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Kent News.

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

Vol. 32. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1872. No. 39.

The Kent News:
PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
Office in the Masonic Hall.
JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. 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.

WM. M. SLAY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
Careful attention will be paid to any legal business of Kent and neighboring counties which may be entrusted to him jan6-y.

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.

CHEAPER THAN EVER!
TOYS, CONFECTIONERY, &c., &c.
J. H. SMITH
Has now in store a large assortment of
NEW GOODS,
Embracing a general variety of
TOYS,
CONFECTIONERY,
RAISINS,
CURRANTS,
CITRON,
PRUNES,
FIGS,
NUTS,
French and Common Candy,
Canned Fruits,
JELLY, PICKLES, CHOW-CHOW,
TOBACCO, CIGARS, &c.
Give me a call.
Dec. 2. J. H. SMITH.

KENNEDYVILLE
CHEAP CASH STORE!
COMEGYS & BRO.,
HAVE JUST RETURNED from the city and opened an assortment of
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
Consisting of
A General Assortment of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.
Persons wishing to buy CHEAP GOODS FOR CASH, will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Our motto is—"Quick Sales and Small Profits."
COMEGYS & BRO.
Kennedyville, Nov. 4, 1871.

BURNS & SLOAN
132 Light St. Wharf,
BALTIMORE,
BUILDING
AND HARDWOOD
LUMBER,
SHINGLES,
FENCING,
PALES,
DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, &c.

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.,
e22y. *BALTIMORE.*

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.

NATURAL MINERAL WATER
For the Debilitated.
VICHY, KISSENGEN, CONGRESS
and other Waters, for sale at
WICKES' DRUG STORE

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

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned, intending to discontinue farming, will offer at Public Sale on his farm near Kennedyville, on

WEDNESDAY,
The Fourteenth day of February, 1872,
THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY:

7 Head of HORSES,
TWO MARES,
of which are in foal one by Welch's celebrated "Hamiltonian," one by Kennedy's superior horse "Keystone Pacheni;"
One very fine 2 year Glencoe Colt,
One very fine 1 year Black Hawk Colt,

10 head of CATTLE,
among them four fresh Cows;
ONE YOKE OF OXEN,
very superior and well broken;
14 Head of very fine Chester Shoats;
One Farm Wagon and Harness, in good order;
One Ox Cart in good order;
One Russell Mower & Reaper combined;
Half interest in Hay Rake,
One Grain Fan and one Corn Sheller,
One Mill Wagon or Dearborn,
Lot of Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, &c.
Two Scythes and Cradles,
Lot of Corn Blades, 40 or 50 bushels of Potatoes, 3,000 weight of Pork,
10 Cans of Lard.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.
TERMS:—All sums of and under $10 cash; all over that amount a credit of six months, on note with approved security.
P. F. RASIN.
January 27, 1872—ts.

VALUABLE PROPERTY
IN KENNEDYVILLE,
At PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned will offer at Public Sale at Dewees' Hotel, in Kennedyville, Kent county, Maryland, on

SATURDAY,
The TENTH day of FEBRUARY, 1872
AT THREE O'CLOCK, P. M., his
HOUSE AND LOT
in Kennedyville, on Main Street, adjoining the lands of John Kennedy and Tilghman Shafer. The Lot is one hundred and sixty feet deep by sixty-five feet front, and improved by a
TWO-STORY
Frame Dwelling,
nearly new, with one room and a passage on the first floor, and two rooms above; and a two-story frame back building, with a good dry Cellar beneath.
There is a well of excellent water in the yard convenient to the house. The lot is inclosed by a new and substantial fence.
To any one, desiring a good, comfortable Dwelling House and Garden, in a central and thrifty village, through which the Kent Co. Railroad Company runs daily trains to and from Philadelphia and Baltimore, this one offers rare inducements.
THE TERMS OF SALE are as follows, but may be modified: $300 cash, or within thirty days from day of sale; the balance in six and twelve months, to be secured by bond of purchaser with approved security. A fee simple deed will be given to purchaser upon payment of the whole purchase money.
For further particulars apply to my attorney, C. T. WESTCOTT, Esq., Chestertown, Md.
WALTER MELVIN.
January 20, 1872—tds.

