MOWERS, THRESHERS, HORSE POWERS, JACKS, CORN SHELLERS, CULTIVATORS, CULTIVATOR TEETH and PLOWS.

We have on hand about 15 TONS OF CASTINGS as good as can be bought in the State.

Also, ONE-HORSE POWERS, suitable for shelling Corn and other light work; a No. 1 article, as tested by some of our best Farmers.

REPAIRING of all kinds neatly and promptly attended to.

Old Iron wanted at market prices.

GIVE US A CALL. "Good Work and Fair Dealing" is our motto.
jun29 10m. W. A. HYLAND & CO.

REMEMBER

B. STRAUSS'

CLOTHING STORE,

Whose Clothes are known out South and West!
Who keeps the FINEST and the BEST!
Who sells them CHEAPER than the rest!

We beg to inform our patrons that we are now selling SUITS OF CLOTHES at

Small Prices and Small Profits.

We have on hand PANTS at	$1.25
Good Cassimere "	3.50
Cassimere Vests	1.25
Good Heavy Coats	3.00
Cassimere "	5.00
Overcoats	from $10.00 to $20.00

PEOPLE WILL DO WELL

TO CALL AT B. STRAUSS'

BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE.

I will guarantee the prices Cheaper and the goods better than they can be bought anywhere in this town. B. STRAUSS,
Corner of High and Cross Street,
Dec. 18. at the Cheap Corner.

DENTISTRY.

GOLD FILLINGS—smallest $2. Silver $1.

Call and see for yourselves. Work guaranteed.

DRS. JAS. H. & H. I. SCOTT,
68 N. CHARLES STREET,
sep4-y. BALTIMORE, MD.

BURNS & SLOAN,
132 Light Street Wharf,
BALTIMORE, MD.,
OFFER FOR SALE A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF WELL-SEASONED

Building Lumber

LATHS AND SHINGLES,
FENCING AND PALES,
ASH, OAK & WALNUT,
AT LOWEST PRICES.
ALSO, DOORS, SASH & BLINDS.
May 16, 1869—y.

Dwelling House on High St.,
FOR SALE OR RENT.

THE subscriber offers at private sale, or for rent for the present year, the DWELLING HOUSE on High Street, in Chestertown, occupied the past year by Mr. E. T. Willis. The house is very eligibly located near the river, and in a very desirable neighborhood. There is a fine Garden, and a Pump of good drinking water in the yard.

The terms will be made accommodating.
jan8-tf. J. W. HINES.

THE CHAMPION SHOE,

Designed more especially for

Farmers, Mechanics & Laborers' Use

AND EVERY PAIR WARRANTED.

☞ The peculiar cut of this Shoe gives it the set and bearing of a boot, with all the ease and lightness of a shoe, and the strap brings it as closely as desired around the ankle, *without the trouble and expense of Strings.* They have been thoroughly tested by Farmers, and their adaptability to their wants is without exception.

Call and see them.
jy16. JOHN W. COLLINS.

NEW GOODS!

Up Town Cheap Dry Goods Store

MY DRESS GOODS are ALL NEW, BOUGHT IN NEW YORK.

Best Makes of PRINTS,
WHITE GOODS,
Stripe and Plaid Muslins,
Marseilles, Irish Linens,
Brown Linens,
White Quilts,
Shirt Fronts,
Bleached and unbl'd Muslins,
CASSIMERES for Men and Boys' wear,
Spring Shawls and Black Shawls,
Silk Sun-shades and Parasols,
Men's and Ladies' Hose,
Ladies' Gaiters,
LADIES BALMORAL SHOES,
6-4 MATTING, RAG CARPET,
OIL CLOTH,
☞ GOBLETS VERY CHEAP. ☜
CALL AND SEE.

MRS. S. E. BARRETT.
April 16, 1870—4m.

THE GREAT

CLOTHING HALL
AND CLOTH HOUSE,
Of SMYRNA, DELAWARE.

Constantly on hand, a large stock of

Ready-Made Clothing,

FOR MEN AND BOYS,

Bought for cash and sold cheap.

Come one! Come all! You can save money! and that is what every one is anxious to do.

Clothing Made to order at short notice.
je25-3m. WM. H. BAGGS & CO.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE

At Bell Air.

