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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.

FOR SALE:

600 Acres of Rappahannock Lands

THESE LANDS all lie immediately on the RIVER, are fertile, easily tilled, and well adapted to TRUCKING and FRUIT.

MARL in abundance—farm under fence and well improved with Buildings.

A YOUNG ORCHARD of 1,600 Fruit Trees coming into bearing.

For particulars, price, &c., address
J. L. SMITH,
n19 3m* Harmony P. O., Middlesex Co., Va.

A Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned offers for sale his FARM situated in Caroline county, Md.,

Containing 140 ACRES

More or less. It lies on the public road between Denton and Greensboro', within two miles of the latter place, and within 1½ miles of Greensboro Station on the Md. & Del. Railroad.

The Improvements are a comfortable FRAME DWELLING in good order, with Barn and Out-Buildings.

With small outlay and moderate enterprise it can be made a valuable Trucking farm. This property will be sold very low, as the owner desires to remove from the county.

For further particulars, terms, &c., consult M. DeK. SMITH, Chestertown, Md.
d3-2m. ROBERT C. MORRIS.

Small Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned offers for sale his place in Worton, Kent county, containing

26 Acres, more or less.

It lies on the public road, near the property of Dr. J. W. Ivens, and within one mile of Worton Station, on the Kent County Railroad.

The Improvements are a TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING in good order, and a Pump of water in the yard. The arable land has been limed. With a small outlay and moderate enterprise it can be made valuable for Trucking purposes.

This property will be sold very low, as the owner has removed from the county, and is unable to give it the attention it requires.

Possession given on the 1st January next.

For further particulars, terms, &c., inquire at the Kent News Office.
E. L. USILTON,
oc8tf. 28 N. Water St., Philadelphia.

New Millinery and Fancy Goods.

THE undersigned, having resumed business on her own responsibility, will be pleased to see her friends and former customers at her old stand on Queen Street.

She has just returned from the city with a carefully selected stock of SEASONABLE GOODS, to which she invites their early attention. MARTHA A. BISCOE.

PEACH TREE FERTILIZER.

THE attention of FRUIT RAISERS on the Eastern Shore is directed to the great value of the

Persicator or Concentrated Ashes,

as a manure unexcelled in cheapness and successful results for Peach and other Fruit Trees. Its results in Delaware last year were highly satisfactory; it contains ten per cent. of Potash, an ingredient in which the soil of the Eastern Shore of Maryland is very deficient, owing to the absence of stones in the soil. *One Quart* around the base of each peach tree is sufficient.

Price $12 per ton 2,000 lbs.

For sale by the agent,
CHARLES L. OUDESLUYS,
57 South Gay Street, Baltimore.

Importer of Muriate of Potash and "Kainit" Sulphate of Potash, from Prussia, for agricultural purposes. d10-3t.

NOTICE to THOSE INDEBTED.

The undersigned respectfully but urgently requests those indebted to him to make settlement, by cash or note, on or before the FIRST OF JANUARY NEXT. I should be sorry to resort to law in any of my customers, but unless I can raise a sufficient amount of money by the date above mentioned, my business will be materially interfered with, if not brought to a close. GEO. E. LAMBERT.
Chestertown, Dec. 3, 1870—tf

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

For the purpose of supplying persons in town and country with Oysters, by the bushel, the undersigned will make two trips each week to Chestertown, and may be found at the Wharf Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays. By this means the public may rely upon obtaining them FRESH, and at reasonable prices.
oc15-3m. CHARLES D. BROWN.

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.

CEMETERY NOTICE.

Persons wishing to improve their Lots in Public Cemeteries and Private Burial Grounds, will do well before purchasing elsewhere, to call and examine our large and new stock of
ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MARBLE
MONUMENTS,
MONUMENTAL TABLET HEAD
AND
FOOT STONES
VASES AND STATUARY,
All of new and beautifully proportioned designs, at the STEAM MARBLE WORKS of
GADDESS BROS.,
ap3-y. Sharp and German sts., Baltimore.

