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The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. P. 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 on 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. Lewis, 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.

LABOR! LABOR!!
THE undersigned is prepared to furnish German Laborers to the farmers of Kent, and also to fill orders for families, on 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.
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,
mar22-6t. Adm'rs of A. L. Gooding.

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

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

Kent News.

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

Vol. 33. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1873. No. 45.

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
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.
Chsstertown, Mar. 29—3m.

GARDEN SEED!
Flowering Plants and Vegetables!
MASSEY & HUDSON
ARE ready with their usual supply of
SUPERIOR SEED
FOR THE
VEGETABLE AND FLOWER GARDEN.

Our stock of Seed will be kept for sale at the Agricultural Warehouse of Messrs. HINES & BURCHINAL, on High Street, where we will also have a choice selection of FLOWERING PLANTS and VEGETABLES in season throughout Spring and Summer.
We will send Seed by mail to any address postpaid on receipt of price. mh8-2m.

DRESS MAKING.
MRS. R. B. RUSSELL is prepared to do Dress Making, and make Children's Clothing in the latest styles. Cutting and Basting and Machine Stitching done to order. Terms moderate. Residence—Main St., opposite Vickell House, Chestertown. apr26-3m.

The South! The South!

Reminiscences of Scenes, Incidents, and Characters in the South.

REV. J. H. CALDWELL, by request of the Still Pond Sunday School, will deliver a Lecture on the above subject, on TUESDAY EVENING, May 13th, in Still Pond Church, for the benefit of the Sunday School, commencing at 7½ o'clock. If stormy the lecture will be the following evening.

TICKETS 25 cts. for adults, and 15 cts. for children under 12 years. For sale at W. W. Parks' in Chestertown; at Messrs. Harper & Bro.'s, and Mr. Covington's, Still Pond, and at the door. Ministers and County Editors will receive complimentary tickets at the door.

From Mr. Caldwell's long residence in the South, his large acquaintance with its peculiarities, manners and customs; his personal knowledge of many of its leading characters, and his acknowledged abilities as a public speaker, doubtless the occasion will be one of profit and pleasure to all who attend.

April 26, 1873—3t.

New Millinery and Fancy Goods!

THE friends and patrons of MARTHA A. BISCOE are respectfully invited to an examination of her NEW GOODS, just received and offered at a small advance, at her old established stand on Queen street. my3-3t.

New Spring Millinery!
MISS A. E. MIDDLETON,

HAVING dissolved partnership with Miss Phillips, has taken the store room next door to the residence of Dr. Holton, up town, and has just opened 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.
Plain Sewing done with neatness a dispatch.
☞ Persons indebted to me are earnestly requested to settle up, as I greatly need the money.
A. E. MIDDLETON.
May 3, 1873—3t.

Millinery and Fancy Goods!
TO THE LADIES!
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—6t.

TOBACCO, SEGARS, &c.
R. B. RUSSELL, Ag't,
HIGH ST., near Vickell House, Chestertown, has now in store a full supply of
Very Superior Cigars and Tobacco
which he is selling wholesale and retail at the lowest city prices. Dealers supplied with CIGARS of different grades, in large or small quantities, at short notice.
Chewing Tobacco,
of all grades, both Sweet and Natural; also, Fine Cut.
SMOKING TOBACCO,
SNUFF and PIPES, a good assortment.
Also, in store an assortment of
CANDIES, FRUITS,
And GENERAL PRODUCE.
FRESH BREAD every afternoon.
☞ Please give me a call. ap26.

Public Road Notice.

THE undersigned, citizens of Kent county, hereby give notice, that thirty days after this date, they intend to petition the Honorable County Commissioners for Kent County to appoint examiners to locate a new road from a point on the road from Chestertown to the lower end of Quaker Neck at or near the division line between lands of Edward Wilkins and Philip T. Simmonds, to the waters of Lankford's Bay, or what is known as the North East branch thereof.

FRANCIS BAKER, WM. H. NICOLSON,
JOHN HADAWAY, WM HALL,
WM. DeFORD, H. B. JONES,
JAS. H. BAKER, ANN R. MASLIN,
J. P. DeCORSE, GEO. TYAS,
WM. SCONE, EDW. B. JONES.

April 26, 1873—5t.

