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# The Kent News:

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JAS. M. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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# Kent News.


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

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**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.



*LAW CARDS.*

**THOMAS S. BORDLEY,**
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**
*CHESTERTOWN, MD.*

OFFICE on Court Street, adjoining the Drug Store of Messrs. C. F. Stam & Brother.
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,*
fe1-6. CHESTERTOWN.

**J. F. WILSON & Co.,**
**GEORGETOWN,**
*Have enlarged their Store House, giving them better facilities for showing their full stock of*
**DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,**
**CLOTHING,**
**BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS,**
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
GROCERIES,
**PAINTS, Oils and Varnishes.**
☞ We take pleasure in showing our goods, and offer them at prices that will secure us quick sales. my10-y.

**BURNS & SLOAN**
Lumber Dealers,
OFFICE:
**132 LIGHT STREET WHARF,**
**BALTIMORE,**
YARDS { 104 and 132 Light St. Wharf. 132 S. Charles Street. Cor. York and Johnson Sts.,
**OFFER ALL VARIETIES OF**
BUILDING
LUMBER,
*SHINGLES, FENCING, DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, OAK, ASH, WALNUT,*
**At the Lowest Rates, in lots to Suit.**
June 28, 1873.

**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.

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.

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

COLIN F. STAM. LOUIS K. STAM
**C. F. Stam & Bro.**
CHESTERTOWN, MD.,
DEALERS IN
**DRUGS, CHEMICALS,**
**PERFUMERY,**
**AND FANCY TOILET ARTICLES.**
THOMPSON,
FOSTER IMPROVED,
BARTLETT, MARSH,
and REINHARDT
**TRUSSES,**
LOUDON and PRATT & HOWE
**Abdominal Supporters,**
AND
**Shoulder Braces.**
**Wax Flower Materials,**
**BOOKS**
AND
**STATIONERY OF ALL KINDS,**
*Can be bought at City prices from us.*
**Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs,**
AND
**WINDOW GLASS of all sizes.**
☞ *Do not fail to call and examine our stock. Remember, we take pleasure in displaying our goods.*
☞ Orders by mail promptly answered.
C. F. STAM & BRO.
April 12, 1873.

**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.

**REOPENING.**
**TO THE PUBLIC.**
**F. M. GOODING, Chesterville,**
WOULD respectfully inform his friends and the public generally that he has reopened the old established store (lately occupied by A. L. Gooding, dec'd,) situated at Chesterville, Kent county, Md., and having refitted it generally, and laid in a large and well selected assortment of Goods, is fully prepared to meet all demands for
**Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes,**
**Hats, Caps, Notions,**
*Hardware, Glassware and Queensware,*
and in fact every thing kept in a first class store. Also, a full supply of
**Pure and Fresh Drugs & Medicines**
☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded.
A full line of PERFUMES, FANCY GOODS, Combs, Brushes, &c., all of which will be sold at the lowest prices for cash, or Country Produce taken in exchange.
June 7.—tf. F. M. GOODING.

**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.

**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 Vosbell House, Chestertown. apr26-3m.


## Address to the Chester River.

BY 'ELLYN.

River, gentle River,
Whither dost thou wend thy way?
For thy waves are ever flowing,
Ever, seeming, onward going,
And thy waters never stay.
Now their sparkling ripples wander
To thy shores, there to meander
'Mid the flags and lilies growing,
Where thy shallow waves are flowing;
Listening to the gentle laving
Of thy waters, and the waving
Of the heavy pine tree, bending
Now before the soft breeze, sending
From the many fields and bowers
To thy waves sweet breath of flowers.

Gentle river, dost thou know
That the laughing sunbeams play
With thy ripples in their flow
Dallying with them all the day?
On thy billows, laughing, sparkling—
On thy banks 'mid shadows darkling—
On thy bosom, geutly heaving,
Where the keel thy breast is cleaving—
Where the oar-tips dip and plashing
Send thy waters wildly dashing—
Where'er on thy surface seen
Pearly spray or silvery sheen—
There bright sunbeams, all the day,
At dalliance with thy ripples play.

