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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.

J. HORTON KELLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE on Main Street, adjoining the Bank. Particular attention given to the collection of Claims. f8-6.

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.

J. M. BARR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office near Hall's Hotel,
fel-6. CHESTERTOWN.

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

THE 'WEED'
"F. F."---Family Favorite,
Sewing Machine!
LOCK STITCH! STRAIGHT NEEDLE
The Most Simple, Elegant, Economical and Desirable of any in use.

"THE WEED" was awarded the HIGHEST PREMIUM for family purposes, in an exciting contest with EIGHTY-TWO others, and is the Best Finished Instrument of the kind in the whole Exhibition.—[Report Paris Exposition, Galligani'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 Shaft.
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. AGENTS, Adjoining the Bank, 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.

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

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.

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.

TOWN PROPERTY
At PUBLIC SALE.

BY VIRTUE of a Power of Attorney vested in me from Levi Rodgers, I will offer at Public Sale on the premises, on

TUESDAY, February 18th, 1873,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., the property known as

THE SAMUEL RODGER'S LOT,

together with the Improvements thereon, situated on Front Street, Chestertown, adjoining the property of James A. Jones and others. It has a front on Front street of 70 feet, 3 inches, with a depth of 90 feet, 9 inches, being a part of the Lot designated on the plot of Chestertown as Number 5.

This property will be offered in THREE SEPARATE DIVISIONS, as follows:

No. 1.
Fronting 28 feet on Front street, with a depth of 90 feet, 9 inches, improved by a ONE-STORY DWELLING HOUSE in fair condition.

No. 2.
Fronting on Front street 17 feet, running back 90 feet, 9 inches, improved by a ONE-STORY DWELLING.

No. 3.
Fronting 20 feet on Front st., with a depth of 90 feet, 9 inches, improved by a CORN CRIB AND STABLE.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-half cash on the day of sale, and the balance in six, twelve and eighteen months, with interest.

WM. D. BURCHINAL,
Att'y for Levi Rodgers
Chestertown, Feb. 8, 1873—ts.

Town Property
—AT—
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

TUESDAY, February 18, 1873,

AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, M.,

At the Voshell House, in Chestertown,

The following property in said town:

No. 1,

CONSISTING OF PART OF THE

Matthew Tilghman Lot,

adjoining and just above the Kent National Bank; has a front on High Street of Twenty-six feet, and a depth of twenty-two feet, being a part of the lot designated on the plot of Chestertown as Number 78.

This Lot is under lease for ninety-nine years from Nov. 20th, 1861, subject to an annual rent of $36.00, with a covenant that the owner in fee pays all taxes, assessments, or public charges upon said lot, and the rent thereof.

No. 2.

Is a PART of the McLEAN LOT,

adjoining the property of Miss Caroline Thompson and J. O. Dugan, having a front on Princess Street of about SEVENTY-ONE FEET, and a depth of about FORTY FIVE FEET, being a part of Lot Number 79, as designated on Plot of Chestertown.

This lot, if improved, would make a desirable business stand, being in the heart of the town and on one of the principal streets, or could be used as a Coal or Wood Yard with advantage.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms prescribed by the Decree are: the purchase money to be paid one-third cash on the day of sale, or on the final ratification thereof, at the option of the Trustee; the balance in two equal instalments of one and two years from the day of sale. The whole to bear interest from the day of sale, and the deferred payments to be secured by bond of purchaser with security to be approved by the Trustee.

C. T. WESTCOTT, Trustee.

Jan. 25, 1873—ts.

TAX-COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

THE TAX PAYERS of the Fourth Election District are hereby notified that I have left the District, and have placed my books in the hands of THOMAS P. DIXON, Esq., who is fully authorized to collect and receipt in my name for all unpaid taxes.

WILLIAM A. THOMAS,
Jan. 25, 1873. Late Collector.

☞ The Tax-Payers of the Fourth

Election District are hereby notified that I am authorised by power of Attorney, to collect and receipt for all unpaid taxes on the books of William A. Thomas, Collector for 1870 and 1871, and that after the expiration of THIRTY DAYS from this date I shall proceed in all cases to collect by law. Prompt payment is earnestly solicited.

