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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, AUGUST 23, 1873. No. 15.

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. 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.

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.

CHAS. H. SMITH,
MASSEYS, MD.,
DEALER IN
DRY GOODS and NOTIONS
Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes,
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS.
Country Produce received for Goods.
FURNITURE furnished at 10 per cent. above Manufacturers' prices.
ORDERS SOLICITED.
April 5, 1873—6m.

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.

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.

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.

BOOTS & SHOES, of different quality and prices.
Feb. 24. JOS. E. WEER.

PUBLIC SALE
OF
Valuable Town Property.
BY VIRTUE OF A POWER OF ATTORNEY from sundry heirs of Samuel W. Canady, deceased, the undersigned will expose to public sale, at the Voshell House in Chestertown, on
TUESDAY,
The Twenty-sixth day of August, 1873,
Commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.,
ALL THE REAL ESTATE
of the said S. W. Canady, situate in Chestertown, consisting of DWELLINGS and SOME VALUABLE BUSINESS STANDS:
No. 1,
The DWELLING and STORE ROOM
on the N. E. side of High street, above Kent, now in the tenancy of Capt. J. H. Thompson and W. C. A. Thompson. This is a two-story and attic Frame Building, combining a comfortable residence and one of the best stands up town for business. There is a good garden attached to the premises.
No. 2,
The Restaurant Property
on High Street, below Bordley's Corner, now occupied by John Armstrong. This is a two-story and attic Frame House, and a good stand for a Restaurant or any mechanical business for which the building is suited.
No. 3,
Two-Story and Attic Frame Dwelling
adjoining No. 2, now in the occupancy of Henry Harris, colored.
No. 4,
One-Story and Attic Frame Dwelling
WITH GARDEN ATTACHED, adjoining No. 3, now occupied by A. J. Willing.
Nos. 5, 6 and 7,
THREE TWO-STORY AND ATTIC DWELLING HOUSES,
nearly new, on Fish street, between Queen and Cross Streets, occupied respectively by Lettina Anderson, Wm. Wilmer, and William Dorson and Samuel Hazel.
Nos. 8 and 9,
Two One-Story and Attic DOUBLE DWELLING HOUSES,
WITH GARDENS, on Calvert Street, near the College road. No. 8 is occupied by Mary Smith and Charles H. Ringgold, colored, and No. 9 by M. Alcott and Mrs. E. Smith.
TERMS OF SALE.
The terms of sale are: One-third of the purchase money to be paid cash on the day of sale, and the balance in two equal instalments of six and twelve months from the day of sale, with interest; the credit payments to be secured by bond with security and mortgage. The title papers at the cost of purchasers.
THOS. S. BORDLEY,
ATTORNEY.
JOHN W. CARROLL, Auctioneer.
Aug. 9, 1873—ts.

Cultivator Teeth a Specialty!
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.

NEW GOODS!
THE subscriber has received from the city a full supply of
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
Dry Goods, Notions, Confectionary,
GROCERIES, and other seasonable Goods, which he will sell Cheap for Cash or Produce.
GOOD POULTRY WANTED, for which the highest price will be paid.
JOS. E. WEER,
Dec. 21. Kennedyville, Md.

HARNESS MAKING!
THE undersigned has commenced the above business in the upper story of his Restaurant, on Cross street, below Bordley's corner, and having employed competent workmen, is prepared TO MAKE NEW
OR REPAIR OLD HARNESS
IN THE BEST MANNER.
An examination of his styles and prices is respectfully solicited.
JOHN ARMSTRONG,
July 13, 1872. Chestertown.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF
Drugs and Medicines,
In which I cannot be undersold.
A DISCOUNT of 10 per cent. allowed on
Patent Medicines.
WHITE LEAD, PAINTS, OIL, VARNISH, TURPENTINE, PUTTY, GLASS, &c.
JOS. E. WEER,
May 18, 1872. Kennedyville, Md.

$20 REWARD!
Strayed from the premises of the subscriber, near Lynch's Station, on the 7th inst., a GRAY MARE, above medium height, with white wavy mane and tail. Any information concerning the same, left at this office, will be gratefully received. The above reward will be paid for her recovery.
jy26-tf. R. W. WHALAND.

