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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. R. PLUMMER. WM. S. 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.



**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.

**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. 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.
aug26-tf. C. W. WARREN.

*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
jan1-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
S. MERRITT & CO.


## SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of three several writs of execution issued out of the Circuit Court for Kent county, and to me directed as Sheriff of said county, against Richard Peacock, to wit: one at the suit of J. Houston Eccleston, and the other at the suit of George W. T. Perkins, Executor of E. F. Chambers, use of Clement F. Jones, Trustee for Marshall, Benjamin C., and Elizabeth Jones, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim, interest and estate of the said Richard Peacock, of, in and to all that

**Farm or Plantation,**

Situate and lying in the First Election District of Kent county, State of Maryland, on the public road from Galena to Chesterville, and also on the road from the Catholic Church to Millington, adjoining the lands of John H. Cummins & others,

**Containing 284 ACRES OF LAND,**
MORE OR LESS.

It being the same real estate which was conveyed to the said Richard Peacock by a certain William Miller and wife, bearing date on or about the 20th day of September, 1851, and recorded among the land records for Kent county aforesaid, in Liber J. R., No. 2, folios 20, &c., as on reference to said deed will more fully appear.

*And I hereby give notice, that on*

**TUESDAY.**

The TWELFTH day of MARCH, 1872,
AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, M.,

At the Court House door in Chestertown, I will sell at public sale for cash to the highest bidder, the aforesaid lands and tenements, so seized and taken in execution, to pay and satisfy said writs of execution, debts, interest and costs due and to become due thereon.

A. B. WHEATLEY, Sh'ff.
Feb. 17, 1872-ts—[10.50]

## CONSTABLE'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of two writs of Venditioni Exponas, issued by William J. Blackiston, one of the Justices of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Kent county, and to me directed, at the suit of Chas. G. Ross, administrator of Henry Ross, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Charles C. Fortiner, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said Charles C. Fortiner, of in and to

**ALL THAT LOT OF LAND,**

Situated in the Village of Galena, on the East side of the road from that village to Georgetown, containing a QUARTER OF AN ACRE OF LAND, more or less.

**Also, all that Lot of Ground**

in said village upon the Western side of the road leading to Georgetown, adjoining lands of O. F. Sutton and others, and containing 74 Square Perches, more or less.

**Also, 1 Horse, Carriage & Harness.**

And I hereby give notice, that on

*SATURDAY, the 9th of March,* 1872,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the Hotel Porch of John Pennington, in Galena, I will sell the said property, so seized and taken in execution, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay and satisfy the said writs, interest and cost due and to become due thereon. JOHN H. THOMAS,
Feb. 17—ts. (6.75) Constable.


☞ *READ THIS.* ☜

**New Goods! New Prices!**

**JAMES B. SAPPINGTON,**

HAS just returned from the city, and has opened a full assortment of Fall Goods, which were selected with care from the best houses in the city. My stock of

**Muslins, Calicoes, Canton Flannels,**

Red & white Flannels, Bed Tickings, Shirtings, Domestic, Ginghams, Linsies, Kerseys and Satinets, are unsurpassed in quality and economy of prices.

*A FULL LINE OF GROCERIES.*

Sugars, of all grades, sold as low as can be bought in the Baltimore market.
Prime Rio Coffee, green and roasted;
Fine Teas, green and black;
Molasses and Syrups, cheapest in town.

**Notions of all kinds.**

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Hose, Men's half Hose, Suspenders, &c., Men's Undershirts and Drawers, all qualities and prices. Violin Strings, screws, cruppers and bridges.

**BOOTS & SHOES.**

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes, Men's, Boys' and Childrens' Boots and Shoes.

**CROCKERY.**

Plates, Cups and Saucers, Cream Pitchers, Sugar Dishes, Bowls, Vegetable Dishes, &c., will be sold very low.

**Tobacco and Cigars**

of all qualities and prices. Garrett's Scotch Snuff and Rappee Snuff.