Respectfully, THOS. P. DIXON,
Jan. 25, 1873—3t. Agent.

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

TEN BUILDING LOTS at WORTON STATION, on the Kent County Railroad, will be sold at low prices and on accommodating terms. They are laid off with 100 feet front, and running back varying from 120 to 400 feet. This would make a good stand for a Store, or Shops of any kind. Mr. THOS PARSONS, the Station agent, will show the lots to any persons who may desire to examine them.

For further information, terms, &c., apply to the undersigned at the office of the "Kent News"
PLUMMER & USILTON.
Dec. 14, 1872—tf.

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.

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. TWILLEY & CO.,
nov23. Chestertown.

Pure Bourbon Whiskey,

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

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

DEEDS, NOT WORDS.

Not forever on the knee
Would Jehovah have thee found;
There are burdens thou canst ease;
There are griefs Jehovah sees;
Look around.
Work is prayer, if done for God,
Prayer which God delighted hears.
See beside yon upturned sod
One bowed 'neath affliction's rod;
Dry her tears.
Not long prayers, but earnest zeal;
This is what is wanted more.
Put thy shoulder to the wheel;
Bread unto the famished deal
From thy store.
Not high sounding words of praise
Does God want, neath some grand dome,
But that thou the fallen raise;
Bring the poor from life's highways
To thy home.
Worship God by doing good;
Works, not words; kind acts, not deeds.
He who loves God as he should,
Makes his heart's love understood
By kind deeds.
Deeds are powerful; mere words weak,
Batt'ring at High Heaven's door.
Let thy love by actions speak;
Wipe the tear from sorrow's cheek;
Clothe the poor.
Be it thine life's cares to smother,
And to brighten eyes now dim,
Kind deeds done to one another,
God accepts as done, my brother,
Unto him.

MAN'S AGE.

The distinguished Professor Faraday believed in Flousin's physiological theory that the age of man is one hundred years. The duration of life, he says, is to be measured by the time of growth. When once the bones and epiphysis are united, the body grows no more, and it is in 20 years this union is affected in man.

In the camel it takes place at eight, in the horse at five, in the lion at four, in the dog at two, in the rabbit at one. The natural termination of life is five times that of the development period. Man being twenty years in growing, lives five times twenty years, that is to say, one hundred years; the camel is eight years in growing, and lives forty years; the horse is five years in growing, and lives twenty-five years, and so on with other animals.

The man who does not die from disease lives from eighty to a hundred years.—Providence has given man a century of life, but he does not attain it because he inherits disease, eats unwholesome food, gives way to his passions, and permits vexations to disturb his healthy equipoise; he does not die; he kills himself.

Life may be divided into equal halves—growth and decline; and these into infancy, youth, vitality and age. Infancy extends to the twentieth year, youth to the fifth—because it is during this period that the tissues become firm; vitality from fifty to seventy-five, during which the organism remains complete; and at seventy-five old age commences, to last a long or short time, as the diminution of reserved forces is hastened or retarded.

THE WORK OF THE SPIRITS.—The Lewis *Light* publishes the following, and vouches for its accuracy, as the work performed by the spirits at a recent test meeting in or near that town: A door leading to the kitchen opened of itself, when strange to relate, a tub containing slops and other offal, marched into the room and dumped its contents on the carpet.—This was more than the medium had bargained for; he at once became excited, rushed for the slop pail, intending to eject it from the room, when at once commenced a scene of confusion; books, chairs, tables, and articles of every description were moving about the room in "double quick;" the medium was speechless with fright, and his guests were in no better condition. In a few minutes all was again calm; and the party lost no time in effecting an exit, leaving the medium to meditate on the peculiar events of the evening.

HERE is an item concerning the foolishness of a small-pox panic:

The Rev Thomas K. Beecher is a gentleman who speaks his mind freely, and has no fear of dignitaries in his soul. He was engaged to lecture in Genesee, New York, but the lecture committee sent him word not to come because of a great small pox panic in the village, whereupon the Rev. Thomas wrote as follows: "I am amazed that, in this intelligent nineteenth century, there should be a small-pox panic. If any word of intelligent contempt from me can be of use to you, please pass the word around from me that cleanly and vaccinated persons are in no more danger of small-pox than they are of virtue without an effort. The response of the great lecture committee has not yet come under our observation.

