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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

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.

Kent News.

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

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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.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE OF THE Circuit Court for Kent county, in Chancery, the undersigned, as Trustee, will expose to public sale to the highest bidder, on

TUESDAY, the 20th of June, 1871

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, A. M.,
At the "VOSHELL HOUSE," in Chestertown,

ALL THAT FARM

lying in Kent county, at the head of Still Pond Creek, generally known as
"THE HURLOCK"
OR
"KILPATRICK FARM,"
CONTAINING
About 211 ACRES.

About one hundred and sixty acres are arable, the balance abounds in
WOOD, OAK and CHESNUT
TIMBER.

The arable land is divided into six fields, and
TWO PEACH ORCHARDS,
One Orchard is about eight years old, and has from 800 to 1000 trees; the other is three years old, and contains about 1500 trees.

The soil is naturally good, has been thoroughly limed, and produces well.

It is convenient to Churches, Mills, &c., near a Public Landing on Still Pond Creek, and not over two miles from the Kent county Railroad.

The Improvements
ARE A
FRAME DWELLING,
With a KITCHEN attached, and usual OUT-BUILDINGS.

A STORE HOUSE
near the public road, and
A TENANT HOUSE.

TERMS OF SALE:—The terms of sale prescribed by the Decree are as follows: The purchase money to be paid in equal instalments of six, twelve, eighteen and twenty-four months from the day of sale. The payments to be secured by bond of the purchaser with security approved by the Trustee, bearing interest from the day of sale.

RICHARD HYNSON, Trustee.
Chestertown, May 20, 1871—ts.

REAL ESTATE SALE.

THE subscriber, per R. HYNSON, his Attorney, will offer at public sale, on

TUESDAY, the 20th of June, 1871,

At Eleven o'clock, A. M.,
At the "VOSHELL HOUSE," in Chestertown,

HIS FARM,

lying in Broad Neck, Kent county, Maryland.

It Contains about 115 Acres of Land,

all arable except eight or ten acres, which are in WOOD. The soil is good and has been improved by the application of lime, and is well adapted to cereals and fruits. It is under good fencing and divided into four fields.

The situation is desirable, being convenient to Churches, Schools, Mills, &c.; is about six miles from Chestertown and within a mile of a Landing on the North East branch of Langford's Bay, to which it has a right of way through the adjoining farm of Mr. J. Nicols.

The Improvements
ARE A
Frame Dwelling
nearly new, and in good order, and the necessary OUT-BUILDINGS.

It has also a fine
TROTTING CIRCULAR COURSE,
And Straight Running Track.

Both tracks have been carefully and skillfully prepared, and are in fine order.

TERMS OF SALE:

Fifteen hundred dollars cash on the day of sale, or at sixty days, at the option of my Attorney; the residue in three equal instalments of one, two and three years; the payment to be secured by bond of purchaser, with approved security, bearing interest from the first day of January, 1872.

H. B. CAMP.

May 20, 1871—tds.

VALUABLE MILL PROPERTY
AT
PUBLIC SALE.

THE subscriber will offer at public sale at the Court House in Centreville,

On TUESDAY, July 11th, 1871,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., his

VALUABLE GRIST MILL

at Centreville, Queen Anne's county, Maryland.

This property is one of the most valuable of the kind on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, being a first-class stand for business, of which it has a large patronage, and being now in good order and condition. It is situated near the terminus of the Queen Anne's and Kent Railroad at Centreville, and within one mile of a public Landing on Chester River.

There is attached to the property a few acres of fine Meadow land and Garden ground.

A DWELLING HOUSE
is attached to and is a part of the Mill house, and is of sufficient size for any ordinary family.

To a man of enterprise the property offers a first rate business. The terms will be made easy and accommodating.

For information inquire of Wm. P. Sewall, on the premises, or of S. W. DsCOURSEY, Beverly, New Jersey, or the subscriber.

T. DsC. RUTH,
je315-ts. Chestertown, Md.

BURNS & SLOAN,

132 Light Street Wharf,

BALTIMORE, MD.,

Building Lumber

LATHS AND SHINGLES,

FENCING AND PALES,

ASH, OAK & WALNUT,

DOORS, SASH AND BLINDS,

AT LOWEST PRICES.

LUMBER.
AN ASSORTMENT OF LUMBER ALWAYS ON HAND.
Buyers will find it to their interest to call and examine my stock before purchasing.
Feb. 25, 1871. T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

POOLE'S ISLAND
AT
Trustee's Sale.

IN VIRTUE of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, as a Court of Chancery, the subscriber as Trustee, will offer at public sale, on

THURSDAY,

The Twenty-second day of June, 1871,

at Three o'clock, P. M., at the Voshell House, in Chestertown, Maryland,

THAT VALUABLE ESTATE
KNOWN AS
"POOLE'S ISLAND."