PURE RYE and BOURBON WHISKEYS, $3 a gallon. Try it. SAPPINGTON.

Buck Neck Farm
FOR SALE.
THE undersigned, as Trustee for JAMES SHUSTER and Wife, will sell on private terms on or before the 26th of this month, the well known property known as BUCK NECK, situate in the Third Election District of Kent county, Maryland. If not disposed of before the date above mentioned, it will be sold at PUBLIC SALE, on
TUESDAY, the 26th August, inst.,
AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, A. M.,
At the Voshell House, in Chestertown.
The whole tract contains THREE HUNDRED AND NINETY ACRES, more or less, and will be offered in two divisions, as follows:
No. 1,
Contains 250 ACRES,
and lies on the right hand side of the road leading to the Steamboat Wharf.
The very Valuable Wharf Property
is on this farm, with other improvements, consisting of a
Three Story Dwelling,
16 by 20 feet;
A STORE HOUSE,
18 by 30 feet,
And the GRANARY, 24 by 24 feet,
with Shed on one side and end 12 feet wide for storing grain, guano, store goods, &c. These buildings are all new and in good condition. The Wharf has a front of 200 feet, and steamers, to and from Baltimore, touch here daily. There is a pump in the yard of the Dwelling.
No. 2,
Contains 140 ACRES OF LAND,
More or less, and lies on the left hand side of the road leading to the wharf.
The IMPROVEMENTS
consist of a comfortable
DWELLING HOUSE,
44 feet long by 22 wide, with three rooms and passage on first floor, and five rooms on second floor, and attic. The OUT-BUILDINGS consist of Barn 74 by 40 ft., with two Corn Cribs 24 by 26 feet, attached, and Stabling for 28 head of horses and cattle; also, Meat House, Poultry House, Hog House, Lime Kiln and Shed for lime, with an old Wharf attached.
There are also TWO TENANT HOUSES on this farm. The Buildings are all in good repair, with good water convenient.
All the cleared land is in
Peaches and Apples,
and a variety of PEARS; the balance is in Wood and Timber.
A Plot of each farm will be exhibited on the day of sale.
TERMS OF SALE.
The terms of sale are:—$3,000 cash on the first of January next, and $2500 and interest on the first of January, 1875. The balance, except a mortgage of $6,800, on the first January, 1876, and interest. The mortgage can remain on the farm, by the punctual payment of interest half-yearly.
Mr. JAMES SHUSTER will take pleasure in showing the premises to any one wishing to purchase.
LEWIN USILTON, Trustee.
Aug. 9, 1873—ts.

COMFORT!
If you desire to make yourself COMFORTABLE for the WARM WEATHER come to
THE CLOTHING STORE
On BORDLEY'S CORNER,
IN CHESTERTOWN,
Where you will find a
SPLENDID VARIETY
OF
LINEN SUITS
ALL SHADES and QUALITY.
Also, a nice variety of
STRIPED ALPACA, SEERSUCKER
And other styles of
SUMMER COATS.
Also, the finest variety of
STRAW HATS
ever offered to this community, embracing nearly all grades of styles and qualities.
S. MERRITT & CO.,
June 14, 1873. Chestertown.

TO THE PUBLIC.
THE subscriber most respectfully informs the public that he has made arrangements with Dr. Thos. H. Whaland to carry on his
MILL
near Chestertown, for the present year.
His long experience in the business and his reputation as a Miller warrants him in the belief that he can give universal satisfaction.—As soon as practicable he intends to keep on hand a good supply of
CORN MEAL,
WHEAT FLOUR of all Grades,
HORSE FEED, &c., &c.,
which he is determined to sell at reduced prices. He only wants to make the regular toll, and will be compelled to sell for Cash only as his capital is small and he does not intend to keep books.
He will use all means to make the Mill a public convenience as well as a source of profit. A trial is all he asks.
Most respectfully,
SAMUEL A. ANTHONY.
Jan. 6, 1873—tf.

