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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
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JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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☞ 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.,
o22y. *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, Guantlets, &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.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 32. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1872. No. 45.

NEW GOODS!
Purchasers Look to Your Interest!
MRS. H. A. FOWLER
WILL continue business at the store room recently occupied by L. S. Fowler, and having made her purchases this week in the city, and added a variety of useful and necessary articles not heretofore kept in stock, would respectfully request ALL CASH BUYERS to examine her stock, as she intends to sell
Exclusively for Cash or Produce,
she hopes to be able to suit all who may favor her with a call, at prices entirely satisfactory.
Her stock will embrace
Ladies', Misses and Children's
(City made and Eastern) GAITERS,
BALMORALS
And HEAVY GOODS of the varied styles in demand
A NICE ASSORTMENT OF
Notions, Hosiery, Gloves, Handk'fs, &c.
☞ Also, a good stock of GROCERIES, Glassware and Varieties generally.
H. A. FOWLER
Chestertown, March 2, 1872—tf.

N. B.—All persons having due bills or claims against L. S. Fowler, are notified that they will be paid when presented at the counter, and all persons owing him are earnestly requested to make immediate payment, as his business must be closed here or pass into other hands for settlement. mh2-tf

SAMUEL MERRITT. WM. J. MCFEELY.
S. Merritt & Co.,
HAVE JUST OPENED A NEW
Clothing and Furnishing Goods Store
IN CHESTERTOWN,
at the Old Stand on BORDLEY'S CORNER, where
Gents' and Boys' Clothing
can be had in every style and quality, from the lowest to the finest grades.
Our stock of
FURNISHING GOODS
is very full, embracing every article worn by gentlemen, except Shoes and Boots. Our line of HATS and CAPS cannot be surpassed in the town for variety and style.
Having purchased our stock of the best houses in Philadelphia and Baltimore for the cash, we are confident we can make it to the advantage of our friends and the community generally to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere, our motto being "Whatever is to the advantage of our customers, is also our interest." Oct. 14.

LATEST ARRIVAL!
Great Inducements Offered!
New Prices! New Styles! New Designs!
SPLENDID STOCK
OF
FINE and DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
AND NOTIONS.
SHAWLS, SKIRTS, VELVETEENS,
LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S
FURS,
VERY CHEAP.
TABLE AND FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
CARPETS.
☞ Gentlemen are requested to examine our Latest Styles of HATS AND CAPS, Shirts and Collars, Scarfs, Ties, Hosiery, GLOVES at City Prices. Boots and Shoes, city made.
We ask an examination of our New Stock.
☞ *We are going to sell CHEAP.* ☜
WM. A. VICKERS.
MOURNING GOODS.—Now opening Black Merinos, Alpacas, Popelines and Tamise Cloth.

Carpets, Floor Oil Cloths, &c
INGRAIN, LIST, COTTAGE, AND HEMP CARPETS.
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, NEW STYLES.
BEST AND INFERIOR GRADES.
MAHOGONY & ROSEWOOD TABLE OIL CLOTHS, BEST GOODS.
CARRIAGE CANVASS, PLAIN, TWILLED & DUCK,
For Sale by
T. W. ELIASON, JR.
Chestertown, Jan. 17, 1872.

Hardware! Hardware! Hardware!
CALL AND EXAMINE MY LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
FARMERS' and BUILDERS'
HARDWARE.
TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY, SCISSORS, RAZORS, &c., &c.,
For sale at very small advance on first cost, at the TIN, STOVE AND HARDWARE STORE of J. K. ALDRIDGE.
March 9, 1872.

DEDICATORY SERVICES.
The Westminister Presbyterian Church at George Town, Kent county, will be dedicated on SABBATH, MARCH 24th. The Rev. Dr. HAMMER, of Baltimore, will preach the Dedication Sermon at 10½, A. M. Services will also be held at 2½, P. M., and 7, P. M., in which Rev. S. R. Schofield, of Delaware city, Rev. J. Garland Hammer, of Salisbury, and Rev. George Kennedy, of Smyrna, Del., will take part. The community and the friends of the enterprise are cordially invited to be present at these interesting services.
The new Church is a gem of architecture, designed by Dixon, of Baltimore, and built by West & Carroll, of Port Deposit, costing about $5,000. mh9-3t.