Complete Assortment of Stationery.
RECORD CAP, LEGAL CAP, BILL CAP, Fool's Cap, Letter, Sermon, Commercial Note, Mourning, Billet and French Initial Paper. ENVELOPES of all varieties. Double and Single Entry LEDGERS, JOURNALS and DAY BOOKS.
BLANK BOOKS of all kinds
FOR CASH ONLY.
jan27. C. F. STAM & BRO.

HARNESS SHOP.
THE undersigned having opened in the room above the Wheelwright Shop, the Harness business, he is prepared to make to order
ALL KINDS OF NEW HARNESS,
and will do REPAIRING with neatness and dispatch, at low prices for cash.
TILGHMAN SHAFER.
Kennedyville, Jan. 13—3m.

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.

KENT COUNTY, Sct:
I hereby certify that on this 25th day of January, 1872, personally appeared before the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Kent county, William Walraven, and made oath in due form of law that there is a stray trespassing upon his enclosures, a Blue COW, about four years old, with straight horns, crop off left ear, and underbit off the right; since the last of December, 1871. Given under my hand.
T. W. RUSSELL, J. P.

NOTICE.—The owner of the above described Cow is notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take her away.
jan27-3t. WM. WALRAVEN.

KENT COUNTY, Sct:
I hereby certify that on this 27th day of January, 1872, before the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Kent county, personally appeared Leander Christy, colored, and after being duly sworn says that on the 10th of January, 1872, was left on his premises at Sassafras, by a person calling himself Adam Barnes, colored, a SMALL BAY HORSE, left hind foot white, blind in right eye, and white stripe down his forehead. JOHN T. HURTT, J. P.

NOTICE.—I hereby notify Adam Barnes, colored, or whoever the above horse may belong to, to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise I shall proceed to advertise and sell him according to law.
feb3-3t* LEANDER CHRISTY.

BIBLES,
PRAYER BOOKS,
HYMN BOOKS,
SCHOOL BOOKS, Poems, Novels, Romances, &c., &c., at city prices, for cash only.
jan27. C. F. STAM & BRO.

NOTICE.
ALL ACCOUNTS MUST BE settled before March 1st, either in cash or negotiable note. C. F. STAM & BRO.
Jan. 27, 1872.

LEWIS' WHITE LEAD,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, PUTTY and DYE STUFFS, in any quantity, and as cheap as they can be bought in the city, for cash only.
jan27. C. F. STAM & BRO.

WAITING FOR THE BRIDE.

BY SARA T. SMITH.

Light all the lamps, Margretta!
And make that fire burn bright,
And have the supper ready,—
It's very cold to-night.
Ask Patrick if he's *certain*
The gates are open wide,
For in an hour—remember—
My son brings home his bride.

An hour! They'll come at seven,
And now it's after six.
Poor Will! I've missed him sadly,
With all his merry tricks!
I hope—I *know* he's happy,
And yet I say "Poor Will!"
Ah, well, a mother's darling,
To a mother's baby still.

And marriage is so solemn—
Sometimes so sad a thing!
All blessings and all curses
Bound in a little ring!
A little ring that wears away
In daily toil and fret,
And leaves, sometimes, instead of gold,
A scar of vain regret.

But then—he's chosen wisely
Even in a mother's eyes.
She's pretty, and although so young,
In many things she's wise;
They speak of her with ready praise,
The ones who know her best.
He loves her and he's chosen her—
I hope she'll make him blest!

I see the moonlight shining
Across the quiet lawn,
The trees are still and beautiful,
Although the leaves are gone.
It rained upon the wedding-day,
But cleared before the night,—
I'm glad their coming-home will be
So peaceful and so bright!

There's trial before them, I suppose—
And joy, and loss, and gain;
It's good to think that healing walks
So near the angel Pain!
The Lord has blessed me greatly,
Yet He has sent me grief;
And I know how sweet the moment,
When Sorrow meets Relief!

They're coming now! I hear the wheels,
And at the open door
Stands one who's been my comforter
These thirty years and more.
When I look back along my life,
With husband at my side,
I'm glad indeed, I've lived to see
My son bring home his bride!

COURTSHIP FOR LIFE.

Very much of the pleasure of courtship comes from constant attentions of the parties to each other. Their affection voices itself in all possible ways. Every sentence is edged with a compliment, and spoken in tender tones. Every look is a confession. Every act is a new word in the exhaustable vocabulary of love. Kiss and caress are parenthetic clauses and gestures in the dialect of love, and gifts and sacrifices are the more emphatic expressions of the spirit no language can fully articulate, and no devotion declare. And it is the fact that affection confesses itself continually in look and word and act, making the voice musical, and the fingers poetic in their touch, and doing that makes the experience so beautiful, the only Eden many a woman has upon earth.

