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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, DECEMBER 14, 1872. No. 31.

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 correspondences solicited from all parts of the county.

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

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

THURSDAY, Dec. 19th, 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.
dec7-ts. J. A. PEARCE, Att'y.

AN IMPORTANT SALE!

ON ACCOUNT of the condition of my health and the advice of my physician, I have concluded to DISCONTINUE THE MERCANTILE BUSINESS for a more active life.

My many warm friends in Kent county will accept my hearty thanks for their many kind acts, and the patronage and confidence so liberally manifested toward me for the last fourteen years.

☞ We will Commence To-day
TO SELL OFF THE ENTIRE STOCK
AT COST.

We have some very desirable goods in every line of our business, and persons in want should not fail to call immediately and procure

BARGAINS IN REALITY.

☞ To any person who would like to engage in the trade, we offer him the best Store Room and Fixtures in Chestertown. Our stock of goods will speak for itself—a well selected, clean and nice stock—will be sold on easy terms. Respectfully,

WM. A. VICKERS.
Chestertown, Nov. 9, 1872.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

JOHN W. CARROLL,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that he has taken the Store Room formerly occupied by Mr. A. M. Russell, and intends to keep a

First Class Grocery
AND
PROVISION STORE.

Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Flour, Bacon, Lard, Butter, Salt Fish, Molasses, Vinegar, Soaps, Buckets, Brooms, Coal Oil,
TOBACCO, SEGARS and SNUFF,
VEGETABLES of all kinds.

Also, NOTIONS of various kinds. Candies, Nuts, and other articles too numerous to mention, all of which will be sold low for cash.

☞ All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods, or at cash prices.

Store opposite M. E. Church, Chestertown.
nov16-y J. W. CARROLL.

MALLALIEU'S GOODS.

WE have just received a large Stock of these well known GOODS.

3-4 and 6-4 Kerseys, Flannels and CASSIMERES,

some of them unusually heavy, and are offering them at prices far less than were foreshadowed by the ruling rates of Wool during the early Summer. They are by far the most desirable Goods to be found in this market when their durability is taken into account.

T. S. WICKES.
Chestertown, Nov. 2, 1872—tf.

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.
oc26. P. WEIKEL.

WINDOW GLASS, Cut to fit on Sash
Nov. 23. C. F. STAM & BRO.

A LARGE SALE!

THE undersigned intending to discontinue farming, will offer at PUBLIC SALE at his residence on Churn Creek, on

Thursday, December 19, 1872,
THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY:

9 Head of HORSES,

Several FINE DRIVERS, and several BROOD MARES, four now in foal;

One Pair of Good Mules,

2 TWO-YEAR OLD COLTS,
2 ONE-YEAR OLD COLTS,
1 LAST SPRING'S COLT,
2 FALL COLTS,
1 FINE STALLION, five years old, White Hall Stock;

6 GOOD MILCH COWS
15 Head Young Cattle,
Among them some Fine Young Steers.

1 YOKE of GOOD WORK OXEN,
1 Large Carriage and Harness,
1 small Carriage and Harness,
1 Wagon and Harness, 2 Ox-Carts,
1 Large Dearborn, 1 Corn Dray,
1 Sleigh and Bells, 1 Cider Press,
1 Woods' Reaper, in good order,
1 Spring Tooth Wheat Rake,
1 Wheat Drill, 1 Corn Sheller and Fan,
Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, &c.; a lot of Bridles, Collars, Gears, Hoes, Forks, &c.;
About 4000 bdls. Good Corn Blades
About 75 bus. good Turnips,
A lot of Meat,

Household & Kitchen Furniture,

1 large Cook Stove and Fixtures; three Air-tight Stoves, 1 Coal Stove and drum; one "Challenge" Washing Machine and Wringer; 1 Howe Sewing Machine, in good order; 5 Bedsteads, Bureaus, Tables, Chairs, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Straw Matting and many other articles too numerous to mention.

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

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

☞ If very stormy the sale will take place on the first fair day.

PHILIP O. HUTCHINS.
JOHN W. CARROLL, Auct'r. dec7-ts

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned, intending to discontinue the Wheelwright business, will offer at public sale, at Kennedyville, on

THURSDAY, 19th December, 1872,

My Entire Stock, consisting of

HICKORY, OAK and POPLAR,

And a lot of SPRUNG STUFF;

THREE SLEIGHS.