PHILIP DRUGAN would respectfully inform the citizens of Bell Air and its neighborhood, that he has on hand a

FINE ASSORTMENT OF

BOOTS and SHOES,

for Men and Boys. Also, Ladies' & Children's SHOES, GAITERS, BALMORALS, &c., which cannot fail to please. Prices low. Call and examine. d11-tf.

LIVERY! LIVERY! LIVERY!

Horses & Carriages FOR HIRE.

I am prepared to furnish all who want to hire HORSES and CARRIAGES, with good, safe and quick animals, and with substantial easy Carriages, on liberal terms.

Parties sent to any part of the county.

A good, safe turnout, can always be obtained by applying to SAMUEL L. RAWLEIGH,
my7-3m. Queen Street.

Livery and Exchange Stables.

HORSES
Mules and Carriages
FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.

☞ I am prepared to supply Farmers and others with good FARM AND DRIVING HORSES on liberal terms. Five head of Horses and one Pair of Mules now on hand for sale or exchange. Also, a number of CARRIAGES.

Those in want of anything in my line will find it to their interest to call and see me
JOHN K. WILLIS,
feb12-6m. Chestertown.

Wall Paper & Window Shades

HOWELL & BROTHERS,

Manufacturers and Dealers in the above articles, offer inducements to

COUNTRY MERCHANTS
and others.

Their Stock consists of all grades and qualities, which they are offering at the lowest factory prices.

Gold band and painted Window Shades of great variety, always on hand.

260 *Baltimore Street, opposite Hanover,*
sep25y BALTIMORE, MD.

Harvest Goods.

T. W. ELIASON & SON
Invite the attention of buyers
TO THEIR FULL ASSORTMENT OF

SUMMER GOODS

JUST RECEIVED.

June 18, 1870.

EDWIN CROUCH, JR.,
MILLINGTON, MD.,

AGENT FOR THE SALE OF
Schuylkill Lime,
Delivered at any landing on Sassafras or Chester Rivers. mh6-tf.

Machine Oil.

MACHINE OIL.
A superior article of Machine Oil for sale cheap, at the People's Popular Store.
je25. W. A. VICKERS.

WOOL, WOOL!

WOOL WANTED,
At the People's Popular Store.
je25. W. A. VICKERS.

LARGE and ATTRACTIVE STOCK OF
SUMMER DRESS GOODS,
at the "People's Popular Store."
je25. W. A. VICKERS.

YOU CAN BUY your Harvest Goods cheap at the People's Popular Store.
je11. WM. A. VICKERS.

LADIES' PARASOLS and Sun Umbrellas, at the People's Popular Store.
je11. WM. A. VICKERS.

VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

HELD AT PRIVATE SALE.

THE undersigned will sell at private sale either or all of the following Farms, situate in the lower section of Kent co., Maryland.

Tolchester Farm

is beautifully located on the Chesapeake Bay, opposite the mouth of the Patapsco river, and

Contains about Six Hundred Acres

all arable except a few acres of Meadow.

Large Mansion House,

with several small TENANT HOUSES, with good Out-Buildings; Large APPLE, PEACH AND PEAR ORCHARDS, in bearing. The farm is divided into six fields and two lots, all well watered and in a good state of cultivation.

OYSTERS.—Thousands of bushels of Oysters in beds, are located along the water front of this farm, within two hundred yards of the shore, and the best Fishing Grounds on the Bay, are located adjacent.

Rees' Corner,

Contains 340 ACRES,

Is well situated and believed to be the BEST LOCATION FOR BUSINESS IN KENT CO.

Large Brick Dwelling
AND BRICK
Store House,

Blacksmith Shop and Wheelwright Shop, with Dwellings for the use of the same. There are also SEVERAL OTHER DWELLING HOUSES under rent, the annual rent of which amounts to seven hundred dollars. Churches, Schools and Mills, all within a mile of the Store house. There are TWO PEACH ORCHARDS of 1000 Trees each. Out-Buildings in good order and ample for the use of the Farm. Land good.

This to an energetic person is one of the most desirable locations in the State of Maryland.

DALE FARM.

This Farm is well located near the waters of Swan Creek, and

Contains about 276 Acres of Land,

About forty Acres in WOOD, with Chestnut Timber sufficient for the farm. DWELLING and Out-Buildings in fair order. The farm is divided into four fields and two lots. Land in fair state of cultivation, and has all been limed within the last two years. This farm is very convenient for Schools, and one of the best Points for shipping grain or the delivery of lime is within one and a half miles of the farm.

