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The Kent News:

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

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

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

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

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

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

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

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

A CARD.

GEORGE VICKERS & H. W. VICKERS
Have united under the title of GEORGE VICKERS & SON, for the practice of the Law in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties.
Chestertown, July 1, 1871. jl5-3m

POST OFFICE HOURS,
—AND—
ARRIVAL and CLOSING OF MAILS.

THE CHESTERTOWN Post Office Hours are as follows:
Open from 7½ A. M., to 12½, P. M, and from 1, P. M. to 8, P. M.
CLOSING MAILS.—All mails for the cities and intermediate points are closed at 10, P. M. The Centreville and Easton mails are closed at 5 o'clock, P. M.
The public are requested to procure stamps during office hours, and adopt the letter-box after 8, P. M. Letters found in the box without the stamps affixed are held for postage and sent to the Dead Letter office.
☞ THE OFFICE CLOSES AT 8, P. M.
j24tf. JOHN W. COLLINS, Post Master

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.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS
OF THE
FOURTH ELECTION DISTRICT.

MY BOOKS for 1871 are now ready, and prompt payment is earnestly requested. To delinquents for 1870 I must urge an immediate settlement. Those not settled by Oct. 1st, I shall collect according to law.
I shall be in Chestertown on TUESDAYS and SATURDAYS.
aug12-2m. WM. A. THOMAS, Coll.

Hamilton Academy,
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE NEXT SESSION of this BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL for Young Gentlemen will commence on the 6th of September
A limited number of resident pupils will be received in the Principal's family, and treated as members of the same. The number being small, individual attention can be given to their moral as well as intellectual culture, an impossibility in large boarding schools.
The long experience of the Principal and his assistants offers an unsurpassed opportunity to pupils to prepare for any class in College or for commercial occupation.
TERMS—$300 per ten months, for boarders; for Day Scholars from $50 to $120, according to advancement. For further particulars and references address the Principal.
W. TAZEWELL FOX, A. M.,
aug28-6t. Baltimore, Md.

St. John's College,
ANNAPOLIS, MD.

JAMES M. GARNETT, M. A., PRINCIPAL.

THE NEXT SESSION of this Institution, founded 1784, begins on the
FIRST WEDNESDAY IN OCTOBER.
A full Collegiate course is organized with a Faculty of seven Professors and three Tutors.
Charges for entire scholastic year $250.
Several State scholarships vacant.
For further particulars apply for Catalogue to PROF. W. H. HOPKINS,
Secretary of the Faculty,
aug5-2m. Annapolis, Md.

Wesleyan Female College,
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS INSTITUTION is recommended to Parents who wish to place their daughters in a school in which they will receive thorough instruction in a liberal course of study, careful supervision of their habits, manners and morals, under pleasant and homelike influences, at reasonable expense.
The Fall Session will begin September 11th.
For Catalogue or fuller information address
REV. JOHN WILSON, A. M.,
jy22-2m. President.

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.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned under the firm name of PARROTT & BUSICK, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. WM. S. BUSICK is authorized to settle up the business of the firm, and all persons indebted are notified to call on him and settle immediately.
JOHN B. PARROTT,
WILLIAM S. BUSICK.
Still Pond, Aug. 3, 1871.

Notice.—The undersigned will continue the business at the old stand, and will sell at the very lowest prices for cash, or to prompt paying customers on short credit.
aug5-4t. JOHN B. PARROTT.

FOOD FOR THE SICK!
CORN STARCH, FARRINO, RICE FLOUR, TAPIOCA, SAGO, SEA MOSS FAINE,
for sale at
n7tf. WICKES' DRUG STORE.

GENUINE EXTRACTS for FLAVORING,
—such as—
VANILLA, LEMON, ALMOND,
AND OTHER EXTRACTS.
For sale at WICKES' DRUG STORE.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 32. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1871. No. 17.

VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
—AT—
TRUSTEES' SALE.

