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The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. H. 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.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 33. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1873. No. 38.

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, 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 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.

Notice is Hereby Given,

That the President and Directors of
The Elkton & Massey's Railroad Co.
at their meeting on Tuesday, March 4th, 1873, decided to increase the Capital Stock of said Company, exclusive of the State's subscription, to $160,000. Books for the subscription of

Two Thousand additional Shares

of said Stock, will accordingly be opened at the Office of James B. Groome, in Elkton, Maryland, on TUESDAY, APRIL 15th, 1873, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and kept open on each day of that week from 10 o'clock, A. M., to 3 o'clock, P. M. If the whole of said stock is not subscribed on said days, the President or any of the Directors is authorized to receive subscriptions for said Capital Stock until the said two thousand additional shares are disposed of. The par value of shares is $50 00, and an instalment of $2.50 per share will be paid in at the time of subscribing for shares.

J. TOME, President
Elkton & Massey's R. R. Company.
W. T. WELDON,
Secretary E. & M. R. R Co.
March 15, 1873—5t.

NOTICE to the STOCKHOLDERS
OF THE
ELKTON & MASSEY'S RAILROAD

ALL STOCKHOLDERS of the ELKTON & MASSEY'S RAILROAD COMPANY are hereby notified, pursuant to a resolution of the President and Directors of the Elkton and Massey's Railroad Company, that an instalment of $2.00 per share is hereby demanded on each share of the Capital Stock of said Company, payable on

TUESDAY, the 8th of April, 1873,

at the National Bank of Elkton, Maryland, or to the Treasurer of said Company, William T. Weldon, in Cecilton, Maryland.

J. TOME,
President of E. & M. R. R. Co.
WM. T. WELDON,
Sec'y and Treasurer of E. & M. R. R. Co.
March 15, 1873—4t.

"The Light in the East"

Is the title of a
VALUABLE RELIGIOUS WORK

Containing 350 pages, and illustrated with over 200 fine engravings. The title of the book has been well chosen; since the volume contains a clear and comprehensive condensation of all the blessed light that has dawned upon us from the East. It tells the story of the Redeemer's life and sufferings, with simple eloquence and fervor, and is so conservative in its spirit that men of all denominations have united in cordially endorsing it. The publishers have placed it at such a low price that it is within the reach of all. The work is for sale by subscription only, and Mr. JOSEPH L. MENCH, who is the authorized agent for Kent county, is now canvassing for it.

March 15, 1873—tf.

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.

Notice to Farmers.

WE have just received an assortment of PLOWS, CASTINGS, TRACES and LINKS, which we are selling at city prices.

MOORE & BEACHAM,
mh15-tf. Buck Neck.

FOR SALE,

A YOKE OF OXEN,

five years old this Spring, well broken, and match well. WM. G. TREW,
mh8-3t* Quaker Neck.

PUBLIC SALE
OF
REAL ESTATE.

BY VIRTUE of authority conferred by a power in a mortgage from John Downey and wife to Thomas Hill, dated the 16th day of March, 1870, duly recorded among the land records for Kent county, Maryland, in Liber J. K. H., No. 9, Folio 189, etc., which said mortgage was afterwards duly assigned to George B. Westcott, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale at the "Voshell House," in Chestertown, Kent county, Md., on

WEDNESDAY,
THE NINTH DAY OF APRIL, 1873,
AT 12 O'CLOCK, M.,

All the right, title, claim, interest and estate of the said Mortgagors, of, in and to THAT FARM, situate and lying in Kent county aforesaid, near Rock Hall, called

"PROVIDENCE,"

and a WOOD LOT lying east of said tract, adjoining the woodland formerly belonging to Wm. B. Crane; being the same tract and woodlot which was conveyed by Jos. Wickes, trustee, to Wm. Crane, by deed dated March 27th, 1836, recorded among the land records of Kent county, in Liber J. N. G., No 4, Folio 279. And is the same land described in a deed from Thos. R. Crane and wife to said John Downey, dated December 11th, 1854, duly recorded among the said land records, in Liber, J. F. G., No 2, Folio 467, containing

199 Acres, 2 Roods and 30 Perches,
MORE OR LESS,

saving and excepting therefrom those parts which were conveyed by said John Downey and wife to the following persons, viz: To George L. Maslin, 2 acres, 1 rood and 35 perches, by deed dated Jan. 4th, 1858, recorded in Liber, J. K. H., No. 1, Folio 39. To James M. Coleman, 1 acre and 2 roods, by deed of Jan. 5th 1858, recorded in Liber, J. K. H., No. 1, Folio 44. To Susan J. Coleman, 4 acres, by deed of April 22d, 1862, recorded in Liber, J. K. H, No. 3, Folio 218.