One Pair of new heavy Cart Wheels, and a lot of good Wheelwright Tools;

ONE GOOD BUGGY, nearly new,
1 NEW FARM WAGON, &c.

☞ 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.

TILGHMAN SHAFER.
Nov. 30, 1872—ts.

VENDUE.

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

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 18th, 1872

THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY:

7 Head of HORSES,

SOME GOOD BROOD MARES.

These horses have all had the Epizootic, and are now well, and in good condition.

FOUR COLTS,

one, two and three years old, sired by Black Hawk and White Mountain.

1 MULE, five years old;
TWO PAIR OF EXCELLENT OXEN,
One pair fat enough for Beef.

7 GOOD MILCH COWS,
And EIGHT YOUNG CATTLE,
About 2,000 pounds of PORK,
1 No. 2 Champion Reaper and Mower combined, in good order; 1 Carriage and Harness; 1 Sleigh;
1 three-spring Dearborn and Harness;
1 Farm Wagon and Harness;
2 Ox-Carts, 1 Dray, 1 Grain Fan, 1 Corn Sheller, 1 Orchard Plow, 1 four-horse Harrow; also, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Plow Gears and Double Trees, Hoes, Shovels, Forks, &c.; 1 Farm Bell, 1 Corn Crusher, 3,000 lbs. Corn Blades, 1 large Cook Stove, nearly new, and 1 large Parlor Stove, in good order.

Household & Kitchen Furniture.

Sale positive, if stormy will be under cover.

☞ Sale to commence 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

GEORGE BELL.
U. A. C. GARRETT, Auct'r d7-ts.

TAX COLLECTOR'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of authority vested in me by the Commissioners of Kent county, I hereby give notice, that on

WEDNESDAY, December 18th, 1872,

at Galena, at 11½ o'clock, A. M., I will sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, the following property, viz:

THE CORN CROP

on the farm now occupied by Cornelius Bowlsby, levied on as the property of Thos. G. Jarman, to pay taxes due for the years 1871 and 1872, with interest and cost due thereon.

J. W. JARMAN, Collector.
Dec. 7, 1872—ts. [2.50]

$50 REWARD.

ESCAPED from Kent County Jail on Thursday, the 22d inst., a Negro Man named JAMES H. RILEY, from 25 to 30 years of age; about five feet eight inches in height; had on a suit of grey kersey; complexion black; two large teeth in front. The above reward will be paid for the arrest and delivery of said Riley at the Kent county Jail.

A. B. WHEATLEY, Sheriff.
nov23

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

I'LL KNOW THEE THERE.

G. D. PRENTICE said: No living poem can surpass in beauty the following lines, from the muse of Amelia.

Pale star, that with thy soft, sad light
Came out upon my bridal eve,
I have a song to sing to-night,
Before thou takest thy mounful leave.
Since then so softly time has stirr'd
That months have almost seemed like hours,
And I am like a little bird
That slept too long among the flowers,
And waking sits with wasted wing,
Soft singing 'mid the shades of even;
But oh, with sadder heart I sing—
I sing of one who dwells in Heaven.

The winds are soft, the clouds are few,
And tenderest thought my heart beguiles;
As floating up through mist and dew
The pale young moon comes out and smiles.
And to the green resounding shore,
In silvery troops the ripples crowd,
Till all the ocean, dimpled o'er,
Lifts up its voice and laughs aloud;
And star on star, all soft and calm,
Floats up yon arch serenely blue;
And lost to earth and steeped in balm,
My spirits float in ether too.

Loved one! though lost to human sight,
I feel thy spirit lingering near,
And softly as I feel the light
That trembles through the atmosphere,
As in some temple's holy shades,
Though mute the hymn and hush'd the prayer,
A solemn awe the soul pervades,
Which tells that worship has been there;
A breath of incense, left alone,
Where many a censer swung around,
Which thrill the wanderer like to one
Who treads on consecrated ground.

I know thy soul from worlds of bliss
Yet stoops awhile to dwell with me,
Hath caught the prayer I breathed in this
That I at last might dwell with thee:
I hear a murmur from the seas,
That thrills me like the spirit's sighs;
I hear a voice on every breeze,
That makes to mine its low replies—
A voice all low and sweet like thine;
It gives an answer to my prayer,
And brings my soul from Heaven a sign
That I will know and meet thee there.