TAKE NOTICE!
WE will sell the balance of our stock of
WINTER BOOTS and SHOES
AT COST.
The stock is all new and of good quality.
SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS in the GROCERY LINE:
Light Brown Sugar at 10 cts. a pound.
White Sugar at 12½ cts. a pound.
Respectfully,
J. B. SAPPINGTON, Chestertown.
Store on Cross street, opposite G. E. Lambert's Carriage Factory. mb15.

FOR SALE OR RENT.
A STORE HOUSE and DWELLING, AND LOT OF GROUND, in Locust Grove, Kent county, will be rented for the ensuing year, or will be sold on reasonable terms.
Apply to GEO. W. WALLS,
Locust Grove.
N. B.—I am closing out my STORE GOODS AT COST. jy5-8t*

FOR SALE or Rent for 1874,
TWO DWELLING HOUSES,
and one Shop—a good stand for an undertaker—at Kennedyville. Apply to
JOHN STOUFFER,
jy26-7t* Kennedyville.

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

EVERY DAY.

Oh, trifling task, so often done,
Yet ever to be done anew!
Oh, cares which come with every sun,
Morn after morn the long year through!
We shrink beneath their paltry sway—
The irksome call of every day.

The restless sense of wasted power,
The tiresome round of little things
Are hard to bear, as hour by hour,
Its tedious iteration brings;
Who shall evade, or who delay
The small demands of every day?

The boulder in the torrent's course,
By tide and tempest lashed in vain,
Obeys the wave-whirled pebble's force
And yields its substance grain by grain;
So crumble strongest lives away,
Beneath the wear of every day.

Who finds the lion in his lair,
Who tracks the tiger for his life,
May wound them ere they are aware,
Or conquer them in desperate strife;
Yet powerless he to scath or stay
The vexing gnats of every day.

The steady strain that never stops,
Is mightier than the fiercest shock;
The constant fall of water drops
Will groove the adamantine rock;
We feel our noblest power decay
In feeble wars with every day.

We rise to meet a heavy blow—
Our souls a sudden bravery fills:—
But we endure not always so
The drop-by-drop of little ills;
We still deplore and still obey
The hard behests of every day.

The heart which boldly faces death
Upon the battle-field, and dares
Cannon and bayonet, faints beneath
The needle-points of frets and cares;
The stoutest spirits they dismay,
The tiny stings of every day.

And even saints of holy fame,
Who souls by faith have overcome;
Who were amid the cruel flame
The molten crown of martyrdom,
Bore not without complaint always
The petty pains of every day.

Oh, more than myrtyr's aureole,
And more than hero's heart of fire!—
We need the humble strength of soul
Which daily toils and ills require.
Sweet patience! grant us, if you may,
An added grace for every day.

A Land of Wonders.

The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the water from the great upper lakes forms a river of three-fourths of a mile in width, and then, being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two columns to the depth of 175 feet. The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, where any one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river and catch fish without eyes. The greatest river in the known world is the Mississippi, 4,000 miles long. The largest valley in the world is the valley of the Mississippi. It contains 500,000 square miles, and is one of the most fertile regions of the globe. The greatest city park in the world is in Philadelphia. It contains over 2,000 acres. The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago. The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being 430 miles long and 1,000 feet deep. The longest railroad at present is the Pacific railroad, over 3,000 miles in length. The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Iron Mountain of Missouri. It is 350 feet high and two miles in circuit. The best specimen of Grecian architecture in the world is the Girard College for orphans, Philadelphia. The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton Acqueduct, New York. Its length is 40½ miles, and it cost $12,500,000. The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually, and appear to be inexhaustable.—*Amer. Engineer.*

In Deep, Cold Water.

We believe it is a well-established fact, says the Gold Hill *News*, that the bodies of persons drowned in Lake Tahoe have never been recovered, the clear cold waters of the lake absolutely refusing to give up their dead. This circumstance, which at first thought appears strange, is accounted for upon the hypothesis that the waters at the bottom of the lake are so icy cold as actually to arrest decomposition and consequent expansion of a dead body, one of the conditions under which it would be exacted to return to the surface.—Whether the victims who repose at the bottom of the bottom of the pellucid waters of this far-famed lake undergo petrifaction, or are transformed into mermen and mermaids, is a secret which will never be known until they come to the surface at the summons of Gabriel's trumpet. When the Sea Bird was lost in Lake Michigan in three hundred feet of water two bodies out of one hundred lost only were rescued. When the Lady Elgin was lost in eighty-six feet of water only a few miles from the first disaster, every body out of four hundred and over was finally rescued.