**Pure Cider VINEGAR.**

Salt Fish, Mackerel and Labrador Herring. Powder and Shot, E B Gun Caps, Philadelphia Concentrated Lye, "Fisher's" Washing Chrystal, Soaps of all kinds, Rumford's Yeast Powders, Bacon, Flour, Lard, Cheese, Spelling Books, Copy Books, Letter writers, Slates, Ink, Ready reckoners, paper, etc. Castor Oil, Bateman's Drops, Pain Killer, Vermifuge and Wright's Pills. Essences of all kinds, Spices, Laudanum, and, in fact, if you want *any thing* come direct to

**SAPPINGTON'S.**

and you will save time, trouble and money.
I respectfully solicit an examination of my goods and prices. I will pay the cash or goods for all kinds of Country Produce.
☞ Store on Cross St., opposite G. E. Lambert's Coach Factory.
sep30-tf. JAS. B. SAPPINGTON.

**CAUTION!**

AS AN IMPOSTER has been at various places collecting for PROF. LOW'S MAGNETIC LINIMENT, I hereby

**CAUTION**

all persons not to pay any person until the time (two months) has expired, and then only the person that distributed the Liniment, or (in case of his disability,) one that can show power of Attorney for collecting the same.
J. Q. BURNISTON, Agent.
A. S. LOW, 500 Locust Street, Philadelphia.
feb17-3t*

**GAMBRILL'S**
**PATAPSCO EXTRA FLOUR,**
Now on hand and for sale at Baltimore Prices by T. W. ELIASON, JR.
January 17, 1872.

PAINTS, White Lead, Oil, Turpentine, Glass, Putty, &c.
Feb. 24. JOS. E. WEER.


### HOME AND FRIENDS.

Oh! there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as Heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it.
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no friends so dear
As home and friends around us.

We oft destroy the present joy—
For future hopes—and praise them,
While flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stop to raise them;
For things afar still sweeter are
When youth's bright spell hath bound us,
But soon we're taught the earth had naught
Like home and friends around us.

The friends that speed in time of need,
When hope's last reed is shaken,
Do show us still that come what will
We are not quite forsaken.
Though all we night, if but the light
From friendship's altar crowned us,
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this:
Our home and friend around us.

### The Spirit of Discontent.

How universal it is! We never yet saw the man who would say, "I am contented." Go where you will, among the rich or the poor, the man of competence or the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, you hear the sound of muttering, the voice of complaint.

The other day we stood by a cooper who was playing a merry tune with his adz round a cask

"Ah," said he, "mine is a hard lot; forever trotting like a dog, driving a hoop."

"Heigho!" sighed the blacksmith, on a hot summer day, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, while the red iron glowed on the anvil, "this is life with a vengeance, melting and frying one's self over a fire."

"Oh, that I were a carpenter, ejaculated a shoemaker, as he bent over his lapstone." "Here I am day after day wearing my soul away making soles for others, cooped up in this little seven-by-nine room—hi-ho, hum!"

"I'm sick of this out door work!" exclaimed the bricklayer, "boiling under a sweltering sun or exposed to the inclemency of the weather—I wish I was a tailor."

"This is too bad!" perpetually cried the tailor, "to be compelled to sit perched up here plying the needle all the time. Would that mine were a more active life."

"Last day of grace—banks won't discount; customers won't pay—what shall I do?" grumbles the merchant. "I had rather be a truck-horse, a dog, or anything else."

"Happy fellow!" groans the lawyer, as he scratches his head over some dry, musty record, "happy fellows. I had rather hammer stone all day than puzzle my head on this tedious, vexatious question."

And through all the ramifications of society, all complaining of their condition, finding fault with their calling. "If it were only this, or that, or the other, I should be content," is the universal cry—"anything but what I am." So wags the world, so has it wagged, and so will it wag.

### Finery for Babies.

When will American mothers show their good sense and dress their children plainly? An undershirt is just as useful entirely plain, as with innumerable tucks and ruffles; aprons soil just as quickly with all the stitching and ornamenting, as if without it.

We should avoid all this useless work. A good sewing machine used to perform the sewing of plain garments is a valuable servant. My sewing is no severe master for me, though there are six of us to be clothed. My children never seem to feel the need of tucks and ruffles, and as I join them for a ramble hunting spring flowers, I am not constantly fretted about their clothes, for they are of good, substantial material, not easily torn, and so plainly made that if soiled they are very easily washed and ironed. People say to me what a healthy, rosy-looking family you have, and surely we have. I think very few people ever felt seriously distressed at the plain, simple dress of my children.