Also, ALL THAT FARM OR TRACT OF LAND, known as the

"Dennis Vickers Farm,"

which was conveyed to said John Downey by Richard Hynson, Trustee, by deed dated on or about March 16th, 1870, duly recorded among the said land records in Liber J. K. H., No. 9, containing

62 Acres of Land, More or Less.

The CRANE FARM is improved with a
TWO-STORY FRAME
DWELLING HOUSE,

with KITCHEN attached, and the necessary Outbuildings all in good repair. It is under good fencing and the soil is productive. It has a fine

PEACH ORCHARD of 2,000 Trees,
Young, and in full bearing.

The "DENNIS VICKERS FARM" has all necessary buildings in fair condition.

Both farms are rented for 1873, but the purchaser will be entitled to the rents.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms of sale are:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, the balance in two equal instalments, of six and twelve months therefrom—the deferred payments to be secured by bonds of the purchaser bearing interest from the day of sale, with security to be approved by the Trustee.

C. T. WESTCOTT,
Trustee and Attorney.
Chestertown, March 15, 1873—ts.

Ratification Notice.

RICHARD HYNSON,
vs.
JOHN L. HUDSON, and others.

In the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Chancery.
MARCH 14, 1873.

ORDERED that the sales made and reported by RICHARD HYNSON, Trustee, for the sale of the real estate of John M. Hudson, deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the twentieth day of May next; Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Kent county, once in each of three successive weeks, before the twentieth day of April next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $7,108 75.

JESSE K. HINES, Clerk.
True Copy,—Test:
JESSE K. HINES, Clerk.
March 15, 1873—4t.

SMALL FRUIT PLANTS
FOR SALE.

STRAWBERRIES,
RASPBERRIES,
GOOSEBERRIES,
CURRANTS,
By the 100, 1,000 or 10,000.

Also, about 8,000 PEACH TREES,
ALL CHOICE VARIETIES.

Call on or address
R. S. EMORY,
March 1—4t. Chestertown.

50,000
FIRST CLASS
PEACH TREES.
EMBRACING ALL THE LEADING VARIETIES, from the Nursery of
BIGGS ELY, HIGHTSTOWN, N. J.
For sale by H. C. PENNINGTON,
mh15 4t. Chesterville.

5,000 PEACH TREES,
Of Choice Varieties,
AND GUARANTEED AS REPRESENTED,
For sale by EDWARD PLUMMER,
mh15-4t. near Smithville.

DR. W. T. JONES,
State Vaccine Agent,
31 N. CALVERT ST., BALTIMORE.

VACCINE VIRUS directly from the Cow, will be furnished to practicing Physicians free of charge, by applying as above and enclosing postage stamp. mh15-3t.

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,
mh1-3t. Crumpton, Md.

A MYSTERY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The river hemmed with leaning trees
Wound through its meadows green;
A low, blue line of mountains showed
The open pines between.

One sharp tall peak above them all
Clear into sunlight sprang;
I saw the river of my dreams,
The mountains that I sang!

No clew of memory led me on,
But well the ways I knew;
A feeling of familiar things
With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above its crag
Could lean the blasted pine;
Not otherwise the maple hold
Aloft its red ensign.

So up the long and shorn foot-hills
The mountain road should creep;
So, green and low, the moaded fold
Its red-haired kine asleep.

The river wound as it should wind;
Their place the mountains took;
The white, torn fringes of their clouds
Wore no unwonted look.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim
Was pressed by feet of mine,
Never before mine eyes had crossed
That broken mountain line.

A presence strange at once and known,
Walked with me as my guide;
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim-remembered dream?
Or glimpse through æons old?
The secret which the mountains kept,
The river never told.

