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The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. E. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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

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

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

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

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

WM. M. SLAY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Careful attention will be paid to any legal business of Kent and neighboring counties which may be entrusted to him jan6-y.

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

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

NOTICE!

HAVING fitted up the store room lately occupied by A. H Jefferson, we offer to our friends and the public generally a choice lot of

Common & French Candies,
NUTS, FIGS, ORANGES, LEMONS, &c.

A supply of fresh CRACKERS, Cream, Soda and LEMON BISCUIT, Schapps and Ginger Nuts.

Tobacco and Cigars a Specialty!

On hand a well selected stock of TOBACCO AND SEGARS. Having bought with great care, we are confident of furnishing to those who enjoy a good smoke or chew, a nice article at a small advance upon the cost price.

☞ Come and see us at the West end of the Smith Building, below T. B. Hynson's store.

JAMES K. TAYLOR,
April 20, 1872—tf. Chestertown

New Store at Buck Neck!

THE undersigned would announce to their friends and the public generally, that they have opened a NEW STORE at

BUCK NECK WHARF,

Under the firm name of

MOORE & BEACHAM,

and will keep on hand a general assortment of

GROCERIES,
Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes,
HATS AND CAPS,

and such other goods as are usually kept in a country store. Also,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
OF ALL KINDS,

to which the attention of Farmers is particularly invited, and which we guarantee to sell as low as they can be bought in the city.

Plow Castings also kept on hand.

COUNTRY PRODUCE of all kinds taken in exchange for goods, or at a fair cash price

GEO. T. MOORE,
my4-y* WM. H. BEACHAM.

Lumber! Lumber!

NEW STOCK.

JOHN T. DODD & SON,

Have removed their LUMBER YARD from the old stand of Wm. Vannort to the Yard in the rear of their Carpenter Shop, up town, and have just received a full supply of

Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shutters, &c.
OF ALL KINDS.

No. 1 HEART CYPRESS SHINGLES
No. 1 SAP do. do.
No. 1 WHITE PINE PALES,
No. 1 HEMLOCK PALES,
WHITE PINE FENCING,
HEMLOCK FENCING,
PLASTERING LATHS,
White Pine CULLINGS and SELECTS,
SCANTLING, JOIST & BILL STUFF.

Thanking our customers for their past patronage, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. UNDERTAKING will receive our special attention as heretofore.

apr20. JOHN T. DODD & SON.

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.*

LEWIS' WHITE LEAD, And COLORS,
Turpentine, Varnishes and Paint Brushes,
For sale by C. F. STAM & BRO.
May 11, 1872.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 33. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1872. No. 2.

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, sitting as a Court of Equity, and passed in the case of George W. Boulden *versus* E. W. Purnell and others, the undersigned will offer at public sale at Galena, Kent county, Md., on

WEDNESDAY,
THE FIFTH DAY OF JUNE, 1872,

At 2 o'clock, P. M., on the premises,

ALL THAT LOT,
PIECE, OR
PARCEL OF GROUND,

situate, lying and being on the Eastern side of the street leading to Georgetown, and adjoining the properties of Philip Medders, Jos. Morris, and the heirs of O. F Sutton; being the same lot, piece or parcel of ground which was conveyed to the said E W Purnell by Philip Medders and wife by deed bearing date the eighth day of March, 1869, and recorded in Liber J. K. H., No. 7, folio 644, &c., one of the Land Record Books of Kent county, aforesaid.

THE IMPROVEMENTS

Consist of a good, substantial

FRAME STORE HOUSE,

twenty-four by sixty feet, two stories high; Upon the first floor is a sales room twenty-four by twenty five feet, and the Counting Room and Grocery occupy the balance The upper story is divided into three rooms. The house is plastered from bottom to top, and is in complete order, with large show windows, superior counter, drawers and shelves.

It is one of the best business locations in the village.

THE TERMS OF SALE

As prescribed by the Decree are as follows: One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale; the balance in two equal instalments of four and eight months, to be secured by the bond of the purchaser with approved security, and to bear interest from the day of sale.

The cost of Deed and Stamps to be paid by purchaser.

REUBEN HAINES, Trustee.
E. E. MILLER, Auct'r. my11-ts.

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

WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY
JUST RECEIVED AT
E. T. WILLIS'.

A FULL ASSORTMENT of the above named goods, together with

Silver Plated Ware, Spectacles, &c.

