msa_sc2901_scm1622-0977 copyright Maryland State Archives

Kent News.

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

Vol. 33. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1873. No. 36.

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.

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, Gallignani's Messenger, (French) June, 1867.]

ALSO, THE

"M. F."---Manufacturer's Favorite,

Having a space of nearly twenty inches under the arm—a positive feed on three sides of the needle. Without Cam, Cog Wheels, Compound Cranks, Wire Springs or Revolving Shafts.

SILENT! RAPID! POWERFUL

These Machines are in use by many families in Chestertown and Kent county, and are universally preferred over all others by Ladies who have used different kinds. Every family should have one.

Send for Circulars and Samples.

HINES & BURCHINAL,

AGENTS,

d3-tf. 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.

Trustee's Sale.

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE OF THE Circuit Court for Kent County, in Chancery, the undersigned as Trustee will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on

WEDNESDAY,

THE 12th DAY OF MARCH, 1873,

At the Voshell House in Chestertown, at 3 o'clock, P. M., the

REAL ESTATE of JAS. P. WICKES,

Late of Kent county, Md., deceased.

This Estate consists of

A VALUABLE FARM,

ON EASTERN NECK ISLAND,

CALLED

"WICKLIFFE"

And a VALUABLE WOOD LOT in Pine Neck.

The Farm contains about 365 Acres,

of which at least 300 acres are arable, and the residue in Marsh and Wood. The soil is susceptible of the highest state of improvement, and is well adapted to all cereals, fruits and vegetables, and is now in good heart.

In view of its natural fertility and productiveness, this estate will bear a favorable comparison with the best farms in the county. It is divided into a convenient number of fields, and is under good and substantial fencing.—It lies at the mouth of Chester River, and has all the advantages of our most favored water situations.

"Wickes' Beach," on this Estate, has been for many years and is now pre-eminently distinguished for its fine Swan, Goose and Duck Shooting, and within a few yards of its shore lie some of our choicest OYSTER BEDS and FISHING GROUNDS.

There is a fine Wharf and Landing on the Island within a short distance of this farm, which is not over thirty miles from the city of Baltimore in an air line.

The Improvements

ARE A

THREE STORY

FRAME DWELLING

WITH A KITCHEN ATTACHED, and all the necessary Out-Buildings,

which are in a fair state of repair.

THE WOOD LOT

Contains 25 or 30 Acres,

and is said to be valuable because of the Chestnut growth upon it.

To him who looks to sport and pleasure, as well as to him who looks only to pecuniary profits, for his investments, this estate offers rare inducements to purchase.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms of sale as prescribed by the Decree are as follows:—One-eighth of the whole purchase money to be paid on the day of sale or on the final ratification thereof, at the option of the Trustee. The one-half part in one year and the residue in two equal instalments of two and three years from the day of sale. The purchase money to be secured by bond of the purchaser, with security approved by the trustee, bearing interest from the day of sale.

RICHARD HYNSON, Trustee.

N. B.—At the same time, as attorney for Mrs. C. A. Wickes, the undersigned will offer at public sale, for cash, her part of the

"SPENCER FARM,"

Containing about 107 Acres of Land,

without improvements, save fencing. This land adjoins "Wickliffe," and is very desirable on account of its natural fertility and water advantages.

RICHARD HYNSON,
Attorney.

Chestertown, Feb. 15, 1873—tds.

Real Estate at Public Sale.

BY VIRTUE of authority conferred by a power contained in a Mortgage from Jas. Yates to William Vannort, dated Dec. 13th, 1871, duly recorded among the land records for Kent county, Maryland, in Liber J. K. H., No. 10, folio 322, &c., the undersigned will offer at Public Sale at Maxwell's Hotel, in Millington, Kent county, Md., on

Saturday, the 8th of March, 1873,

AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.,

All the right, title, claim, interest and estate of the said mortgagor, of, in and to all those

Tracts or Parcels of Land,

situate and lying in the First Election District of Kent county aforesaid, on the road from Turner's Cross Roads to the Line-stone farm, about three miles from Millington; being part of the land which was conveyed to the said James Yates by a certain John Edward Clyde. The whole tract contains about

186 Acres of LAND

and is divided into TWO FARMS, each having all the necessary BUILDINGS, and under good fencing.

