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The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER, WM. B. USILTON,
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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

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

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 33. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1872. No. 19.

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.

C. H. BAKER,
Counselor and Attorney at Law,
CHESTERTOWN.
☞ Particular attention given to collection of claims. jan30-tf.

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. 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.

GROVER & BAKER'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
SEWING MACHINES,
For sale on reasonable terms, by
N. G. WESTCOTT,
mh16-tf. Chestertown.

THE 'WEED'
"F. F."---Family Favorite,
Sewing Machine!
LOCK STITCH! STRAIGHT NEEDLE
The Most Simple, Elegant, Economical and Desirable of any in use.
"THE WEED" was awarded the HIGHEST PREMIUM for family purposes, in an exciting contest with EIGHTY-TWO others, and is the Best Finished Instrument of the kind in the whole Exhibition.—[Report Paris Exposition, Gallignani's Messenger, (French) June, 1867.]
ALSO, THE
"M. F."---Manufacturer's Favorite,
Having a space of nearly twenty inches under the arm—a positive feed on three sides of the needle. Without Cam, Cog Wheels, Compound Cranks, Wire Springs or Revolving Shafts.
SILENT! RAPID! POWERFUL
These Machines are in use by many families in Chestertown and Kent county, and are universally preferred over all others by Ladies who have used different kinds. Every family should have one.
Send for Circulars and Samples.
HINES & BURCHINAL,
43 tf. Adjoining the Bank, Chestertown AGENTS.

BURNS & SLOAN
132 Light St. Wharf,
BALTIMORE,
BUILDING
AND HARDWOOD
LUMBER,
SHINGLES,
FENCING,
PALES,
DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, &c.

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.

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.*

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. MUIRREN

CHOICE STRAWBERRY PLANTS
FOR SALE.
☞ PRICE $3 per Thousand.
J. R. BECK,
10-3t* Lynch's Station, Kent Co., Md.

CHESTER RIVER STEAMBOAT COMPANY.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
On and after WEDNESDAY, August 7, 1872,
The Steamer GEO. LAW,
Will leave Baltimore DAILY, at 7, A. M., for KENT ISLAND, QUAKER NECK, BOOKER'S, ROLPH'S & CHESTERTOWN.
Returning, leave Chestertown daily at 4½ P. M.
" " Rolph's " " 5 "
" " Booker's " " 5½ "
" " Quaker Neck " " 5¾ "
On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, the Steamer GEO. LAW will go to CRUMPTON, leaving Crumpton at 1 o'cl'k, P. M. same day.
The Steamer CHESTER
Will leave Baltimore DAILY at 7, A. M., for QUEENSTOWN and GREY'S INN CREEK.
Returning, leave Grey's Inn daily at 10½ A. M.
" " Eastern Neck " " 11 "
" " Queenstown " " 12 M.
" " Kent Island " " 12½ P. M.
☞ No Fruit or Freight received unless *properly marked.* Marking with chalk or Lead Pencil not considered marking.
☞ Passengers will be particular in taking the RIGHT BOAT in Baltimore.
B. S. FORD, President
Chester River Steamboat Company.
Aug. 10, 1872—tf.

PEACH GROWERS
ACCOMMODATION LINE!
On and after August 1st, the swift and Staunch
Steam Tug Constitution, with Barges,
WILL RUN DAILY,
(Sundays Excepted,) during PEACH SEASON to and from Light Street Wharf, foot of Barre street, Baltimore, and landings on Chester River, and at any point on the river when signalled for.
Leaving ROUND TOP - at 4½ o'clock, P.M.
" CHESTERTOWN " 5 " "
" ROLPH'S WHARF " 5½ " "
" BOOKER'S - - " 6½ " "
" QUAKER NECK - " 7 " "
and reaching Baltimore at 1 o'clock, A. M., in time for early morning market.
Peaches Freighted to Baltimore
For EIGHT CENTS per Box.
Peaches to be sent to New York or Philadelphia, will be taken from any Wharf on Chester River, and delivered on board of Cars at Chestertown, for 5 cents per box. Other freights carried at proportionate rates.
JOHN HARRIS.
Round Top, Aug. 10, 1872—tf.
[Cent. *Observer* copy.]