Public Road Notice.

THE undersigned, citizens of Kent county, hereby give notice that they will, at the expiration of thirty days from this date apply to the Commissioners for Kent County for the opening of a public road leading down Broad Neck from the point on the public road where the lands of Wm. J. Vannort adjoin the lands of Mrs. S. Jessop; said road to continue along the line of division between said lands to the waters of the branch of Langford's Bay, and for a Public Landing on said waters.

GEO. A. JESSOP,
WM. J. VANNORT,
JOHN BRICE.

April 26, 1873—5t.

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.

KENT COUNTY, Sct:

I hereby certify that on this 24th day of March, 1873, personally appeared before the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Kent county, James Scoone, farmer of Kent county, and made oath in due form of law, that he has taken up as an estray trespassing upon his enclosures, ONE RED AND WHITE BUFFALO STEER, supposed to be about three years old, without any ear marks. Given under my hand.

G. M. HART, J. P.

NOTICE.—The owner of the above described Steer is notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take it away.
apr12-3t. JAMES SCOONE.

Notice to Farmers.

WE have just received an assortment of PLOWS, CASTINGS, TRACES and LINES, which we are selling at city prices.
MOORE & BEACHAM,
mh15-tf. Buck Neck.

IF YOU WANT
A FASHIONABLE NECK-TIE,
SCARF OR COLLAR,
Call on S. HERRITT & CO.,
May 3. Chestertown.

The Old Man in the Stylish Church.

Well, wife, I've been to Church to-day—
Been to a stylish one—
And seein' you can't go from home,
I'll tell you what was done;
You would have been surprised to see
What I saw there to day;
The sisters were fixed up so fine
They hardly bowed to pray.
I had on these coarse clothes of mine—
Not much the worse for wear—
But, then, they knew I wasn't one
They call a millionaire;
So they led the old man to a seat
Away back by the door:
'Twas brookless and uncushioned,
A reserved seat for the poor.
Pretty soon in came a stranger,
With gold ring and clothing fine,
They led him to a cushioned seat,
Far in advance of mine;
I thought that wasn't exactly right,
To seat him up so near,
When he was young and I was old,
And very hard to hear.
But, then, there's no accountin'
For what some people do;
The finest clothing nowadays
Oft gets the finest pew;
But when we reach the blessed home,
And undefiled by sin,
We'll see wealth begging at the gate,
While poverty goes in.
I could not hear the sermon,
I sat so far away,
So through the hours of service,
I could only "watch and pray;"
Watch the dole's of the Christians
Sitting near me round about;
Pray God to make them pure within,
As they were pure without.
How simple are the works of God
And yet how very grand—
The shells in ocean caverns—
The flowers on the land—
He gilds the clouds of evenin'
With gold-light from His throne;
Not for the rich man only,
Not for the poor alone.
Then why should man look down on man,
Because of lack of gold?
Why seat him in the poorest pew
Because his clothes are old?
A heart with noble motives—
A heart that God has blest—
May be beatin' heaven's music
'Neath faded coat and vest.
I'm old—I may be childish—
But I love simplicity;
I love to see it shinin'
In a Christian's piety;
Jesus told us in his sermon,
In Judea's mountain wild,
He that wants to go to Heaven
Must be like a little child.
Our heads are growing gray, dear wife—
Our hearts are beating slow—
In a little while the Master
Will call for us to go;
When we reach the pearly gateways,
And look in with joyful eyes,
We'll see no stylish worship
In the temple of the skies.

In a Hundred Years.

There is a sunrise, and a lark's song and an opening daisy to every night. We saw a man to-day whose life was a failure. He had worked and worked until the palms of his hands were worn to the bone; he had devised, and planned, and contrived till his head had almost burst with aching; he had agonized and wrestled with fate till his body was ruined and his intellect wrecked; he had fought gamely but the odds were piled against him, and cruel circumstances had dragged him to the ground. So there he lay, deserted by friends, bereft of fortune; a panting, gasping, fainting man. The officers of the law stood over him with the terrible instrument of their office; his wife, weak and sorrowful, and his hungry eyed children were huddled around her, their eager pangs half dulled with wonder. The officer, in the name of justice, and by the majesty of the law, lays his hand upon the door lock and declared that the scanty furniture is seized in behalf of the State, and that the house must be vacated at once.