I was very much distressed by one of the numerous children of a hard working mechanic coming to my door one cold, rainy day, dressed in ruffled dress and apron, with shoes unfit for any child to wear, and asking for a pattern for an infant's tucked dress. I told the child to tell its mother I never had such an article, and hoped my good sense would never allow such a display. Very pretty they are, but there are so many things to be done for the sweetest and most helpless of all creation, that I should hardly feel justified in taking the time to make and iron such a garment.

Mothers, try this plan of plain garments and see if the little ones are not just as comfortable, and if you do not find your labors very much lessened by it.

Above all things try to find time for a little self-culture, that you may be the companions and teachers of the tender years of your children

HENRY WELCOME, hanged January 20th, in Windsor, Vt., for murder, said: "I hope my situation will be a warning to all young men to be obedient to their parents, keep out of bad company, and away from low places. This is what has brought me here; and I hope God will have mercy on me for Jesus Christ's sake. I wish to say no more now, except to *caution all against tasting liquor, because if they take one glass they must have another.*"

ABOUT three months ago a young fellow went into a Lowell factory and offered to marry the girl who could jump the highest. The 200 girls there employed at once began the spring-board exercise, and they have been jumping ever since. Some of them have come to equal Mark Twain's jumping frog, but the wished for man fails to put in an appearance.

As the passengers were preparing to leave their seats, on the arrival of the train the other evening, an old gentleman picked up a dark object which appeared to drop from a lady's bonnet. "Madame, is this yours? You appear to have dropped it by accident." "Thank you, sir"—placing her hand to her head—"a railroad accident—a misplaced switch."

IT is not until the flower has fallen off that the fruit begins to ripen. So in life it is when the romance is past that the practical usefulness begins.

### Robert Maxwell's Temptation.

Robert Maxwell let down the bars for the tired oxen, with which he had been ploughing all day, to go through them, and seek on the cool hillsides their night's pasturage. They turned their heads and looked at him with their great mournful eyes, as if expecting a word, for they were used to his voice, the slow patient creatures, and liked it, as such dumb brutes always do, the voice of a kind master.—But to-night he had no voice for any of them. He put up the bars after they had gone through and leaned heavily against them. A May sunset was flushing earth and sky; the new spring grass was fresh and green; a light, feathery leafage was on all the trees, and a few of them, pear and cherry trees had put on white blossoms. The western sky was piled high with crimson clouds, with close to the horizon a bar of gold. A reflected brightness flushsd the east with a roseat hue, which spread up to the zenith. All was still as the birth of a new world. A scene of wonderful beauty and mystery thrilled through Robert Maxwell's uneducated perceptions. He had no words for such a scene, no clearly divined thoughts about it even; but it moistened his eyes and quickened his pulse, and seemed to flood his life with a rush of dreams and longings. How beautiful the world was.—There were some men he heard who painted such scenes—others who wrote poetry about them—others who set them to music, like the songs of birds or the soft plash of waves; what was his part of all this? ploughing to-day, painting to-morrow! was that all life held him for. There must be other use, some other meaning, if he could only grasp it. If he had no part or lot in all this beauty, why did it move him so? Just then he heard the sound of horses' feet, and looked in the distance whence it came.

Maud DuPay was sweeping down the hill with a gay gallant beside her. How like a part of the sunset beauty she looked, with its rose upon her cheek, its radiance in her eyes and hair, her long blue habit fallen low, and swinging to the motion of her milk-white pony, her white plume streaming back on the wind, her little hands, with the dainty gauntlets on them—so much youth and grace and beauty. And the "city chap," as Robert Maxwell called him by her side, did not mar the picture. A handsome cavalierish looking man, there was no denying that he showed well beside Maud; but what was he here so much for? They swept by; Maud's low silverish laugh, tinkling a response to something her companion was saying; and a little cloud, which the hoofs of the horse beat up behind them, filled Robert's eyes, and choked his throat and added bitterness to his mood. He glanced down to his hard, horny hands, his coarse, toil-stained clothes. How well he would look at Maud DuPay's side? But yet he had loved her in a vague sort of a way, whose meaning he had just begun to find out, ever since he could remember. Life would not have such savor, he thought, without her. And yet, she would be unfitted for a farmer's wife, and that was just what he was—a farmer.—Then the question which had haunted him before—could he be nothing else? Did He doom him? Did God ask him to go in and out these old ways, plough and plant, and make hay, and reap grain, in summer, and go back and forth between the homestead and the wood lot all winter? Some one could be found to do as well for them, and he—he believed he had enough in him to go away and make a career which Maud would not scorn to share.