PAGE'S POINT,

Is a shipping point, located on Swann Creek, and is a desirable location, either for a residence or a business point. The grounds contain about TEN ACRES, and there is a LARGE BRICK DWELLING HOUSE in excellent order, containing ten rooms and cellar, with ample Out-Buildings. Also a neat Frame Dwelling of four rooms, in nice order, with Granary and Wharf somewhat out of repair. There is also located TEN ACRES OF OYSTER BEDDING GROUND in the waters contiguous to the shore, and said to be the best planting ground on the Creek. Oysters in abundance and of fine quality; also fish, crabs, &c., in season.

☞ For further particulars, terms, &c., consult my Attorney, RICHARD HYNSON, Esq., Chestertown, Maryland.
je4-tf. ABEL J. REES.

TO FARMERS!

THE HIGHEST PRICES
PAID FOR GRAIN,
DELIVERED AT ANY STATION
ON THE
Kent County Railroad
ON THE ORDER OF
ELIHU JEFFERSON, New Castle, Del.

GRAIN BOUGHT EXCLUSIVELY ON COMMISSION, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Orders filled for RAMBO & WHITE'S LIME.

PHOSPHATES.
WHANN'S,
BAUGH'S,
RHODES',
MORO PHILLIPS',
BOWER'S COMPLETE MANURE,
ALTA VELA, &c., &c.

THE MELLISH PEACH BASKET

20,000 PEACH BASKETS for sale low.
$15 per hundred.
White Oak Split Baskets at Reduced rates.
Orders by mail promptly attended to.

A. T. STOOPS,
jy2. MASSEY'S, KENT CO., MD.

PEACH BASKETS.

The undersiged having received from Mahood & Maguire, Clayton, Delaware, the permanent agency for the sale of their PEACH BASKET, is prepared to fill all orders at short notice, on easy terms and at a very low price.

Sample basket seen at all the principal places in the county. R. E. WALLIS.
June 11, 1870—7t. Kennedyville.

PEACH BOXES.

The undersigned, as agent for A. J. Horsey, Laurel, Del., is prepared to supply Peach Growers with Boxes of the best quality, at the lowest prices, delivered at any of the Landings on Chester or Sassafras rivers. Specimen boxes may be seen at the store of Wm. Bacches, in Chestertown. GEO. Q. BACCHUS,
je11-2m. Chestertown.

PEACH BOX SLATS AND HEADS.

Just received a large lot of Peach Box Stuff. Also, keep on hand a lot of BOXES made up.
je25. WM. VANNORT.

Professional Notice.

DR. J. H. PRICE

HAVING located at the Trappe, offers his professional services to the surrounding community. Refers to a practice of four years at Hooversville, Anne Arundel co., Md.
Jan. 8, 1870—6m.

OXEN.

ONE GOOD YOKE OF OXEN
FOR SALE.
N. BARNARD,
ap16tf. Still Pond, Kent co., Md.

CHEAP TOBACCO.

A Choice Article only 75 cts. per lb. at
je18-tf. H. GARDNER'S.

WHAT ANSWER?

Life's path, on the bank of Death's river,
Do we recklessly, thoughtlessly tread!
Deep quicksands beneath us may quiver,
One slip and we lie with the dead.
Do the baubles of earth we are clasping
Keep our gaze from the stream swift and strong?
Do we heed that Death, in his grasping,
May marshal us soon in his throng?

Pursuing hot substance, but shadow,
Do we stagger along on the brink?
Hardly turning our eyes to the future,
Scarcely pausing to pray or to think;
We seek not riches eternal,
But we worship the moth and the rust;
While treasures supremely supernal
We bury in earth's sordid dust.

Do we think that when Life's airy bubble
Shall have bursted and flashed out of sight,
We may be, with the tares and the stubble,
Consigned to the flame and its blight?
Or will white-pinioned angels who gather
Ripe sheaves from the harvest of Life,
Point us up to the throne of the Father,
Or downward to darkness and strife?

Do we ever look over Death's river?
If we do, what sight do we see?
Does the dark chilling tide make us shiver,
As it sweeps toward Eternity's sea?
Can we see through the mist that enshrouds us,
Through the Styxian vapors that rise?
Does Faith part the veil to our vision,
And Hope pluck the scales from our eyes?