Gentle river, dost thou mind
That the feathered warblers stay
Near thy banks repose to find
Thro' the heated Summer's day?
Dost thou mind that they are dabbling
Where thy limped waves are babbling?
No, methinks thou lovest the song-bird,
On thy banks his voice is oft heard;
And the Robin comes with warming,
Comes to wake thy waves at morning
Calling forth thy sleeping billows
Where low hang the weeping willows
Flow thou on, then, gentle river,
Flow thou gently on forever,
For, where'er thy waves are reaching
Blessed lessons thou art teaching.

CHESTERTOWN, June 30.

## What Men Need Wives For.

It is not to sweep the house, and make the beds, and darn the socks, and cook the meals, chiefly that a man wants a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cakes she has made; send him to inspect the needlework and bedmaking; or put a broom into her hands and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young will quietly look after them.

But what the true man most wants of a true wife is her companionship, sympathy, courage, and love. The way of life has many dreary places in it and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken with misfortunes; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him; and he needs one to stand by and sympathize.—He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies and with sin; and he needs a woman that, while he puts his arms around her and feels that he has something to fight for, will help him fight; that will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart new inspirations. All through life—through storm and through sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and favoring winds, man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's or a mother's love will hardly supply the need.

Yet many seek for nothing further than success in housework. Justly enough, half of those get nothing more: the other half, surprised above measure, have gotten more than they sought. Their wives surprised them by bringing a nobler idea of marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.

GREAT QUESTIONS.—There are only two worlds, heaven and hell. There are only two societies. To which of them shall I be united? These are two questions of infinite and everlasting importance; and yet how many there are who never put them to themselves, who refuse to consider their spiritual prospects, and who satisfy themselves with the flattering hope, "Perhaps I am in the way to heaven; perhaps I may go there when I die." Is it a matter which it is safe or rational to leave upon a peradventure? "Perhaps God is my friend, perhaps my foe; perhaps I may be saved, perhaps be lost; perhaps I may sing with the redeemed or perhaps howl with the lost." You would not take an earthly journey without a knowledge of the way, if not a map to direct you." The Bible is our map. Ask yourselves: Have you a title to glory? Have you a meetness for glory. Have you anything in taste, or temper, or deportment, congenial with heaven, or anything that would render you unhappy there? Do not put this question away from you, do not give this question a hasty or superficial consideration; but never rest satisfied until you are able to "read your title clear to mansions in the skies," and to appropriate the apostolic doxology to yourselves.—Rev. Patrick Thomson, M. A.

TOO LATE.—Some people are always too late, and therefore accomplish through life nothing worth naming. If they promise to meet you at such an hour, they are never present until thirty minutes after. No matter how important the business is to either yourself or to him, he is just as tardy. If he takes a passage at the steamboat, he arrives just as the boat has left the wharf, and the train has started a few minutes before he arrives. His dinner has been waiting for him so long that the cook is out of patience. This course the character we have described always pursues. He is never in season at a church, at a place of business, at his meals, or in his bed. Persons of such habits we cannot but despise. Always speak in season, and be ready at the appointed hour. We would not give a fig for a man who is not punctual to his engagements, and who never makes up his mind to a certain course till the time is lost. Those who hang back, hesitate and tremble—who are never at hand for a journey, a trade, a sweetheart or anything else—are poor sloths, and are ill-calculated to get a living in this stirring world.

THE worst shocked man we have seen for some time was the citizen who made the discovery the other day that the neighbor from whom he had borrowed a paper for the last four years had not paid for it. He learned the facts from the agent of the publisher, and he was grieved. He was also indignant. He said to us: "To think that I should have been so imposed upon at my time of life. I tell you a man don't know who to trust in these times. The world is full of corruption, deceit and deviltry."

## Polished and Varnished.

### LENNOX RAY'S MISTAKE.

Lennox Ray sprang from the train just as the June sunshine was dropping down the west in a flood of golden glory, and the air was fragrant with the perfume of new mown hay, and dewy with the approaching twilight.

"Well, this is rather purer than London air," sighed Lennox, drawing a deep breath of delight as he hastened up the green lane to the wide, old-fashioned farm house, carrying his valise in his hand.—"I wonder if Mary got my note, and is looking for me? Hallo!"