The crimson had died out of the west, the rose hue out of the east. A low wind had arisen, and blew mourufully and slowly across the fields. Robert Maxwell's mood changed with the face of the night. The exaltation forsook him, and something hard, stern, sullen, alien it seemed to his generous, hearty nature, entered in and took possession of him. He went home slowly, with heavy footsteps.

"Tired, Robbie?" his mother said cheerily, as she came into the kitchen.

Somehow the words vexed him; she had said them often enough before, but they had never struck him just in that way 'til now. Robbie! If she would only remember that he was twenty-two year old.

"Yes, I'm tired," he answered doggedly.

"Well, draw right up to the table; I've got a nice cup of tea already for ye; that'll rest ye, and brighten ye up a little."

Robert Maxwell flung down his hat impatiently. "Tea!" What notions of life woman had. He looked at his mother as he had never looked at her before.

"Mother," said he, with a bitterness he hated himself for years afterwards, "I wonder if you ever had a trouble that a good cup of tea wouldn't cure? Things don't go any deeper than that with some folks."

His mother's eyes clouded, but she answered him gently. She felt that to-night, for some reason, he was not responsible for himself.

"I have had trouble that went deep enough, Robert; six children that have played around my knees, sleep yonder, behind the old meeting house, and to bear and nurse, and then to lose—there's none knows what that is but just them that's borne it, and God that made mothers with mother's hearts. I've had troubles that creature comforts wouldn't help much; and yet I don't despise this world's good things. You havn't any graves when you feel as if your heart was shut in and smothered, and for being tired and moping I do think there's virtue in a good cup of tea."

Her patience and gentleness touched him. He drew up his chair to the table, where his father was sitting, and answered her in a softer tone.

"I 'spose you're right, mother, but I'm not just myself to-night."

Then he ate his supper in silence, and after it was over, sat for a few moments, thinking silently. At last he took courage, and opened the subject of which his mind was full.

"Father, Henry Robbins is wanting a place. Don't you think, with you to oversee him, he could do the work on the farm this summer?"

Mrs. Maxwell did not speak, but the saucer she was wiping fell to the floor with a sharp crash. For a full minute it was the only sound which broke the stillness. At last the old man answered:

"I don't know, Robert—maybe he could. I never liked to have any strangers working on the old place in my time. I did it all myself till you were old enough to help me, and everything has prospered under your hand, Robert. Still, maybe Henry Robbins could, maybe he could. Do you think of leaving, Robert?"

"I don't feel satisfied, father, to be a farmer in this small way. I want to do something more with my life. You could hire a man to do all the work for twenty dollars a month, and I want to see what I am worth somewhere else."

Then there was another long silence. The mother finished washing up her dishes, and came and sat down between her son and husband, her face very white and her hand shaking a little. After awhile the old man reached out and took one of the trembling hands in his own.

"We musn't blame Robert, mother," he said, trying to speak cheerfully.—"What he feels isn't unnatural. Other young men say the same. Only it's come sudden. Don't think we blame you, Robbie. It's all fair and right—only sudden."

Robert got up and went up stairs, his mother's pale silence, his father's attempts at cheerfulness seemed more than he could bear. He went away to his room, and sat down by the window. Over across the meadows a light was burning. He knew it was the lamp in Maud DuPay's parlor. Was she worth all this that he was making these two old people suffer? Was he sure she would ever love him as they did? Was he sure that she would love him at all? And in this untried life, this great world where so many failed, how did he know that he would succeed? What was he going to do? How vague all his purposes were—just a dream, born of a soft spring night, and Maud DuPay's fair face. And for it he was going to overturn the whole fabric of his life. No, he would not be so mad. This summer, at least, should go on as before. He would take time to consider. By autumn he should know better what he could do, and whether he could bear to leave that old father and mother—so many of whose treasures the churchyard already held, and whose all he was. He began to think that this very fact, that he was their all, laid on him an obligation not to be avoided; that no success purchased at selfish expenditure would be worth having. At any rate, he would wait. And so sleep came to him, and the morning brought him peace and calmness, and seemed to give him back his old self again.

"Will you see Henry Robbins to-day?" his father asked at breakfast, with an anxiety he strove to conceal.