This Island lies near the middle of the Chesapeake Bay, about twelve miles above North Point, and in an air line East by North it is about 17½ miles from the city of Baltimore, and has a Government Light-house, which exhibits a fixed light.

The Island contains about 280 Acres,

of which 230 are arable; the residue is in WOOD and Marsh. The soil is of the finest quality, highly improved and well adapted to cereals, fruits and vegetables, and the marshes afford the finest early pasture for cattle, &c.

The Improvements
ARE A TWO-STORY
FRAME DWELLING,

with a Kitchen attached, and the usual Out-Buildings, all in good order.

A Fine Apple Orchard

AND ONE OR TWO EXCELLENT FISHERIES.

Because of its great fertility and productiveness, and its favorable location—directly on the line of water communication, via the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal, between the cities of Baltimore and Philadelphia—this estate presents rare inducements to purchase, both to the farmer and horticulturist. And, in view of its proximity to the city of Baltimore; its safe and pleasant approach by steamer from that city; its bold water, fine landings, safe harbors and shady groves; to the enterprising capitalist, desiring a sure and profitable investment, its inducements to purchase are not less cogent, for there can be no question that Poole's Island, under proper management, would soon become a

Delightful Place of Summer Resort.

And to the lovers of sport, such as FISHING and GUNNING, it should be equally attractive, for near its shores are several of the

Finest Fishing Grounds of the Chesapeake,

and the Canvass Back, the Red Head, and other Wild Fowl, in their daily flight, to and from their favorite feeding grounds on the flats of the Susquehanna, under favorable winds give the most splendid shooting at several points on the Island.

TERMS OF SALE:

The Decree prescribes the following terms of sale: Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, or on its final ratification, at the option of the Trustee; and the residue in four equal instalments of six, twelve, twenty-four and thirty-six months from the day of sale, to be secured by bond with approved security bearing interest from that day.

RICHARD HYNSON.

By the direction of the Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Chancery, for the sale of the real estate of John L. Wethered, late of Kent county, deceased, the Trustee to sell said property hereby notifies the creditors of the said John L. Wethered, deceased, to file their claims with the vouchers thereof with the Clerk of said Court within four months from the day of the sale of said property.

R. HYNSON, Trustee.
Chestertown, May 20, 1871—ts.

EXECUTOR'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

UNDER THE POWER contained in the will of RICHARD S. THOMAS, late of Kent county, deceased, as Executor, the subscriber will offer at public sale

ON TUESDAY,

The TWENTIETH of JUNE, 1871,

At 12 o'clock, M., at the "VOSHELL HOUSE," in Chestertown,

THE FARM

OF HIS TESTATOR, CONTAINING ABOUT
120 ACRES.

Nearly the whole of this Farm is arable, and is divided into three fields and two lots, under good fencing, and is well supplied with water by an ever flowing stream.

The soil is naturally good and well adapted to grain and fruit.

It lies within two and a half miles of Chestertown and is convenient to Churches, Schools and Mills, &c.

The Improvements
ARE A
Frame Dwelling House,
AND THE USUAL OUT-BUILDINGS

TERMS OF SALE:

Five hundred dollars cash, to be paid on the day of sale, or at sixty days, as the subscriber may determine; the balance in equal instalments of eight, sixteen and twenty-four months from the day of sale, and the payment to be secured by bond with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

R. HYNSON.

N. B.—The Farm will be surveyed and plot exhibited at the sale, and should it be found desirable it will be offered and sold in parts.

R. HYNSON.
Chestertown, May 20, 1871—ts.

FRIENDS TAKE NOTICE!

I TAKE THIS METHOD to announce myself as a CANDIDATE FOR THE SHERIFFALTY. Having waited patiently and served my party long, I hope to receive an almost unanimous vote of my party.

al-6m. HENRY MORTIMER ROLLISON.

FOR RENT.—Having removed to Baltimore, the undersigned offers for rent for the balance of the present year, the DWELLING HOUSE on Mill street, recently occupied by himself. Rent $50. Apply to Mrs Davis, next door.

je3-3t. WM. H. BLAKENEY.

FOR RENT, for the balance of the present year the DWELLING AND STORE HOUSE in Chestertown, recently occupied by Dr. J W. Ivens, deceased. A good business stand. Apply to

my6-tf. J. W. IVENS, Adm'r.

FOR RENT,
The URIEVILLE GRIST & SAW MILLS or the balance of the present year.

Apply to JOHN R LUSBY, Adm'r.

N. B.—All persons indebted to the estate of L. L. Rollison, are requested to make immediate payment. J. R. LUSBY, Adm'r.

April 29, 1871—tf.