In courtship nothing is taken for granted. Both parties are put on their good behavior. Love keeps itself fresh and active by constant expression in word and act. But, strange to say, the courtship usually ends with marriage. Very soon both parties yield to the sense of possession, and the feeling of security robs gallantry of motive; and extracts the poetry from the mind. The beautiful attentions which were so pleasing before marriage are too often forgotten afterwards; the gifts cease, or come only with the asking; the music dies out of the voice; everything is taken for granted, and the love that, like silver jet of the fountain, leaped to heaven, denied its natural outlet, ceases to flow altogether. Then comes dull, heavy, hard days, with two unhappinesses tied together wishing themselves apart, and not always content with the merely wishing.

This is unnatural, unwise and wrong. What married life wants to give it a new tone and sweetness, is more of the manner as well as the spirit of the courting time. Love must have expression or it will die. It can be kept forever beautiful and blessed as at first, by giving it constant utterance in word and act. The more it is allowed to flow out in delicate attentions and noble service, the stronger and more satisfying, and more blessed it will be. The house becomes home only when love drops its heavenly manna in it fresh every day, and the true marriage vow is made not once for all at the altar, but by loving words, and helpful service, and delicate attentions to the end.

The Carpenter's Dream.

A poor man was a carpenter, and he often said to himself and to others: "If I was only rich, I would show people how to give."

With such thoughts in his mind, he fell asleep and dreamed. In his dream he saw a pyramid of silver dollars—all new, bright, beautiful. Just then a voice reached him, saying: "Now is your time. You are rich at last; let us see your generosity." So he rose from his seat and went to the pile to take some money for charitable purposes. But the pyramid was so perfect that he could not bear to break it. He walked all around it, but found no place where he could take a dollar without spoiling the heap. So he decided that the pyramid should not be broken, and then awoke.

He awoke to know himself, and to see that he would be generous only while comparatively poor.

A SMALL-POX PATIENT BURIED ALIVE.—The Milwaukee *Wisconsin* vouches for the following:

A few days ago a man residing in the Ninth ward, named Ruskowski, after being sick with the small-pox for some time, died, as was supposed. According to the regulations recently passed by the board of health, he was buried shortly after his decease. His sister, who, it seems, was not satisfied with the hasty manner in which her brother was disposed of, was so worked up by the circumstances, and so certain that all was not right, that to satisfy herself she had the body exhumed some six hours after the burial. To her own joy, and to the amazement of those who had pronounced the man dead, it was found that indications of life still remained in the body of the buried one.—He was at once taken back to the house, and after considerable exertion and the applying the proper restoratives, he was virtually brought to life again. He is now living and doing well.

CHOOSING FOR LIFE.

Mary Randall was in a difficulty. The time must come when her choice must be made between two persons for a partner in life, one of whom love recommended with all the fervency of youthful affection, mindful only of the present; while cold reason, looking forward to the future, and not troubled by the present, was as strongly pressing the claims of the other. In the society in which she moved, Mary Randall was regarded as a girl who not only had been favored by nature with many physical adornments, but who had received from her, also, those beauties of mind which make a woman truly loveable. On the good foundation which nature had laid, careful instruction had reared a glorious character, which governed her actions well—so well, that it was said by some one, and confirmed by every one, that Mary Randall never even parleyed with evil when she knew it to be such.

Of course, as a rule, such a person must be a mark in society, and Mary Randall was no exception; for, in her sphere, she received the admiration of many young men. But two, however, were looked upon as in any degree likely to be successful. They were Charles Maynard and Frank Morton. The difference between these two young men was marked. Charlie Maynard was handsome, pleasant, and consequently a pet in society. Frank Morton was rather plain in appearance, and, though pleasant in manner, yet was reticent, and, on the whole, was not a man to show well in the drawing-room; but those who knew him best, knew that there was great depth in the man; all acknowledged that he possessed many sterling qualities.

Charlie Maynard was the most sociable, and in looking in his frank, open face, there was so much on the exterior to admire, that very few saw further; those who did, knew that there was no strength of character to support him, and their views were strengthened by the fact that he never refused the glass of wine offered him, because, as he said, "anything to be sociable." Frank Morton, on the other hand, often fell in the good opinion of some, by his steady refusal to take even the most "sociable" of glasses.