"Not to-day, not at present. My plan was sudden, as you said, too sudden to be wise. I have given it up for a time, at least; I will carry on the place a while longer."

The old man's face cleared, but he did not speak, only Robert Maxwell's mother got up and silently kissed him. No young lips could have been more fond—could any be more dear?

Two months after that news came to him of Maud Du Pay's betrothal to her cousin—the city bred young man whom he had seen riding beside her in the May twilight. This was an unexpected blow,—something which, knowing the man was her cousin, he had never feared. The news sank deep into his heart with a dull, dumb pain. She never would have cared for him, then—never had.

It was well he had not gone away and left those two who did love him to mourn. After all, perhaps, the existence of plowing and planting was all he was good for. Fate had placed him rightly—guaged his capacities better than he could have done himself. So he settled back into his old grooves with a grim resignation which was not yet content. Still he felt himself at odds with the life which did not offer him what he wanted. When autumn came and it was time for him, if at all, to make the changes he had planned in the spring, he was surprised to feel that the inclination to make it was gone.—Some healing mystery, call it of nature or of grace, God knows, had been at work in his soul, and unconsciously to himself through the long summer days, and swift short summer nights he had been learning the sweetness of duty, pure and simple—duty done for its own sake. He had begun to ask himself not what he wished to do, but what he ought to do, and he felt that in the very fact of his being to those two who loved him as their all on earth, God had called him to certain duties on which he would never again feel tempted to turn his back. Reconciled at last to the appointment of Heaven, he was at peace also with his own soul, and a new light came into his eyes, a new vigor and manliness into his life. He could think of Maud Du Pay in these days without pain. There would always be a tenderness in his heart for her—the tenderness a good man feels for the once beloved whether she was his or another's, he could reckon her loss or gain among the things he was contented to leave with Heaven. He had heard in the summer that she was to be married on Christmas, but he heard no more about it afterwards. Her preparations were going on, he supposed, but he seldom saw her. He had never spoken with her more than a passing good day since her engagement.

One afternoon in November he brought home from the village post office a bundle of papers, his New York daily among them. Sitting by the fire and turning them over, his eyes caught the heading in large letters, 'Another Great Forgery!' He began to read the article with the kind of careless half interest people in the country feel in the excitement of the city which cannot touch them personally, but suddenly he started up, clutching the paper tight, and straining his eyes over it as if he doubted his own vision. The name of the crime-stained bank clerk was Maud Du Pay's cousin and betrothed lover.—Thank Heaven that no mean selfishness stained his soul in that hour. He was honestly touched at the thought of Maud's sorrow. Poor girl. If there was only something he could do, something to aid and comfort her. He took his hat and went out with some vague purpose of offering his help, which the fall wind shattered as it blew across his brow. Of course there was nothing he could do—he could not even speak to her on the subject. Her grief would be sacred—and had he not been used this many a month to the idea that he was nothing to her any more?

Still he went on in a purposeless sort of way toward her house; went on, until he saw a slender figure coming as to meet him, under the leafless maple boughs, over the dead and rustling leaves which lay thick upon the wood path.

He had meant to pass with just a "good evening," but when she put out her hand to him, and he looked into her fair face, the words came before he knew it—

"I saw it all in the paper, Maud, and I am sorry."

"Yes," she said gently, "it will ruin him, I am afraid."

"And you? I thought most of you. You were to have been married so soon."

"Not to him," she said hurriedly, "never to him. That was done with three months ago. I had never loved him. It was vanity which made me consent to marry him. He was handsome and gallant, and he promised me all the things of this life. But I found after a while, that none of them would pay me for myself, and I told him the truth."

Something in her hurried, earnest tones, of the swift color that stained her cheek, or her shy, half-veiled eyes, or all together, gave Robert Maxwell courage, and he said, holding her hand still:

"It was because I had none of the good things of this life to promise you, Maud, that I dared not tell you how dearly I loved you and always should. You seemed too bright and fair to settle down here as the wife of a Cannonsville farmer."

"But what if I liked that best?" said she, softly, and her hand stayed in his.

And so Robert Maxwell won his heart's desire.

### WILL IT PAY.

EXTRACT FROM GOUGH'S LECTURE.