SOMETHING WONDERFUL!

READ'S SORE THROAT & CATARRH POWDER is the most wonderful article I ever heard of for SORE THROAT. It almost vanishes at the touch. For sale at
jan7tf. WICKE'S DRUG STORE.

POMADE and HAIR OILS, for sale at WICKES' DRUG STORE.

The Kent News.

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

VOL. 31. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1871. No. 36.

NEW STORE.

FANCY GOODS AND NOTIONS!

MISS MARTHA EARNEST has rented the store room lately occupied by the Misses Middleton & Wyatt, and has just opened a well selected stock of

FANCY GOODS AND NOTIONS,

which she is prepared to sell at prices to suit the times. Her stock consists in part of the following articles: Ladies' and Children's Merino Vests, Corsets at $1.25, French Corsets $2.00, Ladies' & Children's Hose, Kid Gloves, white and colored, Sash Ribbons, Handsome Ribbon, Bows; all qualities of Ladies' Handkerchiefs; Laces, both imitation and real; Cambric Edge and Inserting, white and colored Tarleton, Velvet Ribbon, Dress Buttons, Black Net and Green Berage for veils, Clouds, infants' and children's Hoods, Collars and Cuffs, and in short every article usually kept in a FANCY AND NOTION STORE.

☞ She respectfully invites an examination of her stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere. MARTHA EARNEST.
Jan. 7, 1871—tf.

NOTICE.

HAVING SOLD OUT all my interest in the Drug Store of John L. Stam & Son to my sons Colin F. and Louis K. Stam, the partnership existing between the firm is dissolved from this day.

All persons indebted to me or the firm, are respectfully requested to call and settle their accounts, as it is absolutely necessary that my business shall be closed. Myself or my sons will settle all accounts. JOHN L. STAM.
December 31, 1870. j7-3t

MILLING.

THE subscriber most respectfully informs the public that he has taken possession of his Mill, and will conduct it, he hopes, more to the satisfaction of the public than for some time past. He is in treaty for a very superior Miller, and soon as the Spring opens will make some improvements which must render her equal to any Mill on the Eastern Shore.

He hopes whenever there is any cause of complaint to be at once notified of the same.—By strict attention or supervision, and competent workmen, he hopes soon to be able to re-establish her former reputation.
jan7tf. THOS. H. WHALAND.

EXPOSITION at T. W. WICKES' DRUG STORE!

BAZIN & BARNES' MAGNOLIA and FLORIDA WATERS—the most lasting, agreeable and Refreshing of all PERFUMES for the Handkerchief, at the Toilet and in the Bath. jan7tf.

Cheap Goods for Cash.

S. FRANKLIN SMITH,

HAVING taken the Store Room recently occupied by his father, adjoining J. K. Aldridge, has laid in an ENTIRELY NEW STOCK OF GOODS, which he offers at very small profits for cash. His stock consists of

GROCERIES: Sugar, Coffee, Lard,
BACON, BUTTER, EGGS, &c.
FLOUR by the barrel, at City prices.
CONFECTIONERY—Candies, Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Raisins, Apples, Currants, &c.
LAMPS and LAMP CHIMNEYS,
a fine assortment, for sale cheap.
d17-3m. S. FRANKLIN SMITH.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

We will sell our Beautiful all wool Reps of all Colors, worth $1, for

65 cents per yard, Cash!

Our whole Dress Goods department we have marked down to near Cost!

A Lady can buy a Handsome Dress for less money, at

VICKERS' "PEOPLE'S STORE,"

than at any other establishment in Kent Co. If you want anything cheap, just call and examine. No trouble to show goods.
W. A. VICKERS,
Jan. 7, 1871. People's Popular Store.

Eastern Shore Boarding House,

N. W. Cor. Lombard and Sharp Streets,

MRS. JOHN H. THOMPSON,

LATE of Centreville, Queen Anne's county, has taken the above desirable premises, and is prepared to offer inducements to the traveling public. Permanent, Transient and Table Boarders accommodated.

