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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. S. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:
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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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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.

Trustee's Sale.

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE of the Circuit Court for Kent County in Chancery, passed in a cause in said Court wherein C. C. Browne, adm'r C. T. A. of Mary E. Browne deceased, is complainant and C. I. B. Mitchell is defendant, the undersigned, as Trustee, will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on

TUESDAY, March 18th, 1873,

AT THREE O'CLOCK, P. M.,

At the "Voshell House," in Chestertown,

All that Valuable Farm,

On Eastern Neck Island,

in Kent county, Maryland, belonging to C. I. B. Mitchell, Esq., of Queen Anne's county, Md., called

"WICKLIFFE,"

AND CONTAINING

600 ACRES, More or Less.

This Farm adjoins the lands of the late Jas. P. Wickes, Mrs. Robert Bogle and others.

About 60 Acres is covered by

HEAVY PINE TIMBER,

VERY VALUABLE,

and there is about 50 Acres of Marsh, which affords excellent early pasturage. The residue is arable land of the best quality, and in a high state of cultivation, the soil being adapted to all the cereals and fruits.

This Farm has the reputation of being one of the most productive in the county, and many peach growers say that the soil of Eastern Neck Island produces the finest quality of Peaches, while the surrounding salt waters at the mouth of the Chester river render the yield comparatively certain.

The Farm is divided into a convenient number of fields, and is under good fencing.

The Beach on this farm affords fine Shooting and Fishing, and rents annually at a large price. Cockey's Island is included within the lines of this farm, and is a celebrated Shooting Point for Swan, Geese and Ducks. There is a good Shooting House on the shore, arranged for the accommodation of parties.

Oysters and Fish of the best quality within easy reach from the shore.

THE IMPROVEMENTS

ARE A TWO-STORY

Brick Dwelling,

IN GOOD ORDER, with the usual OUT-BUILDINGS, which are new and good and ample for the farm.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms prescribed by the Decree are as follows:—Five thousand dollars to be paid in cash on the day of sale, and the balance in two equal instalments in one and two years from the day of sale; the credit payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the Bond of the purchaser, with approved security. The purchaser to be at cost of the deed. The cash payment may be deferred 30 days to suit purchaser.

Possession given January 1st, 1874, but the purchaser will be entitled to the rents from the day of sale.

JAMES A. PEARCE, Trustee.

Chestertown, Feb. 22, 1873—ts.

Trustee's Sale.

BY Virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent County, as a Court of Equity, the undersigned, as Trustee, will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on

TUESDAY, March 18th, 1873,

AT 12½ O'CLOCK, P. M.,

At the Voshell House, in Chestertown,

All that Parcel of Land,

in Kent County, in the 3rd Election District, on the public road leading from Chestertown to Bacchus' Mill, adjoining the lands of Major Richard Smyth, A. B. Jump and others, belonging to Captain Isaac S. Rogers, and containing

EIGHTEEN ACRES, more or less,

which is fully described in a deed from John S. Constable, executor of Wm. S. Constable, to John Lusby, dated Feb. 21st, 1865, and duly recorded in the land records for Kent Co.

This land lies in a compact body, is nearly square, and is of good quality. There is a small quantity of standing WOOD, but most of the land is cleared, and it would make a comfortable homestead, being convenient to Churches, Schools, Mills and Public Landings. There are no improvements.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms of sale as prescribed by the Decree are as follows:—Seven Hundred and fifty dollars to be paid in cash on the day of sale, and the balance in one and two years from the day of sale; the credit payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the bond of the purchaser with approved security. Deed at cost of purchaser. Possession given on the ratification of the sale.

J. A. PEARCE, Trustee.

Chestertown, Feb. 22, 1873—ts.

Constable's Sale.

BY virtue of five writs of fieri facias, issued by Jas. Colree, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Kent county, and to me directed, one at the suit of James Shuster, one at the suit of Jas. D. Copper, one at the suit of S. L. Usilton, and two at the suit of James R. Crew, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of James L. Bowers, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, interest and claim of the said Jas. L. Bowers, of, in and to the following property, to wit:

8 Head of Cattle, 2 Head of Horses,

1 COLT, 1 Carriage and Harness,

ALSO,

ALL THAT FARM

in the Third Election District, on the public road leading from Cat's Corner to Worton Heights, known as

"LITTLE MEADOWS."

And I hereby give notice, that on

Wednesday, March 19th, 1873,

AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M., at Worton Heights, I will sell at public sale for cash to the highest bidders, the aforesaid property, so seized and taken in execution, to pay and satisfy said writs of execution, debt, interest and costs due and to become due thereon.

EDWARD PLUMMER, Const.