But from the vision ere it passed
A tender hope I drew,
And, pleasant as a dawn of spring,
The thought within me grew.

That love would temper every change,
And soften all surprise,
And, misty with the dreams of earth,
The hills of heaven arise.

UNTUTORED ORATORS.

A contributor to the New York *Independent* recalls some pleasant reminiscences of Southern pulpit eloquence:

When I first went South, forty years since, I used frequently on a Sabbath morning to ride several miles in the country to attend the "Piney woods churches." The audience was mostly composed of the poor white population, many of whom cold neither read nor write. It was pleasing to see them collect for worship. In fact, these stated monthly meetings were the only opportunities they ever had for exchanging words of sympathy and kindness, and they were always anticipated with much pleasure.

They did not have an educated ministry, for they did not require it. They were honest, faithful men, and preached the saving doctrines of Christianity with much fervor and boldness. To one who had been brought up in New England, under the puritanical precision and sanctity of that age, some of their sermons, remarks and exhortations were extremely ludricous and shocking, a volume of which I have laid away in memory, and which have often been as good an antidote to dyspepsia as is Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," or his description of a "Mexican Plug." I will cite a few instances of my first experience. One of them, after announcing the text, requested the strictest attention, as "he intended to preach in a manner so plain that even the women and niggers could understand."

Another, as an introduction to his discourse, said that "his critter had died that week, that his children had been sick, that his crop was in the grass, and he had not been able to give a moment's thought to the sermon. Consequently, he would be compelled to depend entirely on the teachings of the Spirit, and he expected it would be pretty poor stuff. In the closing prayer he besought the Lord "to wake them all up to a sense of duty, and right then and there to come down upon them with all His ponderosity."

A class meeting followed the sermon and other exercises. One old lady was asked if she felt that she loved the Lord Jesus Christ. "Well, brother," said she, "I don't know that I have anything agin him." An old man, apparently near the end of life's journey, was asked if he was willing to die. He said: "As he never took to strangers, and was acquainted here, he would rather stay, if he could."

A preacher who had recently lost his wife, after commenting upon her great moral worth, concluded with the following pathetic remarks:

"My dear brethren and sisters, for six long months before my first wife's death she suffered from divers diseases and torments. If she tuck medicine for one ailment it was sure to interflict with another, and the last case was worse than the first. But rheumaty pains and a codicil of the brain tuck her off. But, thank God, she had breath to the very last, and went a shouting clear through to glory. My brethren, I have lost sheep and I've lost cows, but I tell you the death of my wife was the worst lick I ever got. I still feel like an olphin, and for one whole month after I put her away I felt like I could fall down and go to sleep almost anywhere."

Another ministerial brother, who married rather sooner after the death of his wife than some of his sisters thought proper and becoming, excused himself in the following manner:

"My dear brethren and sisters, my grief was greater than I could bear. I turned every way for peace and comfort, but none come. I sarched the Scripters from Ginisee to Rivilations, and found plenty of promises to the widder, but nary one to the widderer. And so I took it that the good Lord didn't waste sympathy on a man when it was in his power to comfort himself; and having a first-rate chance to marry in the Lord, I did so, and would do the same thing again. Besides, my brethren, I considered that poor Patsey was just as dead as she could ever be."

AN acorn suspended by a piece of thread within half an inch of the surface of the water in a hyacinth glass, will in a few months, burst and throw a root down into the water, and shoot upwards its straight tapering stem, with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak tree, growing in this way on the mantleshelf of a room, is a very elegant and interesting object.

OUR down Shore exchanges state that some New York capitalists are making an effort to extend the Delaware Railroad to Cherrystone—a long-contemplated scheme. The parties are now in Richmond asking the Virginia Legislature for the right of way through Accomac and Northampton counties.

The Savings Bank.

A TALE OF HARD TIMES.

Charles Lynford was a young mechanic in good business. At the age of twenty-six he had taken to himself a wife, Caroline Estus, the daughter of a neighbor, who had nothing to bring him but her own personal merits, which were many, and habits of thrift learned in an economical household and under the stern teachings of necessity. It is well, perhaps, that Charles Lynford should obtain a wife of this character, since he himself found it hard to save anything from his income.