The Steamer C. P. Smith,
CAPT. J. H. BROWN,
On and after May 1, 1872,
Will leave BALTIMORE,
From Pier No. 7, Light Street Wharf, at 10½ o'clock, A. M., for ELKTON, stopping at
Buck Neck, Barnard's & Betterton
REYBOLD'S, and the LANDINGS ON ELK RIVER. Returning the opposite days, leaving Elk Landing at 7 o'clock, A. M.
Stage will connect with this Boat to and from Chestertown.
FARE—from Chestertown - - $1.25
" " Buck Neck - - 1.00
Freight at reasonable rates.
EDWARD BROWN, Prop'r.
April 27, 1872—tf.

For Sassafras River.
THE STEAMER TRUMPETER
HAVING undergone thorough repair, and being now in complete order, will resume her trips on SATURDAY, the 9th of March, 1872, leaving Pier No. 6, Light Street Wharf, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.
Thankful for past favors, we will earnestly strive to merit a continuance of the same.
WM. CUNDIFF, Capt.
March 9, 1872—s

NEW STAGE LINE to BUCK NECK
On and after MONDAY, Aug. 5th, the subscriber will run a STAGE from
Chestertown to Buck Neck,
connecting with the Steamers "Trumpeter" and "C. P. Smith" to and from Baltimore.
The Stage will leave Chestertown EVERY MORNING (except Sunday) at 9½, A. M. Passengers will be called for at their residences on making known their desire that the same should be done. The Stage has been repaired and put in complete order, and will be found a very pleasant vehicle. It will be called the "EXPRESS." JOHN W. RASIN.
Aug. 3, 1872—3m.

DAVY & HUNT,
GREAT WESTERN
Carriage and Harness
BAZAAR,
1311, 1313, 1315 and 1317 MARKET Street, PHILADELPHIA.
Falling and Shifting-top Buggies, $80 to $200.
Germantown (Shifting Seats) from $70 to $150.
Rockaways (Leather trimmed) $80 to $135.
Dearborns, No Top Buggies, Jagger and Business Wagons from 50 to $125
Single Harness from 15 to $75 per set.
Double Harness from 25 to $95 per set.
Blankets, Whips, Halters, Sheets, Afghans and everything appertaining to the business at equally low prices.
Our motto is "Cheaper than the Cheapest."
Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.
Aug. 10, 1872—6m.

NEW MERCHANT TAILOR SHOP
IN CHESTERTOWN.
ABE SCHWARTZ,
FROM PHILADELPHIA,
RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity that he has opened in the store room up town, opposite Capt. Thompson's, a
First Class Tailor Shop
where he keeps on hand an assortment of Piece Goods and Samples of Piece Goods, almost to suit the taste of every man and youth, and is ready to receive orders for CUTTING and MAKING UP SUITS to fit, under guarantee, even at low prices. Gentlemen in want of a suit of good clothes have no need of going to the cities therefor, as all will be convinced by an examination of his goods and prices.
SCOURING, CLEANING and REPAIRING done promptly and in the best manner—almost like new. ABE SCHWARTZ.
Chestertown, Aug. 24—3m.

FRESH LAGER,
COLD AND PRIME.
Also, LIQUORS OF ALL KINDS,
Always on hand and for sale by
H. FERRY, Up Town.
aug17-tj.

PUBLIC SALE
HAVING discontinued housekeeping, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale at her late residence in Chestertown, on
THURSDAY, 26th September, 1872,
THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY:
Three Head of Young Cattle,
One of them a FINE MILCH COW, three years old last Spring; one Young Durham Heifer, three years old next Spring, and one Calf, six months old.
1,000 Heart Cypress Shingles,
1 Excellent Hair-cloth Mahogany SOFA,
1 Large Mahogany DINING TABLE,
FEATHER BED, BEDSTEADS,
and BED CLOTHING,
Buffalo Robe; 2 Carpets, one nearly new.
3 Cooking Stoves,
one of them new and in complete order, and fixtures for all.
TWO SITTING-ROOM STOVES, one nearly new, and numerous articles of Household and Kitchen Furniture not mentioned.
☞ Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.
TERMS OF SALE:—All sums of Ten Dollars and under cash; all above that amount a credit of nine months, with approved security. No property to be removed until terms of sale are complied with.
B. B. BOYD, Attorney
Sept. 14—2t. for Mrs. Henrietta Boyd.