TO RENT, for the year 1871, my DWELLING HOUSE and LIVERY STABLES, with lot attached, on Cross street, in Chestertown, recently occupied by John W. Rasin. Also, a Three Acre LOT, near the upper part of the town. For terms apply to R. HYNSON, Esq.

jan7-tf. D. A. BENJAMIN.

FOR RENT, for the balance of the present year, the DWELLING and STORE HOUSE on the corner of High and Mill Street, in Chestertown, lately occupied by S. Frazier, dec'd.

Apply to WM. B. USILTON.

April 8, 1871—tf.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

I sat an hour to-day, John,
Beside the old brook stream—
Where we were school-boys in old time
When manhood was a dream:
The brook is choaked with fallen leaves,
The pond is dried away,
I scarce believe that you would know
The dear old place to-day.

The school-house is no more, John,
Beneath our locust trees,
The wild rose by the window's side
No more waves in the breeze;
The scattered stones look desolate,
The sod they rested on
Has been ploughed up by stranger hands,
Since you and I were gone.

The chestnut-tree is dead, John,
And, what is sadder now,
The broken grape-vine of our swing
Hangs on the withered bough.
I read our names upon the bark,
And found the pebbles rare
Laid up beneath the hollow side,
As we had piled them there.

Beneath the grass-grown bank, John,
I looked for our old spring—
That bubbled down the alder path
Three paces from the swing;
The rushes grow upon the brink,
The pool is black and bare,
And not a foot for many a day
It seems has trodden there.

I took the old blind road, John,
That wandered up the hill—
'Tis darker than it used to be,
And seems so lone and still;
The birds yet sing upon the boughs
Where once the sweet grapes hung,
But not a voice of human kind
Where all our voices rung.

I sat me on the fence, John,
That lives as in old time,
The same half panel in the path
We used so oft to climb—
And thought how, o'er the bars of life,
Our playmates had passed on,
And left me counting on the spot
The faces that were gone.

THE LATEST STYLE.

It is a shame that so many beautiful things in this world should be under the tyranny of Fashion. Amazing it is, too, that sensible people should show weakness in this particular—building and furnishing their houses, and dressing themselves according to the dictates of "style," or the example of persons of greater wealth and poorer taste.

Not long ago, I made an evening call, and the good lady of the house, for some mysterious reason, appeared to be in quite a flutter. She looked very pretty and lady-like, with her soft, gray hair carelessly disposed in a net, and I should not have observed anything amiss had she not *apologized* for the absence of her chignon, explaining that her "braid" was in the hands of the hair-dresser. She had been invited to a fashionable party, and though not a particular observer of fashions herself, had been informed by interested friends that her back hair was out of date! Of course, so important a matter must be taken in hand at once, and brought up to the required standard.

We do not tire of Nature's beautiful adorning, though spring after spring she unfolds the same unvarying patterns to our eyes; we are ready to admire as tho' we had never seen the like before; the same rich carpet of green, dotted with dandelions and buttercups of the same brilliant yellow, and violets of the same lovely blue. But if we go among the dry goods shops, trying to match a fabric of a certain color, we are told over and over by the wise young men behind the counters that it is no use to hunt for that—*it is a last year's shade.*

What if we should go out some sweet May morning, expecting to be greeted by our favorite dandelions and violets, and should find them all decked in some unheard of color! and as we gazed in sad amazement, here and there, hoping to catch some glimpse of the loved, familiar hues, should be told that those were last year's shades, that these were new, and therefore quite superior!

If our oaks should unfold their summer leaves with edges all smooth and plain, would it be any consolation to be told that these were the very latest style, and that lobate leaves had all "gone by?"

Thank Heaven! Nature can be depended upon; she never imposes upon us in any such way.—*Hearth and Home.*

MARRIED MEN.

Married men are of two kinds—good and bad. The bad are truly horrible; the good, very good indeed. The bad married man ill-treats his family in every way, and generally ends by running away and leaving his wife to earn a living by needle-work. But the good married man—well, he is not madly in love any more, but he believes there never was such a woman as his wife. He does not see Time's changes in her face; she is always young to *him*. Every baby binds them closer to each other.

There is an expression in every good married man's face that a bachelor's cannot have. It is indescribable. He is a little nearer the angels than the prettiest young fellow living. You can see that his broad chest is a pillow for somebody's head, and that little fingers pull his whiskers. When some one has said Husband, and some other Papa, a seal is set upon his forehead. No one—no woman, at least—ever mistakes the good married man for an instant. It is only the erratic one who leaves you in doubt. The good one can protect all the unprotected females, and make himself generably agreeable to the ladies, and yet never leave a doubt on any mind that there is a precious little woman at home worth all the world to him.