THE New York Herald gives an account of an interview with a youth living about thirteen miles west of Delaware Water Gap, Pa., one hundred and fifty years of age; said to be the oldest man in America. He was born at Mount Bethel, Northampton county, Pennsylvania, in the fall of 1758, shook hands with Gen. Washington at Easton when he was about nineteen, and saw Lafayette at Dill's Ferry. The old gentleman takes his whiskey every day, and is a great smoker. Got drunk but twice in his life, once when he went to see Gen. Washington and once when he went West. He is now bent nearly double; was six feet high in his prime, is still well and hearty.

HOLD ON, BOYS!—Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie or speak harshly, or say any improper words.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is more valuable to you than gold, high places or fashionable attire.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to virtue; it is above all price to you in all times and all places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is, and always will be, your best wealth.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon.

"I WILL bet you a bottle of wine," said a gentleman to his friend, "that you will come down out of that chair before I ask you twice." "Done!" replied the friend. "Come down!" cried the other. "I will not," said his friend, with much obstinacy. "Then stop till I ask you a second time," said the other. Perceiving that he would never be asked a second time, the gentleman in the chair came down in a double sense.

A GIRL'S IDEA OF A MAN.

"Man's work is done from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done."

Standing elbow-deep in the dish water, not many days since, this time-worn saying flashed into my mind, like an electric shock, causing me to drop the dish cloth, while an emphatic "That's so!" burst from my lips. My mother's amazement at so startling an exhibition restored me in appearance to my wonted equilibrium, though inwardly my indignation beat a thrilling tattoo to the flying cups and saucers which, ever and anon, crashed into the cupboard! And, girls, whether you believe it or not, the short space of fifteen minutes saw my dishes all out of sight—skillets and frying pans not mentioned; whereupon I calmly and quietly seated myself to cool off, but the more I tried, the more angry I grew, till finally, snapping my fingers to that hypocritical old doctrine—

"Patience and Perseverance accomplisheth all things,"

I seized the broom and duster, and proceeded to vent my spleen upon the numerous inoffensive articles nearest my energetic grasp. Chairs flew in every direction, to say nothing of dust and cobwebs, and with every dash of the broom on went another layer of indignation—At this rate, and then, I leave you to judge of my probable state of mind when, at the expiration of half an hour, just as I had seated myself to rest a little from arduous labors, in walked an important representation of the male sex, making an extremely soothing observation something after this style: "That he wished he had nothing more to do than to sit in the house from morning till night, as all the women did."

Well! it would be perfectly useless for me to attempt to describe my sensations, as every word in Webster's Dictionary all strung together wouldn't be enough. I was actually dumb! My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. All the pent-up ideas of the morning crowded into my brain at once and concentrated in my eyes. Sparks flew if language didn't, and if looks could annihilate, I am quite certain that the aforementioned individual would have been stretched at my feet. He, however, fearing perhaps such a termination, proceeded to take his departure with all necessary dispatch! I, meanwhile striving to gather up my dead-and-alive energies sufficiently to aim at his retreating coat a parting shot with the broom.

Men are selfish creatures, the best way you can make it, and the more you humor them the worse they get. They have been so long accustomed to having the best of everything, that they have naturally come to expect it. There is a mouldy piece of sentiment fished up from the brain of some old bachelor probably, which always did disgust me, and that is:

"Always meet your husband with a smile."

That goes a little beyond my powers of endurance. *Smiles indeed!* Delightfully consistent with wash-tubs and gridirons. So a woman must slave and toil in the kitchen, from morning till night, shut in from all communion with the world outside; must broil, and bake, and stew, with a dozen dirty little pinafores clinging to her skirts; must sweep, and dust, and darn and sew; in fact must go through her work more dead than alive, with the ever-pressing idea staring her in the face that the arrival of her husband is the signal for her to scare up a smile, to greet the poor, dear creature who is so tired and harrassed with business! If there happens to be a tender spot in the steak for dinner, why—it must be saved for father! The richest bit of cream is reserved for father's coffee; father must have the most comfortable chair in the house—the largest half of the lamp. The instant you hear father coming, presto! change! clear the track, children! your father is tired; don't disturb him; run to your mother; she will attend to you.—Mother musn't get tired.

