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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.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 33. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1872. No. 29.

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.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF—
Steam Engine & Thresher.

BY virtue of the power contained in a chattel mortgage from A. B. Gill to Harbert & Raymond, dated the thirty-first day of October, 1871, and duly recorded among the chattel records for Kent county, the undersigned will offer at public sale at Kennedyville, Kent county, Maryland, on

MONDAY, Dec. 2, 1872,

at one o'clock, P. M., for cash, the following property, to wit:

One Archambauld STEAM ENGINE
Of TWELVE HORSE POWER
With BOILER of Fifteen Horse Power.

1 Wood Tabor & Morse 8 Horse Power STEAM ENGINE,

With a capacity of Ten Horse. Both Engines are mounted on wheels to be used for threshing. The Twelve-horse engine has been in use for 5 years, and the other 2 years.

Also, TWO 4½ SEPARATORS,

Russell & Co., makers; one and two years old respectively.

HARBERT & RAYMOND.
J. A. PEARCE, Att'y.
nov9-ts.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

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

Wednesday, December 11th, 1872,

At the "Voshell House," in Chestertown, At Eleven o'clock, A. M.,

The LOT with Improvements thereon,

designated on the plot of said town as Water Lot Number Four (No. 4.)

This lot is most eligibly located on Water street, in Chestertown, adjoining the property of Geo. W. T. Perkins, Esq., and others. It has a front of about 50 feet, and runs back to Chester river about the same distance.

The Improvements ARE A *FRAME DWELLING,*

Two stories and a basement, and a small outbuilding in fair order. It being the same property in which the late Harriett R. Tomlinson had a life estate.

TERMS OF SALE:

The following are the terms of sale prescribed by the Decree: One-fourth of the purchase money to paid cash on the day of sale, or on the final ratification thereof at the option of the Trustee; the residue or balance in three equal instalments of six, twelve and eighteen months from the day of sale, with interest from that day. The purchaser to secure the payment of the instalments by bond with security approved by the Trustee.

RICHARD HYNSON.
Nov. 16, 1872—ts.

New Fall Millinery & Fancy Goods!

MRS. L. J. DAVIS,

HAS just returned from the city with a large assortment of

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY,

Embracing BONNETS, HATS, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, &c., &c., all of which are of the LATEST STYLES, and will be sold at the VERY LOWEST PRICES

My stock of FANCY GOODS cannot be surpassed in this market. VELVETEENS for Coats and Trimmings; also, Dress Trimmings, Dress Buttons, SILK AND VELVET.

The Ladies are invited to call and see my goods before purchasing elsewhere.

Nov. 9, 1872—3t.

New Fall and Winter Millinery!

MRS. S. A. USILTON has just received from the city and is now opening a fine assortment of

MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS,

for the Fall and Winter, embracing Bonnets, Hats, Ribbons, Laces, Flowers, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, and all other goods usually kept in this line. Satisfied of our ability to please, both in the quality and price of our goods, we invite the ladies to call and examine our assortment. nov2-3t.

BURNS & SLOAN

132 Light St. Wharf,

BALTIMORE,

BUILDING

AND HARDWOOD

LUMBER,

SHINGLES,
FENCING,
PALES,

DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, &c.

PETER WEIKEL,

Merchant Tailor,

UNDER CARROLTON HOTEL,
Light Street, *BALTIMORE.*

It will afford us pleasure to have the public call and examine our goods.

Our Staple CLOTHS, DOESKINS and SUITINGS are superior, and our FANCY CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c., are of the latest novelties in design and style.

OUR SYSTEM OF CUTTING is by actual measurement, and the fit of all Garments is guaranteed. Prices moderate. Terms cash.

9826. P. WEIKEL.

German Salts! Potash! Kainit!

By special arrangement with importers we are prepared to offer this

VALUABLE FERTILIZER

to the Peach Growers and Farmers generally of Kent. PRICE $30 PER TON of 2,000 lbs., in Bags, at Wan House in Baltimore.

RASIN & CO.,
sep21-12t. No. 73 South St.

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned, intending to discontinue farming, will offer at public sale, at his residence, near Smithville, on

Monday, December 2d, 1872,

THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY:

4 Head of HORSES,

three of them good brood mares, and two now in foal;

2 TWO-YEARS OLD COLTS,

3 GOOD MILCH COWS,

Lot of Shoats,

ONE CARRIAGE AND HARNESS,
ONE WAGON & HARNESS,
with Hay Rigging and Springs;
Also ONE LIGHT PEACH WAGON,
One Bickford & Hoffman Drill,
Two Corn Shellers, one good Fan Mill,
with a general variety of

Farming Implements.

4,000 lbs. Corn Blades, lot of Hay, also, a lot of

Household & Kitchen Furniture.

☞ Sale positive, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

TERMS:—On all sums of Ten Dollars and over a credit of nine months will be given, on note with approved security; sums under that amount cash. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.

S. F. PEARSON.
U. A. C. GARRETT, Auc'r. n23-ts.

VENDUE.

THE undersigned, as administrator, will offer at public sale in front of the Market House, in Chestertown, on

Saturday, Dec. 7th, 1872

At 2½ o'clock, P. M.,

the following property of the late Sol. Sparks, left over from the sale at his late residence in Queen Anne's:

6 GOOD HORSES,

some of them fast on the road;

One large Black Stallion, "Frank,"

of superior qualities;

1 FARM WAGON, 1 GRAIN FAN,
1 CORN SHELLER,

and some articles of Household Furniture, including one FEATHER BED.

TERMS:—All sums of and under $10 cash, over that amount a credit of six months, on note with security approved by adm'r.

n23-ts. C. H. BAKER, Adm'r.

VENDUE.

THE undersigned, intending to discontinue farming, will offer at PUBLIC SALE, at his farm on Swan Point, on

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 4th, 1872,

THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY:

5 Head of HORSES,

1 COLT, nearly 3 years old,

5 GOOD MILCH COWS,

LOT OF SHOATS,

1 YOKE OF VERY FINE OXEN,

1 Ox-Cart, 1 Horse Cart, Corn Dray, Woods' Reaper & Mower (combined,) One Family Grist Mill, 1 good Double Carriage, 1 Sleigh, 1 large Sled, 1 Barrel Corn Sheller; also, Hand Sheller; 1 Road Scoop, 1 Wheat Rake, Grain Fan, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, and other Farming Utensils.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

TERMS:—All sums of and under $10 cash, over that amount a credit of nine months, on note with approved security. No property to be removed untill the terms are complied with.

☞ In case of rain, the sale will be postponed until first favorable day thereafter.

nov16-ts. WM. P. WEBB.

PUBLIC SALE

THE undersigned, intending to discontinue farming, will offer at public sale at his residence in Piney Neck, near Forktown, on

Monday, December 9th,

HIS ENTIRE STOCK OF

HORSES,

CATTLE, SHEEP,
And HOGS.

Also, FARMING IMPLEMENTS,

Embracing a general variety of articles usually found in this line.

☞ Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

TERMS:—All sums of $10 and under cash; over that amount a credit of six months will be given on note with approved security.

JOHN P. EDES.
S. S USILTON, Auct'r. n16-ts.

FOR RENT,
For the year 1873,
TWO DWELLING HOUSES in Chestertown—one situated on High street and one on Queen street. For terms, &c., apply to
n23-tf. WM. VANNORT.

FOR RENT,
For the year 1873,
ONE STORE HOUSE AND TWO DWELLING HOUSES,
situated in Harmony, Kent county, immediately on the Cross roads. For terms, &c., apply to WM. ARCHIBALD, Harmony. n16-3t*

FOR RENT,
A DWELLING HOUSE
adjoining the Store occupied by Comegys & Bro., at Kennedyville For terms, &c., apply to COMEGYS & BRO., Kennedyville.
nov16-3t.

FOR RENT,
For the year 1873,
ONE DWELLING AND TWO STORE ROOMS,
on High Street, in Chestertown. Apply to
nov16-3t. C. H. BAKER, Att'y.

FOR RENT,
For the year 1873,
THE NEW TWO-STORY DWELLING, with STABLE AND CARRIAGE-HOUSE attached, on the North West side of Queen St., at present occupied by J. W. Duyer. Terms moderate. Apply to
nov16-3t. M. A. BISCOE.

FOR RENT,
For the year 1873,
PART OF THE DWELLING HOUSE on the corner of Princes and Cannon Sts., in Chestertown, known as the "Foundry House."
nov9-3t. C. H. BAKER, Atty.

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

MALLALIEU KERSEYS AND CASSIMERES for sale by
Nov. 2. T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

THE BOYS.

There come the boys! Oh, dear, the noise,
The whole house feels the racket;
Behold the knees of Harry's pants,
And weep o'er Bennie's jacket!

But never mind if eyes keep bright,
And limbs grow straight and limber;
We'd rather lose the tree's whole bark
Than find unsound the timber.

Now hear the tops and marbles roll!
The floors—Oh woe betide them!
And I must watch the banisters,
For I know boys will ride them!

Look well as you descend the stairs,
I often find them haunted
By ghostly toys that make no noise
Just when their noise is wanted.

The very chairs are tied in pairs,
And made to prance and caper;
What swords are whittled out of sticks!
What brave hats made of paper!

The dinner bell peals loud and well,
To tell the milk man's coming;
And then the rush of "steam car trains"
Sets all our ears a humming!

How oft I say, "What shall I do
To keep these children quiet?"
If I could find a good receipt,
I certainly should try it.

But what to do with these wild boys,
And all their din and clatter,
Is really quite a grave affair—
No laughing, trifling matter.

"Boys will be boys"—but not for long;
Ah, could we bear about us
This thought—"how very soon our boys
Will learn to do without us!"

How soon but tall and deep-voiced men
Will gravely call us "Mother;"
Or we be stretching empty hands
From this world to the other.

More gently we should chide the noise,
And when night quells the racket,
Stitch in but loving thoughts and prayers
While mending pants and jackets.

A Pair of Lavender Brides.

Eli Perkins, of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, "is on the wing." He stopped at Homer the other morning for breakfast, and had the good fortune to meet a "quartette bridal party," of which he thus discourses:

This morning at the Syracuse House I breakfasted with a pair of brides and a pair of bridegrooms—a sort of bridal quartette. They were from Cortland, I think, in the country I knew they were just married, from a variety of reasons. First, when they alighted from the omnibus to enter the hotel both young ladies took the arms of the gentlemen, who said, "Dear, let me carry your satchel."

Just behind them came some old married people. I knew they had been married some time, for the men pounced out, starting, luggage in hand, straight for the hotel, leaving their wives with small satchels to follow, single file, behind them.

At breakfast the brides appeared in bridal lavender. Everything was lavender—lavender dresses, lavender hats with lavender strings, and lavender gloves—If ever I get married Mrs. Perkins shall wear (if she pleases) a suit of plain black, and then we can enjoy our honeymoon in peace. The young husbands both wore broadcloth suits and black slouch hats.—Both wore paper collars and cuffs, and one wore a paper shirt bosom. Alas! what a shock such a deception must be to a young and guileless wife! Why, in my opinion, a paper collar is no more indication of a real shirt than a clothes line!

At breakfast these young husbands didn't help themselves first when they sat down at the table, but they turned to the brides in lavender, and said lovingly, "Have a roll, dear?" Then they put some butter on the lavender brides' plate, and they looked up and said, "Thank you, dear," with a smile too happy to describe. When breakfast was over one of the young husbands smiled sweetly, and said:

"Now, darling, can't I smoke just once—you know you said I might."

"Yes, Charley, just once!" and then the two brides stood and looked vacantly out of the windows till their sweethearts came back.

When the old married people sat down there was a different scene. The old fellows scooped in their beefsteak and sausage, never looking up to see how their wives were getting along, and when they got through, they shuffled off into the reading room and loaded up meerschaum pipes with the strongest cavendish. Then they talked politics, expectorating on the stove and around the zinc stove mat without once thinking of their poor wives, who were left to amuse themselves with neighborhood gossip.

A FARMER JOURNEYS SEVENTY-FIVE MILES FROM HOME WHILE ASLEEP.—Wm. Lewis, a farmer near Indianapolis, was missed at home, with valise and clothing, one morning recently, and not until the close of the third day were his whereabouts known. At that time he returned and reported that on the night of his disappearance he had gone to his bed as usual and was soon asleep. He dreamed that he rose, packed his valise, walked to Indianapolis and took eastern-bound cars. His surprise on awakening and finding himself seventy-five miles from home can better be imagined than described. The Indianapolis *Sentinel*, which relates this curious case of somnambulism, says: "How he purchased his ticket without his state being detected by the agent, and how he slumbered serenely through all the din and noise of the Union depot, are among the troublesome things a fellow never can find out."

TEMPERANCE STATISTICS.—An eminent English statistician, wholly unconnected with the temperance movement, has published a series of tables showing that the mortality among temperance men insured in a number of life insurance offices in England during the last five years, was twenty-six per cent. below the averages upon which the tables are calculated, whilst in the "general section," which is open to the public, it was only seven per cent. The general average of pecuniary results for ten years, as shown by the reversionary bonus declared on the premiums, was fifty-three per cent. from the amount of premiums paid in the total abstinence section, and thirty-four in the general; an advantage of nearly one-third in favor of temperance as compared with even moderate drinking.

MARRYING.—He who marries a woman younger than himself forms her character to suit his own; if he marries a woman older than himself, she adapts herself to him; but if he marries a woman of his own age continual warfare is the inevitable result.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

Lively and Amusing Leap Year Story.

It was an actual shame for any good looking man to be as bashful as Charley Warden was. What was the use of being six feet high, with black, wavy hair, and complexion as delicate as a girl's, if he must be struck dumb every time he ran a foul of a French bonnet with a pretty face inside of it? Not that the will was lacking—Charley would have given all he was worth—and a snug little fortune it was, too, to be able to chatter to the girls like young Thompkins, who was red-haired and lived on his wits. For instance, when Miss Laura Tylner softly insinuated, with a glance through her dark eye-lashes, "that she was sure Mr. Warden never would be married, unless some lady reversed the natural order of things, and proposed to him," he hadn't even the presence of mind to tell that this was Leap Year, and he was quite disengaged, but sat blushing and staring at the carpet, thinking what to say, until some miscreant or other carried the cherry cheeked Laura off to polka. And that's the way he generally managed affairs—always thought of plenty smart things he might have said, when the time for saying them was passed.

All these matters was Charley ruminating over as he stood on the marble paved hall of his residence, drawing on a pair of Jouvin's gloves, so as to promenade on Broadway in the height of the fashion, when there came a resonant and peremptory ring at the door-bell, a ring which sounded as though somebody had got hold of the door bell knob and meant to jerk away steadily until the door was opened. Charley obeyed the summons with his gloves half on; he didn't know what might be the consequences of longer delay.

There stood a lady, angular and vixenish looking, with a sharp nose, and thin, screwed up mouth. She held a band box under her arm, and had a settlement of baskets, carpet bags and brown paper parcels ranged on the door step before her. Charley eyed her in silent consternation, actually not knowing what to say. The sharp nosed damsel, however, was suffering under no such embarrassment, for she immediately demanded in a shrill voice:

"Do the Warden folks live here?"

"Yes ma'am," said Charley resignedly.

"Then I guess I'll come in," said the lady shouldering her parcels and pushing past our hero with an independent manner which there was no gainsaying. Mr. Warden felt that it was useless to stem the current of events, so he opened the drawing-room door and invited her in, as courteously as possible under the circumstances.

"Pray take a seat, ma'am."

"Well," said the invader, "I guess I may as well; the sooner our business is got over the better. How many of you are there in the family?"

"She can't be the census taker!" inwardly ejaculated Charlie as he made answer. "My mother and myself; but really, I don't see—"

"Be you a bachelor?"

"Yes said the youth, turning very red, but—"

"Well," said the lady, "I come from Westchester county. My name is Matilda Ann Higgins."

"No doubt," said Charley, politely, "but I really don't see in what all this concerns me!"

"Just wait and see; I heered you wan't married, hadn't nobody to oversee things for you, and your mother was delicate, so I thought I'd come down and see how I'd suit."

A horrible suspicion began to dawn on Mr. Warden's mind—he burst into a cold perspiration.

"Can it be possible," he thought "that this is one of the horrid harpies that Tompkins talks of on leap year, to entrap unsuspecting husbands!"

"I'm real handy, I can tell you," went on the vinegar countenanced damsel, pulling off her cotton gloves. "I can do most anything that was ever heard of—I'm first-rate at the care of gentlemen's linen, and I can make capital coffee!"

"Wretch," thought our hero, whose words were yet vainly struggling for utterance, "Does she think that a man's happiness depends only on this miserable materialism?"

Meanwhile Miss Higgins was chattering on.

* * * * * *

Charles Warden was too indignant to speak—the false curls seemed to grow more red and foxy every instant, and the greenish gray eyes more cannibal like.—Did she intend to pounce upon him and carry him off by force? Was he to be frightened into marrying her in spite of himself? This was the year of woman's rights, was it? Well, he was lucky it didn't come but once in four years.

"Well," what do you say, Mister? You'd better take me. I shan't be in the market long."

Charley tried to gasp out "Never!" but only succeeded in uttering a smothered groan. He was fast becoming powerless under the magnetic glare of those optics.

"But mebbe you don't feel capable to decide yourself, all on a sudden," said the fair Matilda Ann, after a moment's considerate pause. "Whare's your marm? I'll talk it over with her only up where I come from the men folks always like to be consulted, at least fust."

"Consulted? I should think they would!" cried the indignant young gentleman. "Allow me to say, madam, that my mother has nothing whatever to say on the subject. Am I to be sold, bargained for like a farm or a load of wood?"

"Wood?" responded the puzzled lady, to whom Mr. Warden's speech, stifled as it was by wrath, was not perfectly audible. Oh, I don't object to coal fires!"

"I decline to entertain any more of your propositions, ma'am," said Charley, briefly. It is exceedingly embarrassing on my part, and let me say, most unwomanly and unfeminine on yours! Pray, leave the house!

"Hey-day!" cried the wrathful damsel, tossing her head until every false curl quivered responsively. "Pretty talk to use to a nice smart gal that's as least equal to any of your stuck-up tribe; Mr. Hairy Face! So I don't suit, hey?"

"Not at all, ma'am," replied Charley, beginning to be more and more anxious to get the Amazon out of the house. How did he know but she might take a fancy to pull his hair, or scratch his face, or level one of her ponderous bundles at his head! He had heard that a "woman's scorn" was a dangerous article, and seemed to be in a fair way of realizing it.

"Very well—very well," said the lady, giving her bonnet strings a twitch, and tucking the various parcels and bandboxes under her arm; "I ain't obliged to go a begging just yet, that's one consolation. And as for you, my fine young fellow, mebbe you'll feel sorry when you find out who 'twas that sent me. It was your aunt, Miss Colonel Sawyer, up to Yonkers; so, there now."

"I do not know that it makes any difference who sent you, ma'am," said Charley, bowing his fair enemy through the open door, and wondering what his aunt could possibly have meant. She had often laughingly threatened to "pick out a wife" for him, but he never dreamed that she could be in earnest. And such a wife, too! She was thirty-five, if she was a day old!

He breathed more freely when the white satin bonnet and bandboxes had disappeared round the corner.

As he closed the door and entered the hall, his mother came down stairs in a blue cashmere morning wrapper, a delicate little lady who drank chocolate, read novels and was fondly devoted to her son.

"Charley, who was that I heard you talking to?"

"A Miss Matilda Ann Higgins, mamma, so she gave her name, from somewhere up in Westchester."

"Higgins? Then your Aunt Sawyer sent her."

Charley was astonished. Was his mother then, too, in the diabolical plot against his peace?

"Mother, in the name of common sense, who is she?"

"The most capable of head servants—the best of housekeepers. O, she will be such a relief to me!"

"Housekeepers!" ejaculated Charley, with a stare of mute dis may, his cheeks beginning to burn scarlet.

"Why, to be sure—only ten dollars a month. Where is she, pray?"

"She—she concluded she would not stay," stuttered our unfortunate hero, beginning to see what an absurd donkey he had been making of himself, and all through a little bit of misapprehension. Gracious! if Tompkins should get hold of the story.

"Oh, I am so sorry! Such an excellent recommendation as your aunt gave her!" exclaimed Mrs. Warden.

"Never mind, mother," quoth Charley, seizing his hat. "I'll go down to the intelligence office and send you as many as you like. Only, mamma dear, please don't mention this to anybody, will you?"

He kept his word. Seven daughters of Erin, in solid phalanx, came up within a half hour to be catechized for the vacant situation, and nobody ever knew the whole truth about Matilda Ann Higgins until Charley himself told it about three months afterwards to his young wife, formerly Miss Laura Tylner.

Has She a Call to be a Wife.

Has she a call to be a wife who thinks more of her silk dress than her children, and visits her nursery no often than once a day?

Has she a call to be a wife who spends her time in reading the "latest novels," compelling her husband, with depleted purse, to hire a domestic to supply her lack of service?

Has that woman a call to be a wife who cries for a cashmere or camel's hair shawl when her husband's notes are protested?

Has the woman a call to be a wife who expects her husband to swallow diluted coffee, soggy bread, smoky tea, and watery potatoes, six days out of seven?

Has she a call to be a wife who flirts with every man she meets, and reserves the frowns for the home fireside?

Has she a call to be a wife who comes down to breakfast in abominable curl papers, a soiled dressing gown, and shoes down at the heel?

Has she a call to be a wife who bores her husband when he comes in the house with the history of a broken tea-cup, or the possible whereabouts of a missing broom handle?

Has she a call to be a wife whose husband's love weighs naught in the balance with her next door neighbor's damask curtains or velvet carpet?

Has she a call to be a wife who takes a journey for pleasure, leaving her husband to toil in a close office, and "have an eye" when at home to her servants?

Has she a call to be a wife who listens to outside slanders against her husband?

AMERICAN LIFE.—I suppose life was never fuller in certain ways than it is in America. If a civilization is judged by its wants, we are certainly highly civilized. We cannot get land enough, nor clothes enough, nor houses enough, nor food enough. A Bedouin tribe would fare sumptuously on what an American family consumes and wastes. The revenue required for the wardrobe of one woman of fashion would suffice to convert the inhabitants of I know not how many square miles in Africa. It absorbs the income of a province to bring up a babe. We riot in prodigality, we vie with each other in material accumulation and expense. Our thoughts are mainly on how to increase the products of the world and get them into our possession.

I think this gross material tendency is strong in America, and more likely to get the mastery over the spiritual and intellectual here than elsewhere, because of our exhaustless resources.

A MAN will die for want of air in five minutes, for want of sleep in ten days, for want of water in a week, for want of food at varying intervals, depending on constitution, habits of life and the circumstances of the occasion.

AN exchange says at a concert recently at the conclusion of the song, "There's a Good Time Coming," a farmer arose and exclaimed: "Mister, you couldn't fix the date, could you?"

RED table napkins are coming much into use in restaurants, and it is suggested as a reason that it is because people used to mistake the white ones for pocket handkerchiefs and carry them away.

THE lady who did not think it respectable to bring up her children to work, has recently heard from her two sons—one is a bar-keeper on a flat-boat, and the other is second clerk to a lime-kiln.

Henry Ward Beecher on Labor:

POPULAR ERRORS IN THE EDUCATION OF AMERICAN YOUTH.

At Plymouth Church on Sunday evening, the 17th inst., Mr. Beecher preached a sermon that is worthy of being read and studied by every man in the land. If he can learn people to practice the wisdom taught in this discourse there will not be many Americans who have done more good in their day and generation. We copy from the New York *Sun's* report:

Mr. Beecher took his text from Ephesians iv., 28: "Let him that stole, steal no more; but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth."

This is the pattern of a reformed life, said Mr. Beecher. Some people gain their living without earning it. It causes suspicions of sleight of hand "Let him that stole steal no more." It is necessary to have been a thief to steal, but there is a great deal of stealing not done by thieves, and I advise all those who obtain their livelihood in an improper way to earn it in a proper way hereafter.

"BY THE SWEAT OF THY BROW."

Every man should earn his own living. I do not say it is a misfortune to be born rich, but I do say that of one hundred men born with money and one hundred men born without it, the chances to find virtue and happiness are better in the last hundred. He who is born in life to rise early, to work, to earn his living, is the happy man. A man who works is healthier and happier than he who does not, and he is, moreover, debarred from those temptations which spring from the possession of wealth, and those pit-falls which have ruined so many young men. It is not only necessary to earn our own livelihood, but we must rise with the sun in summer and before it in winter, and work with our hands. There is no degradation in labor. It exalts the man. It was not disesteemed in earlier days. Only in Greece and Rome it was despised because the Greeks and Romans owned slaves. The nation to which we owe so much and from which we have learned so much—the Jewish nation—always honored labor. The Jews taught their children some little craft, and they were not drudges. A drudge is a man who labors with his hand and has no mind to control him, no conscience behind it, no manhood.

MR. BEECHER AS AN ACTOR.

If I were a cabinet maker do you suppose I could construct a cradle without singing a lullaby all the time? [Laughter.] Could I saw, plane and rub; saw, plane and rub (imitating the movements of these tools) and not put my heart in the work? If I did I would be a drudge. The builder is a drudge who, every time he drives a nail, wonders where he can get a poorer and cheaper one.

Men tell us that a man's character may be told by his writing. I can tell you the character of the builder and architect of a cold big house. That man would be heartless and bloodless. But go in a nice, warm, cozy house, and you would find out that the man who built it was a social, good man, with a heart and brains too.

A LIE.

Men do not like labor because the worker ranks below the thinker. That's a general feeling. I say I'm just as good as any other man because all men are equal. I beg your pardon, all men are not equal. They are not equal in size, height, girth; not equal in virtue; but all men are civilly equal before the law. When a man says, "I'm just as good as any man," it may be so, and it may not be so. When the universal man says so, it's a lie.

That has been the grand blunder with the Communists and Internationals. They wanted all men equal with unequal means. The most productive part of man is the animal part. A man shears a sheep, and there are five hundred men in the same township who can do the same thing.—Then the wool is sent to the manufactory, but there will not be five hundred men who can weave the fine cloth. The result is that the man who shears gets one dollar a day, while the weaver gets three or four dollars a day. This is the result of brains and education.

TRUE RESPECTABILITY.

In Ohio, when I lived there, I knew eminently educated German gentlemen earning a dollar a day breaking stones on a macadamized road. Measured by avocation they were low; but they were thinkers, ranking higher--they were honorable.

A man who has been a hard worker all his life says to himself: "I have a smart boy. I'll give him a chance I never had. I'll give him a good education. Yes, I'll make a lawyer out of him." [Immoderate laughter.] In the month of June there will be five hundred thousand blossoms on every apple tree. There will be about three hundred apples, and the remainder will drop to the ground. It is the same in all professions. Out of five hundred thousand candidates there will only be three hundred professional men.

THE CURSE OF WEALTH.

The great trouble is that men are more anxious to be rich than to be happy. I never knew a minister who warned his people about being extravagant, who refused to receive a good salary. I never derived wealth, never exhorted you about being economical, for I would just as lief walk into my yard and say to my cows, "Oh, Alderneys, be careful of your milk!"

A man may be rich and yet be a fool. Of one hundred who have wealth, but one knows how to use it. The insane notion that if a man only had wealth he wouldn't want anything else, has been the ruin of many young men Sudden wealth and immense wealth are the dream of many men in cities who have left their farms and work shops to come here. I venture to say that there are 5,000 young men here between twenty and thirty years of age who have nothing to do.

NEW YORK IS FULL OF THEM.

I do not wish to be disrespectful, but ask one of them if he can do a day's work. He will answer, No. Are you good on shipboard? No, I've never been to sea. Can you make a chair? No. Are you a blacksmith? No. Are you a carpenter? No. Is there anything on God's earth that you can do? No, not a thing?—[Laughter.] Now think, what can you do? Well, I am a good bookkeeper.—[Laughter.] They can do nothing and can get nothing to do. Not alone is this the case in New York, but in all the large cities of the Union.

WHAT THEY LAUGHED AT.

Thousands of young men would starve to death on a hundred acres of land because they couldn't raise corn. They would be houseless and homeless in a lumberyard—barefooted with all the leather in the Swamp at their command. They have abandoned work and want something nice and easy. I think that the respectable German in his six by nine attic, pegging away at his last, is much more respectable than the young man who has left his father's farm before he learned to work. You ought to go to my house and see the number of applications that are made to me daily. Why, people must think that I own Central Park, and Prospect Park, and the Postoffice, and the Custom House, and the Navy Yard.—[Laughter.] They won't believe that I have no influence in Washington. [Laughter.] But I never turn them away. I sympathize with them and assist them when I can. I never say, "Young man, go West." [Loud laughter.] I try to encourage them.

A WORD TO THE RICH.

Mr. Beecher next addressed himself to the wealthy members of his congregation and said: Even if you are worth a million to-day, your son may be forced to beg his bread because he can't work. Your daughters cannot be chambermaids, or cooks, or washerwomen—what's to become of them? [Laughter.] In one thing I would have you Judaized. There is an old and true Jewish proverb which says, "He who brings up his child without a trade, brings him up to steal." The papers tell of people going to seek their fortunes in America. It should be, work for their fortunes. Tell your children to work. They say it will kill them. Shall they live? No.—[Laughter.] Shall they commit suicide? No. What then? Simply this: Eat the bread you earn, or don't eat.

Mr. Beecher closed with a touching peroration, in which, speaking of the rising generation, he said: "Let them be men who earn their living by the sweat of their brow, and who can hold up their big, hard hands and say they never took a penny they did not earn."

THE GIRL FOR ME.

Just fair enough to be pretty,
Just gentle enough to be sweet,
Just saucy enough to be witty,
Just dainty enough to be neat.

Just tall enough to be graceful,
Just slight enough for a fay,
Just dressy enough to be tasteful,
Just merry enough to be gay.

Just tears enough to be tender,
Just sighs enough to be sad,
Tones soft enough to remember,
Your heart thro' their cadence made glad.

Just meek enough for submission,
Just bold enough to be brave,
Just pride enough for ambition,
Just thoughtful enough to be grave.

A tongue that can talk without harming,
Just mischief enough to tease,
Manners pleasant enough to be charming,
That put you at once at your ease.

Disdain to put down presumption,
Sarcasm to answer a fool,
Contempt enough shown to assumption,
Proper dignity always the rule.

Flights of fair fancy ethereal,
Devotion to science full paid,
Stuff of the sort of material,
That really good housewives are made.

Generous enough to be kind-hearted,
Pure as the angels above—
Oh! from her may I never be parted,
For such is the maiden I love.

THE BREVITY OF LIFE.

To the young it does not seem short; it seems very long. To the boy of fourteen the man of forty seems a long way off, and he of sixty removed by an age almost illimitable. But as time passes on, the aspect of life changes. The man of forty thinks forty not nearly ss old as he thought it when he was fourteen; fifty appears to him but the prime of life; sixty far from aged. When, at length, increasing years admonish him that his life-work is ended, and that he can enter on no new undertakings, and he looks back to reflect upon what he has accomplished, he wonders to see it so little, and is amazed to find the road so short in travelling, which appeared so long in prospect. He then understands as he never did before the meaning of scripture similie. "Yes," he says to himself, "it is indeed true. Life is as a tale that is told, and as a dream when one awaketh."

A moment's careful reflection will suffice, however, to convince the thoughtful that the old man's estimate is right, and the young man's wrong. The time is short, very short, in which to achieve anything for God, for humanity or for ourselves.

The average length of human life is stated to be thirty-three years. This average, however, includes an estimate of all those who die in infancy. The statement of the average life of a healthy man may be enlarged somewhat. But it is perfectly safe to say that it is not over fifty years. Some live on to three-score years, or even to three-score and ten, but more never reach the half century.

Of this fifty years the first twenty are taken in learning how to live. Something the young can accomplish; but youth is the time for receiving, not imparting; for preparing to achieve, not for achievement. Thirty years may be fairly accepted as the average limit of the working life. But no man works the full twenty-four hours. Rest, recreation, food, sleep, Sabbath, and the enforced idleness which occasional illness compels, reduce the period two-thirds. Eight hours a day are as many as the brain or muscle can ordinarily stand. Some work more, but few to the best advantage. Year in and year out eight hours may be taken to represent the working day. The working life, then, is not thirty years; it is but ten.

And of these ten years how much is necessarily absorbed by the drudgery of toil, by the gathering of grain that dies in harvesting, and is never garnered into store-houses? How much in getting clothing to be put on and worn out, in getting food to be consumed in use, in building houses to crumble and fall into decay almost as soon as their owners? How much, too, of this time is lost in plans that come to naught?

When we have taken from our lives what time is necessary for preparation, what is required for rest and recreation, and what is absorbed in failure and in transient success, the fragment that is left is very small; two, three, or five years at the most.

A PROSPEROUS merchant has for his motto: "Early to bed, early to rise; never get tight, and advertise."

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

A PARENTAL PROTEST.

Messrs. Editors:—Will you allow an exasperated parent to put upon record in your columns his protest against the entire school system of the present day.—It is a humbug, a fraud, an imposition, and ought at once to be reformed and made to conform in some measure to what it professes to be.

In common wit thousands of other parents who desire that their children shall at least keep up with the average boy and girl, I find myself obliged to spend my evenings in teaching school, doing what I pay others to do during the day time, and in order that my youngsters may be able to go and recite at school, spending my leisure hours, and their sleepy ones, in trying to fix in their poor little weary brains the names of almost unknown rivers in some out-of-the-way portion of the globe, or in trying to explain the important and eminently practical fact that 437 1-7 dollars is 2-6 of 9 times what A paid for his horse, and the horse cost ⅔ of ⅞ of ⅜ as much as his carriage, something no doubt that every child ought to know, provided his parents teach it to him.

Dr. Johnson says a school is "a house of discipline and instruction," "a place of literary education," &c., &c., and that a scholar is "one who learns of a master." He also says a schoolmaster is "one who *teaches* in a school." Now, so far as my experience goes, the modern schoolmaster or mistress does none of these things, but merely listens to the recitation of lessons taught by parents at home. I have no hesitation in saying that the whole system of modern teaching, text-books, maps, and everything else connected with it, is vastly below and behind what was in vogue thirty years since, and that instead of making for us a race of well-educated men and women, it is making candidates for the insane asylum, and piling up a heap of misery in many forms.

I am perfectly willing that teachers shall be well paid, if they will only *teach*. I am opposed to parents being compelled to teach their own children and at the same time pay some one else to do it.

As a boy I was well flogged at school, and the memory of the rattan is pleasant as bringing back a time when boys were boys and teachers were teachers. Now we do not flog the boys, and very properly, for those who deserve the flogging are first the teachers, and perhaps, if a parent were made to suffer now and then, it would do him good. NINE, P. M.

P. S.—My wife says "flog the teachers by all means, or at least ⅜ of ⅞ of 269-784 of 1,989 of 2,000 of them."

JOHN BUNYAN.—About two hundred years ago John Bunyan, author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," was imprisoned in Bedford jail, England. At and about that time it was the custom of religious sectaries to treat a difference of opinion in regard to the gospel of charity and toleration as an offense to be punished with imprisonment or death. In the jail of Bedford, near which place he was born, Bunyan passed twelve years. It was