[For the Kent News.]

Enigma.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 1, 16, 3, 9, is a town of Hungary.
My 11, 15, 6, 19, is an Island.
My 8, 13, 14, 2, 16, 17, is a town of Russia.
My 1, 5, 4, 2, 12, 10, 7, is an Island.
My 11, 15, 9, 18, 7, is a village of New York.
My whole is a village of Piedmont.

Little Feet.

In castle halls or cottage homes,
Wherever guileless childhood roams,
Oh, there is nothing half so sweet
As busy tread of little feet.

The sighing breeze, the ocean's roar,
The purling rill, the organ's power,
All stir the soul, but none so deep
As tiny tread of little feet.

A LOVING heart and a pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should never fail to take home with him.

LOVELINESS needs not the foreign aid of ornament, but is, when unadorned, adorned the most.

[From the Kansas City Bulletin, May 26.]

STEALING AN ELEPHANT.

ROBINSON'S MONSTER ELEPHANT STOLEN BY INDIANS—HE DESTROYS HALF THEIR VILLAGE, AND IS FINALLY RESCUED BY HIS KEEPER.

The beautiful Indian village of Pottowatomie, situated on the Neoshe river, in the State of Kansas, was the theatre of an intensely exciting but wholly unavoidable occurrence on the night of Sunday, May 21. The mammoth menagerie and circus of old John Robinson, which had exhibited the previous day to crowded houses, to the great delight, wonder and astonishment of the untutored red man, was the centre of attraction. The astonishment and curiosity were great when the gigantic proportions of old Emperor burst upon their view. Everything passed off quietly, and on Sunday evening, the weather and water being warm, Robinson determined to let old Emperor enjoy the luxury of a bath in the river, which is a very frequent custom among menagerie owners. Accordingly between the hours of 5 and 6 P. M., Prof. Buel, the keeper, was directed to bring him down to the stream. The Indians, to the number of twenty or thirty, were noticed watching the process of unfastening the chains which secured the elephant, with the closest scrutiny (the object of which will shortly be seen.)

Old Emperor made up his mind to enjoy himself, and moved on with slow and majestic tread toward the stream, seeming to care for naught but the commands of his keeper. As he neared the bank of the river, without waiting to receive the command, he plunged boldly in and began disporting himself with the greatest delight, rolling and plunging from side to side, sucking up great quantities of water and blowing it out through his huge proboscis, in great columns, twenty or thirty feet high, allowing it to fall in showers of spray upon and all around him, the sight of which, to the Indians, was truly marvellous. After remaining in the water till dark, he was carried back to camp and secured for the night, the crowd in the meantime following and watching the entire proceedings with the closest inspection.

The Indians slowly disappeared and sought their wigwams for the night, and the tired showmen also sought to obtain rest. It is customary with well regulated menagerie and circus companies to employ a man as watchman, and to him is intrusted the business of awakening the company in the morning, to be in readiness for breakfast and an early start on the road, and to his care is also committed the entire establishment through the night.

About midnight the watchman wished to receive some information in regard to starting in the morning, stepped over to the hotel where Mr. Robinson was quartered, and, while engaged in conversation with him, an awful, unearthly howl resounded through the halls of the hotel, followed by a series of cries, groans and screeches such as no mortal ever heard before. In an instant the doors of the different rooms were hurriedly opened by the terrified inmates, windows thrown up, and frightened faces looked wildly out.

The women and children uttering piteous wails of terror, crouched coweringly down near the men, with pale and frightened countenances, crying, "What is it?" "Are we attacked by Indians?" "Will they come here?" "Oh, we shall all be murdered!" The scene was enough to make the stoutest heart quake with fear. Mr. Robinson, quickly comprehending the matter, sprang from the room and ordered every man to come out, as he was certain that some of the animals had broken loose. Upon emerging from the house it was at first supposed that the entire village was on fire, for it was nearly as light as day, caused by the vast number of torches which were blazing through the encampment.

The noise and din seeming to grow louder each instant, and being in the Indian portion of the town, they hurriedly made their way thither, and upon suddenly turning a corner they beheld a sight they will never forget. In the foreground was the huge form of old Emperor, upon whose back was perched a half a dozen warriors, shouting and gesticulating wildly to their brethren below, whilst at intervals of half a minute a horrid yell would ring out upon the night air, followed by huge columns of smoke and dust, and then could be heard the shrill trumpeting of the elephant as uttered when enraged or in pain. On every side lay the ruins of the once peaceful homes of the Indians.