Feb. 22, 1873—ts.

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.

TRUSTEE'S SALE —OF— TOWN PROPERTY.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, as a Court of Equity, the undersigned as Trustee, will offer at public sale, on

TUESDAY, the 18th of March, 1873,

AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, M.,

At the "Voshell House," in Chestertown,

ALL THAT LOT OF LAND,

With Improvements thereon,

now in the occupation of Geo. W. Parks, and situated on High street, adjoining the property of Mrs. Deborah A. Parsons and others, being the same property described in two deeds from Richard Hynson, Trustee, to Thomas A. Hudson, dated Oct. 13th, 1872.

This Lot has a front of 62 feet, 7½ inches on High Street, and a depth of 115½ feet.

It is improved by a

NEW and COMFORTABLE

DWELLING HOUSE.

Adjoining which is a new Blacksmith Shop, with Wheelwright Shop in rear.

The stand is an excellent one for this trade, being the first in the town on the road leading to Whaland's Mill, and very near the Railroad Depot.

The property will be divided into two parcels, one containing the Dwelling and the other the Shops, and will be offered as a whole and in parcels, and sold according to the highest aggregate bid in either case.

Plats will be exhibited at the sale.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms prescribed by the Decree are as follows:—Eight hundred dollars to be paid in cash on the day of sale, and the balance in six and twelve months from the day of sale, in equal instalments, with interest from day of sale. The credit payments to be secured by the bond of the purchaser with approved security. The deed to be paid for by the purchasers.

Possession given on the ratification of sale.

J. A. PEARCE, Trustee.

Chestertown, Feb. 22, 1873—ts.

Trustee's Sale.

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE OF THE Circuit Court for Kent County, as a Court of Equity, passed on the tenth day of October, 1872, the undersigned as Trustee will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on

TUESDAY,

THE FIRST DAY OF APRIL, 1873,

AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, M.,

At the "Voshell House," in Chestertown,

All That Farm

Belonging to Emily A. Massey and B. H. C. Massey, of Kent county, and where the said B. H. C. Massey now resides, containing

405 Acres, More or Less.

This Farm is situated on the public road leading from Sassafras to Millington, and adjoins the lands of R. B. M. Massey, John Benson and others, and is about one mile from Massey's Station on the Kent Co. Railroad.

The land is all of the best quality—is highly improved, and in a good state of cultivation. It is divided into six fields, of convenient size, and the fencing is in good order. There is a fine hedge on that part of the farm bordering on the public road, and also upon the line of R. B. M. Massey's lands.

The Improvements

ARE

A TWO STORY BRICK DWELLING,

well finished and in good repair, with roomy chambers, ample for a large family; good Barn, Corn Cribs and Stables, with extensive Shedding for cattle.

There are 10,000 PEACH TREES

on this farm, nearly all of which are in bearing, and five thousand of which are now three years old.

This Farm is situated in the centre of the Peach growing interest of the County, and Fruit can be shipped twice a day by the Kent County Rail Road and by the Queen Anne's Road. It is also within four miles of Wilson's Point on the Sassafras river, whence communication with Baltimore and Philadelphia is easy and cheap.

The Elkton and Massey's Rail Road, now about to be constructed will pass very near the farm, and will open another avenue of communication with the cities.

This estate, either as a residence or an investment, offers unusual attractions to purchasers, and an examination is invited.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms of sale as prescribed by the Decree are as follows:—The sum of Five thousand, five hundred dollars to be paid in cash on the day of sale; and the balance in two equal instalments in twelve and eighteen months from the day of sale, the deferred payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the bond of the purchaser with a surety or sureties to be approved by the Trustee.

Title indisputable. Possession given on the ratification of the sale. The purchaser to be at the expense of the deed.

JAMES A. PEARCE, Trustee.

Chestertown, March 8, 1873—ts.

CONSTABLE'S SALE.

BY virtue of a writ of Venditioni Exponas, issued by D. U. Dewees, one of the Justices of the Peace in and for Kent County, to me directed, at the suit of H. E. Hays, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Joseph C. Rasin, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said Joseph C. Rasin, of, in and to the following property:

1 Horse, 1 Carriage and Harness,

ONE DEARBORN,

HOUSE and LOT

IN STILL POND X ROADS,

A FARM in Still Pond Neck,

adjoining the lands of John Kelley and H. T. Jump.

And I hereby give notice, that on

SATURDAY, the 22d of March, 1873,

at 10 o'clock, A. M., at Still Pond X Roads, I will sell the said property so seized and taken in execution to the highest bidder for cash to pay the said writ and costs due and to become due thereon.

JACOB SUTTON, Constable.