It was not long before Caroline became acquainted with her husband's failing.—She did not feel quite easy in the knowledge that they were living up to their income, foreseeing that a time would come when their family would grow more expensive, and perhaps her husband's business, now so flourishing, might be less so. Accordingly one day she purchased of a peddler, who came to the door, a little tin safe, such as children frequently use for a savings bank This she placed conspicuously on the mantlepiece, so that her husband might be sure to see it on entering.

"Hello, Carrie, what's that?" he asked curiously.

"Only a little purchase I made to-day," said his wife.

"But what is it meant for?" he asked again.

"Let me illustrate," said his wife playfully. "Have you a ten-cent piece with you?"

Charles drew a dime from his waist-coat pocket. His wife, taking it from his hand dropped it into the box through the slit in the top.

Charles laughed. "So you have taken to boarding, Carrie? Has my little wife become a miser?"

"No, only a little prudent. But seriously, Charles, that is what I want you to do every night."

"What! drop a dime in this new-fangled arrangement of yours?"

"Exactly."

"Very well; that will be easy enough. A dime a day is not a great sum. But may I know what you are a going to do with this newly-commenced hoard?"

"Lay it up for a rainy day," Caroline answered.

Charles laughed merrily. "And what will a dime a day amount to?" he inquired.

"In a year it will amount"—commenced his wife seriously—

"O, never mind—spare the calculation! It sounds too much like business, and I get enough of that during the day."

"But you don't object to my plan?"

"Not in the least. I have no doubt it is very commendable; but you know, Carrie, I was never gifted with such prudence."

"I am aware of that," said his wife smiling.

This ended the conversation for the time. The plan inaugurated by the young wife was steadily carried out. She was not one of those (of whom there are so many) who enter upon a new plan zealously, but soon tire of it. In the present case she was thoroughly satisfied of the wisdom of her purpose, and resolved to carry it through. Every morning she called upon her husband for a dime which was forthwith added to the accumulation. Frequently he had no change, but would toss her twenty-five cents instead. She would assure him laughingly that this would answer her purpose equally as well. More than once Charlie would banter her about her little savings bank, which she bore gaily. But these were not the only accessions the fund received. Her husband had early arranged to make ample allowance for dress—I say ample, though I dare say some of my city readers might not have considered it so, but Caroline—who was in the habit of making her own dresses—provided herself with a good wardrobe at a much less expense than some not so well versed in the science of managing could have done. After considerable calculation she came to the conclusion that out of her allowance she should be able to make a daily deposit equal to that which she exacted of her husband. Of this, however, she thought it best, on the whole, not to inform Charlie, enjoying in anticipation the prospect of being able, at some future time, to surprise him with the unexpected amount of their savings.

At the close of every month the tin box was emptied, and the contents were transferred to a bank of more pretentions, where interest was allowed. When the sums deposited there became large enough, Mrs. Lynford, who had considerable business capacity, withdrew them and invested in bank and other stocks, which would yield a larger per cent. Of her mode of arrangement her husband remained in ignorance. Nor did he ever express any desire to be made acquainted with his wife's management. He was an easy, careless fellow, spending as he went, enjoying the present and not feeling any particular concern about the future.

At the end of eight years, during which time he had been unusually favored by health, his books showed that he had not exceeded his income; but that, on the other hand, he had saved nothing. Twenty-five cents to his credit.

"Running pretty close, Carrie?" he said, laughing; "I take credit to myself of keeping on the right side of the line. But I suppose you have saved an immense sum?"

"How much do you think?" asked his wife.

"O, perhaps a hundred dollars," said Charles Lynford, carelessly, "though it would take a good many dimes to do that."

His wife smiled, but did not volunteer to enlighten him as to the correctness of his conjecture. So things went on till at length came the panic of 1857—a panic so recent that it will be recollected by many readers of this sketch. It will be remembered how universally business and trade of every kind were depressed at this period—among others the trade which occupied Charles Lynford suffered. One evening he came home looking quite serious—an expression which seldom came over his cheerful face.

Caroline, who watched the signs of the times, was not unprepared to see this.—She had expected that her husband's business would be affected. What is the matter, Charles?" she asked cheerfully.

"The matter is, that we shall have to economize greatly."