Call and examine the stock and the GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!

E. T. WILLIS is the sole agent for the

Celebrated Schauffhausen Spectacles

and EYE GLASSES, manufactured at Schauffhausen, Switzerland. The superiority of these Great Eye Preservers consists in the careful Mathematical Accuracy in the construction of the Lenses, obviating all Glimmering and Wavering of the Sight, Dizziness, and all the other train of evils produced by the use of inferior spectacles. Every one whose sight is failing understands its value.

☞ All kinds of REPAIRING done at short notice, and better than can be done elsewhere in the County. my4-3m

GROVER & BAKER'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
SEWING MACHINES,

For sale on reasonable terms, by

N. G. WESTCOTT,
mh16-tf. Chestertown.

PAPER HANGING.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of HOUSE-PAPERING at short notice. He has on hand a fine lot of Samples of Paper, which he will furnish at city prices. They may be seen at his residence on Queen Street, three doors from Main. Call and examine them.

☞ Lamps and other small articles repaired.

mh23-3m. GEO. W. GREENWOOD.

MILL NOTICE.

PARSONS' MILL,
At the HEAD OF CHURN CREEK,

having recently been put in complete order, is now prepared to grind all kinds of grain in the best manner. By giving my personal attention to the business, farmers may rely upon having full justice done them in every particular. Grain chopped for one-tenth.

ap27-6m. N. K. MURREN.

Valuable Property at Private Sale.

THE undersigned offers at private sale the DWELLING, STORE HOUSE and LOT at Locust Grove, Kent co., Md., now occupied by Sparks & Walls. It is a good stand for business, and will be sold on accommodating terms. C. H. J. SPARKS,
apr20-2m* Massey's.

FOR SALE.—The subscriber will sell at private sale his STORE HOUSE, and 20 ACRES OF LAND in Quaker Neck, now occupied by A Jedson. Will be sold low and on accommodating terms. Apply to D. A. BENJAMIN, Chestertown, or the subscriber at Centreville. ap20-tf J O RASIN.

FOR SALE,
A BUILDING LOT

in Kennedyville, about 40 by 150 feet, eligibly located for business or as a residence. It will be sold on very reasonable terms. Also, a good second-hand no-top BUGGY.

TILGHMAN SHAFER,
April 13—3m. Kennedyville.

OILS.—Linseed, Lubricating, Whale, Neat's Foot and Lard Oils, for sale by
May 11. C. F. STAM & BRO.

WHITE LEAD, Oils, Glass, Paints and Putty. JOS. E. WEER.

ADVICE to HUSBAND AND WIFE.

MADAME, PUT THIS IN YOUR HUSBAND'S WATCH-CASE.

Speak kindly, gently to thy wife,
She knows enough of sorrow;
Oh, seek not from each petty ill,
An angry word to borrow.
For in her heart there's treasured love;
Oh, prize its golden worth;
One gentle word, one smile of thine,
Can ever call it forth.

When thou art harsh, and stern and cold,
And from thine own dear home
The sunshine of domestic love
In sorrow seeks to roam,
Upon her heart thy cold words fall
And chill life's tender life;
Then, oh, amidst thy trials all,
Speak kindly to thy wife.

Speak softly, kindly to thy wife;
She may have left a home
A cherished love, and to thine own
But scarce as far have come,
Though five or ten have told the time,
And thou hast shared its strife—
When e'er thy footsteps homeward turn,
Speak kindly to thy wife.

Speak kindly, gently to thy wife,
She may be growing old,
And soon ye both may garnered lie
In shadows of the mould.

SIR, PUT THIS IN YOUR WIFE'S MIRROR.

Have faith in thy husband, confide in his vow;
Should he speak unkindly, be true to him now,
Though e'en in thine anguish thy brightest hopes are dim,
Whatever awaits thee, be faithful to him.

Have faith in thy husband, nor seek from thy home
A balm for thy sorrow which sometimes may come,
'Mid all thy dejection trust not in another;
But let us have faith and be kind to each other.

Have faith in thy husband, and when he is tried
By trials and crosses, come stand by his side,
And try with affection to lighten his heart;
There, e'en if thou failest, 'tis acting thy part.

Have faith in thy husband, thy own home within,
Whate'er be his coldness, true kindness may win;
Though e'en in thy sorrow thy fond hopes are dim,
Yet still he may love thee: be faithful to him.

Fashion and Her Whims.