March 1—ts. [5 50]

HEDGE LAYING.

Having had considerable experience in Laying Hedges, and being confident of giving satisfaction in that particular, I offer my services to any one who may desire them. Charges according to the age and size of the Hedge.

Address JAS. P. DUNN,
Crumpton, Md.

inh1-3t.

A NEW LINE OF
Bleached and Brown MUSLINS,
Just received by T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

[Our readers will recognize the author of the following poem, taken from the Frederick *Union*, as a talented young minister of the M. P. Church, well known in Kent.]

LIFE.

BY REV. S. G. VALLIANT.

What is life, when hours untold
Are madly spent in search of gold?
When men, for Christian work design'd,
Are driv'n to wrong by passions blind?

What is life, when its number'd days
Are giv'n to deeds that devils praise?
When conscience void is rashly hush'd,
And every noble impulse crush'd?

What is life, when its "three-score years"
Are idled away in doleful tears?
Tears for the crimes of "days gone by,"
And written down in the Book on high.

Life is given for noble deeds;
Works that meet humanity's needs;
Works that the fallen ones reclaim
From haunts of sin and lives of shame.

We're in this world to seek the good;
To feed our souls with heavenly food;
Here to impart to ev'ry mind
The precepts of the Christ divine.

"Let the dead past bury its dead,"
Cease shedding tears and look ahead!
Look 'round for work, there's much to do;
Enough for all, enough for you.

LIVE, not subsist, and ACT, not say!
Prepare your soul for that great day,
In which the Judge of both quick and dead
Shall come with the crown upon his head,
With regal robes concealing his frame,
And heavenly songsters praising his name,
To welcome home
All who may come
From ev'ry nation,
Through tribulation.
And wash their robes, all spotted with sin,
In the precious blood that makes them clean.

But those who love sin shall never enter the door
That opens to the regions of peace,
But the Lord will upon them his vengeance outpour,
And their punishment never shall cease.

While those who do good reign in glory above,
Enjoying the music of Heaven.
The ungodly shall wail in heart rending strains
'Mid the darkness of hell and its endless pains;
Where no light from the throne of Infinite love
To relieve the dense blackness is given.

Haste thee away from thy castle of sin!—
'Tis mercy that bids thee depart!
Fly to the throne the King's favor to win!
Say, "Father, I give thee my heart!"
When thou art blessed with his peace, to his cause be true,
And never your Master deny;
And when He counteth His jewels He'll not forget you,
He'll welcome thee home to the sky.

Frederick, Feb. 22, 1873

NATURAL ANTIPATHIES.

PEOPLE YOU DON'T LIKE, YOU CAN'T TELL WHY—CORNER CONFLUENCES.

There is one blameless person whom I cannot love and have no excuse for hating. It is the innocent fellow creature, otherwise inoffensive to me, whom I find I have involuntarily joined on turning a corner. I suppose the Mississippi, which was flowing quietly along, minding its own business, hates the Missouri for coming into it all at once with its muddy stream. I suppose the Missouri in like manner hates the Mississippi for diluting with its limpid, but insipid current, the rich reminiscences of the varied soils through which its own stream has wandered.

I will not compare myself to the clear or to the turbid current, but I will own that my heart sinks when I find all of a sudden I am in for a corner confluence, and I cease loving my neighbor as myself until I can get away from him. These antipathies are at least weaknesses, they may be sins in the eye of the recording angel. I often reproach myself with my wrong doings. I should like sometimes to thank Heaven for saving me from some kinds of transgression, and even for granting me some qualities that if I dared I should be disposed to call virtues. I should do so, I suppose, if I did not remember the story of the Pharisee. That ought not to hinder me. The parable was told to illustrate a single virtue, humility, and the most unwarranted inferences have been drawn from it as to the whole character of the two parties. It seems not at all unlikely, but rather probable, that the Pharisee was a fairer dealer, a better husband, and a more charitable person than the Publican, whose name has come down to us "linked with one virtue," but who may have been guilty, for aught that appears to the contrary, of "a thousand crimes." Remember how we limit the application of other parables.