The last exclamation was drawn from Mr. Ray's lips by a big ripe cherry, which descending from above him, came into sudden contact with his nose. He looked up, and there, perched like a great bird upon the bough of a cherry tree, and looking down at him with dancing eyes and brilliant cheeks, was a young girl, pretty and willful enough to set a man crazy.

"How do, Lennox? Come up and have some cherries?" was the mischievous greeting, with saucy dimples playing about her ripe lips.

"Mary, is it possible?" exclaimed Lennox, serenely.

"What, that the cherries are ripe?"—"Yes, and splendid, too. Have some?" returned the nymph, coolly holding out a great ruby cluster.

"Mary, will you come down from there?" said Mr. Ray, not seeming to notice the cherries.

"Yes to be sure, now you've come, and I have had all the cherries I wanted."

And while Mr. Ray looked on in stern disapproval, the young witch swung herself lightly down from her perch and lit on the grass at his feet.

"Now don't look so serious, Lennox, dear," she said, slipping her little hands into his with a coaxing motion. "I know it's tomboyish to climb the cherry trees, but then its such fun."

"Mary, you should have been a boy," said Lennox.

"I wish I had! Then I wouldn't have everybody scolding me if I happened to move. No I don't either, for then you wouldn't have fallen in love with me.—What made you, any way, my dear?" she said, with a fond glance and a caressing movement.

"Because you are a sweet darling," answered Mr. Ray, melted in spite of himself. "But I do wish, Mary, you would leave off these boyish ways and be more dignified."

"Like Miss Ishman?" asked Mary.

"Miss Ishman is a very superior woman, and it would not hurt you to copy her in some respects," said Lennox coldly.

The tears sprang into Mary's eyes at his tone; she loosened her arms from his, and, dropping down on the emerald grass at his feet, began to braid a bracelet of the long blades in silence, with a grieved expression around her sweet mouth which he did not see.

"There!" cried Lennox, pettishly.—"Now you look more like a five-year-old baby than a well-bred young lady."

Mary threw away her bracelet and got up again.

"I didn't mean to vex you; shall we go in?" she said, sadly. They went into the parlor, and Mr. Ray took a seat in the great armchair while Mary flung open the window and dropped down on her knees beside it, letting her gloss curls fall in a great shower on the window sill.

"Now, don't do that!" exclaimed Mr. Ray, drawing a chair near his own.—"Come here and sit down like a rational being."

"I wish you would put up those flyaway curls," said Mr. Ray. "And see here, Mary, I want to have a talk with you. You know I love you, but, in truth, my dear, my wife must have some of the elegance of refined society. Your manners need polish, my dear."

Mary reddened and her scarlet lips curled a little, but she said nothing.

"A few weeks in fashionable circles will be a great benefit to you, and I wish you to have the opportunity. In short, dear, I came down to tell you that my sister is making up a party to visit some watering place this summer, and I wish you to accept the invitation, Mary."

"Are you going?" asked Mary.

"No; my practice will not allow it.—But I shall see you several times. You will go."

"Oh, Lennox, don't make me!" sobbed Mary, hiding her face on his shoulders, as a vision of his stylish and haughty sister rose before her. "I don't want to go! I hate fashionable society! I don't want to be polished! I'd rather stay here in the country and not wear any bonnet, and climb cherry trees every day!"

"Mary, I am surprised at this display of childishness! I must insist upon more self-control," he said coolly.

"But don't send me away, Lennox!"

"I must!" he returned, but more gently, softened a little by her agitated eagerness. "It is for your good, and you must consent to go. Will you?"

The supper bell rang at that instant, and, anxious to escape before the rest of the family came in and saw her in tears, Mary hastily answered, "Yes, let me go, Lennox," and ran out of the room and up stairs to her own chamber.

They were at supper before she came down again, with smooth curls and no trace of tears, but with a bright light in her brown eyes, and a firm look on her pretty face, and as she went through the hall out to the vine-shaded porch, where the tea-table was, she murmured, "Yes, I'll go! And I'll teach you one lesson, Mr. Lennox Ray; see if I don't."