These tracts will first be offered separately and then as a whole.

Possession given on the ratification of the sale.

THE TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by the mortgage are, cash on the day of sale, but these terms may be modified to suit purchasers at the option of the mortgagee.

WILLIAM VANNORT, Mortgagee.
C. T. WESTCOTT, Att'y.

Feb. 8, 1873—tds.

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.

U. A. C. GARRETT.

☞ jan4 3m.

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

My Beautiful Grandmamma.

Grandmamma sits in her quaint arm chair;
Never was a lady more sweet and fair;
Her gray locks ripple like silver shells,
And her brow her own calm story tells
Of a gentle life and a peaceful even,
A trust in God and a hope in Heaven.

Little girl May sits rocking away
In her own low seat, like some winsome fay;
Two doll babies her kisses share,
And another one lies by the side of her chair;
May is as fresh as the morning dew—
Cheeks of roses, and ribbons of blue.

"Say, grandmamma," says the pretty elf,
"Tell me a story about yourself;
When you were little, what did you play?
Was you good or naughty, the whole long day?
Was it hundreds and hundreds of years ago?
And what makes your soft hair as white as snow?

Did you have a mamma to hug and kiss?
And a dolly like this, and this, and this?
Did you have a pussy like my little Kate?
Did you go to bed when the clock struck eight?
Did you have long curls, and some beads like mine?
And a new silk apron, with ribbon fine?"

Grandmamma smiled at the little maid,
And laying aside her knitting said:
"Go to my desk, and a red box you'll see,
Carefully lift, and bring it to me."
So May put her dollies away and ran,
Saying, "I'll be as careful as ever I can."

Then grandmamma opened the box, and lo!
A beautiful child, with a throat like snow;
Lips just tinted like pink shells rare,
Eyes of hazel, and golden hair;
Hands all dimpled, and teeth like pearls,
Fairest and sweetest of little girls.

"Oh! who is it?" cried winsome May,
"How I wish she was here to-day!
Wouldn't I love her like everything?
Give her a doll and my new gold ring?
Say, dear grandmamma, who can she be?
"Darling," said grandma "that child was me."

May looked long at the dimpled grace,
And then at the saint-like, fair old face;
"How funny," she cried, with a smile and kiss,
"To have such a dear little grandma as this!
Still," she added, with smiling zest,
"I think, dear grandma, I like you best."

So May climed on the silken knee,
And grandma told her her history;
What plays she played, and what toys she had,
How at times she was naughty, or good or sad;
"But the best thing you did," said May, "don't you see?
Was to grow to a beautiful grandma for me."

MY COUSIN'S LOVERS.

My Cousin Hortense was very handsome, and a great flirt besides.

I was a little fellow then, and didn't know what that meant, but I learned.

Hortense was a good-natured girl as ever lived, but it seems as natural as her prettiness for a pretty girl to flirt.

My cousin had three lovers. She had scores of them for that matter, but there were three who really seemed resolved that they would not take "no" for an answer.

First and foremost, because of his money, and because my uncle favored him, was Mr. Clemens—"Father Luke' Hortense called him in derision. His name was Luke Clemens, and he was old enough to be Hortense's grandfather, for that matter.

Why he wanted a blooming young girl for a wife at his age nobody knew. But he was very, very rich.

His house stood on an eminence just out of town, and looked like a great white marble palace.

It was furnished in the most extravagant and luxurious style, and to see the inside of it was enough to make any woman expire with desire to be mistress of its elegance.

Hortense could not withstand its fascinations, and in the end she agreed to marry Father Luke for the sake of it, but not yet.

Next on the list was Raynall Ford.—Raynall Ford was French on his mother's side. He had long, black hair, silky and fine as a woman's, and he parted it in the middle and combed it straight behind his ears as a woman might. It gave him a very odd look taken in connection with his red cheeks and heavy moustache.

He had not the gost of a chance of winning Hortense, though he would not see it, for neither my uncle nor my cousin liked him.