She respectfully solicits the patronage of her Eastern Shore friends, believing that all who may patronize her will be pleased with her accommodations. jan14-3m.

Middletown Nursery and Fruit Farm,

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

PEACH TREES & SMALL FRUITS a Specialty. Peach trees in present nursery *all sold.* A Fine Stock of Small Fruit Plants, and Osage Orange Quicks for the Spring of '71 at reduced prices. For Catalogue and Price List, Address E. R. COCHRAN,
dec3-6m. Middletown, Del.

FOR RENT, for the ensuing year,
The Wheelwright and Blacksmith Shops,
known as the "Hanesville Manufacturing and Repair Shops." Also a commodious and comfortable DWELLING. A full sett of Blacksmith Tools for sale. Apply to
E. A. VANNORT.
oc22-tf. Hanesville, Kent county, Md

FOR RENT, for the year 1871, the DWELLING HOUSE on Cross street, in Chestertown, now occupied by Mr. William Cannon. For terms, apply to
n19-tf WM. VANNORT.

A CARD.

The report is being industriously circulated that I have disposed of my entire stock of Peach Trees, which report is incorrect. I have some TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND (25,000) GOOD TREES yet to dispose of. N. BARNARD,
Nov. 26—tf. Still Pond, Md.

HALL'S Veg. HAIR RENEWER,
Chevalier's LIFE FOR THE HAIR,
MONTGOMERY'S HAIR RESTORER,
AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and
BURNETT'S ROLLISTON,
For sale at WICKES' DRUG STORE.

FOOD FOR THE SICK!

CORN STARCH, FARRINO, RICE FLOUR, TAPIOCA, SAGO, SEA MOSS FAINE, for sale at
jan7tf. WICKES' DRUG STORE.

A YOUNG MAMMA'S LAMENT.

Not long ago, I used to sing,
And dance and feel so gay,
But now this little baby thing
Has stol'n my youth away!

I am not old, at least in years,
My hair's not streaked with grey,
No wrinkle on my face appears,
And yet 'I've had my day!'

How lovingly my heart did bend
To Charlie, when he came!
I never dreamed 'twould put an end
To parties 'mid such game.

Before the bridal charm took flight,
A novelty I seemed,
And when I danced and felt so bright,
No harm was ever dreamed.

But by and by my baby came,
And up sprung in my heart
A holy, tender, deathless flame,
Of which my life seemed part.

But sparkling eyes and sunny smiles,
With dimples deep and rare,
In baby form, cannot beguile
The heart of Fashion fair.

They ridicule such joys as mine,
They care for me no more.
My husband's ceased to be divine,
My baby's thought a bore.

So now they never ask me out,
They have no room, they say,
For married people all about
Their dancing rooms so gay.

But in the 'German's' maze and glee,
The girls should bear in mind,
The very things which banished me,
They're trying hard to find!

THINGS THAT ARE VERY FOOLISH.—For a young man to think he does himself credit by hanging around theatre-doors, smoking bad cigars, and paying for expensive oyster-suppers, in order to be called "liberal" by a clique of youth as soft in the brain as himself

For a lady to be annoyed because gentlemen do not always give her the best half of the street and the nicest seat in the omnibus. She should not forget that these conventional courtesies are not her right farther than they chose to concede them.

For an unfledged clerk to think he must buy extravagant gloves and cravats for every festive occasion, because Jones, whose father is worth thirty thousand dollars, does so. The best way of proving his manhood, would be to let such things entirely alone, self-denial is better than a fortune.

For a girl to think she is establishing her character as a young lady of fashion, by allowing her mother to toil through the drudgery of the house, and then investing her money in gaudy brooches and artificial flowers.

For a man to suppose himself a gentleman because he touches his hat to a party of splendidly dressed ladies, while he scorns to extend a helping hand to the old apple woman struggling across the street.