Mary Randall was one of the few who noticed these differences, and they were strongly marked to her, for she loved Charlie Maynard, and often had been grieved when he had shown the weakness of his character, and had been led to compare this weakness with the stability of Frank Morton. She had often, on these occasions, wished that Charlie was like Frank Morton. But to return.

Mary Randall was in a difficulty, because these two young men had proposed; and as both could not be accepted, a choice must be made. It was a serious thing for her to make a choice for life, and she felt the responsibility; and had asked time in which to consider, and now the period was near when a definite answer must be given, and she was undecided as when she had asked time. She sat down, determined to think over the situation, and come to a definite conclusion. First, she regarded their prospects for life. Both had the same trade—they were of the superior order of mechanics; both were industrious; whether both were saving or not, she did not know; evidently there was no help for a solution of the difficulty; both held the same position in society; here was no help.

Thus Mary thought, and still there was no solution; and as it became more evident to her that thought could do nothing, so much stronger become the call of love for a decision in favor of Charlie. And she was well nigh decided in her choice, but there was a strange feeling in her hear, a feeling of misgiving; and, obeying it, she still hesitated, when just at this favorable opportunity cool, far-sighted reason whispered to her "Charlie drinks."

The feeling of misgiving was explained; this it was which had restrained her. But much of its effects were lost, for love, too, whispered in her ear, and what did he say? "Yes, he drinks, but only sociably—he is too high-minded to go further."

Looking at the situation with eyes of love, this seemed a very probable view; and again Mary wavered—but not long, for immediately reason thundered in her ears: "If, in prosperity, he drinks socially, what might he not do in adversity?"

This question came home to her with force—"What might he not do in adversity?" And as she thought of what he *might* do, she shuddered at the depth of the pit on whose brink Charlie was standing. But her mind was not decided. In a matter of a lifetime in which so many interests were involved, she could not run even the smallest risk.

When, a few days after, Charlie came and received a negative answer, no amount of pleading could change her mind, for the decision at which she had arrived had weakened very much her love for him, while she had determined to banish it from her heart altogether.

Frank Morton also came for his answer, not with hopes, for he had not looked upon his chances very favorably. Very much surprised was he, then, when Mary told him that, though she did not love him now, yet she did respect him, and if he chose to take her with that understanding, she would try and learn to love him. The temptation was great—too great to be resisted—for his love for her was that which came from a great, noble heart.—Taking her by the hand, he promised that, so far as he was able, nothing should happen to make her regret her choice; and so they were engaged.

Having nothing to wait for Mary agreed to an early wedding; and, consequently, six months from that time they were married, and neither could then undo their choice. Being desirous of improving his prospects, Frank Morton removed his residence to a neighboring town; and there, industriously engaged, we will leave him, and see what has become of his former rival, Charlie Maynard.

Showing the fickleness and shallowness of his character, he had given up his former love for Mary Randall, and had bestowed all his attentions on a pretty, but light-minded, damsel, named Kate Kempton; and, as his attentions became more and more marked every day, no one was surprised to hear, finally, that they were engaged to each other.

Kate Kempton, having no natural strength of character, and none of that training which would have made it stronger, felt no fears on the score of the future of Charlie's sociable qualities, and so had not hesitated in the least to choose him. With her it had not been a choice for life, for she scarcely thought further than the present. They, too, having no cause for delay, were married early, and about one month after the marriage of Frank Morton and Mary Randall. Hearing good reports from Frank, and knowing that he had been successful in his undertaking, Charlie followed his example, and removed to the same manufacturing town.

* * * * * *

Ten years have passed, and if you should go now to the same town, and inquire for Frank Morton, there would be pointed out to you a man neatly dressed, and of fine appearance. If you should inquire of his character and standing, any one would tell you that for true nobility no man could be more distinguished; while in offices of trust he may be found "most faithful of the faithful." If you should ask him the explanation of his rise to such a position from one comparatively low, he would point to his wife as the cause of it all.—Ask her if she ever regretted the choice she made ten years ago, and she would tell you that she then made a choice the full value of which she will never be able to know. But how did all this happen? Simply in this way:—Being industrious, when he had removed to the town, Morton soon found work, and what he found to do he did with all his might; and so, being of a saving nature, he laid up money against the bad times to come. They had come, but he was prepared, and, weathering them safely, had gone on in his course of independence. Soon his worth became known; and he had risen from one position to another, until finally he had gained the position of "master" in his trade.