VENDUE.
THE undersigned will sell at PUBLIC SALE at his residence in the lower part of Broad Neck, Kent county, on
Thursday, the 3rd of October, 1872,
HIS STOCK AND FARMING UTENSILS, CONSISTING OF
5 Head of HORSES,
Including TWO BROOD MARES in foal by "White Mountain;" 1 BAY HORSE, four years old, well broke to harness;
One WHITE MOUNTAIN COLT, three years old, promising to be very fast;
ONE RED EAGLE COLT, one year old.
3 Head of CATTLE,
One Carriage; 1 three-spring Dearborn, nearly new, and harness; 1 Horse Cart and Harness; 1 new Sleigh.
Farming Implements,
PLOWS, HARROWS, CULTIVATORS, &c.
Also, some
Household and Kitchen Furniture.
☞ Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.
TERMS.—All purchases of $10 and under cash. All over that amount a credit of nine months, with note and approved security.
LUTHER A. KENDALL.
Aug. 31, 1872—ts

ASSIGNEE'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.
THE undersigned as assignee in Bankruptcy of R. P. Stewart, will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on
Wednesday, September 25th, 1872
AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, A. M.,
At the Voshell House, in Chestertown,
THE REAL ESTATE
OF R. P. STEWART, BANKRUPT.
It is situated about three miles from Chestertown, on the public road leading from Chestertown to Millington. It is in a healthy and thriving neighborhood, convenient to Churches, &c., and within a short distance of the Kent County Railroad, and on the Chester River.
It Contains 120 ACRES OF LAND,
MORE OR LESS,
all highly cultivated, and well adapted to the growth of Wheat, Corn, Peaches, &c.
There is on the Farm a
Thrifty Orchard of 1100 Peach Trees
OF THE BEST VARIETIES.
The Improvements
ARE A
FRAME DWELLING
And the usual OUT-BUILDINGS.
Possession given Jan. 1, 1873, and privilege of seeding Wheat this fall.
The growing crops reserved.
TERMS:—One thousand dollars cash, and balance in one, two and three years; the credit payments bearing interest from the day of sale and to be secured by the bond of the purchaser. Purchaser to pay for stamps and deed.
THOS. A. JACOBS, Assignee.
Aug. 31, 1872—ts.

NEW FIRM IN MILLINGTON!
WEST & JOHNSON
HAVE just returned from the City and opened an assortment of
FALL & WINTER GOODS,
Consisting of a general assortment of
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, &c.
Persons wishing to buy Goods at a Fair Price will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Our motto is "QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS."
WEST & JOHNSON.
Sept. 7, 1872—4m.

$5 WILL BE PAID for the apprehension and return to me of my indentured apprentice, WILLIE TODD, who absconded from my employ Aug 22nd. He is about 15 years of age, small, imperfect in speech, and slightly deaf; black hair, cut close, and black eyes. Had on when he left a Jeans jacket, grey kersey pants, and straw hat. All persons are warned not to harbor him, as I shall prosecute to the fullest extent all who disregard this notice. W. J. VANNORT.
Aug. 31, 1872—3t.

$20 REWARD.
STOLEN from the subscriber on Monday night, Aug. 19th, a SORREL COLT, two years old last April. Has three white feet and scarred on left breast, where he has been cut with a knife. If delivered to me or where I can get him, I will pay the above reward.
EDW. J. TURNER,
ag31-3t* Millington, Kent county, Md.

NOTICE.—Owing to my affliction, I have been unable to attend to business for some time, and am consequently very much in need of money. My business affairs are in the hands of J. E. HARTLEY, and any arrangement made by him will be satisfactory to me. Please settle at an early date as I must have funds. TILGHMAN SHAFER,
Aug. 31, 1872—3t Kennedyville, Md.

No Mortgage on the Farm.

Mary, let's kill the fatted calf and celebrate
the day,
For the dreadful mortgage on the farm at last
is wiped away;
I have got the papers with me, they are right
as right can be—
Let us laugh and sing together, for the dear
old farm is free.

Don't all the Yankees celebrate the fourth day
of July,
Because 'twas then that freedom's sun lit up
our nation's sky?
Why shouldn't we then celebrate, and this
day ne'er forget?
Where is there any freedom like being out of
debt?

I've risen many mornings an hour before the
sun,
And night has overtaken me before the task
was done;
When weary with my labors 'twas this thought
that nerved my arm,
Each day of toil will help to pay the mortgage
on the farm.

And, Mary, you have done your part in rowing to the shore,
By taking eggs and butter to the village store.
You did not spend the money in dressing up
for show,
But sang from morn till evening in your faded
calico.