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

GROCERIES.—A fine assortment of Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Spices, Buckwheat Meal, Flour of different grades, &c
JOS. E WEER,
Feb. 24, 1872. Kennedyville, Md.

MY DARLINGS' SHOES.

God bless the little feet
That can never go astray,
For the little shoes are empty,
In the closet laid away;
Sometimes I take one in my hand,
Forgetting till we see,
It is the little half-worn shoe,
Not large enough for me;
And all at once I feel
A sense of bitter loss and pain,
As sharp as when two years ago
It cut my heart in twain.

O little feet that wearied not,
I wait for them no more,
For I am drifting on the tide,
But have not reached the shore,
And while the blinding tear drops
Wet those little shoes so old,
That walk unsandled in the streets
That pearly gates enfold;
And so I lay them down again,
But always turn to say,
"God bless the little feet that now
Surely cannot go astray."

And while I am thus standing,
I almost seem to see
Two little forms beside me,
Just as they used to be—
Two little faces lifted,
With the sweet and tender eyes,
Ah, me! I might have known
That look was born of Paradise.
I reach my arms out fondly
But they clasp the empty air;
There's nothing of my darlings
But the shoes they used to wear.

Oh! the bitterness of parting
Can ne'er be done away,
Till I see my darlings walking
Where their feet can never stray.
When I no more am drifting
Upon the surging tide,
But with them safely landed
Upon the river side;
Be patient, heart, while waiting
To see their shining way,
For the little feet in the golden street,
Can never go astray.

SITTING UP FOR HER BOY.

Here and there throughout the village a few lights flicker like pale stars through the darkness. One shines from an attic window, where a youthful aspirant for literary honors, labors, wasting the midnight oil and the elixir of his life in toil, useless it may be save as patience and industry are gained, and give him a hold upon eternal happiness. Another gleams with a ghastly light from a chamber into which death is entering and life departing.

One light shines through a low cottage window, from which the curtains are partially pushed aside, showing a mother's face, patient and sweet, but careworn and anxious. The eyes, gazing through the night, are faded and sunken, but lighted with such love as steals only into the eyes of true and saintly mothers, who watch over and pray for their children; who hedge them in from the world's temptations, and make of them noble men, and true and loving women. It is nearly midnight, and the faded eyes are strained to their utmost to catch the far-off sight of some one coming down the street.—The mother's listening ear loses no sound however slight that breaks upon the stillness that reigns around.

No form seen, no quick step heard, she drops the curtain slowly, goes back to the table, where an open book is lying, and a half-knit sock. The cat jumps up in her chair, and yawns and shakes herself, and gradually sinks down again into repose. No one disputes her possession of the easy chair. Up and down the little room the mother walks, trying to knit, but vainly; she can only think of her son and wonder and imagine what is keeping him. Her mind pictures the worst, and her heart sinks lower and lower. Could the thoughtless boy know but one-half the anguish he is causing, he would hasten at once to dispel it with his presence.

She trembles now as she listens, for an uncertain step is heard—a sound of coarse laughter and drunken ribaldry; her heart stands still, and she grows cold with apprehension. The sound passes and dies away in the distance. Thank Heaven! it is not he, and a glow comes over her, and once more her heart beats quickly.

Only a moment, for the clock on the mantel shows on its pallid face that it is almost midnight. Again the curtain is drawn aside, and again the anxious, loving eyes peering into the darkness.—Hark! a sound of footsteps coming nearer and nearer; a shadowy form, advancing, shows more and more distinct; a cheery whistle, a brisk light step up the pathway; a throwing wide open of the door, and the truant boy finds himself in his mother's arms, welcomed and wept over.

He chafes at the gentle discipline; he don't like to be led by apron-strings; but he meets his mother's gentle, questioning gaze with one honest and manly, and makes a half-unwilling promise not to be so late again. And he keeps his promise, and in after years thanks heaven again and again that he had a mother who watched over him, and prayed for him.

He knows better than she, now, the good that was done by her sitting up for her boy.

