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Kent News.

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

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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Office in the Masonic Hall.

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

PLUMMER & USILTON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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

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

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

Rates of Advertising:

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

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

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

C. T. WESTCOTT, Attorney and Counselor at Law, CHESTERTOWN, MD.

☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. ag12y.

C. H. BAKER, Counselor and Attorney at Law, CHESTERTOWN.

☞ Particular attention given to collection of claims. jan30-tf.

PAINTING!

C. H. DAVIS & BRO., are prepared to do all kinds of PAINTING in the best manner, and on reasonable terms. ☞ Orders respectfully solicited. Chestertown, July 29—6m.

TAX NOTICE.

THE TAXES for the year 1871, for the 2nd Election District, are now due, and I am prepared to receive them. Prompt attention to this matter upon the part of Tax-Payers will save them expense and myself much trouble. I can be found at any time at my place of business in Kennedyville. C. W. WARREN. aug26-tf.

THOMAS DEPUY, 37 SOUTH SECOND ST., Above Chestnut, East Side, PHILADELPHIA, Would call the attention of those wishing to purchase Carpetings, to his large and choice line of Foreign and Domestic, both in relation to qualities as well as styles. Also, Oil Cloths, Mattings, Rugs, Mats, Stair Rods, &c., at the lowest cash prices. N. B.—Mr. J. Stewart Depuy is not at 253 S. 2d St., but is with Thomas Depuy. Sept. 16, 1871—3m. CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS.

BURNS & SLOAN, 132 Light Street Wharf, BALTIMORE, MD., Building Lumber, LATHS AND SHINGLES, FENCING AND PALES, ASH, OAK & WALNUT, DOORS, SASH AND BLINDS, AT LOWEST PRICES.

WASHINGTON A. PAGE, DEALER IN LUMBER, SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS, DRESS FLOORING, JOIST, GIRDERS AND SILL STUFF Of all sizes, constantly on hand, or cut to order, at the shortest notice. LEE STREET, near Light st. Whf., o22y. BALTIMORE.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

HAVING recently refitted Store No. 10, Light Street, Baltimore, and having supplied it with an ENTIRE NEW STOCK OF GOODS FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR, It will afford us pleasure to have the public call and examine them. Our Staple CLOTHS, DOESKINS and SUITINGS are superior, and our FANCY CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c., are of the latest novelties in design and style. OUR SYSTEM OF CUTTING is by actual measurement, and the fit of all Garments is guaranteed. Prices moderate. Terms cash. P. WEIKEL & CO., feb4y. No. 10 Light Street, Baltimore.

Cucumber Wood Pumps! EDWARD CARTY, Agent, WOULD announce that, in addition to his usual line of business, he has on hand and is prepared to put in, at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms, the celebrated Cucumber Wood Pumps, manufactured by Wilson & Walton, Wilmington, Del. All orders will receive prompt attention. o30-6t. EDW. CARTY, Chestertown.

Crumpton Saw Mill. WM. BOWKER, IS prepared to do SAWING OF ALL KINDS at short notice, and the lowest rates. The Mill is near the Wharf of the Chester River Steamboat Co., Crumpton, Md. Sept. 9, 1871—6m*

C. F. STAM & BRO., APOTHECARIES, Cor. High and Court Sts., Chestertown, Md Have just received a large lot of WINDOW GLASS, of all sizes, which they are selling very cheap. Sept. 30, 1871.

GOOD HARNESS MADE AND SOLD AT J. F. HOWARD'S HARNESS STORE FOR $20. Chestertown, Jan. 7, 1871.

TO MOTHERS. Liebig's FOOD for INFANTS. This valuable and popular Food for Infants is now so firmly established that it is unnecessary to make any remarks upon its efficacy. Further information can be obtained at jan7-tf. WICKES' DRUG STORE.

ATTENTION is called to our line of GLOVES, Cloth Gloves, all grades; driving Gloves, Buck Gloves, heavy and lined White and Colored Cotton Gloves, Dog Skin Gloves, Calf Skin Gloves, lined and Fur, Kid Gloves, all colors, Dressed Buck Gloves, Gauntlets, &c. S. MERRITT & CO

PURE SPICE.—Ginger, Cloves, Cinnamon, Mace, Allspice, Nutmegs, Sage, Mustard, Black and Red Pepper—all can be obtained, ground, at jan7tf. WICKES' DRUG STORE.

Trustee's Sale.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Chancery, the undersigned will offer at public sale, on

TUESDAY, The Twenty-sixth of December, 1871, AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, A. M., At the "Voshell House," in Chestertown,

THE REAL ESTATE OF THE LATE WM. PARKER,

Lying in the Fifth Election District of Kent County, Maryland, consisting of SEVERAL LOTS OF LAND, WITH THE IMPROVEMENTS THEREON.