Well, come! Let's have the denouement.

Father plants himself in the only rocking chair the house affords, elevates his heels above the level of his nose, and remains a fixture for the rest of the evening. Mother comes trotting down stairs, from her task of putting the cherubs to bed, with an undignified sensation of pleasure at the bare possibility which suggests itself to her mind of a social chat with her husband about the occurrences of the day, which is just what she needs, after the monstrous round of duties which she daily performs. Not a bit of it! There he sits, conning, with unflinching steadiness, the columns of that odious paper, informing her by appearance, if not by words, that "Mum" is the order of the evening. So, heaving a faint little sigh, she takes her basket of stockings, and with unswerving, martyr-like devotion, plies her needle until *that man* gets ready to speak to her! which will probably be when he wants a dish of apples or a glass of cider.

Yes, sir! my mind is quite made up on this subject, and I don't see that I am going to help it any either, for:

"Men will be men the wide world through,
And women can't help it, whatever they do."

OUR BLUNDERS.—Beecher says: "I suppose I do *slop over* sometimes. Well, I never saw a pan of milk that did not slop over. If you do not want any slopping over, take a pint of milk and put it in a big bucket. There will be no slopping over then. And a man who has only a pint of feeling, in an enormous bucket, never slops over. But if a man is full of feeling, up to the very brim, how is he going to carry himself without spilling over? He cannot help it. There will be dripping over the edges all the time. And as every flower or blade of grass rejoices when the rain falls upon it, so every recipient along the way in which a man with overflowing generous feeling walks is thankful for his bounty. How to carry a nature full of feeling, and administer it without making any mistakes I do not know, you do not know, nobody does, nobody ever did, and nobody ever will, so we must take it and get along as best we can. Life is a kind of zigzag anyhow, and we are obliged to resort to expedients, and make experiments, and learn from our blunders, which are inevitable. We find out a great deal more from men's mistakes than from their successes."

A LITTLE two year old child of Frederick Printz, of Wilmington, was strangled to death with a grain of coffee on Wednesday last.

SINGLE BEDS.

The enormous beds in fashion in the middle ages, in which not only the whole family, but favorite domestic animals, hunting dogs, cats, etc., reposed together, excite our liveliest astonishment. In those days, the aristocracy did not find it undignified to share their couches with friends or guests who sought their hospitality.—It was, on the contrary, considered a mark of sincere friendship. But it is commonly believed that where two persons sleep together, one abstracts from the other some amount of vital force. This is especially the case where old and young persons share the same beds. Besides, in a room where there is no decided current of air, the emanations from the lungs and skin of a sleeper poisons the atmosphere for a considerable distance. In the public wards of great hospitals, never less than two and a-half feet is allowed between each bed for this reason. In the sleeping apartments of royalty and nobility single beds are everywhere the rule, and nowhere the exception. The Emperor of Germany sleeps upon a narrow bed and a hard mattrass. The single bed covering is wadded silk quilt. The Emperor and Empress of Austria take their royal slumbers on similar beds, with the same description of coverlets. One of the principal advantages of these narrow beds is that the mattresses are more easily aired. Even the poorest housewives in Germany recognize the fact that bedding requires daily airing; and on a pleasant day in winter, and nearly every day in summer, one may see stretched out of the court-yard windows for an entire half-day the feather beds and coverings so dear to the heart of a German frau. It is not necessary here to enter a protest against feathers, since this essay is not written for Germans. The physicians of Germany make the most energetic complaints against the use of these, with, as yet, among the lower classes, very little success.—*The Galaxy.*

STRANGE COINCIDENCES.