And Bessie, our sweet daughter—God bless
her loving heart,
The lad that gets her for a wife, must be by
nature smart—
She's gone without piano, her lonely hours to
charm,
To have a hand in paying off the mortgage on
the farm.

I'll build a little cottage soon to make your
heart rejoice;
I'll buy a good piano to go with Bessie's voice;
You shall not make your butter with that up
and down concern,
For I'll go this very day and buy the finest
patent churn.

Lay by your faded calico, and go with me to
town,
And get yourself and Bessie a new and shining
gown;
Low prices for our produce need not give us
now alarm,
Spruce up, Mary, there's no mortgage on the
farm!

While our hearts are now so joyful, Mary, let
us not forget
To thank the God in Heaven for being out of
debt,
For he gave the rain and sunshine, and put
strength into my arm,
And lengthened out the days to see no mortgage on the farm.

Men who Win Women.

God has so made the sexes that women, like cdildren, cling to men—lean upon them as though they were superior in mind and body. They make them the suns of their systems, and they make their children revolve around them. Men are gods, if they but knew it, and women burn incense at their shrines. Women, therefore, who have good minds and pure hearts want men to lean upon. Think of their reverencing a drunkard, a liar or libertine! If a man would have a woman do him homage, he must be manly in every sense; a true gentleman, not after the Chesterfield school, but polite, because his heart is full of kindness to all; and who treats her with respect, even deference, because she is a woman; who never condescends to speak harshly to her; who aims to bring her up to his level, if his mind is above hers. Always dignified in speech and act; who never spends too much upon her; never yields to temptation, even if she puts it in his way; who is ambitious to make his mark in the world, whether she encourages him or not; who is not 'dandyish' in dress; always pleasant and considerate, but keeping his place of the man, the head, and never losing it. Such deportment, with noble principles, a good mind, energy and industry, will win any woman in the world who is worth winning.

SINCERITY.—Sincerity is a most beautiful virtue; but there are some, whose natures are so poor spirited and cowardly, that they are not capable of exerting it. Indeed, unless a man be steady and constant in all his actions, he will hardly deserve the name of sincere. An open enemy, though more violent and terrible, is not, however, so odious and detestable as a false friend. To pretend to keep another's counsel, and appear in their interest, while underhand we are giving intelligence to their enemies, is treacherous, knavish and base. There are some people in the world very dexterous at this kind of defamation, and can, while they seem most vehement in their commendation or defense of a friend, throw out a hint which will stab their reputation deeper than the most malicious weapon brandished at them in a public manner could have been capable of doing. G. Q. B.

A CURE FOR WHISKEY DRINKERS.—A correspondent of an exchange, who signs himself "One who has Reformed," sends the following:

Captain Hall was the commander of the Great Eastern steamship. He had fallen into such habits of drunkenness that his most earnest efforts to reclaim himself proved unavailing. At length he sought the advice of an eminent physician, who gave him a prescription which he followed faithfully for seven months. At the end of that time he had lost all desire for liquor, although he had many times been led captive by a most debasing appetite. The prescription, which he afterwards published, and by which many other drunkards have been assisted to reform, is as follows: Sulphate of iron, 5 grains; magnesia, 10 grains; peppermint water 11 drachms; spirits of nutmeg, 1 drachm; twice a day.

LAZY BOYS.—A lazy boy makes a lazy man as sure as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Who ever saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shiftless vagabond when he became a man? The great mass of thieves and criminals, and paupers, have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business part of the community—those who make great and useful men—were taught in their boyhood to be industrious. Boy, take that pipe out of your mouth and think of this.

RELIGION without an outward show of it, is like a tree without fruit, useless; and outward show of religion without inward sincerity is like a tree without heart—lifeless.

IT is a poor religion that consists chiefly in externals; and a devilish one that requires inhuman severities.

IF you wish to cure a scolding wife, never fail to laugh at her with all your might until she ceases—then kiss her.—Sure cure, and no quack medicine!

HOME COMFORTS.

SEQUEL TO "A STORY FOR WIVES."

"Where are you going, George?" asked Mrs. Wilson as her husband rose from the tea-table and took his hat.

"O, I am going out," was the careless response,

"But where?" asked his wife.

"But what odds does it make, Emma?" returned her husband. "I shall be back at my usual time."