Hortense used to say it made her shiver only to look at him, and I was afraid of him myself. He used to mutter in French, and hiss out sharp words out under his breath when he was angry, that made me want to shrink away out of his sight.

He was not welcome at my uncle's house, but there was no excuse for treating him otherwise than courteously, and he came of a fine family, so he continued to come and vex my cousin with attentions which he would not see were not merely unwelcome but repulsive.

Hortense had been to blame in the first place, for she had smiled on him, and played with him at first in a most unjustifiable manner.

She did all she could to discourage him, but it was too late.

Last of all was Phil Dering, dear old Phil; not that he was not the youngest of them all, but that was a fashion Hortense and I had of talking about him. In her secret heart, my wicked little flirt of a cousin loved Phil.

But as he was the poorest of the lot, as well as the handsomest, cleverest, and kindest, she had not the smallest idea of ever marrying him. Phil and I were great friends.

I can't describe Phil to you, but he was handsome—such bright glancing eyes, such dark waving hair, such a kind, pleasant voice, but with a touch of strength in it that made one think it would be something worth while to have him to lean on if you were in trouble. With all my cousin's waywardness, Phil Dering could do more with her than any one else could.

He must have known all along that she loved him, for I used to hear him say sometimes when she was in a gracious mood, and would let him talk to her:

"You never will marry Father Luke, Hortense. I know you will not. If you don't, I will wait."

The words were overheard by a servant, and quoted against him with fatal meaning afterward, but I don't know how any one could imagine anything evil in them; they were spoken so sweetly, and his eyes regarded my cousin's blushing, downcast face with such fondness as could have hidden nothing sinister.

Hortense must have vacillated somewhat, probably a great deal, between the old man with all his money and dear, handsome Phil.

But at last, as I have said, between her longings after the fine house, and her father's insistance, she said yes to Father Luke.

She told Phil herself, when the bargain was fairly made—told him with a saucy, cruel laugh, and a mocking brightness in her bird-like eyes.

Phil turned whiter than his collar, and gave her such a look—not a word, but one look, then he went away, and left me and her standing there together.

Hortense grew a little pale; women don't feel such things as men do, I think; they are selfish naturally, and their education makes them more so. She looked down at me and smiled, and her lips trembled, but she looked so brightly, prettily defiant of my poor Phil and his sorrow, that I turned my back on her and said I hated her. She laughed aloud at that

"If you hate me because you love Phil, cousin Dick, here's a kiss for you, and I wish I was you."

And with a kiss she was gone. I ran after Phil but I could not find him.

Coming back through the shrubbery through, I stumbled almost upon somebody else—Raynall Ford.

The man looked like a ghost with his ghastly face, his set white teeth, and his flaming eyes. His hair looked as though he had been tearing it with his hands.—He had got the news of Hortense's engagement, though who told him of it, or if anybody did, I never knew.

He might have gathered it from a chance word or stray looks. There was a dinner party at my uncle's that day, and when the company was gathered, nobody was missing but Phil. He had gone home. Hortense was never so gay, I am sure, or so beautiful. Raynall Ford, self-possessed and gentlemanly, and not looking much like the half wild individual I had seen in the shrubbery—was more smiling and affable than his wont. His hair flowed sleek and shining either way from the parting, and on his cheeks glowed two round spots of scarlet that seemed twin flames. He was very merry. So were they all indeed.

But I could only think of Phil, and when the ladies and gentlemen quitted the dining-room, I crept away and got my hat. Hortense came to me as I was putting it on, and asked where I was going.

"To find Phil," I said crossly.

And she, never suspecting that he had gone home, said softly:

"That is a good little Dick," and kissed me as she had before. But this time she left my cheek wet with tears.

"Shall I tell Phil you cried?" I asked, with childish wisdom, and feeling myself suddenly endowed with new importance.

Hortence looked back over her white and dimpled shoulder as she was leaving me, and seemed to hesitate. Then she said with a sigh:

"Yes, tell him, dear; but not that I said you might."

It was thick dust when I reached the road, going down the long shrubberry walk; for I was a little afraid.

Little did my cousin guess where I was really going. She imagined that Phil was about the ground somewhere, whereas he was miles away, at his father's house.