Do the spires of the City celestial
Appear through the clouds rent by Faith?
Does the light from that city illumine
The gloom on the river of Death?
Is the Saviour in sight at the portal?
Will he open the glorious pearl gate?
May we enter the mansions immortal
Which his sanctified chosen await?

Does the far-way shore in its brightness
Seem possible for us to gain?
Shall we strive to conquer the carnal,
Seeking strength from on high to sustain,
And thus when Life's foot-hold shall fail us,
And we plunge in Death's merciless flood,
May Christ, in his mercy, then hail us,
And bear us to glory with God.

SLEEP.—Sleep repairs the waste which waking hours have made. It rebuilds the system. The night is the repair shop of the body. Every part of the system is silently overhauled, and all the organs, tissues and substances are replenished.—Waking consumes and exhausts, sleep replaces and repairs; waking is death, sleep is life. The man who sleeps little, repairs little. A man who would be a good worker must be a good sleeper. A man has as much force in him as he had provided for in sleep. The quality of mental activity depends upon the quality of sleep. Men need on an average eight hours sleep a day. A lymphatic temperament may require nine; a nervous temperament six or seven. A lymphatic man, if sluggish, moves and sleeps slowly; but a nervous man acts quickly in everything; he does more in an hour than a sluggish man in two hours; and so in his sleep. Every man must sleep according to his temperament; but eight hours is the average. Whatever by work, pleasure, sorrow, or by any other cause, is regularly diminishing his sleep, is destroying his life. A man may hold out for a time, but the crash will come, and he will die. There is a great deal of intemperance besides that of tobacco, opium, or brandy. Men are dissipated who overtax their system all day and undersleep every night. A man who dies of delirium tremens is no more a drunkard and suicide than the minister, the lawyer, the merchant, the editor, or the printer that works excessively all day and sleeps but little all night.

THE LATE CHARLES DICKENS.—The following, given from the pen of the lamented author, is sadly appropriate now:

"There is nothing—no, nothing—beautiful and good that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it; and play its part, though its body be burned to ashes or buried in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the hosts of Heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those who loved it here. Dead! Oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear! for how much charity, mercy and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves!"

IN China, man and wife never walk together arm-in-arm in public, or even side by side, but the wife always follows her lord at a respectful distance, as the women always do among the American Indians. At social parties, the sexes sit at different tables, occupying separate rooms and only among themselves. Strangers of opposite sexes are never introduced, nor do the women ever speak of the men, unless relatives or intimate associates of the family. There is no such thing as social life, in our sense of the word among the Chinese, and all their social and domestic theories and practices are based on the idea of women's inferiority and insignificance.

IT was regarded as a strong case of circumstantial evidence in a Pittsburg court the other day, when the plaintiff produced the skillet with which his wife struck him, and showed the jury how nicely the three legs fitted into the holes in his head.

"WHAT is the chief use of bread?" asked an examiner at a school exhibition. "The chief use of bread?" answered the urchin, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, "Why to spread butter and molasses on."

"BUB, is your sister at home?" "Yes, but she won't see you to-night." "Why?" "Because she said she was going to have one more mess of onions if she never got another beau."

No statuary that the rich man ever placed in his window is to be compared with the little expectant face pressed against the window pane, watching for "papa," when his day's labor is done.

How Tevis Regulated the Secesh.

Most of our readers are acquainted with the exploits in Kent, during the late civil war, of one "*Charles Carroll Tevis, Lieut. Col. Commanding,*" in connection with a certain John Frazier, Jr., when many of our most prominent citizens were arrested and hurried off to Baltimore under military guard, for no other reason than that they were opposed to the election of the said Frazier to the office of County Clerk. The following reminiscence will doubtless prove interesting to our readers. Donn Piatt, the writer, is the man before whom the "prisoners" were arraigned on their arrival in Baltimore city:

From Donn Piatt's Baltimore Letters in the Cincinnati Commercial.

One of the queerist military ducks it was ever my fortune to meet with turned up in Baltimore under the title and name of Col. Tevis. He was a handsome fellow. Take him all in all he was one of the handsomest of men. Nature seemed to have exerted herself in setting Carroll Tevis on end as a fair sample of what could be done in that line. He was a graduate of West Point. He resigned shortly after graduating; went to Europe; took part in the Crimean war on the side of the Allies; received no end of orders for gallant conduct, and returned in time to consider the merits of the quarrel between the South and the Government, and, after due deliberation, accepted the position of Colonel of the Second Maryland Calvary.

