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Kent News.

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

Vol. 34. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1873. No. 2.

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.

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.

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. janC-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. ug12y.

J. M. BARR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office near Hall's Hotel,
fel-6. CHESTERTOWN.

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.

STIEFF'S PIANOS

Upwards of Fifty First Premiums
—AND—
GOLD and SILVER MEDALS
WERE AWARDED TO
CHAS. M. STIEFF,
For the BEST PIANO,
In Competition with all the leading Manufacturers of the country.
OFFICE AND SALESROOMS:
No. 9 N. Liberty St., Baltimore, Md.

The superiority of the UNRIVALLED STIEFF PIANO FORTE, is conceded by all who have compared it with others.

☞ In their New Grand Square Scale, 7½ Octaves, the manufacturers has succeeded in making the most perfect Piano Forte possible. Prices will be found as reasonable as consistent with thorough workmanship.

A large assortment of second-hand Pianos always on hand, from $75 to $300.
We are agents for the celebrated BURDETT CABINETT,
PARLOR and CHURCH ORGANS
all styles and prices, to suit every one, guaranteed to be fully equal to any made.

☞ Send for Illustrated Catalogue, containing names of over twelve hundred Southerners (five hundred of which are Virginians, two hundred North Carolinians, one hundred and fifty East Tennesseans, and others throughout the South,) who have bought the Stieff Piano since the close of the war. ap19y.

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, 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.
mar22-3t. CLARENCE HOLLYDAY.

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

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.

SPRING
ANNOUNCEMENT
For 1873.
Handsome Styles
FOR MEN AND BOYS,
—AT—
The Popular Clothing Store
ON BORDLEY'S CORNER,
CHESTERTOWN.
SAMUEL MERRITT. WM. J. MCFEELY.
S. Merritt & Co.,
HAVE JUST OPENED
A LARGE and SPLENDID STOCK
OF
GENTS' YOUTH'S and BOYS'
CLOTHING,
Gents' Furnishing Goods!
AND
HATS and CAPS.
PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO
CUSTOM WORK.
☞ Fits Guaranteed.
If you want Good Goods,
Well Made Up,
and Cut in Style,
COME AND SEE US.
S. MERRITT & CO.
BORDLEY'S CORNER,
CHESTERTOWN.
May 3, 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.

New Millinery and Notions!
Mrs. S. A. Usilton,
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.
STAMPING neatly done at short notice.
Store next door above Mr. T. S. Wickes'.
my10-3t. MRS. S. A. USILTON.

STOCK ALL NEW and PRICES THE VERY LOWEST.
May 17. J. H. SIMPERS.

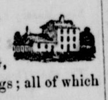
Three Fine Farms
IN KENT CO., MARYLAND,
—AT—
TRUSTEES' SALE.
THE undersigned, as Trustees, under a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Chancery, will offer at PUBLIC SALE on
TUESDAY,
THE TENTH DAY OF JUNE, 1873,
AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.,
At the "Voshell House," in Chestertown,
The Valuable Real Estate
OF MR. JOS. C. MANN, composed of
THREE FARMS,
Designated herein by the Nos. 1, 2 and 3,
In the Second District of Kent Co., Md.

No. 1,
Contains about 100 Acres,
And is improved with a
TWO STORY
FRAME DWELLING

And usual Out-Buildings, all in good order.

No. 2, contains
About 177 ACRES,
And is usually known as the "FANCY" or "OLD MANN FARM."
The Improvements on this Farm are in bad condition.

No. 3,
IS THE SAMUEL COMEGYS FARM.
It Contains about 130 ACRES,
And is Improved with a
TWO STORY
FRAME DWELLING,



and the usual Out-Buildings; all of which are in fair condition.

All of these lands are arable; there is not an acre of waste upon the whole estate. The soil is pre-eminently distinguished for its natural fertility and productiveness, and is now in a high state of improvement; and is well adapted to all cereals and fruits. Each farm is most eligibly located, being in the centre of one of our most attractive and highly improved districts, convenient to churches, schools, &c.; within a mile of Chesterville, and not more than 1½ miles from Black's or two miles from Lambson's Stations, on the Kent county railroad, and within two miles of public landing on Chester river.

These farms will not only bear a favorable comparison with the most desirable estates in this county, but also with the most highly improved lands about Middletown, Del.