I was only eight years old, and I had never been permitted to go out on the open road quite alone like this; but far from being afraid, I held up my head and tried to whistle, and strutted along as though I had been a major general.

"I don't know how far I had walked or how long. I had a very vague idea of the way, supposing I had to follow the road. But I had gone far enough to tire a little fellow out like me pretty thoroughly; for when I sat down on a log by the wayside to rest, I presently slipped down upon the soft turf, and screened by some tall weeds from the immediate view of any passer-by, went to sleep.

I must have slept hours. I was woke by a dazzling flash, and a sensation as though something had burst in my head, and then I heard groans, and there was another flash and report that made me jump up screaming.

The next I knew, somebody had pounced upon me, and was still stifling my screams with his hand.

It was a man with a black mask on, as I could see by the moonlight, though I was too frightened then to know it was a mask.

A grey-haired old man, too covered with blood for me to know him as Mr. Clemens, lay doubled up in a heap in the middle of the road, and a still smoking revolver was on the ground beside him. In the distance I could hear the sound of retreating carriage wheels, Mr. Clemens' horses having taken fright and run.

The terror of my infantile days had been a "mysterious black man," with whom my nurse had been wont to threaten me, but out of whose memory I had in a measure grown until this revival of his superstitious presence.

I stopped screaming in the intensity of my fright at his bodily appearance. When he uncovered my mouth, I could only clasp my hands and gasp:

"Please, Mr. Black Man; I will be good, Mr. Black Man!"

He seemed to consider while he held me fast, and, while he considered, I could see his eyes shine through the mask, and I remember thinking in the midst of my terror, how the eyes were like Raynall Ford's.

He had on a long, black oil-cloth coat, with the collar turned up high, and tho' the sleeves were very long, I could see a strangely white and slender hand, and on one of the fingers glittering like an eye of fire a large diamond.

"He's got a ring like Mr. Ford's too," I said to myself, with a shudder.

He put me upon the ground presently, and still holding my hand, led me rapidly away. After a little, seeing that I did not step quickly enough (my limbs were numbed with horror,) he took me in his arms, and strode on faster than before.

When he put me down again it was in my uncle's grounds, though I did not know it then, and before he quitted me he bent down and said:

"Don't you know me, little Dick, I'm Phil Dering."

I fell right down on the grass where he left me; and at once became unconscious. The sun was high when I awoke and staggered towards the house and up to the breakfast room, where my uncle was reading the Times and Hortense doing the honors of the table. I shall never forget the startled look she gave as I stood in the doorway.

I was too exhausted to speak for some time, and when I could talk must have given a most disjointed account of what I had undergone.

But it was in its fragments of a nature to cause my uncle to go out with a couple of servants to examine the road upon which I had been.

They found old Mr. Clemens lying quite dead (he had been shot twice,) and laying by him was the fatal weapon by which he had been slain.

It was Phil Dering's revolver, and that morning Phil was arrested for murder.

I lay ill some weeks and delirous. I don't know what I talked about, but whatever I said, it about broke my cousin's heart, and she would have kept every one but herself away from hearing me, if she could.

I should not have known Hortense she was so changed,

When I began to get better, I improved rapidly, and was soon strong enough to play about again. Then one day, my uncle took me in the carriage to the trial. Phil's trial for the murder of Mr. Clemens. He talked to me all the way, and tried to make me understand about an oath, and that I was to tell before a great many people all that I could remember about the night Mr. Clemens was murdered. Though I did not want to talk about it, at first, it had been so terrible, I was persuaded by my uncle's gentle talk, and promised to do as he wished.—I was not at all prepared, however, to see Phil there.

Nobody had explained to me about him, and when I saw him whom I loved so, and had not seen for so long, looking so pale and thin, so sad and careworn, and when he smiled at me in the old fashion, only so sorrowfully, I don't know what made me, but I turned away my head and cried.

By and bye they coaxed me quiet, and after I had kissed the little book, I told my story in my own way, little suspecting that they were calculating upon my childish evidence to finally convict Phil of the murder.

