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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.

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.

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.

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 850 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.

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.

NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED to the estate of A. L. GOODING, deceased, on open store account, are hereby notified that settlement must be made on or before the First Day of May, 1873. All disregarding this notice, after that time will be proceeded against according to law, without further delay.
REBECCA V. GOODING,
F. M. GOODING,
mar22-ts. Adm'rs of A. L. Gooding.

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 26, 1873. No. 43.

KENT COUNTY
AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION
No. 1,
WILL HOLD ITS
THIRD ANNUAL FAIR
AT
Worton Station,
Commencing TUESDAY, Sept. 30th
And Continuing Three Days.

☞ AMPLE PROVISION is being made to secure every possible benefit to exhibitors and visitors.

BIDS received for the following privileges:
Refreshment and Dining Saloon,
Soda Fountain,
Horse Pound,
and Barber Shop.
☞ For Premium Lists and other information, address (enclosing stamp) the Secretary,
E. A. VANNORT, M. D.,
Hanesville, Kent Co., Md.
April 5, 1873—tf.

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
HOKS 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.
Chsstertown, 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-td. Sheriff of Kent County.

New Spring Millinery!
MISS MAGGIE J. WYATT,
HAS just returned from the city with a new assortment of
SPRING MILLINERY,
embracing all the LATEST SYLES; also, a very neat supply of FANCY GOODS, and now invite my old customers and friends generally to give me a call. I will endeavor, as heretofore, to please in styles and prices, all those who may give me their patronage.
Bleaching and Pressing done to order.
☞ Store Room at the corner of High and Queen Streets, in front of the Post-Office.
April 19, 1873—3t.

New Millinery and Notions!
Miss H. C. Wright,
WOULD call the attention of the Ladies of Chestertown and vicinity to a fine assortment of
New and Beautiful Millinery Goods
and NOTIONS, including LATEST SPRING STYLES, which she is selling at the very lowest prices. An examination of her goods and prices is respectfully solicited.
MISS H. C. WRIGHT,
a19-3t. Successor to Mrs. C. R. Fiddis.

New Spring and Summer Millinery!
MRS. L. J. DAVIS,
HAVING just returned from the city, invites the Ladies to call and examine her very large and well selected stock of
SPRING MILLINERY,
embracing all the styles in season, and which cannot fail to please. Also, a very large and beautiful stock of FANCY GOODS, such as Dress Trimmings, Laces, Embroideries, Handkerchiefs, Collars, Buttons, Crape, Hosiery, and all kinds of Veils, Gloves, &c., all of which will be sold at low prices.
Call and see my goods before purchasing.
apr19-3t. LAURA J. DAVIS.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

BY VIRTUE of an order of the Orphans' Court for Kent county, the undersigned as Trustee, will on

WEDNESDAY, May 7th, 1873,

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, A. M.,

offer at Public Sale at Pennington's Hotel in Galena, Kent county, Md., all the Real Estate of which the late Orlando F. Sutton died seized, situate in Galena, Kent county, Md., consisting of

A DWELLING HOUSE
WITH ABOUT
ONE ACRE OF LAND,

adjoining Shrewsbury Academy and the lands of James S. Wilson and others, on the street leading towards Georgetown; and also a

WHEELWRIGHT SHOP,

With about One-third of an Acre of Land
ON THE SAME STREET.

All of this property is very valuable and in good repair.
Possession given January 1, 1874.

TERMS OF SALE:

The terms as prescribed are as follows:—One-third of the purchase money cash, and the balance in twelve and eighteen months, with interest on the credit payments from Jan. 1st, 1874. The credit payments to be secured by the bond of the purchaser with security approved by the Trustee. Deed, &c., at cost of the purchaser.
D. J. BLACKISTON,
April 12, 1873—ts. TRUSTEE.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of four writ of execution, issued out of the Circuit Court for Kent county, and to me directed, one at the suit of Wallis & Burton, one at the suit of R. Hynson, exec'r of R. S. Thomas; one at the suit of R. Hynson, adm'r of S. A. Freeman, use of Wallis & Burton, and one at the suit of Dr. Wm. Gale and Elizabeth Walker, against the lands and tenements of Thomas Slaughter, I have levied upon, seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim, interest and estate of the said Thomas Slaughter, of, in, and to the following property, to wit:

ALL THAT TRACT OF LAND

Lying in Kent county aforesaid, on the waters of Chester River, being parts of tracts of land
CALLED "NEGLECT,"
and beginning for the same at a stone set on the shores of Chester River near Crumpton Ferry, and running from thence North two degrees, West one hundred and fifty-three perches and one half of a perch, then North four and a half degrees, West thirty perches and one-half of a perch, then North one hundred and twenty-seven perches to a stone on the South side of the public road, then with said road south seventy-four degrees, West sixty-two perches and one-half of a perch to a stone, then South three and a half degrees, West twenty-four perches, then South twenty-two and a half degrees, East fourteen perches and one-half of a perch, then South twenty-two and three-quarter degrees, West one hundred and seventy-seven perches and one-half of a perch, to a stone, then South five and a half degrees, West one hundred and fifty perches and one-half of a perch to a stone on the shore of Chester River, then up, by, and with the waters of Chester River to the beginning,

Containing 261 Acres,
1 ROOD and 16 PERCHES
OF LAND,

More or less, being the same land conveyed to said Thomas Slaughter by Wm. A. Spencer by deed dated Feb. 14th, 1861, and recorded in Liber J. K. H., No. 2, folio 434.

And I hereby give notice, that on
Saturday, the 26th day of April, 1873,
at the Court House door in Chestertown, at 3 o'clock, P. M., I will sell said property to the highest bidder for cash, to pay and satisfy the said writ, debt, interest and costs due and to become due thereon.
A. B. WHEATLEY, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Apr. 5, 1873—ts.

250,000
Rail Road TIES
WANTED!

AS AGENT for the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, the subscriber wishes to contract, immediately, at a fair cash price for the above number of TIES or TIE TIMBER either in Kent, Queen Anne's or Caroline Counties.
For particulars call on or address
WM. F. BAKER,
April 5, 1873—2m. Chestertown.

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.

CHEAP SHOES
At the NEW STORE.
April 5. J. H. SIMPERS.

BUILDING UPON THE SAND.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis well to wed,
For so the world has done
Since myrtles grew and roses blew,
And morning brought the sun.

But have a care, ye young and fair,
Be sure ye pledge with truth;
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth.

For if ye give not heart to heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played the unwise part,
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of shining stuff,
For charity is cold.

But place not all your hopes and trust
In what the deep mine brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust,
Unmixed with purer things.

And he who piles up wealth alone
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffer-chest and own
'Tis—"built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe whate'er we can;
For speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.

But stay not at the gentle words;
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds
Should scatter crumbs as well.

The mercy that is warm and true
Must lend a helping hand;
For those who talk, yet fail to do,
But "build upon the sand."

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

BY ALICE M. WOODALL.