Lot No. 1, Is near Rock Hall, lies directly on the road from Swan Creek to the Steamboat Landing on Grey's Inn Creek; adjoins the lands of W. M. Miller and Henry Urie, and **Contains about 2 Acres.** The Improvements are **Two Frame DWELLINGS** Two Stories each, one of which is sixty by sixteen feet, and the other thirty by sixteen feet. The former has a STORE-ROOM ATTACHED, a Meat House, Carriage House and two Stables

No. 2, Is near No. 1, and adjoins the lands of James M. Downey and W. M. Miller, and contains about ONE-FOURTH OF AN ACRE. The Improvements are **A Frame Dwelling** AND BLACKSMITH SHOP.

No. 3, Lies at the head of Rock Hall Creek, contains about ONE ACRE and is bounded by the lands of Dr. A. P. Sharp. The Improvements are **A FRAME DWELLING,** one story and an attic, 30 by 16 feet, and a SMALL HOUSE 8 by 6 feet.

No. 4, IS A WOOD LOT, in or near the tract of land usually known as "Derricks," and adjoins the lands of Mrs Bradshaw and others. **It Contains about 21 ARCES,** of which about one and a half is cleared, and has upon it a FRAME HOUSE 16 by 16 feet.

Lots 1 and 2 are most eligibly located for merchandising or other public business. The Dwellings on No. 1 may be sold separately, with an acre of land attached to each.

THE TERMS OF SALE

As prescribed by the decree are as follows; one-fifth of the perchase money to be paid on the day of sale, or on the final ratification of the sale, at the option of the Trustee, the residue in three equal instalments of six, twelve and eighteen months, from the day of sale.—The deferred payments to be secured by bond of purchaser, with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

RICHARD HYNSON, Trustee.

By direction of the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity, the creditors of Wm. Parker, late of Kent county, deceased, all are hereby notified to file their claims with the vouchers thereof, with the Clerk of said Court, within four months from the day of sale of the said Parker's real estate.

RICHARD HYNSON, Trustee. Chestertown, Dec. 2, 1871—tds.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court of Kent county, as a Court of Equity, the undersigned as Trustee, will expose to public sale at the store door of G. T. Hollyday, Esq., ON SATURDAY, The TWENTY-THIRD of DECEMBER, 1871, At Twelve o'clock, Meridian,

A LOT OF LAND, late the property of Richard Hodges, deceased, lying at Edesville or Forktown, in Kent Co., containing BETWEEN TWO AND THREE ACRES, adjoining the property of Mr James H. Edes, and bounding on the two roads leading to Pine Neck and Rock Hall. It fronts 405 feet on the Pine Neck road, and thirty-six feet front. This lot will be divided into building lots suitable for dwellings and stores.—Either front will be suitable for building lots. A portion of the lot is in Peach Trees, healthy and the fruit good. The neighborhood is a populous one, and the country is improving in this section of our county.

The property is to be sold to pay debts.

THE TERMS OF SALE ARE—on acredit of six, twelve and eighteen months from the day of sale, payable in three equal instalments, with interest from the first day of January next, to be secured by the bond of the purchaser or purchasers, with security to be approved by the Trustee. It will be sold clear of dower.

The creditors of the late Richard Hodges are notified to file their claims, duly proved, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Kent county within four months from the day of sale.

GEORGE VICKERS, Trustee. Chestertown, Nov. 25, 1871—tds

Watches, Clocks, Spectacles &c., &c. JUST RECEIVED AT W. G. RUSSELL'S, FROM NEW YORK, A large and well selected stock of Watches, Clocks and Spectacles, which will be sold fifty per cent. cheaper than can be bought on the Shore. He is also prepared to do any and all kinds of Repairs on Watches, Clocks or Jewelry at short notice, and much cheaper than can be done in the State. All work guaranteed for one year. Satisfaction given or money refunded. ☞ Ask for W. G. RUSSELL, adjoining T. W. Kliason, Jr. sep30-3m.

OVER-COATS. We have just received a large and handsome assortment of Over-Coats. Call and look at them. S. MERRITT & CO.

WE are just opening our third supply of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, such as Under Shirts and Drawers, Neck Ties and Scarfs, Gloves, &c. S. MERRITT & CO. Nov. 18, 1871—tf

COAL! COAL! ALL persons who wish to lay in their coal at a reduced price can do so by leaving their orders with J. T. TWILLEY or F. ALDRIDGE, which will be filled at a small advance for the cash. 2240 pounds a ton sep22-2m.

IF you want good Under-Shirts, Socks or Drawers, you will find a full assortment at the new Clothing store of S. MERRITT & CO. oc7.