Nobody interrupted or questioned me till I had finished, and the Court was so still that you could have heard a pin drop. I had forgotten nothing, and beginning at my setting out to go to Phil, I told him about my going to sleep by the road side, and what awoke me, and I told all about the "black man," as I called him, and what he said to me when he put me down in my uncle's grounds.

There was an evident sensation in the court at this portion of my tale, and everybody looked at Phil, and Raynall Ford who had stood where I had not seen him before, pressed forward, and putting a slender hand upon the railing, leaned quite over that he might see Phil's face, and gave one of his half audible French hisses. Upon that hand glittered the ring that I remembered so well.

It was only natural, I suppose, that I should add to my already finished recital that the mysterious "black man" had a ring like Mr. Ford's.

There was another sensation then, and Raynall Ford turned upon me, showing his white teeth, as if he would have torn me. I was but a child, and scarcely recovered from a long illness. As that man turned towards me thus, I saw or seemed to see the eyes of that terrible being whose arms had clasped me that never-to-be-forgotten night, and whose shape of terror had printed itself in letters of torture upon my childish brain.

I cried out sharply:

"It is the black man! Don't let him get me!" and cowered helplessly in my uncle's arms.

There was a wild commotion in an instant. Raynall Ford made a guilty dash for the door, and when somebody stopped him, put the muzzle of a loaded pistol to his lips, and blew his brains out.

Phil was acquitted. Three years afterwards he and Hortense were married.

Raynall Ford had stolen Phil's revolver on purpose to fasten suspicion on him and had disguised himself as Mr Clemens' coachman, having first drugged the real driver

He had shot the old man first in the carriage, but the old man had managed to get out into the road.

Then he jumped off the box and fired the second time and killed him.

An Indian's Mistake.

Some months ago a lot of Sioux Indians robbed a stage-coach on the plains, and found, among the packages of freight, a clothes-wringer.

One of the chiefs had been in St. Louis several times, and had observed certain beings grinding terrific music out of a machine with the same kind of crank as that upon the wringer, so a conviction seized his soul that this was an organ.

He had the wringer carefully carried back to camp, and made up his mind that from that day forward the silence of that solitary wilderness was going to be broken by a ceaseless round of tunes and vibrations.

First he grasped the crank and began to turn it, in order to show his braves how the thing was done.

He revolved it for sixteen hours, but no music came.

Then the other Indians took a hand, one after the other, for a week.

Then the squaws were turned on, but without any effect.

Then the chief went out and stole a mule and a threshing-machine, and rigged up a lot of blocks and pulleys, and ran a belt oner the crank; then exploded powder under the hind legs of that mule, so that he kept charging up the inclined plane of that threshing machine, and the wringer made sixty revolutions a minute.

But it wouldn't work.

So the chief came to the conclusion that the concern was under some kind of a curse, and he ran out the medicine-man, and had a war-dance, and drove yellow pine stakes through a couple of white captives, and jumped around and howled, while the medicine-man played some wild, mysterious music on a drum.

Then the medicine-man hitched up the mule again, and, after starting the machine, he leaned up against it while he muttered an exorcism.

In a couple of minutes the rubber rollers clenched his breech-clout and began to haul him in with his knees doubled up against his face.

When he got half way through he stuck, and the machine stopped.

He couldn't move, and the chief was afraid to touch the wringer, so the braves fell on the doctor, and jobbed him with a knife, and scalped him; and then they buried him and the machine as they were.

This was the last attempt of the Sioux Indians to cultivate the fine arts.

"OUR GIRLS."

Writers and lecturers are continually harping on the impossibility, in the present state of society, of a poor man procuring a suitable "helpmeet." We hear so much of "female helplessness" and "female extravagance," and such reiterations of the statement that the present generation of girls are totally unfit for the duties of wife and mother, that, like many other popular beliefs which are unsupported by facts, pass current unquestioned. If we would take the testimony of these people, the poor man—which includes all not entirely independent of the world pecuniarily—might as well hang his harp on the willow and settle down into single blessedness. We are told that dress, balls, theatres, operas and scandal is all that the modern young lady is capable of appreciating and enjoying, and that the self-sacrificing spirit that caused a woman to leave all else and through prosperity and adversity, through good and evil report, cling to her husband, is dead with the century that has gone. It is said that a young girl of to-day is thoroughly conversant with the waltzes of Strauss, but is entirely ignorant of the first rudiments of bread-baking—that though she can make a sensation on the ball floor, she can't make a pudding.