I'll know thee there by that sweet face,
Round which a tender halo plays;
Still touched with that expressive grace
That made thee lovely all thy days;
By that sweet smile that o'er it shed
A beauty like the light of even,
Whose soft expression never fled
Even when its soul had flown to heaven;
I'll know thee by the starry crown
That glitters in thy raven hair:
Oh! by these blessed signs alone
I'll know thee there, I'll know thee there.

For ah! thine eye, within whose sphere
The sweetest of youth and beauty met,
That swam in love and softness here,
Must swim in love and softness yet.
For ah! its dark and liquid beams,
Though saddened by a thousand sighs,
Were holier than the light that streams
Down from the gates of Paradise—
Were bright and radiant like the morn,
Yet soft and dewy as the eve,
Too sad for eyes where smiles are born,
Too young for eyes that learn to grieve.

I wonder if this cool, sweet breeze
Hath touched thy lips and found thy brow,
For all my spirit hears and sees
Recalls thee to my memory now;
For every hour we breathe apart
Will but increase, if that can be,
The love that fills this lonely heart
Already filled as full of thee.
Yet many a tear these eyes must weep,
And many a sin must be forgiven,
Ere these pale lids shall sink to sleep—
And you and I shall meet in Heaven.

THE LADY'S SPOILED TEMPER.

Dr. Ayscough one day, according to the rules of his office as assistant librarian in the British Museum, London, attended through that grand magazine of curiosities a party of ladies and a gentleman; all of whom, except one lady, were disposed to be highly pleased with what they saw; and really would have been so, if this capricious fair one had not continually damped their gratification with such exclamations as these:

"Oh, trumpery! come along! I see nothing worth looking at."

This lady being the handsomest of the group, Mr. Ayscough (who though an old bachelor, was a great admirer of beauty) at first fixed upon her as his temporary favorite, but soon had reason to transfer his particular attentions to another less handsome, but more amiable. On her continuing a similar strain of exclamation, uttered with correspondent looks and demeanor, he said:

"My sweet young lady, what pains you kindly take to prevent that fine face of yours from killing half the beaux in London," and then directed his conversation, explanatory of the different objects before them, to the rest of the party.

So much influence, however, had she over her companions, that, beaten as the sound was to the doctor, she caused him to finish it considerably sooner than was either pleasant to his mind or convenient to the state or ponderosity of his body

While in the last room, just before his parting bow, addressing himself to her, with that suavity of manner which was so peculiar to him he smilingly said:

"Why, what a cross little puss you are! Nothing pleases you. Here are curious and valuable things, brought at a vast expense from all parts of the world, and you think, with these airs, that that pretty face will ever get you a husband? Not if he knows you half an hour first. Almost every day of my life, and especially when attending the ladies through these rooms, I regret being an old bachelor; for I see many charming, good-tempered women, that I reproach myself for not trying to persuade one of them to bless me with her company But I can't fall in love with you, and I'll honestly tell you I shall pity the man that does; for I am sure you will plague him out of his life."

During this singular valedictory speech (delivered with such pleasantry that even the reproved could not take offence at it), the gentleman who was of the party looked now at the speaker and then at the lady, with considerable emotion, but said nothing; while she called up no small portion of lightning into a fine dark pair of eyes, and some transient flashes of it into her cheeks; and then, with her friends (who affably wished their candid *ciceroni* a good morning), withdrew.

Somewhat more than a year afterwards, on going the same round again, the Doctor was particularly pleased with one lady of the party; and that one being the prettiest, he contrived, according to his wonted custom, soon to get near her. Respectfully inquisitive concerning every object which time allowed her to notice, she asked a number of questions; and, most willingly he taught his fair one all he knew, while, in the most engaging manner, she drew the attention of her friends to many curiosities which they would otherwise have passed by unobserved.

In short, as Bishop Rundle says, she "being disposed to be pleased with everything, everything conspired to please her." Nor was less pleased her worthy and benevolent guide; who, while she was contemplating the rare beauties of nature the doctor was contemplating not only the charms of her person, but also those of her mind. At length "the wonder ended," he was about to make his best bow, when the fascinating fair one, with an arch smile (looking at him rather askew in his face), asked him whether she remembered her or not?

"No, ma'am," said he; "but I shall not easily forget you."

Then, linking her arm in that of a gentleman who was of the party, she asked in the same engaging manner, if he remembered him? To which he replied, that he thought he did; but the gentleman looked better than when he saw him before.

"Well, sir," said she, "don't you recollect once, in this very room, giving a lady, who was pleased with nothing and displeased with everything, a smart lecture for her caprice and ill temper?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do."