The Lord, it will be recollected, commended the unjust stewart because he had done wisely. His shrewdness was held up as an example; but after all he was a miserable swindler and deserved the State prison as much as any of our financial operators. The parable of the Pharisee and the Publican is a perpetual warning against spiritual pride. But it must not frighten any of us out of being thankful that he is not, like this or that neighbor, under bondage to strong drink or opium, that he is not an Erie railroad manager, and that his head rests in virtuous calm on his own pillow. If he prays in the morning to be kept out of temptation as well as for his daily bread, shall he not return thanks at night that he has not fallen into sin as well as that his stomach has been filled? I do not think the poor Pharisee has ever had fair play, and I am afraid a good many people sin with the comforting, half latent intention of smitting their breasts afterward and repeating the prayer of the Publican.—*Poet of the Breakfast Table.*

PATERSON, N. J., has been the scene of a great many curious events, one of which has just been made public. A cashier of a firm of builders upon a salary of fifteen dollars a week, has for eight years moved in good society, been highly respected, borne a good character, kept a span of horses, servants in livery, and had a palatial mansion in an aristocratic section of the city. His employers do not seem, however, to have made any inquiries about him until recently, when they found the fast clerk had embezzled $13,000 from them. His accounts showed great adroitness in the alteration of figures. It is understood that he was willing to pay $10,000 cash to compromise the affair, and that a settlement would be effected.

A MAN whom Dr. Chalmers engaged to manage a disorderly Sunday school kept his eyes wide open during praying, and when one boy thrust a pin into another he marched up the aisle, still praying, and cuffed that boy's ears, and went back again, praying all the way. After that he was master of the situation, for the boys thought that a man who could watch and pray like that could not be put down.

Turning the Tables.

Breakfast had just been cleared away and the little sitting-room was very bright and cheerful in the yellow flood of the April sunshine. There were pots of purple-blossomed violets in the window sea, and a blue-ribboned guitar lying on the sofa, and books piled on the table, and close by the fire Mrs. Haven had seated herself at her desk to write some letters.

She was a trim, compact little woman, with bright brown hair, and eyes to match, and a resolute mouth that somehow carried out the expression of a nose that our French neighbors phrase "retrousse"—Mary Haven had character, that you might see at a distance.

As she sat there selecting her pen, and unscrewing the silver top of her inkstand, the door opened very softly, and a round full-moon face appeared.

"Mrs. Haven, mem, if you please."

"Yes," said Mary Haven, descrying at once by the infallible barometer of a woman's ear the rising thunder storm in the domestic atmosphere below. "What is it cook?"

"It's not that you are not a kind mistress, mem," said the cook, twisting the hem of her checked apron, "and the wages is good, not to say company allowed once a week, and Sunday evenings always ours, but there are some things flesh and blood can't stand, no more they can't stand, no more they can't, mem, a month's warnin'—"

"Why, cook, what is the matter?"

"Some can abide meddlin' with, mem, and some cant; and if the barrel o' mackerel sets in the wrong corner, an' the sugar boxes ain't kept covered proper, it's the mistress that should tell me of it, and not the master, an' if Mr. Haven wants to be cook, mem, well and good; but I won't stay in the same kitchen!"

And cook flounced out, maltreating her apron, having had her say.

Mrs. Haven flushed scarlet. She arose, went down stairs to the cellar, where her husband, minus his coat, was endeavoring to move a huge washing machine.

"You see, Bridget," he called out, "this is the worst possible place the thing could stand in, and—why, Mary, is it you?"

"Yes, it is I," said Mrs. Haven. "I thought you had gone to your office, Henry?"

"I'm going presently," said Mr. Haven. "But you see, Mary, everything down here is by sixes and sevens. It's well I come down occasionally. Cook has no more economy than a wild savage, and Bridget puts everything where it shouldn't be. My dear, have you looked over the grocer's bill for the past month?"

"No, I haven't," said Mrs Haven.

"Well, it's quite alarming There must be a leak somewhere; and that reminds me—the molasses keg is dripping at the rate of a half pint a day."

"I will see to it," she said.

"But you don't see to it, my dear! I found a box of stale eggs on the top shelf—eggs, my dear, that are completely wasted, when eggs are five cents apiece!"

Mrs. Haven turned and went up stairs again, with a round, red spot glowing on either cheek, signal pennons of the disturbance within. She was not a faultless angel, any more than other women are, and she was very much out of temper, as she walked up and down the room with her hands behind her, and her brown eyes glittering with an ominous sparkle.

"Mary, have you seen my memorandum book?" asked her husband, pulling on his gloves.

"No, I have not. Probably you will find it on the pantry shelf, or under Bridget's machine," answered Mary, shortly.

"Now, puss, you are out of temper," said Mr. Haven, good humoredly, "and how very unreasonable that is of you."

"Henry," said Mrs. Haven, laying one hand appealingly on his shoulder, and looking up in his face, "you don't know how it mortifies and annoys me to have you interfere in my domestic affairs."

"Aren't we a firm, Henry Haven & Wife?" he asked, coolly, "and are not our interests identical?"

"Yes; but Henry Haven has his department, and his wife ought to have hers."

"That's all nonsense, my love."