Some very strange coincidences occur. Many we cannot account for, as for the fact that in one of the hospitals of Baltimore every patient who was placed in a certain room was sure to have the typhoid fever. No matter what his disease was when he entered, it subsequently took a typhoid type. And this was, at a cursory glance, not attributed to the room itself, which was light, airy and clean. At last the circumstance became so marked that the physicians could no longer logically attribute it to chance or fatality. Where there was such a persistent effect there must be a constant exciting cause. So the room was cleaned, ventilated, whitewashed and scoured, and thoroughly disinfected, and the disease ceased. The room had became saturated with fever germs. A singular fatality of death has attended the Wharton trial, and there is one cell in the New York Tombs, in which it is said that every prisoner who is placed attempts suicide. Now there comes to us from Stafford, England, the news of the sudden death of Major Elwell, at Stafford. At a public meeting he had just risen and said: "Permit me one word, Mr. Chairman. It will be in the recollection of the Earl of Shrewsbury ——." Having got thus far he stopped, and turning very pale, said to the chairman, "Pardon me one moment." So saying he sat down; but almost immediately fell forward on the table. He remained thus only an instant and then suddenly sprang backward, and fell with a crash against the back of the seat, apparently in a fit, and died. It is singular that the better known Justice Thomas Noon Talfourd, while speaking in the same room in 1858, was seized in a similar manner, was removed from the room, and died immediately.

GIVE AND TAKE.

Perhaps few of us ever realize the pleasure conveyed in the giving of little things. Costly presents are a snare and unpleasant burden, the weight of which we do not shake off until the equivalent is returned. Small things, given or sent, at least prove remembrance, and to be thought of kindly is one of life's great compensations. What child has not been made happy by the gift of a toy, a trifle that caught its eyes, and excited its admiration? Some people have a way of making little offerings, which is more than the offering—a smile, a sentence, an unstudied grace that make perpetual memories linger about it.

In his lecture on "Charles Dickens," Edmund Yates speaks of a slant, a mere piece of board on which Dickens wrote. Miss Hogarth gave it to Mr. Yates, and his happiness in its possession was a strong proof of the power of giving pleasure contained in small things. Who has not felt the force of Ophelia's words: "Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind."

But the small gift has this virtue, that its intrinsic value demands no gratitude, and the feelings it inspires are not of the earth, earthy. This freighting the untried matrimonial bark with plate enough to wreck it, is a sad mistake. We have heard of a bride who received six elegant water pitchers, and spoons enough to start an hotel. This may be friendship, but it would be more practicable in its results if the friends would start a subscription for the bride, and deposit the proceeds in a bank for her sole benefit. A little private purse would give her more pleasure than the shining plate, which too often reflects an unhappy, mortified face.

A FARMER, who was a widower, was aroused at midnight by the loud barking of his dog. On going to it the animal displayed extreme terror, whereupon the farmer took his gun and proceeded to an inspection. All at once he saw a phantom, clothed in a white sheet, rise behind the hedge. The farmer turned deadly pale, and his limbs shook with dismay. He, however, contrived to ejaculate: "If you come from God, speak; if from the devil vanish." "Wretch," exclaimed the phantom, "I am your deceased wife, come from the grave to warn you not to marry Maria A. to whom you are making love. The only woman to succeed me is Henrietta B. Marry her, or persecution and eternal torment shall be your doom." This strange address from the goblin, instead of dismaying the farmer, restored his courage. He accordingly rushed on the ghostly visitor and stripping off its sheet, discovered the fair Henrietta B. herself, looking extremely foolish. It is said that the farmer admiring the girl's tricks, had the banns published for his marriage with her.

A CHALLENGE.

BY A HIGH-SCHOOL GIRL.

If you want a kiss, take it;
There's a jolly Saxon proverb,
That a man is half in Heaven
When he has a woman's kiss;
But there's danger in delaying,
And the sweetness may forsake it,
So I tell you, bashful lover,
If you want a kiss: Why take it.

Never let another fellow
Steal a march on you in this,
Never let a laughing maiden
See you spoiling for a kiss.
There's a royal way to kissing,
And the jolly ones who take it
Have a motto that is winning,
If you want a kiss: Why take it.