George Washington, the Father of his country, is one of whom every American child has read, but the history of such men as he was ought to be a pleasant study at all times. One of his most worthy principles was his strict adherence to truthfulness from his earliest childhood days. His father had a favorite cherry tree in his garden. Little George was presented with a new hatchet by one of his friends, and the little fellow was in such a glee for trying his hatchet that he unthinkingly cut his father's tree. When questioned in regard to it he frankly acknowledge the act, and his father, instead of censuring him said: "Come to me, my son; you have killed my tree, but your truthfulness repays me a thousand fold." But I wish also to notice Washington's character as a man. His manners were reserved, yet they partook nothing of the sternness and dryness which accompany reserve when carried to extremes, and on all proper occasions could relax sufficiently to show how highly he was gratified by the charms of conversation and the pleasure of society. His temper was benevolent, humane and conciliatory. In the management of his private affirs he exhibited exact yet liberal economy. He made no pretension to that vivacity which fascinates or the wit that dazzles and sometimes injures the mind of the young and thoughtless; more solid than brilliant; judgment, rather than genius constituted the most prominent features of his character. As a military man he was brave, energetic, enterprising and cautious.—Placed at the head of an undisciplined ill-organized multitude, which was unused to the restraints of, and unacqnainted with the ordinary duties of camp life; without the aid of officers possessing those lights which the commander-in-chief was yet to acquire; it would have been a miracle indeed had his conduct been entirely faultless. But possessing an energetic and distinguishing mind on which the lessons of experience were never lost, his errors if committed were quickly repaired. "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," he was second to none in the humble scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, sincere, dignified and commanding, his example was as edifying to all around as were the effects of that example lasting. The purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues. His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life; although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan escaped him, and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well spent life. Such was the man America has lost! Such was the man for whom our nation mourns! Methinks I see his august image and hear falling from his venerable lips those deep-sinking words: "Cease, sons of America, lamenting our separation; go on and confirm by your wisdom the fruits of our joint councils, joint efforts and common dangers. Reverence religion; diffuse knowledge thro'out your land; patronize the arts and sciences; let liberty and order be inseparable companions; control party spirit, the bane of free government. Observe good faith to and cultivate peace with all nations; shut up every avenue to foreign influence; contract rather than extend national connections; rely on God and yourselves only; be American in thought and deed; thus will you give immortality to that Union which was the constant object of my terrestrial labors; thus will you preserve undisturbed to the latest posterity the felicity of a people to me most dear; and thus will you supply (if my happiness is now aught to you,) the only vacancy in the round of pure bliss high heaven offers and bestows." If all the men of our country were as pure and noble in mind as Washington, we would have a happy country, with no strife to blight our beautiful land.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time
Footprints which perhaps another
Sailing over life's solemn main—
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing may take heart again.

"I HAD more money than he had to carry on the suit," said a very mean individual who had just won a lawsuit over a poor neighbor, "and that's where I had the advantage of him. Then I had much better counsel then he, and there I had the advantage of him. And his family were sick while the suit was pending, so he couldn't attend to it, and there I had the advantage of him again. But, then Brown is a very decent sort of a man after all." "Yes," said his listener, "and there's where he has got the advantage of you."

IF you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

SORROWS grow less every time they are told—so does a woman's age.

IN THE GROVE.

"But, Jack, You Haven't Asked Me To."

It was a cloudy afternoon in July. The early morning had been prophetic of a pleasant day; but, like a great many prophecies of the present day, had proved utterly false. Yet a Sunday school—it was Presbyterian in its belief, and so did not care for a sprinkling—had determinedly shut its eyes to the threatening look of the sky, and gone on a picnic thirty miles from home. But the heavy drops of rain which fell about the middle of the day, drove them from their original place of destination, the famous Lion Creek Bridge gorge, and sent them on some five miles more to the town of Horwich.

The excellent music discoursed by the band which accompanied the excursionists, as well as the inherent curiosity of man to look upon strangers, attracted many of the residents of Horwich "down to the grove," where the picnickers were. Jack Haviland was one of the many who could not resist the temptation—Jack and his friend Marion. Down they went to the grove with one umbrella between them.

Can any one hope to describe the feelings of a lonesome young man who wanders through a bevy of young girls, any one and every one of whom he desires to know, yet none of whom he can know? Jack was overflowing with that inexpressible feeling. And who can blame him, or who would expect him to feel otherwise? He had been shut up for six months, poring over "Parsons on Contracts"—a book so suggestive of love dreams—"Kent's Commentaries," a "Law Glossary," and "Tomlin's Law Dictionary," till his nightly dreams presented a ghostly, troublesome phalanx of agents and principals. Can any one censure Jack for feeling a longing desire for a little human sympathy and human contact? He listlessly leaned against a pine tree and looked around him.

Just then two young ladies came into the field of vision. One Jack knew, the other was a stranger, and the other was the one Jack immediately began to admire. She was of medium height, dressed simply, yet tastefully; a white Garibaldi waist—I believe Jack found out afterwards that was the name of it—belted in by a broad ribbon, a dark skirt, over which was looped another striped black and white, and out from under which peeped two pretty feet, encased in thick but neat boots; a classical head—though Jack confessed to me, that if the figure-head which formed the frontispiece of his Iliad, and which was held up to innocent freshmen as that of the blind "old man eloquent," is classical, why, he didn't think her's was—with a great mass of hair, real, brown, living hair, twisted into a grand coil behind, but not so firmly but that stray little curls had managed to creep out here and there to give themselves an airing as the wind fluttered about her face; and it was such a sweet, comely face withal, that Jack most heartily envied the wind, and crowning all, was a tasteful bit of head-gear, such as is worn now-a-days.