As the showmen were preparing to rescue Emperor, crash went his huge trunk, and an entire wigwam was seen flying through the air, while from the clouds of dust and heaps of rubbish could be seen the naked forms of some half a dozen squaws and children regaining consciousness, and darting away through the woods with frightful yells of terror. The scene was awful; the demoniac yells of the savages, the infuriated trumpeting of the elephant, were enough to strike terror and dismay to the stoutest heart.

The company, headed by Mr. Robinson, rushed up and scattered the Indians from off the elephant's back and led him away. He manifested his delight at finding himself once more among his friends by repeatedly caressing his keeper with his trunk. His body was found to be covered with wounds, from which the blood was flowing in streams. Over one hundred arrows were found sticking in his body. Their first proceeding was to extract the arrows, each one as it was drawn from his flesh caused him to utter piteous moans of pain, and then staunch the flow of blood, which, being done, he was enabled with great difficulty to walk back to camp.

Amid the confusion it was impossible to ascertain how he became loosened from his place of confinement, but upon examining the chain it was found to be unlocked, showing that it was through the agency of some mischievously-inclined person; and upon a strict inquiry being made, it was ascertained that a party of young braves, noticing how very gentle and harmless the elephant was, concluded to have a grand menagerie procession of their own; and while some were unlocking his chains, five or six leaped upon his back and two more walked on each side and steered him along, and thus the grand cavalcade started for the Indian quarter of the town, intending, no doubt, to create a big sensation among their brethren, and they certainly did, though with a result far different from what they anticipated; for, upon reaching the first of a long row of wigwams, he discovered the top of one which had been covered the day before with the long, sweet grass of the prairie, thrust his trunk for a mouthful, when the whole top gave way, and out burst the frightened inmates with terrific screams, scaring the elephant at the same time.

The Indians, becoming alarmed for the safety of the rest of the wigwams, commenced goading him with spears and knives, when he rushed madly forward, dealing destruction on all sides; and it would be difficult to tell which party expressed most satisfaction in parting from each other's society, Indians or elephant.

The Western Indian is noted for his thieving propensity, but history has no record of their ever attempting to pilfer so large an animal before, although their disposition was good enough to attempt it.

Letter from Young Mrs. White to her Aunt in Boston.

My Dear Aunt:—Although you told me, when I invited you to my wedding, that I was too young to marry, and not capable of choosing a mate for life properly, and with due consideration, I know that you now feel that I was wiser than you thought. In selecting dear Orlando, I have gained a most affectionate and attentive husband, and one who has neither a fault nor a vice. Heavens! what must a girl suffer who finds herself united to a dissipated person, neglectful of her, and disposed to seek the society of unworthy persons, who drink, smoke and do all sorts of dreadful things!

Thank Heaven, Orlando is perfection. To-day is my eighteenth birthday, and we have been married a year. We keep house now, and I can make a pretty good pie, only the under crust will be damp. However, I think that must be the oven. Once I put peppermint in the pudding sauce, instead of lemon flavoring; but then Orlando, was trying to kiss me, right before the girl, who didn't much like either of us coming into the kitchen at all.

Dear Orlando! I come back to him again—so excellent, temperate and true. Tell all the girls to marry as soon as they can, if they can find a husband like mine.

I have but one trial—business takes him so much away from me. A lawyer *must* attend to business, you know; and sometimes they carry on the cases until two at night. Often and often he has to examine witnesses until half-past twelve, and comes home perfectly exhausted.—And the nasty things will smoke, so that his dear coat quite smells of it. And as it makes him as ill as it does me, I have to air it, and sprinkle the lining with cologne water, before he dare put it on again.

I had a terrible fright the other night—dreadful. Orlando had told me that business—I think he said it was a case of life and death—would detain him late.—So I sat up, as usual, with a book, and did not worry until I o'clock. After that I was a little anxious, I confess, and caught a cold in my head peeping through the up-stairs window blinds; for dear aunt, it was not until three o'clock that I heard a cab driving up the street, and saw it stop at our door. Then I thought I should faint, for I was sure some dreadful accident had happened to Orlando.

"Oh, what has happened?" I cried.

"Don't be frightened, Mrs. White," said Mr. Smith. "Nothing at all. Only White is a little exhausted. Application to business will exhaust a man, and I thought I'd bring him home."

"Allright Bell," said Orlando. "Smith tells the truth—I'm exhausted."

And, dearest Aunt, he was so much so that he spoke quite thick, and couldn't stand up without tottering. Mr. Smith was kind enough to help him up stairs; and he laid upon the bed so prostrated that I thought he was going to die. Then I remembered the French brandy you gave me, in case of sickness, I ran to get it out.

"Have a little brandy and water dear," I said.

"The very thing. Smith is exhausted, too. Give some to Smith," said he.