Any fool may face a woman,
Anybody wear a crown;
But a man must win a woman
If he'd have her for his own.
Would you have the golden apple,
You must find the tree and shake it;
If the thing is worth the having
And you want a kiss: Why, take it.

MARRYING TOO SOON.

Morally, mentally, physically, premature marriage is a mistake among women; and yet every day we see this mistake sanctioned by the offices of religion, blessed by the consent of friends, and entered into with all the eclat which should be reserved for a triumph rather than a trial.

"Morally," it is a mistake, because few women are fit, at an age when they should be "under authority," to rule a household prudently, since no atmosphere is so dangerous to an undeveloped soul as that of the almost absolute power which is generally delegated to the young wife. She may now do whatever is pleasing in her own eyes. She has been freed from parental restraint, and any other has a circumference so undefined that it is narrowed and enlarged according to the will and moral sense of her who draws it. Angels might fear to walk in such a broad freedom as is given, by love and sufferance, to the majority of our young and married women—women by courtesy, children in the regard of both law and wisdom.

"Mentally," it is a mistake, because with marriage all mental growth is suspended in the large majority of women. Education, being regarded as simply a means toward an end, is abandoned as soon as the end is obtained. It may be argued that all education from such a motive is a mistake to begin with. True, but then it is one which helps the culprit in the society of wisdom, and it is just possible the mind, under such influence, might arrive at a juster conception of its worth and value.

"Physically," it is a mistake, because, at the early age at which many marriages are made, the human form has not arrived at perfect strength, and duties and responsibilities are laid upon it for which nature has made no adequate provision. Vitality is destroyed quicker than it is generated, and early and rapid decay of both mind and body is the results. Then the woman is said to die "by the visitation of God," though in nine cases out of ten it is only the simple and inevitable result of laws of nature pitilessly and persistently broken.—*Science of Health.*

A Detective's Story.

A little episode in the life of Detective Becker, of Newark, reads like a novel writer's story. Mr. Becker was ordered to Fort Wayne some time ago to work up a counterfeiting gang. After much trouble he succeeded in getting admitted to the gang under the name of "Dutch Jim." The Newark *Courier* tells the rest:

Their headquarters was in one of the cemeteries, where they met nightly, and a partially opened grave, in an obscure part of the burial ground, contained the spoils of not only the result of counterfeiting, but of a number of bold robberies committed by the gang. The detective worked his case well, and was astonished to find that several of the gang were well known citizens and members of churches. Had the gang once suspected the true character of "Duch Jim" that shrewd and cunning fellow's life would have been the forfeit. Different ones of the gang were arrested, and always "Dutch Jim" was one of the party "coopped," but he managed (always "by the skin of his teeth" apparently) to be released. At last the final blow came—the arrest of the five leaders—and "Dutch Jim" was one.—They were on their way to commit a burglary in an adjoining town. Becker had telegraphed Government officers to be ready, and when the train reached the depot the car which the burglars occupied was boarded by a dozen officers. A fearful fight occurred, and as it was not yet time for "Dutch Jim" to be publicly known, he entered into the fight with as much earnestness (to all appearances) as did his "pals," and he did receive in return some good blows. The ring-leaders were captured, and in company with "Jim from Jersey" were put in cells. When the day of examination came "Dutch Jim" was put on the stand, and when he gave as his occupation "Government Secret Service Officer," the counterfeiters wilted. The evidence was too strong to be broken, and the gang was secured. Becker has since returned to Newark, and is now on the city force.

BUSINESS HARDSHIPS.—A case in one of our courts yesterday illustrated the sunken rocks that sometimes make navigation in the sea of partnership dangerous. A man of property was the partner of another who carried on a small business. For some time the man of property paid all bills, and the other superintended affairs and signed for the firm. Finally the partnership business came to an end. The affairs were settled up, and the man of property wended his way thro' life alone; but he was disagreeably reminded of the past by being called upon to pay several notes, of the existence of which he declares he was until that time unaware. As they were for large sums, he naturally concluded that he wouldn't pay a cent. He had paid all claims while the business was going on, and did not see why any notes had got afloat. The notes were in the hands of a third party, who had discounted them on fair terms. When the man of property declined to liquidate the documents suits were brought and yesterday a verdict was given for the value of three notes amounting in the aggregate to between three and four thousand dollars.—*Balt. American, Feb. 5.*

Beauty is worse than wine, it intoxicates, both the holder and the beholder.—*Zimmerman.*

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

GREAT SPEECH OF VICE-PRESIDENT COLFAX.