LARGE SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

THE undersigned will sell at public sale, at his residence on Poplar Neck, on

Wednesday, December 13th, 1871,

the following property, namely:

9 HEAD of GOOD HORSES, among them some good drivers;

2 Very Fine COLTS, 3 years old;

1 PAIR OF MULES,

21 HEAD OF CATTLE, all young, among them 7 head of very fine Milch Cows;

16 SHOATS, Chester White,

About 20,000 lbs. of good Corn Blades,

2 light Farm Wagons and Harness,

2 Dearborns and Harness,

1 Woods' Reaper and Mower, in good order, 1 Hussey Reaper,

1 Pelton Horse Power and Thresher,

1 Barrel Corn Sheller, 1 Hand Sheller, 1 Fan, 1 Roller, 1 Wheat Rake, 1 Grindstone, and a large number of Ploughs, Harrows and Cultivators, all in good order.

Also, a lot of Shovels, Forks, Hoes, Spades, Plough Gears, Bridles, Collars, 2 Half Bushels, and lot of sundries.

Also, 152 bushels of Wheat now seeded.

Sale to begin at 10 o'clock, A. M.

TERMS:—All sums of and under Twenty Dollars cash; all over that amount a credit of nine months, on note with approved security. Purchasers to pay for stamps, and no property to be removed until terms are complied with. SAMUEL WATTS. n18.ts

VENDUE.

THE undersigned will offer at public sale at his residence near Still Pond, on **Wednesday, the 20th Dec'r, 1871,** ALL OF HIS STOCK AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS, consisting of

Four Head of Horses, ONE PAIR OF MULES,

2 FINE BEAVES in excellent condition;

1 YOKE of OXEN, FOUR MILCH COWS,

1 Brood Sow and a lot of Shoats,

1 MONTGOMERY FAN, 1 WHEAT DRILL, 1 WHEAT RAKE,

1 Woods' Mower, nearly new,

1 Ox-Cart, 1 Sleigh, 1 Cider Mill, Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, Shovels, Forks, Hoes, and many other articles.

☞ Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

TERMS.—All sums under $10, cash. All over that amount a credit of 9 months, with note and good security. Purchasers to pay for stamps, and no property to be removed until the terms are complied with.

JOHN L. BOWERS. U. A. C. Garrett, Auc'r. dec2-ts.

VENDUE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Kent county, the undersigned, as administrator of John S. Parsons, will offer at public sale at Smithville, on **SATURDAY, the 9th of December** all the personal property of said deceased, consisting of

ONE HORSE, One Colt,

1 FRESH COW. 1 Yearling CALF,

TWO HOGS,

CARRIAGE AND HARNESS, DEARBORN, AND A GENERAL VARIETY OF

Household & Kitchen FURNITURE.

Consisting of BEDS, BEDSTEADS and BEDDING, CHAIRS, TABLES, CARPET, STOVES, &c., &c.

☞ Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

TERMS.—All sums under $10 cash; all over that amount a credit of six months, with note and approved security. Purchasers paying for stamps. WM. K. COPPER, Adm'r of John S. Parsons, dec'd. U. A. C. Garrett, Auct'r. n25ts.

VENDUE.

THE subscriber will sell at public sale at his residence, near Goose Hill, on **THURSDAY, December 14th, 1871,** (if not fair, on the first fair day thereafter,) the following property, namely:

7 HORSES, Among them three good Carriage Horses and one good Saddle Horse.

18 HEAD YOUNG CATTLE, 5 MILCH COWS,

3 YOKE of OXEN, ONE SUPERIOR BULL,

23 Head of SHOATS

2 Carriages and Harness, 1 Dearborn and Harness, 2 Wagons and Harness, 3 Ox-Carts, 1 Wheat Drill, one Reaper, 1 Reaper and Mower combined, 1 Fan,

2 Corn Shellers, Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators, and a large assortment of Farming Utensils generally.

Also, a general variety of

Household and Kitchen Furniture.

☞ Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

TERMS:—All purchases of $10 and under cash. All over that amount a credit of Nine months, with note and approved security. DAVID BIDDLE. J. W. Carroll, Auct'r. n25-ts.

MALLALIEU'S GOODS.

Kerseys, Flannels and Cassimeres Equal if not superior to any similar Goods to be found in this market, and cheaper when their durability is taken into account. A fine stock now in store THOMAS S. WICKES. November 11th

A FULL assortment of UNDERSHIRTS and DRAWERS, Merino, all wool, Cotton, and Red Flannel; also Colored over Shirts, very handsome, and Hickory Shirts can be found at S. MERRITT & CO'S.

IF you are in want of nice LINEN FRONT SHIRTS, call at the new Clothing Store of S. MERRITT & CO.