Fashion has at length reached a point in dictation at which we rejoice, for its laws are not now simply for the mere apparel. A foreign magazine has a description of a dress of which it says, "with this costume the mouth is to be worn slightly open." This is happy, for there are so many women who do not know what to do with their mouth, any more than timid young men know what to do with their hands, and minute directions of this sort, studied with every style of dress, will be very convenient. It is to be hoped that some costumes will require the mouth to be worn shut, for the effect in the street would be anything but agreeable if every lady went about with her mouth open.—So much depends upon expression in combination with costume that the subject is worthy of study. The effect of the prettiest dress is often spoiled by a sour expression of the face, and as expression is simply an affair of the muscles, it can be prevented by the artistic dress-maker.—We are very anxious to see, by the way, what women will be like when the Worths and other artists have finished with her. She is already, with her three-story hat, panier built up like a dome, high heels and fascinating wiggle walk, a creation of great interest, and if she "wears her mouth slightly open" there will be no resisting her. If, now, she were to nearly close her eyes, and, if it is not irreverent, "go it blind," we could suggest nothing more. We should say, however, that these fashions are not universal. The women in Lancashire, England, are driven into still stranger apparel. They often put on the coarse clothes of the miner and work at the mouth of the pit with pick and shovel. They also engage in the heavy work of the farm, and are employed on the canal barges, harness and lead the horses and take their turn at the helm, and help to load the vessels. These girls are rough in manner and coarse in language, but honest and industrious. They take their pint of beer and enjoy their pipes, and never grumble. The question of how to wear the mouth has not yet got down to them.—*Hartford Courant.*

A STUBBORN FATHER.—A week or two ago a family named Woodstock arrived in this city from Westchester, N. Y., intending to settle in the State. The youngest of the children is a boy about four years old, who, being a pet, has been allowed to sleep with his parents. Sunday night, the Woodstocks desiring to go to church, an effort was made to get the boy to go to bed with the older brother He was frightened and timid and made great opposition, saying "that he was afraid of bears and wolves." The opposition irritated the father, and he declared that he would not go to church and that Charlie should go to sleep in that bed. As the child kept crying and teasing, the older one was made to get up and sleep elsewhere. This did hot help matters, of course, and then Woodstock told the boy that he would lock the door and leave him in the dark if he did not cease crying.—Frightened further, the lad continued weeping and beseeching, and Woodstock did as he said he would.

The boy screamed at the top of his voice for a few minutes, beat on the door, and entreated to be taken out, but the father was unrelenting as a rock. The wails gradually died away, the lad ceased to shout, and in half an hour the door was opened. He was not found asleep as expected, but he was crouched down in a corner, his feet drawn up under him, and it took only a moment to convince the parents that the boy had been rendered a lunatic or an idiot. He laughed and talked to himself, did not reply to a question, gave no one any notice; when the mother realized what had occurred she fainted away. Every effort was made by the friends to bring the boy's reason back, but all failed. He would not speak, gave the other children no notice, but wanted to roll around on the floor and play with spools and sticks. Physicians were called and all agreed thet the boy's reason had been affected by the fright, and that he was and might be an idiot for the rest of his days. The circumstance has nearly broken his mother's heart, and the father carries a conscience that any criminal short of a murderer would not enjoy.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE chief business of Canton, Maine, is making toothpicks. Machines are in use, each of which makes five thousand toothpicks a minute.

MY WIDOW.

Jones advised me not to marry her—he said she was too young ana pretty.

Farnum advised me to be an old bachelor—told me a man past forty simply made a fool of himself by matrimony.

Tewksbery—a man who is notorious for never minding his own business—told me she had made a love affair with Harry Birmingham, before he went South.

Allen shook his head, and said Clara Myers might be very pretty, but he liked somebody maturer and settled. (N. B.—He married his housekeeper the next week and she is mature enough for Methusaleh himself.)

Everybody thought I was trying a dangerous experiment; but I didn't pretend to suit everybody—so I simply suited myself, I went quietly to church with Clara Myers, and married her one glorious January morning, when the old St. Paul's was fringed with glittering icicles and the brisk wind was freighted with the particles of flying snow, like a battalion of diamonds on a double quick.

She was nineteen and I was nine and thirty. She was as beautiful as a rose bud; I was a rough old codger, sound enough at heart, but like a winter apple, unpromising on the exterior.