"Henry, you will oblige me by leaving these domestic concerns to my own management."

"I would do much to oblige you, my dear Mary, but I shall not concede that point," he said, as he took his departure, leaving Mrs. Haven very indignant and meditative.

Bridget's voice broke with Celtic accent upon her reverie.

"Please, ma'am, I found this little black book behind the flour barrel."

"Thank you, Bridget, it is Mr. Haven's."

She glanced mechanically at its pages as Bridget disappeared. The column devoted to that day was full of closely written memoranda:

"See Kartwyn & Dalcy about the house in 12th street, do not let them have it for $1,200. Call at McAllister's and order the green oilcloth instead of the buff one for the office floor. Tell Martin to proceed directly with the suit in Russel vs. Russel. Remind clerk not to settle tailor's bill—alteration to be made first. Go halves with Jordon in lot opposite Central Park—" Thus indefinitely.

Mary Haven read the words without much interest, but presently her eyes brightened, and a roguish suspicion of a smile began to tremble around her resolute lips.

"I am very glad I found this memorandum book," she thought. "Let me see—Henry told me he was going to Brooklyn in the morning; there will be plenty of time."

She glanced at her watch and rang the bell.

"Bridget, you will step around the corner and tell them to send a carriage for me immediately."

Her bonnet and shawl were on long before the vehicle arrived, and she employed the surplus time in jotting down various addresses from the directory.

When at length the carriage arrived, she took her seat with the self-possession of a queen.

"Drive to Kartwyn & Daley's, No. 123 —— street.

Mr. Kartwyn came to his office door, a dried up little lawyer, much astonished at the unexpected apparition of a pretty woman in a carriage.

"Good morning, Mr. Kartwyn!" said Mary, calmly. "I am Mrs. Haven. I called to let you know that you could have the house in 12th street for a thousand dollars a year. I suppose you are aware that the property belongs to me!"

Mr. Kartwyn bowed low, delighted with the bargain he was about to secure.

"And now drive to McAllister's carpet store," said Mrs. Haven.

She walked in with cool self-possession.

"Mr. Haven has concluded to take the buff oil cloth," she said.

Mr. McAllister started, but entered the order in his books.

"I will send it round immediately."

"Now the tailor," thought Mary.

Snip & Scissors have an elegant establishment on a side street, just out of Broadway.

Mary walked up to the counter calmly.

"Mr. Haven's bill receipted, if you please."

The tailor presents the document, which was promptly paid.

"Where now ma'am," said the driver.

"Mr. Jordan's Real Estate Agency, opposite —— street.

"Ah, Mrs. Haven is it you?" said the agent cheerfully. "What can I do for you this morning."

"Nothing, thanks," said Mary graciously. "I came round to tell you that my husband has thought better of the Central Park lot. He will not take half."

"All right," said Jordan. "Smyth and Parker are only waiting for the chance. I'll let 'em know immediately."

"I don't think I've done quite mischief enough," said Mrs. Haven to herself—"I'll go down to the office now, turn the stove around, and have Jack re-arrange the lap books."

So the carriage left Mrs. Haven at her husband's office, in a narrow, down-town street.

About an hour subsequently Mr. Haven sauntered into the establishment of Kartwyn & Dalcey.

"About that 12 street lease, Kartwyn!"

"Yes, sir," said the lawyer, rubbing his hands. "A thousand dollars is a very fair price. I don't at all object to giving that."

"Who the deuce is talking about a thousand dollars?" demanded the puzzled Haven. "I don't mean to let you have it a cent short of fifteen hundred."

The lawyer looked amazed

"Mrs. Haven was here this morning, and told me it was her property, and I could have it for a thousand dollars."

"Mrs. Haven!" echoed the astonished husband. "But, really, you know that is quite unbusiness like."

"I don't know whether it is or not," returned the lawyer, stiffly. "I only know that Mrs. Haven spoke before witnesses, and that the property is hers."

Mr. Haven retreated from the field, vanquished but chafing.

At the door of the carpet store McAllister met him.

"It's all right, sir; the oil cloth is half down by this time!"

"Which oil cloth?"

"The buff one, sir; cheap goods. Mrs. Haven was here and ordered it some time since."

"The mischief she did?"

"I hope there's no mistake, sir," asked the dealer anxiously.

"N—no," returned honest Henry, disconsolately, adding to himself as he turned away, "What has got into Mary? is she crazed?"

All things considered it was not strange that Mr. Haven was in no very amiable humor by the time he reached "Snip and Scissors."

"I'd like to know what you mean by sending home such garments?" he demanded, imperiously. "I won't wear 'em, unless they are made over completely, nor will I pay the bill!"