It was Lennox Ray's intention to join his sister's party in July, but his law business prevented him. When Mary received the letter expressing his regrets, she only smiled and said to herself, "All the better. I shall have time to learn my lesson more thoroughly before September, Mr. Lennox Ray."

It was nearly the middle of September before Mr. Ray, heated, dusty and weary, entered his room at the Scarborough Hotel, where his sister's party was stopping.

"Dear little Mary," he said, as he made a careful toilet before going down stairs. "I am dying to see her, and I know she'll be glad to see me. A moment of her sweet naturalness will be quite refreshing after all these artificial women. They don't know I've come, so I'll just go down and surprise them."

As he entered the apartment amid the flash of jewels and rustle of silks and laces, he met his sister Laura.

"Lennox! you here?" she said, giving him two white hands.

"Yes. Where's Mary?"

"She was on the terrace talking to a French count a month ago. Ah! there she is at the door."

"Ah!" said Lennex, dropping Laura's hand and making his way toward the door.

But it was difficult even when he drew near her to see in the stylish, stately lady, whose hair was put up over a monstrous chignon, and whose lustrous robes swept over the floor for a yard, his own little Mary of the months ago.

Lennox strode up with scarcely a glance at the bewhiskered dandy to whom she was chatting, and held out his hand with an eager exclamation, "Mary!"

She made a sweeping courtesy, and languidly extended the tips of her fingers; but not a muscle moved beyond what accorded with well-bred indifference.

"Ah! good evening, Mr. Ray."

"Oh, Mary, are you glad to see me?" said Lennox, feeling his heart chilling within him.

"Oh, to be sure, Mr. Ray, quite glad. Let me present Count de Beaurepaire. Mr. Ray, Monsieur."

Lennox hardly deigned a bow to the Frenchman, and offered his arm to her.

"Thanks, but the music is beginning, and I promised to dance with Mr. Blair."

"But afterward?" said Lenuox, the chill growing colder.

"Thanks again, but I am engaged then to Captain Thornton."

"When, then?" demanded Lennox, with a jealous pang.

"Ah, really, my card is so full that I hardly know. I will try to spare you a waltz somewhere," she replied, with an indifferent glance.

Lennox bent down and spoke, with bitter reproach in his tone, "Good heavens, Mary! What affectation is this?"

She favored him with a well-bred stare.

"Pardon! I do not understand you."

And taking the arm of her escort, she walked away with the air an empress.

Lennox sought his sister.

"Laura, how have you changed Mary so?" he demanded.

"Yes, she is changed; greatly improved; isn't she perfect?"

"Perfect? Rather too perfect for me."

"However, to-morrow I shall see more of her," he thought.

But to-morrow was the same, "that elegant Miss Irving," as they styled her, was always in demand. She played the role of an accomplished lady and gay-hearted coquette to perfection; and poor Lennox, from the distance in which she kept him, looked on almost broken-hearted, varying between wrath, pride, jealousy and despair.

"Mary," said he, one morning when he found her alone, "how long is this to last?"

"How long is what to last?" asked Mary, innocently.

"How long are you going to remain the conventional creature you are?"

"I believe you wished me to come here to improve my manners, Mr. Ray; to acquire the elegance of society," she said, coldly.

"But, Mary."

"Your sister thinks I have been an apt pupil."

"Yes, too apt; too apt entirely!" cried Lennox.

"Well, if you are not pleased with the result of your own advice, I am not to blame. You must excuse me, Mr. Ray, I am going to ride with Count de Beaurepaire."

And with her sweetest, hollowest smile, she made a graceful gesture of adieu, and left him sick at heart, puzzled and disgusted.

That afternoon, as Laura and Mary were about dressing for the evening, Lennox walked, unannounced, into Laura's little parlor, where they sat alone.

"I thought I'd drop in and say good bye before you went down stairs," said he. "I leave for London to-night."

Laura elevated her eyebrows a little.

"Sudden, isn't it? But since you are going I will give you some commissions."

"You needn't. I shall only stay in town for a day."

"Indeed! Where are you going?"

"Oh, I don't know," was the savage reply.

Laura gave him a look of cool surprise.

"At least you will take a note for me to George."