THE undersigned, as Trustees, will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on
WEDNESDAY,
The Twentieth day of September, 1871,
AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, A. M.,
At Galena, Kent County, Maryland, the

VERY DESIRABLE REAL ESTATE

of RICHARD PEACOCK, situated in the first Election District of Kent county, on the public road from Galena to Chesterville, and also on the road leading from the Catholic Church to Millington, about one and a quarter miles distant from Galena, two and a quarter miles from the public landing at Georgetown on the Sassafras River, and but three-quarters of a mile from Lambson's Station on the Kent Co. Railroad.
This Farm, lying as it does, directly on the Kent County Railroad, with its two trains each way daily; convenient to Schools, Churches, and Mills, is one of the most eligible and desirable locations in the county.
IT CONTAINS
284 Acres, 3 Roods and 19 Perches,
MORE OR LESS,
OF RICH & PRODUCTIVE LAND
is divided into nine fields, all under good fencing, and adjoins the lands of John H. Cummings and John W. Ireland, and is in the vicinity of the estates of Dennis McCauley, Richard W. and William A. Cochran.
There is an
ORCHARD OF 2000 PEACH TREES
OF THE CHOICEST VARIETIES.
AN APPLE ORCHARD
of 160 Trees, and 16 or 17 Trees of Standard Pears, well grown and in good bearing on the farm; two fine Meadow Lots, and nearly a mile of Osage Hedge, well set and growing luxuriantly.

THE IMPROVEMENTS
ARE A
NEW THREE-STORY DWELLING,
With two rooms and a hall on each floor, with porch in front, good dry cellar, excellent Kitchen, and commodious and convenient back building. THE OUT-BUILDINGS are sufficient and all in good order; a large Barn and extensive Shedding for Stock, Woodshed and Shop for tools, Ice House and Dairy connected.
This Farm could be advantageously divided, the back portion consisting of about 106 acres is improved with a
DWELLING
16 by 18 feet, with two rooms below and above and Kitchen; a TENANT HOUSE, and well of most excellent water.
The property will be offered in one or two portions to suit purchasers.
TERMS OF SALE:
Twenty-five hundred dollars cash on the day of sale, or in sixty days thereafter, at the option of the Trustees; six thousand dollars in two years; four thousand dollars in thirty months, and the balance in six, twelve and eighteen months from the day of sale. The deferred payments to bear interest from January 1, 1872, and all interest to be paid with each instalment of principal.
RICHARD HYNSON,
GEORGE VICKERS,
C. T. WESTCOTT,
Trustees.
Chestertown, Aug. 26, 1871—ts.

House and Lot at Private Sale.

THE DWELLING and Premises situated near Belair, Kent county, Maryland, now tenanted by Thomas Joiner, is offered at private sale. The Building is a ONE-STORY FRAME, with shed kitchen; Meat House, Poultry House, Carriage House and Stable for one horse, and a well of good water in the yard.
For terms apply to
E. F. PERKINS,
aug12-tf. Chestertown, Md.

STORE HOUSE AND DWELLING FOR SALE.

THE STORE HOUSE AND DWELLING now occupied by Geo. T. Lockerman, in the Third Election District, with **2½ Acres of Land,** under good fencing. Apples and Peaches sufficient for use of the place.
The HOUSE is very convenient, being two stories high, and containing six good sized rooms; a Well of excellent water near the Kitchen door. This is one of the best country stands in the county, and well worthy the attention of capitalists. It will be sold very low and on very reasonable terms.
Apply to W. J. VANNORT, Agent
my20-tf. for Geo. T. Lockerman.

VALUABLE MILL PROPERTY
AT
PRIVATE SALE.

THE subscriber will sell at private sale 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; S. W. DeCoursey, Beverly, New Jersey; J. K. Hines, Chestertown; Lloyd Tilghman, Centreville, or the subscriber.
T. DeC. RUTH,
jly22-tf. Chestertown, Md.

Notice to the Public.

ALL PERSONS are hereby warned not to trespass in any manner upon the Protestant Episcopal Grave Yard in Chestertown. Frequent and wanton violations of the rights of property and decencies of life have been committed in habitual pasturing of cattle and horses upon this Yard, and in other respects, and all who disregard this notice will be prosecuted under the law.
By order of the Vestry of Chester Parish.
JAMES A. PEARCE,
aug19-3t. Register.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

ALL persons are hereby forbidden from trespassing on the grounds of the KENT CO. RAILROAD, for the purpose of moving dirt therefrom, as they subject themselves to a prosecution. Great damage has already accrued to the Road from such trespassing, and in the future it will not be allowed.
aug19-2m. JESSE R. HINES, Sup't.

SUGAR-CURED HAMS, Smoked Beef, and Flitch, for sale by J. B. SAPPINGTON.