Jack stood under the pine tree and lost his heart. But he might just as well have lost it to the will-o'-the-wisp, a sprite, or some other fearful deception, for what possibility was there of his ever getting acquainted with his suddenly set up divinity, much less of—well, Jack had not as yet exactly defined it in his own mind.

But nature is a match maker. A rather broad statement, do you say, gentle reader? Does not the old couplet—

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will,"

apply to mach-making as much as to any other course of life? And do you want any better authority?

Just then it began to rain. Jack had his friend's umbrella. It would not do to let her get wet, so without a word Jack opened the umbrella, stalked over to where she stood, and held it over her.—He did it in such an honest, earnest way, she could not take offence. She looked up into his face and smiled; Jack smiled. She laughed a low, rippling laugh, Jack a hysterically short one.

"It's too bad it rains," said she, with the accent on the "too bad," just as girls always speak.

"I don't know," blundered Jack.

She looked at him curiously, and said "Well," in a self-interrogatory way, as though she might have said, "What sort of an oddity are you?" and then laughed again?"

With that Jack also laughed, and came to himself. Then he began to talk, and they got on grandly.

The rain not ceasing, Jack walked home with her, for he found out that she lived in town. When they had arrived at her door, and she had thanked him for the use of the umbrella, or rather the use of himself and the umbrella, Jack knew he ought to go, but—every young man knows how it is—he wasn't quite ready.

"My name," said he, "is Jack—Jack Haviland."

"And mine is Clio Stanley."

"And—and I'm studying law here in town."

"And I am stopping here for the summer with papa. I should be happy to receive a call from you."

Then Jack went home.

The next day Jack thought it all over. The one moment he called himself a fool, the next chuckled over the action, and decided, with all the acumen of a country judge, toward which position he had aspirations, that it was rather "cute," and if cute, why he, as the perpetrator, must be somewhat sharp. Now he was inclined to feel sorry and ashamed over it; then with an appeal to the principal heathen deity of his vocabulary, Jack expressed himself as "deuced glad" it happened.—So he went on in spirit alternating up and down, like a boy on a sew-saw, provided the boy could ride both ends of the sew-saw at once, which I suppose is an impossibility; but when evening came he went and called on the young lady. She invited him to call again. Jack did so.—In fact, he went several consecutive times.

Three years passed away. Jack had studied diligently, and now for six months had been a practicing lawyer, with every prospect of success. All this time his devoted attentions had been paid to Clio; yet in all this time not a word of love had passed between them. Jack could not and would not ask her to love him until he could offer her something more tangible than possibilities. But now that he had won his first case and had attained a settled business, he felt the time to determine his fate had come; yet how could it be done? The very thought distressed him. Could he—dare he ask her? Could she know how much her answer would mean to him? If she said "yes," what happiness, success; how much to live for? If she said "no—" he didn't care to think.

The more he thought over it, the more he hesitated and the more he delayed—the harder it became. At last he determined it should be done.

Clio met him as usual with a pleasant smile. Jack tried to smile, but it ebbed off over his countenance, and was lost in his "solemn expression," just as a little wave is often lost in a larger. Clio saw something was going to happen, and, woman like, divined intuitively what it was. But he had kept her waiting in suspense and uncertainty so long that now, when it was about to come, she determined she would not help him in the least. At length Jack began:

"Clio, I'm having considerable business now."

"Yes," said she, very demurely, with a quiet little nod; then relapsed into silence without another word. Jack fidgeted and thought, "Why don't she say something and keep a fellow on?"

"I've got so now I can support myself and—"

"I'm right glad to hear it," said Clio.

Jack felt somehow she was sporting with him, and flashed up.

"You never heard that I didn't support myself, did you?"

"I, no! But then—"

"But then? You know, Clio, that ever since I was fifteen—"

"Never mind," said Clio, "for it seems as though I have heard a story commencing like that before, Jack."