WE will give to intellect, and to all virtue, the honor that belongs to them, and still it may be boldly affirmed that economy, taste, skill and neatness in the kitchen, have a great deal to do in making life happy and prosperous. Nor is it indispensably necessary that a house should be filled with luxuries. The qualifications for all good housekeeping can be displayed as well on a small scale as on a large one. Skillful cooking is as readily discovered in a nicely baked potato, or a respectable johnny cake, as in a nut brown sirloin, or a brace of canvas backs. The charm of good housekeeping is the order or economy and taste displayed in attention to little things, and these little have a wonderful influence. A dirty kitchen and bad cooking have driven many an one from home to seek for comfort and happiness somewhere else. See to it, all ye who are mothers, that your daughters are accomplished, by an experimental knowledge of good housekeeping.

A GRATEFUL CLIENT.—A New York lawyer, who procured the acquittal of a man who was under arrest for assault and battery, was waited upon the next day by his client and most gratefully thanked for his services. "What can I do for you?" asked the client. "Nothing," replied the lawyer. "Don't you want an office? I can control any number of votes." "I have no political aspirations," replied the lawyer. "But ain't there some man you want to have licked?" rejoined the client. The poor lawyer has not yet recovered from this overpowering exhibition of gratitude.

My Wife and I.

FROM SAD EXPERIENCE.

"I'm off—I'll be home at ten o'clock."

"Eh! by gad, that is good, coming from a fellow's wife."

"I'm off. Well, I never heard my angelic mother speak like that to my father. But then, my mother was not a Californian, and consequently did not belong to the strong-minded or fashionable women of the present age. I pondered over these words, "I'm off," as I threw myself on the sofa. I had my choice, either to remain at home and nurse, or to take young Halifax along; one was as bad as the other. To leave him at home and go out, was to run the risk of finding him dead on my return. To take him along was still worse. Then there was no alternative but to remain at home and do the best I could. After meditating some time upon my unhappy state, I was roused from my lethargy by the weak and pitiful cry of young Halifax. Here then, my wits were taxed. What to do I didn't know.

I turned him over about a thousand times, hunting for pins, etc. This only increased his bawling, and had the effect of making me more nervous all the time. What was to be done? Ah! the bottle—I just thought of that. I seized the bottle, nose and all, and thrust it into my bosom to heat the milk. A rather unpleasant sensation followed, but this I bore patiently. During all this time the young heir to all the honors lately about to be bestowed upon him, continued to bawl louder and louder, and never did I see a child with so large a mouth, or so strong a pair of lungs.

While endeavoring to quiet him with the usual see-saw motion of more experienced nurses and divers of newly invented songs, composed expressly for the occasion, all of a sudden I felt a strange sensation in the region of my heart, increasing downward. What the d—l could it be? It was that infernal bottle. The coupling became disconnected and the white fluid made rapid progress down my left side. Here was a new dilemma. I lost no time in taking it out.

But what was to be done? The baby continued to cry spitefully at the loss of his milk. An idea struck me by this time of holding the bottle over the gas jet, for the purpose of heating the milk. I tried it, with what result may be expected.

After a few moments the bottle bursted, sending milk and broken pieces of glass in all directions. To make the matter still worse, young Halifax was struck on the nose with a piece, and received, what surgeons term, an ugly incision.

To say that young Halifax cried would be only giving a faint idea of his howling. I have heard some "tall" crying at Irish funerals. I have heard wild cats cry in the "bush," and I have cried myself when a baby, but nothing to come near the crying that I heard that night from this young Californian, of the house of Halifax. I have never heard, nor do I ever want to hear such again in my life.

This last experiment of heating milk "let me out." I had no more milk in the house, nor any person to send for any, and I could not leave the baby, crying and bleeding as he was, and go for some myself. I could not take him out.

Here was a pretty fix for a married man in good social standing, with a fashionable and strong-minded wife.

This is the happiness of married life, with a vengeance, more espicially if your wife is fashionable, and takes a new departure for "equal rights."

I was making the most I could of my unfortunate position with my crying child, when Ellen returned and relieved me of the care of nursing. She managed to warm milk, and succeeded in pacifying him a little, while I went after the doctor to patch up young Halifax's nasal organ. This was just completed and the doctor left when my wife returned.