Mary Randall, when she gave herself to Frank Morton, had given only respect; but soon she did give him that love which is, indeed, love, and to-day Mrs. Morton does not regret the choice she made when she was in difficulty as Mary Randall.

Far different from this is the history of Charlie Maynard through the last ten years. No one whom you should question would be able to tell you anything good of him. In appearance he is bloated, his carriage is sneaking, and nothing about him indicates nobility or even respectability. His haunt is the gin-palace, his home is in a low den; and his once pretty wife is now careworn, dragged down with sorrow. How did all this happen? Charlie Maynard, when he went to that place, was an industrious man; his industry gained its reward; he obtained work; but he did not know how to save. "Sufficient for the present" was his motto; and consequently, when adversity came, he suffered its worst effects. Having no work, he became discouraged; and the social taste which he had formed held out prospects of relief from care for the present in what was called a sociable glass.—That was the beginning of his destruction; and down, down, down he went, until now he can go no further in this world. The once light-minded Kate Kempton is now weighed down with sorrow, and as once she cared only for the present, now all her thoughts are for the future, when she shall be freed for ever. Bitterly does she repent her choice; for she knows too well "what he will do in adversity."

HOME AMUSEMENT.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher took occasion in a recent sermon to allude to recreation and amusements in the home circle as being healthful and natural; and we append what he said about dancing:

"Some persons, when they join a church, think that they must put all the glee and mirth and music out of their lives. Don't do it! If a love song ripples up to the surface of your heart, sing it! sing it! sing it! Don't let it die!—My second mother—for I remember no other—was my idea of womanly gentleness, propriety and elegance. She was not, however, very demonstrative. She used before marriage, to be quite a belle, and was often known to trip the light fantastic toe. One evening, as my father played a tune on the violin, my mother arose, and in the most graceful manner possible to conceive, commenced to dance around the room. I didn't know what to make of it. I was speechless with consternation and delight. My father looked on in surprise. Never in the whole course of my life had I seen such a thing attempted in my father's house. It was delicious, and I got a lesson then which has lasted me ever since. I think to this day if my mother had danced oftener and said the catechism a little less, it would have been better for us all. If you have a talent for music, cultivate it; for dancing, cultivate it; whatever gifts God has given you, make the most of them, whether of voice, feet or eye."

A HAPPY WOMAN.—What spectacle more pleasing does life afford than a happy woman contented in her sphere, ready at all times to benefit her little world by her exertions, and transforming the briars and thorns of life into roses of Paradise by the magic of her touch? There are those who are thus happy because they cannot help it—no misfortunes dampen their sweet smiles, and they diffuse a cheerful glow around them as they pursue the even tenor of their way. They have the secret of contentment, whose value is far above the philosophers' stone; for without seeking the baser exchange of gold, which may buy some sorts of pleasure, they convert everything they touch into joy. What their condition is makes no difference. They may be rich or poor, high or low, admired or forsaken by the fickle world; but the sparkling fountain of happiness bubbles up in their hearts, and makes them radiantly beautiful.—Though they live in a log cabin, they make it shine with a lustre that kings and queens might covet, and they make wealth a fountain of blessings to the children of poverty.

THE following is an incident of the Prince of Wales' illness: "The Prince having been unable to sleep during nearly two days and nights, a hop pillow was placed under his head, and after some hours he sank to a fitful sleep. The hop pillow was continued, and there is reason to believe its soporific effect contributed much to the recovery of the Prince.—During the time when death seemed imminent, a butcher stood in an adjoining room with a lamb, ready at a moment's notice to flay it that the warm and reeking skin might swathe the Prince's extremities, should they have shown signs of death coldness."

ORIGINAL OBITUARY NOTICE.

The editor of the Colorado Herald had occasion to leave town for two or three days, and he committed his paper during his absence to the charge of a young man, a novice in journalism, whom he had just engaged as his assistant. Before leaving he instructed the ambitious young editor not to permit any chance to go unimproved to force the paper and the very small size of the subscription price upon the attention of the public.

'Always keep before your mind the fact that the object of this paper is to extend its circulation,' he said; 'and whenever you see a chance to insert a puff of the Herald in any notice you make, pile it on as thick as you can. Keep the people stirred up all the time, you understand, so that they will believe the Herald is the greatest sheet published in the United States.'