A large mass meeting of the friends of temperence was held in Baltimore, at the Maryland Institute, on Sunday, February 2d, and was addressed by Vice-President Colfax and others. The *American* gives the following synopsis of the speech of Mr. Colfax:

He said that the heart of any man must be cold and callous indeed that would not warm at receiving such a cordial—more than cordial, affectionate—greeting as he had received. It was to him peculiarly gratifying, because it showed him that they believed that during his public life that would close next month he had sought to stand right in the sight of God, whether the world judged him wrong or not. [Applause.]

He had come at the earnest invitation of those engaged in a noble work in the city of Baltimore, not to speak on local legislation for the suppression of a great evil, but for the furtherance of that which concerned the future prosperity and happiness of millions. In the field of humanity the laborers were too few, and there is always room for those who desire to work in it.

Mr. Colfax said he came to speak of the great and growing evil of the day, the woes and sorrows, the crime and suffering it produced. He never rose to speak on that subject without being depressed when he contemplated the grief, the anguish, the woes that it caused in every rank of life, since in every rank they were found crowding the road to ruin. How could he depict the intolerable evils and anguish that it caused. He would fain roll upon them the burden of their individual responsibility. Daniel Webster was asked what was the greatest thought that had ever occurred to him, and he replied that it was his responsibility to God and man. The world is so full of human trials and sorrow, full of poverty, crime and suffering, full of wars and disease and breaking hearts, full of unjust aspersion that is sometimes hard to bear, unless the mind is conscious of rectitude. [Loud applause.] Vast as was the sum of human wretchedness, more than half of it was caused by intemperance.

The speaker believed in the brotherhood of man, and held that the second great command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," laid at the conscience and the door of every human being. The man whom they meet reeling along the road to ruin was the brother of every one here, and they each owed to him a duty. If blessed themselves with happier surroundings, they saw one of their fellow men going down to that saddest of all deaths, that of a drunkard, and saw him reeling and plunging along the downward road, stretching out no hand to save him, they were guilty of his death, they were accessories to the ruin of his soul. If they saw one going toward a pitfall and gave no warning, they were responsible to God for his life, and how much more were they responsible if they gave no alarm when they saw that both body and soul were in danger.

Mr. Colfax then asked the audience to imagine on the great walls of Masonic Temple a panorama of the great army that alcohol led to ruin during the last year. First, they saw an army of sixty thousand men, not with gay banners, nor marching with bounding and elastic step, like patriots going to battle for their country, nor with hearts full of joy, but marching on with feeble, tottering steps, with minds debased and constitutions destroyed, toward drunkards graves, until they came in sight of the flaming inscription: "No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God." Following these is another army of widowed wives and orphan children, whose husbands and fathers have fallen into drunkards graves. Then there were hundreds and thousands of wives and children who were more wretched, more unhappy than even the widows and orphans of dead drunkards. These were the wives and children of drunkards still living, when honor and happiness have been turned to shame and misery. This was touchingly illustrated by recollection of cases that had fallen under the speaker's observation. Behind the armies mentioned there came the thousands who had been made by intemperance the inmates of jails and penitentiaries, of poor-houses and insane asylums. Following all these we see suicides, who have been led by intemperance to take their own lives, and to rush unbidden to meet the judgment of their God.