A DESIRABLE FARM
ON THE LINE of the KENT CO. RAILROAD
—AT—
PUBLIC SALE.

AS ATTORNEYS for THOS. G. JARMAN, the subscribers will offer at public sale
On Wednesday, the 20th Sept., 1871
At Galena,
HIS FARM,
SITUATED IN KENT CO., MARYLAND, CONTAINING
162 3-4 Acres of Land, more or less.

It lies on the public road between Chesterville and Galena, about two miles from the former and two and a half miles from the latter; about a half mile from a Catholic Church and only one-fourth of a mile from Lambson's Station, on the Kent county Railroad.
The land has been improved and is in a good state of cultivation, and the soil is well adapted to all kinds of grain and fruit.
The Farm is divided into five fields, with ordinary fencing.
About forty acres of fallow has been broken which will be seeded in wheat, and sold with the farm.
THE IMPROVEMENTS ARE:
A Peach Orchard of 400 TREES,
in full bearing, and a
YOUNG ORCHARD of 2,000 TREES
OF THE MOST CHOICE VARIETIES.
A Grapery of select Fruit, well grown and in good bearing.
A Frame Dwelling
With four rooms below and three above, and the necessary OUT-BUILDINGS, in good repair.
TERMS OF SALE:
The terms are as follows, but may be modified to effect an advantageous sale:—$3,000 cash; the balance in one and two years. The deferred payments to bear interest from Oct. 1st, 1871.
For further particulars apply to
THOMAS G. JARMAN,
Or his Attorneys:
RICHARD HYNSON,
C. T. WESTCOTT,
Chestertown, Kent county, Md.
Sept. 2, 1871—ts.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, sitting in Equity, the undersigned as Trustee, will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on
TUESDAY, September 26th, 1871
At 3 o'clock, P. M., at the "VOSHELL HOUSE," in Chestertown, Maryland,
THE REAL ESTATE
OF THOMAS D. BURGESS,
late of Kent county, deceased. This Real Estate is a FARM, lying in the Fifth Election District of Kent county, directly on the public road leading into Eastern Neck.
It contains about
60 Acres of LAND.
The soil is good and particularly well adapted to Peaches, Small Fruits and Truck.
The situation is most eligible for Fruit and Garden culture.
It is not over half a mile from the Steamboat Landing on Grey's Inn Creek,
near Rock Hall on the Bay, and not far from Deep Landing, the western terminus of the Kent county Railroad, now under construction. In other respects the situation is desirable, being convenient to Churches, Schools, &c., and also, our best Ducking points, fishing grounds and Oyster beds on Chester River and the bay.
THE IMPROVEMENTS are a
FRAME DWELLING,
And the usual OUT-BUILDINGS, all in good order, and a
PEACH ORCHARD
OF GOOD MARKET VARIETIES.
Also, a fine collection of Small Fruits.
This place offers rare inducements to purchase to any one who may desire to engage in canning fruit and oysters, and horticulture.
TERMS OF SALE:
The terms of sale prescribed by the Decree are as follows: Fifteen hundred dollars cash on the day of sale or on its final ratification, at the option of the Trustee; the residue or balance in equal instalments of six, twelve and twenty-four months from the day of sale; payment to be secured by bond of the purchaser with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.
R. HYNSON, Trustee.
By the direction of the Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Chancery, for the sale of the real estate of Thomas D. Burgess, late of Kent county, deceased, the Trustee to sell said property hereby notifies the Creditors of the said Thomas D. Burgess, 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, Sept. 2, 1871—ts.

KENT COUNTY RAIL ROAD.

Notice to Peach Growers!

IN ADDITION to the regular Passenger and Freight Train now running on the KENT COUNTY RAIL ROAD,
A PEACH TRAIN
Will be run DAILY (Sundays excepted,)
FROM WORTON to TOWNSEND
for the transportation of Peaches and other Fruit to Philadelphia and Jersey City, commencing on Monday, July 31, 1871, and continue through the Peach season:
LEAVING Worton at 1:50, P. M., Lynch's at 2:05, Still Pond 2:20, Kennedyville 2:40, Black's 2:55, Lambson's 3:15, Massey's 3:30, arriving at Townsend at 3:55, P. M., there connecting with trains to Jersey City.
The limited time from Worton to Townsend will allow but little time, if any, at any station, for loading, after the train arrives; and therefore, shippers and others interested, are earnestly requested to have all peaches loaded and cars fastened up ready, so as not to delay the train over its card time.
jy29-tf. J. K. HINES, Sup't.