The Second Maryland was made up principally of Marylanders born in Ireland, Germany, and the unknown islands of the ocean. They had been educated in various public institutions not of a charitable sort. Some three hundred were taken from the Delaware prison for confederates, who claimed to have been forced into the Confederate service against their wishes, while subjects to the United States, Great Britain, and the other powers that had not yet recognized the Confederacy. The officers were gorgeous creatures. The Colonel had a taste for dress—he had a genius for dress—and the Second Maryland began the war by running all the tailors in Baltimore.

They were gallant fellows in the field, but while organizing and stationed near Baltimore, they were a terror to the natives. It was customary to kill or cripple one of the men every twenty-four hours, while howls of anguish went up from the neighborhood night and day, over the fearful depredations of hog pens and hen roosts.

My liveliest recollection of his band of braves is connected with the first election held in Maryland after we took command. We sent Tevis to the Eastern Shore, with instructions elaborately written for him to follow. There was one difficulty however. He never read them. On the contrary, soon as he landed he called upon the prominent Union men, and getting from them a list of the leading Democrats and candidates on the opposition ticket, proceeded to issue a *coup d'etat* of the largest proportions. At midnight, without any warning whatever, those prescribed were routed out of bed, given five minutes to dress and bid farewell to their weeping and frightened families, then sent on board the steamer, and forwarded to headquarters—Baltimore.

Gen. Schenck was in a rage. That lot of solemn old pumps—Reverdy Johnson, Tom Swann and Governor Bradford—went into a perpetual state of indignation meeting, telegraphing every fifteen minutes. The patriots were not only released, but returned to their afflicted families, with permission to vote early and often, in accordance with strict Democratic precedent, and Col. Tevis was ordered under arrest.

I made out the order, and wishing to soften the severity, I wrote a private note, marked confidential, in which I very freely expressed my opinion of men and events.

Tevis took the arrest very hard. I think the loss of his sword worried him. It was a magnificent piece of cutlery, encased in wonderful brass adornments. I sympathized with and advised him to get his papers together, and throwing the blame on the Provost Marshal, appeal to the Governor. He did so with a vengeance. The first time thereafter that I met his Eccellency, Governor Bradford, he put sixteen more wrinkles in his ugly mug, and refused to shake hands. That night I got hold of the papers Tevis had submitted to the Governor, and among the first was my confidential note, beginning:

"MY DEAR TEVIS: You are playing hell on your beat. This old fool Bradford has gone over to the Copperheads," &c.

Small wonder that the venerable Kangaroo refused me his paw.

The last that I heard of my friend Tevis he was recruiting American citizens for the Pope's army. I believe he is in that service now. Wherever he may be, he is a gay bird, and dangerous to write confidential letters to.

A SOMEWHAT curious circumstance lately took place in a small parish church in Scotland. The preceptor, after proclaiming the banns of matrimony between a young couple, concluded, as usual, by saying: "If there be any objections, they can now be stated." A rather simple-looking youth, an old admirer of the bride, noticing the eyes of a portion of the congregation fixed upon him, rose up and exclaimed: "I have no objections, I am sure!" to the astonishment of all about him, and resumed his seat as if he had done a mere formal piece of business.

A Wedding Night Incident.

It wasn't hardly the fair thing that the boys did to Joe Thompson the night he was married, but the temptation was irresistible. They could not have helped it to have saved their lives. I'll tell you how it was:

Joe was about the most fancy dressed chap in town—over nice and particular—a perfect Miss Nancy in manner, always putting on airs, and more dainty and modest than a girl. Well, when his wedding night came he was dressed, trunk empty, and his pants especially fitted him as if they had been molds, and his legs candles, and run into them. Tight was no name for them. Their set was immense, and he was prouder than half a dozen peacocks.

"Aren't they nice, boys?" he asked of the two who were to be groomsmen.

"Stunnin! Gorgeous!" replied Tom Bennett. "Never saw anything equal to them. But I say, Joe, aren't they just the least bit tight? It strikes me that you will find some difficulty in bending, won't you?"

"Pshaw, no! They are as easy as an old glove. See!"

To prove the matter he bent down so as to touch his patent leathers, when crack! crack! followed like the twin report of a revolver.