TERMS OF SALE.
The following terms are prescribed by the Decree: $8,000 cash on the day of sale, or on the final ratification of the sales, at the option of the Trustees; the residue in three equal annual instalments from the day of sale. The deferred payments to be secured by the bonds or notes of purchasers, bearing interest from the day of sale, with surety or sureties approved by the Trustees.
M. BANNON,
R. HYNSON.
Chestertown, May 10, 1873—ts.
[Del. Gazette copy once a week tds.]

ADMINISTRATRIX'S SALE
—OF—
PERSONAL PROPERTY.
BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court for Kent County, Maryland, the subscriber, Administratrix of George H. Wilson, late of Kent county, dec'd, will sell at public sale at the late residence of said dec'd, in Eastern Neck, Kent county, on
WEDNESDAY, the 28th May, 1873,
the following personal property, namely:

5 Head of Horses, 1 Colt,
ALSO, THE
FINE HORSE "KOSSUTH,"
WITH SULKEY AND HARNESS,
FOUR MILCH COWS,
Two of them fresh;
1 YOKE OF BROKEN OXEN,
and 1 Yoke unbroken.
ONE TWO-YEAR OLD STEER,
30 HEAD OF SUPERIOR SHEEP
And 19 Lambs.
1 Large Family Carriage and Harness; 1 no-top Buggy and Harness, 1 large four-horse Wagon, 2 Ox-Carts, 1 Horse Cart and Harness, 1 small Dearborn,
1 Circular Saw for horse power, 1 Sleigh, 1 Woods' Reaper in perfect order, 1 Fan, 1 Corn Sheller, 1 large Grindstone, Cultivators, Plows, Harrows, Gears, Spades, Hoes and other Farming Utensils.
Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.
TERMS:—A credit of six months on all sums over Ten dollars on note with approved security. All sums of and under $10 cash.—No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.
HENRIETTA E. WILSON,
Adm'x of Geo. H. Wilson.
S. L. RAWLEIGH, Auct'r. my17-ts.

KENT COUNTY, Sct:
I hereby certify that on this 2nd day of May, 1873, personally appeared before the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for Kent county, Samuel Watts, 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 BLACK BULL, supposed to be about one year old, without any ear marks.
Given under my hand.
THOS. K. STEPHENS, J. P.
NOTICE.—The owner of the above described Bull is notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take it away.
SAMUEL WATTS,
my10 3t. Wilson's Point, Kent Co., Md.

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 Voshell House, Chestertown. apr26-3m.

Valuable Farm
FOR SALE.
THE undersigned, as heirs at law of the late James W. Skirven, of Kent County, will expose to public sale to the highest bidder, on
TUESDAY,
The SEVENTEENTH of JUNE, 1873,
at the "Voshell House," in Chestertown, at eleven o'clock, A. M., all that
Valuable Farm in Worton,
in Kent county, Md., commonly known as
"GREEN POINT"
formerly the property of the late Samuel G. Kennard, and afterwards of the late John S. Kennard, containing about
402 ACRES,
of which about 100 acres are in WOOD AND RAIL TIMBER. This Farm lies on navigable water on Worton Creek, and there is a Landing on the property, which affords facilities for lading and unlading vessels.
The soil is good and grows Wheat, Oats and Grass very finely, and also Corn.
There are about 2,000 Peach Trees
OF CHOICE VARIETIES,
about two years old. Also, about
600 PEAR TREES
in excellent condition, about two years old.
The location is one of the finest in the county, and as a site for a Dwelling is probably unsurpassed. The banks are high and command a beautiful view of the Bay and of the Harford shore, and the country surrounding the premises is healthy, and the neighborhood one of the best in the county. The Farm is under excellent fencing, and a considerable quantity of Cord Wood might be sold, independent of the fence timber left for improvement. The farm is divided into seven fields, and two lots.

The BUILDINGS
Consist of a
FRAME DWELLING,
quite commodious; Kitchen, new shed Stabling, Granary, Meat House, new, also new Carriage House, Garden paled and yard well fenced. The farm can easily be divided into two farms. There are also TWO TENANT HOUSES on the farm.
The land adjoins the property of Mr. J. W. Edwards and others. Mr. Charles Jewell, the tenant, will shew the premises to any who may call to examine them.
THE TERMS OF SALE ARE:—One-fourth cash on the day of sale, or in ninety days from the day of sale, and the balance in three equal instalments, in one, two and three years from the first day of January next, with interest from that time, to be secured by Bond and Mortgage on the estate, with assignment of policy of insurance on the buildings, the proceeds of which in case of fire to be appropriated to rebuilding.
SARAH E. SKIRVEN, (Widow,)
JAMES W. SKIRVEN,
WM. T. TOMLINSON,
(And wife, Sarah E. Tomlinson, formerly Sarah E. Skirven.)
May 17, 1873—tds.
[Del. Gazette and Middletown Transcript copy and send bill to this office.]