Is it so? This is partly the truth and partly false; and we believe there are just as good wives to be got to-day, as when in the old patriarchal times, Jacob served seven years for his, who, as the preachers tell us, was an extraordinary specimen of her sex.

Don't be "skeered." Young men contemplating matrimony, don't let them scare you off. The stomach is not the only thing for which we should live; and in your married life there shall come a time, yes, many times, when you will need something else besides a good cook for your nearest and dearest friend. There will come a time when the lightness and quality of bread, or the consistency of a pudding will be of little account to you; and you will see her who they say is fit for little but balls and parties, be unto you a ministering angel.

If the qualities of a good cook and housekeeper are all that is essential to make a model wife, then we had better all wed our mother's servant girls, and happiness is assured; companionship, love and womanly devotion passing for naught.

Do not be afraid, my young friend, if the young lady upon whom you intend bestowing all you have to give—yourself—is not as skillful as somebody's grandmother who lived "in the good old time," and was noted for miles around for her skill in the culinary art, but was doubtless a good old fraud, who would have bankrupted a man of ordinary income in these times by her expensive housekeeping—don't be alarmed, she will learn—and with love to urge her on, will make astonishing progress, and in time you will have the gratification of hearing that your wife makes an excellent cup of coffee, when some of her relations who are taking tea with you pass up their cup for the fourth time.

Should, as it inevitably will, sickness overtake you, then, dropping the follies and frivolities of everyday lite, the true woman will stand out, and her touch will not be heavier, or her step noisier, because she can execute a difficult piece of music on the piano. She may not be versed in the mysteries of catnip tea or other "yarb drinks," as were those before mentioned grandmothers, but we have physicians to whom we leave the selection of physics for our relief, and careful, attentive nursing is that is required. You will be astonished when you see your young wife in the sick room, and notice how she does just what is required, and you will wonder where she learned it.—We can only account for it by the supposition that its "in 'em."

And as for filling the duties of a mother, that will come natural. Did you ever see a young mother with her first baby who didn't act just as if she had raised a family of a bakers' dozen of them? How did she learn that? Did she inherit that latest quality from her grandmother?—We think you can go further back and say she inherited it from Eve, when she dandled little Cain on her knee—and who taught Eve?

We have seen some of the wildest, most thoughtless girls settle down into steady, loving, careful wives, and if they don't there is some fault on the other side of the house, for, heaven knows, the men are not angels.

What I Have Noticed.

I have noticed that silks, broadcloths, and jewels are often bought with other people's money

I have noticed that the prayers of every selfish man is "Forgive us our debts," while he makes everybody that owes him pay the utmost farthing.

I have noticed that all men speak well of all men's virtues when they are dead, and that tombstones are marked with the epitaphs of the good and virtuous. Is there any particular cemetery where the dead men are buried?

I have noticed that he who thinks every man a rogue, is very certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought in mercy to his neighbor surrender the rascal to justice

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the rich man's trouble, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of nearly all.

I have noticed that merit is always measured in the world by its success.

I have noticed that we are always wishing instead of working for fortunes, we are disappointed and call Dame Fortune blind; but it is the best evidence that the old lady has most capital eyesight.

I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that all men are honest when well watched.

WOMEN have been accused of vanity, but a curious investigator watched while five hundred men passed a large looking-glass used as a sign on Broadway, New York. Four hundred and ninety-nine glanced complacently at their images as they passed, the other man was blind. Of the same number of women who passed, not one looked at the mirror, they were all busily examining each other's dresses.

A company at Louisville insures against small-pox.

INTEREST AND USURY.

WHERE DOES THE ONE LEAVE OFF AND THE OTHER BEGIN—THE USURY QUESTION HISTORICALLY CONSIDERED.