In short we were as unlike as May and November, and the good natured world shook its head, and said, "no good could come of such an unequal match." But she said she loved me, and I believed her.—Nobody could look into Clara's blue eyes and not believe her, you see.

The next day I made a will and bequeathed all my property unconditionally to my wife.

"Are you sure you are doing a wise thing, Mr. Folliot?" said Mr. Mardyn, the lawyer, pushing his blue spectacles upon his forehead, until he looked like an old bald gnome, with a double pair of eyes. "You see she is very much younger than yourself, and—"

"Please to be so kind as to mind your own business," said I brusquely. "Don't be offended, Mardyn, but really people seem to suppose I am not able to attend to my own affairs."

"Just as you please," said Mardyn, in a rage. "I am a mere tool in your hands."

"That's it exactly," said I. So I signed the will and went home to Clara.

"Oh, Paul, you must not die!" said Clara, with a sacred look, when I told her what I had done. "Nobody ever loved me as truly and generously as you have done, and I don't know what I should do if you were taken away!"

"There was a young Birmingham, if all reports are true," I mischievonsly began, but the curl on Clara's lip stopped me.

"A mere butterfly," she said haughtily, without either brains or principle, Paul. Paul I have found a shelter in your true, loving heart, and I mean to nestle there always!"

And then she cried—this foolish, softhearted little wife of mine.

Jones and Tewksbery might have called this policy. Farnum would have said it was acting. But it was very pleasant, and I felt more than ever like a man who has found some precious jewel, and wears it like an amulet on his breast.

So the things went on until the firm of which I was managing partner needed to send some one to Calcutta to see after a turbaned scoundrel of an agent, who had absconded with more money than we could well afford to lose. Morrison was old and feeble—Hewitt's wife lay very ill, so I was the one to go. I kissed Clara goodbye as cheerful as I could, fully expecting to be back in three months or so.

I had to follow the agent up into the mountains of India—I fell ill of one of those burning climate fevers in the bungalow of an old native priest, and the months flew by, until it was more than a year before I found myself on the deck of the "Blue Eyed Mary," steaming into New York harbor.

And all this time Clara had not heard a word from me.

I had written to her to prepare her for what seemed almost like my rising from the dead, but I had afterwards found my letters in the pocket of the neglectful native servant who had undertaken to deliver the mail to the Calcutta office.

"But it don't matter so much now!" I thought, she will be the more delighted, poor little girl!

And then a cold chill seemed to creep through all my viens, like November's wind suddenly breathing across a bed of flowers.

Clara had heard nothing of me for nearly fifteen months—what might have happened in that time! All that Tewksbery, and Jones, and Allen, and all other prophetic ravens of my acquaintance had said recurred to my mind, like a burden of an uneasy dream. I had been counting the hours, and the very minutes, until we should touch port—but now that my feet rang once more on the pavement of my native city, I actually dared not go home.

I turned into a down town restaurant where I had been wont to go in the days of bachelorhood, and slunk into that dark corner—the twilight was falling, and I was sheltered by the partition.

Hush! that was Tewksbery's voice, harsh and jarring, as of old.

"Just what might have been expected," said Tewksbery. "Pretty and young widows don't go begging in this market."

"Folliot might have known it," growled old Farnum. "Poor Folliot, there were some good points about him, too! sad thing, that! very sad thing!"

"We must all die," said Tewksbery gravely.

"Yes, but a fellow would naturally prefer dying in his bed to being carried off by an East India fever and buried in the jungles."

I shuddered. Had I come home to my own funeral as it were.

"And she is going to marry young Birmingham after all!" added Farnum. The paper dropped from my hand.

"I could have told Folliot so when I found out what a confounded idiotic will he had made," said Tweksbery. "So gold has fallen again. Just my luck; I sold out to-day."

I stayed to hear no more, but staggered out in the darkness with one idea whirling through my dizzy brain—my Clara was mine no longer.

It was questionable what Tewksbery had said; I might have anticipated some such end. She was too young, too lovely for such a rough fellow as I was. My widow! What a curious sensation the words gave as I whispered them.

Under my own window, with the rubyred light shining through the wine-colored damask curtains, I stood there feeling as Rip Van Winkle might have felt in the play—like a dead man walking on earth once more. Voices and lights were within. I opened the door softly and crept into the hall.

