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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.

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.

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.

500,000
Fruit, Shade and Ornamental Trees
And PLANTS,
OF THE LEADING VARIETIES AND CHOICEST KINDS,
(PEACH TREES A SPECIALTY,)
For Sale at Lowest Market Rates.

Also, Osage Orange Hedge Plants; Early Rose, White Peach Blow and Peerless Potatoes.

☞ Manufacturer's agent for the BEST PEACH BASKET EVER MADE. Special arrangements made with parties wishing large quantities.

E. R. COCHRAN,
mh29-6t. Middletown, Delaware.

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.

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.

BURNS & SLOAN

132 Light St. Wharf,

BALTIMORE,

BUILDING
AND HARDWOOD
LUMBER,

SHINGLES,
FENCING,
PALES,
DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, &c.

"The Light in the East"

is the title of a

VALUABLE RELIGIOUS WORK

Containing 950 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.

CEDAR POSTS—a Choice lot just received and for sale by
m22 JOHN T. DODD & SON.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 33. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1873. No. 41.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
A Valuable Farm
IN KENT CO., MARYLAND.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity, passed in the case of Wm. McKenney, Trustee, vs. John T. Smyth and others, the undersigned, as Trustee, will sell at Public Auction to the highest bidder, at Millington, Kent county, Maryland, in front of Maxwell's Hotel, on

Saturday, the 19th of April, 1873,

Between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock, P. M.,

All That Valuable Farm,

CALLED THE

"SPEARMAN FARM,"

whereon John T. Smyth now resides, adjoining the lands of Samuel Corbally, Col. R. C. Johnson, John F. Newnam and others, and containing

366 ACRES OF LAND,
MORE OR LESS.

This Farm is situate between the public roads leading from Millington to Massey's Junction on the one side, and from Millington to Galena on the other side, and faces on the Cross Public Road uniting the above roads.—It is within 2½ miles of Millington, at the head of Chester River, and a Station on the Queen Anne's & Kent Rail Road, and also within 2½ miles of Massey's Junction, a Station where the Queen Anne's & Kent Rail Road and the Kent Rail Road unite, and which is the contemplated terminus of the projected Elkton and Massey's Rail Road.

The Improvements

ARE A FINE, LARGE
TWO STORY
FRAME DWELLING

With Barn, Stable, Carriage House, and all necessary Out-Buildings in good condition, and is further improved by a

Young Peach Orchard

Of from Five to Six Thousand Trees,
NOW IN BEARING.

The arable land, of from 220 to 250 acres, is divided into five fields, under tolerably good fencing, one of them containing the Peach Orchard referred to. The soil is of good quality, easily improved, and adapted to the growth of grain, fruits, vegetables, grasses, &c.

The Wood and Timber land of from 100 to 150 acres, lies next to the Galena road.

Surveys will be made and plats exhibited on the day of sale.

TERMS OF SALE.

$5,500 in cash on the day of sale; residue in two equal instalments of one and two years from day of sale, with interest on each instalment as it falls due, secured by bonds or notes of purchaser with approved security.

Further particulars made known on day of sale. Title papers at expense of the purchaser.

JOHN B. BROWN, Trustee.

March 29, 1873—ts.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of three writs of Fieri Facias and one of Venditioni Exponas, issued out of the Circuit Court for Kent county, and to me directed, one at the suit of Parrott & Busick; one at the suit of Turner Brothers; one at the suit of F. H. Harper, and one at the suit of Alex. Clemens, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Geo. W. Crossley, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said Geo. W. Crossley, of, in and to

All that Tract or Parcel of Land, situate and lying in Kent county,

Called "GRANGE,"