The poor man rises from the bed on which he is sitting; his children huddled around him, and his wife leans weeping on his shoulder; he gazes around upon what has been his home; then upon the cold and cheerless snow; then upon his children. His lips quiver, a red flush shoots into his face, flashes there an instant, and dies out again. He strokes his wife's head softly with his hand, and murmurs tenderly into her ear: "Cheer up, Bessie, cheer up; it will all be right in a hundred years."

Yes, thank God, there is an end of all this striving, an end of all this yearning. Beyond the shores where Jordan lays the sands in golden heaps, beneath Jehovah's smile there's an "all right" for those who have missed it in this world. Where the shadows of the valleys are chased back by the golden glimmers of Eden, there's redemption for those who have been slaved in the flesh; a reward for those who were marred on earth; a cross of honor for those who died in harness.

Then let there be no faltering, no halting, no dropping. Be not turned aside by troubles, daunted by danger, or persuaded by the song of sirens. Step up sharply. March on, and on, and on, through violet beds and thorn clumps! Step brisk to the music of eternity, and no matter what troubles lower over you now, cheer your heart with the promise of "it's all coming right in a hundred years."

The poor wretch of yesterday couched the whole hope of life—the anchor of all our ventures—in the few words of agony that faltered from his pale blue lips. And yet Christ died and the hill of Calvery was rent, just to give one ray of comfort to that poor man that the law, in its majesty, had jumped in the jungle and wounded to his death.

And he will go on, and on, thro' many a dismal day, and through many a struggle, thinking that it all will be right in a hundred years. And his eyes will grow brighter and brighter, and the blood will flush and die in the pale cheeks oftener, and the pinched features get thinner and thinner, and the veil of his flesh more and more threadbare, till he drops it altogether, and passing over the river lay him down on the golden banks and is baptized in immortal sunshine. And then, thank God, at last his "hundred years are out," and its "all right" with him.

A LOVING heart and a pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should never fail to take home with him. They will best season his food and soften his pillow. It were a great thing for a man that his wife and children could truly say of him, "He never brought a frown of unhappiness across his threshold."

MUSIC IN FAMILIES.—Show us a family where good music is cultivated, where the parents and children are accustomed often to mingle their voices together in song, and we will show you one, in almost every instance where the great vices have no abiding-place.

A Hurried Courtship.

I was a young man possessed of sufficient means to enable me to live at my ease, and refrain from labor of any kind, when suddenly there came a blow that scattered my prosperity to the winds, and forced me to employ my labor and wits in the general struggle of gaining a living. The blow came in the shape of the failure of a large firm in which my capital was invested.

After securing a clerkship in the house of a creditor of our late firm, my first care was to look up a less expensive boarding-house than the fashionable one in which I was living. I inserted an advertisement in several widely circulated city papers, asking for reasonable board in a strictly private family, and of course received a multitude of answers by next post. Out of this motley installment of epistles, there was but one which pleased, and that one I decided to answer in person immediately.

Grace Kingsley was the name of the favored landlady writing to me, and the letter stated that her house was entirely private, having no boarders whatever. I was much pleased with the fair, delicate handwriting, and an idea took possession of me that Grace was a young and fascinating widow. I was not disappointed when I reached the house, and my ringing at the doorbell was answered by the lady herself. She invited me into the parlor in a manner so courteous, yet so modest, that I had fallen desperately in love with her before I could cross the threshold.

I enjoyed a very pleasant chat with Mrs. Kingsley. During the conversation she informed me that her late husband had been in a fair way of business, and at his death, which occurred a year previous, had left her in pretty comfortable circumstances. They had but one child; and this item of mortality I was graciously permitted to look upon, as it lay peacefully slumbering in its cradle. I also learned that the lady was living in the house quite alone, and desired a male boarder more as a means of protection than as a source of revenue. In conclusion the landlady looked so pretty (she was quite young, not more than two or three and twenty) and the board so moderate, her companionship so inviting, and she seemed to trust in me, and look upon me so favorably that I would have been a heathen, dead to all charms and inducements of the sex, if I had not engaged board on the spot.