TRUE LOVE DIDN'T RUN SMOOTH AGAIN. The Snow Hill Messenger of last week publishes the following:

Last January a gentleman living a few miles from this place, came into the Clerk's office to get a marriage license. Having obtained his license he started out, and called the clerk out with him. When they were both there by themselves the aforesaid gentleman asked the clerk "how long was the license good." The clerk replied that it was good forever between the parties mentioned. It seems though the lady mentioned in said license refused to have the man who got it. So a few weeks ago he came back to the clerk's office to get the name changed; but unfortunately for him it could not be done. Our friend had to buy another.

IF a man's whole life object is to make dollars, he will be running against those who are making dollars. If his whole object is to get applause, he will run against those who are seeking applause. But if he rises higher than that, he will not be interrupted in his flight heavenward. Why does that flock of birds, floating up against the blue sky so high that you can hardly see them, not change its course for spire or tower? They are above all obstructions. So we would not have so often to change our Christian course, if we lived in a higher atmosphere, nearer Christ, nearer the throne of God.

FOLLIES.—To think that the more a man eats the latter and stronger he gets.
To think the more hours children study in school the faster they learn.
To imagine every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

SIM'S LITTLE GIRL.

BY MARY HARTWELL.

"Come out here, George Burks. Put that glass down—can't wait a minute.—Business particular—concerns the Company.

"Now I've got you by the arm, boy, I want to tell you something. Then if you want to go back into that saloon, you may.

"I don't often meddle in other folks' business, do I? When a tough old fellow like me sets out to warn a body, you may know it's because he sees sore need of it. I've had an eye on you ever since the Company promoted you to an engine, and I want you to make a fair trip of your life. You're a fine, bright youngster. I don't never say things to compliment.

"Just takin' drinks for good fellowship? Yes, I know all 'bout that. Been there myself. Sit down on the edge of the platform here.

"Of all men in the world, I take it, engineers ought to be the last to touch the bottle. We have life and property trusted to our hands uncommon. Ours is a grand business. I don't think folks look at it as they ought to. Remember when I was a young fellow like you, just set up with an engine, I used to feel like a strong angel or somethin', rushin' over the country, makin' that iron beast do just as I wanted him to. The power sort of made me think fast, square up, and feel much of a man.

"I was doin' well when I married, and I did well long afterwards. We had a nice home, the little woman and me; our hearts were set on each other, and she was a little proud of her engineer. She used to say so, anyhow. She was sort of mild and tender with her tongue. Not one of your loud ones. And pretty, too. But you know what it is to love a woman, George Burks. I saw you walkin' with a blue-eyed little thing last Sunday.

"And after a while, we had the little girl. How I felt when I came home and they put her into my arms the first time! I looked sort of silly and sort of glad!—My wife, she just laughed out loud, to see me handle that little thing so orkardly.

"I never liked little children much, but I took to that 'un powerful. Everybody took to her.

"We talked a good deal about what we should call her, my wife and I. We went clean through the Bible, and set down all the fine stormy names we heard of. But nothin' seemed to suit. I used to puzzle the whole length of my route to find out a name for that little girl. My wife wanted to call her Eudora Isabel. But that sounded like folderol. Then she had it Rebecca, and Maud, and what not. Finally, whenever I looked at her, I seemed to see 'Katie.' She looked Katie, I took to callin' her Katie, and she learned it. So Katie she was.

"I tell you, George, that was a child to be noticed. She was rounder and prettier made'n a wax figger; her eyes was bigger and blacker'n any grown woman's you ever saw, set like stars under her forehead; and her hair was that light kind, that all runs to curls and glitter.

"Soon's she could toddle, she used to come dancin' to meet me. I've soiled a many of her white pinafores, buryin' my face in them before I was washed, and sort of prayin' soft like under the roof of my heart, 'God bless my baby—God bless my little lamb!'