AND CONTAINING

321 ACRES, more or less,

which was conveyed to the said Crossley by Philemon S. Wales and wife, by deed dated Dec. 7th, 1846, and duly recorded in Liber J. N. G., No. 11, folio 305, and fully described in said deed, saving and excepting from said tract all those parts heretofore conveyed by said Crossley to the following persons namely: To Robert J. Beswicks, 25 acres; to Jacob Trusty, 2 acres; to Wm. H. Sheppard 4½ acres; to Wm. Woodland 5 acres; to J. S. Moore 61 acres; to Jas. Gale 7½ acres; to Jas. S. Harris 40 acres; to Alex. Ford 2 acres; to Isaac Anderson 2 acres; and to Geo. T. Spry 3 acres, leaving **170 Acres** of said Tract hereby intended to be advertised, which said tract will be sold subject to a ground rent of $200 per annum, held by Jas. Howard McHenry, payable in half-yearly instalments, on the 14th day of May and November in each year, and redeemable on the payment of the sum of Two Thousand dollars, with all arrears of rent, between the first day of December, 1873, and the first day of January, 1874.

And I hereby give notice, that on

SATURDAY, the 19th of April, 1873,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., at the Court House door in Chestertown, I will sell the above named property (subject as aforesaid,) at public sale, for cash, to the highest bidder, to pay and satisfy the said writs, debts, interest and cost due and to become due thereon.

A. B. WHEATLEY, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Mar. 29, 1873—ts.

TELEGRAPHING.

SUPERIOR FACILITIES for learning the art. Full course of four months at following rates: Gentlemen, $40; Ladies, $35—Evening Class—Gentlemen, $30; Ladies, $25.

S. G. CLIFT, Operator,
Room 14, Masonic Temple, Wilmington, Del

REFERENCES:
Otto Flemming, A. Potter, Philadelphia.
S. G. Laws, L. D., Dover, Del.
W. S. Collins, M. D., Smyrna, Del.
Jas. L. Black, Wilmington, Del.
R. S. Griffith, Sassafras, Md. m22-2m.

Notice to Road Supervisors.

THE County Commissioners for Kent county will commence the appointment of Road Supervisors on

TUESDAY, the 22d of April, 1873,

and will continue to appoint until all public roads are put out.

Persons intending to make application will do so at that time or as soon thereafter as convenient.

By order,
JOHN RUSSELL,
Clerk to County Commissioners.

March 29, 1873—4t.

COAL, COAL,

FOR cooking and other purposes, delivered at any Station on the Kent County Railroad, by giving short notice. Terms—cash.—Persons will save money by ordering of me.

Address, GEORGE W. JONES,
March 22, 1873—3t. Kennedyville.

NOTICE.—Persons indebted to me are earnestly requested to call and settle their accounts at once, as I am greatly in need of the money. Respectfully,

m22-3t. MRS. S. A. USILTON.

FOR SALE,
A LOT OF FINE SHOATS.
Will be sold low.
THEODORE DIEHL,
March 22—tf. Rock Point, Worton.

New Spring Goods.

NEW SPRING PRINTS,
DOMESTICS, &c.

Now being opened by
T. S. WICKES.

March 22, 1873.

Plow Collars, Plow Bridles, Traces,

PLOW CASTINGS, &c.

A large and varied assortment now on hand and for sale by

T. S. WICKES.

Chestertown, March 22, 1873.

UP TOWN
Dry Goods Store.

THE LATEST STYLES!
THE BEST GOODS!!
And LOW PRICES!!

WM. H. ANTHONY

HAS JUST RETURNED FROM NEW YORK and having taken the Store formerly kept by Mrs. Barrett, has just opened a good assortment of

DRY GOODS of all kinds,
NOTIONS and GROCERIES.
ALSO,
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes.

I will be pleased to see my friends and old customers. I am very thankful for past favors and hope to receive further patronage.

All kinds of Produce Wanted
IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

☞ GIVE ME A CALL, and I will do my best to please.

WM. H. ANTHONY,
"UP TOWN DRY GOODS STORE."

Chestertown, March 29, 1873.

The Place to get Good Work Done!

BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
WHEELWRIGHTING

PLOWS, HARROWS, CULTIVATORS, FARM WAGONS, CARTS, DRAYS, EXRESS WAGONS, DEARBORNS, &c.

THE undersigned would respectfully return their thanks to the people of Kent and the adjoining county for their liberal patronage during the past nine years, and feel confident we shall receive the same as long as we continue to use the *best material* and employ none but the *best workmen*, thus giving a guarantee on all we do.