1873. 1873.
Spring Trade.
A Large and Desirable Stock of Seasonable Goods now in Store.
GENTS' CALF-SKIN BOOTS,
BROGANS, FOR FARM WEAR,
And very full lines of
LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S SHOES,
Very many of them of superior City make.
BLACK ALPACAS, and PURE MOHAIRS,
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS of various widths.
WE ARE KEEPING OUR STOCK WELL UP, DESPITE THE GENERAL DEPRESSION OF BUSINESS.
T. S. WICKES.
Chestertown, May 3, 1873.

New Store!
NEW GOODS! CHEAP PRICES!
J. H. SIMPERS
HAS JUST RETURNED FROM THE CITY AND OPENED THIS WEEK AN
ENTIRE
New Stock of Spring Goods
(At the Store formerly occupied by Mr. L. S. Fowler,) consisting in part of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
Shoes, Groceries, Queensware,
Wood Ware, &c.
I bought for Cash, and am selling for Cash, and can afford to and DO SELL MUCH CHEAPER than if working on the credit system.
☞ We invite all desiring CHEAP GOODS to call and examine our stock before making their purchases.
I hope by strict attention to business and the interest of buyers to merit a share of the public patronage.
COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange for goods at market prices.
Respectfully, J. H. SIMPERS.
April 5, 1873.

FOR SALE
3 Good Driving or Work Horses,

Will be sold low.
Apply to JERVIS SPENCER,
my3-3t. Locust Grove.

SWEET POTATO PLANTS,
In quantities to suit purchasers,
For sale by W. N. C. ANDERSON,
apr26-5t* near Crumpton, Kent Co., Md.

IF YOU WANT A Nice Suit MADE up, at a less price than a City Tailor would charge you, call on S. MERRITT & CO.,
May 3, 1873. Chestertown

Go Vay, Becky Miller, Go Vay.

BY OLD UNCLE SCHNEIDER.

Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!
I don't lofe you now, von shmall leetle bit,
My dream vas played oud, so please got up and git,
Mit your false-headed vays I can't get along mit,
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Vas all der young voomans so falsehead like you,
Mit a face nice und bright, und a heart plack and plue,
Und all der vhile schwearin you loafed me so true,
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Vy vonce I dought you vas a star vay up high,
I liked sou so better as gogonut-bie,
But, oh! Becky Miller, you's now a big lie—
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

You dook all der presents vat I did bresent,
Yes, gobbled up every blamed von vat I sent—
All der vhile mit anoder young feller you vent,
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Vhen firsht I found oud you'se such a big lie,
I don't know vedder to shmudder or die,
But now, py der Chingo! I don't offen gry,
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Don't try to make belief you vas sorry about,
I don't beleef a dings vot comes out of your mouth,
Und besides I don't care—for you' blayed oud,
Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Don't Call a Man a Liar.

Never tell a man he is a liar unless you are certain that you can lick him, for as a general rule when you say that it means fight.

I have arrived at this conclusion thro' sad experience. I know that it is not safe to give the lie to muscular Christian.

I did it once. I am sorry for it as I never grieved for anything else in the whole course of my life.

We were standing on the sidewalk, in front of the club, when I made the statement. We were talking politics, and men who talk politics and get hot over it are, to put it mildly, lunatics, or else want an office, or have some friends who want an office.

This man made an assertion touching the fair fame of my candidate. It is probable if it had been as true as it was false, I should have taken the same course, because, you understand, a man who talks politics has no sense anyhow. I think I said this before, but it is all the same. I want to make it strong, and get you to understand how I got my ornamental eye.

I mildly suggested that man who would make such a statement as that was lost to all sense of shame, and would be guilty of any bad crime.

He disagreed with me upon that point. As for himself, he never made a statement except upon the most ample proof. My candidate was the meanest villian living.

I told him he lied.