And I did so reproach myself for not having thought of it before Mr. Smith was gone. But I gave a glass to Orlando, and, under Providence, I think it saved his life; for oh how he was!

"Bella," said he, quite faltering in his speech, "the room is going round so fast, that I can't catch your eye. And besides, there's two of you, and I don't know which is which."

I knew those were dreadful symptoms.

"Take a drink, dear," said I. "And I'll try to wake Mary, and send her for the doctor."

"No," said he. "I'll be all right by morning. I'm all right now. Here's your health. You're a brick. I—" And over he fell, fast asleep.

Oh, why do men think so much of money making? Is not health better than anything else?

Of course, as he had laid down in his hat, I took that off first. And I managed to divest him of his coat. But when it came to his boots—dearest aunt, did you ever take off a gentleman's boots? probably not, as you are a single lady—what a task! How do they ever get 'em on? I pulled and pulled, and shook and wriggled, and gave it up. But it would not do to leave them on all night; so I went at it again, and at last one came off so suddenly; and over I went on the floor, and into his hat, which I had put down there for a minute. I could have cried. And the other came off the same way, just as hard, and just as sudden at last. Then I put a soft blanket over Orlando, and sat in my sewing chair all night.—Oh, how heavily he breathed! And I had, as you may fancy, the most dreadful fears. He might have killed himself by his over-application to business, for all I know. The perfect ones go first, it is said.

However, imagine my delight when, at noon next day, he was able to get up, eat a slice of toast and drink a cup of strong tea, and declared himself *much better*, though his head ached.

How happy I was! I found myself laughing over a little incident that occured that afternoon, as though I had never had any trouble. A lady's glove fell out of Orlando's pocket, and the fragments of a bonquet he had, of course, brought for me, thinking to be home early, and the glove he found in the street. And I pretended to be jealous, and pulled his whiskers for him.

Oh, how differently should I have felt had anything happened to my beloved Orlando! He has not had so exhausting a day since, and, I think, sees the folly of overwork; though, if courts will keep open so late, what can poor lawyers do? I think it is very inconsiderate of the Judge. I wonder whether he has a wife—mean old thing! Write to me soon.

Your affectionate niece,
BELLA WHITE.

P. S.—A man called yesterday and asked me to tell Mr. White that Swing and Swallow would be glad to have that bill for champagne—the amount $50. I thought it was some mistake, since we use no wine; but Orlando says it is sometimes impossible to get anything out of a witness without offering him several bottles, and that this must be done at the counsel's expense. What a shame!—How hard a life is a lawyer's!

You, I know, will sympathize, dear aunt. B. W.

Proving an Alibi—A Shrewd Trick.

Many years ago a gentleman, followed by a servant in livery, rode into an inn in the west of England, one evening a little before dark. He told the landlord that he should be detained by business in that part of the country for a few days, and wished to know if there were any amusements going on in the town to fill up the intervals of time. The landlord replied that it was their race and assize week, and that he would, therefore, be at no loss to pass away the time. On the gentleman's making answer that this was lucky, for that he was fond of seeing trials, the other said that a very interesting trial for robbery would come on the next day, on which people's opinions were much divided, the evidence being very strong against the prisoner; but he himself persisted resolutely in declaring that he was in a distant part of the country at the time the robbery was committed. His guest manifested considerable anxiety to hear the trial; but, as the court would probably be crowded, expressed some doubt of getting a place, but that, to prevent any accident, he would himself go with him and speak to the sheriff.

Accordingly, they went into court next morning, and the gentleman was shown to a seat on the bench. Presently after the trial commenced. While the evidence was giving against him, the prisoner remained with his eyes fixed on the ground, seemingly very much depressed, till being called on for his defense, he looked up, and seeing the stranger, he suddenly fainted away. This excited some surprise, and it seemed at first like a trick to gain time. As soon as he came to himself, on being asked by the judge the cause of his behaviour, he said:

"Oh, my lord, I see a person who can save my life! That gentlemen, (pointing to the stranger) can prove I am innocent, might I only have leave to put a few questions to him."

The eyes of the court were now turned on the gentleman, who said he felt in a very awkward situation to be called upon, as he did not remember ever to have seen the man before, but that he would answer any question that was asked him.

"Well, then," said the man, "don't you remember landing at Dover at such a time?"

To this the gentleman answered, "That he had landed at Dover not long before but that he could not tell whether it was on the day he mentioned or not."

"Well," said the prisoner, "but don't you recollect a person in a blue jacket and trowsers carried your trunk to the inn?"

To this he answered that, of course, some person had carried his trunk for him, but that he did not know what dress he wore.

"But," said the prisoner, "don't you remember that the person who went with you from the packet, told you a story of his being in the service, that he thought himself an ill-used man, and that he showed you a scar he had on one side of his forehead?"