A THOUGHTFUL TRAVELER.—A traveler who saw a pretty little girl in the same car with himself, says:

In a few years, thought I, that infant will be an ornament to society; but had she not better die? Very soon they will tie some dead man's hair to the back of her head, fasten her ribs with a corset, and hang a bird cage around her lower limbs. Worse than that, when she arrives at maturity, she will be compelled to determine whether she is for protection or free trade, to comprehend the mysteries of the Coolie question, and to understand the intricacies of pig-iron, and go to the polls and vote. Alas! in the coming age had we not better be without women.

A LITTLE boy and girl, each probably five years old, were by the roadside. As we came up, the boy became angry at something, and struck his playmate a sharp blow upon the cheek, whereupon she sat down and began to cry most piteously. The boy stood looking on sullenly for a moment, and then said, "I didn't mean to hurt you, Katie; I am sorry." The little rosy face brightened instantly. The sobs were hushed, and she said, 'Well, if you are sorry, it didn't hurt me.'

YOUNG men who go to see young ladies have adopted a novel method of obtaining kisses. They assert, on the authority of scientific writers, that the concussion produced by a kiss will cause the flame of a gas-jet to flicker, and easily induce the damsel to experiment in the interest of science. The first kiss or two the parties watch the flame to see it flicker, but soon become so interested in the experiments as to let it flicker if it wants to.

A CLERGYMAN was once endeavoring to get a subscription in aid of some charitable institution out of a close-fisted parishioner, who attempted to excuse himself on the ground that he already owed a great deal of money. "But," said the minister, "you owe God a larger debt than you do any one else." "That is so, parson; but then he a'in't pushing me, like the balance of my creditors."

A NEAT compliment was paid the other day to a lady. She had just swallowed a small glass of wine as a gentleman in company asked for a taste. "It's all gone," said she, laughingly, "unless you take some from my lips." "I should be most happy," he replied, "but I never take sugar in mine."

A TUTOR at college, lecturing a young man on his irregular conduct, added with great pathos: "The report of your vices will bring your father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." "I beg your pardon, sir," replied the pupil, "my father wears a wig.

"Is it possible, Miss, that you don't know the names of some of your best friends?" "Certainly—I don't know what my own name may be a year hence."

LEAF FROM CONFEDERATE HISTORY.

Remarkable Career of a Remarkable Craft—Fate of Lieut. Dixon and His Comrades.

In 1864 the fleet of Admiral Farragut was blockading Mobile, while a heavy land and naval attack was directed against Charleston.

During our long defensive war a great deal of ingenuity had been expended by the Confederates upon the torpedoes and torpedo boats.

The most remarkable of these boats was constructed in Mobile by Messrs. Hundley & McClintock, and launched in 1864; and nothing which has gone down into the sea was more wonderfully and more fearfully contrived to wreak destruction and vengeance upon friend and foe.

She was built of boiler iron, and impervious to water or air. Her extreme length was about thirty feet, with five or six feet beam, and about six feet depth of hold. In general contour she resembled a cigar sharp at both ends. She was propelled by a screw, the shaft of which ran horizontally along her hold, almost from stem to stern, and was turned by the manual force of eight men, seated along on either side.

The only hatchway was circular, about two feet in diameter, with a low combing around it, which was placed well forward, and when desired could be closed by a cap working on hinges and made air-tight.

In the fore part of this cap was inserted a clear glass bull's eye, through which the pilot could see. She was provided with water-tight compartments, by filling or emptying which she would sink or rise, and to enable her to rise instantly her ballasting of railroad bars was placed on her bottom, outside of her hull, and by means of keys accessible to her crew, could be detached in a moment, so that she would rise quickly to the surface.

Besides, her rudder, which was of the usual form, this vessel was equipped with side paddles or fins, which, like those of a fish, served to guide up or down with reference to the surface of the water.

To prepare for action a floating torpedo secured to her stern by a line more than a hundred feet long, and her crew having embarked, the water tanks were filled until the boat was in equilibrio, and almost submerged. The hatchway was closed, the men revolved the shaft, the captain, or pilot, standing under the hatch, steered the boat, regulating at the same time, by the action of her lateral fins, the depth at which she would move.