"Thunder!" exclaimed Joe, as he clasped his hands behind him and found a rent in the cassimere from stem to stern.—"Thunder! the pants have burst, and what shall I do?"

"I should think they had," answered Tom, getting purple in the face as he endeavored to control his laughter. "But there is no time to get another pair. It only wants half an hour to the stand up time, and we have a mile to go. Carriage waiting, too. What shall I do? what shall I do?"

"I'll tell you what, Joe, if mine would fit, you should have them and welcome, but they are a mile too big. I see no way but to have them mended."

"Who can I get to do it, Tom?"

"Well, I am something of a tailor, and can fix them so they won't show. Hold on a minute, and I'll get a needle and thread."

"Can you. May Heaven bless you!"

"Off with your coat," commanded Tom, as he came back. "Now lay yourself over on the bed, and I fix you in short order."

The command was obeyed—the pants mended—the coat tails carefully pinned over, so as to conceal the "distress for rent," and all went merry as a marriage bell, until Joe followed his blushing bride to the natal couch.

There was only a dim light in the room, but it enabled Joe, as he glanced bashfully around, to see the sweetest face in the world, the rosy cheeks and ripe lips, the lovely and loving blue eyes, and the golden curls just peeping out from the snow sheets, and he extinguished it altogether, and hastened to disrobe himself. Off came coat, vest, fancy necktie and collar, boots and socks in a hurry; but somehow the pants stuck. The more he tried the more they wouldn't come, and he tugged vainly for half an hour.

"Thunder!" muttered Joe.

"What is the matter, dear?" came in the softest of accents from the bed, where somebody was wondering what it was that annoyed him.

It was a moment of desperation. Joe was entirely overcome by the situation, and forgetting his bashfulness, cried out:

"Molly, that cursed Tom Bennett has sewed my pants, drawers, shirt and undershirt all together!"

"It is too bad. Wait a moment, dear."

A little stockingless foot first peeped out, then a ruffled night dress; the lamp was lighted, a pair of scissors found, and Joe released, mentally vowing that if ever he got the opportunity he would pay his friend Tom back with interest for the joke he had played on him.

A LOVE STORY WITH A MORAL.—There is a good joke going the rounds; of a young lady and gentleman at a fashionable party in Nashville, Tenn., a few evenings since. The young man was handsome and happy, the young lady arrayed in all the exquisite taste of lavender, rose; etc., with gold-powdered hair flowing over her swan-like neck. Finding the heat of the room to much for them, they sought the cool shade of an arbor where they might listen to the fountain's fall. The music rose and fell, time flew on silver pinions, and after an absence of about three hours, our young friends entered the brilliantly illuminated parlors. The young lady passed on in the dance, but the young man was slightly taken aback by his next neighbor informing him that round his neck was the unmistaken print of two arms, all in chalk and diamond dust, on one shoulder a large pile of yellow powder, and on his upper lip and cheek diamond dust, bloom of youth and yellow powder, mixed up generally. The young lady's hair was observed to be several shades paler. Moral: Carry a dusting-broom in your pocket.

JOSH BILLINGS says of a new agricultural implement, to which the attention of farmers is invited:—John Rogers' revolving, expanding, unceremonious, self-adjusting, self-contracting, self-sharpening, self-greasing and self-righteous hoss rake iz now and forever offered tew a generous publik. Theze rakes are az easy tew keep in repair az a hitching-post, and will rake up a paper of pins sowed broad kast in a ten aker lot of wheat stubble.—Theze rakes kan be used in the winter for a hen roost or be sawed up into stove wood for the kitchen fire. No farmer ov good moral karakter should be without this rake, even if he have to steal one.

BOYS' RIGHTS.

BY A BOY.

Talk about women and the darkeys' and the—the—all the rest of 'em; all are not half so badly treated as the boys are.—Ask any boy. I know a lot, and I can tell you all their names. Ask 'em all.—They'll tell you that to be a boy is to be somebody without a right in the world.—You're to take all the sass that's given to you, and give none back, 'cause you're a boy and not a man. You are to pay full fare in the cars and omnibus, 'cause you are a boy and not a child; and never have a seat 'cause you're only a boy. Fat woman gets in after its all full and looks about her; everybody looks at you. Old gentleman says, "My son," reprovingly. Conductor says, "Come now, my boy." You've paid your six-pence. No matter, that's nothing. You've been on your logs, with bundles, all day. Who cares, you're a boy. Now, a horse has such a load given to him as he can carry, and a man won't take anymore than he can walk under. Ask boys what grown folks think they can carry. There's no limit to it. Who doesn't know a boy who does a man's work well, and does it for a tenth of what a man would get for it?