"Well, sir, I am that lady; or I should say, I was; for you have been the means, in the hands of Divine Providence, of making me a totally different being to what I then was, and I am now come to thank you for it. Your half-in-jest and half-in-earnest mode of reproof caused me to know myself; and was of far more use than all that had been done before in correcting a spoiled temper. After we had left you," continued she, "I said to myself if I appear thus unamiable to a stranger, how must I appear to my friends, especially to those who are destined to live constantly with me? You asked me, sir, if I expected ever to get a husband: I then had one—this gentleman—who was present at your just reproof, and I dare say he will join with me in thanking you for giving it so successfully.

The husband then cordially repeated his acknowledgments to him, for having been instrumental in contributing so largely to their mutual felicity, "a felicity," said he, "which (should anything lead you into my neighborhood) you will gratify exceedingly both myself and my wife if you will call and witness."

Then, leaving his address, and he and his lady shaking Dr. Ayscough by the hand, they departed.

Here, surely, was a heroic triumph over temper; and, as the wise king observes, "greater" does this sensible and candid woman seem, "in ruling her spirit, than he that taketh a city by storm."

A Miraculous Escape.

One of the most wonderful escapes from sudden and seemingly inevitable death of which we have ever heard is referred to in a recent issue of the New York *Times*. It occurred on the Hudson river railway, one night last week, and the person was one James Carter, of Hughsonville, New York, who was walking up the road on the down track at night, about a mile south of the New Hamburg station. On his back he carried a trunk. Suddenly a train hove in sight, thundering down the track on which Carter was walking, an extra freight train, and moving very fast To see the red glare and the crashing advance of the engine was the work of one moment; in the next Carter had leaped for safety upon the other track, the Pacific express came rushing upon it at his back, running at forty miles an hour.—The engineer saw Carter, shut off steam and whistled "down brakes." But it was too late. The speed of the locomotive was hardly slackened when it struck the poor fellow, and he and his trunk were flung twenty feet into the air.

When he fell he was on the fore part of the engine, his clothes catching in what is called the draw bar, his body not striking any part of the locomotive at all—When discovered he was lying across the iron bar of the "cowcatcher," with his head down and his feet up—the train dashing furiously on. Carter continuing to hang in his perilous position until the train reached New Hamburg. He had been seen by the firemen in the meantime, and one of them had crawled down the engine and seized his clothes, clasping with the other arm the flagstaff. At New Hamburg the train stopped and he was taken off. He was insensible but soon revived with simple remedies, and was found to be absolutely unhurt. There was not even a scratch or abrasion of the skin.

A Cranberry Fortune.

A merchant of Chicago was induced by two friends to invest with them in a land speculation at some distance off—the purchase was made, and the parties divided the land into three parts, keeping the two best locations, as they supposed, for themselves, and appropriating the other third to the absent partner; for some years he continued to pay taxes for it, without ever having seen it; but finally becoming ruined in trade, he bethought himself to visit his distant property, when, to add to his troubles, he found that his *friends* had palmed upon him an apparently worthless swamp. The New York *Independent* thus tells the balance of the story:

"Sighing just a little at the duplicity of his friends, he wandered over the swamp he almost disdained to call his own, and splashed through its mud and and water in desperate hopelessness. Poverty and want stared him in the face, when lo! something else stared him in the face too. He found something upon his land What was it? It was not California gold nor South Africa diamonds; neither was it oil, iron or coal It was wild cranberries. "Presto, change!" Now mark the result. That land is worth $800 per acre, and he is worth half a million dollars He was a shrewd man, with an eye to business; and he saw at once a fortune in those cranberries, and went to work to realize it by cultivation and systematic labor, and he has a regularly trained brigade of children and hands to pick and prepare the cranberries for market, for which he realizes as high as $24 per barrel, while the men who intended to play a joke on him now mourn over their own unvaluable land and sigh for the fortune their joking lost them."

In the next Iowa Legislature there will be a Lyon, a Bullock, two Foxes, and three Ducks. The Iowa Legislature would be a good place to go a hunting.

A TRACT of 130 acres of land, in Caroline county, was sold in Denton last week for four dollars and twenty-three cents per acre.

THE TABLES TURNED;
—OR—
Aunt Polly's Adventure with a Burglar.