BEYOND.

PRIZE POEM—BY EVALINE.

Beyond this vale of sorrows
Beyond the flowing tide,
Beyond the shining portals,
Where love and peace abide;

Beyond the care and toiling
Beyond the ceaseless strife,
Beyond the lapse of weary years,
To an immortal life.

Beyond the sighs and crying,
Beyond the pain and moan,
Beyond the gates of Heaven
Where sickness is unknown.

Beyond the wail of orphans,
The widow's mournful cry,
We hear a voice that whispers
"We'll meet thee in the sky."

Perhaps we dread the coming
Of the angel clothed in white—
The messenger of glory
From the beauteous realms of light.

But we recollect the loved ones
That have gone from us before,
To the land of joy and beauty—
To the ever verdant shore.

Then we haste with joy to greet them,
Thinking not of those below—
Caring more for those in Heaven—
Thinking soon our Lord to know.

PRIVILEGES OF UGLINESS.

If beauty has its privileges and its benefits, homeliness is not without its advantages. It requires a long, weary time to find them out sometimes, but they are of a very substantial character when discovered. To be beautiful is to be petted and honored; to receive honor, and favor, and obeisance—and all that free and spontaneous tribute which we love to bestow on the happy possessors of this rare virtue. To be beautiful is to be a born despot, with the unquestioned and admitted symbols of authority in every glance of the soft, bright eye, in the cut of the delicate nostril, in the lips, the chin, the cheek, the forehead, the silken hair, the small hand, the tapering fingers, the rosy nails—in all the attributes and graces that make up the perfect living picture. To be beautiful is to be obeyed and worshipped with that ready reverence and adoration which is no less a pleasure to those who are not beautiful to give than for those who are beautiful to receive. But, unhappily, youth does not last forever; it is the hard fate of human beings to grow old, and even the more than royal gift of beauty does not exempt its possessor from the common lot. Beauty is not to be trifled with. It flies from the familiarities of time and the pitiless trials and cares of life. It is capricious, and exacts white teeth, bright eyes, glossy hair, a radiant brow, and warm, generous blood, coursing in delicate, cerulean lines under the skin; and, unfortunately, these are the very things that Time hates most remorselessly, and on which he works his worst havoc. "Count no man successful until he is dead," said a philosopher. Count no woman beautiful till she is forty years of age, might be said as an addendum. Twoscore years is a terrible test, and there are very few who endure it. If one absents himself from the gay social circle for ten years, and then returns, he stands appalled at the fearful work which that decade has wrought in the picture he left behind.

The bride, whose wedding was so notable an event, is pointed out to him in the wan and worn mother of three or four children—a faded bonnet on her sunken temples, a dress all too large over the once rounded shoulders, and sad eyes that no longer make the imperial exactions of homage they were wont to. Her rival for the belleship of the circle is still a "maiden, fancy free," to the infinite surprise of herself and her friends; but her eyes are larger and harder than they were, her bloom is gone, the shapely hand has become attenuated, and a cruel line on each side of the once pouting mouth tells the tragic story of the departure of a beauty that will never return. Homely persons escape all these disastrous results of a struggle with time. The years seem to regard them with fondness; they handle them gently. They not only do not grow homelier, but they actually grow better looking. Their plainness seems to reach a crisis, like a fever; and, after they have passed that safely, they rally, and steadily improve with time and trials until, as the former belles of the circle in which they once stood as unnoticed and neglected wall-flowers begin to fade and wither, we find them growing absolutely beautiful. It matters little whether they be maids or mothers, their plainness ripens and bears itself bravely under the trials of life.—They are not bereaved by the loss of charms they never possessed, and thus they escape one of the sorest experiences that nearly all beauties have to encounter.—They have no complaints to make, no regrets to utter. They learn to accept their homeliness as something that cannot be helped, and cheerfully make the best of it. Time cannot hurt them, so it helps them. Their plain faces and unromantic features show none of the wrecks that the malignant hourglass strews along the cheeks, eyes, mouth and necks of their more favored sisters. What was ugliness at eighteen softens into plainness at thirty, and ripens into something that is next to real beauty at two-score; and thus time, which makes all things even, deposes her who was once the belle at eighteen, and elevates the neglected wallflower to the dignity of queen of a matronly circle.

The Penitent Milkman.—Not long since, during an exciting protracted meeting held in one of the frontier towns of Michigan, a man named Wilson, who for many years had sold milk to the villagers, becoming seriously alarmed as to his spiritual condition, went forward to the anxious seat, and solicited the prayers of the congregation. In due time he became penitent, and arose to make his confession. Among other transgressions of which he had been guilty, he owned to having frequently watered the milk he had sold. In the midst of his confession, while telling the milk story, the minister, a very worthy man, who despised cheats of all kinds, exclaimed: "Sit down, sit down, Brother Wilson! if you say much more, they'll have you in the penitentiary in less than a week!" Brother Wilson sat down.