In the WHEELWRIGHT DEPARTMENT we use the best Lumber, and well seasoned.

In the BLACKSMITH LINE, we do the most of the work, and we flatter ourselves that it cannot be excelled on this Shore.

CULTIVATORS of all styles and patterns; PLOW CASTINGS, smooth and of the best temper.

Reapers, Mowers, Horse Powers, Drills, and all kind of implements used in this part of the country repaired

HOES of the best brand of steel.

All kinds of Plow Castings for sale.

We intend to fix prices to suit the times.

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

March 22, 1873—6m.

TO FARMERS.

The Place to get your Work Done

At MODERATE RATES.

HAVING enlarged my new Shop, above the Jail, and employed the very best workmen, and having laid in a large stock of the best material, bought for cash, I think I can now do work at prices which the Farmer can afford to pay. All kind of

Cart, Wagon and Carriage Work

done with neatness and dispatch.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS
of all kinds, such as

PLOWS, HARROWS, Cultivators, &c.

kept constantly on hand, or made to order.

CULTIVATOR TEETH of the most approved style, and made of the best steel plate.

Give me a call and see for yourself.

All new work guaranteed for twelve months.

D. A. BENJAMIN.

Chestertown, Mar. 29—3m.

SHERIFF'S LICENSE NOTICE.

NOTICE TO MERCHANTS, TRADERS AND OTHERS.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
CHESTERTOWN, March 27th, 1873.

ALL persons and bodies corporate or politic in Kent County, who are or shall be exercising or pursuing any business, or shall be doing any act or thing, or shall be in the occupation of any house or place for any purpose for which a license is made necessary by the laws of Maryland, are hereby warned to obtain a license or renew the same on or before

The First day of May, ensuing,

under the penalties prescribed by said laws for the infraction thereof.

ARTHUR B. WHEATLEY, Sheriff.

N. B.—By instructions received from the Treasury Department at the Clerk's Office, all persons applying for a license of any kind, except marriage license, (which are the same as heretofore,) will hereafter have to pay the fee of fifty cents for issuing the same, making a total fee of sixty cents in addition to the cost of the license.

A. B. WHEATLEY,
mh29-1d. Sheriff of Kent County.

LABOR! LABOR!!

THE undersigned is prepared to furnish German Laborers to the farmers of Kent, and also to fill orders for families, or for men, women, boys, girls, singly, also men to work at any particular kind of trade. Persons who desire labor of this class are referred to Mr. WM. VANNORT, my agent at Chestertown.

mar22-8t. CLARENCE HOLLYDAY.

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.

"SHE IS DEAD."

"She is dead!" they said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her and leave her, thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eye which gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace,

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes:
Which were the whitest no eye could choose;

And over her bosom they crossed her hands—
"Come away," they said, "God understands!"

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary,
And they said, "as a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath as they left the room
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, and beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp and took the key
And turned it. Alone again—he and she.

He and she; yet she would not speak,
Though he kissed in the old place, the quiet cheek,

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile,

He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said, "Cold lips and breast without breath,
Is there no voice? no language of death?

See now; I will listen with soul, not ear;
What was the secret of dying, dear?

Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

Did life roll back its record, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

O, perfect dead! O, dead most dear!
I hold the breath of my soul to hear.

I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell!

There must be pleasure in dying sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!

I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed.

You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all death's was the chiefest surprise;

The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprise that dying bring."

Ah, foolish World! O, most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe what he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way;

"The utmost wonder is this: I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that though dead, love never died."

A Singular Adventure.