"Sir!" demanded the surprised tailor, "you are aware that our rule is, no alteration after the bill is paid."

"Very well, your bill isn't settled, and it won't be, either, in a hurry."

"Mrs. Haven paid it, sir, this morning, said the surprised tailor, referring to his books.

Mrs. Haven! How the uncalled for interference of "Mrs. Haven" stared him in the face at every step. Of course there was no remonstrance to be made, however, and the discomfitted husband left the establishment.

"I'll stop in at Jordan's any way," he thought, "and secure that lot; it will be a capital speculation."

Mr. Jordan was standing whistling in front of the gate with both hands in his pockets. He looked up as Henry Haven entered.

"Well, old fellow?"

"Suppose we clear up this business about that Central Park lot," said Haven carelessly. "I don't think I can do any better."

"Your decision comes late," said Jordan, shrugging his shoulders. "I signed over to Smyth and Parker about a half an hour ago."

"And by whose authority?"

"Mrs. Haven's. She was here, a little while since, and told me you would not take the half-lot."

Mr. Haven bit his lips! This was really growing a little provoking. He left the real estate office abruptly, and went directly to his own place.

But had he not been tolerably certain of his own number, he would not have recognized the rooms. Two men were on their knees, diligently hammering down the hard buff oil cloth. Jack, the office boy, had turned the stove round, so that its iron elbow projected into your face, very much as if it would have said, "Take my arm!" And Mrs. Haven sat at his desk sorting and arranging papers with industry worthy of a more better cause.

"Mary!"

Mrs. Haven looked quietly up.

"Yes, my dear; Jones vs. Brown; he belongs on the left hand pile. Really Henry, the confusion of your papers is appalling!"

"Confusion, madam! I tell you they are in the most perfect order, or rather they were before you got hold of them.—Where are my law books?"

"Oh, I put them in the closet, the bindings were so dingy, and the directories and hand books looked much brighter."

"Mary, are you crazy? It is scarcely becoming for a woman thus to usurp her husband's place!"

"We are a firm, my dear, at least so you told me this morning—Henry Haven and Wife—and therefore our interests are identical."

"Yes, but—"

"Consequently," went on Mary, mimicking her husband's rather pompous voice of the morning. "I shall beg the privilege of interfering whenever I deem it advisable."

Mr. Haven looked frowningly at his wife, but the wrinkles vanished out of his forehead at the smiling sunshine of Mary's eyes.

"My dear," said he, "it is rather late to transact any more business to-day.—Shall we walk home together?"

And Mr. Haven must have left his "interference" principles at the office, for Mary never saw any more of them.—Neither husband or wife ever alluded to the subject again, but Mr. Haven was cured of one bad habit Mary's single stratagem was worth a thousand remonstrances.

A SINGULAR CASE.

A case having but few known parallels in medical practice is just now puzzling the faculty in the vicinity of Elmira, New York, and forming a subject for universal comment. The circumstances attending it are as follows:

Nearly three years ago Mr. R. A. Hall then a resident of Elmira, was rendered unconscious by striking his head against a beam in his barn. He speedily recovered and no serious consequences resulted from the injury up to within the past few days. Shortly after the accident Mr. Hall engaged in the mercantile business in Scranton, Pa., and removed thither with his family. One day last week he was obliged to leave his store and go to his home, owing to a severe and peculiar pain in his head. After reaching his residence he was taken with violents fits, which continued at short intervals until ten o'clock at night, when they left him, and he sank into a quiet sleep, resting well all night. Upon awaking in the morning, his actions were so singular that it was a long time before his friends could explain the cause. It was finally discovered that his memory, from the date of the accident in Elmira, was entirely gone. Everything that had occurred during the past three years, and during that time many important events had transpired in his life, was as blank to him as if he had been in a swoon for all that time He recognized his wife and others he had known before the accident, but two children that were born during the past three years were entire strangers to him. His oldest child, five years old, he remembered only as she was then but two. His mind seemed weak, and his friends hoped that with the return of his usual good health his memory would be restored. In a day or two, however, both his mental and physical vigor returned, but the singular gap in his memory remained. His partner in business, Mr. Pratt, Mr. Hall had known for years. Mr Pratt, at the time of the injury to Mr. Hall's head, was principal of a school at Danville, Pa., and Mr. Hall remembers him only as that. He entered the latter's room a day or so after he was taken sick, and Mr. Hall was very much surprised to see him, and asked about his school and friends in Danville. Mr. Hall could hardly be brought to believe his present position, but he finally saw it could not be otherwise. Every effort has been made by his family, by bringing up old associations, the death of friends and relatives, and important events in his life for the past three years, to awaken some sign of recollection of that time, but in vain. He was greatly surprised to hear that he had been doing business in Scranton for two years, and in a drive through that city a day or two since he recognized none of the business firms with whom he has had dealings during that time. He is now in this city visiting old scenes and friends, in hopes that he may fix his mind on something which will lead it back over the three years that are blank to him, and result in entirely restoring memory.