The drawing room door was ajar, Clara herself stood before the fire, with a frill of white crape on her auburn golden tresses—the awful sign of her widowhood. Directly opposite stood Harry Birmingham, looking diabolically young and handsome in the soft light.

"Clara, Clara," he cried, "you surely are not in earnest. You will consider?"

"My answer is final," she replied.—"The time might once have been when I fancied I had a childish liking for you, Harry Birmingham. But that time has long since passed away. I gave my heart to the best and noblest man that ever breathed—Paul Folliot—and in his grave it is forever buried. I loved him once; I shall love him on into eternity! I never was half worthy of him, but—" And Clara's voice choked with sobs.

"My love, my darling—my own precious wife."

How I ever got into the room—how I managed to make Clara comprehend that I was my own living self, and not a ghost arisen from the shadow of the sepulchre, I cannot tell to this day—neither can she—but I know that young Birmingham somehow disappeared, and I was standing with Clara clasped to my breast, the happiest man that ever breathed God's blessed air.

For Jones, Tewksbery, Farnum & Co., were all wrong—and to use the words of the orthodox fairy stories, slightly paraphrased, I and my widow "lived happy ever afterwards.

TO THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY.

My advice is to marry as quickly as possible, for none but those who are, unhappily, versed in such matters can be aware of the manifold minor, to say nothing of major, evils which a long engagement entails. The position of an affianced pair, after a time, becomes almost ridiculous. Premature congratulations are poured forth by some over-enthusiastic friends, while others cease to believe in the reality of an ultimate settlement and become suspicious of the sincerity of your professions, and almost personally affronted at your delay. Then the difficulty of sustaining, with appropriate effect, the character of an engaged man is something enormous.

I say nothing of the difficulty which a lady in that delicate position has to encounter, for we all know that they experience but little difficulty in making themselves perfectly agreeable—at least before marriage; but with regard to a man, think of the admirable and excusable deceptions he is forced to be guilty of—the real distate, but professed pleasure, with which he accompanies "the beloved object" to the festive board of some oppressive family friends, where, for two mortal hours at least, he has to sit, the observed of all observers, next to the idol to whom he has been paying unceasing devotion for the greater portion of the day, and to whom now he has to make himself agreeable—having exhausted every scrap of news, every conceivable subject of conversation! He is afraid to venture upon any tender aside, for fear that he should be thought silly, or to keep much generalities for fear he should be considered slow.

I have, indeed, remarked engaged couples who have been content to sit in blissful silence, wrapped in contemplation of their approaching happiness; but such a state of quiesence is rarely observable, and can scarcely be preserved for an indefinite period.

One of my earliest recollections of such a couple is when they were sitting in this state of tranquil calm, and forming a very limited hand-in-hand mutual assurance company of their own; their example is scarcely to be quoted, as the partnership was shortly afterward dissolved forever, and the lady and gentleman are at present thousands of miles apart, and each belonging to another firm.

It is impossible for a man of business not to sympathize with an eminent physician, who informed his future wife that he had no time for courtship; but that if she would marry him and be ready on a certain day, he should be happy to meet her at the church and make her his bride.—*Temple Bar.*

Useful Recipes.

We clip the following from that excellent literary journal, the *Baltimore Saturday Night*:

TO IMPROVE STARCH.

To each bowl of starch add a teaspoonful of Epsom salts, and dissolve in the usual way by boiling. Articles starched with this will be stiffer, and will be rendered to a certain degree fire-proof.

TO REMOVE COFFEE STAINS.

To remove coffee stains from linen, place the article over a pail or tub, and pour a small stream of boiling water on the spot, and the stains will disappear. Pour the water from as great a distance as possible.

NEURALGIC HEADACHE.

Take a pinch of salt, and snuff it up the nostrils until you can taste ths salt in your throat. Do not blow your nose for a considerable time, but, as the water runs, snuff it up again until you can spit it out of your mouth. In changeable weather, or if you feel any returns of it repeat the remedy.

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.

WHEN the Constitution was adopted there were 75 post offices in the Union; now there are 39,000.

ONE of those things that no one can find out—a good husband after 11, P. M.

HORACE GREELEY's father was a poor farmer. So is Horace.

THE Dolly Varden eyebrows are got up by mucilage and sifted charcoal thereupon disposed.

SPRING CLEANING.