I have been kicked by a mule; have fallen out of a second story window on a hard pavement; eaten green persimmons; heard Miss —— read poetry for two hours and a half; skated; rode a sharp-backed horse of mustang parentage, an adept in the art of "bucking;" suffered griefs of various kinds, and still clung to life; but all of these are feathers in the balance as compared with the result of that little word liar!

Immediately after saying it I sat down—not in the way people usually sit down. I sat down on the rim of my ear, ten feet from the spot where I had been standing when I made use of the expression quoted above. I am not used to sitting in that position, and do not think that it agrees with me.

I have heard of people who "got up on their ear," and walked off. I wished I knew how to do it; I would have propelled myself away from the spot immediately if I had possessed this happy faculty. I proceeded to get myself perpendicular, intending to use the locomotion which Nature had given me, but when I came right side up, something heavy ran against my nose and I felt very tired. I sat down on my other ear. I like a change; it is too monotonous doing the same thing over and over again.

Somebody took my large friend away, and I was quite pleased when he was gone. I have concluded to look twice at a man before I give him the lie again. My eye is in mourning, my nose swelled into the size of a citron, with the color of a blush rose, and my clothes look as if they had been run through a sausage machine.

I would not have that man's temper for anything in the world.

Help One Another.

This little sentence should be written on every heart—stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule to practice, not only in every household, but throughout the world. By helping one another we not only remove thorns from the pathway and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our hearts, knowing we are doing a duty to a fellow creature.

A helping hand or an encouraging word is no loss to us, yet is a benefit to others. Who has not felt the power of a little sentence? Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend?—How soothing when perplexed with some task that is both difficult and burdensome, to feel a gentle hand on the shoulder, and to hear a kind voice whispering, "Do not be discouraged; I see your troubles, let me help you." What strength is inspired, and hope created; what sweet gratitude is felt, and the great difficulty dissolves as dew before the sunshine.

Yes, let us help one another, by endeavoring to strengthen and encourage the weak; by lifting the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on, and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters; and He, whose willing hand is ever ready to aid us, will reward our humble endeavors, and every good deed will be "bread upon the water, to return after many days," if not to us, at least to those we love.

Cut your coat according to your cloth is an old maxim and a wise one; and if people will only square their ideas according to their circumstances, how much happier we might all be! If we would come down a peg or two in our notions in accordance with our waning fortunes, happiness would be always within our reach. It is not what we have or what we have not which adds to or subtracts from our felicity. It is the longing for more than we have, the envy of those who possess more, and the wish to appear in the world of more importance than we really are, which destroys our peace of mind, and eventually leads to ruin.

MARRIED BY TELEGRAPH.

"Mr. Leary, you are a married man, sir!"

"Very, sir."

"Very! why do you say very!"

"Because my dear little wife and I are bound together by wires."

"Latimer Leary you talk enigmas."

"Then, sir, to be as plain as a printer, I will inform you that I was married by telegraph."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, I do."

"Then tell the company all about the affair."

"I will, with pleasure. Ladies and gentlemen, my wife is a second cousin and was named Leary. She once resided in the city of Indianapolis, while I was a resident of Centreville, in the same State. I was a bachelor of thirty and full of romance and general love. I say of general love, because I had not made a concentration."

"Why don't you take a wife?" was eternally buzzed in my ears.

"Whom will I take?"

To this query a score of friends would say:

"Your relative, Kate Leary."

"Kate Leary, why she is my own cousin!"

"Only a second cousin," they would retort; "and your opposite, Latimer.—Kate is a blonde, and you are as dark as Erebus, or the ace of clubs."

I had never seen Miss Leary, but this continued association of the young lady with my wedded life had an influence.

One day a member of Congress exclaimed: "Mr. Leary, were I single I would assuredly pay court to your cousin. As I am married, and you are my best friend, I can earnestly hope you will possess the luxury."

At this period I was a merchant. Having discharged a thieving clerk, I was so confined to my store that a journey to Indianapolis was out of the question. I was growing almost wild to see one whom all praised—so many wish me to wed.

In a few days from the call of my legislative friend, his brother, a noted judge, appeared at my store.

The judge was also my devoted ally—a position intensified by his recollection of being educated by my deceased father.

Drawing a daguerreotype from his coat, said he, "I wish to show you something nice. There, what do you say to that?"

"Who is it?" I cried with enthusiasm.

"This, my dear friend, is Miss Kate Leary, the young lady I wish you to marry."