$25 REWARD.

Lost, on Friday, July 21st, a SETTER DOG, white and liver color, head mostly of the latter color; one side almost entirely white, and the other white with liver-colored mark shaped like the half of a saddle; long tail, and answers to the name of "Ned." The finder will be paid the above reward on leaving him at HIRAM FINLAW'S HOTEL, Crumpton. jy29-6t*

ATTENTION!—THURSTON'S IVORY PEARL TOOTH POWDER, whitens the teeth, purifies the breath, strengthens the Gums, and is the most perfect Tooth Powder made. For sale at
ja-tf. WICKES' DRUG STORE.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Dennis McFlynn has been thinking about "woman's rights," and his excited imagination finds vent in poetry. Read it:

Hurrah! for the time that is comin',
Whin ladies shall vote like the min;
Och, won't the polls be a bloomin'
Wid fithers and crinoline thin!
Election day thin I am thinkin'
Will be the great day of the year,
Whin lasses an' lads will be drinkin'
Together the candidates' beer.

What's the use to wrangle wid Biddy
About who the living shall make;
An' sure if 'twill plase her I'm riddy
To give up the hod for her sake,
An' be staying all day at the shanty
To 'tind the domestic affairs,
A boilin' the baif an' pertaties,
An' mendin' the rips and the tairs.

Thin whin election approaches,
An' the lasses are marchin' the strate
Wid big bands of music an' torches,
An' Biddy is standin' the trate,
I'll be on the side-walk hurrahin'
For me own darlin' Biddy McFlynn,
Wid a chile in my arms, and a drawin'
A cab wid another one in.

An' whin she is makin her spaches,
Before the great min of the land,
Sure then I will lend her my braches
An' sit by her side on the stand,
An' after she's done wid her talkin'
Och, thin how the people will cheer,
An' off to the polls be a walkin'
An votin' for Biddy my dear.

An' whin all the votin' is over
An' Biddy's elected, sure thin
I'll live like a pig in the clover,
Wid Honorable Mrs. McFlynn;
The shanty I'll quickly be lavin'
An' livin' wid illegant taste,
Wid a horse and a shay for me drivin'
An' a nigger to wait on the baste.

It's niver a lie I am spakin'
But true every word that I say,
It's myself 'twould never be takin'
The rights of the ladies away,
If a lassie thinkin' it proper,
Should shoulder the mortar an' brick,
Bad luck to the thaif that wo'd stop her,
I'd black his two eyes purty quick.

The way is for all to kape aisy,
An' give to the ladies their way;
They trip up an' vote like a daisy,
No matter what blackguards may say,
An' thin should the office be sakin.
Or, twirlin' the pick or the sphade,
An' for us the livin' be makin'
Who cares so the livin' is made!

A PLEASANT INCIDENT.

A young lady of great personal beauty, while riding in a street car on Thursday afternoon, was accosted by a gentleman just returned from California, with a request for her name and address. She at once replied that such was not her custom with entire strangers. The gentleman declared to her that his intentions were entirely honorable; that on his part it was a case of love at first sight; and that what had riveted his attention the moment his eyes first beheld her lovely face, was a striking resemblance she bore to his deceased wife, whose remains had now slept beneath the willows a twelve month. In proof of his assertion he drew from his pocket a photograph, and had the deceased Mrs. D., and the young lady then before him, been twin sisters, the likeness could not have been more striking. It was shown to an aged aunt and a couple of cousins accompanying the young lady, and it was difficult to convince them that the gentleman had not by some means procured a picture of Miss Aurelia Pa., the friend and relative then in their presence. The gentleman was of such captivating exterior and expressed so much sincerity in his purpose, that he was permitted to accompany the lady to her home, where he remained until the arrival of the father, who was at once made acquainted with the somewhat singular and romantic affair. At first the surprised father put his foot down firmly, and declared that the matter could proceed no farther, but when his daughter fell upon his shoulder, and with tears streaming from her pretty blue eyes, informed the parent that her affections were deeply enlisted (for strange to say it had also proved a case of love at first sight with her,) the father relented, and consented to listen further. It did not take long to arrange preliminaries, and the nuptials are to be celebrated on Thursday, the 24th of August, as the expectant groom is compelled to be in San Francisco early in the ensuing month of September. The lady's parents are in moderate circumstances, but the California gentleman's wealth is estimated at $270,000, and he is not yet thirty-three, nor will not be until the 24th, the day fixed upon for the marriage. Who now will say, that they do not believe in love at first sight.—*Balt. Sunday Telegram.*

Female Society.