DRESS.—Some "Inquiring Friend" sent to the editor of the *Christian Advocate* the following question:

"*How may a Christian girl dress? How many ruffles? Ear-rings, or not? How far may she follow the fashions?*"

The editor wisely answered: "The love of personal ornamentation is by no means to be denied. There is a logic of love better than the logic of the head, and a Christian girl will settle these questions best by doing nothing that conflicts with a whole-hearted love of Christ. She will not dress extravagantly, because a Christian girl will remember the poor. She will not expend her love of adornment on the exterior, chiefly, for a Christian girl will not forget that a meek and quiet spirit is a brighter ornament than diamonds."

A HORRID "DREAM COME TRUE."—A strange story comes from China. A native school boy at Shanghai told his school master that he had dreamed his stepmother murdered him, and placed his remains in a jar under the floor of her house.—The schoolmaster reassured his pupil at the moment, but subsequently missing him in a few days from school remembered his dream, and rushed to the house of his stepmother to inquire for the boy.—Receiving an unsatisfactory answer, and full of suspicion of foul play, the man tore up the floor of the room and found the corpse of his pupil cut up and stowed away in a jar precisely as the poor boy had described. The case has been authenticated before the Chinese Courts, and the murderess was executed, after being carried to the six gates of the city to receive the execrations of the people.

BACHELOR'S WIVES.—The bachelor has before his mind's eye a being who can fulfil all aspirations and avoid all errors, who neither overdresses nor under-dresses, who never mentions the servants, who is punctual, who rarely does any shopping, who goes to new parties without wanting new dresses, who writes his letters, who reads reviews and books, who is the central centre of society, who is always low-voiced and musical, who never loses health, spirits or temper, who is both a saint and a woman of the world, who is, like one of Mr. Tennyson's young women, "the queen of marriage, a most perfect wife;" such is that social empress over all others—what a pity that she should only be an abstraction—the bachelor's wife!

BOYS, remember that you grow older every day, and if you have bad habits, they grow older too, and the older both get, the harder they are to separate.

AMERICAN EXTRAVAGANCE.—The extravagance of the American people, beyond that of any other country, has come to be proverbial. Merchants who have made the tour of Europe say they are forcibly impressed with the truth of this assertion; that the American working classes not only dress far better and live more extravagantly than the same classes in any part of Europe, but that many American mechanics and artisans live quite as sumptuously as do the middle or mercantile classes on the other side of the Atlantic. Nor is this extravagance confined to the toiling masses in this country. It permeates all classes of society. American merchants and business men not unfrequently live at a rate equal to the nobility of other lands. The *Commercial Herald* of San Francisco thus alludes to this feature of American life: "It is a deplorable truth that the tendency of the American is toward sumptuous and costly living, extravagance and reckless expenditure. Europe already holds fifteen hundred millions of our national bonds, with heaven only knows how much more of other American securities, besides an annual balance of trade against us to the extent of a hundred millions, more or less. It is clear that this condition of things must have an end. We are purchasing from foreign sources immense amounts of the richest manufactured goods. Foreign holders of American bonds and securities send us those goods in return for such securities instead of silver and gold. Everything in this country is inflated beyond reason. We are living far beyond our means, and unless the pruning-knife be strongly and widely applied, a crash must come as inevitably as it did in 1837."

LAUGHING CHILDREN.—Give me the boy or girl who smiles as soon as the first rays of the morning sun glance in through the window, gay, happy and kind. Such a boy as will be fit to "make up" into a man—at least when contrasted with a sullen, morose, crabbed fellow, who snaps and snarls like a surly cur, or growls and grunts like an untamed hyena, from the moment he opens his red and angry eyes till he is "confronted" by his breakfast. Such a girl, other material being favorable, will be good material in gladdening some comfortable home, or to refine, civilize, tame and humanize a rude brother, making him gentle, affectionate and loveable. It is a feast to even look at such a joy inspiring girl, such a woman bud, and see the smiles flowing, so to speak, from her parted lips, displaying a set of clean, well brushed teeth, looking almost the personification of beauty and goodness, singing, and as merry as the birds, the wide awake birds, that commenced their morning concert long before the lazy boys dreamed that the sun was approaching and about to pour a whole flood of joy-inspring light and warmth upon the earth. Such a girl is like the gentle shower to the parched earth, bestowing kind words, sweet smiles, and acts of mercy to all around her—the joy and light of the household.