"Anything unfavorable turned up in business matters?"

"I should think they had. I shall have but half a day's work for some time to come, and I am afraid that even this will fail before long. You have no idea, Carrie, how dull business of every kind has become."

"I think I have," said his wife, quietly. "I have read the papers carefully, and have been looking out for something of this kind."

"Do you think we shall be able to economize?" asked her husband.

"I think we shall be able to do so.—Both of us are well supplied with clothing, and shall not need any more for a year at least. That will cut off considerable expense; then there are a great many little superfluities you are kind enough to bring home to me frequently, which I can do very well without. Then we can live more plainly—have less pies and cakes, and I have no doubt it will be an improvement so far as health is concerned"

"What a calculator, Carrie!" said her husband, feeling considerably easier in his mind. "I really think, after all you have said, that it won't be so hard to live on our usual income—for the present at least. But," and his countenance again changed, "suppose my work should entirely fail—I suppose you couldn't reduce our expenses to nothing at all, could you?"

"That certainly surpasses my powers," said his wife, smiling; "but even in that case there is no ground for discouragement. You have not forgotten our savings bank, have you?"

"Why, no; I didn't think of that," said her husband; "I suppose that would keep off starvation for a few weeks."

His wife smiled. "And in those weeks," she added, "business might revive."

"To be sure," added her husband.—"Well, I guess it'll be all right—I'll not trouble myself about it any longer."

The apprehensions to which Charles Lynford had given expression proved to be only to well founded. In less than a month from the date of the conversation last recorded, the limited supply of work which he had been able to secure entirely failed, and he found himself without work of any kind—thrown back upon his own resources. Although he had anticipated this, it seemed unexpected when it actually came upon nim, and he again returned home in a fit of disappointment. He briefly explained to his wife the new calamity which had come upon him. "And the worst of it is, there is no hope of better times until spring"

"Do you think that business will revive then?" asked his wife.

"It must by that time; but there are five or six months between I don't know how we are to live during that time."

"I do," said his wife quietly.

"You!" exclaimed her husband, in surprise.

"Yes; your income has never been more than six or seven hundred dollars, and I have no doubt we can live six months on two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Yes, certainly; but where is that money to come from? I don't want to go into debt; and if I did, I shouldn't know where to borrow."

"Fortunately, there is no need of it," said Mrs. Lynford. "You seem to forget our little savings bank."

"But is it possible it can amount to two hundred and fifty dollars?" he exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes, and six hundred more," replied his wife.

"Impossible!"

"Wait a minute and I will prove it."

Caroline withdrew a moment, and reappeared with several certificates of bank and railroad shares, amounting to eight hundred dollars, and a bank book in which the balance was deposited to her credit.

"Are you quite sure you haven't had a legacy?" demanded Charles in amazement. "A dime a day surely has not provided this?"

"No, but two dimes a day has, with a little extra deposit now and then. I think, Charles, we shall be able to ward off starvation for a time."

Charles Lynford remained out of employment for some months, but in the spring business revived, as he had anticipated, and was once more in receipt of his old income.

More than two-thirds of the fund was still left, and henceforth Charles was no less assiduous than his wife in striving to increase it.

The little tin savings bank still stands on the mantlepiece, and never fails to receive a daily deposit.

WARNING TO UMBRELLA CARRIERS.—The man who walks the street, carrying an umbrella under his arm, was at the corner of Fifth and Vine yesterday morning. He stopped suddenly to speak with a friend, and a man behind him nearly broke the point of the umbrella off by running his eye against it. The man swore, and the umbrella chap wheeled suddenly, tearing off a young lady's back hair. He turned to apologize, and jabbed the end of his umbrella into a very tall policeman's stomach. Policeman administered a jerk and the umbrella point tore off a portion of a small boy's ear, and immediately carried away the starboard corner of a man's mouth up into his hair. Stepping back in dismay at what he had done, he rammed the umbrella down a bystander's throat, and at the same time he fastened the hook handle (the probabilities are that the handle was not only hooked, but that he hooked the whole umbrella) into a colored citizen's wool. In his efforts to get his umbrella loose, the unfortunate owner of it upset a fruit and candy stand and plunged head formost into one of Suire's plate-glass windows. In the excitement and confusion that ensued, the umbrella was put into a hack and driven to the hospital, and the man was taken to an umbrella store to undergo repairs.