During this last question the countenance of the stranger underwent a considerable change. He said he certainly did recollect such a circumstance; and on the man's putting his hair aside and showing the scar, he became sure that he was the same person.

A buzz of satisfaction now ran through the court, for the day on which, according to the prisoner's account, this gentleman had met with him at Dover, was the same on which he was charged with the robbery in the remote county. The stranger, however, could not be certain of the time, but said that he sometimes made a memorandum of dates in his pocket-book, and might possibly have done so on this occasion. On turning to his pocket-book, he found a memorandum of the time he landed from Calais, which corresponded with the prisoner's assertion. This being the only circumstance necessary to prove the *alibi*, the prisoner was immediately acquitted, amidst applause and congratulations.

Within less than a month after this, the gentleman who came to the inn attended by a servant in livery, the servant who followed him, and the prisoner who had been acquitted, were all three brought back together to the same jail, for robbing the mail.

A MAN in Ashland, Pennsylvania, recently ordered a "fine watch" from one of the swindling agencies in New York. In due time he received, after paying ten dollars express charges, a beautiful "glass marble" block, well boxed, with a note attached reading thus:

"Dear Sir—The mystery in regard to this is to find the key hole by which to wind it up. Numerous persons have been searching for it within the past year and have failed in finding it, but we hope you will be successful. Respectfully, Williams & Co. P. S. All fools learn by experience."

WHEN shall a man dine? Diogenes answered the question thus: If rich, when he likes; if poor, when he can.

GLORY is well enough for a rich man, but it is of very little consequence to a poor man with a large family.

MANY ladies give as an excuse for marrying for money that they seldom find anything else in a man now-a-days worth having.

TRIAL TIME.

To many a woman's heart there comes an hour
Of dread necessity. A time of loss
And utter desolation. Greater loss
Than when we sit alone in silent rooms,
Mute with the agony of empty arms,
And the strong tension of mother-heart
Drawn heavenward. For the pall around us then
Is not all motionless, but often sways
To the light wavering of celestial wings;
Till on some blessed day the curtain lifts,
Looped by the cherub's finger. But this hour
Holds not one gracious parting in the cloud;
But in blank heaviness it settles down
Upon the woman soul. No ray of time
Pierces that heavy darkness. Only heaven
Can star its lonely midnight. *This dread woe*
Is when a woman wakens from her dream—
The highest, purest dream of life and time—
And sees the rich web of her fancy drop
Slowly, but surely, from the man she loves,
Leaving, in place of that dear perfection,
The skeleton of manhood,—the grim ghost
Of her ideal. If eternity
Holds not full reparation for her loss,
Then hope and faith are life's inherent lies,
And love is not the synonym of God.

A SOLEMN WARNING.

Foster's career affords a terrible commentary upon the growing tendency to imbibe intoxicating drinks. Having a wealthy and fond father, who was willing and happy to furnish him capital, he could have started out in life far in advance of most young men, and pursued a career of prominence and usefulness. But he yielded to the allurements of the cup that intoxicates and maddens, and to-day he awaits in the prison cell the murderer's doom. In a communication made since his sentence, the condemned man says: "I had been drinking heavily—God knows I can't excuse that. I was stupid drunk—mad drunk—and I got into a drunken difficulty with a strange man. Without any thought, without any calculation, on an impulse of blind fury, I struck him with the first thing that came to hand.—That blow was never intended to kill Mr. Putnam. It was struck with hardly any intention at all. It was the work of a madman, not of a deliberate murderer.—It was struck with no recognized weapon, but the first thing that came to hand." These words coming from one on the threshold of another world, furnish a most signal warning to those who indulge in the prevailing vice of drinking. The social cup leads to confirmed inebriety, and inebriety to death. Could the young women of our land have witnessed the solemn court scene, when, as Foster received his death-sentence, hot tears rushed down his cheeks, and jurors, counsel and spectators wept, they would use their influence in arresting the career of the tens of thousands of young men who are now rushing headlong down the path of intemperance.—*N. Y. Hearth and Home.*

Josh Billings on Whistling.

I hav spent a great deal of time searching, and sum money, to find out who was the first whissler, but up to now am just as uncivilized on the subject as I was.

I kan tell who played on the fust juice harp, and who beat the fust tin pan, and I know the year the harp ov a thousand strings was discovered in, but when whissling was an infant, is as hard for me to say as my prayers in low dutch.

Whissling is a wind instrument and is had by puckering up the mouth and blowing through the hole.

Grate thinkers are not apt to be good whisslers, in fakt when a man kant think of nothing he begins to whissle.