A remarkable and most extraordinary story is related by one Captain McDaniels, of Canonsburg, Pa., who mysteriously disappeared from New York in October last. While on his way to the city, in the month mentioned, the captain says he formed the acquaintance of a stranger. They left the ferry-boat together and started to walk up a street that runs at right angles with the Hudson. The name of the street the captain does not know. After they had walked a block the stranger invited him to take a drink, and they went into a saloon for the purpose. Captain McDaniels took two cups of coffee, after drinking which all consciousness departed. When his senses returned he found himself lying on the floor of an apartment from six to eight feet square. No door or window was discoverable, and the place was in total darkness. Searching for his personal effects, he discovered that his watch and chain, two drafts on New York and $7,000 in greenbacks, which had been tied around his waist in a handkerchief, were gone. The situation flashed upon him; he had been drugged and robbed, and now, doubtless, was stowed away until he could be murdered and disposed of. Heart-sick and weak from poison, he lapsed again into insensibility, and when he next recovered his senses he found himself in the hold of an outward bound vessel. After a sail of several days the captain says he was brought on deck and thrust into a small boat in company with two sailors, who, after a pull of about two hours' duration, reached the shore. The captain was then put ashore, and the boat returned to the vessel. This was in the night time. About dawn the captain was discovered by three soldiers, who spoke a foreign language unknown to our hero.—They treated him with great indignity, chaining him in a stockade where negroes were already confined. One of the negroes could speak a little English, and he gathered that the Spaniards of Cuba were his captors. He was released by a midnight attack of negro guerillas on the post. After wandering for several days with these partisans, he effected his escape, and, guided by the sounds of the guns of Moro castle, reached Havana. He met a sailor who took him aboard of a vessel in the harbor, and after a day's recruiting he engaged as shipping clerk. He retained his position until he had accumulated sufficient money to go to New Orleans, to which point his friends had forwarded money. He became ill after his arrival in the Crescent city, and was prevented from returning home for several weeks. He only succeeded in reaching home about four days ago.

FIVE STEPS TO THE GALLOWS.—A man had committed murder, was tried, found guilty, etc.

ESTATE OF JOHN CLARK.

On application ordered, that Charles Clark, administrator of John Clark, deceased, give notice by advertisement that a dividend of the personal estate of said deceased will be made in this Court on TUESDAY, the 15th day of April, 1873.

Test: EDWIN CROUCH,
Reg. of Wills.

N. B.—All creditors of John Clark, dec'd, are hereby notified and requested to file their claims properly authenticated, with the Register of Wills, on or before TUESDAY, the 8th day of April, 1873, or they will otherwise be excluded from the dividend in the personal estate.

CHARLES CLARK,
March 22, 1873—4t. Adm'r.

OIL CLOTHS.

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, new styles from low to best grades.

TABLE OIL CLOTHS, figured mahogany, walnut, and root oak patterns

CARRIAGE CANVASS, plain, twilled and duck. For sale by

For a coquette to dream of a large waist, admonishes her that she is *wasting* away the best part of her life in idle flirtations.

A Perilous Ride.

I was going home "for good," in schoolgirl phrase. It had always been a promise made by my father that, on attaining the mature age of seventeen, I should leave school and become the mistress of his house. And although the date fixed had always appeared to me dreadfully distant, the intervening time had at last worn itself away, and the delightful prospect of returning home had become a "sober certainty of waking bliss."

I cannot say that I was sorry to leave Burgminster, where I had been at school for seven long years. Not that Miss Winter was worse, I think, than other schoolmistresses; but still, school is school, and the present style of luxurious girl's schools had not then been invented. Young ladies of the present day, who are placed at some expensive school where they are accustomed to hot meat dishes or fish on the breakfast table, with all sorts of bread and muffins, and their choice between tea, coffee and chocolate, would have turned up their pretty noses at the plain tea and bread-and-butter of Miss Winter's breakfast-table. *En revanche*, we were better taught, I think, and instead of the modern educational system of attending concerts and shallow lectures from pretentious "professors," we had solid work to do. If we did not exactly realize Wordsworth's ideal world of "plain living and high thinking," we had, at all events, plain living and hard work.

But all this was now to cease—or almost all. My dear father declared that he could no longer do without me for a companion! and while he was at chambers—for he was a hard-working barrister—I was to on by easy stages with the more ornamental parts of my education, under the guidance of some reliable teachers; especially with water-color painting, in which art my father greatly desired me to become a proficient. A charming prospect I thought it; and the vision of the dear old house in Old Burlington street, with my father waiting to welcome me, filled my eyes with tears as I stood on the platform of the Burgminster station, waiting for the train which was to convey me to all these delights.