"Yes, if you'll get it ready," said he ungraciously.

"Very well, I will write it now."

Laura went to her room, Lennox stood moodily at a window. Presently Mary, who had not spoken one word, came and stood near him.

"Are you really going away?" she inquired.

"Yes, I am," was the short answer.

"And won't you tell me where?"

"I don't know myself—neither know nor care," he growled.

She slipped her hand into his arm with the old carressing movement he remembered so well, and spoke so gently, using his name for the first time since he came.

"But, Lennox, dear, if you go away off somewhere, what shall I do?"

He turned suddenly and caught her to his heart.

"Oh, Mary, Mary!" cried he passionately, "if you would only come back to me and love me; if I could recover my lost treasure I would not go anywhere. Oh, my lost love, is it too late?"

She laid her face down against his shoulder, and asked:

"Lennox, dear, tell me now which you love best, the Mary you used to know, or the fashionable young lady you found here?"

"Oh, Mary darling!" he cried, clasping her closer, "I wouldn't give one precious toss of your brown curls for all the fashionable young ladies in the world. I wouldn't give one careless ring of your merry laugh for all the polished ladies in society. I wouldn't."

Mary laid her arms caressingly around his neck, and said softly, "Then, I think you'll have to take your old Mary back again, and pet her and love her as you used to do, for I am sick and tired of the fashionable young lady as you can be, Lennox, dear."

And Lennox, passionately clasped her to him, begged to be forgiven, and vowed he would not exchange his precious little wild rose for all the hot-house flowers in Christendom.

"Laura!" Lennox called, tapping on Laura's door a little later.

"Well," answered Laura.

"You needn't write your note. I will not go to town to-night."

"Lennox, I never saw such a fellow for fancies," cried Laura. "Are you crazy?"

"No, I have been, but I am coming to my senses," said Lennox.

Lennox and Mary have been sedate married people many years, but I never heard that Lennox complained in the least of his wife's want of conventionality, or even wished to pursue the acquaintance of the fashionable lady whom he met at Scarborough.

## IT IS BETTER.

Better to wear a calico dress without trimming, if it be paid for, than to owe the shop-keeper for the most elegant silk, cut and trimmed in the most bewitching manner.

Better to live in a log cabin all your own, than a brown stone mansion belonging to some one else.

Better walk forever than run in debt for a horse and carriage.

Better to sit by a pine table for which you paid three dollars ten years ago, than send home a new extension black walnut top, and promise to pay for it next week.

Better to use the old cane-seated chairs and faded two-ply carpet, than tremble at the bills sent home from your upholsterer's for the most elegant parlor set ever made.

Better meet your business acquaintance with a free 'don't owe you a cent' smile, than to dodge around the corner to escape a dun.

Better to pay the street organ-grinder two cents for music, if you must have it, than to owe for a grand piano.

Better gaze upon bare walls than pictures unpaid for.

Better eat shin soup from earthenware, if you owe your butcher nothing, than to dine off lamb and roast beef, and know that it is not paid for.

## TRANSFIXED!

The following rare bit is from the *Saturday Evening Post:*

We shall never forget that evening we spent at Magruder's, years ago. We admired Miss Magruder, and we went round to see her. It was Summer time, and moonlight, and she sat upon the piazza. The carpenter had been there that day, gluing up the rustic chairs on the porch, so we took a seat on the step in front of Miss Magruder, where we could gaze into her eyes and drink in her smiles.

It seems probable that the carpenter must have upset his glue-pot on the spot where we sat, for after enjoying Miss Magruder's remarks for a couple of hours, and drinking several of her smiles, we tried to rise for the purpose of going to our home, but we found that we were immovably fixed to the step! Then Miss Magruder said: "Don't be in a hurry," and we told her we believed we wouldn't. The conversation had a sadder tone after that, and we sat there thinking whether it would be better to ask Miss Magruder to withdraw while we disrobed and went home in Highland costume, or whether we should urge her to warm up the poker, or whether we should give one terrific wrench and ramble down the yard backward. About midnight Miss Magruder yawned, and said she believed she would go to bed. Then we suddenly asked her if she thought her father would have any objection to lending us his front steps for a few days, because we wanted to take them home for a pattern.