Who hasn't read an advertisement for a boy who "writes a good hand, understands accounts, is willing to make himself useful; boards with his parents; is trustworthy; no objection to sitting up all night; not anxious for meals at regular times; no impudence about him. The best recommendations required, and two dollars a week wages." Ask boys if old fellows don't make as much fuss about such places as if they were doing you a favor that would set you up for life. Who wants a boy, anywhere? Your sisters don't in a parlor. Your father don't; he always asks you whether you are not wanting to do something, somewhere. You make your mother's head ache every time you come near her. Old women snap you up. Young women "hate boys."—Young men tease you, and give it to you if you tease them back. Other fellows—it's because they are aggravated so, I know—always want to fight if they don't know you; and when you get a black eye and a torn jacket, you hear of it at home. You look back and wonder if you ever were that pretty little fellow in petticoats, that everybody stuffed with candy; and you wonder if you'll ever be a man, and be liked by the girls, and treated politely by the other fellows, and paid for your work, and allowed to do as you choose. And you make up your mind every day not to be a boy any longer than you can help it; and hear your grandfather or somebody complaining that there "are no boys now," and wonder if he remembers the life they led, that he don't consider it a subject of rejoicing. There's only one comfort in it all—boys will grow up to men, and when they do, they generally forget all they went through with in youth, and make the boys of their day suffer just as they did.

PORTRAIT OF THE RADICAL PARTY.—Don Piatt, the shrewd and knowing correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, a leading Radical organ in the West, thus paints the portrait of the Radical party, at Washington: "I am forced to say that there is no more cohesion beyond mere office holding and public plunder, in the Republican party, than there is in a rope of sand. For over a year I have been in Washington, employed to criticise our public men, and to put to newspaper record their political acts. I note the fact, that while the Democracy is a compact, well-organized body, representing certain feelings, that make of its parts one efficient whole, the Republicans are of one party only in name—and each leader is the representative of a faction in deadly hostility to some other faction inside the organization. Were a caucus to be called for the purpose of considering any one of the more important measures now under consideration, its deliberations would be marked by violent discussions, personal abuse and every evidence of hate and suspicion, to end in a violent dissolution. No such caucus has been held since I have been in Washington, and no such caucus can be held. The fact is significant that no measure of public interest passes Congress, except as a compromise log-rolled through with schemes of public plunder."

THE Harrisburg *Patriot*, one of the best of our exchanges, and one of the most sterling democratic papers in Pennsylvania—in speaking of the appointment of Major Ackerman to the Attorneyship in its issue of last week, says:

"There is no surer sign of the rapid decay of radicalism than the appointment of Major Ackerman, late of the Confederate Army, to the position of Attorney General of the United States. The nomination by Andrew Johnson of a man of such antecedents would have been promptly rejected by the Senate, and would have furnished fresh fuel to keep alive the rage of the people against that personage. But we have no doubt that Major Ackerman will make a much better adviser of the President than Attorney General Hoar. He certainly would not be guilty of such an absurdity as that of Hoar, who gave the opinion, less than a year ago, that war still existed in Texas. Nevertheless, it is hard that a loyal Massachusetts man should have to make room in Grant's cabinet for a Georgia rebel."

A THIN, cadaverous looking German, about fifty years of age, entered the office of a Health Insurance Company and inquired: "Ish de man in vat inshures de people's helts?"

The agent politely answered, "I attend to that business, sir."

"Vell, I vants my helt inshured; vat do you charge?"

"Different prices," answered the agent; "from three to ten shillings a year; pay ten dollars a year and you get ten dollars a week in case of sickness."

"Vell," said mynheer, "I vant ten dollars vort."

The agent inquired his state of health.

"Vell. I is sick all de time. I'se shust out de bed two, three hours a tay, and te doctor says he can't do nothing more goot for me."

"If that's the state of your health," returned the agent, "we can't insure it.—We only insure people who are in good health."

Mynheer brittled up in great anger:

"You must tink I'se a tam fool. Vot you tink I come to pay you ten dollars for inshure my helt ven I vas vell."