She was all smiles and sweetness on her entry, no doubt from the great success promised to the "equal rights" suffrage, by the presence of a female biped of dubious gender, which nature had erred in constructing. After disrobing herself of the outside make-up, which is without doubt the largest and most extensive part of the present generation of woman, she proceeded to carefully put away her braids, elevated hip-pads, kangaroo hump and spring bosoms.

After this was done, she asked what was the trouble with the baby.

"Oh, it's nose was cut."

"Mr. Halifax—I say, Mr. Halifax!—H-a-l-i-f-a-x!—what have you done to my child? Cut his nose for spite because I went out? Oh, you brute, just like you men, brutes that you are!"

"I say, madam?"

"Don't madam me, you cruel brute, to cut my darling child to spite me."

"I wish you to understand me, Mrs. Halifax."

"Don't call me by that name any longer, sir."

"Well, it does not matter much by what name you will be addressed. I want you to hear me. I intend to have no more nights like this one."

"Well, I do."

"You do, madam?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Do you mean to tell me, madam, that you insist upon attending these meetings of strong-minded imps?"

"Ladies, if you please, Mr. Halifax."

"No, God forbid I should call them ladies, women, or anything except she roosters."

"Oh—oh—we pity you men, at how ill you take your lost power and authority."

"You are to be pitied, you poor foolish creatures, for so far forgetting yourselves as to think that you can ever mount the ladder, and occupy the position that nature intended for man and man alone."

"Of course we are foolish to seek equal rights with such brutes as now call themselves men. I admit there are a few men now amongst the brutes. But they are very few, Mr. Halifax, very few indeed."

"I suppose you had some of the chosen few at Dashaway Hall to-night."

"Yes, we had."

"Well, the best thing you can do is to join yourself with this class of clowns."

"Gentlemen, you mean, Mr. Halifax."

"No, indeed, I mean nothing of the kind. I now say once for all, madam, that you are not to repeat this night's exploits in future with me. I have been calm and indulgent so far with you; but I turn the table and mean to say, that so long as you and I occupy the position of husband and wife, you are not to go out and leave your child at home to suffer and receive injuries as he has this night."

"And where were you, pray, to allow him to suffer thus?"

"What do I know about the care of infants?"

"Then you should not have become a father, Mr. Halifax."

"I want no more talk like this. If you persist in attending these equal rights meetings, disregarding my wishes and the interest of your home and family, I will find a remedy, madam."

"Don't madam me, sir. I can and will attend all the meetings I wish. It's just correct what Mr. Smith says, 'That a woman has to acquaint her husband as to every little act of her life.' But will the brutes do this with their wives?"

"We have no occasion to do anything of the kind. It never was intended that we should become inferior to women."

"And we shall take care you never shall again become superior to us."

"Then you are determined to attend those meetings and be consoled by the Smiths', Kalhouns', Hitts', in preference to me, your lawful guardian."

"You! you! my lawful g-u-a-r-d-i-a-n? Ha! ha! I'm my own guardian, if you please. No brute like you shall ever be my guardian."

"Mrs. Halifax?"

"Mr. Halifax."

"Since we have been married, which is now three years, you have actually robbed me and left my business not worth anything, with your fashionable nonsense.—I have stood that kind of thing quite long enough, and might be still fool enough to let you have all the fashionable tomfoolery you need for some time longer—that I might stand. But I am resolved not to stand your deserting your home and child, and coupling yourself with a few hair-brained women, who contend with nature, and are endeavoring to correct the error by transforming themselves from angels into 'brutes,' as they are pleased to term us men. If you consider that you can find a better home by joining this class than what I can provide for you, you are at perfect liberty to choose."

"Mr. Halifax!"

"Madam!"

"I have heard every word you said.—It is just what I expected. It's just what Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Kalhoun, Mrs. Hitts, and all the other ladies told me would be the result. You men, 'brutes,' I repeat, are afraid that if we get in power we will make it pretty hot for you. We will prevent that one-sided way of doing business, and we will prevent you from taking your 'smile,' and from eternally chewing tobacco at business and church, asleep and awake. We will remodel society, and legislate for all alike. The men all run to the Bible to show that women is to be subject to men. What did St. Paul know about the women of America? Can you or any other man point out to me from the Bible where it is the duty of woman to nurse and remain at home and let her husband go out sight-seeing! This is a brutal imposition, placed upon us by unfeeling men, and it is time to have it erased from the social standard, and we wi——"

"That's enough—that's enough. I will call in an auctioneer and sell out this furniture, and then you can make what changes you wish in the house of Mrs. Smith & Company."