Miss Winter never would allow any of her girls to start upon a railway journey without herself placing them in the carriage which she thought most free from moral and physical danger; and she took care now to place me in an empty compartment about the middle of the train, with a strict injunction to the guard to allow no one else—she did not choose to say "no gentleman"—to enter it. As this behest was always enforced by the addition of a half crown, the good woman felt no misgiving as to its being attended to, having entire faith in the potency of metallic attractions. But in this assumption she failed to remember that there were other half-crowns beside her own, and that the acceptance by the guard of her own douceur in no way prevented that functionary from availing himself of a similar attention from some subsequent donor.

I was glad enough to see the old town quickly become a dissolving view as we sped rapidly toward the city; and as I threw myself back in the carriage of Miss Winter's choice, I began to conjure up the dreamland of happiness which lay outstretched before me. Seventeen years old, with health and a sufficiency of money; a father who loved me dearly, and who was the most charming and intelligent of companions, and around whose cosey round dinner-table constantly assembled men eminent in literature and art; what a delightful prospect it seemed, after good Miss Winter and Fraulein Braun—that materialistic and beer-loving daughter of the fatherland—supplemented by the average prosaic, silly school-girls amongst whom I had lived so long! *They* would have called my dear father's associates "fogies," and would have infinitely preferred the haw-haw, or perhaps hee-haw, of the gilded youth who were his great abomination, and whom he had taught me to appreciate more justly.

I was still buried in my dream when the train stopped at the Carford station; and whilst my own particular guard was admitting a party of ladies into another carriage, the Carford station-master opened the door of my compartment, and a middle-aged, gentlemanly-looking man got into the carriage, bearing a small black traveling-bag in his hand.

It had always been my habit from childhood to speculate upon the nature of the strangers, traveling companions and others with whom I chanced to be thrown into contact; and I was soon deeply immersed in my favorite custom. My fellow-traveler appeared to be rather a handsome man, of perhaps forty, with a magnificent black beard, and a grave, dark, thoughtful eye of peculiar expression.—Soon after seating himself he took a tiny volume from the breast-pocket of his coat, and was soon absorbed in its contents.—What was he? Not a clergyman in mufti, I thought; he lacked the cheerful, holiday-making and enjoying kind of look which generally characterizes the priesthood in traveling. A barrister would hardly be so far from his work at mid-day during term-time; and yet he seemed to belong rather to one of the professions courteously called "learned," than to squiredom or trade. At last I determined that he must be a physician traveling homeward from some case at which he had had to stop for the night; and the little manual in his hand I placed amongst those pocket pharmacopœias which doctors sometimes carry, and consult upon the sly during intervals of labor.

Having settled this knotty point, I relapsed again into my castle-building, when my revery was interrupted by a hasty movement on the part of my companion, who laid aside his book with an uneasy gesture.

"I *beg* your pardon," he addressed me, "but did not you notice that singular waying of the carriage? I have observed it for some time, but felt reluctant to name it."

No; I had certainly noticed nothing of the kind, but being always prone to railway terrors, I began to forecast all kind of horrors.

"Oh, *yes*," he continued, with a grave smile; "*there*, you surely must have felt that?"

Still I was obliged to confess my inability to detect the supposed oscillation of the carriage, although my companion protested that it was most evident, and showed great excitement about it.

"I am sure," he said, "that the train is overloaded; *that* is the cause of the movement, and we must do all we can to lighten it;" and before I could interpose he had thrown his hand-bag and overcoat out of the window of the carriage.

A horrid dread now crept over me, for I felt sure that he must be insane, and I remembered, with a sickening feeling at my heart, which for a moment entirely stopped my pulse, that the train, which happened to be a fast one, would not stop before we got to London, which was nearly an hour distant. When I remembered this, I thought I must have dropped from my seat with faintness at the dreadful ordeal before me. However, I recollected having heard that mad people might be somewhat controlled by the demeanor of those they were with, and I made up my mind to sell my life as dearly as possible.

"Ah," he pursued, "that does not relieve the strain sufficiently. I am *afraid*," glancing furtively at my face, "that we shall be obliged to sacrifice ourselves for the safety of the other passengers. It is, as you know, a very large train, and very full. What a noble piece of heroism it would be to save the lives of so many hopeless people, who are not, like us, acquainted with their danger! would it not?" he added, shifting his seat for one near to me, and keeping his large dark eyes steadily fixed upon mine.