Her greatest speed did not exceed four knots. She could remain submerged for half an hour, or an hour, without any great inconvenience to her crew, and on one occasion has been known to remain under water two hours, without actual injury to them; although no means was provided for procuring fresh air, and from the moment the hatch was closed, the men thus fastened in their living tomb, inhaled and exhaled continuously the atmosphere which was inclosed with them.

The plan of attack proposed by the inventors was to dive beneath the keel of the enemy's ship, hauling the torpedo after her. Its triggers or sensitive primers would thus press against the ship's bottom, explode the torpedo, and inevitably sink the ship.

Not expecting an early opportunity of using this dangerous vessel against the fleet of Farragut, Gen. Maury sent it by rail to Gen. Beauregard at Charleston, believing the waters of that harbor better suited to her peculiar construction, while in the Ironsides, or some other gigantic war ship then attacking Charleston, might be found an object worth the great risk to which her own crew was exposed in any enterprise they might undertake in her.

Gen. Beauregard changed the arrangement of the torpedo by fastening it to the bow. Its front was terminated by a sharp and barbed lance head, so that when the boat was driven end on against the ship's sides, the lance head would be forced deep into the timbers, below the water line, and would fasten the torpedo firmly against the ship. Then the torpedo boat would back off and explode it by a lanyard.

Gen. Beauregard's call upon the Confederate fleet of volunteers to man this dangerous craft, was promptly answered by Lieut. Payne, of Virginia, and eight sailors. They were soon ready for action; and on the evening set for the expedition, the last preparation had been made. The torpedo boat was lying along side the steamer from which the crew had embarked; she was submerged till the combing of her hatch alone was visible above the water. Her commander was standing in the hatchway in the act of ordering her to be cast off, when the swell of a passing steamer rolled over her and sunk her instantly, with eight men, in several fathoms of water. Lieut. Payne sprang out of the hatchway as the boat sunk from under him, and he alone was left alive.

In the course of a few days she was raised and again made ready for service. Again Payne volunteered and eight men with him.

The embarkation for their second attempt was made from Fort Sumpter, and as before all having been made ready, Payne standing at his post in the hatchway, ordered the hawser to be cast off, when the boat careened and sunk instantly. Payne sprang out, two of the men followed him; the other six went down in the boat and perished.

Again, the boat was raised and made ready for action, and her owner, Captain Hundley, took her for experimental trip into Stone River, where, after going through her usual evolutions, she dived in deep water, and for hours, and for days, the return of poor Hundley and his crew was watched for and looked for in vain. After near a week's search she was found inclining at an angle of forty degrees; her nozzle was driven deep into the soft mud of the bottom. Her crew of nine dead men were standing, sitting, lying about in her hold, asphixiated; Hundley was standing dead at his post, a candle in one hand, while the other had grown stiff with death, in his vain efforts to unfasten the hatch. Others had been working at the keys of the ballast, but the inclination at which the boat stood had jammed the keys so that the men could not cast off the heavy weights which held them down. Their deaths had been hard and lingering.

Again this fateful vessel was made ready for action, and volunteers being called for, Lieut. Dixon, twenty first Alabama volunteers, a native of Mobile, and eight men volunteered to take her against the enemy.

The new and powerful war ship, Housatonic, was selected for attack; and on a quiet night the bravest crew set out from Charleston, in this terrible, nameless torpedo boat, that ever manned craft before.

We all know the fate of the Housatonic. Brave Dixon guided the torpedo fairly against her, the explosion tore open the great war ship's sides, so that she went down with nearly all her crew within two minutes.

The torpedo vessel also disappeared for ever from mortal view. Whether she went down with her enemy, or whether she drifted out to sea to bury her gallant dead, was never known, and their fate was left till the great day when the sea shall give up its dead.

But within the past week, divers in sub-marine arbor have visited the wreck of the Housatonic; and they have found the little torpedo vessel lying by her huge victim, and within are the bones of the most devoted and daring men who ever went to war. No forlorn hope or other desperate enterprise of war can furnish the paralell to the courage of Dixon and his comrades.