"As she grew older, I used to talk to her about engines—even took her into my cab, and showed her the 'tachments of the engine, and learned her signals and such things. She tuck such an interest, and was the smartest little thing! Seemed as if she had always known 'em. She loved the road. Remember once hearing her say to a playmate, 'There's my papa.—He's an engineer. Don't you wish he was your papa?'

"My home was close by the track. Often and often the little girl stood in our green yard, waving her mite of a hand to me as we rushed by.

"Well, sir, them was happy years. It most kills me to look over 'em now. I was doin' too well. Had an idea I was a man made to prosper. I felt good to all the world, and that 'ud been well, if I'd showed my good fellowship some other way. But men are fools. I was so easy I couldn't refuse a social glass, and I was always free toasting others. Many's the time we've stood, three or four fools of us, clinkin' our glasses and drinkin' to brotherhood—drinkin', the very thing that made us fit for anything but brothers. It pleased me most to have them pledge my little girl. And the more they'd toast her the deeper I'd drink. And, oh! how horrible the thought!—I was drinkin' death to her and damnation to myself!

"I'll cut it off short. Didn't mean to say but a few words to you, but I got to thinkin' so. Can't spin it out much longer, or there'll be no man left me.

"Well, one day I started on my home trip, full of that good-fellowship you was imbibin' a while ago. Made the engine wizz! We was awful jolly, the fireman and me. Never was drunk when I got on my engine before, or the Company would have shipped me. Wasn't no such time never made on that road before nor since. I had just sense enough to know what I was about, but not enough to handle an emergency. We fairly roared down on the trestle that stood at the entrance of our town.

"I had a tipsy eye out, and George, as we was flyin' through the suburbs, I see my little girl on the track ahead, wavin' a red flag and standin' stock still!

"The air seemed full of Katies. I could have stepped the engine, if I'd only had sense enough to know what to take hold of to reverse her! But I was too drunk! And that grand little angel stood up to it, trying to warn us in time, and we just swept right ahead into a pile of ties some wretch had laid on the track! Oh my baby!—Go away, George.

"There! And do you want me to tell you how the sight of that mangled little mass killed her mother? And do you want me to tell you to walk alive to-day, the murderer of my own child, who stood up to save me? And do you want me to tell you the good-fellowship you were drinkin' awhile ago brought all this on me?

"You'll let this pass by makin' up your mind to be moderate. Hope you will. I was a moderate 'un.

("Oh God! Oh my baby!)

"I can knock down any man twice my size for a good reason, George Burks, but my heart just melts to water for that little girl."—*Wood's Household Magazine.*

HUSBANDS.

Marriageable ladies and gents are requested not to read this article, as in it they may discover the features of some one with whom they are acquainted. It is from the *Saturday Review*:

"Of course one would not like to see women give themselves to any one, no matter who he might be, for the sake of getting married; but the solid thing of life should be taught them as well as its poetic beauties; and false hopes, false ideas, unsubstantial loves, should be rigorously excluded. A bad marriage or a loveless live is not a pleasant coda to that never acted romance; nor is the disenchantment which comes with such cruel certainty on the heels of the lovesick and unsuitable marriage a blessing to be desired. Beauty fades, passion cools, the blindness of romance gets couched when seeing is too late; poetry does not pay the butcher; and gallantry of bearing of the "long sword, saddle, bridle" kind is apt to lose itself in domestic bad language when the pot is empty of puddings, and half a dozen children swarm about the musty lodgings or dingy quarters to which love and folly have reduced the gay lieutenant and his bride. On the whole Prince Prettyman is a dangerous fellow either to get or wait for, having the trick of unsubstantiality throughout. Romantic young girls would do well to reflect that, if they are only to have one gown in a lifetime, they had better buy one that will wash and wear creditably to the end, rather than a flimsy bit of finery that looks well only in the beginning and goes to pieces before the first year is out.

Advice to Marriageable Girls.