With the utmost difficulty I resisted the temptation to scream as he seated himself next to me.

"*I* shall certainly do so," he pursued, "but I fear that *you* may not have sufficient fortitude to do it of yourself."

And as he said the words, I saw, by the nervous twitching of his hands and arms, that he was itching to give me the necessary impetus out of the window to insure the sacrifice. With a hurried prayer to Heaven for aid, I firmly grasped the elbows of the seat, and set my feet as firmly as I could against the opposite side of the carriage. I was just on the point of sobbing out a prayer for mercy to my companion, when it flashed across my mind to try the effect of some ruse to obtain time, knowing that if I could but delay the "sacrifice" I might be saved.

"Would it not be better," I whispered, for I was past speaking aloud, "to pray for the safety of our companions, instead of trusting to our own efforts to save then?" and without waiting for his reply, I poured forth Heaven knows what incoherent but heartfelt prayers for the safety of *all* those who were in the train.

My words seemed to act like a charm upon my fearful companion, and taking his basilisk eyes from mine, he gradually slid down upon his knees and became to all appearances wrapt in prayer. Most happy for me I had been taught from childhood to make my own prayers—and this habit enabled me now to keep on with a volubility which surprised myself, although, as the chance of escape increased, I could scarcely repress the sobs which rose to my throat.

In seasons of such horror minutes seem to be as long as hours, but it appeared to me that my time of probation must be nearly over. I managed, however, to keep on a little longer, until at last—oh, joy of joys!—I saw from the fast-increasing houses that we were nearing London, and my prayer was turned into a heartfelt thanksgiving for my preservation. One glimpse of my dear father's face at the station, where he had come to meet me, and then all was blank until I found myself lying on the sofa in Old Burlington street, with my father and good Dr. A—regarding me with troubled looks.

As soon as I was sufficiently recovered from the strain of my dreadful journey, I heard the sequel of the history. My companion turned out to have been a certain Sir H— M—, who had that morning made his escape from a lunatic asylum near Burgminster, and whose flight had occasioned the greatest alarm, as his peculiar crotchet about railway trains was well known, and had already led to at least one fatal result. The doctor, whose charge he was, had, however, succeeded at once in getting a clue to his movements, and had used the telegraph for his recapture; so that on stepping out of the train at the terminus he had walked straight into the arms of an efficient attendant, and had been safely conveyed back to his asylum. Although my escape is now many years since, I never even now enter a railway carriage without some trepidation, and I always take *especial* care never to ride in one alone and with one person of either sex, to guard against a recurrence of my perilous ride.

The Age of Progression.

When we look at the wonderful and labor-saving inventions of the present age, and see the ways we have for doing work, we wonder how our ancestors got along with their daily toil with patience.

The Steam Engine, the Telegraph and the Sewing Machine are the marvels of progress, and they look like revelations. To them we are indebted to a moral and social revolution grander in effect than that of a thousand bloody fields of battle. "Peace has its victories as well as war," and one of the grandest triumphs won in the nineteenth century is due to the Sewing Machine. It is the blessing of the household, and the family's best friend. The name of the inventor, Elias Howe, Jr., is familiar to every ear in the civilized world, and his great invention is a more enduring monument of fame than sculptured marble or towering dome. He was one of the few inventors who had the will to invent and to manufacture his own inventions. The immense factory which he founded at Bridgeport, is the larges and the best appointed sewing machine factory in the world; its floors alone cover an area of nearly four acres. Here are turned out daily six hundred standard machines perfect in all their appointment. These celebrated machines have long held the first rank over all first-class machines. The fame of the inventor, and the exact mechanism of his invention and improvements, have brought it into universal use, and so great is the demand that, notwithstanding they are put upon the market at the rate of one per minute during ten hours of every day, the demand is greater than the supply.—A. M. GUDGEN, Chestertown.

As storm following storm and wave succeeding wave, give additional hardness to the shell that encloses the pearl, so do the storm and waves of life add force to the character.