WARMING RAILWAY CARRIAGES.—A mode of more safely and effectually warming railway carriages than by stove or hot water, it is said, has been widely adopted in Germany. The invention consists of the use of a composite fuel, which only smoulders slowly, and is encased in an iron tray, enclosed in a copper box, hermetically closed. The heat is said to last for twenty-four hours, if necessary. The fuel is the "charcoal parquettes." At sixty-five dollars per ton, the cost is said to be almost nominal, and the apparatus costs only six dollars to each compartment.

"DIED POOR."

"It was a sad funeral to me," said the speaker; "the saddest that I have attended for many years."

"That of Edmondson?"

"Yes."

"How did he die?"

"Poor—poor as poverty. His life was one long struggle with the world, and at every disadvantage Fortune mocked him all the while with golden promises that were destined never to know fulfillment."

"Yet he was patient and enduring," remarked one of the company.

"Patient as a Christian—enduring as a martyr," was answered.

"Poor man," echoed another, "He was worthy of a better fate. He ought to have succeeded, for he deserved success."

"Did he not succeed?" questioned the one who had spoken of his patience and endurance.

"No, sir. He died poor, just as I have stated. Nothing that he put his hand to ever succeeded. A very strange fatality seemed to attend every enterprise."

"I was with him in his last moments," said the other, "and thought he died very rich."

"No, he has left nothing behind," was replied. "The heirs will have no concern as to the administration of his estate."

"He left a good name," said one, "and that is something."

"And a legacy of noble deeds that were done in the name of humanity," remarked another.

"And precious examples," remarked a third."

"Lessons of patience in suffering; of hope in adversity; of heavenly confidence when no sunbeams fell upon his bewildered path," was the testimony of another.

"And high truths, manly courage, heroic fortitude."

"Then he died rich," was the emphatic declaration. "Richer than the millionaire who went to his long home on the same day, miserable in all but gold. A sad funeral, did you say? No, my friend, it was a triumphant procession! Not the burial of a human clod, but the ceremonies attendant on the translation of an angel. Did not succeed? Why, his whole life was a series of successes! In every conflict he came off the victor, and now the victor's crown is on his brow Any grasping, soulless, selfish man, with a moderate share of brains, may gather in money and learn the art of keeping it, but not one in a hundred can conquer bravely in the battle of life, as Edmondson has conquered, and step forth from the ranks of men a Christian hero. No, no; he did not die poor but rich—rich in neighborly love, and rich in celestial affections. And his heirs have an interest in the administration of his affairs A large property has been left, and let them see to it that they do not lose precious things through false estimates and ignorant depreciations."

"You have a new way of estimating the wealth of a man," said the one who had first expressed sympathy for deceased."

"Is it not the right way?" was answered. "There are higher things to gain in this world than wealth that perishes.—Riches of princely value ever reward the true merchant who trades for wisdom, buying it with the silver of truth and the gold of love. He dies rich who can take his treasure with him to the new land where he is to abide forever, and he who has to leave all behind on which he placed his affection, dies poor indeed. Our friend Edmondson died richer than a Girard or an Astor, his monument is built of good deeds and noble examples.

LATE IN LIFE.—Stewart has made the greater part of his wealth since he became a man of advanced years. It is said that George Peabody made but little until he had passed fifty. The same may be said of Stewart. At fifty he was worth about a million—now he has probably twenty-five times as much. This is a lesson which shows the importance of improving the later hours in life. Some men retire from business as age steals on. This is a great mistake. No men are so unhappy as those who abandon the habits of a busy life. No one should retire from business until he is sure of some busy employment in another sphere. Mr. Stewart knows that he is happier while at the head of his immense trade than if he were doing nothing. Men who retire from business generally become nervous and fretful, or else sink into mere fatuity, from having nothing to do. Work is the thing for old and young, if they wish to escape these dangers.

TIT FOR TAT.—The following notes lately passed between two Philadelphia belles:

Dear Anna: Please send me the collar you wore at Mrs. P——'s last night, as I wish to get one like it. Ellen B——.