With that Clio smiled, and Jack's momentary displeasure vanished; yet there was left on his mind the undefined impression that, after all, he had been sold. But the ice of reserve was broken.

"To be plain, Clio, I came down to tell you that I love you."

Here came a long pause. Jack looked at everything in the room except Clio.—It was getting exceedingly embarrassing to Jack, when there came a quiet "Well?" from Clio.

"And to say," went on Jack, as though no interruption had occurred, "that I am in a condition to get married."

"That's a very desirable situation for any young man, I am sure," said Clio; and then she laughed that same low, rippling laugh he loved so. Poor fellow! why couldn't he have interpreted the love for him which rounded and mellowed that laugh? But no, he grew desperate, and, with the thought that she was sporting with him, just a little angry.

"I might have known how it would end. Any fellow is a fool to dangle round any girl for three years." And he strode toward the door. His hand was upon it. "I might have known you wouldn't have married me."

"But, Jack"—he turned—"you haven't asked me to."

"Haven't asked you to?" Jack caught the look in her eyes. The next moment she was in his arms, and her arms round his neck, and—well, the fact is, Jack never did ask the question.

After the first happy moments had passed, and the ecstacies of the acknowledged mutual love had effervesced—that word seems to express the idea about as well as any—Jack began:

"Darling, I have loved you ever since the first day in the grove. How long have you cared for me?"

"Since I saw you standing so lonely and looking so down-hearted under that pine tree."

I think after that reply Jack kissed her. I know I should had I been he.

The other day I visited Jack and his wife. In the yard in front of their home I saw a small pine tree, which they tend with the greatest care. I asked Jack where he found it. A smile and a look of peculiar significance passed between him and his wife as he answered, "In the grove."

Good Rules for Emergencies.

Professor Wilder, of Cornell University, gives these short rules of action in case of accident. It would not be a bad thing to cut this out and carry it in one's pocketbook, or, better yet, commit them to memory:

For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing, dash water into them; remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a pencil.

Remove insects from the ear with tepid water; never put a hard instrument to your ear.

If any artery is cut, compress above; if a vein, compress below.

If choked, get upon all fours and cough.

Smother a fire with carpets, etc.; water will often spread burning oil and increase danger. Before passing through smoke, take a full breath and then stoop low, but if carbonic is suspected walk erect.

Suck poisoned wounds, or, cut out the part without delay; hold the wounded part as long as can be borne to a hot coal or the end of a cigar.

In case of poisoning, excite vomiting by tickling the throat, or by warm mustard.

For acid poisons, give alkalies; for alkaline poisons, give acids; white of an egg is good in most cases.

For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting, lie flat.

If in the water, float on the back with the nose and mouth projecting.

For slight burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed cover with varnish.

A YOUNG woman, while eating a stew, in Middletown, Conn., the other evening, complained that one of the oysters was full of bones, and carful, if not attractive, examination showed that it contained forty-five pearls, varying in size from a pea to a pin's head.

A LUNATIC once informed his physicians, who were classifying cases of insanity, that he had lost his wits by watching a politician whose course was so crooked that it turned his brain.

ONE person, having asked another if he believed in the appearance of spirits, "No," was the reply, "but I believe in their *disappearance*, for I've missed a bottle of gin since last night."

MRS. LINCOLN holds the frank privilege "for life;" so the law don't reach her.

How a Quakeress Stopped Borrowing.

An exchange says the subject of borrowing and lending came up in course of conversation with one of his subscribers the other day, when he suddenly recollected a funny reminiscence of that character which had happened in his own neighborhood. He said he had a neighbor whose family were great borrowers, but not so distinguished as pay-masters—they were always borrowing, but seldom if ever returning the exact amount borrowed. An old Quaker lady, another neighbor, who had endured these invasions for a long time patiently, hit upon a very philosophical mode of eventually putting a stop to the nuisance. Keeping her own counsel, the next time her good man went to town, he had a separate and express order to purchase a pound of the best tea and also a new canister to put it in. As he knew she already had plenty of tea and also a canister, he was puzzled to determine what the old lady wanted of more tea and a new canister, but his questionings and reasonings elicited nothing more than a repetition of the order.