O, my! didn't the wind blow? When I went around the house that night, locking doors and windows before going to bed, there was just a breath of breeze sighing about—nothing more; but by the time I had fairly plumped upon the pillow the gale was going it like mad. When I first came to the Western country I used to be surprised at the quick, unceremonious way storms had of coming upon people—half the time, it seemed to me, out of a clear, innocent-looking sky.

In my old home I prided myself upon reading the signs of the sky; but here, goodness me, when I thought it would snow, it was sure to rain, and when I could have taken a solemn oath that the clouds were going to pour, why, whisk they'd go, and the sun would shine out as though it was in high glee at having fooled me. So I gave up being a weather prophet, and took it just as it came.

That night everything out of doors seemed to be in commotion. The loose shingles on the house clattered up and down, the windows shook, the blinds rattled, and half the time it seemed to me that the bed on which I lay would be blown through the side of the house. I know I'm a foolish old woman, but at the mere thought I couldn't help setting my ruffled nightcap straight, and smooth back my hair, because if I should go, why there was Deacon Albee's house opposite, and—but Lord bless me, what am I saying?

Well, naturally, I was lonesome enough without child or chick to speak to, but I did very well until somehow I got it into my head that burglars always chose just such nights to do their mischief in. After that I started at every sound and as there were thumps and clatters on all sides, and in every direction, it isn't to be supposed that I got much rest.

I didn't stop to reason that there was very little in my poor little house to tempt evil doers. I knew I had forty dollars and eighty cents laid away in my poor departed Jason's old wooden chest, and I felt that to lose that would be a terrible thing to me.

The house was a cottage, with a hall running the length of its two rooms—an "L" being built beyond. My room was at the back, opening into the hall, and the front room adjoining. So my eyes went first from one door to the other, lingering, I must say, with more dread upon the one leading into the hall.

"If I should be robbed of that forty dollars and eighty cents"—said I to myself. Just then a blind went whack, and springing up in bed I began to say the prayer my mother taught me—"Now I lay me down to sleep,"—though I'm sure it looked a great deal more as though I was sitting up to sleep rather than laying down.

"What an old fool you are, Polly Quimby!" I began to say aloud, trying to get up my courage by the sound of my own voice.

At that moment I was sure I heard a step in the little hall, and before I had time to move from my place the door swung back, and there he stood, the very object that I had been dreading, Mr. Burglar himself.

"Good evening, ma'am," he said, in such a polite way that I found myself in the motion of bowing back, and saying good evening, too.

He was a middle-aged man, with moustache and whiskers, and he had the brightest eyes that I ever saw in a person's head. The hair on his temples was quite gray. All in all, he looked like a respectable Christian gentleman, and not a midnight thief.

"Quite a windy evening, ma'am," he went on, as he stepped into the room.—"You must be lonely by yourself."

Somehow this touched my temper. I forgot who was speaking, and answered back as tart as could be.

"I prefer to choose my company, sir?"

He laughed, and shrugged up his shoulders.

"You do, indeed! So do I. In this case I have my preference—not you.

Then he sat down leisurely in my rocking chair, and stretched out his feet, as though he intended to stop awhile.

"Will you be so kind, sir, as to go about your business? What do you think of yourself, sir, to be intruding upon the privacy of my room at this hour of the night, sir?"

He leaned his head back upon my bright worsted tidy, and laughed fit to kill himself.

"No harm is intended to you my charming woman," he said. "I swear it—no harm is intended you!"

And saying this, he laughed loud and longer than ever.

"Do you come into my house to make game of me before my very eyes?" I asked, my temper very much stirred up. "If you were a gentleman, sir—"

This was too much for him.

"A gentleman? Oh, aw—that's too good! If I professed to be a gentleman, you'd stand a good chance of getting your throat cut without so much as 'by your leave, ma'am, to begin with! A gentleman? With all my faults, thank heaven, that is not among them!"

"You need'nt have gone on that way to prove it," I said tartly.

"Well, you are a sharp old damsel, arn't you?" turning his big eyes upon me, and twisting up his mouth in a comical way, which I shall never forget. "I swear you'd be pretty good-looking if you did'nt wear such a wide ruffle on your nightcap. Jolly, isn't it a lunker! big enough for a grave-yard fence!"

"Sir!" I said, looking very savage.

"Ma'am!" he answered, imitating my voice and tone to perfection.

"Oh, if I were only out of this bed!" I began.

"And pray, madame, what is there to hinder you from getting out, I'd like to know?"

"Do you intend to insult me, you good-for-nothing creature? Oh, if the wind only would blow you away."

"If one goes the other is sure to go also," he said stolidly.

"If brother Joe would only waken," I said.

He cocked his eye knowingly.

"You want to make me believe that he is in the house somewhere, eh? My dear madame, you are as transparent as air. Had he been under this roof, you would have screamed blue murder long before this time."

"Oh, you varmint!" I groaned, in pure agony of spirit. "What do you want?"

"Well, ma'am, since that is a fair, honest question, I will attempt to answer it. To begin, my financial affairs are in a complicated condition. Money I have but little of—credit, none; I am forced to levy a trifling tax upon my friends in this and other neighborhoods, to extricate me from my disastrous condition. As soon as I collect a certain amount I intend leaving for France or Italy, never, perhaps, to return. Do not shed tears at this, dear madame, for wherever my footsteps tend, your image, ruffled night-cap and all—will remain forever imprinted upon my heart."

"You old goose!"

"Please do not interrupt me, madam! I have but a few moments longer to stay, and I must be to business at once. I have learned that you have deposited in a trunk in an adjoining closet forty dollars and eighty cents. The forty dollars I would like to borrow of you for an indefinite length of time. The eighty cents I do not care anything about. You can retain that, as a trifling evidence of my generosity in this great emergency of my life."

"You are a robber, a thief, then?" I said spitefully.

"Either, at your service, madam," rising and making a bow for all the world like a French-dancing master. "Now, the money, if you please."

He wasn't joking now. There was a determined look in his eyes and about his mouth.

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," he said, speaking just like a preacher.

"And he that steals from the poor, what of him?"

"My Bible does not dispose of his case especially, madame."

"And you came here to rob me—me, a poor woman?"

"I came to borrow of you for an uncertain length of time."

I saw it was useless to waste words with him; besides, I didn't altogether like the look in his eyes. I closed my lips tightly together, resolving that I would not speak again.

"If you have no objection, ma'am, I'll look around a bit," he said, taking up the lamp as he spoke. "If I hear any noise from you, my dear, or if I see in any way that you are becoming nervous, I shall be obliged to quiet you by the use of——"

He held up a small vial.

"Chloroform!" I gasped.

"At your service, madame."

"It would be the death of me," I moaned.

"I should be sorry to bring such a loss to the world, but, believe me, all that rests in your own hands. This door leads into the closet where the trunk is, I believe," he said, making straight for the closet where my forty dollars were put away for safe keeping.

I didn't say a word. To tell the truth, the chloroform had scared me nearly out of my wits He turned the key in the door (I had always kept it locked), and the trunk was at the further end of it.—Let me say here that this closet or store room was in the "L" part of the house, fully a foot lower than my room. Mr. Burglar was not acquainted with the fact. Glancing toward me with his sharp eyes, to see if I was quiet, he took a step forward and went sprawling on all fours. I don't know to this day how he managed to save the lamp as he did, but it was not broken in the fall, and burned as brightly as ever. My wits came to me here. I sprang as lightly as a cat out of bed, and before he could get upon his feet I had the door of the closet locked upon him.—He grew lamb-like in a moment.

"You've done it now, havn't you, my charming creature? I swear I'm in love with you from this hour to the end of time. You've got me tight and fast.—What is the use of money now? I'll take the eighty cents and you may have the forty dollars, if you will let me out."

"No, sir; I am going to call the neighbors," I said resolutely.

"Going with that night-cap on? You'll make your fortune. But don't hurry, that's a dear Let's have a little friendly talk. Say, I'll give you a hundred dollars if you'll let me out."

"Yes, and leave you free to scare some other woman nearly to death—no, sir!"

"Well, then, I'll give you two hundred."

"No, sir."

"Name your price, then, dear girl. I suppose every woman has her price—they say every woman has."

"No; it wouldn't be right," I said, hesitatingly.

I heard a chuckle.

"First step toward it; she begins to talk of what is right."

I thought of my poor girl out to work by the week, and so anxious to get an education, and I'm sure it isn't to be wondered at if I did begin to think of setting a price. But I said not a word.

"Look here! I'll put five hundred dollars in good sound gold under the door, and you can count it as I push it through piece by piece, if you'll only let me out of this cursed hole I'm smothering."

"Try some chloroform," I whispered through the keyhole.

"Curse the chloroform! Will you let me out?"

I had a light by this time, and had slipped into a calico wrapper and my slippers

"If I got the money, how could I let him out of the closet?" I wondered "I should not dare to meet him; he'd rob me again, and perhaps murder me." But I said, "I'll take the gold," resolving that I would try to get out of it somehow, just for the sake of poor Rebecca, who so much wanted to go to school.

"Your heart is in the right place," he said, and the next moment a big round gold piece came through the wide crack under the door.

I couldn't withhold an exclamation of delight.

"It's all right enough now, isn't it?" he sneered. "There's nothing like gilding over our sins a little. Bah! all the world's alike! Here goes another, and another, and another. Count fast, my pious damsel. I dare say there's no confessional in your church!"

"Is there in yours?"

"Well, if there was, gold gets into that sometimes, they say. Hold fast there; you have got the last clinker, now set me free."

"Wait a minute."

"But I won't wait, I swear I won't."

"Can you help yourself?"

"Well, no, not much; but I'm smothering in here. Can't you take pity on a poor fellow?"

"Sit down flat on the floor," I said.

I heard him plump down as obedient as a school-boy.

"What next?"

"I turned to the kitchen door to see if the lock was all right. Then I turned the key with a sharp click, which sounded to me like the report of a pistol.

"There!" I cried, and sprang into the kitchen, locking the door behind me.

He came out of his prison swearing like a trooper.

"Sharp old Satan! she's locked herself up somewhere," trying the kitchen door as he spoke. "Good night Madam Devil, good night! You've got the best of this You have robbed me. Good night! Get down and say your prayers."

And I did. What is more, cried like a baby over my money, thinking what it would bring to us.

I never saw the strange burglar again, and in a few weeks Rebecca was comfortably settled at school. No one ever knew where the money came from. An uncle died about that time and some of my neighbors shrewdly suspected that he had left us something; but I had nothing to say on the subject.

About six months after my adventure brother Joe came to me one day and said that he had been stopped in the street by a strange man that morning, and that he had begged him to say to Madam Quimby that the frill of her nightcap was a little too wide! So saying, he passed on.—"What did it mean?" Joe asked.

"Nothing, only he was crazy," I answered; but my face was red as a blaze.

YOUR KID GLOVES.

In the first place they're not kid, probably, but lamb skin. Or, if they're extra nice three button gloves, from Paris, they undoubtedly grew on the back of a colt. You see there are not kids enough in the whole world, to supply the glove makers, and that's why they war on colts and lambs.

I am afraid there wouldn't be many colt skin gloves if they had to come to America for skins. We are too fond of horses to kill colts for their skins. But they get them easily from Tartary, for the people of that country eat their colts as we do lambs.

Besides kids, lambs and colts, sheepskins are made into gloves in Germany and Italy, and sold in America for kid. They have the advantage of being cheap, so that Biddy can buy gloves for a dollar that look as well at a little distance as yours that cost three dollars.

But whether sheep, kid, lamb or colt, the skins have to go through several operations before they are put into snug packages of one dozen pairs of gloves.—In the first place they are collected from the ends of the earth, and sent to a glove maker, we'll say in Paris, since all gloves profess to come from that city.

The first operation in the factory is to remove the hair. If it were a common skin for shoes it would be taken off with lime, but delicate skins require a different method. So it is soaked in water and Indian meal. What that does to it I'm sure I don't know, but when the meal is well beaten out the hair comes off with perfect ease.

The skin has next to be cut down a little thinner, and is then ready to be colored. For this operation it is laid rough side up on a large flat stone, while the color is put on with a brush, painted as you may say. That's why gloves of whatever color are always white inside. When the color is dry the skin is ready to cut out, and that is a very funny operation.

The glove cutter has a steel frame, shaped like a pair of open hands, and all around the outside of the frame is a sharp edge. Having laid the prepared skin on this frame he takes up a club—a droll club it is, too, all stuffed and padded so as to be soft—and with it he gives the stretched out skin one blow. The sharp edges of course cut, and the glove is ready for the sewer. The strips for the inside of the fingers are cut from the edges of the skin. They are tied up in bundles of a dozen pairs, and sent out to be sewed.

This is done in the country, by women at their own homes. Holes are punctured for the stitches, and that is the reason why you can never mend a rip in a glove, and have it look as nicely as it did when new.

After being sewed they go back to the dealer who puts them up in the packages you've seen in the shops, a dozen different colors in a package. There are, for ladies, ten different sizes made. The smallest is five and three-eights, and the largest is eight, though the largest numbers are not sent to America. In fact we use the smallest gloves made.

Do you know how to tell what size of glove you need. Take a tape measure and measure your hand around the knuckle. The number of inches and quarters of an inch that it measures is exactly the size of the glove. That is, if it is five inches and three-quarters round, you want gloves No. 5 3-4.

CURE FOR NEURALGIA.—A friend of ours, says the Lynchburg *Republican*, who suffered horrible torture from neuralgia, hearing of a noted physician in Germany, who invariably cured that disease, crossed the ocean and visited Germany for treatment. He was permanently cured after a short sojourn, and the Doctor freeley gave him the simple remedy used, which was nothing but a poultice and tea made from our common field thistle. The leaves are macerated and used on the parts affected as a poultice, while a small quantity of the leaves are boiled down in the proportion of a quart to a pint, and a small wine glass of the dedoction drank before each meal. Our friend says he has recommended it far and near, and has never known it to fail of giving relief, while in almost every case it has effected a cure.

As inhabitant of a suburban town, after spending a convivial evening, was discovered among the carrots and cabbages of his humble garden wrapped in slumber.

"Well, Bill," said an admiring friend, as he shook the prostrate youth, "what are you doing there?"

"Watching for a hen that stole her nest."

"But what are your eyes shut for, Bill?"

"Don't want the old hen to see me," gruffly replied the sleeping philosopher.

HOW TO PREVENT FIRES.

The Fire Department of an Eastern city submits the following suggestions for the prevention of fires, and as they are worthy of consideration and are valuable, we republish them for the benefit of our readers:

Keep matches in metal boxes, and out of reach of children.

Wax matches are particularly dangerous, and should be kept out of the way of rats and mice.

Fill fluid or camphene lamps only by daylight, and never near a fire or light.

Do not deposit coal or wood ashes in wooden vessels, and be sure burning cinders are extinguished before depositing.

Never place a light or ashes under a stair case.

Never take a light to examine a gas meter or gas pipes in a building.

Be careful never to place gas or other lights near curtains.

Never take a light into a closet.

Do not read in a bed by candle or lamp light

Place glass shades over gas lights in show windows, and do not crowd goods near them.

No smoking should be permitted in warehouses, particularly where goods are stacked or cotton stored.

Where furnaces are used, the *principal register* should always be *fastened open*.

Stove pipes should be at least four inches from board to board, guarded by tin.

All hatchways or openings in the floors of stores, factories or warehouses, should be closed at night.

All iron doors between stores should be closed at night or when not in use.

CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

The following appeared in the New York *Evening Post*, June 12th:

We all know that mechanical inventions are the peculiarity of our age, and have much to do with producing and distributing our most important commodities, while they promote the education of our people by taking the heaviest burdens from their hands, and by securing time and means for instruction. It is proper, therefore, to hold our inventors in honor and to present them and their inventions to the public eye in fitting monuments.

It has occurred to a number of our citizens that a suitable monument should be erected in the Central Park, in memory of the late ELIAS HOWE, JR., the inventor of the sewing machine, and that the money should be raised by voluntary offerings of *not more than one dollar* each from ladies who have known the benefits of the invention. Elias Howe, Jr., was not merely a successful inventor, whose needle machine, more powerful and humane than the famous "needle gun," has changed wholly the face of one of the most universal and fatiguing kind of domestic toil; he was also a good citizen and earnest patriot, who freely gave his money and time, and was ready to risk health and life for his country.

It is understood that an experienced sculptor has a satisfactory design for an impressive monument, with studies modelled from life, and that a gentleman of well known integrity and thorough acquaintance with the history of the invention is ready to act as Treasurer.

Samuel Osgood,	Howard Crosby,
Wm. C. Bryant,	Chas. O'Connor,
H. Ward Beecher,	H. W. Bellows,
Willard Parker,	E. H. Chapin,
Frederick de Peyster,	Cyrus W. Field,
John Cotton Smith,	Alex. Masterton,
R Ogden Doremus,	J. S. Gibbons,

We now beg leave to say that the Committee having organized and appointed Rev. Dr Samuel Osgood, Chairman, Dr. R. Ogden Doremus, Secretary, and Alexander Masterton, Esq., Treasurer, we trust that the public will respond freely to the call, so that there may be as little delay as possible before this merited testimonial to the great inventor will be added to the noble works of art that adorn our Park. Subscriptions may be forwarded to Alexander Masterton, President of Manufacturers' and Merchants's Bank, No 561 Broadway, New York.

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.—The Khedive of Egypt is probably the richest