It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's songs by heart, than in a club, tavern, or pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely upon it are deleterious in their nature.—All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupid, and have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure.

Your club swaggerers, who are sucking the butts of billiard-cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is uninspiring to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a beast, who does not know one tune from another; but, as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water, sauce, and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well regulated, kindly woman, about her girl Fanny, or her boy Frank, and like the evening's entertainment.

One of the great benefits a man may derive from a woman's society is that he is bound to be respectful to her. The habit is of great good to your morals, men, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we light our pipes and say we won't go out, we prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest benefit that comes to a man from a woman's society is that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

"THE blessed man that preached for us last Sunday," said Mrs. Partington, "served the Lord for thirty years; first as circus-rider, then as a locust preacher, and last as an exhauster."

"ARE dose bells ringing for fire?" inquired Simon of Tiberius. "No, indeed," answer ed Tibe, "dey ab got plenty of fire, and de bells are ringing for water."

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

The clock had just struck six from its place on the black marble mantle of the pretty little dining-room, where fresh bouquets of roses exhaled perfume as if each separate pink blossom had been a crucible of sweetness, and a noisy cry of "Mamma, he's coming! papa is coming!" filled the house, from three or four little mouths.

Nina Melton, the eagerest child of them all, ran to the door and stood there smiling and lovely, with the little ones clinging to her skirts, to welcome her husband's coming footsteps, the beau ideal of wifely pride and happiness.

"Why, Harry," she said as he came up the steps, with a kiss for little Nin., and a chuck under the chin for Johnny, and a word of greeting for them all, "what makes you look so grave?"

"Nothing, child; only I'm tired and want my dinner."

The dinner was ready—a pair of brown little chickens, with a Parisienne soup first, and a bread pudding afterward; for Nina Melton was as notable housekeeper as any in the land. But Harry Melton's face did not soften in its rigid lines as the meal progressed to a close.

Nina was helping her youngest child to its little plate of pudding, when one of the servants came softly in and whispered something to her.

"Very well," said Mrs. Melton carelessly; "give her the other bundle. Harry, can you let me have five dollars?"

"What for?"

Mrs. Melton looked supprised. It was a question he was not in the habit of asking.

"To pay Mrs. Barbonr for sewing."

"Nina, that woman charges you too much," he said sharply.

"I do pay her a little more than Jane Callahan charges, but you must remember, dear, she's a widow, with six little children."

"I'm not bound to support her and her children."

"No, Harry, but—"

"Pay her for what she has done," he said, tossing a five dollar bill ungraciously across the table; "but dont't give her any more. Jane Callahan sews cheaper."

Mrs. Melton made no further remonstrance, but obeyed in silence.

"Carley Miller is coming here this evening," she said a few minutes afterward, "to get Johnny's old suit of clothes. Mrs. Miller was so thankful when I told her she could have them."

"She can't have them," interrupted Mr. Melton. "Jones tells me he gets half price for anything of that sort at a store on Chatham street. He gave me the card, and I shall send for them to come up here and take away all our old clothes. We must economize, Nina."

"But Mrs. Miller is so poor!"

"So shall we be if we go on in this reckless way. I tell you, Nina, I've been thinking seriously over this matter to-day. I've lost eighteen hundred dollars through Corbitt's failure, and I can't afford to keep half the paupers in New York. There's old Aunt Dorcas living rent free at the farm. I don't know why I should support Aunt Dorcas. Mortimer offered me three hundred a year for the place yesterday, and I shall write to tell the old lady to turn out."

"Harry, she's eighty years old, and very poor. Surely you would not—"

"Now Nina, you are talking like a woman, and a very silly one at that. Suppose she lives to be ninety, am I to keep on losing the rent of the farm just because she has taken a childish notion she can't live anywhere else?"

"It's very little to you, Harry," softly pleaded his wife, "and a great deal to her."

Mr. Melton bit his lip. "There," he said a little petulently. "I might have known it would have ended like this, if I tried to reason with you. Women can't be logical if they try."