In a most eloquent manner the speaker recalled the vast sum of agony, the woe, the tears, the heartbreakings, the anguish, that was involved in the march of those great armies that intemperance led. He called on all who heard him and gave aid to the cause of intemperance to stop at once, and then, in rapid review, gave the startling aggregates of the ravages of rum. There were in the United States four hundred thousand more men engaged in making and vending intoxicating drinks than there are ministers of the Gospel of all denominations and teachers of all the schools in the land. The people of the United States pay $12,000,000 a year for the support of the Gospel, and $600,000,000 for intoxicating drinks. In New York State there are in the county poor-houses 72,000 persons, and of these from forty to sixty per cent. have come there directly in consequence of intemperance. In the United States and Territories there are over 300,000 people who have been reduced by intemperance from competence to dependence on public charity for their support. Dr. W. Parker says that of all the deaths in New York city one-third are directly caused by intemperance, and thus the deaths from that cause in New York city in eight years number 138,000. In the State Prison of Illinois there are 1,020 convicts, and of these 950 signed a petition to the Legislature imploring it to abolish the liquor traffic, and declaring that intemperance was what brought them to their unfortunate condition.

Mr. Colfax told of the case of a [illegible] dying with delirium tremens, and [illegible] determination not to [illegible] dle. He warned [illegible] their danger, and [illegible] their influence to [illegible] and not to [illegible] ty of encouraging [illegible] in the past [illegible]

The [illegible]

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HUMOROUS.

ANDERSON, the wizard, met with a Yankee, who stole a march on him after the following pattern: Enter Yankee. "I say, are you Professor Anderson?" "Yes sir, at your service." "Wa'al, you're a tarnation smart man, and I'm sumthin' at a trick, too, kinder cute, too, you know." "Ah, indeed; and what tricks are you up to, sir?" asked the professor, amused at the simple fellow. "Wa'al, I can take a red cent and turn it into a ten-dollar gold piece." "Oh, that's a mere slight of hand trick; I can do that, too." "No, you can't. I'd like to see you try." "Why, hold out your hand with a cent in it."—Yankee stretched out his hand with a red cent lying on it. "This your cent is it sure?" "It's nothing else." "Hold on to it tight—Presto! change. Now open your hand." Yankee opened his fist, and there was a gold eagle shining on his palm. "Wa'al you did it, I declare; much obleeged tew yeou," and Jonathan turned to go out. "Stay," said the professor, "you may leave me my ten dollars." "Yours! wasn't it my cent? and didn't you turn it into this 'ere yaller thing, eh? Good-bye!" and as he left the room he was heard to say, "I guess there ain't anything green about this 'ere child."

A GENTLEMAN, searching for a goose for dinner, was attracted by the sight of a plump and weighty one. "Is that goose a young one?" asked he of a rosy cheeked lass in attendance. "Yes, sir; indeed it is." "How much do you ask for it?" asked the gentleman. "Two, dollars, sir." "That is too much. Say one dollar and have your money." "Well, sir, as I would like to get you as a regular customer, I will take it." The goose was carried home and roasted, but found to be so tough as to be uneatable; and the following day the gentleman accosted the poulterer. "Did you not tell me," he asked, "that goose I bought of you was young?" "Yes, sir, I did; and it was." "No, it was not." "Don't you call me a young woman?" "Yes." "Well, I have heard my mother say, many a time, that it was six weeks younger than me."

AN EASTERN peddler desired accommodation for the night at a hotel in the south of virginia, but from the prejudice frequently existing against this class, our host for a long time refused. At last he consented, on condition that the peddler should play him a Yankee trick before he left him. The offer was accepted. On rising in the morning Jonathan carefully secured the coverlet of the bed, which, among other things, he pressed the landlady to purchase. The low price of the coverlet operated at once upon the latter, who insisted that her husband should buy it, adding, that it would match her's exactly. Jonathan took his money, mounted his cart, and had got fairly under way, when our host called to him that he had forgotten the Yankee trick he was to play him. "O, never mind," says Jonathan, "you will find it out soon enough."

THERE is evidently some "outcome" in the boy in Prof. Hamilton's school who wrote the composition upon "the Pin," a subject chosen by his teacher. Knowing the boy's aversion to literary efforts, his teacher exacted but two sentences. After considerable effort, the little hero produced the following: "Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women and children; in fact, whole familes." In reply to his astonished teacher's question as to the manner in which the lives of so many people had been saved through the instrumentality of pins, the boy innocently remarked, "Why, by not swallowing them."

"I HAD a friend who dressed himself in lady's clothes and called upon a celebrated fortune-teller. She