We think Miss Magruder must have entertained doubts of our sanity, for she rushed in, called her father, and screamed. Magruder came down with a double-barreled gun. Then we explained the situation in a whisper, and he procured a saw and cut out the piece of step to which we were attached. Then we went home wearing the patch, and before two o'clock crushed out our young love for Miss Magruder.

We never called again and she threw herself away on a dry goods man. There is a melancholy satisfaction in recalling these memories of youth, and reflecting upon the influence of glue upon the emotions of the human heart.

A WELL KNOWN German florist related, in a state of irritation, his trouble in this way. He said: "I have so much drouble mit de ladies ven dey come to buy mine rose; dey vants him hardy, dey vants him doubles, dey vants him moondly, dey vants him fragrand, dey vants him nice gouler, dey vants him ebery dings in one rose. I hopes I am not vat you calls von ungallant man, but I have somedimes to say to dat ladies, 'Madame, I never often sees dat ladies dat vas beautiful, dat vas rich, dat vas good temper, dat vas young, dat vas clever, dat vas perfection in one ladies. I see her much not!'"

DYSENTERY.—The following simple remedy has been known to cure the most obstinate cases of Dysentery when other remedies had failed. It has the merit of being harmless and almost always effectual: Take one-fourth of a pint of hot water; vinegar half pint. Mix. Now add common salt as long as it will dissolve in the mixture, stirring it freely. Give for an adult one table spoonful every hour, until the blood discharges cease, or until it operates freely upon the bowels.

A FATHER in Massachusetts, who grew impatient the other evening at the prolonged stay of an ardent admirer of his daughter, entered the room and invited the young man to remain to breakfast. The young man declined the invitation.

GEN. JOE HOOKER has engaged Walker to paint a $26,000 picture of the battle of Lookout Mountain, and Don Piatt is to write his life. When he reads the latter he will be a sadder if not a wiser man.

A NEGRO in Columbus, Ga., dreamed that he found $5 at a certain place in a street. He went to the spot next morning, found $1, and now he accuses the ghost who told him to go there of stealing the other $4.

A PORTLAND man was caught fishing for trout on another man's land the other day; the owner remonstrated, but retired in silence before the majestic answer: "Who wants to catch your trout? I'm only trying to drown this worm!"

## E-V-E-R-Y NIGHT!

According to the Bowling Green (Ky.) *Pantagraph*, a member of the city council of that town, upon returning home rather late one evening last week, was regaled by his good lady with an animated address in something like this style:

"E-v-e-r-y night! Here it is half-past 1 o'clock! It's a wonder you came home at all! What—do—you—think—a—woman is made for? I do believe if a robber was to come and carry me off you would not care o-n-e cent. What is it you say? "City council business must be attended to!" City council business! How do I know you go to the city council! Does the city council meet e-v-e-r-y night? They don't meet but once in—New York. But I suppose B-o-w-l-i-n-g G-r-e-e-n is a more important place. Oh, yes—out e-v-e-r-y night. Twelve o'cl'k—one o'clock—two o'clock. Here I stay with the children, all alone—lying awake half of the night waiting for you. Could not come home any sooner? Of course you couldn't if you didn't want to. But I know something; you think I don't but I do; that I do. I wish I didn't. Where were you Monday night? Tell me that. The marshal told me that the city council didn't meet that night. Now, what have you got to say? "Couldn't get a quorum?" Well, if you couldn't why didn't you come home? Out e-v-e-r-y night—hunting—for—a—quorum. Bet you wouldn't hunt me that way if I was missing. Where were you Thursday and Friday night? There was a show in town wasn't there? Do you always put on your best vest and a clean shirt to go to the council? What did you buy that bottle of hair-oil for and hide it? "Oil for your hone," indeed! Who ever heard of hair-oil for a whet-stone? So you think I didn't see you in the other room, brushing and greasing your hair, and looking into the glass at your pretty self? "A man ought to be decent!" He ought, ought he? Yes, indeed, a decent man ought to be, and decent men will stay at home with their wives sometimes, and not be out e-v-e-r-y night. How comes it that the city council didn't meet but twice a month last year? "Trying to work it out of debt!" Yes, that's probable—very; laughing and joking, smoking and swapping lies will work a debt off, won't it? Now—I—want—to—know—how—much—longer—you—are—going—to—keep—this—night—business? Yes, I want to know! Out e-v-e-r-y night. City council, Free Masons, Red Men, Odd Fellows, shows, hair-oil—and it's brush and brush until you've nearly worn out the brush, and your head, too. What is it you say? "It helps your business to keep up your social relations!" Ah, indeed. You've got relations here at home, sir. They need keeping up some, I think. What did you say about "catching it" the other night at a euchre party? "Fellers, its twelve o'clock, but let's play a while longer, we won't catch it any worse when we get home." A pretty speech for a d-e-c-e-n-t man! "Catch it! Catch it!" Well, I intend you shall catch it—a little. What's that you say? "If I wouldn't fret you so, you would stay at home more?" Well, sir, do you stay at home a few nights and try it. Perhaps the fretting would stop. Out e-v-e-r-y night because I fret you so. What's that, sir? "You know ladies who ain't always scolding their husbands!" You do, do you? How come you to know them? What business had you to know them? What right have you to know whether other women fret or not? That's always the way. You men think that all other women are saints but your wives. Oh, yes—saints, s-a-i-n-t-s. I'll have you know, sir, that there isn't a woman in this town that's any more of a saint than I am. I know them all, sir, a h-e-a-p better than you do. You see the sugar and honey side of them, and they only—see—the—honey—and—sugar—side—of—you. Now, sir, I just want you to know that if you don't stay at home more than you do, I'll leave these children to get burnt up, and I'll go out e-v-e-r-y night. When a poor woman gets desperate, why, sir, she is—desperate, that's all.

## Signs of Madness in Dogs.

The British *Journal* calls attention to the measures recommended by the Council of Hygiene, of Bordeaux, for the better protection of the people against the dangers of hydrophobia. It is well known that the madness of dogs has a period which is premonitory and harmless. If these periods were generally known the dogs could be put out of the way before they became dangerous. On this subject the Council of Hygiene has issued the following instructions:

"A short time, sometimes two days, after madness has seized the dog, it creates symptoms in the animal which it is indispensable to recognize:

"1. There is agitation and restlessness, and the dog turns himself continually in his kennel. If he be at liberty, he goes and comes, and seems to be seeking something; then he remains motionless, as if waiting; then starts, bites the air, as if he would catch a fly, and dashes himself, howling and barking, against the wall.—The voice of the master dissipates these hallucinations, the dog obeys, but slowly, with hesitation, as if with regret.

"He does not try to bite; he is gentle, even affectionate, and he eats and drinks, but knaws his litter, the ends of curtains, the padding of cushions, the coverlids of the beds, carpets, &c.

"3. By the movement of his paws about the sides of his open mouth one might think he was trying to free his throat of a bone.

"4. His voice undergoes such a change that it is impossible not to be struck by it.

"5. The dog begins to fight with other dogs; this is a decidedly characteristic sign if the dog be generally peaceful.

"The three symptoms last mentioned indicate an advanced period of the disease, and that the dog may become dangerous at any moment if immediate measures are not taken. It is best to chain him up at once, or, better still, to kill him."

The Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal* suggests that this advice be inserted at least once a year in the public papers. It would seem particularly desirable and practicable that these rules should be printed on the back of the notices and receipts for dog taxes. These excellent measures ought to be generally adopted.

## A COMICAL CATASTROPHE.

### DISASTROUS ADVENTURE OF A VERY JEALOUS YOUNG MAN.

Courting in a boarding-house is one of those things that is always attended with great annoyances and inconveniences, especially if the courting couple wish to hide themselves from gas, in a corner of the parlor. The regular boarder argues that he has as much right to the parlors as any of the other boarders, and refuses to take the hint that two are company and that three make a crowd. Then, again, it often happens that the back parlor is let out as a sleeping room, and the words uttered or kisses given the parlor are distinctly heard in the adjoining room, and it invariably happens that when a young gentleman boarder finds a sweetheart in the house, that there is a second gentleman anxious to monopolize his lady.