One cord of wood cut and split fine and corded up beneath a shelter while it is yet green, will furnish more heat after it has become seasoned than two cords of the same kind of wood which has been continually exposed to the alternate influence of storms and sunshine.

THE OUTSIDE PASSENGER.

Pierre Raymond was engaged to Janie Martin, and his sleep was troubled with dreams about his idol. He dreamed they were in a dark wood of close grouped funeral hemlocks and spruces—Janie was struggling in the ever-tightening fold of a huge boa-constrictor with a human face like that of Lindley Gray, a discarded lover, while he, striving vainly to cry out, to hasten to her assistance, seemed paralyzed in every limb, helpless and motionless as a marble statue.

He woke, bathed in a cold perspiration with a painful sense of the vividness and reality of the horrible vision which had oppressed his dreams.

Surely something had happened to Janie—surely some dark peril hung threateningly over her future!

It was some time before reason and common sense came to his aid sufficiently to enable him to laugh at the unreal chimeras, yet he hardly felt safe the next day until he had taken Janie Martin's home in his way to the office, learning from the good boarding-house keeper that "Miss Martin was quite well."

"I—I think I will see her for a minute if she will receive me," he said.

Mrs. Reeves came back presently—"Would Mr. Raymond walk up to Miss Martin's sitting room?"

Janie sat on the floor, hurriedly turning things into her trunk, in the midst of a chaos of feminine belongings.

"Why, Janie! surely you are not going away?"

"I must, Pierre! I have just received a telegram from my step-mother, who is very ill, and wants me to come to her at once. I must travel night and day, or it will be too late."

"Let me see the telegram."

Janie gave him the slip of paper and he read:

"Your step-mother is very ill—not expected to live—Come to her at once.

"A Montague."

"And who is this A. Montague?"

Pierre turned the paper over and over in his hands.

"Janie," he said, "are you not acting a little rashly? Wait until you hear more definite tidings."

"Until my step-mother is dead? Oh, Pierre, she was so kind to me when poor papa was taken away, and the little children will need my care sorely."

"But Janie—"

"There is no use in our wasting words, Pierre, I must go by the noon train."

"Where is it?"

"In Darnelsdale, twelve miles from Courtfield. I go as far as Courtfield by train, and there take the stage."

"When will you reach there?"

"At midnight, if we meet with no delays."

"Janie," said Pierre Raymond determinedly, "I shall go with you."

"Indeed you shall not, Pierre!" said the little damsel, resolutely, and flushing up to the roots of her hair. "I will go alone."

"I do not think it safe, Janie."

"What nonsense, Pierre," she cried, laughing.

"But listen to me, my dearest," and urged by some strong, irresistable power, Pierre told Janie the story of his dream. She laughed more merrily than ever.

"Now I am determined you shall not accompany me, dear Pierre. A man to allow a foolish dream to influence his conduct! Never!"

"But, Janie, I insist upon it."

"And I utterly refuse. There!"

"Janie!" he said, almost sternly.

"If you do not abandon the subject, I shall consider it as a sign and token that you desire our engagement to be at an end," she said, resolutely.

"But you will let me——"

She put her hand over his lips.

"What did I tell you? Come, your business awaits you, and I am in a desperate hurry to get these things packed."

"Then," said he, half laughing, half vexed, "I am to consider myself as dismissed?"

Janie jumped up, ran to him, and gave him a coaxing little kiss, as he stood on the threshold.

"I shall write to you just as soon as I get there—and we shall be separated but a brief time, after all."

"I may see you off at the depot?"

"Not even that!" Janie was beginning to be annoyed again. "Let me have my own way for once, it's a woman's privilege, until she is married, at least."

Pierre Raymond was disquieted still. The dream haunted him every hour.

"If I were at all inclined to be a superstitious man," said Pierre Raymond, "I should believe this to be a warning—I should regard myself as mad if I gave no heed to it!"

It was a brilliant starlight night, when the trim little figure in the sober gray travelling dress and vailed face took her seat in the stage coach which stood at the Courtfield depot, awaiting the advent of all Darnellsdale passengers—starlight, but cold, with a frosty clearness in the atmosphere, which made closed windows by no means uncomfortable.

"Not but two faces besides the outside passenger," muttered the driver, discontentedly, as he slammed to the door and mounted to his place behind the horses, where a tall dark figure already sat; "I ain't goin' to make my fortin' on the Darnelisdale road, that's clear."