BY A SUFFERER.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of cleaning paint and scrubbing floors, and scouring far and near;
Heaped in the corner of the room the ancient dirt lay quiet:
Nor rose up at the father's tread, nor to the children's riot;
But now the carpets are all up, and from the stair-top
The mistress calls to man and maid to wield the broom and mop.

Where are those rooms, those quiet rooms, the house but now presented,
Wherein we dwelt, nor dreamed of dirt, so cosy and contented?
Alas! they've turned all upside down, that quiet suit of rooms,
With slops, and suds, and soap, and sand, and tubs, and pails, and brooms.
Chairs, tables, stands are standing round at sixes and at sevens,
While wife and housemaids fly about like meteors through the heavens.

The parlor and the chamber floors were cleaned a week ago,
The carpets shook, the windows washed, as all the neighbors know;
But still the sanctum had escaped, the table piled with books,
Pens, ink and paper all about, peace in its very looks;
Till fell the woman on them all, as fell the plague on men,
And then they banished all away, books, paper, ink and pen.

And now, when comes the master home, as come he must o' nights,
To find all things are "set to wrongs" that they have "set to rights."
When the sound of driving tacks is haard, tho' the house is far from still,
And the carpet woman's on the stairs, that harbinger of ill,
He looks for papers, books or bills, that all were there before,
And sighs to find them on the desk, or in the drawer no more.

And then he grimly thinks of her who set this fuss afloat,
And wishes she were out at sea, in a very leaky boat.
He meets her at the parlor door with hair and cap awry,
With sleeves tucked up and broom in hand, defiance in her eye;
He feels quite small, and knows full well there's nothing to be said,
So holds his tongue, and drinks his tea, and sneaks away to bed.

ONE MAN WHO WILL NEVER SHAVE AGAIN.

We have heard of men before whose appearance was so much changed by being shaved that their friends could hardly recognize them, and we know some that such an operation would so transform that they would scarcely be able to recognize themselves, and therefore can readily believe the following incident:

A worthy citizen of Evansville, Ind., undertook to trim his beard a short time since, and by a slip of the scissors spoiled the cut. He trimmed a little more, and still more, but it would look lopsided, so he went to the barber's and got shaved for the first time in twelve years. He was very busy and business detained him in his office until a late hour of the night and when he went home he found that his family had retired. This was not an unusual occurrence, so he silently entered by means of a pass-key, sought his own room, and undressed without lighting the gas. He had got partly into bed when his wife astonished him by uttering a loud and prolonged scream. He was very much alarmed for her, and feared she had lost her reason. He implored her to tell him what was the matter.

At the sound of his voice she screamed "Oh, Edward, come quick, and save me."

"I am here, dear," said he, but she only screamed the louder.

He sprang out of bed and had just struck a light, when his brother-in-law, a muscular six-footer, rushed into the room and fired a revolver at his head. Luckily it missed, but his fist did not, for in a minute a pale-faced man, with a long white robe, staggered under a blow that doubled the size of his organ of comparison.

"My God!" exclaimed the husband, "are you all crazy?"

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the muscular brother-in-law, "if it ain't Ned himself! Why, what on earth tempted you to get yourself up in that style?"

"What style?" asked the much abused husband, as he rubbed the growing lumps on his forehead.

"Why, when did you shave?"

It was all clear to him then. His wife had put up her hand in the dark, and meeting the shaved face of a man, took her husband for an intruder. When the brother-in-law rushed in, he saw a thin-faced man with a slightly bald head, in a long white night robe, and in his rage at the supposed outrage, fired at him, and then knocked him down with his fist—Fortunately his voice saved him from a second shot. His wife recovered frem her faint only to faint again at the recognition of her husband's shaven face and the pistol-shot.

He finally got to bed and slept until morning, when 'the baby,' a child of two years of age, approached the bed, as he had been used to do, and frightened at the sight of a stranger, ran screaming from the room.

Matters were finally straightened up at home, but on the street his friends passed him without speaking, and at the bank he was not only refused payment of a draft, but threatened with arrest for signing his own name in endorsing it.

Of course a little explanation brought the various affairs all right, but it took so much time to explain, and for the contusion on his forehead to get well, that the aforesaid citizen vows he will never shave again, as he considers it a habit dangerous to peace, and even to life.

"Now, children," said a Sunday school gentleman visitor, who had been talking to the scholars about "good" people and "bad" people—"now, children, when I am walking in the street, I speak to some persons I meet, and I don't speak to others; and what is the reason?" He expected the reply would be, "because some are good and others bad," but, to his discomfiture, the general shout was, "because some are rich and others are poor!"

AT a wedding in Poughkeepsie, not long ago, the parents of the bridegroom charged the invited guests ninety cents per head for supper.

"BILL," said one apprentice to another, "I don't like a boss as is allers round his shop interfering with his business."

Why They Never Married.

"Oh! Clara, I wonder who that handsome young man is leaning against the post over there. Why, did you ever see such an exquisite mustache—such piercing eyes, such a form and neat little feet. I tell you what, I must become acquainted with this Adonis, and exert all my most bewitching charms to win him."

"I would not mind knowing him myself," answered Clara.

Yes, Harry Livingstone was handsome. He had just arrived at a watering-place hotel, and stood leaning carelessly against one of the gallery posts He was a great one to travel about during the summer season; for, being naturally of a restless disposition, he could never content himself longer than a fortnight in any one place. He was quiet and unobtrusive in his manners, cold and reticent in his bearing toward others, formal and distant to ladies.

So it was this man who separated himself from mankind by a determined silence, and repulsed the glances of fair women by a chilling civilty, that Nanet Warren had resolved to captivate. Nanet Warren was a beautiful, heartless fiirt, whose powers of fascination were almost irresistible, and who invariably won that love for which she so often sought, only to cast it away with scorn. She was capable of assuming a simple affability or an imperious hauteur at discretion.—Whichever was the cicerone to victory was her forte for the occasion.

But Livingston was a difficult problem—an acid with a strong base; he was hard to add to her list of conquests. However, in the course of a few days she succeeded in obtaining an introduction to him at one of those soirees so frequent at seaside hotels. But with all her wiles she could draw from him nothing but monosylables. Thus she, who was the prettiest girl at the party, failed to make a single conquest; not that there were none who who would have gladly reveled in her society, but that she sought to entertain but one, and one was imperturbable. She could not comprehend it. Was he engaged? Was he married? Had he been jilted? Was he bashful? These unanswered questions suggested themselves successively to her agitated mind. She hoped the last was the case, for then there was some chance. The next evening Livingston was standing in his accustomed place, against the post, gazing mechanically at the smooth, placid waters of the lake, in which the sand bars and sporting fish was describable from the gallery of the hotel, when he was suddenly accosted by Nanet:

"Meditating on the future? I declare, Mr. Livingston, you must be in love, ain't you?"

"No, miss."

"Thinking of your wife?"

"Have none."

"Well, what were you thinking of."

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Quite an active mind that of yours; its capacity must be wonderful to hold such a vast commodity as—nothing. Does it accommodate many such cargoes?" She spoke in a good humored pleasantry, and smiled her sweetest. But Livingston stood as unconcernd as the post against which he leaned. We meet many such men in our travels, in our wanderings through the intricate, winding paths of life; we cross them in the halls of gaiety and the houses of sorrow; we find them in the trackless forests musing solitary and alone, in communion, as it were, with the flowers; then again we discover them in the noisy, jostling crowd of a boisterous city—these refrigerating men, apparently devoid of emotion.

She continued: "Do you see that old log lying there on the beach? How white it is. I suppose it has been bleaching there amid the sand for many years. Let's walk down to it and talk."

"I am a poor conversationalist, Miss ——. I have forgotten your name."

"Forgotten my name. I do declare if you ain't a nice fellow. I suppose I must tell you again—that is if I can recollect it after such a startling piece of information as that. Well, let's see—it's—it's—it's—Nanet Warren—Netty my friends call me—*you* can call me that," and she looked up into his face with a sweet, confiding expression. But his only answer was:

"I am punctilious about familiarities."

"Yes! But that is not the question, haughty sir—so now come and talk on the beach."

No—he'd rather not, for he had a perfect horror of walking in the sand.

A short distance from the hotel was a small arbor screened from the sun's rays by the interlaced vines and broad clustering leaves of the scuppernog. This was Livingston's favorite resort when he read his books and smoked his choice Havana. One evening as he sat there watching the wreaths of smoke as they slowly ascended, he was suddenly disturbed by the unlooked for presence of Miss Warren.

"Meditating again! But really I didn't know you were here or I should not have ventured to break in upon your solitude."

"No excuse necessary," he replied.

"I am happy to hear that. Now, Mr. Livingston, what shall we talk about?"