Young men, as you lift the gleaming winecup to your lips in the jolity of the night's spree, will it pay? it is a gross insult to call a man a fool. Every man would resent it; but in the suffering of the next morning, with disturbed conscience, aching head, throbbing temples, racking brain, hot, fevered tongue and all the horrible reaction that might come, does not the victim clasp his burning hands, and bitterly call himself, "fool, fool!" If the first glass brought at once the suffering of the reaction and excitement the next morning, who would drink?

It does not pay to begin. First, you tolerate it, then you touch and taste it, then you jest and laugh at it, and then revel in it. When it becomes your master, then what? What numbers have been swept down by the hurricane of temptation! In the mad power of this passion they have burst the bonds of a mother's love, trampled a father's counsels in the dust, mocked at reproofs, tears and prayers; and now, with tattered sails, leaking hull, and splintered masts, are drifting on, amid howling winds and wintry skies to utter ruin, when they might have reached the haven of peace and security, laden with honor and happiness. Truly, it does not pay.

It is a grand thing for a man so to live that he can look back with complacency; for we do live in the past. It is the past that must tell for or against us. How often we say, "It is past; think no more of it." Why, it is only when it is past that thought begins. The present began, the past only remains. We are making our past as well as our future. The present has moved and excited, drawn tears or provoked laughter; the mirth has fled, the sorrows are comforted, the excitement has died; but the past lives and is perpetual.

There are times in every man's life when duty is plain, often difficult to perform. Ease, comfort, luxury, inclination, stand in the way. If duty is performed it must be at a sacrifice; but it always pays to take the hand of duty and let her lead, whether through storm or sunshine, darkness or light, grief or joy, life or death.

Duty, duty always first. Men have fought mighty battles, but ever when they have yielded to sloth or fear or inclination it has been at a loss; and when, triumphing over every obstacle and apparent impossibility, they have obeyed the stern mandates of duty, it has paid them, gloriously paid them. It pays for a man to do his duty. Truly, it pays; now and for all time it pays.

### Ministers' Salaries in New York.

The whole number of Churches in New York city is 340; their valuation is $41,103,000, and their capacity is 292,700. Including the Catholic priesthood, the number of clergymen is probably six hundred. The lowest salary paid is $800. The average salary appears to be about $3,000—not including Catholic priests. The highest salaries are paid by the Episcopal Church; Dr. Morgan Dix, of Trinity, receives $12,000, and Dr. Potter, of Grace, the same amount. Doctors Montgomery, Morgan, Treston and Swope, of the Incarnation, St. Thomas, St. John's and Trinity Chapel, respectively, receive each $10,000. As Trinity owns about $50,000,000 worth of property, it can afford to pay good salaries. The value of Trinity Church itself is $2,500,000, and that of Grace Church is $1,250,000.—Salaries in the Presbyterian Church also rate high, though not up to the Episcopal. Dr. Gardiner Springs, now past his 80th year, is about the best paid, his salary being $8,000. Ten others receive $5,000 each, two $6,000, and the remainder from $1,000 to $4,000. The highest salary in the Methodist church is $5,000, and the average not over $2,500. There are 5 Congregational churches, and the highest salary $6,000. The Reformed Dutch churches number 20, and the highest salary is $8,000, the average being about $3,000. There are 4 Unitarian churches, Dr. Bellows, pastor of one, is paid $8,000, and Dr. Hepworth, who lately seceded, received $10,000. Universalist churches are five in number, and the highest salary, $5,000, is paid to Dr. Chapin. These figures will give you an idea of how ministers are remunerated in New York. As a rule they have no reason to complain.

ADVICE IN CASES OF POISONING.—Stir into a glass of water a heaping tea-spoonful each of salt and mustard, and drink immediately. One or more doses will empty and cleanse the stomach. To overcome the effects, swallow the whites of two or three eggs and drink a cup or two of strong coffee. Sweet-oil, taken freely, is excellent in poisoning.

IT IS ALWAYS SO.—Of the whole number of persons committed to the common jails of Connecticut last year, 2,893 in all, 2,360 were of intemperate habits, and only 108 strictly temperate—a fact which is of itself a pretty good temperance lecture.

### "THE MAIDEN'S LOVE."

The fleetest horse in all the land,
So swift you cannot ride
But that his shadow on the sand
Will follow by your side.
And if your heart for love be sore
For one who feels your pain,
You cannot love that maiden more
Than she will love again.

So red a rosebud never blew
When opened by the wind,
But that one more as bright of hue
By seeking you may find.
And all that wooing lips e'er swore
Of greater truth in vain,
You cannot love a maiden more
Than she will love again.