The young wife hesitated, and a quick flush overspread her face. She seemed to have made up her mind to speak plainly on a subject which had lain uneasily upon her heart for some time, requiring an effort, but she persevered.

"Let me tell you what odds it makes to me," she said in a kind but tremulous tone. "If I cannot have your company here at home, I should at least feel much better if I knew where you were."

"But you know that I am safe, Emma, and what more can you ask?"

"I do not know that you are safe, George; I know nothing positively about you when you are away."

"Pooh! pooh! would you have it that I am not quite capable of taking care of myself?"

You put a wrong construction upon my words, George. Love is always anxious when its dearest object is away. If I did not love you as I do I might not be thus uneasy. When you are at your place of business I do not feel thus, because I know I can seek and find you at any moment; but when you are absent during these long evenings I go to wondering where you are. Then I begin to feel lonesome, and so one thought follows another, till I feel troubled and uneasy. O, if you would only stay with me a portion of your evenings!"

"Aha! I thought that was what you were aiming at," said George, with a playful shake of the head. "You would have me here every evening."

"Well, can you wonder at it?" returned Emma. "I used to be very happy when you came to spend an evening with me before we were married; and I know I should be very happy in your society now."

"Ah," said George with a smile, "those were business meetings. We were arranging then for the future."

"And why not continue to do so, my husband? I am sure we could be as happy now as ever. If you will remember, one of your plans was to make a home."

"And haven't we got one, Emma?"

"We have certainly a place in which to live," answered the wife somewhat evasively.

"And it is our home," pursued Geerge. "Besides," he added with a sort of confident flourish, "home is the wife's peculiar province. She has the charge of it, and all her work is there, while the duties of the husband call him to other scenes."

"You see enough of me as it is," said the husband lightly.

"Allow me to be the best judge of that, George. You would be very lonesome here all alone."

"Not if it was my place of business, as it is yours," returned the young man.—"You are used to staying here. All wives belong at home."

"Just remember, my husband, that previous to our marriage I had pleasant society all the time. Of course, I remained at home much of my time; but I had a father and mother there, and I had brothers and sisters, and our evenings were happily spent. Finally I gave up all for you. I left the old home and sought a home with my husband. And now have I not a right to expect some of your companionship? How would you like it if I should be away every evening and you were obliged to remain here alone?"

"Why, I should like it well enough."

"Ah! but I know you would not be willing to try it."

"Yes I would," said George at a venture.

"Will you remain here every evening next week and allow me to spend my time among my female friends?"

"Certainly I will," he replied, "and I confidently assure you I shall not be as lonesome as you imagine."

With this the husband went out and was soon among his friends. He was an industrious man and lovee his wife truly, but like thousands of others he had contracted a habit of spending his evenings abroad, and thought it no harm.

Monday evening came, and George Wilson remained true to his promise.

His wife put on her bonnet and shawl, and he said he would remain and keep house.

"What will you do when I am gone?" Emma asked.

"O, I shall read, and sing, and enjoy myself generally."

"Very well," said Emma, "I shall be back early."

The wife went out and the husband was left alone. He had an interesting book, and he began to read it. He read till eight o'clock and then he began to yawn, and look frequently at the clock. Then he walked the floor and whistled again. Finally the clock struck nine, and his wife returned.

"Well, George," said she, "I am back in good time. How have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Capitally," returned the husband. "I had no idea it was so late. I hope you have enjoyed yourself?"

"O, splendidly!" said the wife; "I had no idea how much enjoyment there was away from home. Home is a dull place, after all, isn't it?"

"Why, no, I can't say that it is," returned George, carelessly. "In fact," he added, "I rather like it."

"I am glad of that," retorted Emma, "for we shall have a nice, comfortable week of it."

George winced at this, but he kept his countenance and determined to stand it out.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go off again.

"I shall be back in good time," she said.

"Where are you going, Emma?" her husband asked.

"O, I can't tell exactly. I may go to several places."

So George Wilson was left alone again, and he tried to amuse himself as before, but he found it a difficult task. The clock finally struck nine, and he began to listen for the steps of his wife. Half an hour more slipped by, and he became nervous and uneasy.

"I declare," he muttered to himself after he had listened for some time in vain, "this is too bad. She out not to stay out so late."

But he happened to remember that he often remained away much later than that, so he concluded that he must make the best of it.

At a quarter to ten Emma come home.