HINTS ABOUT HAIR.

The present fashion of arranging ladies' hair with the profusion of ornamental coils, puffs, and frieses, is exceedingly detrimental to the natural growth of that "crowning glory." The head is overheated with false hair, and the weight of the *coiffure*, which comes upon one spot on the top or crown of the head, drags the hair out, and causes the round bald spot so frequently seen when ladies are *en dishabille*. The large number of hairpins necessary to fasten the ornamental hair in a manner to give it a natural effect are also injurious to the scalp, breaking off the hair where they are pushed in, and often getting tangled in its meshes, so when withdrawn each one will have a snarl attached. In the fashionable mode of hairdressing, the natural growth is an insignificant part, sometimes more in the way than otherwise, for all the show it makes in the great pyramid that is heaped up in such luxuriance; it is, therefore, neglected and left in a most careless condition. None would ever suppose that long hairs were the growth of years, observing how, in many instances, they are tangled and ruthlessly pulled out. Unless women have a large coil of natural hair they ignore it entirely, and strive to hide what little they possess by rolling it in a small knot on the back of their heads to be covered with their switches.

The state of the majority of ladies' hair at the present time is truly lamentable. The front locks are broken and burnt off with crimping and curling with hot irons. The bald spot on top is fast widening its circle; the scalpy head, which is "never seen" is left undisturbed from shampooing, and the hair, which should be silky from brushing and free from snarls, receives no attention save the rough handling necessary to tuck it out of sight.

No one can be neat in person with a dusty scalp or carelessly kept hair. A little hair, when in fine order, is always beautiful. Even if very thin, if it is soft and glossy, and evenly parted on a clean white scalp, it is more attractive than the crimpy, frizzled, half-scorched hair, of which we see so much now-a-days. There are occasions when ladies have not the time or inclination to dress their heads with false hair. It is then that the real condition of their hair is seen.

It is a very pleasant comfort for most persons to have their heads combed, and brushed, and gently rubbed by dexterous hands. The mother, when fatigued at night, is greatly rested and her headache charmed away by the tender hands of her daughter carefully brushing and arranging her hair. There are many men who derive much pleasure from having their heads shampooed at home, and anticipate the Saturday afternoon's combing as one of the luxuries that cannot be purchased at the barber's. It is an accomplishment that every girl and woman should possess—the knowledge of combing and caring for the hair in a grateful and agreeable manner. Women who selfishly proclaim that they "have no knack of combing any one's hair," and never allay a headache or promote another's comfort by shampooing his hair, are deformities.

Gray hair always betrays the care the head has received through life. In observing the white heads conspicuous in a congregation, there will be found a marked contrast between those that look as if they were brushed and kept in a silvery, silky, shining condition by the loving hands of some daughter or grandchild, and those presenting a shock of grizzly hairs, looking as if they might have been combed with a three-legged stool.

The hair should be thoroughly washed with warm water and Castile soap at least once a month. The color of the water, after the first rinsing, will expose the necessity of the hair bath. To wash and dry the head in a thorough manner without pulling out the hair or causing discomfort to its possessor is an art. Snarls should always be brushed out. Combs in long hair are usually more or less destructive. Soda or borax, which is so generally uted in washing the hair, is highly injurious. It destroys the nutrition supplied to the scalp and dries the hair, causing it to break and become unmanageable. To preserve the hair in good condition it should be brushed every night until it is soft and glossy. Rubbing the scalp with a little bay water or weak spirits of any kind will keep it white and free from dandruff. Fine-tooth combs should never be used for scratching or cleaning the scalp. They were never invented but for one purpose.

"False" or ornamental hair should be carefully kept to be endurable. The habit of some persons of laying their coils upon the bureau, or hanging them on the gas-fixtures at the side of the glass, on removing them from their heads at night, is extremely untidy, as they become dusty and uncleanly from this exposure.—Switches can be kept in good order for a long time, if well brushed and placed in boxes when not in use.

