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Kent News.

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

Vol. 33. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1872. No. 20.

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.

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, Galignani'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, AGENTS,

43 tf. Adjoining the Bank, Chestertown

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.,

e22y. 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. MURREN.

LEWIS' WHITE LEAD, And COLORS,

Turpentine, Varnishes and Paint Brushes, For sale by C. F. STAM & BRO.

Sale of Superior Cattle.

THE undersigned wishing to reduce his stock of Cattle, will offer at Public Sale,

On Tuesday, the 1st of October next,

AT WORTON HEIGHTS,

Immediately after the Exhibition of the Worton Agricultural Fair, the following Cattle:

1 YOKE of OXEN,

Six years old;

1 Short-Horn DURHAM BULL, Four years old.
1 Do. Do. Do. 2 years old.
1 Do. Do. Do. 9 mos. "

AND A LOT OF

Heifers and Cows.

These Cattle are all of Superior stock and in fine condition, and an examination is invited. Terms—note at six months, with approved security.

LEWIS C. JUSTIS.

Sept. 21, 1872—2t.

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.

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.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE subscriber most respectfully informs the public that he has made arrangements with Dr. Thos. H. Whaland to carry on his

MILL

near Chestertown, for the present year.

His long experience in the business and his reputation as a Miller warrants him in the belief that he can give universal satisfaction.—As soon as practicable he intends to keep on hand a good supply of

CORN MEAL,

WHEAT FLOUR of all Grades,

HORSE FEED, &c., &c.,

which he is determined to sell at reduced prices.

He only wants to make the regular toll, and will be compelled to sell for Cash only as his capital is small and he does not intend to keep books.

He will use all means to make the Mill a public convenience as well as a source of profit. A trial is all he asks.

Most respectfully,
SAMUEL A. ANTHONY.

Jan. 6, 1872—tf.

FAMILY GROCERIES!

MRS. A. M. SMITH

HAS now in store and keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of

Groceries, Confectionery NOTIONS, &c.,

Consisting in part of Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Flour Bacon, Lard, Butter, Salt Fish, Vinegar, Molasses, Soaps, Buckets, Brooms, Tobacco and Segars, Snuff, Pipes, Oil, Lamps and Lamp Chimneys, Notions, Nuts and Candies of various kinds, and other articles too numerous to mention, all of which will be sold at the very lowest cash prices.

ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange for Goods.

Thankful for the patronage heretofore extended to her, she asks a continuance of the same.

☞ Store opposite the Vashell House.

jan28y. MRS. A. M. SMITH.

NOTICE.

Misses MIDDLETON & PHILLIPS earnestly request all persons indebted to them to call and settle their bills. They are much in need of money, and would be thankful to their customers for giving a prompt compliance to the above request.

Chestertown, Sept. 14, 1872—3t.

NOTICE.—MRS. S. A. USILTON respectfully requests persons indebted to her to call and settle, as she is in want of money to meet her obligations. Prompt compliance with this request will be highly appreciated. aug24-3t.

Newly Registered Voters.

THIRD DISTRICT.

WHITE.

A

Allford, John Wm

F

Fogwell, Otho — Fowler, John Wm

G

Guntz, George F

L

Long, John

N

Nickerson, John L

R

Reed, Joseph B

S

Scott, Luther L — Smith, John Edw

W

Wood, James Thos

COLORED.

F

Ford, Alexander

G

Gland, Jeremiah

H

Holly, Lewis

J

Johnson, Wm A

L

Lewis, John

M

McCain, Samuel — Murphy, John H

P

Purnell, Isaac

R

Richard, William — Richardson, Allen

T

Tanner, Lewis — Towson, Robert J

W

Wilson, Joseph J — Wilson, Jefferson
Warner, Perry Jas

Transfers, Removals and Deaths.

The following names have been stricken from the list on account of transfer, removal or death:

WHITE.