The parting tear was shed, and the editor left. The following night, while he was far from home, his wife died very suddenly. Upon the assistant devolved the duty of announcing the sad intelligence to the public. He did it thus:

"GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN."

"We are compelled this morning to perform a duty which is peculiarly painful to the able assistant editor, who has been engaged on this paper at an enormous expense, in accordance with our determination to make the Herald a first-class journal. Last night death suddenly and unexpectedly snatched away from her domestic hearth (the best are advertised under the head of Stoves and Furnaces, upon our first page,) Mrs. Agatha P. Burns, wife of Rufus P. Burns, the gentlemanly editor of the Herald. Terms, three dollars per year, invariably in advance. A kind mother and exemplary wife. Office, over Coleman's grocery, up two flights of stairs. Knock hard.—"We shall miss thee, mother, we shall miss thee." Job-printing solicited. Funeral at half-past four, from the house just across the street from the Herald office. Gone to be an angel now. Advertisements inserted for twelve cents a square."

Well, the editor arrived home that day at noon. Slowly and sadly he was observed to arm himself with a double-barreled fowling-piece, into which he inserted about two pounds and a half of bullets. He marched over to the office followed by a crowd. The assistant editor at that moment was busy in painting a big placard, to be tacked on the hearse. It bore the legend: "Buy your coffins of Simms, over the Herald office." The assistant editor cast his eye around, and perceived his chief. Care sat upon the wan cheek and thunder clothed his brow. He leveled his gun. The assistant did not wait. With one wild and awful yell, he jumped from the second-story window, and struck out for the golden shores of the Pacific. The Herald has only one editor now, and the clerk has standing orders to blow out the brains of any man who brings obituary notices to that paper.

JOSH BILLINGS' SAYINGS.

There seems to be four styles of mind:
1st, Them who knows it's so!
2nd, Them who knows it aint so!
3rd, Them who split the difference, and guess at it!
4th, Them who don't care which way it is!

There is but few men who hez character enuff to lead a life of idleness.

Those who retire from the world on account of its sins and peskiness, must not forget that they have yet to keep company with a person who wants just as much watchin as anybody else.

It costs a great deal to be wise, but it don't cost anything to be happy.

Necessity begot convenience, convenience begot pleasure, pleasure begot luxury, luxury begot riot and disease; riot and disease, between them, begot poverty; poverty begot necessity again—and this is the revolution of man, and is about all he can brag on.

When a man loses his health, then he just begins to take care on it. This is good judgment, this is!

An individual to be a fine gentleman, has either got to be born so, or be brought up so from infancy; he can't learn it all of a sudden, any more than he can learn how to talk injun correctly by practicen on a tomahawk.

Plain Talk to Young Ladies.

Your every-day toilet is a part of your character. A girl who looks like "fury" or a sloven in the morning, is not to be trusted however finely she may look in the evening.

No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain, viz: A mirror, wash-stand, soap, towel, comb, and hair, nail and tooth brushes.

These are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make a good use of them. Look tidy in the morning, and, after the dinner work is over, improve your toilet.

Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" for the evening. Your dress may not, or need not be, anything better than calico, but with a ribbon or flower, or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of self-respect and satisfaction that invariably comes with being well and neatly dressed.

A girl of fine sensibilities cannot help feeling embarrassed and awkward in a ragged, dirty dress, with unkemp hair, if a neighbor comes in.

You should make it a point to look as well as you can, even if you know nobody will see you but yourself.

YOUNG MEN who go to see the girls have adopted a novel method to obtain kisses. They assert on the authority of scientific writers, that the concussion produced by a kiss will cause the flame of lamp-light to flicker, and easily induce the girls to experiment in the interest of science.—The first kiss or two the parties will watch the flame to see it flicker, but they soon become so interested in the experiments as to let it flicker if it wants to.

A FEMALE thus cruelly applies an old saying:

"Misfortunes never come single,
And so, like birds of a feather,
The marriages and the deaths
Are always printed together."

As sunlight melts the frozen earth, so does love the hardest heart.

TOO LATE.

Too late, too late was never said
Of morning, sun, or bud, or flower—
The light is true to hill and glade,
The rose-bud opens to the hour!
The lark ne'er asks the day to wait,
But man awakes too late, too late!