"A little late, am I not?" she said, looking up to the clock. "But I fell in with some old friends. How have you enjoyed yourself?"

"First rate," returned George bravely. "I think home is a capital place."

"Especially when a man can have it all to himself," added the wife with a sidelong glance at her husband. But he made no reply.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go out as before; but this time she kissed her husband ere she went, and seemed to hesitate about leaving.

"Where do you think of going?"—George asked in an undertone.

"I may drop in and see uncle John," replied Emma. "However, you won't be uneasy. You will know I'm safe."

"Oh, certainly," said her husband.

"I declare," he said to himself, "I did not think it would be so lonesome. And can it be that she feels as I do when she is here all alone? It must be so," he pursued thoughtfully; "it is just as she says."

After this he walked up and down the room several times, and then stopped again and communed with himself.

Gorge Wilson took another turn across the room, glanced once more at the clock, and then took his hat and went out. He locked the door after him, and then bent his steps toward uncle John's. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the air was keen and bracing. He was walking along with his eyes bent upon the pavement, when he heard a light step approaching him. He looked up and—he could not be mistaken—saw his wife. His first impulse was to avoid her, but she had recognized him.

"George," she said in surprise, "can this be you?"

"It is," was the response.

"This is the first time I have been out, Emma, upon my word; and even now I have not been absent from the house ten minutes. I merely came out to take the fresh air. But where are you going?"

"I am going home, George; will you go with me?"

"Certainly," returned the husband.—She then took his arm and they walked home in silence.

When Emma had taken off her things, she sat down in her chair and looked at the clock.

"You are home very early to-night," remarked George.

The young wife looked up into her husband's face, and with an expression half smiling and half tearful she said, "I will confess the truth, George—I have given up the experiment. I managed to stand it last evening, but I could not bear it through to-night. When I thought of you here all alone, I wanted to be with you. It didn't seem right. I haven't enjoyed myself at all, I have not any home but this."

"Say you so?" cried George, moving his chair to his wife's side and taking her hand. "Then let me make my confession. I have stood it not a whit better. When I left the house this evening I could bear it no longer. I found that this was no home for me while my wife was absent. I thought I would walk down to uncle John's and see your face, if possible. I had gazed upon your empty chair till my heart ached."

He kissed her as he spoke, and then added, while she reclined her head upon his arms, "I have learned a lesson. Your presence here is like the bursting forth of the sun after a storm; and hereafter I will try and see how much home comfort we can find while we are here to enjoy it."

Emma was far too happy to express her joy in words; but she expressed it, nevertheless, and in a manner not to be mistaken.

The next evening was spent at home by husband and wife, and it was a season of much enjoyment. In a short time George began to realize how much comfort was to be found in a quiet and peaceful home, and the longer he enjoyed this comfort the more plainly did he see and understand the simple truth that it takes two to make a happy home, and if the wife is one party the husband must be the other.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES.—If young women waste their time in trivial amusements, in the prime season for amusement, which is between the ages of sixteen and twenty, they will hereafter regret bitterly the loss, when they come to feel themselves inferior in knowledge to almost every one they converse with, and, above all, if they should ever be mothers, when they feel their inability to direct and assist the pursuits of their children, they will then find ignorance a severe mortification and a real evil. Let it animate their industry, and let not a modest opinion of their capacities be a discouragement to their endeavors after knowledge. A moderate understanding, with diligent and well directed application, will go farther than a more lively genius, if unattended with that impatience and inattention which too often attend quick parts. It is not for want of capacity that so many woman are such trifling and insipid companions, so ill qualified for the friendship and qualification of a sensible man, or for the task of governing a family; it is often the neglect of exercising the talents they really have, and from omitting to cultivate a taste for intellectual improvement. By this neglect, they lose the sincerest of pleasure, which would remain when almost every other forsook them, of which neither fortune nor age could deprive them, and which would be a comfort and resource in almost every possible situation in life.

BRAIN-WORK costs more food than head-work. According to careful estimates and analyses of the excretions, three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of severe physical labor. Another evidence of the cost of brain-work is obtained from the fact that though the brain is only one-fortieth the weight of the body it receives about one-fifth of all the blood sent by the heart into the system. Brain-workers therefore require a more liberal supply of food, and richer food than manual laborers.

REST satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk to you as they please.

LOST CHILDREN!

A NEW VERSION OF "BABES IN THE WOODS."