The next day I had my trunk removed to my new boarding place, and permanently established myself there. Before leaving my former boarding house, a letter was handed me by the postman, but I did not find time to examine it until I was comfortably ensconced in the parlor of Mrs. Kingsley's cosy house.

Opening the letter, I discovered it to be from a wealthy uncle of mine, residing in Vermont, who regularly sent me a letter once a year; but whom I had never seen. His epistles were always short and to the point, generally consisting of an account of the weather in his locality, and some good advice to me to take care of my money, as I might be burdened with some of it before I was much older. I was always very glad to get this advice from him as I regarded it as an intimation that I was to inherit wealth on his decease.

One day, however, about a year previous, I received a letter from him which contained another topic besides those which I have mentioned. My uncle had made some pressing inquiries respecting my matrimonial prospects, and stated that if I was not already married I should immediately enter into the wedded state, and let him know of it, or he would never more be an uncle of mine.

Now, as my uncle lived in Vermont and I in Philadelphia, and I never anticipated the old gentlemen would pay me a visit and discover the falsehood, I wrote and informed him that I was not only married but the father of a bouncing baby. This intelligence so pleased my uncle that he sent a gold goblet and a silver pap-spoon, to be presented to my child. I at first sat down and wrote a very romantic letter to my uncle, thanking him for the presents, and then visited the nearest jewelry store and turned both the goblet and spoon into cash, which I pocketed.

I had received no further letters from my uncle until the one which I read in Mrs. Kingsley's parlor. The postcript to this not only astonished, but absolutely frightened me. I read as follows:

P. S.—I have never visited Philadelphia, so I have decided to do so at once, and get a look at you and your wife and child. You may expect me about the 10th of the month.

"Good gracious! My uncle is coming to visit me," I exclaimed, "and it's past the 10th of the month now! I don't know at what moment he may pop in. What am I to do for a wife and child?"

At that moment there came a terrible pull at the door-bell as if the man who pulled it imagined that he owned the house and could make as much noise as he pleased. A sickening sensation took possession of me, for I had a misgiving that it was my uncle. Now as good fortune would have it, Mrs. Kingsley had gone out to a neighboring store for a few moments, and had requested me to have an eye on her child while she was gone, so it wouldn't fall out of the cradle, and hurt itself. As I glanced at the cradle, and thought of my uncle at the door, a bright idea entered my mind. I determined, in case the visitor was my uncle, to claim the youthful occupant as my own.

The visitor proved to be my uncle. I knew him by the pictures of him I had seen, and he likewise knew me by my photograph. After a mutual recognition and hand-shaking, I ushered my honored relative into the parlor, and introduced him to my newly claimed offspring.

"There, uncle," said I, "is the first pledge of our married life. I assure you I take pleasure in presenting to you my child."

"It is a fat little youngster," said my uncle, gazing at it admiringly. "By the way, what is it, boy or girl?"

That was a knotty story for me to answer, for one was just as much acquainted with its gender as I was. But it would not do to show ignorance on the subject, so I answered at hap-hazard that it was a boy.

"I am sorry it is a boy," said my uncle, "there are too many boys in the family. Now, if you had only produced a little blue-eyed girl, it would have been more sensible."

I assured him I was sorry the gender did not suit, but hoped in the future his wishes would be gratified.

So far I had succeeded in deceiving my uncle, but the worst I feared was, that when Mrs. Kingsley returned, she might object my claiming ownership in her child. Besides, to carry out my deception, I must find a wife as well as an infant, and Mrs. Kingsley was the only one I could conveniently claim. The only difficulty was to get her consent to the deception, and this might be done if I could only secure a private conversation with her before I introduced her to my uncle, then it would be all right.

I watched my opportunity, and gained an interview with her before she entered the room. I told her, in a few brief and hurried words, the extent of my difficulty, and how I had taken the liberty of acting as papa to her little one. I then told her I must find a wife somewhere, and begged her to allow me to introduce her in that capacity. She laughed very heartily at the suggestion, said she could comprehend my difficulty, and consented to the proposal, and roguishly warned me not to presume upon the occurrence.

We then entered the parlor and I introduced her as my better half. My uncle was very much pleased with her, and complimented me upon my good choice in the selection of a wife. Mrs. Kingsley, of course, colored most charmingly at this compliment, and I could plainly see that she could scarcely refrain from laughter.