Too late, too late our anger burns—
The sun goes down before the flame
To gentle words of kindness turns,
And we are scourged with inward shame
To think our breasts have harbored hate,
And pride bows down—too late, too late!

Too late, too late for public prayer,
The words of worship have begun—
Our cheeks are flushed with hastening there
We enter as the chant is done;
And, pausing at the temple gate,
We stand and say—"Too late, too late!"

"Too late, too late!" who has not said,
The post is out—the train has gone—
The time is fled—the debt not paid—
The aid not sought—the work not done
Neglect makes up life's weary freight,
And then we cry—"Too late, too late!"

"Go" and "Come."

"If you want your business done," says the proverb, "go and do it; if you don't want it done, send some one else."

An indolent gentleman had a freehold estate producing about five hundred dollars a year. Becoming involved in debt he sold half the estate, and let the remainder to an industrious farmer for twenty years. About the end of the term the farmer called to pay his rent, and asked the owner whether he would sell his farm.

"Will you buy it?" asked the owner, surprised.

"Yes, if we can agree about the price."

"That is exceedingly strange," observed the gentleman, "pray tell me how it happens that while I could not live upon twice as much land, for which I paid no rent, you are regularly paying me two hundred dollars a year for your farm, and are able in a few years to purchase it?"

"The reason is plain," was the reply; "you sat still and said, *Go*; I got up and said *Come*. You layed in bed and enjoyed your estate; I rose in the morning and minded my business."

The Division of Time.

In dividing of time into convenient quantities, the sun plays an important part. One revolution of the earth round the sun constitutes a year, the grand basis of our calendar, and modern science has attained to such accuracy that it gives, as the exact length of a year, 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes 49 seconds and seven tenths of a second; which is pretty close calculation for the movements of such a large body as our mother earth. The odds and ends of time over the 365 days are carefully gathered up for future use, so that when enough has accumulated to make twenty-four hours—once in four years—we get another day to the year. And still this is not exact, for a day every fourth year is too much by 11 minutes, 10 seconds and three tenths of a second. In 1852 these surplus seconds had well proved that "many a little makes a good deal," for Pope Gregory found that they had amounted to ten days, and ascertaining what would be the correct thing for the future, decreed that the extra day hitherto reckoned in leap year should be dropped three times every four hundred years. All this is rather curious, but it makes no practical difference with our own lives or deeds, only in the lesson taught that, small and seemingly trifling as are the seconds of time, they, by their steady, never-ceasing progress, slowly but surely count out the lives and the actions of all created things, and no mortal power can stay the hours as they pass.

Concentration of Property in England and Scotland.

In England one-half of all the land is now owned by less than a hundred and fifty persons, while the remainder is distributed among three hundred and fifty thousand. Half of the land of Scotland belongs to only a dozen owners. Nine members of the House of Lords own more property than any ninety members of the House of Commons. The nine members are the Dukes of Bedford and of Portland, and Marquises of Exeter, of Salisbury, of Northampton, of Westminister and of Camden, Earl Craven and Baron Portman. The Duke of Buccleuch is the owner of more lordly residences than any other person in England, the Queen not excepted. The latter possesses five residences, while the Duke of Buccleuch alternately, inhabits Montague House (London,) Richmond, (Surrey,) Boughton, (Northampton,) Dalkeith, Drumlaurig and Bowhill, in Scotland—six altogether. Before 1858 Lord W. Cavendish, Duke of Devon, whose estate was divided after he died, could boast of seven such palatial residences, and the Duke of Southerland has four

The Marquis of Westminister owns the entire quarter in London called Westminister, and his annual rent amounts to half a million pounds sterling,—and he is in arrears to the baker.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—How touching is this tribute of Hon. T. H. Benton, to his mother's influence: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco; I have never touched it from that time to the present day. She asked me never to gamble, and I have never gambled; I cannot tell who is losing in games that are being played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking; and whatever capacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I have attained through life, I have attributed to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence; and that I have adhered to it through all time, I owe to my mother."

PAINFULLY GRATEFUL.—A dentist who was recently saved from drowning by a laborer, from the depths of his grateful heart exclaimed, "Noble, brave, gallant man! how shall I reward you? Only come to my house, and I will cheerfully pull out every tooth in your head, and not charge you a sixpence."

THE latest phase of "poor Carlotta's" insanity is to imagine herself again receiving the homages of the court of the Mexican empire. With chairs to represent the different members of her suite, she hangs dresses upon them, asking questions and receiving answers from them as ladies of honor.