Jane Martin glanced curiously towards the other passenger—a masculine looking old woman, in a beaver bonnet, a green barege vail, and a huge old-fashioned bombazine cloak with double capes, who sat noddling with her elbows on the lid of the square wicker basket she carried in her lap. Janie felt strangely lonely—even the companionship of the uncouth old creature, she fancied, would be better than utter isolation, so she timidly made an attempt to begin an acquaintance.

"It is very cold to-night," she remarked in a conciliatory tone.

"Eh?" demanded the old woman, putting her hand inquiringly to her ear.

"A cold night," cried Janie at the top of her sweet little voice.

"Eh?"

It was plain that the old woman would not be much company for Janie, and she abandoned her social essays in despair.—Still, a deaf old woman was better than nobody at all. Janie felt that, all alone in the coach, she should have been very lonely in spite of the nervous thrills she experienced, once or twice, when, happening to look up, as the coach rattled through the gas-lighted suburbs of Courtfield, she caught the quick vigilance of the old woman's furtive, sideway glance instantly withdrawn.

It was not pleasant, and Janie almost wished that she had consented to Pierre Raymond's wish to accompany her as an escort, on the long and lonely journey. Pierre's dream, laughed at and forgotten at the time, came back to her now with strange distinctness, oddly blended with unpleasant recollections of Lindley Grey.

"I am a goose," mentally protested Janie, "and I'll go to sleep."

But she could not sleep. Onward rolled the lumbering coach, past the suburbs, beyond the few scattering habitations that clung to the outskirts of the little town, into the open country woods, where the solitary farm houses that they occasionally passed were already closed for the night—woods where the rustling, dead leaves, eddying downward, sounded like wicked whispers; valleys where the moaning sound of lovely streams kept up their monotone; dreary hill-sides where blackened stumps and crooked lines of tumbled down stone walls presented a dreary prospect; but past them all the stage coach lumbered and jolted, until suddenly they plunged into the dark, fragrant recesses of an evergreen wood, where the tall hemlocks and clusters of spruce trees seemed almost to arch the interlacing boughs over the narrow roadway.

Janie gave a quick start; it was the very wood that Pierre had described to her as so vividly outlined in her dream. In an instant the warm blood seemed to congeal icily in her veins.

"Nonsense!" she murmured, "it is a mere coincidence; but I wish we were safely out of this dismal place! We have outlived the age of highway robbers and midnight brigands—yet—"

The coach came suddenly to a standstill. With a sick sensation of terror Janie leaned out of the window.

Through the frosty freshness of the night air came perceptibly to her senses that peculiar odor of chloroform. The coachman had fallen from his box and lay like one dead on the roadside, the reins trailing beneath the hoofs of the docile horses, while the outside passenger had descended, and hurrying round to the coach door, flung it open, with a hoarse, exultant sound, like a laugh. The lantern that he carried displayed his evil, triumphant face; in fact he made no attempt to hide it any longer.

"Lindley Grey!" shrieked Janie, recoiling to the further end of the vehicle.

"Yes, Lindley Grey!" he answered, jeeringly; "don't fancy me for a traveling companion to a very haughty, spirited young lady? It's my turn to dictate terms now; you are in my power at last. Out with you, old lady!"

He turned savagely towards the other passenger, giving her arm a pull to expedite her descent. The old woman, tottering uncertainly to her feet, hesitated an instant on the step of the coach. The next instant a blow—short, sharp, and sudden—descended directly between Lindley Grey's eyes, and he fell like a log on the roadside carpet of fallen hemlock leaves and pine needles. The bombazine cloak fell off, the square wicket basket rattled close to the ground.

"Here, coachman, up with you!" cried a clear, manly voice to the bewildered John, who wast just raising himself on one elbow, and staring vaguely round, like one awakened from a deep slumber; "help me to tie the rascal hand and foot. He won't get up again in a hurry unless my right hand has forgotten it's cunning. but it's just as well to make sure of the villian."

"Where am I? What has happened?" cried the man.

"You have been drugged with chloroform, but you're all right now. Come, up with you, I say, and bear a hand here!"

"What are you going to do with him?" demanded the man, as he obeyed, not without difficulty.

"Leave him here by the road-side; he won't take cold, I'll venture to say! There, he's safe enough now! Jump on your box and drive on!"

"Can't I thrash him first, your honor?" demanded the Jehu, growing irate as he recovered his dazed senses."

"No, he's sufficiently punished; drive on, I say."

"But, your honor, where's the old woman? She hain't gone off on a broomstick? And where did you drop from?"

The tall stranger laughed, "I am the old woman."

The man mounted his box, not quite certain whether he was in a land of enchantment or not, and Janie, still sobbing hysterically, found herself clasped in a tender hold.