"You have a fine boy here?" said my uncle to Mrs. Kingsley, pointing to the cradle.

"Excuse me, sir," said she, coloring up again, "it's a girl."

I was dumb-founded. I was exposed in my iniquity. Would my uncle believe me after this? He looked from me to my pretty landlady with a puzzled countenance.

"Your husband told me it was a boy," he said, and rather suspiciously, too, I thought.

"Well, I always took it for a boy," was my reply, putting on a bold face, "but I suppose my wife knows best."

Here Mrs. Kingsley fairly screamed with laughter, and my uncle's stern face assumed an ironical smile.

"You are a nice father, ain't you?" he said, touching me with the point of his umbrella, "not to know the sex of your own child. Why, I knew it was a girl the moment I looked at it."

"But, Charley," he said again, addressing me, "what did you do with the goblet and pap-spoon I sent to the little one?"

"Oh, they are perfectly safe, I assure you," I replied. "I have taken good care of them."

"Yes, but where in the deuce are they? I would like very much to take another look at them."

"Well, I have deposited them in a bank for safe-keeping, but I can readily produce them—that is—in the course of a week's time."

He told me to do so, as he wanted to see them, and then I got out of the room for fear he might ask me some more perplexing questions.

A short time afterward, Mrs. Kingsley came to me, when I was alone, in an adjoining room, and I saw immediately that something very humorous must have happened, for the corners of her lips were breaking into smiles.

"Do you know, sir, into what an awkward predicament you have got me?" she inquired, as she took a seat on the lounge by my side.

"Explain yourself," I said.

"Why, your uncle came to me a short time ago, and asked to see my marriage certificate, and he said he had some money to settle upon us immediately, but wanted to be sure that everything was right first."

"Did you expose me?" I inquired anxiously.

"No, sir, I did not, for I never enter into a deception, or anything else, by halves."

I was so elated that I could not withstand the temptation of embracing her. This did not make her angry, for she nestled her head cosily on my shoulder, and smiled serenely.

"What answer did you make him?" I asked.

She hesitated a moment and then said: "I promised to produce the marriage certificate."

"But we haven't got any," I then remarked.

She indulged in a quiet little laugh to herself, but said nothing.

"Mrs. Kingsley—nay, my dear madam—no, I will call you darling—we are both in a scrape, and there is but one way for us to get out of it. We must go and get married immediately. Will you be my wife?"

"I shall be delighted," she answered frankly, and seizing both my hands, said she was ready for a frolic of any kind.

We lost no time I assure you. I don't think Mrs. Kingsley ever got into her Sunday clothes in such a hurry in her life before, while I spoiled two pair of suspenders in my frantic endeavors to be on time. We quite astonished the parson by our haste, and at the conclusion of the ceremony, I came near forgetting the usual "fee."

We had secured the coveted marriage certificate, signed and sealed, and were now safely out of our difficulties, as we thought. We had omitted one precaution as we presented the certificate to uncle. It was all right with the exception of the modern date.

"Why, how is this?" said my uncle, gazing at the document through his specs; "I thought you were married over a year ago."

"So we were, uncle," I answered very solemnly.

"How comes it, then, that the certificate is dated to-day?" he asked in a voice of thunder.

We were struck speechless, both my wife and I.

"Come," said my uncle, "I see there has been some trickery here. Own up to it, or I'll never forgive you."

I did own up to it and told him the whole story. I expected it would make him angry, but it didn't; for he laughed heartily, and said I was a clever rascal, and he was proud of me.

"But how about the gold goblet and pap-spoon? You haven't been drawing the wool over my eyes about them, too, have you—eh?"

I told the truth about the goblet and pap-spoon.

"Why, you are a regular trickster," said my uncle. I believe you would deceive Satan himself. But I won't get angry with you, for I used to play the same games when I was young."

In a word, we became thoroughly reconciled, and my uncle settled upon me a sufficient income to enable me to quit my irksome duties as a clerk. He has gone back to Vermont, and I can but say in conclusion, that when he pays us another visit, I can show several "little people" that I call my own and without telling a falsehood.

A Sorrowful Story.