Topham, the Strong Man.

Thomas Topham—the "strong man"—was born in London, 1710, and was bred a carpenter, but afterwards "traveled on his muscle." He was a quiet, peaceful man, of middle size and weight, made like other men, except that the usual cavities under the arms and hands were in his case filled with muscles.—The wonderful stories of his feats are well authenticated.

He could hold under perfect restraint, and with ease to himself, the strongest horse.

He lifted a table six feet long, with fifty pounds on the end of it, with his teeth, and held it in a horizontal position a considerable time.

He rolled up a pewter dish, weighing seven pounds, with as much apparent ease as the reader would roll up a piece of paper.

He held a pewter quart pot at arm's length and squeezed the sides together like an egg shell.

He lifted a weight of two hundred pounds with his little finger, and waved it gently around his head.

He lifted Mr. Chambers, a clergyman—who must have lived on the fat of the land, for he weighed three hundred and seventy-eight pounds—with one hand, Mr. Chambers' head being placed on one chair and his feet on another.

At a blow he struck a round bar of iron, one inch in diameter, against his naked arm, and bent it like a bow.

One night, observing a watchman asleep in his watch-box, he picked up box and watchman, carrying the load with the greatest ease, and dropped them over the wall into Tindale burying-ground.

A butcher once passed a window at which Topham was sitting. He stooped down and took half an ox from the fellow's shoulders with so much ease and dexterity that the man swore that the devil had flown away with the beef.

At a race a man insisted upon driving upon the track; so Topham took hold of the tail of the cart and drew it gently back, the driver whipping the horse like a madman all the time.

When he kept a public house two men were determined to fight him; so, to satisfy them, he seized them by the napes of their necks and knocked their heads together till he knocked all the fight out of them.

Bury Thy Sorrow.

Bury thy sorrow, the world has its share,
Bury it deeply, hide it with care.
Think of it calmly, when curtained by night;
Tell it to Jesus, and all will be right.
Tell it to Jesus, He knoweth thy grief;
Tell it to Jesus, He'll send thee relief.
Gather the sunlight aglow on thy way—
Gather the moonbeams, each soft, silver ray.
Hearts grown a-weary with heavier woe,
Droop into darkness—go comfort them, go!
Bury thy sorrow, let others be blest,
Give them the sunshine, tell Jesus the rest.

A VICTIM of unrequited affection concludes as follows:

"I sat me down and thought profound;
This maxim wise I drew:
It's easier far to like a girl
Than make a girl like you."

MARK TWAIN writes the following answer to a correspondent: "*Young Author*—Yes, Agassiz *does* recommend authors to eat fish, because the phosphorus in it makes brains. So far you are correct. But I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you need to eat—at least, not with certainty. If the specimen composition you send is about your fair usual average, I should judge that perhaps a couple of whales would be all you would want for the present. Not the largest kind, but simply good middling sized whales."

WHY WOMEN WED.

Some close observer of our social relations, having looked about among his married female acquaintances, ventures to give the following list, with an attempt to indicate the real reasons which influence too many to marry.

Marrying for a Home.—Number one has married for a home. She got tired of working in a factory or teaching school. She thought married life on earth was but moonlight walks, buggy rides, new bonnets and nothing to do. Well, she has got her home; whether or not she is tired of the incumbrances this deponeth saith not, as he does not positively know.

Consulting Family Interests.—Number two married because she had seven young sisters and a papa with a narrow income. She consulted the interests of her family. Perhaps she would better have consulted her own interests by taking in light washing or by going out by the day to work.

She liked the Sound of "Mrs."—Number three married because Mrs. sounded so much better than Miss. She was twenty-nine years and eleven months old, and another month would have transformed her into a regular old maid. Think how awful that would have been!

Wanted Somebody to Pay Her Bills.—Number four married because she wanted sômebody to pay her bills. Her husband married for precisely the same reason, so they are both repenting at leisure.

Not going to be Left Behind.—Number five married because Fanny White had a nice new husband, and she wasn't going to be left behind. Pity if she could'nt get married as well as other folks.