MOTHERS.—Some one has said that a young mother is the most beautiful thing in nature. Why qualify it? Why young? Are not all mothers beautiful? The sentimental outside beholder may prefer youth in the pretty picture, but I am inclined to think that sons and daughters, who are most intimately concerned in the matter, love and admire mothers most when they are old. How suggestive of something holy and venerable it is when a person talks of his "dear mother."

Away with your mincing "mammas" suggestive only of a fine lady, deputes her duty to a nurse, a drawing room maternal parent, who is afraid to handle her offspring for fear of soiling her fine new gown. Give us the homely mother, who is beautiful always, whether arrayed in satin, or modestly attired in calico. The dear old mothers! Heaven bless them!

THERE are many men who cannot bear prosperity when it comes to them, but their number is small compared to those who cannot bear the prosperity of others There is no finer test of true nobility of character than that furnished by the effect of good fortune of friends. The poor man who rejoices in the good fortune of his neighbor, and meets him always without distrust and with unshaken self-respect, betrays unconsciously a nature and character which a king might envy. To such a man every rich man bows with cordial recognition, while he cannot fail to regard with contempt the insolent who meets him with bravado and the offensive assertion of an equality which he does not feel, as well as the cowardly sneak who avoids and distrusts him.

A GREAT deal is said about the insolence of riches and the neglect or disregard of the poor on the part of those who possess them, but, in so sober truth, there is a neglect of the rich on the part of the poor that is quite as unjust and quite as hard to bear. If there is a gulf between the rich man and the poor man, the latter does quite as much to dig it and keep it open as the former. There are multitudes of rich men whose wealth has the tendency to enlarge their sympathies, and to fill them with good-will, particularly toward all those whom they have known in their less prosperous years To the men of generous natures the loss of sympathy and friendship is a grievous deprivation.

A FRENCH physician, who has a friend on the staff of a Paris newspaper, has found out an intimate connection between cravats and bronchitis, and other diseases of the throat. Diseases of the bronchial tubes are prevalent in proportion to the lowness of the neck-tie, and diminish with its height. In 1830 the cravat was high and thick—little bronchitis. In 1840 it was low—colds abundant. In 1850 it was still lower, and the evil effects still more apparent. In 1870 bad grew worse, and in 1873 we are all going to die of consumption and chest affections, from want of proper attention to the height of the cravat. All of which having been published has, as usual in the medical profession, aroused a difference of opinion, and one of the medical correspondents of the *Figaro* goes so far as to call the above view that of a "*simple creton.*"

SENATOR SPRAGUE represents the largest moneyed interest in the Senate, variously estimated at from $12,000,000 to $20,000,000.

A "FELLOW FEELING".—Among the 109 who voted against the resolutions were Dawes, Garfield, Bingham and Scofield, all Credit Mobilier men, and "pals" of Colfax—they alone saved him. This reminds us of a story that used to be told by the "late lamented," of anecdotal renown, which applies admirably to the case.

Mr. Lincoln had been retained as counsel for a fellow accused of stealing six fine hogs. The trial came on and the witnesses for the State proved the theft beyond all question, and identified Mr. Lincoln's client as the thief. When the testimony had closed Mr. L. turned to the thief and said, "I see no ground for any defence in this case, sir. If the witnesses are to be believed you are guilty, and I cannot make anything out of it."

"Never mind my guilt," said the confiding client. "Jest get up and abuse them witnesses like the devil and spread yourself on general principles!"

Mr. Lincoln did as he was told. The jury retired and in less than half an hour, much to the surprise of court and counsel, returned a verdict of "not guilty!"

"I don't understand this," said Mr. Lincoln, turning to his client as he spoke; "these fellows must have misunderstood."

"Not a d—d bit of it," answered the sagacious client, with a knowing wink.—"You see, 'Squire, *every one of them 'ere fellers had a piece o' them hogs!*"

THE OPEN POLAR SEA.—It is reported that the French Geographical Society have received despatches from M. Octava Pavy, the adventurous explorer, who started from San Francisco some months ago to search for the northwestern passage through the hypothetical polar sea. The despatches were dated the last week in August, from the eastern coast of Wrangel's Land The expedition after sailing up the North Pacific, through Behring's Straits, reached the coast of Wrangel's Land, within the Atlantic Ocean, at the mouth of a great river flowing from the Northwest, and not laid down on any map. This, in the opinion of M. Pavy, indicates the existence of a polar continent striking to the North. The river has been followed up for a distance of 230 miles, and along the banks were found numerous vestiges of mastodons, and one complete body of a representative of that race in a state