Dear Ellen: I make it a rule never to let any of my apparel go out of the house unless worn by myself. Anna G——.

P S.—If you come around to the house you may look at the collar as long as you please.

In a few days afterward Miss Anna had a want of her own, and expressed it to Ellen as follows:

Dear Ellen: I have an engagement to take a ride on horseback this evening; will you lend me your saddle?

Anna G——.

Dear Anna: I make it a rule never to let my saddle go out of the house unless used by myself. Ellen B——.

P. S.—If you come around to the house you may ride the saddle as long as you please in the house.

THE PARDONING POWER.—In the Pennsylvania constitutional convention, Mr. J. W. Palmer, of Luzerne, has introduced a very important amendment into the constitutional provision regulating the exercise of the pardoning power. He proposes that four public officers be associated with the Governor, and the recommendation of three of them is required for the remission of a sentence. It cannot be granted without that recommendation, though the Governor need not grant it upon the recommendation. The subject has met with much consideration, and the result will be awaited with interest.

AN old lady in Springfield, Ohio, who read in the telegraph dispatches that the cholera was ravaging Turkey, went to work and slaughtered her entire stock of seventy turkeys, so as to get a start of "Old Asiatic."

A VERDANT IN NEW ORLEANS.

A GREEN COUNTRYMAN IN A GAMBLING SALOON—MORAL OF THE TALE.

The following little story was related to Roundabout of the New Orleans *Times*:

A green countryman came to town last winter for the purpose of having a little fun. While he was really as verdant and unsophisticated a chap as could well be found, he labored under the common delusion of thinking just the contrary, and imagining he was a remarkably smart fellow, with a neat and artful way of doing things that very few could get over. He had heard a great deal about the gamblers and ropers, and fancied he would like to tackle some of them. He had always said he knew a thing or two, and now was the time to make it pay.

Of course, a gentleman of this kind didn't run very long without meeting the men he was looking for. Besides, it so happened he was the very man they wanted, which made it very cheerful and satisfactory on all sides, and enabled them to glide pleasantly into a little game of twenty-one without any foolish formalities. Our country boy was accompanied by a couple of friends, who possessed more modesty and a good deal more experience than he, and who tried to convince him he was running a great risk. But no; twenty-one was his particular game. He knew all about it, and besides, there were some wrinkles in that game—and here he winked in such a meaning way that his friends were instantly restored to cheerfulness.

The game progressed, and at last our cunning gentleman thought he saw where his "wrinkle" would come in. The dealer being a well-mannered man, turned his head an instant to expectorate. Quick as lightning our rural friend tipped up the top card on the deck—it was a five.

When the dealer resumed his position, the other was innocently contemplating his hand. He had a ten and six; that was sixteen, and the five made twenty-one. Calling up a dark and fearful frown of rage, and affecting to be overcome with savage disappointment, he remarked:

"I've been losing some, and dashed if I don't wish I'd bet $500."

"Perhaps you've got a natural?" said the dealer, inquiringly.

"No; I want to draw. But I wish I had bet $500, all the same."

"Well, if you mean to draw, I don't mind letting you change your bet. Any amount you please, sir."

It was hard for our artful gentleman to keep down the grin of fiendish glee which struggled to show itself, but he succeeded He turned to his companion with a meaning look, and then took out his $500 and called for a card.

Any one watching the dealer's face as he dealt that card would have been startled; but the same person, noticing the other's expression as he picked it up, would have been much more startled.—That card was a nine, and it "busted" our country customer all to flinders.

Now, without attempting to "point the moral," Roundabout thinks this is a good story, and proves, if nothing else, that a man had better be a very accomplished rascal or else an honest man. The half-way sharpers never make anything.

TEMPERANCE IN TALBOT.—The temperance advocates in Talbot having delegated Rev. B. F. Benson to prepare and publish a plan for them to operate upon this fall, he respectfully suggests the following, without interfering with existing political parties:

1st. The organization of District Temperance Associations, auxiliary to the County Association, and composed of all persons favorable to the proposed legislation, without regard to party or sect. Let these Associations hold public meetings monthly, or oftener, and invite suitable speakers to discuss before the people the temperance question, and the principles involved in the desired legislation. It must be evident to every thoughtful mind that meetings of this kind would do much good by way of creating a proper public sentiment on the temperance question, even though we should not succeed at the next session of the Legislature in securing the protection against the evils of the liquor traffic which we seek.