B

Bryan, Thomas

C

Copper, John C — Clements, Alexander
Copper, Kennard — Constable, Stephen
Copper, George W — Costello, Nicholas
Copper, Wm H

D

Downs, William F

G

Gale, John

J

Jewell, Charles H

K

Kennard, John A

L

Lockerman, Geo T — Lynch, Daniel W
Lockerman, Geo W

M

McKee, Daniel — Melvin, Thos W
McQuay, Newton — Money, John C

P

Price, John C — Parsons, James H
Parsons, John S

R

Roeder, George P

S

Shuster, Joseph N — Shuster, Samuel

U

Usilton, Samuel L — Usilton, Albert L

W

Weaver, William — Warren, Hamilton B
Watkins, Wash

COLORED.

J

Jackson, Edward

R

Reed, Perry

GEORGE T. MOORE,
Register Third Election District.

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.

CAUTION.—All persons are cautioned against Gunning or in any manner trespassing upon the farm belonging to the heirs of the late Simon Wickes, situated near Washington College. The law will be enforced against all. MRS. E. C. WICKES.

September 7, 1872—3t.

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against trespassing on the farm of Rev. B. F. Price, in Still Pond, on which I reside, with dog or gun, after this date.—The law will be enforced against all offenders.

Sept. 14-3t* DAVID ZENKER.

NOTICE.—Whereas application hath been made to the Orphans' Court, for Kent county, by a creditor, for Letters of Administration on the estate in Kent county, Md., of JAMES FENNARD, late of Middlesex co., Va., deceased. Notice is therefore hereby given, that unless those entitled by law to Administration aforesaid appear before the said Court or Register of Wills within 20 days from date of this notice and take out Letters the same will be granted to said creditor.

E. CROUCH,
Sept. 7, 1872. Register of Wills.

Sowing and Reaping.

Are we sowing the seeds of kindness?
They shall blossom bright ere long.
Are we sowing the seeds of discord?
They shall ripen into wrong.

Are we sowing seeds of honor?
They shall bring forth golden grain.
Are we sowing seeds of falsehood?
We shall yet reap bitter pain.

Whatsoe'er our sowing be,
Reaping we its fruits shall see.

Secret Marriages.

Every now and then the public is startled by the exposure of some domestic or social villainy based on secret marriage. Some confiding young lady has been induced to marry her lover secretly, and to keep the marriage secret for months, and perhaps for years. In a recent case the marriage had been kept secret for nearly seven years. Of course a man who wishes to keep his marriage a secret is always actuated by selfish, and usually by base motives. He is acting a part—playing a game; and his confiding wife is pretty sure, in the end, to find herself the victim of his treachery and baseness.

A woman should never consent to any such arrangement. Her marriage should be solemnized in the light of publicity, and not in the shadow of concealment.—She should distrust a man who has any reason for shrouding in darkness the fact which—in his estimation at least—should be the crowning glory of his life. The man who always has some plot on hand—who naturally takes to trickery and concealment, and is never ready to have his actions brought out into the clear light of day, is apt to be so constitutionally base that he seldom, even by accident, deviates into the path of honor and virtue. No woman who values her domestic happiness should ever listen to the suggestions of any man in favor of a secret marriage.

BE YOUR OWN RIGHT HAND MAN.—People who have been bolstered up all their lives are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes, they look around for somebody to cling to or lean upon. If the prop is not there down they go. Once down they are as helpless as a capsized turtle, and they cannot find their feet again without assistance. Such persons no more resemble men who have fought their way to position, making difficulties their stepping stones and deriving determination from their defeat, than vines resemble oaks, or spluttering rush lights the stars of heaven. Efforts persisted into achievements, train a man to self-reliance; and when he has proven to the world that he can trust him. One of the best lessons a father can give his son is this: Work strengthen your moral and mental faculties as you would strengthen your muscles by vigorous exercise. Learn to conquer circumstances; you are then independent of fortune. The men of athletic minds, who left their mark on the years in which they lived, were all trained in a rough school. They did not mount to their high position by the help of leverage; they leaped the chasm, grappled with the opposing rocks, avoided avalanches, and when the goal was reached felt that, but for the toil that had strenghtened them as they strove, it could never have been obtained.