In a late number of the West Chester *American Republican* appears a communication well worthy perusal, and which the editor of that paper says is from the pen of one of the most practical and observant men in that community. The article is headed, "Interest—Usury," and is as follows:

The meaning which we attach to the first of these words is precisely that which, until a comparatively recent period, was attached to the last, that is, the premium paid or stipulated to be paid for the use of money. In all nations whose history has come down to us, for a period of three thousand years, the practice of taking interest for money loaned was universally condemned as a moral wrong, as a crime against nature. This was the unanimous sentiment of all the Pagan Philosophers, of all the Christian Fathers, and of all the Councils and Popes of the Catholic church, up to the time of the Reformation. John Calvin was the very first who opposed the universal opinions of mankind upon this subject, maintaining that usury was not wrong except when it was exacted in an oppressive manner from the poor; nor would he consent to have any law enacted in Geneva to check it, declaring that the common opinion received no support from Holy Scriptures. The Reformation and the revival of ancient learning had given so great an impetus to trade and commerce, and the demand for money became so pressing as to compel the different nations of Europe to modify their opinions. Capitalists were now allowed to loan at rates fixed by the State. Though money-lending was permitted in England in the reign of Henry VIII, the first statute enacted by Parliament was during the reign of James I, which fixed the rate of interest at 8 per cent. Under the Commonwealth the rate fixed at 6, and by act of 12 Ann, it was reduced to 5, at which rate it stood until 1839, when all laws on the subject were repealed. Since then, money, like any other article of barter or trade, is left to be fixed by the common laws of demand or supply. If no rate is specified, in an ordinary agreement, no interest can be collected by the lender.

Is it not strange, then, that in this age when political economy has been raised to a science, we should remain fifty years behind the English people, still immersed in the mists and clouds of the dark ages? We know that in a State where great works of industry or utility are carried on, immense sums will be borrowed at interest, and that such transactions are equally advantageous to the borrower and the lender. We know, too, that the premium paid for the use of money is not capricious in amount, but is governed by certain well-known laws which no Legislature can change. This premium or rate of interest usually consists of two elements—the price or market value of the money, and the risks. But the price or market value of the money is determined, as we have seen, like the price of any other commodity, by the law of demand and supply. It depends upon the quantity of money that is to be lent and the demands of borrowers, or, in other words, by the amount of wealth-seeking investment in a country, and the amount of enterprise.

If, then, when the law of supply and demand has regulated the rate of interest, the State interposes and endeavors to fix the rate at a less sum than the money will command in an adjacent country, it is easy to see what must be the consequence. The capitalist will certainly not lend, in ordinary circumstances, at home, at a rate lower than the market value, nor in a manner which will expose him to legal penalties. Hence money will begin to flow into other States where the laws do not interfere between the borrower and lender, or where a higher rate is authorized; and where the demand is greater. But borrowers here must have money or close up their business.

They, therefore, call in a middle class, known as agents, money changers, or brokers, to negotiate between the parties and so evade the law. Thus by the action of a useless and abortive law the most deserving class of men in the community—the men of brains, energy and skill—is thrown into the hands of men often without capital, character or conscience, who make their demands on the borrower great in proportion to his necessities, and the furtive character given to the transaction is eminently favorable to imposition. A rate of interest is therefore demanded and paid which money never could command but for the existence of this useless and hurtful law. Nor is the capitalist commonly the gainer. He receives but a moderate rate for the use of his money, while the balance goes into the hands of the rapacious middleman, who exacts enormous sums under the name of a "bonus." Many, unwilling to submit to so great a sacrifice, put their paper on the market and sell it for what it will bring.

So that when a State attempts to fix the rate of interest at a sum less than the actual value of the money, it introduces confusion into our monetary affairs, leads to all kinds of evasions, and invariably raises the rate above what it would be if no law existed on the subject. This has been demonstrated again and again in France, Russia and other countries. All experience proves that a State can no more regulate the price of money than it can regulate the price of horses or wheat. This is done by a higher law, which bids defiance to human enactments. These interest laws are the abortive relics of a barbarous age. In our great centres of business they are utterly disregarded, but still their very existence compels all classes to adopt some roundabout and expensive process of evasion, which expense is invariably thrown upon the borrower,. So then we are driven to the conclusion that any attempt to dictate by law the terms on which a man may lend his money, is an infringement of the common rights of man, and will ever prove delusive and abortive.