"Jim, did I not tell thee to get me a pound of the best tea and a new canister? Now go along and do as I bid thee."

And go along he did, and when he came home at night the tea and a new canister were his companions. The old lady took them from him with an amused expression on her usual placid features, and depositing the tea in the canister, set it on the shelf for a special use. It had not long to wait, for the borrowing neighbor had frequent use for the aromatic herb. The good old lady loaned generously, emptying back into the canister any remittances of borrowed tess which the neighbor's conscience inclined her to return. Time went on, and after something less than the one hundredth time of borrowing, the neighbor again appeared for "just another drawing of tea," when the oft visited tea canister was brought out and found to be empty, and the good old lady and obliging neighbor was just one pound of tea poorer than when she purchased the new canister, which now only remained to tell the story. Then she made a little characteristic speech, perhaps the first in her life. She said:

"Thou seest that empty canister. I filled it for thee with a pound of my best and I have lent it all to thee in driblets, and put into it all thou has sent me in return, and none but myself hath taken therefrom or added unto it, and now thou seest it empty, therefore, I will say to thee, thou hast borrowed thyself out and I can lend thee no more!"

RAPID DREAMING.—A very remarkable circumstance, and an important point in analogy, is said by Dr. Forbes Winslow to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operation are formed, or rather with which the material changes, on which the ideas depend, are excited in the hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind in one instant. We have in dreams no perception of the lapse of time, a strange property of mind; for if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space, as well as of time, are also annihilated; so that while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought. There are numerous illustrations of this principle on record. A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he then awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room, at the same moment, produced the dream and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Ambercrombie dreamed that he had crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking, on his return, he fell into the sea, and awakened to find that he had not been asleep ten minutes.

THE CHILD SAVED FROM THE ATLANTIC. The New York Commercial says: "Little Tommy Hanly, the only child saved from the Atlantic disaster, was in Wall street Thursday. He has been adopted by J. H. Amery, of the firm of Glendenning, Davis & Amery, of Broad street. As soon as it became known that the sturdy little waif—he is but seven years old—was "on the street," a crowd of brokers gathered around him, and Tommy became the lion of the hour. They took him into the Stock Exchange, where the little fellow became bewildered by the noise and turmoil. He was kissed and hugged and petted until the demonstrative endearments became a little too much for his childish endurance. A subscription was started for him in the Stock Exchange, and in a very short time $233 80 were put down to the credit of 'Little Tommy.'"

COINS FOR THE CURIOUS.—It may not be generally known that the new coinage act which went into effect on the second of April, abolished the silver five-cent and three-cent pieces. They are not to be coined hereafter, and they are likely to gain increase numismatic value from that fact, especially those struck during the first three months of this year, as being the last issued, besides being fewer in number than any full year.

AN ELMIRA girl is smart. She has been bothered by the remarks of her neighbors concerning the late hour at which her fellow left the paternal mansion. So last week she hired her brother to remove and hide the front gate. The neighbors are not now aroused from their slumbers by the slamming of the gate, though one was aroused by what he thought the forcing of the corks out of cider bottles.

A GEORGIA colored debating society was lately discussing "which is the best for the laboring man—to work for wages, or part of the crop?" An old "uncle" spoke the sense of the meeting when he said, "bofe was de best, if dey could be brung togedder somehow."

A WORTHY old lady offers the following advice to girls: "Whenever a fellow pops the question, don't blush and stare at your foot. Just throw your arms around his neck, look him full in the face and commence talking, bout the funiture."