MARRIAGE EXTRAORDINARY.—We learn from unquestionable authority that Mr. John G. Fenters, of this county, aged seventy-eight, has taken to himself in marriage a young and blushing bride of not quite fourteen years, and that such has been the effect on his venerable head, that his hair, which was silvery white, is rapidly assuming the black color of his youth. We have heard of hair growing white in a single night, but we do not know that we have ever before heard of the capillaceous ornament which adorns the head taking the back turn, and turning from gray to black. Our informant assures us that the old gentleman has used no hair dye and that the change is attributable entirely to the new state into which he has entered.—*Georgetown, (Massachusetts) Times.*

A HINT.—If a youth is wooingly disposed toward any damsel, as he values his happiness, let him call on the lady when she least expects him, and take note of the appearance of all that is under her control. Observe if the shoes fit neatly, and the hair well dressed. And we would forgive a man for breaking off an engagement if he discovered a greasy novel hid away under the cushion of a sofa, or a hole in the garniture of the prettiest foot in the world. Slovenliness to a female will ever be avoided by a well-regulated mind. A woman cannot always be what is called "dressed," but she may always be neat. And as certainly as a virtuous woman is a crown of glory to her husband, so surely is a slovenly one a crown of thorns.

TOO MUCH WHISKEY FOR THE SNAKE.—They tell "hard" snake stories in Kentucky. This is the latest: A man in Butler county got very drunk on a quart of whiskey, and lay in the woods all night. The next morning a dead rattlesnake was found about three feet from him, which had evidently bitten the drunken man three several times during the night, as shown by the impression of the teeth in the flesh. The bites did no further injury than to cause a slight swelling and inflammation, which soon passed away, but the mean whiskey in the man's system was too much for the snake, and he is supposed to have died immediately after inflicting the wounds.

TO CLEAN GOLD CHAINS.—Put the chain in a small glass bottle, with warm water, a little tooth powder, and some soap. Cork the bottle, and shake it for a minute violently. The friction against the glass polishes the gold, and the soap and chalk extract every particle of greese and dirt from the interstices of a chain of the most intricate pattern; rinse it in clear water, wipe with a towel and the polish will surprise you.

FOR REPTILE BITES.—One tablespoonful of gunpowder; one tablespoonful of salt; the yellow of one egg. Heat them together, so as to form a plaster, and apply to the wound. A yellow water will issue, and when the plaster becomes soaked with the poison it will fall off. Renew the plaster until it will adhere to the wound, which is evident that the poison has all been drawn. The above is said to be a very effective antidote.

SEEKING ONE'S VOCATION.

"A rolling stone never gathers moss, my boy; better stick to the farm," said my old father, as he clambered into his creaking gig, and shook out the rains over Dobbin's neck.

Tom threw up his handsome head.

"I'm quite convinced that the farm isn't my vocation, Mr. Somerville," he replied, loftily. "I must go somewhere—to the city—where my talents can be appreciated."

"Well, well," responded the old man, "have it your own way. You and Jennie know best. 'Tis a maxim of mine never to meddle with young married folks.—Paddle your own canoe; if you run aground, you have no one but yourself to blame. Good-bye—good-bye! Whatever you do, take good care of the little one."

Dobbin started off on a trot, and the tears filled my eyes, and aching sensation half chocked me.

"Tom," I ventured, turning toward my handsome husband; "maybe father's right; and this is a snug little home after all!"

Tom turned upon me with angry reproach.

"I didn't think it of you, Jennie!—Would you have me bury myself here, and hoe corn for a living? Have you no ambition at all? and you the mother of a son? I must go, I tell you, and seek my vocation—I've talents, and I can't afford to bury them."