"If this is the way you are feeling, Harry," said Nina, "I'm afraid you will disapprove of what I ventured to do today. Mr. Liscombe was here to ask about the rent of your little store on Sixth Avenue. It was for that lame brother of his, an honest, hard-working young shoemaker, who was very ambitious to go into business for himself. He has scraped together enough to pay nine hundred dollars for the first year's rent."

"But I raised the rent to twelve hundred."

"I knew you did, Harry; but I knew—at least supposed—you would be willing to do a charitable action for one so piteously afflicted by providence; so I told Mr. Liscombe that poor Giles could have it for the former rent of nine hundred."

"Then you did a foolish thing," said Mr. Melton, rising and beginning to pace the room in evident annoyance, "a very foolish and ill-considered thing, indeed. I must send my clerk around to Liscombe's the first thing to-morrow morning. I can't afford to make a present of three hundred dollars a year to Giles Liscombe, just because he's a cripple. I pay taxes, I contribute to the charity funds of the church, and I can't and won't do any more."

Nina listened in silence. To her it seemed as if some strange transformation had come unexpectedly over the whole spirit and temperament of the man she called husband. Presently she rose up.

"I will put little Mary to bed," she said quietly, and stole away up stairs with the other children silently following her.

"Papa isn't nice to-night," said Johnny, as he took his spelling-book from the nursery table. "What makes him so cross?"

"Hush, Johnny," said Mrs. Melton, whose wifely loyalty admitted of no doubt or question; "papa is tired."

Johnny was not altogether satisfied with this version of affairs, but he fell back on "words of six syllables," without asking any more questions; and Nina returned down stairs, taking up her needle work, and quietly seated herself by the shaded gas-burner, as she saw that Harry lay on the sofa, apparently asleep, with the newspaper over his face.

Once or twice, as the clock ticked softly on in the stillness, and the indistinct hum from the street below floated in through the half-open window. Nina let the work fall to her lap, and unconsciously drifted away upon the tide of grave and troubled thoughts which seemed to eddy around her heart.

They were making money, the firm of Melton & Chisdale. She had heard people say so, time and again; she had been congratulated upon the success of her husbands's business, and had smiled back a pleased response. Old uncle Darwin Field, when he made his week's visit in the city two years ago, had contemplated Harry Melton's luxurious home with grave wistfulness, and said to her:

"Bemember, Nina, my girl, that riches have wings, and don't get too sot on sich things."

She had thought the old man's interfering almost impertinent at the time; and now his words came to her like a half-forgotten prophecy.

"Can it be possible," she thought, as her sad eyes gazed out into the starry firmament of the summer night, "that he, too, has caught the worst infection of money making—that he is growing avaricious, and mean, and grasping? Oh, no, no, Harry never could be that."

The work lay unheeded on her lap.—She had no heart to sew now. Up to the present moment Nina Melton's life had been one of uninterrupted smoothness and sunshine. Could it be that the shadows, so long withheld that she had learned to doubt their actual existence, so far as she was concerned, were coming at last?

Suddenly Harry Melton started from his slumbers, and sat upright, gazing with a bewildered air around the room.

"Nina, wife, are you there?" he asked, in a strange, husky tone.

"I am here, Harry."

"Thank goodness! Then it was only a dream."

"What was only a dream?"

"Come here, and I will tell you, wife. Here, close to my side. Heavens!" he muttered beneath his breath, as he passed his hand uneasily over his wet forehead, "how real it seems yet. Where are the children?"

"Up stairs. Mary and Nina are asleep, and Johnny is at his lessons."

"I have had the strangest medley of a dream you ever heard," he went on. "Nina, I think it must have been intended for a warning for me. It seemed to me as if I were dead. I had not passed through the mortal strife of dissolution, and yet I was standing in the gloom and mystery of that other world that lies before us all. You understand me, Nina."

"I understand you, Harry," she answered, her soft, wondering eyes fixed upon his face.

"And you and the children were with me also, and yet not with me; that was the strangest mystery of all. You seemed to stand afar off, in beautiful green meadows, all misty with the sunshine that was around you, and the children were gathering flowers at your feet—flowers such as I have never seen in any mortal gardens; and there were many others there, and the air was full of music whose strains I could faintly hear. And I was hastening toward you, when my footsteps were stopped by a wall—a wall built of shining pieces of gold, with a sentinel standing beyond, in white, glittering raiment, with a sword whose brightness dazzled my very eyes."