Married for Money.—Number six married because she was poor and wanted riches! She never counted on all the other things that were inseparable from these coveted riches.

She liked to Travel.—Number seven married because she thought she should like to travel. But Mr. Number Seven changed his mind afterward, and all the traveling she has done has been between the well and the back kitchen door.

Marrying out of Spite.—Number eight married out of spite because her first love had taken to himself a second love! This piece of retaliation might have done her good at the time, but in the long run number eight found it did not pay.

Wanted Sympathy.—Number nine married because she had read novels and wanted sympathy is a fine thing, but it cools down at a rapid rate if the domestic kettle is not kept boiling, and the domestic turkey is undone. Novels and housekeeping don't run very well together in harness, to use a sporting term; and number nine's supply of sympathy didn't hold out very long.

Married for Love.—Number ten married because she loved her husbond with all her heart and soul. And she loves him still, and will probably continue to love him, and is the happiest wife in the world, so she says.

We have found the right motive at last—one which, when sanctified by a desire and resolution to improve and elevate each other, and to live true and holy lives before God, cannot fail to call down the blessings of Heaven. But sad is the fate of those who marry from wrong motives, to escape their share of life's work, or to get something for which they have nothing to give in return.

A Racy Letter.

The following racy, off-hand letter was received by a music firm in Chicago:

GENTLEMEN:—Inclosed please find draft on National Bank for $725, being in full payment for the Chickering piano. The instrument is evidently a fine one, as my wife keeps it well covered and locked up. The tone is a little different from what I have been used to—living on the frontier for the past fourteen years among Indians and buffaloes; but that, of course, is the fault of my education. The first night after its arrival my wife and I sat up all night watching it, expecting, of course, the thing would play; but nary tune did we get. We called in some of our neighbors the next morning, and found that it required some one to play it! Here was a fix. Neither of us can play a note; and the question is, what do we want with it? Nary a child or any one else to play on it, unless it might be the kitchen "pot walloper," and we fear she might color the keys. One of my negro boys suggested there must be a place to wind it up, but we have looked every place for a key-hole, and can't find any. Let us know by return of mail how we shall make it go.

A GENTLEMAN whose nose had become distinctly colored with the red of wine he was wont to imbibe, said one day to his little son at the table, "You must eat bread, my boy, bread makes your cheeks red." The little boy replied, "Father, what lots of bread you must have snuffed up."

Two boot-blacks were passing up Baltimore street late one evening, when one accosted the other with, "I say, Jack, 'f I's you I'd be ashamed of myself, picking up old second-hand chews terbacker!" "Tend to your own business," retorted Jack. "I guess this is good enough to learn on."

ONE Maine editor has sued another Maine editor for defamation of character; and the defense is understood to be that, in the first place, the plaintiff had no character to speak of, and that, even if he had, nothing the defendant could say would injure anybody.

"I WONDER this child don't go to sleep," said an anxious mother to a female friend. "Well I don't," replied the lady. "It's face is so dirty that it can't shut its eyes."

Court Incident.

One of the most talented and prominent ornaments of the Bar, celebrated for his genial disposition, found himself about the close of the war washed ashore, high and dry, pecuniarily, in the city of Richmond, where he was forced to hang out his shingle, and commence practice in the Hastings Court. One of his first clients was a youth who had been arrested at the instance of a respectable negro man of family for having "rocked" his house, and severely injured his daughter with a stone thrown through the window.

At the examination, old Pompey was put upon the stand and proved the charge in such undeniable terms that it would have gone hard with our friend's client, had it not been for the following cross examination:

Lawyer—"You say one stone came into the room where you were sitting with your family, and struck your daughter?"

"Pomp—"Yes, boss."

"Lawyer—"Where did it strike her?"

Pomp, (silent for a while)—I don't like to tell, boss."

Lawyer—"But you must tell it. I demand again, where did it strike her?"

Pomp—"Dat all foolishness, boss. I tell you it hit her. I don't like to tell where 'foe dese ladies in court."