Tom and I had been married twelve-months or more, and the pretty rural farm on which we lived, Walnut Hill, by name, was my old father's wedding present.

We had everything we needed—a tasteful cottage, flowers, birds, fruits and berries, and a well-tilled, finely stocked farm. But Tom was discontented. Tom was a scholar in his way. He had been to college a little, read law a little, read medicine a little, and I'm not sure he had not dabbled in divinity. Of course such manifold acquirements must not be suffered to run to waste. Tom must seek his vocation.

The first step would be to sell Walnut Hill, for one cannot find one's vocation without money.

We wrote to papa about it, and he made us a visit.

"Why, Tom, the farm is looking up," he said, glancing round at the well-tilled fields "I don't think your plan's a wise one."

But Tom thought otherwise, and the result was that Walnut Hill was sold with its golden harvest ungarnered, and sold at rather a low figure.

All our pretty household treasures went too, and late in the spring we went to the city.

Tom rented a large house in an aristocratic square, and brought in the furniture. We were very elegant. Spacious drawing rooms and velvet carpets and silken drapery. A cook in the kitchen and a nursery-maid up stairs. Tom bought a buggie too, and a stylish horse. It would never do, he argued, to make a poor appearance in the outset.

Then the search for a vocation began; but somehow the vocation did not turn up. Strange enough too, Tom thought. He tried medicine, but it wouldn't do, and the city was run over with lawyers. He drove to and fro daily, but unlike Noah's dove, he returned without the olive leaf.

We gave grand dinners and made friends with the city magnates, and they in turn made us wonderous promises, which remained promises to the end.

Mid-summer came! The heavens were like brass, the streets like fiery plowshares and a pitiless sun seething overhead. Baby fell ill as the hot weather set in, and our expenses were swallowing up all our means.

How I longed for the cool, green shades of Walnut Hill! And so did poor Tom, but he would not confess it. He was sure of his vocation still—he would find it in good time.

Baby grew worse, and the doctors recommended the seaside or bracing country air, but such luxuries were out of the question.

"Let's go to father's Tom," I entreated, but Tom would not hear to it.

He had sold the farm against the old man's will, and he would not go to him for help. The summer days that followed were very bitter, hot, pitiless days, with that scorching, glaring sun, and never a waving tree for a shelter.

The flowers wilted, and so did baby and poor Tom. He had sold his horse and buggy to replenish our purse, and wandered about with a haggard, hopeless face.

Troubles never come in single file!

In the midst of all this, one morning, when baby lay panting on his pillows, the house was filled with bailiffs. There was a mortgage or something of the kind on the furniture before we bought it, and they sold us out.

Everything went—all the splendors of the drawing-rooms, even the bed on which we slept, the dishes from which we ate. They left us poor and desolate, and on the little pallet in the back bed-room our boy lay dying. I sat down, wrote to father and did not let Tom know. Poor Tom, it made my heart ache to look at him!

Baby died! The little panting bosom grew still, the flushed cheek cold and white.

I took my bridal jewels, and leaving Tom to watch by our blighted blossom, I went out and sold them for a mere pittance—enough, however, to pay the embalmers, and to purchase a tiny rosewood coffin.

The day after, at daylight, just as the brazen dawn was breaking over the stifled city, my old father arrived. Tom and I were sitting beside the little coffin, and we heard his footsteps echoing through the empty, desolate house. My poor husband covered his face as he entered, but in the old man's eyes, as they took in all our woe and desolation, there was no shadow of reproach.

He approached the tiny coffin and bent over the waxen face it contained.

"Poor little fellow," he murmured, "I feared it would be so; but it can't be helped now! Come Tom; come Jennie—let's go home now children!"

We obeyed without a word. And with the little coffin, we journeyed back to Walnut Hill.