THE HUMAN PULSE.—The human pulse, in all ages of the world, has been consulted as an index of health or disease. It is a kind of dial within us, which gives us both the measure of time and of health. The pulse of a person in health beats about seventy strokes in a minute, and the ordinary term of life is about 70 years. In these seventy years the pulse of a temperate person beats two billions, five hundred and seventy millions, four hundred and forty thousand times. If no actual disorganization should happen, a drunken person might live until his pulse beat this number of times; but by the constant stimulus of ardent spirits, or by pulse-quickening food, the pulse becomes greatly accelerated, and the two billions, five hundred and seventy millions, four hundred and forty thousand pulsations are performed in a little more than half the ordinary term of human life, and life goes out in forty or forty-five years, instead of seventy. This application of numbers is given to show that the acceleration of those forces diminishes the term of human life.

A DARKEY, left in charge of a telegraph office while the operator went to dinner, heard some "call" over the wires, and he began shouting at the instrument, "De operator isn't yer." The noise ceased.

"Six feet in his boots? exclaimed Mrs. Partington. What will the impudence of this world come to, I wonder? Why they might as well tell me that a man had six heads in his hat."

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.

FOR THE LADIES TO READ.

The leaders of London society are said to have become attached to black silk hose.

AN Omaha bride was married bare-footed because her lover's kinfolks dress that way, and she did not wish to seem proud.

A GIRL with £5,000 a year advertises for a husband in London papers. The trouble is she wanted a lord, and they are scarce at the price.

JANE BELL, a deaf mute of Madison county, Ill., has just married a blind man. They can be of great assistance to each other, to be sure, but how did they do their courting?

A FIFTH street girl is just as accomplished on the piano as her mother is at the wash tub, but the latter boasts that she can renovate three shirts while the former is going through Beethoven's immortal symphony.

ONE of our fair young damsels recently exclaimed on seeing a Thomas cat elevate his back, "O, my! wouldn't he make a lovely bustle?"

A BUFFALO gentleman was driven from his home last week by his landlady because he attempted to hug her. The poor fellow is a Unitarian by faith, and attributes the lady's conduct to "sinful" sectarianism.

"CARRIE" advertises in a London journal that she speaks three languages, and is generally accomplished. "I wish," she adds, "to hire out my society to some pious gentleman or lady, as I am without friends to help me."

A YOUNG lady in Iowa recently whipped out an incipient conflagration with her stockings. She had heard that firemen used "hose" in stopping fires, and is satisfied that they are the proper thing.

A SAN FRANCISCO widow keeps the skull of her deceased husband in a glass case. She once remarked to a friend who was viewing the remains, "Alas! how often have I banged those bones with a broomstick. I'm sorry for it now."

WHY MEN DON'T MARRY.—Rev. Henry Morgan lectured in Boston on "Why men don't marry." His headings were these: Men don't marry—first, because they can't; they can't get the one they want; bachelors have high notions. Second—Because many of them are cowards, they dare not face the music; they dodge the question. Thirdly because they are skeptical; they have no faith in woman; think marriage a lottery. Fourth—They are selfish; they cannot yield for another's good; can't support a family; want the sweets of life without bearing its burdens. Fifth—Woman's extravagance.—Here the speaker showed the true cause for man's hesitating—expensive living and extravagant dress. Girls, the young men are afraid of your extravagance.—That's the secret.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The Pittsburg man who invented lamp chimneys has made over half a million dollars out of them.

THE Mind-your-own-business Society needs more members, and there are a great many people who ought to join it.

THE following is a genuine transcript of an epitaph: "Here lies the remains of Thomas Woodhen—the most amiable of husbands, the most excellent of men. N. B.—The name is Woodcock—but it would not come in rhyme.

A YOUNG lady was told by a married lady, that she had better precipitate herself off the Niagara Falls into the basin beneath than marry. The young lady replied, "I would, if I thought I could find a husband at the bottom!"

A CHAPLAIN in Arkansas says that a man buying furs was conversing with a woman at whose house he called, and asked her "if there were any Presbyterians around there." She hesitated a moment and said she guessed not; her husband hadn't killed any since they had been living there!

The Japanese are legislating with a vengeance. Kite-flying has been prohibited, and—what a relief to Japanese husbands—female hair-dressers are to be abolished as a class. The calendar has been