"Let me pass!" I cried; "let me go to them!" and I pointed eagerly to the green meadows where you all were.

"Never," the sentinel answered. "This wall divides you from them forever—the wall you yourself have built up, in your short-sighted greed avarice.

"And then I knew that the gold pieces of which the wall was built were those I had saved from the wretched purses of those who were poorer than I; Giles Liscombe's hard-earned money, and the rent for poor old Aunt Dorcas' house, and the little I fain would have taken from Mrs. Barbour's hoard, and much more besides. Oh, Nina, when I saw the shining barrier I knew that it divided us eternally, and it was plain to me, all of a sudden, how miserable I had failed in life. 'For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' It seemed as if a great weight rested on my soul, an awful load of remorse! I lifted up my voice to utter a cry of despair, but I could not breathe even a whisper, and then I awoke. Nina, Nina, thank God with me that it was only a dream."

She pressed his hand softly in her own, as the tears came into her eyes.

"Thank God, indeed, dear Harry," she answered.

Lame Giles Liscombe had the store on Sixth Avenue at the old rent, and Aunt Dorcas lived and died under the roof-tree which had sheltered her girlhood; Charley Miller bloomed out gorgeously in Johnny's suit of clothes, and Mrs. Barbour had a new roll of work sent her the very next day. Nor were they the only ones that blessed the noblo-hearted liberality of Harry Melton in years to come.

And when old Chisdale, his partner, shook his grizzled head and talked of how many hundreds of thousands of dollars Melton might have been worth "if he hadn't been so foolishly generous to people who never thanked him," Harry only smiled, and remembered the good old text: "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

PEACHES FOR THE SICK.—A physician, through the *Prairie Farmer*, recommends the eating of peaches, even by invalids, claiming that they really possess medicinal qualities. Of the particular way in which peaches operate beneficially, he admits his inability to tell, but says the fact has abundant observation to verify it that patients fed with them, instead of being injured, improve, and that, for practical life, is perhaps all we need to know; and so long as this is the fact, it ought to be known. Any doctor who would rely entirely upon peaches to cure a very sick patient would be indeed unsafe; none but those who have peaches—to use a rough phrase—"on the brain" are guilty of such practice; but sick people pray for something to eat that is both refreshing and harmless; if these requirements can be fulfilled and the cure aided by any food, it ought to be as constant in the sick room as cold water.

He does not advise the eating of the skins of the peach, yet the skin perhaps contains most of the medicinal property, if such exists; but there is a dense substance that makes up the basis of the skin of all fruits which is indigestible. It resembles cork in this regard, and some teachers of science facetiously taunt those who eat the skins of their fruit with devouring cork. The best way for an invalid to eat a peach, he thinks, is to discard the knife and peel the fruit with his teeth, being sure he throws away nothing but the thin skin which his teeth have scraped of all that is sweet, and the stone.

BABY NELL.

Soul-lit eyes of heaven's blue,
Cheeks the damask roses hue;
Lips the cherrier ripest red,
Golden sunbeams crown her head.

Flitting like a happy bird,
Baby prattle now is heard;
"Mamma, do oo love me lots,
Cause me love oo velly muts."

Uneasy feet are on my chair,
Rounded dimple arms so fair,
Are pressed about my neck so tight,
And I am kissed with baby might.

Rosy cheeks the pillows press,
Dolly near is laid to rest;
"Dess my dolly hab zee troup,
For she losed her todder boot;
She tared her dress and losed her hat,
When me ride her on ze cat;
'Sides I leabed her on ze stair,
While oo fizzled up my hair."
Well, well, my darling, say your prayer,
Then go to sleep with dolly there.

"Now I aa me down to seep,
I pray zee Ord my soul to teep,
If I sood die before I wate
I pay ze Ord my soul to tate,
And ziss I ask for Jesus sate;
Dod bess mamma and papa too,
My dolly and my titty too."

CHOOSING HUSBANDS.

"When a girl marries, why do people talk of her choice? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, has she any choice?—Does not the man (probably the last she would have chosen) select her?"