"I've bought the old farm back for you Tom," said my father, as he drove under the blessed shade, of the old trees. "And I think you'd better stick to it this time."

And Tom did. We are an old couple to-day, Tom and I, toiling hand in hand down the declining steps of life. For that little grave beneath the walnut shadows, we have living, blooming children, growing up like olive plants around our hearthstone. And I am sure that Tom, a hale and hearty old farmer, is fully convinced that he follows his true vocation.

SALLIE'S BEDTIME.

A father, not very far from here, read in the paper the other morning that the "Utica girls who want their beaux to go home the same night they call, pull a string at the proper hour which reverses a picture, on the back of which appear the words, "Ten o'clock is my bedtime."

This father, who has a daughter given to late hours when a certain youth sits up and helps her keep them, thought he would try this Utica plan, so he wrote in large characters, on the back of a huge portrait of George Washington, this inscription:

"10 O'CLOCK IS SALLIE'S BEDTIME."

Then he arranged the picture so that when he attached a string to the frame, he could reverse it from his bed-chamber. But when Sallie entered the room an hour later, her æsthetic eye was outraged by observing the portrait of George hanging slightly out of plumb, so to speak, and adjusting it, her father's little game was revealed in all its subtle ingenuity.

Sallie was not a Utica girl, however, so she just went to work and neatly effaced the figure "0," leaving the 1 standing solitary and upright—which, you will observe, made a few hours difference in her bedtime. That night, as usual, Sallie received a visit from her young man, whose front name was Henry—and her paternal parent attached his string to G. W.'s portrait, and retired to his downy couch.

About ten o'clock, while Henry and Sallie were deeply absorbed in some knotty problem, with their heads so contiguous that you couldn't insert a piece of tissue paper between them, the Father of his Country suddenly turned his face to the wall, as if he was ashamed to gaze upon such doings. Henry, with a sudden start, glanced at the picture, and saw the handwriting on the wall, as it were, which read, "1 o'clock is Sallie's bedtime."—Then Henry looked at Sallie with an interrogation in his eye, which was partly dispelled by the fair maid murmuring, "It's all right." Henry said of course it was all right—that he had long known one o'clock was her bed time, and he thought it was plenty late enough, too, for a young girl to be out of bed, but what business, he said, had George Washington's portrait to be flopping about that way? Then Sallie explained—and twain resumed work on the problem, Henry putting his arms around Sallie to prevent her falling off the chair.

Meanwhile the old man was listening for the front door to open, and his would-be son-in-law's footsteps pattering over the pavement with the toes of his boots pointing from the house. These sounds not falling upon his ears, and thinking maybe the old thing did not work right, he gave the string another pull, and Geo. W. again faced the audience. Then he listened, but he heard no footstep—nothing but a peculiar sound, something resembling the popping of champagne corks.

Then he grew cross, and gave the string another jerk, causing G. W. to turn about with violent suddenness, just as if he was dreadfully out of humor, too.

And still all was quiet below—except that popping sound.

Then the string was pulled again—and again—and again, indicating that the old fellow was just ready to explode with rage. And for fully fifteen minutes did he have the portrait of the man who would not tell a lie turning excited flip-flaps and things on the wall, like a bewitched gymnast, until he fell asleep exhausted—Sallie's father fell asleep, not the portrait.

Henry kissed Sallie good-night at one o'clock, A. M., remarking, as he did so, that it would seem like a long, long, weary year ere he would see her again—because, you know, he didn't expect to see her again until the evening of that day.

The next morning her father examined that portrait, and when he fully understood the situation he was pained. He shed a silent tear, detached the string, sponged out the inscription, and walked away with the weight of fifty-five years on his shoulders—that being his age. He says that a girl who will go back on her father that way, would just as leaf disgrace her parents by marrying a congressman.

Ice That Never Melts.