The Weight of the National Debt.

It is a well-known fact, in political as well as personal economy, that debt weighs upon whomsoever is the debtor, whether it is an individual, a City, a State, or a Nation, and the incubus of the weight depends upon the amount of the debt as compared with the means of the debtor. But perhaps it may be new—and therefore interesting—to our readers, to be informed of the *gravity* or *ponderousness* of debt, especially when it consists of large sums of money.

The debt of the United States, as reported by the official authorities on the first day of December, 1871, was $2,354,631,512. The weight of this amount, in gold coins of the United States, is 8,696,701 pounds. In silver coins of the United States the debt would weigh 130,450,515 pounds.

In order that these large figures may convey a more distinct impression upon our readers, we will state the amounts in tons:

Tons of gold,	4,348
Tons of silver,	65,225

On an ordinary road it would require 69,573 horses to haul the above amount, putting one ton as a load for each horse. If these loads were in carts, of course it would require a similar number of carts:

In gold,	4,348 carts.
In silver,	65,225 "

If we allow 20 feet to be occupied by each cart, it would make a train or column of carts, laden with gold extending sixteen and one-half miles. In silver, the line of carts would be two hundred and forty-seven and one-half miles:

In gold,	16½ miles.
In silver,	247½ "

Total number of miles. 264

This would make a column of gold and silver extending from the City of Washington, via: Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Trenton, to New York, and some miles beyond.

HISTORY OF THE CENT.—The old red cent is rapidly passing away out of the United States currency, and it will not be long before it will only be known in memory and numismatic collections. Its history is a matter of sufficient interest for preservation. The cent was first proposed by Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, and was named by Jefferson two years after. It began to make its appearance from the mint in 1792. It bore the head of Washington on one side and thirteen links on the other.

The French revolution soon created a rage for French ideas, which put on the cent, instead of the head of Washington, the head of the Goddess of Liberty—a French Liberty, with flowing locks. The chain on the reverse was replaced by the olive wreath of peace. But the French Liberty was short lived, and so was her porurait on the cent. The next head or figure succeeding this—the staid classic dame with a fillet around her hair—came into fashion about thirty or forty years ago, and her finely chiseled Grecian features have been but slightly altered in the lapse of time.

A BOSTON GIRL, who had more than once during the continuance of a long engagement shocked her lover, a pious burgher of the Quaker City, by her declamations in favor of free love, completely disgusted him when the time for the marriage drew near by refusing to submit to the performance of the ceremony, and offering herself to his connubial embrace without the sanction of the religious rite or legal authority. In vain he remonstrated. She professed herself ready to undergo all the pains and pleasures of the marriage state, but to submit to the tying of the nuptial knot she would not. And when he demanded her reasons for her extraordinary dislike to the idea of clerical or magisterial intervention, she claimed that were she bound irrevocably to him he would take no pains to please her, but were she free to leave him at any time her happiness would be his chief thought to provide for; and then, too, she wished to bestow her affections and embraces on another man, if at any time she should cease to love him. At this candid avowal of her versatile proclivities he professed to consider the engagement broken, but this she would not allow, and has entered a complaint against him for breach of promise of marriage. The case promises interesting developments at its trial, as, of course, the defence will be as above, that "Barkis is willin'," but the lady not.

HOSPITAL FOR FOOLS.—Some one writes that in Amsterdam there used to be a hospital for fools; but there was so much contention as to who should occupy it—so many ought to, and so few were willing to go there, that the charitable enterprise was finally abandoned. Some waggish citizens urged the building up of the old walls of the town, and covering them with a great roof, as the most convenient and least discriminating asylum which could be erected. And this jest had much to do with the extinction of an institution which is so much needed that it can never be established anywhere.

SIMPLE REMEDY FOR NOSE-BLEED.—A friend who has tried it, says: "Put a piece of paper in your mouth, chew it rapidly, and it will stop your nose from bleeding. This remedy has been tried frequently with success."

A physician says that placing a small roll of paper or muslin above the front teeth, under the upper lip, and pressing hard on the same, will arrest bleeding from the nose, checking the passage of the blood through the arteries leading to the nose.

A PROBABLE WRECK.—A thin old man with a rag-bag in his hand, was picking up a large number of pieces of wholesome which lay on the street. The deposit was of such a singular nature that we asked the quaint-looking gatherer how he