A very clever correspondent has sent us a letter containing this query; and she makes out her case ably. She says: "I have been married many years; the match was considered a very good one, suitable in every respect—age, position and fortune. Every one said I had made a good choice. Why my dear Mr. Editor, I loved my husband when I married him because he had by unwearied assiduity succeeded in gaining my affections; but had choice been my privilege, I certainly should not have chosen him. As I look at him in his easy chair, a huge dog at his feet, a pipe peeping out of one of the many pockets of his shooting coat, I can but think how different he is from what I would have chosen. My first penchant was for a fashionable clergyman, a perfect Adonnis; he was a flatterer, and cared little for me, though I have not yet forgotten the pang of his desertion. My next was a barrister; a young man of immense talent, smooth, insinuating manners; but he, too, after talking, walking, dancing, and flirting, left me in the lurch. Either of these would have been my 'choice,' had I so chosen; but my present husband chose me, and therefore I married him; and this, I cannot help thinking, must be the way with half the married folks of my acquaintance." There is both sound sense and truth in this; but is it not better that men should choose than they should be chosen? And is not our correspondent probably much happier with her present husband, shooting-jacket, pipe, and dog inclusive, than she would have been with either the fashionable clergyman or the clever barrister? Men are proverbially inconstant; and, after marriage, when the trouble and inconvenience of children are beginning to be felt, and when (the most trying time of all) the wife begins to neglect her husband for her children, unless there was originally a very strong attachment on the husband's side, there is little chance of happiness. A wife's affection, on the contrary, always increases after marriage; and even if she were indifferent before, no well disposed woman can help loving the father of her children. Children, on her side, are a bond of union, and though she may appear, for them, to neglect some of those little attentions which men naturally seem to expect, it is only because the child is the more helpless being of the two, and the true woman always takes the side of those who are most feeble.

It is a strange but melancholy fact, that when young girls fancy themselves in love they are seldom if ever happy, if they marry the object of their choice. The fact is, in most cases, they find the husband they have chosen quite a different person as an individual, from the imaginary object he had appeared as a lover. The imagination in most girls is stronger than the judgment; and as soon as the first idea of love is awakened in a female heart, the imagination is set to work to fancy a lover, and all possible and impossible perfection are assembled together in the young girl's mind, to endow the object of her secret idolatry. The first man whose appearance and manners attract a girl on her entrance into society is generally invested by her with the halo of those secret thoughts, and she fancies herself violently in love without the least real knowledge of the man she supposes herself in love with. No wonder, then, that if she marries she is miserable. The object of her love has vanished, never to return; and she finds herself chained for life to a man she detests, because she fancies she has been deceived in him.

On the other hand the man who, with very pardonable vanity, fancied himself loved for his own merits, and who was perfectly unconscious of the secret delusions of the girl, becomes, when he finds her changed after marriage, quite indignant at her caprice. The friends and relations on both sides share in the same feeling—"what would she have?" they cry—"she married for love, and see the consequence."

The consequences are, indeed, in such cases generally sad enough. When the first delusion is dissipated, and the truth, in all its hard and stern reality, comes forth from the veil that has been thrown around it, both parties feel indignant at the false position in which they find themselves. Mutual recriminations take place, each accusing the other of deceit and ingratitude; while the apparent injustice of these accusations, which is felt by each party alternately, first wounds the feelings, and then, if repeated, rankles in the wound till it becomes incurable.

TEA AND HEADACHE.—The Sandusky *Register* says:

A writer in the *Homœpathic Quarterly* states that tea is a prolific cause of headache, and that persons in the habit of using it who are afflicted with that disagreeable ill will find it speedily remedied by ceasing the use of tea. The writer of this item has tried the experiment of giving up the use of tea, and the result is a complete relief, so far, from the terrible complaint which, while it lasts, unfits the victim for business or enjoyment.

A RESIDENT of Bridgeport, Conn., has won fifty cents by swallowing a greased frog.

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.

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Executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

WISE SAYINGS.

Great boasters (generally) are great liars.

If we lose for God, we shall never lose by God.

It is no thanks to prefer heaven before hell; but we must prefer it before earth, if we would be real Christians.

Goods gotten by fraud are commonly lost by home.

A man is never miserable by anything which cannot take away God or Salvation from him.

We cannot always tell what's o'clock in a man's breast by the dial of his face.

Every true christian is a traveler; his life is his walk. Christ is his way, and heaven is his home.

Is it not better for us to carry our bodies to heaven than let our bodies carry our souls to hell.

Those in stations are like men seated upon perilous precipices, more to be pitied than envied.

We are fearfully and wonderfully made, but without doubt we were more fearfully and