On Hanover street, Baltimore, there is a well conducted boarding house, and on the list of boarders is a handsome young lady. She had a decided preference for one of the young male boarders, and at the same time does not hesitate to make another gentleman boarder believe that he also is the favored suitor. This second young man is possessed of a very jealous disposition, and on Friday night his jealousy placed him in a situation not at all pleasant to himself or to the young lady in question. When beau No. 2 started for his chamber on Tuesday night he observed through the transom over the parlor door opening into the hall, that a dim light was burning in the apartment, and he also heard what he supposed to be a kiss.

At first he felt disposed to enter the parlor and break up the courting match, being perfectly satisfied that his rival was reveling in clover, but on second thought he went to his room. After preparing himself for bed it occurred to him that he might quietly slip down stairs, and by standing upon the newell post of the stairway railing he would just peep over the transom of the parlor door and see what was going on within the parlor. It was late at night, the rest of the boarders had retired to rest, and he had no fears of being seen.

At least such was his argument, and it was not many seconds thereafter before he was standing upon the newel post and endeavoring to see into the parlor. The effort required some balancing on his part, and, just as he was in the act of shifting his position, he slipped and fell to the floor with a dull thud.

The noise, coupled with an honest "ugh" from the unlucky one, caused the people in the parlor to rush into the hall, just in time to see Charley attempt the difficult feat of trying to conceal nearly six feet of thinly clad humanity with a shirt less than three feet in length.

The young lady uttered a piercing shriek, ran back into the parlor and fainted. Charley then sped up the stairs and at each landing encountered male and female boarders, who had been awakened from their sleep by the scream of the young lady in the parlor. In the morning Charley failed to put in an appearance at the breakfast table, and at noon he caused his baggage to be moved to another boarding house.

SICK HEADACHE.—Almost every one has a different remedy for this common but none the less distressing complaint. And the truth is that very few of them have any effect at all, while some of them only aggravate the case. The best and safest way for the sufferer is to let himself alone till the gastric or nervous derangements which have produced it have subsided, when sleep generally comes to the aid of exhausted nature, and perfects the cure. The British Medical Journal, in treating of this subject, says the only remedies which are of any avail are those which act on the nervous system, such as hot tea and coffee, or, after the most violent symptoms have passed off, a little wine or ammonia. The bromide of potassium is also highly recommended after the nausea subsides. While this exists it is of no avail. The writer also thinks that tea and coffee used in excess constantly, although they may relieve a headache, may also predispose to the difficulty; and he cites instances of several patients, who, by giving up those beverages, became cured of chronic or frequent headaches.

BOYS AND VULTURES.—The following comparison is from Arthur Helps' new work: "In tropical climates an overladen mule falls down upon the sandy plain never to rise again. Forthwith, in the dim distance, a black speck is seen to arise. It is the vulture which is coming for a feast. There is the same phenomenon to be observed with boys as with vultures. I met with a cab accident the other day. The axle broke, the weels came in on both sides of the cab, and were at once a pitable wreck. Thereupon, twenty or thirty boys, appearing to rise out of the ground, surrounded us. It is my firm belief that misfortuue breeds boys without any superfluous assistance from parents."

A WOMAN called on a lawyer to consult him about getting a divorce. "On what grounds?" he asked. "On the ground of false pretences—I was led into marriage by false pretences," said the lady. "False pretences!" exclaimed the lawyer. "Why, madam, do you pretend there ever was a marriage founded on anything else?"

A PITTSBURGH coroner makes no charge where he sets on a young man who parted his hair in the middle. He says that his personal satisfaction is enough without the fee.

A gentleman who has been struck by a young lady's beauty has determined to follow the injunction and "kiss the rod that smote him."

A MAN in Park county, Ind., shot himself rather than appear as a witness against certain persons whom he said his testimony would ruin.

AMONG the Arabs the inability of a wife to make bread is a good ground of divorce. What a business the courts would do if that law were in the neighborhood.

"HUSBAND, I must have some change to-day." "Well, stay at home and take care of the children; that will be change enough."

THE city of Wilmington, Del., has just paid $80,000 for land for a public park.