"You must support me, Mr. Halifax."

"I what! I must support a woman who thinks herself better able to earn a living than I am?"

"I'm your wife. The law compels you to support me."

"Well, you can try the law."

"And so I will."

"Well, so you can."

"Will you allow me to sleep here to-night?"

"Certainly."

"Thank you. I shall not trouble you to-morrow night."

"All right."

"Well, I suppose you will let me have my child?"

"I suppose I'll not?"

"Why?"

"Because a crazy woman who intends to stump the State upon 'equal rights,' does not need to be encumbered with a child."

"So you won't allow me my child?"

"Decidedly not."

"Then you are a cruel brute."

"Have it so, madam."

This was the grand climax.

The next morning I found a family, where I put young Halifax to nurse.—But I did not have long to fret about him.

His spirit fled, and his body lies at rest,
Where no "equal rights" disturb the blest.

I sold the furniture, gave up housekeeping and returned to my business an older and wiser man. Since that I have peace of mind and feel happy. The once Mrs. Halifax, the fashionable Mrs. Halifax, is in the interior, stumping for the "equal rights" suffrage. May she long continue there where her pernicious influence will be least felt.

A HORSE THAT LOVED SUGAR.—An English gentleman was visiting a farm house, when a horse came to the door, grasped the handle of the door with his mouth, opened it, and entered the room. The mistress of the house, who knew what he wanted, put a lump of sugar into his mouth. The horse then backed out of the room, shut the door, and marched back to the barn yard. The woman said he often came in this way for a lump of sugar.

This gentleness was the effect of kindness. Roughly treated, a horse becomes ugly. Kindly handled and gently spoken to, he is willing, gentle and affectionate. Try it, boy, on your father's horses!—Depend upon it, kindness is a magical wand. It will tame both men and brutes. Try it.

ARTEMUS WARD was on a slow California train, and he went to the conductor and suggested that the cow ketcher was on the wrong end of the train; for, said he, "You will never overtake a cow, you know, but if you'd put it on the other end it might be useful, for now there's nothin' on earth to hender a cow from walkin' right in and bitin' the folks."

THE Missouri *Democrat* avers that Horace Greeley is going to set out ten acres of cigar box wood this spring on his farm at Chapaqua. On two acres he intends to graft the Government stamp. This variety will be a little later than the plain kind, but much more valuable.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THE MOST SINGULAR CASE ON RECORD.

It is only within the present century that the law has required, in case of murder, the finding and identification of the victim. Previous to that, if a man disappeared, and his absence could not be accounted for, a person to whom circumstantial evidence pointed as his probable murderer, could be arrested and hanged for the alleged crime.

A most extraordinary case, which occurred during the war between England and France, at the beginning of the present century, first called particular attention to the singular law, and was ultimately the cause of its being repealed by the statute as it now stands. The story is substantially as follows:

Two Englishmen, uncle and nephew, took up their quarters at a well-known inn in Portsmouth, close to the pier.—They were well received by the landlord, for they had plenty of money in their possion. The uncle, whom we will call William, suggested to his companion, who shall be called Robert, in the hearing of the landlord, that they should hand their money to their host for safe keeping. Robert objected, and insisted that they should keep it on their person. This was agreed to.

At night they occupied the same room and the same bed. The inn was an old-fashioned, irregular building. From the bed-room the two men could enter a long passage which ran along the end of the house to the pier. They went to their room together about 11 o'clock at night. Next morning Robert entered the landlord's room with a hurried, anxious air, and asked the landlord whether he knew what had become of his uncle. The landlord said he did not. At the same time he observed to his horror that the hands of Robert were stained with blood. The landlord arose and suggested that they should go to the bed-room together.—They did so. On entering, a terrible spectacle met the landlord's gaze. The clothes of the bed which had evidently been occupied by two persons, were stained all over with blood. The pillow was saturated with it. The wash-basin and stand were also bespattered with blood. On the dressing-table lay a large jockey or sailor's knife, the handle and blade all bloody. Drops of blood marked the floor from the bedside to the door which opened upon the passage referred to. The landlord told Robert the case was a very suspicious one, and that he must place it in the hands of the authorities. He did forthwith.