A party of gentlemen, while walking around the farm of Major J. T. Webb, near Linden, in Perry county, came upon the mouth of a celebrated cave there and concluded to enter. Procuring lights, they entered the cave, and after proceeding some seventy-five feet, upon turning an angle they beheld to their astonishment the whole interior of the cave festooned with the most beautiful stalagmites the eye of man ever beheld. Holding up their lights they gazed upon the beautiful sight with pleased astonishment, and upon a nearer approach they found the stalagmites to resemble the hardest, clearest ice, as cold as the touch of the ice-king himself. Becoming by this time chilled thro' with the coldness of the place, each of the gentlemen broke off a lump of this strange wonder and started to return. Before reaching the mouth of the cavern their hands were so chilled they could scarcely hold on to the strange substance, and upon reaching the outer air they laid it down upon the ground, thinking it would soon become the temperature of the atmosphere. After resting fifteen minutes, they started for Mr. Webb's residence, each carrying, as best he could, his lump of rock ice.—And finding that it would not melt in the open air, they put it into water, only to find that it covered the glass pitcher with moisture similar to that produced by ice. It was also tried in milk and upon butter, and in each instance was found to supply the place of ice in every particular. Its use is becoming general in the neighborhood.—*Tennessee paper.*

FOR STINGS OF INSECTS.—A good, convenient and very effectual remedy for the stings of wasps, bees, etc., is simply to hold any hollow key over the place stung, and press it hard into the flesh for a minute or so, and when taken off, the poison will be on the surface of the flesh and do no harm.

AN ENAMORED LETTER WRITER:

MARY ZEILLY STEVENS CORRESPONDS WITH HERSELF—ATTEMPTED MURDER.

In that part of Montgomery county known as "The Nose," near the village cheerfully mentioned as Spraker's Basin—and inhabited mostly by the Spraker family—lives a girl named Mary Zeilly Stephens; a girl of tender years and fair to look upon, who has been a school teacher, and, alas! writes poetry. This girl has been troubled for many months by the reception of letters from one Jacie B. Rettenier. The name suggests a handsome pirate; but only on one occasion has Mary been permitted to feast her eyes upon him, and no one in the region of "Spraker's" is known to have seen him at all. The letters have been left at odd and unseasonable hours on the doorstep of the Stevens domicile, sometimes by the handsome pirate himself, and as often by another gentleman who usually signs himself "A Friend." They evidence entire familiarity with the outgoings and incomings of the gentle Mary, and their chief purpose is to make appointments with the girl, which, by the way, she never accepts.—The girl must marry the handsome pirate or die—this is the substance of the documents; she may have two weeks in which to prepare herself for the burial or the altar; the writer is an escaped convict and will never be taken alive; he is on the track of various parties, and some detectives are on his track; his plans are working; his enemies must beware, likewise the amiable and persecuted Mary; he sees her very often, but she does not know him as he is in deep disguise, and so on. These letters naturally alarmed Mary, and she laid her case before Joab Stafford, a well-known detective of Canajoharie.—Joab perused the letters and then compared them with the handwriting of the girl, and the result was his confident belief, which he still retains, that she was "putting up a job," that she wrote the letters to herself, and was her own mail-carrier. Nevertheless he gave her a six-shooter, with which to protect herself, and she carried it home with her. Thus matters stood until a few days since, when Mary encountered the handsome pirate himself. He appeared to her while she was alone in her father's house. He demanded that she should marry him, and she refused. Then he drew a pistol and shot her, the ball lodging in her arm. This is the story that Mary tells, and she has certainly been shot, two competent physicians testifying to the fact, and one of them asserting his confidence that she did not shoot herself. The Stafford six-shooter has been examined, and its barrels were found to be charged, and the pistol on the examination exhibited no evidence of recent use. No other pistol can be found, either; so that if the gentle maiden did shoot herself she was wonderfully expert in removing traces of the fact. The question is, then, is there a handsome pirate, or is the girl the author of a profound sensation? The region of the affair is greatly excited, and reporters from a dozen city journals have visited it already. There ought to be little doubt in the premises, it seems to us. No man sufficiently cracked to write such trash as the letters contain is capable of keeping out of the hands of the authorities. No handsome pirate has been arrested; and therefore Miss Stevens, who is a silly girl according to all the evidence at hand, must be, as Detective Stafford believes, "putting up a job," and a very weak one, too. From a long account of the mystery in the Amsterdam *Recorder* we take this conclusion:

Our mind is made up in the case. The shooting at Stafford's we cannot particularly account for, unless Mary has had an accomplice in the matter. From the researches made by Stafford we are convinced that each and every letter claimed to have been written in this case to Mary Stevens was written by Mary Stevens herself. It is true the original letters in general appearance differ materially from the style of Mary's own and usual handwriting; yet there are sufficient and indisputable characteristics peculiar to her own genuine hand and style running all thro' the different "Rettenier," "St. John," and "A Friend's" letters to stamp the whole batch as the production of Mary Stevens herself. Some of the letters were written upon fly-leaves of books, and in Stevens' house the books are found wherein the letters referred to fit exactly in places where leaves are missing. Three such instances exist. Again, experiment shows that many of the letters are written with ink home-made from maple bark.—This maple bark ink, colored like the letters, is found at Mary's house. Again, one of the letters from "A Friend" was written upon a slip of bill paper, ruled upon one side and blank upon the other. At the house of Mr. Stevens is found bill paper corresponding in all respects with the "Friends" letter paper. Mary Stevens has for years been a constant reader of dime novels and of love and tragedy, as depicted by Cobb and other romance writers. She was passionately fond of such reading. She would rather be alone reading a fairy tale of love and woe than to mingle in society. We believe from such reading she has created an uncontrollable desire for romance, and her mind has been filled with the vagaries of tragedy by way of the avenues of love. Expel them she couldn't if she would. We believe she is not insane, however, but desires a romance.—*Rochester Democrat.*

"INSECTS FIDDLING."—The chirping and singing of the cricket and grasshopper are frequently spoken of; but they do not sing—they fiddle. By rubbing wings and legs together—each in a manner peculiar to the species—these insects produce the sounds which characterize them. Perhaps our best insect instrument performer is the "katydid." Each wing contains a little tamborine, and by the opening and shutting of the wings these are rubbed against each other, and produce the sounds of "kytydid-she-did," which can be heard at a long distance and gives the insect its name. These sounds are supposed to be useful in enabling insects to find their mates; or they may indulge in them for their own gratification, and to add to the general harmony of Nature.

THE two most precious things on this side the grave are reputation and life; but the most contemptible whisper may destroy the one, and the weakest weapon take away the other.

MEN deride the self-conceit of power, but cringe to its injustice.

Rates of Advertising:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines brevier type, will be inserted three times for One Dollar, and twenty five cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year, half-year or quarter.

Obituaries will be inserted at one-half of advertising rates.

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SUCH AS

HANDBILLS,
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Executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY—*An Old Gentleman in his 98th Year Leads a Bride of 32 to the Altar—The Wedding Don't Take Place.*—The Wilmington *Every Evening* of Friday last says: "For some days past there have been rumors that an old gentleman of this city aged nearly 100 was being closely watched by his relatives to prevent him carrying out a design to marry a woman, who, though aware of his age and the bitter opposition of his relatives, was equally determined to have him. Yesterday morning the would be bride and groom eluded the vigilance of relatives and policemen, and took the morning train for Chester, arrived in which city they proceeded directly to its genial Mayor, and at once demanded that he tie the connubial knot. The Mayor, after looking critically at the old gentleman, flatly refused to comply with the wishes of the couple. Shortly after this John O'Byrne, Esq., of this city, and one of our police force arrived, and Mr. O'Byrne informed the Mayor that the old gentleman was a monomaniac on the subject of marriage, having proposed to over 50 ladies. The lawyer and policeman accordingly took the old gentleman under their charge and brought him back to Wilmington, leaving the would-be bride standing on the platform to ruminate on the uncertainty of human affairs." The Chester *News* describes the woman as follows: "The lady who aspired to become the bride of Winter was of good appearance, tall, well-made, and might be about 32 years of age. She appeared anxious and willing to join her fate to the Adam of his race, and the Mayor had to insist against tying the knot." The gentleman was Dell Noblitt.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—The Morristown (Pa.) *Herald*, in announcing the death, by lightning, of Mr. Charles Lyle, of that place, describes how the fluid entered and left the body, and says:

But what is quite wonderful in connection with the matter is the fact that upon the right breast was the print of a leaf found on the floor of the piazza at the dead man's feet. The leaf was from an ailanthus tree in the yard, and with the stem measured about five inches in length. The ribs, veins, and cellular texture of the leaf was perfectly printed upon the skin, the whole having a red appearance. Mr. Lyle died in a sitting posture, upon a chair, and when found his head inclined to one side. As his clothing was not disturbed in the least, it would appear impossible for the leaf to have come in contact with the skin. In comparing the leaf found with the impression on the body the two were exactly alike in size and development. How the impression was made on the skin is the mystery. It may have been the result of a species of photography familiar to scientists, but our readers would no doubt be gratified if somebody would rise to explain.

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.—The old Charleston good livers were given to boasting of their wines, and some of their cellars were stored with the oldest and the best. One of them, the well known J. L., said that he had $75,000 worth of wine in his cellar when his house was burned during the war. He thought himself, and was thought to be, the best judge of wine in the State. At a dinner party where he was a guest it was secretly arranged to bring him into disgrace in the matter of judgment, and the host sent out to a corner grocery, and, for a dollar bought a bottle of wine, and had it put upon the table as a specimen rare and extraordinary. Mr. L. pronounced it the best they had, and said, "I recognize the vintage—it is 1784! There is nothing better than this in America." The shout of laughter that followed assured him that he was sold, and the host explained that he had just procured it 'round the corner.'

"Send for the man," said Mr. L., "and let me see if this is so."

The man soon appeared, and Mr. L. said to him, "I will hold you harmless if you tell me frankly where you got that bottle of wine."

"Well," answered the grocer, "if you will know I bought it from one of your niggers."

ATTENTION has been repeatedly called to the shameless disregard of duty manifested by General Grant, and the persistent manner in which he rushes through the country in search of pleasure and personal engagements. In alluding to this disgraceful subject the New York *Sun* thus speaks, and we earnestly commend its utterance to the thinking men of the nation, without respect to party:

"The example set by the President in absenting himself from duties at the seat of government is having its legitimate effect, and the public business is suffering accordingly. Among the prominent officials now away from Washington, in addition to the President, the "Patriot" names the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of the Interior, the Secretary of the Navy, the Postmaster General, the Assistant Secretary of the State, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, the Second, Third and Fifth Auditors of the Treasury, the Commissioner of Pensions, and the Solicitor General. The Assistant Secretary of the Interior Department is also absent, and the chief clerk of the same department, who is the son of Secretary Delano, has followed the example of the secretary and assistant secretary, and departed for parts unknown. It cannot be expected that when the responsible heads of departments neglect their business the subordinate officials should manifest any special zeal in the performance of their duties. Papers involving important interests have lain week after week on the desks of members of the cabinet awaiting their signatures, and mere routine work is retarded unless its progress is accelerated by pecuniary inducements from persons who may be interested in seeing it carried forward. It is notorious that no large claim, however just, can pass through the departments without paying toll, a natural result of the absence of supervision by responsible officers. No such condition of affairs ever existed in Washington under any previous administration."

A LADY who is remarkable for fitting her lovers is undoubtedly a good man.

WHY is a young girl like a music book? Because she is full of airs.