"I should suggest the 'War of the Spanish Succession,' or 'Don Quixote's somersaults against the windmills.'"

"Would you, indeed! How dreadfully provoking you are! If I only had a string round your neck, I should give it a right good pull every time you became refractory."

"Fortunately, you do not possess the magic contrivance," and Livingston relapsed into a silence from which all her communicative liveliness could not recall him. The next day he packed his trunk and went away; so the flirting beauty of the hotel was compelled to acknowledge that for once her charms had failed.—Neither her fondling, girlish ways, nor her haughty, womanly independence, could inspire him with any other feeling than cool respect. His indifference stung her pride, but behind this, deeper in her heart, lurked the burning passion of love. Yes, she loved Harry Livingston, and would willingly have consented to be his wife. But the handsome man with the piercing eyes had nothing of the kind in view.

Many years afterward on one cold, blustering night a couple sat by a blazing fire in a little log cabin situated among the mountains of Western Virginia. They were busy cracking and eating butternuts, heedless of the tempestuous elements outside. But at last the woman broke the silence by inquiring, "Harry, how is it that you never married?"

"You see, aunt, I once met a fool of a girl at a watering place hotel who thoroughly disgusted me with the sex."

"Humph!" ejaculated the aunt; "well you see, Harry, I once met a fool of a man who was the cause of my discarding the gender and remaining an old maid."

LOVE IN A TUB.

Did you ever hear of love in a tub?—Well, he is our baby, and I will tell you all about it. He has had two tubs, this little Diogenes. The first one was his bath tub; and when he began to take lessons in that, he was so little and funny that unless some one put a hand to his back the minute he was in he would slip down flat, as if he were greased, or the tub was. He couldn't stay in long, either; and while he was there, caught frantically at the edge, holding on for dear life; and he made very wrinkley, wry, screwy faces when we splashed him. But after awhile he had more backbone, and splashed for himself, and for any one else who happened to be within sprinkling distance. How they jumped!—they who didn't want to wet their dry goods; for this little duck made the water fly. He picked it up with his feet, and spatted it down with his hands, until nearly every drop was out of the tub, and in streams and puddles on the rubber blanket spread on the carpet for protector. You couldn't help being reminded of your canary bird, flapping wings and all. This bath frolic may be an old story to you who have little baby brothers and sisters; but the next, tub number two, I venture to say you are all ignorant of as a part of baby furniture. The largest, highest wash-tub! There was our baby's play-house, and there he lived, and moved and had his playing nearly all the day long. Ah! but you can't begin to imagine the superior advantages of this contrivance. He could stand or sit at pleasure, walk round and round, holding on by the rim, rattle the handles, and fish with a string over the side. Easily moved from room to room, he thus enjoyed the delights of the kitchen, with no danger of tumbling into hot water or coal. On pleasant days we "totted" him out under the trees, where he enjoyed fresh air, and flowers, and birds, without the outdoor dangers to little ones. When we were moving, what we could have done with the little fellow if we couldn't have kept him in a tub, I'm sure I don't know; but, as it was, there he sat, serenely gazing on the tearing down and breaking up, having all of the fun and none of the confusion. The same in the new house before floors were carpeted, and when tacks and sharp edged tools were scattered around. There he sat like a king on his throne, the comfortable one among us. To be sure, he was pitied by those who judged from outside appearances. One knew he would grow crooked from sitting so much, and another that he would get bow-legged from standing all the time; and, of course, the minute his grandmother came into the house he expected to be caught in her arms, and kissed, and rubbed, and trotted, and jumped, to take the crooks out of his back and bows out of his legs. When our little prince grew so that he tumbled over the walls of his fort, head first, to be rescued by his heels, we considered it time for him to be promoted from the common school tub to the academic hogshead; but having no such institution in the house, our wise baby boy only went to sea in a tub, from which he graduated to creeping and walking.—*Christian Union.*

LEAP YEAR INVITATION.

The following proposals for a "model wife" have been sent to us for publication by a bachelor who evidently wants to be "smart" in his old days:

TO CONTRACTORS.

The undersigned feeling the need of some one to find fault with and grumble at when business matters go wrong, and being lonely, with no one to hate him; and whereas, having arrived at the proper age, he is therefore determined to "come out:"

Sealed proposals will be received until two o'clock, P. M., on the 31st day of December, 1872.

Applicants must possess beauty, or its equivalent in currency.

She must possess a sweet and forgiving disposition, and