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Kent News.

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

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The Kent News:

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

JAS. 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.

Rates of Advertising:

Advertisements occupying the space of ten 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.

IN VIRTUE of a Decree in the Circuit Court for Kent county, as a Court of Chancery, the subscriber as Trustee, will offer at Public Sale at the Court House door, in Chestertown,

ON WEDNESDAY,
THE NINETEENTH DAY OF JUNE, 1872,
At Two o'clock, P. M.,

ALL THAT FARM
CALLED
"BRIGHT HELMSTONE"

which is described in deeds from the heirs at law of Solomon Semans to Joseph Morris, containing

236 ACRES, more or less,

of which about Two Hundred Acres are in cultivation, and the rest in Wood.

This Farm is situated in Kent county, Maryland, near Morris' Station, and about three miles from Massey's Station, on the Rail Road leading from Chestertown to Townsend, and thence to Baltimore and Philadelphia.

The Improvements
CONSIST OF
A TWO-STORY BRICK
Dwelling House,
WITH FRAME ADDITION, GOOD BARN, STABLES and other FARM BUILDINGS, all in good condition.

A PEACH ORCHARD
Containing about 1000 TREES
AND A SMALL APPLE ORCHARD.
The land is well fenced and of good quality.

Also, a LOT OF WOOD LAND,
Containing about Twenty Acres,
which is particularly described in a deed from E. E. Massey to Joseph Morris, dated on or about the fifth day of April, 1854, and recorded among the Land Records of Kent county.

Also, all that PARCEL OF LAND,
situated in Galena, in Kent county, which was conveyed by Richard Hynson, Trustee, to said Morris, by deed dated 13th September, 1861, and recorded in Liber J. K. H., No. 2, folio 632,
Containing Seven Acres,
MORE OR LESS.
Upon this last mentioned property there is a GOOD and SUBSTANTIAL
Frame Dwelling House,
With CARRIAGE HOUSE, Stable, Corn House, Garden, &c.

Also, a Foundery, Machine Shop,
BLACKSMITH SHOP,
and several other valuable Buildings. The entire parcel will be sold all together, or in lots to suit the convenience of purchasers.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms of sale prescribed by the Decree are, that one-third of the purchase money shall be paid in cash on the day of sale, and the residue in two equal instalments at six and twelve months thereafter, with interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the bond of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the Mortgagee.

All expense of Deed and Stamps to be paid by the purchaser.

WM. C. ELIASON, Mortgagee.

May 18, 1872—tds.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF A Valuable Farm

NEAR MASSEY'S X ROADS, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

BY VIRTUE of the power and authority contained in a Mortgage from Robert B. M. Massey, Virmadel Massey, his wife, and Emily A. Massey, dated the first day of April, in the year 1869, and recorded in Liber J. K. H., No. 7, pages 628, 629 and 630, one of the Land Record books for Kent county, the undersigned Mortgagee will sell at Public Sale, at the Voshell House, in Chestertown,

ON WEDNESDAY,
The TWELFTH day of JUNE, 1872,
Between the hours of 10 o'clock, A. M., and 12 o'clock, M.,

ALL THE RIGHT, TITLE, INTEREST AND ESTATE of the said Mortgagors, in and to

All That VALUABLE FARM

on which Mr. Robert B. M. Massey has resided for several years prior to the present year, situated in Kent county, Maryland, near Massey's X Roads, on the public road leading from Massey's X Roads to Sassafras, particularly described in said Mortgage, and

Containing 458 ACRES OF LAND,
MORE OR LESS.

This property is eligibly situated, convenient to the Railroad Station at Massey's X Roads, in a highly improved neighborhood, and the soil is in a good condition.

IT HAS ON IT A
LARGE, TWO-STORY
Brick Dwelling House,
And the necessary OUT-BUILDINGS.

THE TERMS OF SALE

Will be: Nine Thousand five hundred dollars of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, and the residue to be paid in six and twelve months from the day of sale, in two equal instalments, with interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the bond of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the Mortgagee.

All expense of Deed and Stamps to be paid by the purchaser.

WM. C. ELIASON, Mortgagee.

May 18, 1872—tds.

Constable's Sale.

BY VIRTUE of a writ of fieri facias, issued by Garrett M. Hart, one of the Justices of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Kent county, and to me directed, at the suit of Carlile McCormack, use of Thos. B. Bordley, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Wm. Kline, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said Wm. Kline, in and to

All That LOT or PARCEL OF LAND,
Containing 21 ACRES, more or less,
with the Improvements thereon,
situated at Bel Air,
and adjoining the property of Lawrence Thomas and others.