"Tell me," exclaimed I, "is she all they claim for her?"

"My dear friend, honestly as I value truth, I have not heard her sufficiently praised!"

"Why don't some man try his luck?"

"I am glad you ask. Simply because she is overcourted, and consequently hard to please. She is romantic, and I clearly see not winnable by ordinary methods."

"You say she is very particular?"

"She is, sir."

"Then good-bye for me."

"Not at all; she is rapturous over your likeness, and sends her cousinly love, with an invitation to visit her. I pledge you to not omitting a single point in your body, caliber or character."

"Do you consider her daguerreotype accurate?"

"I can tell you it don't flatter her. She has extraordinary beauty, and the kind that is more striking in animation or conversation."

While mutual friends in Centreville were lauding my fair cousin, mutual friends in Indianapolis were decided in their eulogies of me, and preparing her mind for an alliance.

I am not self-conceited. Believing such a concord must be born of an obvious fact, I settled on the idea of marrying this wonder in beauty, soul and accomplishment.

My intent was quickly confirmed upon hearing that a very wealthy and influential banker from Gotham was in the melting mood. I remember it was midnight. I hinted from my store the last batch of chronic loungers, and selected the best stationery in my establishment.

I was to write my first letter to Kate.

Such a reply as I received? Well, you must see—you shall see it. I have good gas works, but am inadequate. In a brief time we learned that each knew the other well. The very much said by so many, many mutual friends, superadded to our daguerreotypes and letters, made us a comprehending couple. In fact, we confessed our love—a full, round, ripe and luscious article. There could be no unsafety in the case.

Our lineage was in common, and every fact known, what followed is clear—an engagement—yes, between unseen lovers and cousins.

I was "dying" to fold her to my heart, but my soul's condition and maturing appointments postponed indefinitely.

What did you say? Why did she not visit some of our friends at Centreville? I answer you cheerfully: She had her notions and would entertain them. Though we were plighted, she declared it should not be said that she made the visit. Many believed her right. I don't argue the point, but merely answer the question.

Weeks passed; letters were numerous and saccharine. The time arrived when I could endure my single condition no longer. What if some one was to cut me out at the eleventh hour? With such love what would become of me? I was determined to own her, even if I did not see her for a decade.

An idea dawned—a brilliant one. It was to compass a speedy marriage and satisfy her thirst for romance. After a flood of tenderness, of dramatic preparation, I wrote: "——, my adored one, let us depart from this stale routine, and wed by telegraph."

The idea took her by storm. Her answer was characteristic. It ran thus:

"Darling, I will. The idea is savory, but is it legal?"

Immediately I sent for my friend, the Judge. Soon as he faced me, I said:

"Judge, is a marriage by telegraph legal?"

"Certainly, sir. I see no objection to a contract by telegraph. I readily see how all these requirements can be accomplished."

"Will you state this opinion on paper and describe a formula for an electric wedding?"

"With pleasure, sir."

The Judge understood me, and gladly complied. The result forwarded to Kate by return mail, and soon received word that on the following Thursday she and the proper authority would present themselves at the Indianapolis office according to formula, there to enter the holy state of matrimony.

I tell you the appointed day was a great one among the mutual friends at each end of the wire. The affair was so novel that all else was eclipsed by the contemplation of it.

Clergymen and witness assembled at the termini. There, in full costume, two unseen lovers were to be made man and wife. The instrument began its tick, tick, ticking. The operator read, the clergyman put questions. I answered; the instrument did more work, and soon I was saluted as the husband of Kate Leary.—Happy was I, though the possessor of a lady I never beheld.

One week passed and I was still without help. My brain was becoming frenzied. I must see Kate, and I must go to her first, for it was her fiat, and well did I know what a Leary was.

By entreaty, I prevailed upon a brother merchant to loan me his best clerk.—Soon as he put his foot in the store I put mine in the stage, en route for the capital of Indiana.

When about twelve miles from the city we stopped for a passenger. It was a lady. Such a beauty I never beheld.—She resembled my likeness of Kate, but was far more beautiful. I own, my heart went out to her. Call me fickle, say what you please, and I will bear it. I repeat my heart gushed forth a flood of love.

Here was a fix! I, a married man, going to see his telegraphic bride, and as technically in love with another woman. I began to repent my haste, and too late, saw the marrying one I had never set my eyes upon. What could I do? The lady was also married, for I heard the driver call her madam.