Robert was arrested. On being searched his clothes were found to be bloody. Blood stains were discovered in the passage from the bed-room door to the water's edge, where apparently there had been a considerable struggle. On Robert were found the purse and papers of the missing man.

Robert, who manifested coolness and presence of mind, told the following story: After his uncle and himself had been in bed a short time, the former, who lay on the outside, complained that his nose was bleeding. Presently he got up and went to the washstand. He used water freely, but in vain. The bleeding continued, and so violently that the men both became alarmed. Robert suggested the application of cold iron to the back of his uncle's neck. He took his jack-knife out of his pocket and applied it accordingly. In attending his uncle his hands and shirt were stained with blood. As the bleeding still continued, William dressed himself and said he would go out at the side door and walk on the pier in the cold morning air. Before doing so he handed his pocket-book and purse to his nephew to keep until his return. Robert fell asleep after his uncle left and was astounded when he awoke to find that he had not returned.

Robert was indicted for murder. All the circumstances were against him. The jury believd that William had been murdered and his body carried down to the water and flung in. Robert was convicted and sentenced to be hanged for the murder, and hanged he was accordingly in a few days.

Two years afterwards the missing man returned. He confirmed every word his nephew had uttered in his defence.

When William reached the pier on the night of the supposed murder, he turned to the left, and had only gone a few paces when he was pounced upon by a press-gang. He was overpowered and carried to a boat, and in an hour found himself on board a British sloop-of-war in Southampton waters. The vessel was getting under way. In her he remained three months without a chance of writing to his friends. Then the ship was captured by a French frigate, and William spent about twenty months in a French prison. On his release he returned to England to find to his horror that his beloved nephew had been hanged as his assassin.—*N. Y. Sunday Dispatch.*

A NOVEL INSURANCE CASE.—A Connecticut Life Insurance Company suffer a loss in the death of their best customer, Miss Eunice Whitbeck, who recently died at the age of ninety-two years, in Luzerne county, Pa. Abram A. Oakley, of New York, insured the life of Miss Whitbeck about twenty-five years ago for his own benefit, as a speculation, expecting that the old maid, then nearly seventy years of age, would die before he had made many payments. After several years, Oakley became discouraged, and assigned the policy to one Peter Conkling. The latter bore the brunt of annual payments for seven years, and then gave it up as a bad job, assigning the policy to James Conkling, who was plucky to the end, and paid regularly up to the year of his death, which occurred when Miss Whitbeck was about ninety. After Mr. Conkling's death his executors made the payments, and so much a custom had it become that they made one payment after her death, which they did not learn for several months, residing several hundred miles away. They will now receive $1,300, the amount of the policy, which is about half the sum paid in premiums.

A MAN once went to an eccentric lawyer to be qualified for some petty office. The lawyer said to him: "Hold up your hand! I'll swear you; but all creation couldn't qualify you!"

THE sweetest love in woman's eyes—A love of a bonnet.

TO YOUNG LADIES.

In marrying, make your own match. Do not marry any one to get rid of them, or to oblige them, or to save them. The man who would go to destruction without you would quite likely go with you, and perhaps drag you along also.

Do not marry in haste lest you repent at your leisure.

Do not marry for a home and a living, when by burning up your corsets, and rolling up your sleeves, and taking care of your health, you can be strong enough to earn your own living, and provide a home for yourself.

Do not let aunts, or uncles, or any one else, sell you for money or position, into bondage, tears, and life long misery, which you alone must endure.

Do not place yourself habitually in the company of any suitor until you have decided the question of marriage; human wills are weak, and people often become bewildered, and do not know their error till it is too late. Go away from their influence, settle your head and make up your mind alone. A promise may be made in an hour of half-delirious ecstacy, which must be redeemed through years of sorrow, toil and pain.

Do not trust your happiness in the keeping of one who has no heart, no head or health.

Do not look too high, unless you wish a companion who will despise you.

Beware of insane blood, unless you desire children that will fill your life with sorrow and close their own with suicide.