The Hudson (N. Y.) Register says:

A very touching story, similar to the old tale of "The Babes in the Woods," comes to us from Green River, in the town of Hillsdale:

A few days since three children of John Foley, residing on the mountain east of that place, aged respectively four, six and eight, became lost in the mountain woods. The first was a little girl, the other two were boys. They went out to play near the house and strayed away after huckleberries into the woods.

The mother missed them and blew the dinner horn all around for a mile near the house, but could get no answer. That night it rained very hard. The next day word was sent to the village of Green River by the frantic mother, and all the people turned out and went in search of the children. Every man was fitted out with bread, meat and stimulants, in case they should find them. All was a vast wilderness for miles around, so the men went in different directions.

Fears were entertained that the children might be attacked by wild beasts as a Mr. Charles Jones, while hunting on this mountain had discovered three wild cats, which escaped before he could get near enough to shoot them. The mother stood in her door wringing and twisting her hands, encouraging the hunters to be valiant, for she said they were barefooted and bareheaded, and would soon starve; they were never away from home before, and the nearest house was about three or four miles distant, and even to this they had never been.

About three o'clock a little son of Mr. Ingersoll, while hunting in the woods for lost cattle, discovered the three little creatures huddled together under a tree and covered with leaves. They put up their hands and began to cry when they discovered the boy Ingersoll. He led then out to the open field and then on to the house, and the joy of the mother may well be imagined. She ran to meet them, crying and screaming, and catching the first one in her arms and hugging that for a moment, then letting it down and taking another one and pressed that to her heart, and so on for nearly an hour before she became calmed. By this time all the hunters had returned from the search, and they, too, had to kiss and hold the children, and unbidden tears came to the eyes of great stalwart men who had never known tears since their childhood.

One of the men took the little girl in his lap, and asked her if she slept any. She replied, laughing:

"Yes; I put on Johnny's cap, and put my feet on Pat, and the rain came right down on me."

When found they were all wet to the skin, and would most likely have died in the course of another day if they had not been found. They say they heard their mother's dinner horn that night, but were afraid to leave the tree that they had taken shelter under.

THE BUSTLE.

When nature first produced the fair,
'Mong other things, it was her care
(As fair the form in beauty grew)
To shape the back both straight and true;
Except, indeed, when in a whim,
Some uncouth dwarf or monster grim,
She favors with a swelling sack,
Perched high in honor on her back!
But in these days of wond'rous light
Taste rises in her power and might,
And disapproving nature's plan,
She forms a bag of wool or bran,
And where she thinks a hump should be,
Straight in that place, a hump you'll see;
The name with which the humps abound
Are full of sense as well as sound—
Nothing more dignified, I'm sure,
Than Bishop, Bustle, or Tourneur!
And if some sour, old-fashioned dame
Should tartly ask, "What's in a name?"
We'd answer, "That I cannot answer;
But, ma'am the thing is full of bran!"
Now listen to me, lady dear,
A word I'd whisper in your ear;
Why be so partial to one spot—
Why hump one place and others not;
If in the hump such beauty lies,
As a true friend, I'd you advise
To raise the hump on every place,
And then you'll be all over grace!
Then, if we beauties seek to find,
We need not always look behind!

THE AURORA BOREALIS.—Not a bad story is told at the expense of one of our most distinguished and estimable citizens. It seems that a dinner party was in progress during a brilliant display of northern lights, and this gentleman, stepping out to cool his burning brow, was startled by the display about the frosty pole. He stood perfectly amazed; then, turning to the window, he saw within the wife of his bosom sitting with the ladies, waiting for their liege lords to end their champagne and cigars. Pushing aside the lace curtains, he beckoned Mrs. Agnes —— to come out. She complied; when he said to her, solemnly:

"Wagnes, d'er see anything exstronory now?"

"Yes! Dolly—I see that you have been drinking too much wine."

"No!—not that, Wagnes. I mean exstronory phornomonums in asmosphere."

"Why, where, Dolly?"

"Upper yonder, Wagnes."

"Why, dear me!—yes! I do indeed—the most brilliant aurora I ever saw."

"Wagnes, are things a shootin'?"

"Yes, dear."

"And a flashin', Wagnes?"

"Yes! Dolly."

"An' a sorter spreadin' and dancin'—eh! Wagnes?"

"All that, my dear."