2d. Abandon altogether the idea of running temperance candidates, and instead of relying upon the pledges of men *put reliance in the voice of the people expressed through the ballot-box.* When the people of the State demand a law on this subject for their protection, their representatives, although they may have to send to Kentucky for their grog, will give it to them. Having no temperance candidates in the field, and requiring no pledges of our representatives on this subject, when the fall elections take place, put in the hands of every temperance democrat and republican voter, the *regular ticket of his respective party,* marked "Local Option" or "Liquor Damage Law," or any other word or words that will express the will of the temperance voters on the liquor traffic. By the adoption of this plan, there need be no interference with existing party organizations.

This plan might be followed to advantage by the friends of temperance in all the counties of the State.

THE PHYSICIANS of England are always known by the simple title of "Mr.," and all efforts to revolutionize public sentiment so as to authorize the assumption of the title of "doctor" have, to use a medical term, proved abortive. The Royal College of Physicians of London has announced that it does not recognize nor sanction the assumption of the title of "doctor" by its licentiates. It appears, also, that neither has a licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburg, or of the King and Queen's College, Ireland, any right, as such, to style himself "doctor." The British Medical Journal, which communicates this information, adds that an university degree alone gives this distinguishing title to graduates in medicine. An American physician of good standing lately attempted to pass as "doctor" in London, but he felt the stern grasp of the law, and now practices as "Mr." Blank.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—*Ivory Whip* has just been acquitted on charge of a manslaughter in a York county court. The death of *Resolute Soule* was recently reported in the newspaper, and President Theirs recently pardoned an American named *Consider Tinkler.*

A MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

A VESSEL FOUND SAILING WITHOUT A SOUL ON BOARD—NO CLUE TO HER OWNERSHIP.

There is a little vessel in Gibraltar whose history is even still more mysterious than that of the Murillo, and perhaps similarly tragical to that of the North-fleet. The Mary Celeste, an American brigantine, was fallen in with by a British vessel some 400 miles east of the Azores, and brought by her to Gibraltar on Dec. 13. When discovered she was under foremast staysail and jib, and under this light canvass she had been pursuing her way for ten days, without a soul on board, the last entry on the ship's log being on Nov. 24th. No other papers were found on board; manifest, bills of lading, every document which would have thrown light upon the derelict had been removed; and up to the present time, though the inquiry is still going on, not the slightest clue has been traced to account for the desertion of the vessel, and even conjecture is at fault. The cargo, consisting of barrels, is untouched, with the exception of one cask which had started.

There are no signs of the vessel having suffered from bad weather in any single respect, the most minute examination having failed to detect any injury above water or below it. A harmonium in the captain's cabin and the music books are all in their places untouched by salt water. A little phial of oil was still standing by a sewing machine, and a reel of cotton and thimble had not yet rolled off the table. Nor had the cabin been plundered, for its contents, belonging to a lady and child, were of considerable value. A sword was in its scabbard rusty, and with marks of blood having been wiped off. There are marks like sharp cuts on the top-gallant rail, and on both sides of the vessel's bows, which appear to have been done on purpose; whether this points to any act of violence, and with what motive committed—why the vessel was left under sail, or, in the apparent absence of either plunder or peril, why she was ever deserted at all—is still an absolute mystery; for up to the present moment no trace has been found of the lady or child, or the captain, or any one of the crew.—*Correspondence of London Globe.*

THE following interpretation of several well-known Scriptural words is fully equal to similar attempts made by modern professors:—An old Dutch farmer had a handsome daughter named Minnie, who joined a religious persuasion against which the old farmer was somewhat prejudiced. The young minister, under whose instrumentality Miss Minnie was converted visited her frequently, exciting his suspicion that all was not right. Accordingly he visited the church one Sunday night, and seated himself among the congregation. Soon after taking his seat the minister who was preaching from Daniel, repeated in a loud voice the words of his text: "Mene, mene; tekel upharsin," upon which the old farmer sprung to his feet, seized the affrighted girl by the arm, and hurried her out of the meeting-house. Having reached