And I hereby give notice, that on *MONDAY, the 17th day of June*, 1872, At 2 o'clock, P. M., at the Market House in Chestertown, I will sell said property at public sale to the highest bidder for ready cash, to pay and satisfy said writ, interest and cost due and to become due.

S. L. RAWLEIGH, Constable.

May, 25—ts[$5.00]

TRUSTEES' SALE OF VERY VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of an order and decree of the Circuit Court for Kent County, sitting in Equity, the undersigned as Trustees, will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on

WEDNESDAY,
The Twenty-sixth day of June, 1872,
At half-past twelve o'clock, P. M., at the "Voshell House," in Chestertown, Kent County, Maryland, the

Valuable Real Estate

formerly owned by Samuel W. Spencer, late of said county deceased, consisting of a FARM, called Ratcliffe, and a WOOD LOT detached from the farm but convenient thereto.

"RATCLIFFE"
CONTAINS
About 250 Acres,

ALL ARABLE except a fringe of Marsh on the water courses, which affords a VALUABLE EARLY PASTURAGE.

The SITUATION is most desirable; directly

ON CHESTER RIVER,

convenient to Churches, Washington College, and the best Schools in the State, &c., is within ten or fifteen minutes drive, over a fine road, to the County Town. As a

Grain, Fruit & Truck Farm

and as a RESIDENCE, this estate is excelled in its natural advantages and improvements by none in the county. The soil is of the finest quality, and is in good heart.

RATCLIFFE is now well set in FRUIT.—There are

Seventeen Thousand PEACH TREES,

TEN THOUSAND YOUNG, THRIFTY AND IN FULL BEARING.

There is also an

APPLE AND PEAR ORCHARD,

And a well selected variety of

SMALL FRUITS.

All the Fruit has been selected from the most productive and best market varieties.

The Wood Lot
CONTAINS ABOUT
Twenty-seven Acres of Land,
lies near Ratcliffe, and is called
"THE BLAKE LOT."

Whether viewed with reference to an investment or a residence, this estate will be found lacking in a very few if any essential or desirable qualities.

THE IMPROVEMENTS
Are a large and conveniently arranged
BRICK DWELLING

OF TWO STORIES AND AN ATTIC, with a Store Room and Kitchen attached, the usual OUT-BUILDINGS and a TENANT HOUSE, all in good order. Also, a

NEW WHARF

on the River, with a

Peach Packing House

upon it, erected at a cost exceeding one thousand dollars.

The situation of the Dwelling is such as affords a fine view of the river, town and surrounding country, and the grounds in its front and rear are highly improved and embellished with gravel walks, Shade Trees, Evergreens, graperies and choice flowers

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms of sale are: the whole purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, or on the final ratification thereof, at the option of the Trustees.

GEORGE VICKERS,
RICHARD HYNSON,
TRUSTEES.

Chestertown, May 25, 1872—tds.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE of the power contained in a certain Mortgage from H. B. Camp to William Bacchus, dated on or about the seventeenth day of May, 1870, and recorded among the land records for Kent Co., in Liber J. K. H., No. 9, folios 345, &c., the undersigned will offer at public sale,

ON WEDNESDAY,
The TWENTY-SIXTH of JUNE, 1872,
AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, A. M.,
At the Voshell House, in Chestertown, Maryland, all that

Farm in Broad Neck

adjoining the lands of the late Lawrence M. Strong, and others.

THIS FARM CONTAINS
115 ACRES,

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 good landings on the North East branch of Langford's Bay; to which it has a right of way through the adjoining farm of Mr. William J. Vannort.

The Improvements
ARE A
FRAME DWELLING

nearly new, and in good order, and the necessary OUT-BUILDINGS.

TERMS OF SALE:

The terms of sale are cash, as prescribed in the above Mortgage; which at the instance of the Mortgagor have been changed to the following terms: cash on the day of sale $2,000, residue in six, twelve and eighteen months from the day of sale, with interest from that day—deferred payments to be secured by bond with approved security.

RICHARD HYNSON, Trustee.

Chestertown, May 25, 1872—ts.

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.

TRUSTEES' SALE OF A VERY VALUABLE FARM IN KENT COUNTY.

BY VIRTUE of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, sitting in Equity, as Trustees the undersigned will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on

WEDNESDAY,
The Twenty-sixth Day of June, 1872,
AT 2½ O'CLOCK, P. M.,
At the Voshell House, in Chestertown,
ALL THAT
Farm or Plantation

of which the late Lawrence M. Strong died possessed.

This Farm is most eligibly located in the Fifth Election District of Kent County, Maryland, on the North East branch of Langford's Bay; within a mile of Col. Wilkins' Steamboat Wharf; not over five miles from Chestertown, and is convenient to Churches, Schools, Stores, Mills, &c.

THIS FARM CONTAINS
320 ACRES,

the whole of which is arable save a small piece of Marsh. It is divided into four fields and two lots. The soil will bear a favorable comparison with our best and most productive estates. For all cereals, fruits, grasses, and vegetables no better soil naturally can be found in this county.

The neighborhood is healthy, and distinguished for its thrift, enterprise and hospitality.

THE IMPROVEMENTS
CONSIST OF
A Large Three Story
FRAME DWELLING,
And SUPERIOR OUT-BUILDINGS
all nearly new, and in the most perfect order.

The grounds about the dwelling are neatly arranged, and ornamented with flowers, evergreens and shade trees.

A Thrifty Peach Orchard
OF 2400 TREES.
NOW IN BEARING, and about 4 years old, and also a
LARGE PEAR ORCHARD,
IN BEARING,
with a large assortment of APPLE & CHERRY TREES, and a nice selection of Small Fruits.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms of sale as prescribed by the decree are as follows: the whole purchase money to be paid in five equal instalments of six, twelve, eighteen, twenty-four and thirty months from the day of sale, with legal interest thereon from the first day of January, 1873, to be secured by the bond of the purchaser, with security approved by the Trustees.

N. B.—The creditors of Lawrence M. Strong, deceased, are hereby notified to file their claims with the vouchers thereof, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Kent County within four months from the day of sale.

RICHARD HYNSON,
CHAS. H. BAKER,
TRUSTEES.

Chestertown, May 25, 1872—ts.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE —AT— Public Sale.

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE of the Circuit Court for Kent County, sitting in Equity, the undersigned as Trustees, will offer at Public Sale, on

WEDNESDAY,
The Twenty-sixth day of June, 1872,
AT ONE O'CLOCK, P. M.,
At the "Voshell House" in Chestertown, Kent county, Maryland, all that

VALUABLE AND
Highly Improved Farm

OF JOSEPH M. CARROW,
CALLED
"CAMPBELL'S WORTHMORE,"
"STEVENSON," AND
"ST. MARTIN'S,"

Situated in the Second Election District of Kent county aforesaid, on the public road from Chestertown to Still Pond, about eight miles from the former place, and containing

325 ACRES OF LAND,
MORE OR LESS.

This is one of the finest locations in the county, lying as it does near the centre of the county,

Directly on the Kent County Rail Road,

within half a mile of Still Pond Station, and convenient to Schools and Churches.

The soil is of fine quality and well adapted to fruit or cereals. There is a

PEACH ORCHARD of 1000 TREES
OF SELECT VARIETIES,
IN FULL BEARING.

The Improvements are
A Large and Convenient
TWO STORY
FRAME DWELLING,

WITH KITCHEN ATTACHED, and the usual Out-Buildings, all in good order.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms prescribed by the Decree are as follows:—One-third of the purchase money to be cash on the day of sale, or within sixty days thereafter, at the option of the Trustees; the balance in two equal instalments of nine and eighteen months from the day of sale; the deferred payments to be secured by bond of purchaser with approved security.

These terms, as to both the cash and credit payments, may be modified to suit purchasers.

RICHARD HYNSON,
C. T. WESTCOTT,
TRUSTEES.

Chestertown, May 25, 1872—tds.

GROVER & BAKER'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
SEWING MACHINES,

For sale on reasonable terms, by
N. G. WESTCOTT,
mh16-tf. Chestertown.

CAMP-MEETING.—It is proposed to hold a CAMP-MEETING of the M. E. Church for Galena Circuit at the old Camp Ground in David Clements' Woods, near Chesterville, commencing the 26th of July. The adjoining Circuits are invited to test. A meeting on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, June 22nd, will be held on the ground for the purpose of making preliminary arrangements.

E. P. ALDRED,
my18-5t. Preacher in Charge.

THE LOVE LETTER.

She took it in her trembling hands,
That poorly served her will;
The wave of life on golden sands,
Stood for a moment still.

She read the superscription o'er
And broke the careful seal;
The precious burden that it bore
She did not read, but feel.

O, earth, so green with summer now,
O, sky of heavenly blue!
O, mated birds on every bough!
Her thoughts are not for you.

The hum of friendly tones below,
The life of pleasant care,
That swayed her soul an hour ago
Now rule no longer there.

She knows a love too pure and high
For simple words to speak;
Its glory glistens in her eye,
And blushes on her cheek.

Its brighter warmth about her lies,
It fills each human need,
Enfolds her life and glorifies
The simplest word or deed.

He has no promise to allure,
No fairy tale to tell;
The skill of honest love is sure
To work its purpose well.

It scorns the flatterer's subtile art,
The wordling's acted lies,
But storms the fortress of the heart,
And bears away the prize.

Yet brave as spurred and belted knight,
More tender still than brave,
He lifts his victim into light,
Himself the willing slave.

O, Love, thy kingdom stands secure,
Born with Creation's day;
Thy sweet dominion shall endure
When earth has passed away.

Beautiful Ireland.

We know, of course, that Ireland is called the "Emerald Isle," and the color of the emerald is green; but never had it entered into our imagination that there was anywhere in this world to be seen such verdure as it charmed our eyes to look upon in the rural districts of Ireland. The slopes, the knolls, the dells, fields of young grain, over which the breezes creep like playful spirits of the beautiful; the pastures, dotted with white sheep of the purest wool; the hillsides rising up into mist-shrouded mountains, and all covered with thick carpets of smooth, velvet green. But Ireland should also be called Flowery Isle. There is not a spot in Ireland, I believe, where blessed nature can find an excuse for putting a flower but she has put one—not only in the gardens and in the meadows, but upon the very walls and crags of the sea, from the great blooming rhododendrons down to the smallest flower that modestly peeps forth from its grassy cover. The Irish furze, so richly yellow, covers all places that might otherwise be bare or barren; the silkworm delights everywhere, from thousands of trees, to drop its "web of gold;" the blooming hawthorn with the sweet scented pink, and especially the white variety, adorns the landscape and the gardens; wall flowers of every hue and variety clamber to hide the harshness of the moral supports; the beeted cliffs of the North Sea are fringed and softened with lovely flowers; and if you kneel anywhere almost on the yielding, velvety carpet, you will find little, well nigh invisible flowrets—red, white, blue, and yellow—wrought into the very woof and texture. Ireland ought to be called the Beautiful Isle. The spirit of the beautiful hovers over and touches, to living lovliness, every point.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

DREAMING.—What wondrous consolation comes to us in those blessed hours when the body lies resting! The spirit roams at will, nor distance, space, nor time can separate us from our loved.—The treasures snatched away by death are ours again. Forms only dust to-day, are with us in by-gone years. The same tint of hair and shade of eye; the same rich coloring of lip, and expanse of brow; the same expression. The little peculiarities which endeared them to our hearts, make dreaming a blessed reality.

How apt we are to exclaim, when waking, "Oh, could I dream the same again!" Bereaved mother, you are comforted when your baby nestles in your arms again; the little fingers thrill you when wandering as of old. The wee face breaks into smiles at your caress! You would hold bady thus forever. Alas! you must awake—awake to find an empty cradle, empty arms, and a longing heart.

There is more pleasure in dreams than in realities. The awakening embitters both. My sister, my brother, have you awakened from the sunny dreams of youth? Are the hopes you cherished dead? Have friends forsaken you? Has disease claimed you for his prey? Because that was so bright, and this so dark, will you allow your life to be a failure? If you cannot be what you would, will you not be what you can? Can you kindle ashes? Will you live aright?

"I'LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES."—"What will you take to drink?" asked a waiter of a young lad, who, for the first time accompanied his father to a public dinner. Uncertain what to say, and feeling sure that he could not be wrong if he followed his father's example, he replied, "I'll take what father takes."

The answer reached the father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. "Waiter, I'll take water." And from that day to this strong drink has been banished from that man's home.

Answer to, What is a Letter?

What is a letter? Let affection tell:
A tongue that speaks for those who absent dwell;
A silent language, uttered to the eye,
Which envious distance would in vain deny;
A link to bind where circumstances part,
A nerve of feeling stretched from heart to heart,
Formed to convey, like an electric chain,
The mystic flash—the lightning of the brain,
And thrill at once through its remotest link
The throb of passion by a drop of ink.

THE following rules for the government of children, which were first presented in one of Mr. Jacob Abbott's books, have been of great service to many successful teachers: "When you consent, consent cordially. When you refuse, refuse finally. When you punish, punish good-naturedly. Commend often. Never scold."

WHENEVER you buy or sell, let, or hire, make a clear bargain, and never trust to "We shan't disagree about trifles."

SOMEBODY asks: Which gives a girl the most pleasure; to hear herself praised or another girl run down?

He hath great need of a fool that plays the fool himself.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

God pardons like a mother, who kisses the offence into everlasting forgetfulness.

The call to religion is not a call to be better than your fellows, but to be better than yourself.

A man in this world, is a boy spelling in short syllables; but he will combine them in the next.

None are too small—too feeble—too poor to be of service. Think of this, and act. Life is no trifle.

Success is full of promise until men get it; and then it is a last year's nest, from which the bird has flown.

Love is God's leaf; and this is that feeding for which we are taught to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread."

We go to the grave of a friend, saying, "A man is dead," but angels throng about him, saying, "A man is born."

Those are the best husbands and fathers who prove their devotion by actions which continue to bless even after death.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and smooth rolling prosperity.

Memory can glean, but can never renew. It brings us joys faint as in the perfume of the flowers faded and dried, of the summer that is gone.

As frost to the bud and blight to the blossom, even such is self-interest to friendship; for confidence cannot dwell where selfishness is porter at the gate.

Life runs not smoothly at all seasons, even with the happiest; but after a long course, the rocks subside, the views widen, and it flows on more equably at the end.

There is no day bern but comes like a stroke of music into the world, and sings itself all the way through. There is no event that is discordant. All times and passages are full of melody, if we would but hear it.

Love is like music. Some instruments can go up two octaves, some four, and some all the way from black thunder to sharp lightning. As some of them are susceptible only of melody, so some hearts can sing but one song of love, while others will run in a full choral harmony.

It is the grandeur of all truth which can occupy a very high place in human interests, that it is never absolutely novel to the meanest of minds; it exists eternally by way of germ or latent principally in the lowest as well as the hightest, needing to be developed, but never to be planted.

In the depth of the sea the waters are still; the heaviest sorrow is that borne in silence; the deepest love flows through the eye and touch; the purest joy is unspeakable; the most impressive prayer is silent; and the most solemn preacher at a funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold.

Parents ought to exercise effort to make home bright. Never frown on innocent enjoyment among children. It is as natural to *their* age as your arm-chair and slippers are to *yours;* and it is just as proper too. Let children enjoy their youth in all its innocent gaiety; their future may be dark enough to need the memory of a happy childhood to make it endurable.

One kernel is felt in a hogshead—one drop of water helps to swell the ocean—a spark of fire helps to give light to the world. You are a small man, passing amid the crowd, you are hardly noticed; but you have a drop, a spark within you that may be felt through eternity. Do you believe it? Set that drop in motion, give wings to that spark, and behold the results! It may renovate the world.

If you have a trouble or a heartache, do not sit down and brood over it. Fill up every moment with work, either for yourself or others, according to your circumstances. This is a good way—one of the very best ways—to fight trouble, and to prevent yourself from being conquered by it. Only be resolute, and though you may not achieve happiness, you may, through accomplished duty, secure resignation.

There are a few days set down in the calendar of a man's life in which happiness comes in her own pure and original beauty. When she does, she is attended by holy affections: she comes as when she first wandered in the garden of Eden, and fills the heart with her presence. Fame, Wealth and Ambition, the idols of the earth, are not there; but Love, with her tender relations and holy ties, at once the image and boon of its Divine Creator.

Good humor is the clear blue sky of the soul on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounter no vapors in his passage. It is the most exquisite beauty of a fine face; a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like green in a landscape harmonizing in every color, mellowing the light, softening the hues of the dark, or like a lute in a full concert of instruments, a sound not at first discovered by the ear, but filling up the breaks in the concord with its deep melody.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.—No man ever appears to think how soon he must sink into oblivion—that we are one generation of millions. Yet such is the fact. Time and progress have through countless ages come marching hand in hand, the one destroying, the other building up.—They seem to create little or no commotion, and the work of destruction is as easily accomplished as a child tearing to pieces a rose. Yet such is the fact. A hundred years hence, and much that we now see around us will have passed away. It is but a repetition of life story; we are born, we die! and hence we will grieve over these venerable piles, finding the common level of their prototypes in nature, ultimate death.

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us shall weep,
A hundred years to come;
But other men our land will till,
And other men our streets will fill,
And other birds shall sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as to day,
A hundred years to come.

THAT compositor had his own way of punctuating and spelling, and this is the way he treated a familiar passage of scripture: "The wicked flea, when no man pursueth but the righteous, is bold as a lion."

IF it was wrong for Adam to live alone when there was no woman for him to marry, it must be very wicked for men to live alone when there is a world full of women wanting husbands, and pretty women too.

LEAP-YEAR FELICITIES.

"Eli Perkins" has undergone matrimonial proposals, and has this to say about it:

First, I called on my liquid-eyed brunette friend, Miss Sallie Morris, of Madison avenue. Now I've spent a good deal of money on Miss Sallie for operas, etc. I've been trying for two years and more to win her affections.

Last night, full of love and hope, I rang old Morris' door-bell. In a moment Miss Sallie was by myself on a retired sofa.—After speaking of the coming opera, I felt her velvety hands in mine.

"Do you know, Mr. Perkins," she said, looking me straight in the face, "that to-day is our proposing day?"

"I suppose so," I remarked, looking modestly down at her mosaic bracelet.

"Well you know Eli, my dear Eli! that I have been out with you a good deal."

"Yes," I replied, beginning to feel a little embarrassed.

"You know, my dear," she said, taking both my hands, "it is costing me a good deal for dresses and gloves, and—"

"And costing me a good deal for carriages, bouquets, and lunches," I interrupted with increased embarrassment.

"And while I have enjoyed myself all winter going out with you, I feel—I feel—Oh, my dear Eli, I don't know how to say what I want to!" and then the beautiful child hid her face on my bosom.

"Do not fear my answer, beautiful one, what is it that weighs so upon your sorrowful heart?" I asked, soothingly.

"Oh, Eli, it is love," she said, sobbing wildly, and twisting her jeweled fingers in my auburn hair.

"Heaven be praised," I sighed. "For whom is this love, darling?" I asked "for you know I am deeply interested in you."

"You will not be mad with me, Eli?"

"No, sweet one, I shall be too happy," I said, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"Well, my dear—my long cherished friend—I love"—

"Who, dear Sallie—who do you love?"

"Well, Eli, I love Charley Brown, to whom I am engaged," and the scalding tear fell thick and fast.

"Well, Sallie, what have you got to say to me?" I asked, hesitatingly, as I loosened her hands from my neck.

"Why, my dear Eli, Charley and father thought that I had better see you, and propose"—

"Oh, darling one, I am thine!" I said with great emotion. "Take me! Never mind father. Take me as I am. Take"—

"But, Eli, let me explain. They desired me to see you and thank you for your many kindnesses, and propose *that you don't come here any more!*"

How an Arabian Horse Saved his Master from Capture.

Many instances, says a correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, have been given by travelers of the affection shown by Arabian horses toward their masters; and so much also has been written to prove their sagacity as to make one believe, at times, that they must be imbued with an instinct which approaches nearly, if not quite, to a reasoning faculty of a human being. Be this as it may, we very much doubt if, among the feats narrated of the horses of the East, any can be found that exceed in affectionate devotion the following incident which was told us a few days ago by the soldier to whom it occurred. The narrator is a young Irishman, who, like many others of his nation, joined, shortly after his arrival in America, Sheridan's brigade. It was in one of those forced marches, when they had driven back the enemy, and had been in the saddle for several consecutive days and nights, that this trooper availed himself of a temporary halt to slip from his saddle and stretch himself upon the turf, his horse, meanwhile, browsing in the immediate neighborhood. He had slept for some little time, when he was suddenly awakened by the frantic pawing of his horse at his side. Fatigued by his long ride he did not arouse at once, but lay in that partially conscious state which so frequently attends great physical prostration. Soon, however, the faithful animal, perceiving that his efforts had failed to accomplish their object, licked his face and placing his mouth close to his ear, gave a loud snort. Now thoroughly awake, he sprang up, and as the horse turned for him to mount, he saw for the first time that his comrades had all disappeared, and that the enemy were coming down upon him at full gallop. Once mounted, the faithful beast bore him with the speed of the wind safely from the danger, and soon placed him among the companies. "Thus," he added, with emotion, "the noble fellow saved me from captivity, and perhaps from death."

A NEW STYLE OF BONNET has just appeared in Paris, called the capulet, which is described as being very artistic and pretty. The capulet is a head dress combining the grace of a mantilla and veil when arranged on the head, but when held in the hand it is only a wreath of flowers hidden under a lace veil. This veil is tastefully gathered under the chin, half concealing the ear, and both screening and concealing the face. Muslin capulets are also fashionable. They consist of a square, trimmed with deep lace, under which wreaths of pink blossoms are arranged. Capulets for ladies who are no longer young, have black lace falling over autumnal flowers and fruit garlands, clusters of grapes, cherries and blackberries, or anything else that fancy may suggest.

AN ADROIT REPROOF.—A presiding elder of the United Brethren Church, preaching in Minnesota, was much annoyed by persons talking and laughing. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said: "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church. In the early part of my ministry I made a great mistake. As I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service, one of the official members came and said to me: 'Brother, you have made a great mistake. That young man you reproved is an idiot.'—Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church, lest I should repeat that mistake, and reprove another idiot." During the rest of that service, at least, there was good order.

A NOTED prize-fighter lately announced that having got married, he should fight no more battles outside of his own shanty.

OUR TOWN GIRLS.

Beautiful girls are in our town,
Somebody loves them—every one;
Faces as radiant as the day,
Eyes as blue as the sky of May;
Perley white teeth, and ruby lips,
Moist with the nectar Cupid sips;
Musical voices, honey'd words,
Warbling sweetly as forest birds.

With graceful forms of Grecian mould,
With auburn locks, or curls of gold,
With willing hands and loving hearts,
Skillful in fine and useful arts;
Learning at home, and taught at school,
Ready to pass the "single rule."

Happy the house where they are found;
Happy the land where such abound;
Happy the mothers who can share
Kindly aid of such daughters fair;
Happy the brothers who, with pride,
Walk with such sisters by their side;
Happy the lovers who have won
Rosy-cheek'd girls of our town.

After a score of years go 'round,
Where will these blooming girls be found?
Some in palaces, some in cots;
Some with sober men, some with sots,
Some in poverty, some in wealth,
Some in sickness, and some in health,
Some the favored rich of earth,
And some will sleep beneath the turf.

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU ARE IN TROUBLE.—Don't try to quench your sorrow in rum or narcotics. If you begin this you must keep right on with it till it leads you to ruin; or, if you pause, you must add physical pain and the consciousness of degredation to the sorrow you seek to escape. Of all wretched men, his condition is the most pitiful who having sought to drown his grief in drink, awakes from his debauch with shattered nerves, aching head, and depressed mind, to face the same trouble again. That which was at first painful to contemplate, will, after drink, seem unbearable. Ten to one the fatal drink will be again and again sought, till its victim sinks a hopeless, pitiful, and total wreck.

Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, hit you something else hard; pitch into something with a will. There's nothing like good, solid, absorbing, exhausting work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses, you don't want to lie awake thinking of them. You want sweet, calm, sound sleep, and eat your dinner with appetite. But you can't unless you work. If you say you don't feel like work, and go a-loafing all day to tell Tom, Dick or Harry the story of your woes, you'll lie awake and keep your wife awake by tossings, spoil her temper and your own breakfast the next morning, and begin to-morrow feeling ten times worse than you do to-day.

There are some troubles that only time heals, and perhaps some that can never be healed at all, but all can be helped by the panacea, work. Try it, you who are thus afflicted.

A METHODIST VETERAN.—At the session of the Methodist Episcopal General Conference at Brooklyn, the Rev. Henry Boeme, who will be ninety-seven years old on the 8th of June, and has been seventy-one years in the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Church, was introduced as the oldest preacher in the world, and in response to calls for a speech addressed the audience as follows, in a distinct but tremulous voice:

"I have lived to see very great changes. I was at the General Conference in 1800, and was a member when the delegation system was adopted in 1812. I traveled with Bishop Asbury, and was at the first delegated General Conference. And here we are to-day, and how has the work spread since 1812? Wonderful! Bless the Lord. [Amen.] I can rejoice in hearing of it and seeing its progress, and I rejoice in the prospect of going home to meet the many thousands who have gone before me. [Amen.] Bless you, my brethren, in all your hearts, and may you see the work continue and prosper until the earth shall be filled with the knowledge and glory of God." [Amen and applause.]

ALTAR OR TABLE.—Bishop Johns, (Protestant Episcopal,) of Virginia, in his recent address before the Episcopal Council, at Norfolk, said that the orders of the country churches for furniture were often filled by the dealers sending an altar instead of communion table, upon which he remarked: "It is to be hoped that the altar form, which the English reformers, for good and sufficient reasons, banished from the churches, will not now, through inconsideration, be allowed to displace the honest table. This is the scriptural and prayer-book name for that on which not a sacrifice is to be offered, but the Lord's Supper administered. Names and forms may seem inconsiderable matters. It is not so. Their sure tendency is gradually to conform the service with which they are connected to the ideas which they represent. If we are determined to adhere to the truth, let us vigilantly avoid these subtle instrumentalities of error, and let us hold fast to the honest table in name and form."

RECOMPENSE.

If any song that I have sung,
Has thrilled a pulse or stirred a tear;
If any thought has found a tongue
To make some dreamers doubly dear,
Then I am even more than blest,
And henceforth happy to be mute;
Content, content, I sink to rest,
And silence now unstrings the lute.

A NEW VERSION.

"Why don't the men propose, mamma,
Why don't the men propose?
Each one seems coming to the point,
And then away he goes."
"They are frightened at your cost my dear;
They are thinking of your clothes."

TERRE HAUTE has a professional man of all work, named Springer. He married a couple one day, and the next day he sold them furniture for their new home; shortly after he attended the wife in the capacity of a physician; as a consequence of this part of his work he soon acted as undertaker at her funeral, and on the following Sunday preached her funeral sermon. Not long after he married the widower to another lady, thus beginning the old process over again.

A YOUNG LADY says that a gentleman ought never to feel discouraged when the "momentous question" is negatived by the object of his choice, "for in life, as in grammar, we always decline before we conjugate."

A CONNECTICUT sheriff says: "If any man doubts the Bible doctrine of human depravity, I only ask that he be sheriff of this county one year."

Value of Newspaper Property.

It is only within a few years that the value of successful newspapers has come to be generally understood and appreciated. Within a few months several sales have taken place which show this appreciation. A part of the Toledo *Blade* sold at the rate of $150,000; the Indianapolis *Journal* at the rate of $180,000; the Cincinnati *Times* brought $135,000; the St. Louis *Democrat* brought $456,000.

The New York *Times* and *Tribune* are valued at over a million each, and the *Herald* at three times that. The Washington *Star* sold five years ago for $100,000. The Washington *Chronicle*, not then considered a paying institution, was sold (the paper alone, without Sunday edition and without job office,) for $25,000. The Chicago *Tribune* is worth a million. About a month ago Governor Bross, who owns one-fourth of it, was under the weather and was complaining to a friend of his poverty. "Governor," said that friend, "since you are so poor, I'll take your interest in the *Tribune* and give you $250,000 for it." Gov. Bross got better at once. Mr. Fulton, of the Baltimore *American*, said some time since that his newspaper paid him a better salary than the President of the United States got; and we do not doubt it. The Baltimore *Sun* is also a very valuable and profitable paper. Mr. Abel, the proprietor, is worth several millions. Another of the most valuable papers in the country is the Philadelphia *Ledger*. It pays Mr. Child at least $100,000 a year. The New York *Herald* is said to pay a profit of a million annually.

Not only is the journalistic profession growing in the way of legitimate business enterprise, but it is coming to be the stepping stone to political distinction and preferment—the latest illustration of which is the nomination of a distinguished editor at Cincinnati the other day for President of the United States.

What is known as the "fourth estate" in England bids fair soon to be the first estate in this country, if not such already.—*New Orleans Times.*

SENSIBLE WORDS FROM DOUGLASS.—The Independent has an article from Fred. Douglass, who thus records his views of the New Orleans colored convention:

"It is idle to pretend that as a convention it equalled in talent and ability, in earnestness and decorum, in dignity and self-respect, conventions held by the white race. Such a pretension would imply something miraculous, in an age that knows no miracles. Nevertheless, I confess to an agreeable surprise at the amount of real character and ability which the convention comprised. The most obvious criticism that can be made was the display of smartness, rather than earnestness; a contest for manner, rather than for matter; and a waste of time upon points of order, rather than devoting it to the great purpose for which the convention was convened."

The peculiarity of often raising points of order has been observed before as characteristic of the new voters in council.—Such devotion to parliamentary forms is encouraging. Douglass goes on in his account to say he met the colored lieutenant-governors, secretaries of State, and so on of the reconstructed South, and then continues:

"There was nothing in the abilities of either of the gentlemen named inconsistent with the creditable performance of the duties imposed by the offices they filled; and yet is impossible to conceal from myself that the time is not distant when but few colored men will be seen filling public offices in the Southern States.—Many have reached their present positions by the abnormal condition of things in the South. When this condition subsides a reaction will take place, which will leave but few of those who now hold office in prominent positions."

A STURGEON IN A VESSEL'S CABIN.—The schooner Clipper, a superannuated craft lying a half mile below town, was the scene of an exciting affray on Monday last. It appears that