"Ho! ho!" laughed the husband, much relieved. "Do you know, Wasnes—I mean Hagnes—when I came out an' saw the c'lestial phornomonums a-glowin' upper yonder damn me effer I didn't think I was drunk!"

"WHAT is the reason that men never kiss each other, while the ladies waste a world of kisses on feminine faces?" said the Captain to Gussie the other day, up at Normal.

Gussie cogitated a minute, and then answered, "Because the men have something better to kiss, and the women haven't."

The Captain "saw it" immediately.

A LODGING-HOUSE keeper advertises "to furnish gentlemen with pleasant and comfortable rooms, also, one or two gentlemen with wives."

A MODEST and unprotected young man in Chicago had three girls arrested for "insulting" him in the street.

WISE SAYINGS by JOSH BILLINGS.

The higher up we git, the more we are watched—the rooster on top of the church steeple is ov more importance, altho' he is thin, than two roosters in a barn-yard,

If men are honest they will tell you that their success in life iz more ov a wonder tew them than it iz to you.

Take all the pride oot ov this world and mankind would be lik a bob-tailed peakok, anxious to hide under somebody's barn.

I think the heft ov people take az much comfort in bragging ov their misfortunes as they do ov their good luck.

All fights, tew produce enny moral advantage should end in viktory to one side or the other. Yu will alwus see dorgs renu a drawn battle evry time they meet.

There iz a grate difference between holding a hi offis, and having a hi offis hold us.

If a man is full ov himself, don't tap him, but rather plug him up, and let him choke tew deth or bust.

Laws are not made out ov justice, they are made out ov necessity.

The man who kant find any virtew in the human heart, haz probably given us a faithful sinopsiss of his own.

It iz a safer thing any time to follow a man's advice than his example.

The heart iz wife ov the head, and we, (who have tried it,) all know how purswasiv the wife iz—espeshily when she wants sumthing.

Owls are grave, not on account ov their wisdum, but on account of their gravity.

He who duz a good think sekretly steals a march on heaven.

Hunting after health is like hunting after fleas, the more you hunt them, the more they flea.

When a man gets so reduced that he can't help ennybody else, then we vote him a pension for the rest ov his days by calling him a "poor devil."

It is a fakt (known to us doktors) that yu can ketch the little pox from a man before it breaks out on him eazier than you can after it has broke out. 'Tis thus with wickedness; the openly so are less dangerous than those who have it under the skin.

When we are more anxious to pleaze than to be pleazed, then we are in love in good earnest.

What a Boy Knows about Girls.

Girls are the most unaccountablest things in the world—except women.—Like the wicked flea, when you have them they ain't there. I can cipher clean over to improper fractions, and the teacher says I do it first rate, but I can't cipher out a girl, proper or improper, and you can't either. The only rule in arithmetic that hits their case is the double rule of two. They are as full of old Nick as their skin can hold, and they would die if they couldn't torment sompbody.

When they try to be mean they are as mean as pusley, though they ain't as mean as they let on, except sometimes and then they are a good deal meaner.

The only way to get along with a girl when she comes at you with her nonsense is to give it to her tit for tat, and that'll flummux her, and when you get a girl flummuxed she is as nice as a new pin. A girl can sow more wild oats in a day than a boy can sow in a year, but girls get their wilds oats sowed after a while, but boys never do, and then they settle down as calm and placid as a mudpuddle.

But I like girls first-rate, and I guess the boys all do. I don't care how many tricks they play on me—and they don't care either. The hoitytoityist girls in the world can't always boil over like a glass of soda. By-and-by they will get into the traces with somebody they like, and pull as steady as any old stage-horse.—That is the beauty of them. So let them wave, I say; they will pay for it some day, sewing on buttons and trying to make a decent man of the feller they've spliced on to, and ten chances to one if they don't get the worst of it.

SOME men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one, far and near, that can listen. Some men fill the air with their presence and sweetness, as orchards in October days fill the air with perfume of ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses like the honeysuckle over the door, yet, like it, sweeten all the region with subtle fragrace of their goodness.—There are trees of righteousness, which are ever dropping precious fruit around them. There are lives that shine like star-beams, or charm the heart like songs sung upon an holy day.

How great a bounty and a blessing it is to hold the royal gifts of the soul, so that they shall be music to some, and fragrace to others, and life to all! It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power which we have within us the breath of other men's joy; to scatter sunshine where only clouds and shadows reign; to fill the atmosphere where earth's weary toilers must stand, with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves,