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Kent News.

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

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The Kent News:
PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. 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.

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.

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.

CEMETERY NOTICE.
FIRST CLASS WORK!
MODERATE PRICES!

Italian Marble MONUMENTS.
Italian Marble TABLETS.
Italian Marble HEADSTONES.
Italian Marble VASE FOOT STONES.
Italian Marble FLOWER VASES.
Italian Marble FONTS.
Children's HEADSTONES, TABLETS, COLUMNS and MONUMENTS of pure White Statuary Marble, of new and beautiful designs.
White Marble CURBING and POSTS for enclosing Cemetery Lots, at
GADDESS BROS.'
corner Sharp and German Streets, and 110 South Charles St.,
oc26y. BALTIMORE, MD.

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,
d3-tf. Adjoining the Bank, Chestertown

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

VICK'S
FLORAL GUIDE
For 1873.
The GUIDE is now published Quarterly. 25 cents pays for the year, four numbers, which is not half the cost. Those who afterwards send money to the amount of *One Dollar* or more for Seeds may also order Twenty-five cents worth extra—the price paid for the Guide.

The *January number* is beautiful, giving plans for making RURAL HOMES, designs for Dining Table Decorations, Window Gardens, &c., and containing a mass of information invaluable to the lover of flowers. One hundred and fifty pages, on fine tinted paper, some five hundred engravings, and a superb Colored Plate and Chromo Cover. The first edition of Two Hundred Thousand just printed in English and German, and ready to send out.
JAMES VICK,
Dec. 7, 1872. Rochester, N. Y.

NOTICE
TO CONSUMERS OF COAL.
WE have procured our supply of COAL for the Winter, and are prepared to fill all orders with dispatch—especially those accompanied with the cash.
BLACKSMITH'S COAL always on hand at the yard of J. T. SHILLEY & CO.,
nov23. Chestertown

5 to $20 Per Day! Agents Wanted! all classes of working people of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned having discontinued farming, will offer at PUBLIC SALE on his farm in Quaker Neck, on

FRIDAY, January 24th, 1873,

HIS STOCK and FARMING IMPLEMENTS, Consisting of

HORSES,
OXEN, CATTLE,
And HOGS.

OX-CART, PLOUGHS, HARROWS, CULTIVATORS, SHOVELS, HOES, FORKS, PLOUGH GEARS, &c.

ONE WHEAT DRILL, nearly new,
1 *CORN SHELLER, nearly new,*
ONE GRAIN FAN,
1 Good Strong Dearborn & Harness

CORN BLADES, and many other articles.

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

TERMS:—On all sums over Ten Dollars a credit of Six months will be given, on note with approved security; sums of and under that amount cash. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with
WM. H. LAMBERT.
Jan. 4, 1873—ts.

VENDUE.

THE undersigned, intending to discontinue farming, will offer at PUBLIC SALE at his residence near Chesterville, on

Wednesday, January 22, 1873,

(if fair, if not on the first fair day thereafter,) the following property, to wit:

5 Head of YOUNG HORSES,

1 COLT, two years old next May, Frank Pierce stock; 1 MARE and COLT; 1 PAIR MULES;

5 Head of Milch Cows,

2 Westinghouse Horse Powers and Threshers, 1 Woods' Reaper and Mower, 1 Pioneer Stump Puller, 1 Grain Fan nearly new, Wheat Drill, Wheat Rake, Corn Sheller, 2 Wagons and Harness, 1 Little Giant Corn Crusher, 1 Roller, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Grubbing and Weeding Hoes, Shovels, Forks, Gears, &c.

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

TERMS:—Sums of $10 and under cash; on sums over that amount a credit of eight months on note with approved security.
JOHN SCHWATKA, Sr.
U. A. C. GARRETT, Auct'r. j11-ts.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF—
A SMALL FARM.

BY VIRTUE of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, sitting as a Court of Equity, the undersigned as Trustee will expose to public sale to the highest bidder, on

TUESDAY,

The TWENTY-EIGHTH day of January, 1873

At half-past Eleven o'clock, A. M.,

At the "Voshell House" in Chestertown, kept by Mr. S. V. Farson,

All that House and Lot of Ground,

Lying at or near Worton Heights, in Kent county, and in the vicinity of St. James' Church, and which was formerly owned by Michael Lyzer, and afterward by Wm. Lyzar. THERE IS A

DWELLING HOUSE,
AND KITCHEN,
An old Smith and Wheelwright Shop
AND ABOUT
22 ACRES OF LAND.

There is a well of most excellent Water on the premises, and the stand would be an excellent one for business.

THE TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by the Decree, are:—One-fourth of the purchase money on the day of sale, or in sixty days thereafter at the option of the Trustee, and the balance in three equal instalments, in six, twelve and eighteen months from the day of sale, with interest from the day of sale, to be secured by the Bond of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the Trustee.
GEORGE VICKERS, Trustee.
Chestertown, Jan. 4, 1872—ts.

Ratification Notice.

ORPHANS' COURT OF KENT COUNTY, December 31st, 1872.

ORDERED that the sales made and reported by D. JAMES BLACKISTON, Trustee for the sale of the Real Estate of the late John Clark, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the Fifth day of March next; Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks before the first day of February next. The Report states the amount of sales to be $381.47.
JAMES BECK, of Geo.,
CORNELIUS J. SCOTT,
WM. T. HEPBRON,
Judges of the Orphans' Court.
True Copy—Test:
jan7-4t. E. CROUCH, Reg'r.

AUCTIONEERING

THE undersigned, having associated themselves together for the purpose of Calling Sales, will attend to all such business offered to us in our District. Hoping by strict attention to that branch of business to receive all orders for auctioneering sales of all kinds.
JACOB SUTTON,
JOSEPH H. HARRIS,
Jan. 4—tf. Kennedyville.

LET HER FLUTTER!

THE undersigned, thankful for past patronage, hereby notifies his friends that he has removed to Chestertown, and still offers his services to the citizens of this and adjacent counties, as AUCTIONEER. His charges hereafter will be from $5 to $10. Persons wishing his services will please have his name inserted at foot of advertisement.
jan4-3m. U. A. C. GARRETT.

A CARD.

MRS. S. M. BEASTEN respectfully informs her friends and the public generally that she has taken the store up town, lately occupied by Mrs. Barrett, where she will be pleased to wait on them with a good supply of

Dry Goods, Groceries and Notions,

CHEAP FOR CASH or COUNTRY PRODUCE hoping by strict attention and low prices to receive a share of patronage. mh9-tf.

Pure Bourbon Whiskey,
For Medicinal and other purposes,
In store and for sale by
JOHN BOLDLEY, Chestertown,
Jan. 11, 1873—3m. Agent for Distillers.

TWIN BRO.'S YEAST CAKES—the best Rising for Bread now in use—never sours
j-17. C. F. STAM & BRO.

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

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret and growl,
When Fortune seems our foe;
The better bred will push ahead
And strike the braver blow.
For luck is work,
And those who shirk
Should not lament their doom,
But yield the play
And clear the way
That better men have room.

It never pays to foster pride
And squander wealth in show,
For friends thus won are sure to run
In times of want and woe.
The noblest worth
Of all the earth
Are gems of heart and brain—
A conscience clear,
A household dear,
And hands without a stain.

It never pays to hate a foe,
Or cater to a friend—
To fawn and whine, much less repine,
To borrow or to lend.
The faults of men
Are fewer when
Each rows his own canoe;
For feuds and debts
And pampered pets
Unbounded mischief brew.

It never pays to wreck the health
In drudging after gain,
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheaply bought with pain.
An humble lot
A cosy cot,
Have tempted even kings,
For station high
That wealth will buy
Not contentment brings.

It never pays! a blunt refrain
Well worthy of a song;
For age and youth must learn this truth,
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success,
While what is right
In Heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless.

The Blessing of the Household.

A good-natured man is a blessing in a household that cannot be too highly prized. So many women live in constant fear of the outbreak which occurs whenever the flour barrel is empty, the coal is out, one of the children need a pair of shoes, or the girl's wages must be paid.

"Nothing but waste in the house," growls the unwilling provider for the family which nobody forced him to bring into the world. "A barrel of flour every two weeks." "That boy stubs his boots out, running his legs off for nothing. If I catch him out again in a month I'll flog him." "Girl's wages due again! I could do all the work in this house, and then have half my time for other things. You might do your own work, only for laziness. If things go on in this way, I'll break up and end this extravagance."

These and like grumblings interlined with a variety of oaths greet the ears of many a patient, prudent, hardworking woman, whose care morning, noon and night, is to be watchful that things go just as far as possible to avoid expense.

In view of such a wretched existence, where home is converted into a drainage wherein an ugly tempered man may pour all his ill-feeling; where the children had as soon see the evil one approach, with all his fiery darts ready to fly at them, as their father, whose step over the threshold is the signal for a row of some kind, are not those women blessed beyond measure who have good-natured husbands?

A good dog appreciates the kindness of a thoughtful housewife better than does her own husband if he is naturally a cross, cold, selfish man, who thinks only of his own comfort.

Read the hearts of a man's wife and children to learn if he be worthy the respect and confidence of the community. He may be all honey and pleasantness outside, to those whose happiness is not affected one way or the other by his humors, and at home, when company is not there to observe, a very devil incarnate could not be more exacting, over-bearing, tyrannical and brutal. A blow or a kick for the children, and a curse for the poor wife, are the accompaniments of the evening meal. He has exhausted his kind words on strangers through the day, and his best possible mood and behavior at his own table, to the helpless creatures, who depend upon his words and actions for their peace and comfort, is grum silence and forbidding looks, which suggest a storm at any moment.

There are many, many such men, who are wearing out the lives of their wives! A pleasant, good-natured man is a jewel, whose value cannot be estimated. He gilds the morning with a halo of peace, and strengthens his wife to perform the duties of the day with a hearty zest. The noon-time is brighter for his coming, and the evenings are the time of rejoicing, for the business cares of the day are over and father is at home.

SWALLOWING PENNIES.—If a child swallows a penny should not some purgative be given at once to expel it? No. It is very rare that any harm comes in such cases, but there is more danger when a purgative is given, than when not given. We have had occasion to observe this, as have others, no doubt. It is far better for the child to eat freely of healthy food. We once knew a child to swallow a key an inch and a half long, which passed through the body in forty-eight hours without harm. On the other hand, we have known a cherry stone to produce death, and grape seeds to produce serious intestinal disorders. Children should early be taught to use care and precaution in what they take into their stomachs. Still, the accidental swallowing of insoluble substance, if not large, should never lead to the unwise practice of trying to physic it away. The reason why there is little danger when no physic is used, is because the thick lining membrane of the bowels and the local matter around the foreign body prevent entanglement, and bears it on till expelled.—*Herald of Health.*

How to learn the Piano keys:

All the G and A keys
Are between the black threes,
And 'tween the twos are all the D's,
Then on the right side of the threes,
Will be found the B's and C's;
But on the left side of the threes,
Are all the F's and all the E's.

A RECENT calculation relative to the principal European languages, shows that English is spoken by ninety millions of persons, German by fifty millions, Spanish by fifty-five millions, and French by forty-five millions.

One Hundred Pounds Reward.

Nature has not been pleased to bestow upon me any special gifts, and I cannot call myself a clever man. But I have been brought up in a good school; and whatever natural shrewdness I may have, has, so to speak, had a keen edge put on it, in an experience of many years as a detective officer. If there is one thing more than another upon which I pride myself, it is that of discriminating character, and being able to at once detect whether a person charged with an offence is innocent or guilty. How far this pet theory of mine is borne out by fact, the following story will show.

Some years ago, in the month of December, I was strolling in the neighborhood of Scotland Yard, when I noticed that I was followed by a short, thick set man, of very peculiar appearance. He looked about three or four and twenty, and was very shabbily dressed in clothes which evidently had never been made for him. Each of the garments had the stamp of having belonged to people of different walks in life. The old court trousers, much too large were those of a workingman; the vest, which had been of a brighter scarlet, was that of a groom or coachman; whilst the surtout, patched and out at the elbows as it was, had the unmistakeable cut of a west-end tailor. It struck me that we were old acquaintances, for his was a face, once seen, not easily to be forgotten He was very ugly, but had not what one would call "a bad face."—The greatest peculiarity about him was the eyes, which were of a dark hazel and very small, with an extraordinary obliqueness of vision, which made it impossible to tell whether he was looking you in the face or not. His head was covered by an old seal-skin cap, under which was much coarse hair of a golden red, while his face was ornamented with a luxuriant crop of whiskers of the same fiery hue.

All this I noticed as he twice passed—each time looking as if about to address me. As he passed the second time I turned on my heel and followed, and quickly overtaking him, said:

"Well, my man, you appear to know me?"

"Yes, Mr. Sharpe," he replied, "I know you very well, though, I dare say, you have forgotten me. My name is Charlie Fox: and you've had me before the beak more than once when I was a young 'un."

"Why," I said, "you are the young rascal that belonged to the Westminister gang, and used to give us all so much trouble."

"Yes, guv'nor; but since my mother died, which is a good many years now, I have been trying to keep on the square. I've been to sea, and been working about the docks, or wherever I could get a job. Lately I ain't had anything to do, and I'm almost starving. I knew you directly I saw you, and I've been a-following you, thinking you might give me something to get some grub. It's hard work, guv'nor, to keep straight after you've once gone wrong, 'specially when you're hungry, and a lot of pals a-tempting you."

As I listened, I thought his story might be true. I remembered him as a young thief, with a bad mother, but that years ago; and I knew if he had been knocking about London, and up to his old games, I must have heard of or seen him.

"Look here, Fox," I said, "you may be telling me a lie or you may not; but if you are hungry I will give you a meal."

I took him into the nearest public house and gave him some cold meat and bread, and a pint of beer; and his appetite certainly confirmed one part of his tale.—When he had finished his dinner, he said:

"Now, Mr Sharpe, you've done me a turn, which I shan't soon forget, and I'll do you one in return, by putting you up to a good thing. You know all about the murder of the woman at Glasgow, and I can tell you where to lay hands on the cove that did it. There's a hundred pounds reward; and I suppose if I plant you on him you'll give me half?"

I knew of the murder. It was one of peculiar atrocity, committed about one month before, in Glasgow, upon a poor girl, an unfortunate. Hitherto the police had been at fault, and the Home Secretary had offered a reward of a hundred pounds.

At first it struck me as improbable that Fox could know anything about it; but he further told me he was lodging down at the east end, near to one of the docks; and the murderer, a sailor, who had been a shipmate, was lodging in same house, and had confessed the crime to him. Still I could not see a motive for Fox betraying his friend, and I said:

"You are no doubt very clever, Mr. Fox; but you must not try to make me believe that, because I have given you something to eat and drink, you are willing to round upon a pal."

His reply did more to convince me than anything else.

"You forget, Mr. Sharpe, the half of the reward, which will take me out of the country, and give me a fresh start; but, besides that, I owe the man a grudge, and if I live I'll pay him."

I told him he could soon prove whether his information was true by showing me the house and the man. I would take a couple of officers with me, and arrest him at once.

To this, however, Fox would not listen. He said the neighborhood was a very bad one, the man a most desperate character, and surrounded by friends, and there would be but little chance of taking him there. His idea was to entice him west, and take him when off his guard. Even then Fox warned me that there would be considerable risk, as the murderer carried with him the knife with which he had committed the crime, and threatened to use it on any one that attempted to take him. After further conversation, it was arranged that Fox should meet me that night, and in the meantime I should think upon some scheme.

My plan was soon matured. It was this: I got an order for one of the west end theatres for the following night. Fox was to invite the man to accompany him, but before entering the theatre was to take him into a public house, and then, when he was drinking his glass, take him.

Punctually at the time appointed Fox met me. I gave him the order for the theatre, and explained what I wished him to do in the matter, at the same time giving him a few shillings for his expenses.

I must confess I waited for the following night with considerable anxiety. The case was a most important one, and, if I could carry it to a successful issue, would considerably add to my reputation. I chose two officers to accompany me, upon whom I could depend, both of them experienced and powerful men. Seven o'clock was the time named; but to guard against mistake, we were in the Strand half an hour earlier, the three of us, of course, being in plain clothes. Seven o'clock arrived—half past seven, eight o'clock—but no appearance of our men; and at half past eight we gave it up in disgust. For once I felt assured I had been thoroughly sold.

Next morning, however, I found at the station a badly-written scrawl from Fox, saying that the man had got so drunk the night before that he could do nothing with him, and that he (Fox) would meet me at twelve o'clock at the house where I had given him his dinner; and if I could give him another order for the theater, he felt sure of bringing the murderer up that night. I met Fox, gave him the order, and arranged to be on the look-out at seven o'clock.

This time fortune favored us. We had not waited many minutes when I saw Fox coming along the Strand, in company with a tall man, in a rough pea-jacket. He stopped to look at a shop-window, and as I passed I noticed that the tall man had the cut of a sailor. He was broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and long in the arm, and evidently would be an awkward customer to contend with. They walked on for about one hundred yards, and then turned into the bar of a public house. In half a minute my colleagues and I followed, and asked for something to drink.—We five were the only people in the bar, and the barmaid was just serving Fox and his friend with two glasses of ale. At the back of where the tall man stood was a small gas-burner, and my two brother officers went behind him, as if to light their pipes. The moment that he lifted his glass to his lips I sprang upon him, and my assistants, at the same time, seized him from behind. Quick as we were, he managed to wretch his left arm away, and striking straight out from the shoulder, sent me sprawling on the floor. My two men were, however, too much for him, and by the time I regained my feet had the handcuffs on him. When I looked closer at our prisoner, I confess I was a little bit staggered. He scowled at us fiercely enough, but he had a fine, handsome face, and certainly had not the look of one who would commit so dastardly a crime as that for which we had just arrested him.

"Well, mates," he said, "this is rather rough work. What do you want with me."

"We want you," I replied, "for a murder committed in Scotland."

"Murder! I never hurt anybody in my life."

I told him that would have to be proved, and in the meantime he must go with us to the police station. Calling a cab, two of us accompanied our prisoner, the third officer being left with Fox, with orders to follow us to the station.

I stated the charge to the inspector on duty, and the prisoner was asked his name and address. He gave that of Archibald Brown, of Greenock, and stated that he was a sailor. On searching him, we found in his possession two sovereigns and some silver, and a large clasp-knife, such as is usually worn by seafaring men.

I took Fox to a coffee-shop off Fleet street and arranged with the proprietor to supply him with board and lodging from day to day. Two men from the force, in plain clothes, were told off to watch him night and day, with orders to arrest him if he made any attempt to escape. The next morning the prisoner was brought before a magistrate. My witness, Fox, would not, I thought, make a very favorable impression in his ordinary costume. In fact, I was ashamed of him, and purchased at a second-hand shop a suit of clothes for him. When he had his new rig-out, and his hair cut, he was much more presentable. At the Police Court he gave his evidence in such a strait-forward way as to favorably impress the magistrate with its truth. The prisoner denied having made any such confession to Fox, and protested his innocence, and asserted that he had not even heard of the murder. He either did not know or refused to state where he was at the time; and this, joined to the fact that he was a native of a town such a short distance from Glascow, in some measure confirmed the evidence of Fox. Finally, Brown was remanded for a few days, to enable us to communicate with the authorities at Glascow, and to produce, if possible, further evidence. We immediately telegraphed to the chief of the police at Glascow, stating that we had arrested a man named Brown for the murder of the woman, and that the prisoner was remanded from that day (Thursday) until the following Monday. We received a telegram in reply that they believed we had got the right man, and that an officer would be sent up to London in time for the adjourned examination. Next morning we had a letter confirming the telegram. The murder had, it appeared, been quite a mystery to the Glascow police until the day before the receipt of our message, when a woman had been found who asserted that she had seen the deceased on the night of the murder in company with a sailor named Brown, and that she had watched them go into the house together The letter further stated that an officer would arrive on Sunday night to take charge of the prisoner.

In the meantime we kept a sharp watch upon Fox; but, apparently, there was little occasion for it, as the officer reported that he scarcely ever left the house where he was staying, and showed no desire to do so. He twice called upon me at the station, and expressed great concern lest any of Brown's friends should get hold of him, as he felt sure that his life would not be safe. Our men watched him up to Saturday night, when, so convinced had we all become of his good faith, that I asked my chief if he thought it was necessary to continue the surveillance. He agreed with me that it was not, and the officers were withdrawn. On Sunday afternoon I looked in to see Fox, to tell him that we should want him at the Police Court the next morning at eleven. I found him having his tea, and apparently quite at home in the comfortable quarters I had provided.

That night I met the Scotch officer at the Great Northern Station, who congratulated me on the successful arrest which I had made. I admitted that I thought there was some credit due to me, as there had been difficulties in the way, and the prisoner being such a tall, powerful man, there had been danger also. His reply took all the breath out of my body!

"Eh, mon, there's some mistake here. The mon we want is a wee chap, nicknamed 'Red-head Charlie,' but whose real name is Brown, *alias* Fox, *alias* Sinclair, and half a dozen others!"

A light broke in upon me in a moment. A few hasty words of explanation to the Scotchman, and as fast as a hansom cab could go, we tore down to Fleet street, but arrived too late, for the bird had flown. Fox, the actual murderer, had left the coffee-shop about an hour before, and from that day to this we have never seen nor heard anything of him.

I need scarcely say that the prisoner, who was as innocent as I, was set at liberty the next morning.

Astounding Mesmeric Power.

The following is from the *Homeward Mail*, of India:

A curious case of mesmerism is recorded by the civil surgeon of Hoshungabad. A young woman named Nunnee, aged twenty-six years, was married some twelve years ago; she, however, did not go to her husband's house for two years afterward. After staying with him for eight days she suddenly became insensible, and remained so for two or three days. She was taken back to her mother and soon got well. Then follows a very remarkable history. During the next four or five years she never entered her husband's house without falling insensible and remaining so. He was very kind and attentive to her; she liked him, but whenever he came into her presence she at once sank into this state.

This went on until she became emaciated and exhausted, and at last her parents applied to the Court for a separate maintenance for her. While she was in Court the husband entered, and she instantly became insensible, and was carried to the hospital, where the case was carefully attended to by Dr. Cullen, in March last year. While in this state her pulse was even, breathing soft, her body pliant, but she could eat nothing. Experiments were carefully made to see if there was no trick about it.

While she was in bed her husband was muffled up, and made to walk through the ward. She said she felt he was near her, and she was by no means well, but had not seen him anywhere about. Next day this experiment was repeated, and she actually became insensible, as before. When her husband left the place she recovered. The experiments as to the influence of the husband's presence were tried in all sorts of ways. He was made to pass behind her, and to be near her, in a separate ward, but this had no effect, but whenever he was brought to look on her face, though muffled up or disguised as a policeman, as a Sepoy, and so forth, she was at once influenced.

The experiments continued for about a month, and the conclusion was that the husband unconsciously mesmerized her. The Court came to the conclusion that it was impossible that she could live with him, and a separate allowance was ordered. The husband was asked to try if he could not remove the effect, seeing that he had the power to cause it, but he was quite frightened at the idea of having the power, and could not possibly control it in any way.

The Heart's Protest.

"Heart of mine, so longing for rest,
Better to build thy love-lined nest,
On a storm-swung bough than a woman's breast."

But this heart of mine still sayeth me "nay;"
Shows me the picture of Sylvia May;
Wilful heart must have its way!

"Heart of mine, far wiser 't would be
To build thy nest on the wave of the sea,
Tossed and troubled perpetually."

But this heart of mine still sayeth me "nay;"
And whispers the name of Sylvia May;
Foolish heart will have its way!

"Never was love I think like mine;
Never was woman so nearly divine;
Never could lives more perfectly twine."

And this heart of mine it murmureth "yea;"
Wilful heart must have its way;
When will you marry me, Sylvia May?

THE OLD STORY.

"Schon Rohtrant" is the legend of a King's daughter of that name, who used to roam in the wild woods, hunting and fishing, attended only by her page.

The old, old story; she was so very beautiful—so dear to him, and yet so far above him. Can one wonder that the youth grew sad, and communed with himself:

"O, that I were a King, his son!
Rohtrant—fair Rohtrant, I love thee so,
Lie still—my heart."

But the heart would not lie still, and it fell on a day as they rested under a large oak tree, that fair Rohtrant noticed the page's woe begone, wistful looks, and laughed a merry laugh, and said:

"Why do you look at me so longingly? Kiss me, if you dare!"

And his knees knocked together, his color paled, and his heart went out of him and settled in one long kiss on those loved lips, and then, all silently, they rode home together; but the page laughed joyously to himself, for he said: "Wert thou made Empress to-morrow, it matters not, for the thousand leaves of the forest know I have kissed Schon-Rohtraut's mouth."

Have we not kissed Schon-Rohtrant's mouth? Unhappy she or he who has no tender memories, no pleasant associations of which none but the leaves of the forest wot. Surely there are better things to people the mind with than the ghosts of cares and troubles that come soon enough and uninvited; shadowy as ghosts they are, too, the reminiscenses. A pressure of the hand, a whispering by moonlight, a lock of hair, an old song, any amount of nonsense, and yet how dear! That grim, grizzled old bachelor has hardened in life's hammering, and is, to the world's judgment, a greedy old skinflint, with no ideas beyond his money; and yet he has a soft corner of his heart, and many a time when you fancy him thinking of moneybags, he is dreaming happily of the long, long ago when he kissed Schon-Rohtrant's mouth.

A YOUNG LADY of our acquaintance says "its disgusting to turn around to see what another girl has got on and find her staring at you!"

We Live to Die, and Die to Live.

BY IDA W. MORRIS.

Life, replete with light and gladness,
Life, so full of shade and sadness,
Is, as we draw our waning breath,
The toilsome weary way to death.

Death, the harbinger of sorrow,
Death, which comes to-day, to-morrow,
Forever ending care and strife
Is but the stepping-stone to life.

This, from the cradle to the tomb,
Is the inevitable doom!
But God immortal life will give—
We live to die, and die to live!

THE RICHEST BOY IN AMERICA—*A Magnificent Inheritance.*—Everybody has heard of the late Edwin A. Stevens, of Hoboken. His father, Col. Jno. Stevens, invested nearly all his wealth in Hoboken lands, and soon became the possessor of the vast tract that stretches from the Elysian Fields to a point beyond the line of the terminus of the Morris and Essex road, and from the river to the Palisades. From a small village the tract became a town, and from a town a city; and lots that were purchased by the Colonel at less than one dollar each, were soon worth five hundred times that amount. The Colonel did not retire upon his golden laurels.—He projected the Camden and Amboy and New Jersey Railroads, and lived to see both on a fair way to completion. His hand and fortune were visible in every improvement, and his genius and disposition descended to his son, the late Edwin A. Stevens. The latter was the principal manager of the Camden and Amboy railroad, and he applied steam, then comparatively in its infancy, to all the various uses and projects which had emanated from his busy brain. Forty-two years ago Edwin A. Stevens was regarded as the most active business man in the United States, and, making due allowance for age, he preserved his reputation up to within two or three years of his death. The great iron battery, which was the last embodiment of his genius, was the forerunner of our monitors.

Edwin A. Stevens left two sons. The eldest is called after himself. He is a bright lad of seventeen, unaffected in his manners. The mother, who is still a young woman, resides with her children in the "castle," above the banks of the Hudson, near the heart of Hoboken. The boy does not seem to realize that he is heir to an estate worth $40,000,000, and that in four years more he will probably be the richest man in the world.—*New York Mercury.*

LEISURE is never so enjoyable as when its comes unexpectedly, like the visit of a long absent friend. And to be sweet it must be short. Too much of it palls upon the appetite. Luxurious as a warm bath it is also as enervating. He who finds himself suddenly possessed of leisure in great plenty will do well to dispose of the bulk of it as soon as possible by setting himself something to do. Systematized activity is one of the best preservatives against "dull care." Leisure is but a sauce of life, which helps to make work more palatable and digestable—the one apart from the other soon becomes disgusting. Men of leisure, as they are called, are most commonly restless, fidgety and unhappy men. The kindest thing which can be done to them is to deprive them, if possible, by hook or crook, of the great part of their leasure. At first sight it does not seem so, but a very short experience will prove that it is so. Much leisure infers the absence of a purpose, and life without a purpose is a perpetual load.

"IF YOU KNOW ANY JUST CAUSE".—The Napanee (Conn.) *Beaver* relates the following story: A joke, altogether too good to be lost for the want of telling, occurred in the Methodist Church, in a village not ten miles from Napanee, a few months ago. The minister after the services, published the banns of a marriage between a loving and interesting couple, and that portion of the form where the words, "if *you* know any just cause," etc., came in, the minister, whether from any previous knowledge or not, looked straight at a young gentleman directly at the foot of the pulpit. The young man, thinking he was personally alluded to, immediately rose up amid the laughter of the congregation, and exclaimed, "Oh, no; not the slightest objection, sir."

A FUNNY MISTAKE.—Old negro slumbering with his feet pointing to a glimmering fire. Opens one eye and gets a glimpse of them, as they stand up in the obscurity. Mistakes them for two little negroes, and cries: "Git fum 'fore me," and relapses into sleep. After awhile he opens the other eye, and still seeing the intruders, says: "Git fum 'fore me, I say; I kick you in de fire if you don't; I will, shu'—" and again he snores. His dreams not being pleasant, he soon opens both eyes, and still seeing the little pests, he draws up his foot for the threatened kick, but is alarmed to see the enemy advance upon him, and exclaims: "Wha', where you comin' to now? Humph! my own foot, by golly!"

A LOUISVILLE man who had only been acquainted with his girl two nights, attempted to kiss her at the gate. In his dying deposition he told the doctors that just as he "kissed her the earth slid out from under his feet, and his soul went out of his mouth, while his head touched the stars." Later dispatches show that what ailed him was the old man's boot.

AN old lady in the country had a dandy from the city to dine with her on a certain occasion. For the dessert there was an enormous apple pie. "La, ma'am," said the gentleman, "how do you manage to handle such a pie?" "Easy enough," said the old lady; "we make the crust up in a wheelbarrow, wheel it under an apple-tree, and shake the fruit down into it."

IF you would relish your food, labor for it; if you would enjoy your clothes, pay for them before you wear them; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

A GROCER had a pound of sugar returned with a note attached to it, saying, 'Too much sand for table use, and not enough for building purposes.'

A MAN died suddenly from intemperance and a Western jury found that the deceased came to his death by "drinking between drinks."

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.

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JOB-PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS,
CARDS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS,
&c., &c.,
Executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

Useful Receipts.

FEATHER CAKE.—One cup of sugar; one cup of milk; two and one-half cups of flour; one egg; one teaspoonful of shortening; two teaspoonsful cream tartar and one of soda.

OYSTER FLITTERS.—Take the liquor of the oysters and make a batter in the usual way, then chop the oysters up fine as mince meat, incorporate with the batter and fry in the manner of breakfast cakes. This is a food so palatable that the eater constantly cries for more.

RICE AND APPLE PUDDING.—Boil two large spoonsful of well washed rice in a pint of new milk; slice into it while boiling two or three apples, pared, and a few currants or raisins. Simmer slowly until the rice is very soft, then add one well beaten egg. Stir for a few minutes, and serve with cream and sugar, or a butter and sugar sauce.

A NICE BREAKFAST DISH.—Slice a few cold biscuits or some dry light bread; fry them slightly in a little butter or nice gravy. Beat three or four eggs with a teacupful of new milk, and a pinch of salt. When the bread is hot, pour the eggs over it and cover for a few minutes; stir it slightly, so that the eggs may be cooked. This is a nice dish, besides saving the dry bread.

COCOANUT PUDDING.—Soak for two hours in a pint and a-half of milk, a teacupful of fine bread-crumbs and the grated meat of a cocoanut, then add the well-beaten yolks and whites of six eggs, a teacupful of sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, and a pint and a-half of milk.—Stir well together and bake in a hot oven. Like all other custards, this must not be allowed to remain in the oven long enough to become watery.

SWEET POTATO BALLS.—First boil the potatoes; then carefully mash the farinaceous part. Boil in the meantime a pint of milk, put in some lemon peel, a couple of small lumps of sugar and a little salt. When the milk boils take it off the fire and add the potatoes, so as to form a paste, or rather a tolerably thick mush. When cool, make it into balls; cover these with crumbs of bread and yelk of egg, fry to a nice brown color, and serve up with sugar strewed over them.

POTATO SALAD.—The following is a good formula or this simple, but delicious preparation: Cut ten or twelve cold boiled potatoes into slices from a quarter or a half an inch thick, put into a salad bowl with tablespoonsful of tarragon or plain vinegar, six tablespoonsful of best salad oil, one tablespoonful of minced parsley, and pepper and salt to taste; stir well, that all be thoroughly mixed. It should be made two or three hours before needed on the table. Anchovies, olives or any pickles may be added to this salad, as also bits of cold beef, chicken or turkey if desired, but 'tis excellent without these.

A CUP OF COFFEE.—Much skill and practice is required in making a cup of coffee. I believe the best way of preparing the cup of coffee is this: To every half pint of water, allow half an ounce of coffee powder. Pour into the pot containing the powder boiling water; set the pot on the fire for a few seconds, but not to boil up. Then poor about half a pint into the cup, and pour it back again into the pot, and then place the pot on the hob to settle. All the goodness is extracted with the first boiling. No wise person will boil the same grounds a second time. You can boil tea leaves three times if you like; they will always give out some strength; but any one who can manufacture fresh coffee out of old grounds ought to take out a patent.—*Home Words.*

A DECOCTION made of horse-radish, water melon seed, and mungo-chop, or archangel root, which grows wild in all the fields of the middle portions of this country, and may be known by its yellow red blossoms, will cure the most obstinate cases of gravel.

The *Medical Home* has the following recipes, which may be of value:

A tea made of chestnut leaves, and drank in the place of water, will cure the most obstinate case of dropsy in a few days.

A tea made of ripe or dried whortleberries and drank in the place of