To-day there is a man going about the streets of this city, ragged, dirty and penniless, subsisting on free lunches and the charities of gamblers, and has not slept in a bed for six months, who, during the late war, was one of the most dashing cavalry officers in the Union army, and was promoted from the rank of First Lieutenant to full Brigadier and Brevet Major General, for brilliant exploits on the field of battle, and who for a long time had a large and important command. He has been here for two or three months, under an assumed name, being ashamed to dim the brilliancy of his record in the service of his country by an exhibition of degredation under his former honored name. He is generally very reticent, having little to do with any one or talking but little, save when "engineering" for a drink, at which he is remarkably successful. Night before last, while lying helplessly drunk in the rear part of a Third street saloon, some men thought to play a joke on him by stealing his shirt, and proceeded to strip him. Underneath his shirt, and suspended by a string around his neck, was a small canvass bag, which the men opened and found it to contain his commission as Brevet Major General, two congratulatory letters, one from Grant, and one from President Lincoln, a photograph of a little girl and a curl of hair—a "chesnut shadow" that doubtless one day crept over the brow of some loved one.

When these things were discovered, even the half-drunken men who found them felt a respect for the man's former greatness, and pity for his fallen condition, and quietly returned the bag and contents to where they found them, and replaced the sleeper's clothes upon him. Yesterday a News reporter tried to interview the man and endeavor to learn something of his life in the past few years, but he declined to communicate anything. He cried like a child when told how his right name and former position were ascertained, and with tears trickling down his cheeks, said:

"For God's sake don't publish my degradation, or my name at least, if you are determined to say something about it. It is enough that I know myself how low I have become. Will you promise that much? It will do no good, as, fortunately, they think that I died in South America, where I went when the war closed."

Intemperance and the gambling table, he said, had wrought his ruin.—*Kansas City News.*

A RECONSTRUCTED WEDDING.—A negro wedding lately took place in this county, at which the sable parson thus spoke:

"Here is a couple who have walked out to-night, wishing to be jined in and thro' love, and wishing all dem dat have a ting twix dem to come forward and speak now; if not, let dem hold dar peace now and forever more. I wantse every ear to hear and every heart to enjoy.

"Mr. Jim Thompson, whosoever stands fastly by your left side, do you take her for your beloved wife, to wait upon her through sickness and through health, safe and be safe, holy and be holy, loving and beloving; do you love her mother; do you love her father; do you love her brothers; do you love her sisters; do you love her master; do you love her mistress; but do you love God the best?"

Answer—"I do."

"Miss Mary Thompson, whosoever stands fastly by your right side do you take to be your dearly beloved husband, to wait on him through health and through confliction, safe and be safe, holy and be holy; do you love his mother; do you love his father; do you love his brothers; do you love his sisters; do you love God the best?"

Answer—"I will."

"I shall pronounce Mr. Jim to hold Miss Mary fastly by the right hand, and I shall pronounce you both man and wife by the commandments of God. We shall hope and trusting through God, that you may live right—that you may die right, now and forevermore. Now Mr. Jim, *slew* your bride.

HAD NOT BEEN INTRODUCED.—Jones, who rigidily adhered to the rules of etiquette, went home one night and found his wife sitting in another man's lap. Next day he told a friend the circumstance.

"What did you do about it?" said his friend.

"Do?" replied Mr. Jones, "What in the thunder could I do? I never had an introduction to the man; he was a stranger to me."

A CONNECTICUT mother learned of her daughter's contemplated elopement, and on the night appointed for the flight she put some laudanum in the girl's tea. The latter fell asleep and did not wake up until next morning, and in the meantime Romeo got tired of waiting and went home disgusted. He goes with another girl now.

THIS motto stands at the editorial head of the Albany (Ga.) *News*:

"It is not rank, nor state,
But the get-up-and-get that makes men great."

J. B. BROWN, a postal clerk, was arrested at Winona Junction and brought to La Crosse, Wis., charged with burning mail matter to save the labor of distribution.

A SENSITIVE son of a Detroit widow recently applied for an injunction to prevent his mother from marrying again.

A BRUNSWICK Toledo man had it right in one sense when he wrote on the wall: "Jag not, lest ye be jagged."

A GENTLEMAN, in a fit of absent-mindedness, told another that he had two sons—both boys.

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.

THE BIBLE.