The fairest fish upon the line
So matchless may not be,
But that some other fish as fine
Is swimming in the sea.
And love as man ne'er loved before,
This truth will still be plain,
You cannot love a maiden more
Than she will love again.

The horse will live while grass is free,
The rose while wet with dew,
The fish while swimming in the sea,
And love while love is true.
While light is in the sun above,
And flowers are on the plain,
So long as you are true to love
She'll love you back again.

### RULES FOR LADIES.

Marry not a profane man, because the depravity of his heart will corrupt your children, and embitter your existence.

Marry not a gambler, or tippler, or a haunter of taverns, because he who has no regard for himself will never have any for his wife.

Marry not a man who makes promises which he never performs, because you may never trust him.

Marry not a man whose actions do not correspond with his sentiments, because the passions have dethroned reason, and he is prepared to commit every crime to which an evil nature, unrestrained, can instigate him. The state of that man who regards not his own ideas of right and wrong is deplorable, and the less you have to do with him the better.

Marry not a man who is in the habit of running after all the girls in the country, because his affections are constantly wavering, and therefore can never be permanent.

Marry not a man who neglects his business; if he does so when single, he will do worse when married.

A WIFE'S COMMANDMENTS.—Thou shalt have no other wife but me, nor shalt thou in thy sleep dream of other women.

Thou shalt not take unto thy house any beautiful, sly, brazen image of a servant girl to make love to when my back is turned, for I am a jealous wife.

Honor thy wife's father and mother—wear a smile when they meet thee.

Thou shalt not be behind thy neighbor, but outshine him in dressing thy wife and babies.

Thou shalt let thy wife have the last word in every row.

Thou shalt not get drunk, or go to bed with thy boots on.

Thou shalt not say nice words to other ladies in my presence, nor praise them in our privacy—remember I am a jealous wife

Thou shalt not stay out after nine o'clock at night, nor snore at my side, nor kick in thy sleep.

Remember, oh thou Benedict, these commandments and keep them holy, for they are the law and gospel.

IF I ONLY HAD CAPITAL.—"If I only had capital," a young man said, as he puffed a ten cent cigar, "I would do something."

"If I only had capital," said another, as he walked away from a dramshop, "I would go into business."

Young man with the cigar, you are smoking away your capital. You from the dramshop are drinking yours and destroying your body at the same time.—Dimes make dollars. Time is money.—Don't wait for a fortune to begin with.—Our men of power and influence did not start with fortunes. You, too, can make your mark, if you will. But you must stop squandering your money, and spending your time in idleness.

### Some of Josh Billings' Moral Precepts.

Forgiving our enemys has the refreshing effeckt upon our souls ez it duz to confess our sins.

What a lamentable cuss man iz—he pitys his nabors' misfortunes, bi calling them judgments from Heaven.

Good breeding iz the art ov avoiding familiarity, and at the same time making the company satisfied with you and pleased with themselves.

Tew be happy—take things as they cum, and let them go jist as they cum.

It takes a great deal of money to make a man rich, but it don't take but little virtew.

It iz the little things ov this life that plague us.

What an agreeable world this would be tew live in if we could pump all the pride and selfishess out ov it! It would improve it az much az taking the fire and brimstone out of the other world.

Don't mistake plezure for happiness; it is intirely a different breed ov dogs.—There is a grate deal ov exquizit plezure in happiness, but there iz a great deal of plezure that haz no happiness in it.

Experience haz the same effect on most folks that age haz on a goose—it makes them tuffer.

"Sewing Societies" are generally places whar the wimmin meet to rip and so—up the naborhood.

It takes a smart man to conceal from others what he don't know.

A lazy man alwus works harder than a bizzy one—the hardest work I kno ov is to grunt—it is harder to sit still and fite flies than it iz to get up and escape from them.

The man that controls his pashuns sits at the helm of his ship.

It is very difficult to kalkulate upon success, unless a man sets up far fur a pool—in this department I have known hundreds to succeed, contrary to thare expectashuns.

"So you are going to keep a school?" said a young lady to her maiden aunt.—"Well, for my part, sooner than do that I would marry a widower with nine children." "I would prefer that myself," was the quiet reply, "but where's the widower?"

IF a termagent wife cuts her nails every Monday it is lucky—for her husband.