We write, not in favor of retired capitalists, for they can, under any circumstances, in a civilized State, take care of themselves; but in favor of energetic, enterprising men of small means, who must borrow, and who, as a last resort, are driven by our law to the broker's office. Were it not for the ignorant and unjust enactments of the State there would be comparatively little conflict between capital and labor; the one is essential to the other, and they would work harmoniously if allowed to work freely. Let us hope then, that the time is not far distant when our Legislature, after the example of England, will sweep from our statutes everything relating to interest, leaving, as in all other cases, the parties free to make such contracts as they can agree upon, and if no rate of compensation is specified in such agreement, then no interest could be collected by the lender, except by the award of a jury, who, having all the circumstances of the case before them, could give what justice and equity would seem to demand.

How to Treat Strangers.

A Sabbath School Missionary in the West, while addressing a Sabbath School, noticed a little girl shabbily dressed and bare-footed, shrinking in a corner, her little sunburned face buried in her hands, the tears trickling between her small fingers, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Soon, however, another little girl about eleven years old, got up and went to her, and taking her by the hand, led her toward a brook, then seated her on a log, and kneeling beside her, she took off her ragged sun bonnet, and dipping her hand in the water, bathed her hot eyes and tear-stained face, and smoothed the tangled hair, talking in a cheerry manner all the while.

The little one brightened up, the tears all went, and smiles came creeping around the rosy mouth.

The missionary stepped forward and said:

"Is that your sister, my dear?"

"No, sir," answered the noble child, with tender, earnest eyes, "I have no sister, sir."

"O! one of the neighbor's children," replied the missionary—"a little schoolmate, perhaps?"

"No, sir; she is a stranger. I do not know where she came from. I never saw her before."

"Then how came you to take her out, and have such a care for her if you do not know her?"

"Because she was a stranger, sir, and seemed all alone, and needed somebody to be kind to her."

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—A correspondent of the Norfolk *Journal* writes as follows from Mathews Court-house, Va: There was a notice a few days since in the *Journal* of the death of Mrs. Silla Summers. There appeared during her last moments a strange phenomenon and a coincidence probably unparalleled. A few of the neighbors were sitting in a lower chamber were Mr. Summers was confined to his bed with the rheumatism. He had his face towards the fire. Suddenly he asked them to look in the fire and tell him if they saw anything remarkable. They looked, and all at once uttered an exclamtion of astonishment; for there, on the face of a charred log was plainly traced in letters of fire the name of Silla. All watched in silence, some hoping, some fearing its significance. Soon one letter went out, then another and another till the last, when simultaneously there was a burst of grief from an upper chamber. The last spark of life in Silla Summers went out together with the last letter of her name. While I have no doubt of the truth, I have no speculations to make as to the cause or significance of this phenomenon.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY—*The "Big" Trees of California.*—Rev. O H. Tiffany lectured at Mount Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church, Baltimore, one evening last week, on "The Yosemite Valley." After a graphic and ludicrous description of the difficulties and "vexations of spirit" which attend the journey from San Francisco to Stockton, Mr. Tiffany painted with a bold and vigorous hand the sombre grandeur of the mountains which lock the Yosemite in, the most of them rising to an altitude of over 4,000 feet, and one huge spire looking down upon the others from a height of 14,000 feet. The neighborhood of the Yosemite is the region of those immense trees which form one of the most remarkable curiosities of California. In company with a party of fourteen horsemen he had ridden into the hollow trunk of one of them, and there was still room left for six or eight more. The surface of the stump of another would seat 140 persons, or afford dancing room for twenty couples. The diameter of one of these trees was over thirty feet, and the height more than twice that of the Washington monument, and yet fourteen of the seed which propagate these immense trees are required to balance an apple seed.

HIGH PRICES.

It has long been evident that many who desired to purchase a Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine for domestic use, or often, perhaps, as an aid toward procuring a livelihood, were deterred from doing so by the high price of a Lock-Stitch Machine, with the various appliances necessary, costing more than many felt willing to pay.

Various *cheap* machines were put in the market, making curious and fancy stitches