A REMARKABLE DISCOURSE IN FAVOR OF ITS RETENTION IN SCHOOLS.

A congregation of nearly four thousand persons assembled at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Sunday morning. The *Times* says: The congregation included many who are not regular attendants at the Academy, or any other place of worship, and who came to hear the arguments of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage in favor of the use of the Bible in the public schools. The sermon did not disappoint their expectations, the language of the preacher being by turns forcible, eloquent, sensational and commonplace.

All the particularly striking points and local or political hits made by the preacher were fully appreciated by the congregation, and the discourse was frequently interrupted by applause, not the murmurings of a band of moved spirits, but real, genuine hand-clapping and stamping in unmeasured approval. After the congregation had settled themselves, and those who could not get in had gone away, the service commenced. The hymn "Rock of Ages" was sung, and Mr. Talmage prayed for fifteen minutes with the congregation, after which he advanced to the stage and announced his text, which, he said, being taken from the two chapters of the Bible, was too long for him to read then, but the congregation might look over it after they went home. Then he at once entered on his subject; and advanced a number of arguments against the expulsion of the Bible from the public schools, which may be summarized as follows:

The expulsion of the Bible would decide that a great multitude of children should have no religious culture. The Bible interferes with no man's right, and its expulsion would be warring on the consciences of men. The right to take it out of the public schools implies the right to take out any other book that acknowledges God. The Bible is a supreme book from supreme inspiration, and has a right to be introduced anywhere. Its expulsion from the public schools, therefore, would be nothing short of dishonoring the Almighty. Common school education, said the preacher, is a creation of Protestantism. It is stated that the Catholics will at some time demand a portion of the public funds for their school. It would be better to let the public funds go to them and have the common schools depend for support and maintenance on the Christian Church than that the Bible should be taken from the children.

The God of the Bible seems to have taken this country under his special protection, and intends its people to be a Christian, Bible-reading race. Intellect without moral culture is worse than no understanding at all.

Here the preacher branched off into a recital of the dangers threatened by the machinations of politicians. There are some of that class here to-day, said he.—I know them by the bloated cheek, bloodshot eye, and that unmistakable lip. [Laughter and applause.] There is a political tempest arising, however, that will sweep the drunken and fraudulent crew that hang around the city halls in our cities to political perdition, and finally to a bottomless pit. [Applause.] In conclusion, the preacher said he preferred to stand with the class of great minds which founded and maintained the Constitution, and who believed that the Bible should be in every Christian school, than with men who, born in the ditch of the political caucus, crawl through the slime of partizanship and demand expulsion of the Bible to please the newly-landed immigrant, and thereby secure his vote and support.

The sermon was interspersed with numerous political "hits," and much sensational and very plain language, all of which seemed to increase the interest of the congregation.

SUICIDE.—Dr. Holland has a "Topia" in *Scribner's* for May, on the recent discussion of suicide, from which we quote the closing paragraph:

If man is nothing but an animal, if this life is all there is of existence, and the question simply concerns the amount of comfort to be got out of it in this transient world, why let him do as he likes with himself and his friends; but he who regards the present scene as only the foreground of an infinite spiritual future, through which, if one tread faithfully the prescribed passages of pain as well as pleasure, he shall find himself in higher pathways, as a consequence, at the last—we say he will take life whether it be convenient or inconvenient, and hold it as the gift of God, inalienable by any reason of infirmity or suffering, or hopeless disease, or cost to other life through necessary ministry. The doctrines of Professor Newman and Mr. Tollemache are unchristian doctrines. They carry us back into barbarism—back into the darkness in which children killed parents that became a burden to them, and mothers strangled infants that could only inherit their own sufferings. It is an infamous criticism of the divine wisdom, an insult to Providence, an assault upon the safeguards of society, and a reflection upon human nature and human destiny, from which all Christian manhood recoils as from the touch of a serpent.

A CATTLE FORTUNE.—The Lacon Advocate relates this instance of good cattle property: We learn from Pink McKinstick's band of cattle at the present time is equal in value to one and a-half four-year-old steers per day. If we take it for granted that a steer of the above age will weigh six hundred pounds, and the value is six cents per pound, McKinstick's income from his cattle is $54 a day, or $19,710 annually. His stock ranch is situated in Secret Valley