How she eyed me! I spoke about the coach windows being raised to suit her. She thanked me in tones that acted like an arterial stimulant. I was gone. Much conversation followed, and I was a goner. I saw that she was giving me sweet, yet pleading looks. Heavens, thought I, she is unhappily mated. Suppose I give her my sympathy. Yet should I jeopardize myself before such transcendent charms? Suppose I betray my love, how would I feel in the presence of my wife, and what power could I confer upon a total stranger? I had it. I would betray nothing, but offer consolation to a flower most surely neglected. We are the only passengers, and what a good chance.

"Madame," said I, "please pardon me, but you seem to exist under a cloud."

She sighed deeply.

"Well, sir, not a widow, though I don't live with my husband."

"Poor soul," continued I.

She put her handkerchief to her mouth.

I thought about half of it went in, but of course it was to stop her emotion.

"You are not happy, madam?"

"Very far from it; I am miserable!"

So was I—miserable to put my arms around her neck.

"Where do you reside, madam?"

"In Indianapolis."

"Have you friends there?"

"Many, sir."

"No doubt of it. Allow me to ask, do you love your husband?"

"Devotedly, sir."

"Then you will live with him?"

"Would be glad of the chance, sir."

"When did you see him last?"

"I have never seen him, sir."

Here she again half swallowed her handkerchief.

"Never seen him! Why, what do you mean?"

"Sir, have you not read of a telegraphic wedding?"

"Julius Cæsar!" cried I. "Tell me, are you Mrs. Kate Leary?"

"I am."

As I relaxed, she said:

"Go on, Latimer; I knew you from your daguerreotype."

I will not prolong this, but merely remark that Kate is the most devoted of women. I have not felt ashrmed of my inconstancy, and would not lose her for the wealth of the Orient. I ever consider us as bound together by wire; and when asked if I am a married man, I always feel like saying—very.

Ruined by Uncle's Silver Tea Set.

Said a young husband, whose business speculations were unsuccessful:

"My wife's silver tea set, the bridal gift of a rich uncle, doomed me to financial ruin. It involved a hundred unexpected expenses, which, in trying to meet, have made me the bankrupt that I am."

His is the experience of many others, who, less wise, do not know what is the goblin of the house, working its destruction. A sagacious father of great wealth exceedingly mortified his daughter by ordering it to be printed on her wedding cards, "No presents, except those adapted to an income of $1,000." Said he, "you must not expect to begin life in the style I am able by many years of labor to indulge; and I know of nothing which will tempt you to try, more than the well-intentioned but pernicious gifts of wealthy friends."

Such advice is timely. If other parents would follow the same plan many young men would be spared years of incessant toil and anxiety; they would not find themselves on the downward road because their wives had worn all of their salary or expended it on the appointments of the house. The fate of the poor man who found a linch-pin and felt obliged to make a carriage to fit it, is the fate of the husband who finds his bride in possession of gold and silver valuables, and no large income to support the owner's gold and silver style.

THE RICH MAN'S HEIR.—An old lady, whose duty it was to show strangers the house and pictures at Towcester, expressed herself in these remarkable words:—"That is Sir Robert Farmer; he lived in the country, took care of his estate, built his house and paid for it; managed well, saved money, and died rich. *That* is his son. He was made a lord, took a place at court, spent his estate, and died a beggar." A very concise but full account, fraught with a valuable moral lesson.—"He layeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall get them."

To flatter a girl call her coquette.

GREAT MEDICINE MEN.

The principles which guided the early physicians were crude and vague enough. Galen's theory is this: "Given a disease, determine its character as hot or cold, moist or dry, by an effort of imagination; having done so select a remedy which has been catalogued as possessing opposite qualities." When Felix operated on Louis XIV for the stone, he was so doubtful of his own skill, as well as the results of it, that though the operation was successfully performed, his agitation was so excessive that a nervous tremor settled on him for life, and in bleeding a friend the next day he disabled the patient irreparably.

When Felip de Utre went in search of the Omegus from Venzuela he was wounded by a spear just beneath the right arm. A Spaniard, who was ignorant of surgery, undertook to cure him, and de Utre's coat of mail was placed upon an old Indian, who was mounted on a horse; the amateur surgeon then drove a spear into the Indian's body thro' the hole in the armor, and his body having been opened, the spear being still kept in the wound, it was discovered that the heart was uninjured; thus they assumed that De Utre's wound was not mortal, and, being treated as if the wound were an ordinary one, he recovered.