Do not marry hastily, contrary to the wishes of parents, guardians and friends; you may refuse to marry at their bidding but you have no right to rush hastily into wedded life against their counsel.—Wait—a few months may make you thank heaven for their restraint and their care. Love can wait; that which cannot wait is something of a different character.

Do not imagine that because two persons are miserable when apart they will be happy together. The opposite is more usually true. The "happy" is in the heart. Those who are happy when separated will be happier when united.

The above is all good advice, but how many of our lady readers will give any attention to it? The simple will pass on and be punished.

THE EFFECT OF LIGHT ON SMALL-POX.—The Journal of the Telegraph says:

"Among the many investigations now being made of the chemical action of light, there are none more interesting or more important than those which are directed to the observation of its effects on the health. It has been observed by Dr. Weber that the sensibility of the skin is very much increased in those parts of the body which are always exposed to the light, and this difference has even been measured by that eminent physician. This remarkable fact is especially observable on persons suffering from small-pox, the severity of the skin disease being visibly augmented if the patient be not confined in a dark room. Dr. Waters has recently published a paper on this subject, in which he states that if the room be darkened so that not a single ray can enter it, the effect is to arrest the disease at the papular or vesicular stage; it never becomes purulent, and the skin between the vesicles is never inflamed or swollen; liquor sanguinis is not changed into pus, nearly all the pain and itching are absent, and the smell is, if not entirely removed, greatly diminished. Another advantage, important in a therapeutical point of view, is the assistance given to medicine, the absence of light increasing the excretory powers of the skin."

GREAT MEN.—A great man is always willing to be little. While he sits on the cushion of advantages he goes to sleep.—When he is pushed and disappointed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, but he has gained facts; he learns his ignorance; he is cured of the insanity of deceit; has got moderation and real skill. The wise man always shows himself on the side of his assailants. It is more to his interest than it is to theirs to find his weak point. The wound circatrines and falls off from him like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. As long as all is said against me, I feel a certain assurance of success; but as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me, I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies.—*Emerson.*

A YANKEE having told an Englishman that he shot, on one particular occasion, nine hundred and ninety-nine snipes, his interlocutor asked him why he did't make it a thousand at once. "No," said he, "it's not likely I'm going to tell a lie for one snipe." Whereupon the Englishman, determined not to be outdone, began to tell him a story of a man having swam from Liverpool to Boston. "Did you see him yourself?" asked the yankee suddenly. "Why, yes, of course I did. I was coming across, and our vessel passed him a mile outside of Boston harbor." "Well, I'm glad yee saw him, stranger, 'cos yer a witness that I did it. That was me."

A CUTTING TRUTH.—A lady says she knows a man who prayed night and morning, preached on Sundays, and was a rich farmer besides. His wife milked the cows in all sorts of weather, cut most of the wood, built fires, churned, economized and died of consumption. He put a weed on his hat, bowed to the "dispensation of Providence," when he ought to have been tried for woman slaughter in the first degree, and sentenced to chop wood and milk cows in the rain all the rest of his life.

SOME one blamed Dr. Marsh for changing his mind. "Well," said he, "that is the difference between a man and a jackass; the jackass can't change his mind and the man can—it's a human privilege."

"EVERY tree is subject to disease," said a speaker in a fruit-grower's convention. "What ailment can you find on an oak?" asked the chairman. "A corn," was the triumphant reply.

IT was a woman who prompted man to eat, but he took to drink on his own account afterward.

WOMAN hide their affection under a feigned indifference; men hide their indifference under a feigned affection.

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.

The Old Snag.

A couple of blades once met a Vermonter at a tavern. They had often heard of Yankee ingenuity and cunning, and they determined to see if they could not "cotse around" this son of the Green Mountain. Thinking he would be careful of his coppers, they proposed to him in the course of the evening's chat, that each of them should propose and do something which the other two should imitate, or on the refusal to do so, he should pay all the damages the others might sustain, and the scot at the bar.

The Vermonter was a little wary at first, but at length consented. One of the Yorkers commenced the game. He pulled off his coat walked up to the fire, and threw it on. His companion did the same. The Vermonter, as they had agreed, must do so too with his coat, or pay for the other two coats and the scot. Without hesitation he threw his coat on the fire. The other Yorker next threw his hat and boots upon the fire, which was followed up by his companion, and the Yankee doing the same. It then became the Vermonter's time to lead.