"Janie, my precious one, don't cry so bitterly. You are safe now."

"Oh, Pierre, what would have happened to me, if you had not been wiser than I?"

For the deaf old woman in the bombazine cloak and the square wicker basket was Pierre Raymond, who, driven onward by the irresistible impulse of his warning dream, had taken the express train, and, contrary to Janie's wishes, became her guardian genius.

"If nothing had happened to you, Janie," he said, you would never have known who was your fellow traveler.—As matters have transpired, I can but thank the merciful Providence that through the medium of a troubled dream was so clearly pointed out to me my path of duty."

As Raymond had expected, when they reached Darnellsdale, Janie's mother was found in the most perfect health, and surprised enough she was to see her husband's daughter so pale and travel wearied. The telegram had been a mere falsification to aid the workings of Lindley Grey's machinations.

Janie Martin returns to the city once again to be married to Pierre Raymond, and from that day and henceforward neither of them ever again saw or heard of Lindley Grey.

But although they stoutly declare that they are no believers in old times superstition, they are both slightly inclined to put faith in the fantastic prophecies of dreams.

At a social party, where humorous definitions was one of the games of the evening the question was put. "What is religion?" "Religion," replied one of the party, more famous as a man of business than a wit, "is an insurance against fire in the next world, for which honesty is the best policy."

How Men of Various Nations Grow Old.

Nationalities have a specialty as to how they grow old, and I believe in my heart Irishmen are not inferior in this respect to any. A Frenchman cannot do it at all. In the first place he will not accept the march of time, but resists it like an enemy he is determined to conquer; and by certain appliances of false whiskers and cosmetics, and a forced energy of spirit, and a super-charge of levity, he fancies he has achieved the deception that has only succeeded with himself and made others believe he is as young as he wishes to imagine himself. It is not easy to say how a German grows old, for he is never young. The beer-bemuddlement of centuries is in the life-blood of the race, and their very childhood is dreary, fog-surrounded and misty. The gnarled complexity of their uncolloquial language impresses silence on a race, who would need the impetuous ardor of the South to clear the barriers of their terrible compounds, and these rough gutturals that suffice to them for expressions of passion.

Italians grow old gracefully enough. They have less of the levity that offends us in the Frenchman, and, though dignified, have none of that pomposity which an Englishman occasionally assumes, as though to make believe that it is a matter of choice, and not of necessity, that he is white-haired and large-waisted, solemn of gait and grave of utterance.

I am not sorry to be able to speak of the Irishman as of another nationality, and to say why I think he meets years in a better spirit than most men. First of all, that large stock of geniality which supplied high spirits in youth, subsides by time into a species of humoristic pleasantry, sufficiently dashed by fancy to be brilliant, and enough matured by experience to avoid the impertinence of levity. Few men go through life more enjoyably, and, in consequence, few men's experiences are less darkened by discouraging impressions of their neighbors, or by that distrust of humanity, in the main, which shows itself in great depression or melancholy.—*Charles Lever.*

Hints to Teachers.

Courtesy of manner is one of the great essentials to a teacher or any one who aims at success in guiding children in the road to knowledge. Not that they should go through all the formulation that Chesterfield lays down as essential to intercourse between ladies and gentlemen; but they must show a studied kindness for their welfare, and a regard for their feelings. And there is a great deal in the fact that leads children to think they are having their own way. It is easy for a parent to say that a child *must* and *shall*; but it always leaves a trace of rebellion long after the harsh words are spoken, and the will of superior force and years has been carried into effect. But it will be found far easier to adapt yourself to means and dispositions, and be kind and gentle and deferential to wills that are quite as strong, if not to judgments that are not yet matured.

Every parent and teacher should possess extensive knowledge of the human nature as manifested in children. Sensible and cautious, he should know when to censure and when to praise, when to rule their passions, when to guide their affections, and when to direct and govern their ambition. Kindness of disposition and courtesy of manner will enable him to rule the young without difficulty. Let him, therefore, endeavor to possess those noble and amiable characteristics. In public or in private, he should so act as to merit and win confidence and esteem, instead of aiming to show his power and importance at all times. Whenever he meets his pupils, if he be a teacher, he should always recognize them courteously, with a smile—not with frowns; with kind and affectionate looks—not with a stern countenance. He should teach his pupils politeness, not only by precept but by example. He should never fail to impress upon them that they "should rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man." The capability of a pupil should also have kindly consideration; and no attempt should be made to enforce too great a task for the young mind.