When Henry II. of France was mortally wounded by a splinter from a spear, in tilting with Montgomerie, which entered his visor and pierced his eye, the surgeons, for the purpose of discovering the probable injury done to the king, cut off the heads of four criminals, and thrust splinters into their eyes as nearly at the same inclination as the fatal one had entered that of the king. Barbers were surgeons for centuries, and surgery was barbarous. Henry V. at Agincourt, with 30,000 men, had one surgeon and fifteen assistants, who were pressed for the purpose; and even these had also to do a little fighting, three of them at Agincourt being archers.

What happened to patients who had to submit to operations in those early days can scarcely be conceived by a generation accustomed to chloroform and laughing-gas. Fabricous, of Acquapendente, preceptor of Harvey, thus describes what he considers an improved and easy operation: "If it be a movable tumor, I cut it away with a red-hot knife, that sears as it cuts; but if it be adherent to the chest, I cut it without bleeding or pain with a wooden or horn knife soaked in aqua-fortis, with which having cut the skin, I dig out the rest with my fingers."

After the knife that "sears as well as cuts," all "sympathies" and "antipathies" may well seem to be fanciful and unreal, yet it seems certain that in some cases the dislikes to particular objects, and even sounds, which we are wont to ascribe to affection, is very genuine and deep-seated. A certain clergyman, we are soberly informed, always fainted when he heard a particular verse in Jeremiah read; and another case was still more unfortunate, being that of an officer who could not bear the beating of a drum, and eventually died of it. One man would fall down at the smell of mutton as though deprived of life; another could not eat a single strawberry; and another's head became frightfull swollen if he touched the smallest particle of hare.

Orfila speaks of a painter named Nincent, who was seized with vertigo whenever there were roses in the room. Hippocrates instances one Nicanor who swooned whenever he heard the flute. Boyle himself, in spite of his philosophy, fell into a syncope whenever he heard the splashing of water. The Duke d'Epernay swooned at seeing a leveret, but a hare took no effect upon him, which is as much as to say that he was frightened at a pony but not at a horse. Tyche Brahe fainted at the sight of a fox, Henry III. at a cat, and Marshal d'Albert at a pig.

FOR THE LADIES.

FRINGES are much used on silks.

SATIN umbrellas are the "reigning" fashion in New York.

A DIVORCED wife in Detroit has inherited $500,000, and her quondam husband wishes he had not married again.

THE Illinois Legislature is considering a bill providing that all persons convicted of whipping their wives shall be themselves whipped in public.

A ROCHESTER woman married to her second husband recently said to him:—"Oh, how happy poor Charles would be if he were still alive to see himself replaced by a man as agreeable as you are!"

A BUFFALO girl, pretty and eighteen, has sold over five hundred sewing machines in the last two years. She travels with a horse and wagon, smiling when she leaves a machine and shedding tears if any body afterwards refuses to keep it. That does the business.

GIRLS have spring bonnets on their minds just at present, and are loaded down with a weight of responsibility.

IT is very much the fashion now-a-days for ladies to carry a navy blue waterproof cloak neatly rolled and strapped.

THE New Madrid, Mo., girls insisted upon playing leap-frog until the Council passed an ordinance against it.

IT has been discovered that three-fourths of the women of Boston wear false teeth.

PHOTOGRAPHIC FEAT.—A San Francisco photographer has succeeded in obtaining a picture of a race-horse going at its highest speed. A local paper states that the artist procured all the sheets to be had in the stables, and with these made a a reflecting background. Over this Occident was trained to trot, and everything was then in readiness for the trial. The great difficulty was to transfix an impression while the horse was moving at the rate of thirty-eight feet to the second. The first experiment of opening and closing the camera on the first day left no result; the second day, with increased velocity in opening and closing, a shadow was caught. On the third day, the artist having studied the matter thoroughly, contrived to have two boards slip past each other by touching a spring, and in so doing to leave an eighth of an inch opening for the five hundredth part of a second, as the horse passed, and by an arrangement of double lenses, crossed, secured a negative that shows Occident in full motion—a perfect likeness of a horse. The space of time was so small that the spokes of the wheels of the sulky were caught as if they were not in motion. This is probably the most wonderful success in photographing ever yet achieved.