"Landlord is there a doctor near?"—"Yes sir." "Send for him." The gentlemen of York began to stare. The doctor soon came in. "Doctor," said the Yankee, "get your instruments, I want you to pull out every tooth in my head, and these gentlemen will probably want the same done with theirs. At the same time he began to make ready for the operation. The doctor and the other two were confounded. "Come doctor, don't wait," and opening his mouth, he discovered to the company that he had but one old snag, which would hardly keep in his head. It was presently out. The Yorkers wisely declined following suit, paid the Vermonter for his coat, hat and boots, and went off very quietly to bed.

THE PAPER TRADE.—The various Mercantile Agencies are obliged to employ men in the large cities to look up and report business changes. It is customary to divide this labor, one man being authority on the shoe trade, while another knows all about dry goods.

One genius named June, represents Bradstreet's Agency in New York, and was lately set to find if anything was the matter with a certain Beekman street firm, paper dealers. As is usual in such cases, he sought out an established house in the same line to commence inquiries, and as it chanced, found only the senior partner in the office, an old man of nearly fourscore years, who seemed to know all about the firm in question, and began telling of their circumstances in the year 1812, till June could do to bring him back to the present time proving entirely ineffectual. Finally the old man seemed electrified with an idea, "My partner," said he, "has known them longer than I have," and tottering toward a basement door, he called in a cracked voice, "A-d-am! A-d-am!" "Hold on," cried the horrified enquirer, "1812 is as far back as I want to go—don't, for God's sake, call up Adam."

A GREAT GHOST STORY.—A wonderful excitement prevails in the lower part of Caroline county and part of Sussex, Delaware, about a ghost that is troubling a Mr. Noble living near a little dilapidated village called New Hope. On Tuesday night week Mr. N. saw a man in his yard, which he shot at, so the story goes, and the shot rebounded, while the man, or whatever it was, remained unmoved.—Since then (last week) the neighborhood had become greatly excited. The neighbors have marshalled themselves in solid phalanx all around Mr. N's. house and made vigorous charges upon the "what is it," which defies any amount of "peppering" and changes into all sorts of animals and things, to the terror of the gallant chargers. No one around there believes in ghosts, but all acknowledge there is something "quare" about this. It appears at night only, and judging from several of our exchanges it has created great excitement.

COLOR IN LAW.—An amusing discussion occurred in the Virginia Assembly a few days ago on the subject of the words "person of color" in some pending bill. Separate motions were made by colored members, to whom the white members left the matter entirely, to substitute the words "negro," "mixed races" and "person of color." The "colored" amendment finally prevailed under the argument of a member with a brighter face than his brethren, who said the term negro applied to some, but denied its application to himself.

THE PROMISE TO GEN. GRANT.—In regard to Col. Forney's revelations as to how Gen. Grant became the candidate for President, published on Tuesday, the N. Y. Tribune says it appears that somebody promised that Gen. Grant should be renominated, if he would consent to be elected by the republicans in 1868. The Tribune says: "Whether that somebody was authorized to make that bargain is not so clear, but it is very certain that the aforesaid somebody may have some difficulty in carrying out his compact."

A LITTLE boy of six summers was sent one morning to call his grandfather to breakfast. The old gentleman was in the habit of snoring very hard, and as the boy pushed open the door, he was frightened at the unusual noise. He rushed back to his mother, exclaiming. "Ma, grandpa's been barking at me!"

SERIOUS AFFAIR.—A most determined act of self-inflicted torture has recently caused a considerable sensation in a fashionable quarter of the town. A lady—young, lovely and accomplished, with troops of friends, and all that makes life enjoyable at her command—was detected deliberately "screwing up" her face.

A GENTLEMAN walking with a friend, who was extremely precise in pronunciation, the latter, hearing a person near him say *curosity* for *curiosity*, exclaimed, "How that fellow *murders* the English language!" "Not so bad," said the other, "he has only knocked an *I* out."

PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES of Prussia, while at Rome recently, declared that should France make an attack upon Italy, Prussia would interfere and espouse the cause of the Italians.

How noiselessly the snow comes down! You may see it, feel it, but never hear it. Such is true charity.