Lawyer—"But you must answer.—Where did it hit her?"

Pomp—On de buzzum, boss."

Lawyer—"Well, now, how severely did it injure her?"

Pomp—"Oh, quit dis foolishness. I ain't gwine to tell."

Lawyer—"Again I must insist upon my question being answered. Did it injure her?"

Pomp, (in despair)—No, sah! it did not injure her, but it broke three fingers of a gemmen what was paying 'tention to her. The case was dismissed immediately for want of jurisdiction.

GOING TOO FAR.—A correspondent relates an incident which transpired at a picnic last summer on the return trip of the steamboat to the city. Soon after the boat was started home the steward was approached by an excited individual who asked him if he was the captain. The steward replied in the negative, at the same time giving his rank.

"Have you the power to put a man out of the cabin?" inquired the stranger.

"Well, yes, if he's disorderly I have," replied the steward.

"Well, sir, look in here, and see them, will you?" said the stranger, leading the official around to the door.

The steward looked in upon the motley group, and replied that he saw nothing out of the way.

"You don't, eh? Don't you see a man sitting there embracing a woman?"

"Well, yes," replied the steward; "but what of that? Hasn't a fellow a right to embrace his wife?"

"That's just what I want you to run him out for," replied the stranger, dancing around; "that's my wife, and I've stood it so long that I've got mad!"

THOUGHT IT WAS HER HUSBAND.—One dark night not long ago a burglar entered a private residence on Sixth Avenue. On ascending one flight of stairs he observed a light in a chamber, and hesitated what to do, a large woman suddenly descended upon him, seized him by the throat, forced him down through the hall, and pushed him into the street before he had time to think. "Heroic Repulse of a Burglar by a woman," was the way the story appeared in the newspapers the next day. But when friends called and congratulated her upon her courage, she exclaimed: "Good gracious! I didn't know it was a burglar. If I had I should have been frightened to death. I thought it was my husband come home drunk again, and I was determined he shouldn't stay in the house in that condition."—*Louisville Sun.*

A WAG was requested by an old lady to read the newspaper for her. He took it up and read as follows:

"Last night, yesterday morning, about one o'clock in the afternoon, before breakfast, a hungry boy, about forty years old, bought a big custard for a levy, and threw it through a brick wall nine feet thick, and jumping over it, broke his right ankle off above his left knee, and fell into a dry mill pond and was drowned. About forty years after that, on the same day, an old cat had nine turkey gobblers; a high wind blew Yankee Doodle on a frying-pan, and killed a sow and two dead pigs at Boston, where a deaf and dumb man was talking to his Aunt Peter.

Whereupon the old lady, taking a long breath, exclaimed "Du tell!"

BLOWING A NOSE.—Sir. William Chere had a very long nose, and was playing at backgammon with old Gen. Brown. During this time Sir William, who was a snuff taker, was continually using his snuff-box. Observing him leaning continually over the table, and being at the same time in a very bad humor with the game, the General said, "Sir William, blow your nose!" "Blow it yourself," said Sir William; "'tis as near you as me!"

A MISSOURI paper says it knows of a girl there who, one night last summer, attended a ball, dance all night, went home in the morning, got breakfast, dinner, and supper for ten harvest hands, did a two weeks' washing, and the milking, made a calico dress, practiced her music-lesson, went blackberrying, gathered a gallon, walked to town in the evening to attend a concert, and walked home again before bedtime.

CLEANING KNIVES.—A small, clean potato, with the end cut off, is a very convenient medium of applying brick dust to knives, keeping it about the right moisture, while the juice of the potato assists in removing stains from the surface. A better polish can be obtained by this method than any other we have tried, and with less labor.

A CERTAIN Boston clergyman, who recently had an umbrella stolen from his hall, thinks that the thief is likely to bring up in the world where neither overcoat nor umbrella will be essential to comfort.

"Boy, why did you take an armful of my shingles on Sunday?" "Why, sir, mother wanted some kindling-wood and I didn't want to split wood on Sunday."