### The Devil on Wheels.

The Columbia *Courant* is responsible for the story that the devil has commenced running trains on the Pennsylvania railroad. Our little contemporary says:

"He is seen at various places along the road, and in different shapes. One night last week, after the Philadelphia express left Tyrone station, his Satanic Majesty got on the engine with Sol. Hoffmaster. He looked around for a moment, then taking the poker from the fireman opened the fire door and stirred the fire, at the same time sticking his feet in. He then sat down, stretching out his immense legs and bringing his tail around laid it between his cloven hoofs. Sometimes wings could be seen about his shoulders. He was very particular about the fire; sometimes he would put his head in the firebox and look around, then throw in his tail, stirring the fire at a rapid rate. By this time he had got warmed up, and so had the engineer and fireman, who were nearly scared to death. The engine was making about thirty-five miles an hour, when the devil picked up the oil-can, went round and oiled the locomotive in all its parts. He then returned and requested Mr. Hoffmaster to slack up and let him off at bridge No. 5; but Mr. H. told him he might get off the same way he got on. The engine was then running at a fearful rate of speed, and Mr. Devil stepped to one side and disappeared.

We learn since that a phantom train was seen in the vicinity of the Gap. Some nights ago, David Wayne, engineer of 477, had stopped for some purpose, when a train was heard approaching at a rapid rate. Knowing there was no trains due at that hour, schedules were examined carefully; but the stranger could not be made out. At length it came thundering around the curve with an immense headlight and other equipments. The conductor, H. Bell, engineer, fireman and brakesman, all saw and heard the train coming. The flagman, John K. Newell, immediately went back with light and placed signal caps upon the rails. The phantom train came, making the usual noise, and lighting up the whole track with its huge, lurid glare, when in a twinkling the whole thing disappeared.—Some say that it was old Amos Clemson's train—the notorious leader of the Gap gang, who died several years ago—and that he was aboard swinging a red light furiously.

John Filbert, engineer of the Lancaster train informs us that when approaching Poquea bridge, some nights ago, he saw the devil on the cow-catcher of his engine. He was running at the rate of thirty miles an hour. He quickly shut off the steam and slackened up, but could not see anything of the strange object.—These stories are creating a great deal of comment among railroad men. We give them as told to us and leave the readers to draw their own conclusions."

HOW GENERAL GRANT WAS NOMINATED—*A Remarkable Disclosure.*—Col. Forney published in the Washington Sunday Chronicle a remarkable account of the manner in which General Grant was first nominated for President. He says Judge Cartter and Senator Thayer suggested to him in November, 1867, to write an exhaustive article favoring such a nomination. Colonel Forney did so, producing a five-column political history of General Grant, and took it to General Rawlins.—He says:

"Rawlins took it to General Grant, and stayed quite a long time. When he returned he said: "General Grant is quite pleased with your statement of his political record, and surprised that he proves to be so good a republican." Upon this hint I printed. When Rawlins came back from General Grant with the editorial he told us with great emphasis, Gen. Grant does not want to be President. He thinks the republican party may need him, and he believes as their candidate he can be elected and re-elected. But, said Rawlins, what is to become of him after his second presidential term? What, indeed, during his administration? He is receiving from seventeen to twenty thousand dollars a year as general of the armies of the republic, a life salary. To go into the Presidency at twenty-five thousand dollars a year for eight years is perhaps to gain more fame, but what is to become of him at the end of his Presidency? He is not a politician. He does not aspire to the place. Eight years from the 4th of March, 1869, he will be about fifty-six years old. Of course, he must spend his salary as President. England with her Wellington, her Nelson and her other heroes on land and sea, has never hesitated to enrich and ennoble them through all their posterity. Such a policy is in accordance with the character of the English government, but in our country the man who fights for and saves the republic would be a beggar if he depended upon political office; and mark it, if Grant takes anything from the rich, whose vast fortunes he has saved, after he is President he will be accused as the willing recipient of gifts."

It will thus be seen that Gen. Grant intended to run for President for a second term when he was working for the first.

INGENIOUS METHOD OF FISHING.—A fisherman at Alton, Illinois, recently took a wagon-load of fish in the following manner: He cut two holes in the ice, some distance apart, and pumped the water from one hole and ran the current into the other. This created a vacuum at the first opening, and an artificial current in the water under the ice, settling