Influence of Blue Rays on Life and Health.—A remarkable paper was read before the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society at one of its recent sessions, by Gen. A. J. Pleasonton, in which he adduced facts to prove that the blue and violet rays of the solar spectrum exerted an extraordinary power in hastening vegetation and in developing animal life, and ameliorating animal health. He instanced the case of grape cuttings, which under a roof composed of glass of alternate blue and violet colors, came to maturity within a year of being set out, and yielded within that period a weight of fruit that seems almost fabulous. The effects of the application of light through similar media to animals out of health, was to produce their rapid restoration, and in the case of young pigs especially, to accelerate their growth.

There appears to be no doubt of these facts, coming as they do so well authenticated. They establish a principle which will bear a very wide and beneficient application both in the development of vegetable and animal life.

Here is the most dog-goned affectionate sample of amatory poetry that we have ever seen:

When old Carlo sits in Sally's chair,
Oh! don't I wish that I were there!
When her fairy fingers pat his head,
Oh! don't I wish 'twas me instead!
When Sally's arms his neck imprison,
Oh! don't I wish my neck was his'n!
When Sally kisses Carlo's nose,
Oh! don't I wish that I were those!

Quilp and his wife had a bit of contention the other day. "I own that you have more brilliancy than I," said the woman, "but I have the better judgment." "Yes" said Quilp, "your choice in marrying shows that!" Quilp was informed that he was a brute.

"I ain't going to live long, mother," said a woe begone looking youngster, one day, to his maternal parent. "Why not pray?" "Because my pantaloons is all tored out behind," was the conclusion.

The Chicago papers say that the warmest sympathy expressed for that city was by the Connecticut woman who contributed two strings of red peppers.

The Children's Land.

One of the first things that strikes the attention of an Englishman in Germany, when he begins to get a little insight into the life of the people, is the equality and sympathy existing between parents and children. In no country do parents take more pains to enter the very hearts and lives of their children than there. They very early make them acquainted with their plans, talk with them as to older people, never go on an excursion or journey without them, and search everywhere for whatever will minister to their amusement and instruction. In no home would we sooner expect to find a father turning himself into a horse, an elephant, or a camel on his parlor floor, for his children to ride him, roll him over, or do with him what they please, than in a German one—and the clergyman's as soon as any other. There are probably five juvenile household games in Germany to one anywhere else; and the parents exercise a wide discretion by having frequent entertainments for their children, and providing everything possible for the amusement of all, to make their homes the most attractive spot on earth to the little folks. The child that asks a question is not met with a blunt answer, but with such a reply—as pleasant and instructive as the parent knows how to give—as naturally promotes other inquiries and gives stimulus to the mind.

One of the causes of the equality between the old and young here lies in the fact, that the child, at any rate the eldest boy, is expected to follow his father's business, and must early share his plans. The same house, the same employment, and sometimes, perhaps, the same generation of customers, are identified with the same family and name, to the defiance of changes of governments, from century to century. If Luther and Melancthon should arise from the stone floor of the old Castle church in Wittenburg, and be under the necessity of going shopping together, it would not be unlikely that they could buy books, stationery, clothing and groceries, and get every want supplied, at about the same shops they patronized then—three hundred years ago.

But there is a far deeper cause—the Germans love children, and the more they have, the greater their joy. So soon as another is added to the number, the father is expected to communicate by letter the fact to all his near and remote relatives and friends—and in due time he has every reason to expect congratulatory letters from them in return. The fact is stated in the papers, and then more letters come. The little stranger is fairly smothered with presents. When the baptism comes, which is expected to take place within a few weeks after birth, a great feast is given, and friends come from far and near. Each is expected to bring a gift of some kind, usually money, which is immediately put out at a compound interest for the future benefit of the little recipient. The pastor makes an address, the Bible is read, prayer is offered, the ceremony performed, prayer again, and then eating and drinking and conversation.

Newspapers Preferred by Ladies.

We find in the New York correspondence of the St. Louis *Republican* some remarks on this subject that present the newspaper subject in a different light.—We would respectfully call the attention of the ladies of this section to the "*News*." The correspondent referred to writes:

BUSTLING NEWSPAPERS.

I find that newspapers are made into nice, airy, light, melodious bustles, and a lady friend begs me to save her all the Missouri *Republicans*, as they are better than Beecher's *Independent* for bustles.

The *Independent*, it seems, although big and thick, has not the reliable quality of toughness possessed by the *Republican*. The New York *Herald* is entirely unfitted for this pleasant vocation, as its pliability and absorptive properties eminently fit it for window washing. However, it will not loose its usefulness in consequence. The *Times* again has the requisite size and stiffness—but there's a brittle rottenness about it that excludes that sheet from the bright destiny of being hung on a string and tied around a lady's waist. It will sustain no pressure and has a tendency to go back on one, and that is very discouraging. The *Tribune* also is "out in the cold," on account of its smutty propensities; not that Horace fails to imp