We seldom see a raskal who is a good whissler. Thar is a grate deal of honor brought in a sharp, puckered whissel.

Good whisslers are skearse, 75 years ago they was plenty, but the desire to get rich, or to hold offis, has tuk the pucker out of honest and cheerful amusement.

Wimmin, as a kind, or in lump, are poor whisslers. I don't kno how I found this out, but I am glad of it, it is a good deal like krowing in a hen.

I have often heard hens try to crow; I never knew one to do herself justis.

But I want it well understood that I am the last man on rekord who wood refuse a woman a chance to whissel if she's certain she has the right pucker for it.

Sum people always whissel whare thars danger—they do this to keep the fraid out of them. When I was a boy I allers konsiderd whissling the next best thing tu a kandle tu go down seller with at nite.

I ain't afeard to trust a man for a small amount if he's a good whissler.

I wouldn't want to sell him a farm on kredit, for I'd expect to hav to take it bak after a while and remove the morgage myself. You kant whissel the morgage oph a farm.

A *fust rate* whissler is like a middling sized fiddler, good for nothing else, and tho whissling may keep one from getting lonesume, it won't keep him from getting ragged. Not muchly it wont.

I never new a bee-hunter but what was a good whissler, and I dont kno eny bissness on the breast of earth that'll make a man so lazy and useless without aktually killing him, as huntin bees in the woods.

So we Shold Say.

Dicky was poor; Susy had a rich mother; Dickey loved Susy, and *vice versa;* Dicky wanted to marry; Susy's mother was down on that measure; Dicky was forbade the premises; notes were exchanged through a knot-hole in a high board-fence that enclosed the yard. One day the old lady was out "calling," and Dickey was duly informed of the fact; remained a little too long; the old lady was close at hand; no chance of escape without detection; at the instance of Susy, Dickey popped into the closet; old lady saw that Susy looked confused; guessed that Dickey had been about, and supposed of course that he had rendered good his escape; thought, perhaps, that the young couple agreed to elope together; determined to be too smart for them, accordingly shut Susy up in the same closet where Dicky was concealed, and giving her a pair of quilts and a pillow locked her up for the night; didn't see Dickey; next morning went to the closet to let Susy out:

"Oh, Lord!" a scream; couldn't get breath for a moment. Finally:

"Ahem! Dickey, is that you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Dickey, you must stay to breakfast."

"Couldn't, ma'am."

"Oh, but you must," Dickey, "I have been thinking about you a good deal, lately."

"So I suppose, ma'am, very lately."

"You are industrious, I hear."

"I never brag, ma'am."

"Well, upon the whole, Dickey, I think you and Susy had better *get married.*"

JURYMEN'S OPINIONS.

What an absurdity is the legal rule by which persons who, in the heat of excitement upon the first announcement of a murder, have expressed what is called "an opinion," may be excluded from the jury box. We are glad to see in a recent trial a decision which takes a more sensible view. The case referred to is that of John Moran, on trial at Dedham, Mass., for the murder of Charles M. Packard, in which the prisoner's counsel moved to change the venue to Suffolk, on account of strong local prejudice against the prisoner. The Chief Justice (Chapman) denied the motion, and, in giving his opinion, said: "Those who take the daily papers are prejudiced, as a matter of fact, by whatever they read in them, but these impressions pass away and are replaced by others. The opinion which is to disqualify a juror, as stated by Chief Justice Shaw, must be something more than a vague impression derived from newspaper reports." We put this opinion upon record as about the most sensible which we have seen on the subject; and if we could have a ruling like this everywhere, it might save the courts a good deal of time, and the people a good deal of money. The New York Tribune remarks that the general notion that because a juror, from what he has heard, has formed an opinion adverse to the prisoner, would make wild work if it were applied to evidence. A witness might testify: "I saw A., the prisoner, kill B." "Then you have a prejudice against A?" "I certainly have." Pray, would such a prejudice invalidate the credibility of the witness? So, if a juror says: "From what I have heard and read I have believed the prisoner guilty; but I am quite prepared to find a verdict in accordance with the evidence and the ruling of the court." Pray, how is that fairly to be urged against the competency of a juror? On the contrary, is it not evident that in a man who thus frankly confesses his previous opinion you have the best juror in the world?

George Darboy, Archbishop of Paris.

This prelate, who has been sacrificed to the blind fury of the Paris mob, amid three score priests and nuns, his fellow prisoners in the Mazas dungeon, was a man of great eminence in the Roman Catholic Church. He was born in 1803, and after completing his studies at the Langres seminary, was ordained in 1836. After being advanced from a curacy to several positions of ecclesiastical distinction, he was appointed Bishop of Nancy in 1869, and four years later he was transferred to the Archiepiscopal See of Paris.