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—A letter from Sandusky, Ohio, to the Cleveland *Herald*, relates the following:

A young lady, residing in the country, enjoys a large circle of acquaintance, and is possessed of enough of the things of this world to be decidedly a good catch for any young man. A pleasant home, the best and an abundance of society, surrounded by a large number of young men who knelt at her command or rose to the highest pitch of earthly happiness under her smile, she had to all appearances all that was required to complete her happiness. Dame Rumor had her engaged to the son of a wealthy farmer. At this point the hero of our sketch appears on the scene of action from the Fatherland. In pursuit of employment fortune brings him to the house of our fair damsel, and there he gets employment. Scarcely a month from the old country, our mode of farming was new to him. But diligent application soon made him proficient in his occupation, and right faithfully did he serve his employer for about six months. About the time the rumor was culminating the engagement between the young lady and her country lover, she informed her mother that she loved Hans, the hired man, and was going to marry him. The mother was astounded, and emphatically put her foot down in opposition to such a movement. A few mornings after she and her lover repaired to this city, where they were bound together in bands which death or the courts alone can sever. They were compelled to sojourn in a land of strangers until the wrath of the mother relaxed, and her permission was granted for their return, when they immediately returned to their own home.

GENEROUS.—Mr. Astor has presented to Trinity Church, New York, two golden candlesticks, nine feet high. In consideration of the fact that Mr. Astor is not accused, even by his warmest admirers, with any very marked propensity to give anything away, this action on his part may be looked upon with no less admiration than surprise. However, how is it possible that so shrewd a business man as Mr. Astor can calmly sit in his pew at Trinity and see eighteen feet of gold standing there without drawing interest? And why nine feet high, unless it be that he considers there is luck in odd numbers that tradation asserts there is? But, then, why not five feet or seven feet? We are lost in perplexity. The corporation of Trinity Church is immensely rich, and is in no need of gifts of any kind, and had Mr. Astor put the money contained in these useless candlesticks out at interest for a few years it would have increased until an endowment of some sort for the poor might have been obtained from it. But, then, what has a millionaire to do with the poor? On the alter of Trinity these golden candlesticks, nine feet high, will be a perpetual advertisement of Mr. Astor and his great wealth. Coined into money and put out at interest they would attract no attention. They may possibly dazzle the members of the old church as they sit in their pews and gaze admiringly at these monuments of mammon, but they will scarcely dazzle the eyes of that Judge before whom Mr. Astor must one day appear to account for the use he has made of his wealth.

SUICIDE OF A YOUNG LADY.—On Friday, 4th instant, Miss Sarah O. Amos, a young lady about nineteen years of age, daughter of Robert Amos, who resides near Belair, in Harford county, committed suicide by drowning herself in Bynum's run, near her home. She had been engaged in preparing supper for the family, and about dusk in the evening left the house unperceived by any of the family. Her father coming in sometime afterwards and not seeing her went out to search for her. Not finding the young lady it was feared some accident had happened to her, and some of the neighbors were summoned. Bynum's run flows past the house, at the foot of a steep hill, being distant about 200 yards from the residence. Search was made in the stream, which was only two or three feet deep, and the body of the unfortunate young woman was found about twenty or thirty yards below the point where she had apparently entered the water. Miss Amos was a young lady of fine accomplishments, and the favorite of a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

HOW TO MEASURE THE HEIGHT OF TREES.—When a tree stands so that the length of its shadow can be measured, its height may be readily ascertained as follows: Set a stick upright, (let it be perpendicular by a plumb line.) Measure the length of the shadow of the stick. As the length of its shadow is to the height of the stick so is the length of the shadow of the tree to its height. For instance: if the stick is four feet above the ground, and its shadow is six feet in length, and the shadow of the tree is ninety feet, the height of the tree will be sixty feet; (6:4::90:60.) In other words; multiply the length of the shadow of the tree by the height of the stick and divide by the shadow of the stick.

JOSH BILLINGS thus speaks of a new agricultural implement, to which the attention of farmers is invited: Josh Roger's revolving, expanding, unceremonious, self-adjusting, self-greasing, and self-righteous hoss rake is now and forever offord tew a generous publik. These rakes are as easy to keep in repair as a hitching pose, and will rake up a paper of pins sowed broadcast in a ten aker lot of wheat stubble. These rakes kan be used in the winter for a hen roost or be sawed in stove wood for the kitchen fire. No farmer ov good moral karacter should be without this rake, even if he has to steal one.

A SPORTSMAN tells of a singular instance of a gun hanging fire. He had snapped his gun at a gray squirrel, and the cap had exploded, but the piece not going off, he took it from his shoulder, looked down into the barrel and saw the charge just starting,