"Girls," said a worthy old lady to her grand-daughters, "whenever a fellow pops the question don't blush and stare at your feet. Just throw your arms around his neck, look him full in the face, and commence talking about the furniture. Young fellows are mighty nervous sometimes. I lost several good chances before I caught your dear grandfather, by putting on airs, but I learned how to do it after a while."

A girl found the above in a newspaper, and determined to act upon the suggestion contained therein. She had tried many other plans to capture the way fuzzled-lipped youths and had failed. As a last, desperate resort, she would try the furniture business. So, when the young man whom she was angling for dropped in to see her the other evening she received him with smiles and lured him along in the conversation up to what she considered the popping point.

She held the bait temptingly before his eyes, and he opened his mouth and said:

"Angeline! I have long entertained feelings of the highest regard for you, I have the greatest respect for your judgment, and I would ask you a question upon which much of my future happiness depends. Would you have me——"

He was interrupted. The girl threw herself across the room into her lap, and, as she held him in an iron embrace, she stared into his eyes, rapidly vociferating:

"Oh, yes—double bedsteads—with all my heart—mahogany sofas—bless you—parlor and kitchen sets—my love—marble-topped cradle—and ah!"

The astonished youth, partly recovering his senses, strove to pacify the excited girl, and find out what was the matter with her.

As he soothed her, she held tighter to him, and between her sighs whispered of love and furniture. Suspicioning that he had been misunderstood, the young man said:

"Angeline, calm yourself. You didn't hear me through. I was about to ask if you would have me——"

"Oh, yes, chairs and—"

"Do listen a minute—would you have me marry Miss Gertrude B—— of Glascow, or Miss Emma P—— of Lexington? You see I am undecided, and I—"

Like a cat arising from a hot griddle that girl arose from off that fellow, and she poured hot epithets upon him like scalding water rushing from the mouth of a kettle on a dog's back.

Said she: "You consarned, insanish, idiotic, green simpleton. What do you reckon I care who you marry, you fool? You lubberly, obtuse, unappreciative, mutton-headed, Jack-eared——"

She stopped—he was gone.

Tit for Tat.

A gentleman asks the ladies the following pointed questions:

"Could you love a man who wore false hair on his head when he had enough of his own? Who painted his face and improved his form as you improve(?) yours? Who pinched his feet with small shoes, his hands with small gloves, his waist with corsets; and then, as if he had not already deformed himself enough, tied a huge bustle to his back, and thrust tiny mountains of wire into his bosom?"

In reply to which a lady responds:

"Could you love a girl who defiled her mouth with tobacco, and loaded the air with fumes of cigars? Who staggered home now and then the worse for liquor? Who indulged in fast horses, bet high at races, and swaggered around the streets with questionable companions? Which picture wears the most alluring colors?"

We also see it reported that Mrs. Van Cott says if she had all the money ever paid for liquor she could buy every foot of land in the world. Very likely. And if she had all the money paid by women for back hair, she could buy every drop of liquor in the world.

THE most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to oppressive greatness; one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

EVERY day in the week is the Sabbath of some nation. Sunday is observed by Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews.

"WHAT'S the date of your bustle?" was what an anxious papa of Cableskill asked his well-dressed daughter, after searching for the last copy of his paper.

Can You Afford It?

Can you afford to work hard all day, and read, study, or court the vagaries of society all night, thus wasting your vitality, exhausting your nervous system, and bringing on a premature disease, decay and old age?

Can you afford to eat hastily, and then rush to study or business, withdrawing the nervous energy from the digestive system to the brain and muscles, and thus inducing dyspepsia, and in a few years at most to scourge and haunt and make you miserable for years or for life?

Can you afford to live on rich or highly seasoned food, eat champagne suppers, because an artificial appetite is thus gratified, rendering, gout, dyspepsia, or apoplexy, in the middle of life, almost a certainty?

Can you afford to commit suicide thro' the indulgence of appetite and passion, adopting the fools motto, "A short life and a merry one?"

Can you afford to indulge in fast living, dressing beyond your means, driving livery horses, or keeping a horse yourself, when your income is not adequate to such expenses?

Can you afford to smoke and chew tobacco, thus spending from five to twenty or thirty dollars a month, injuring your nervous system, and thereby transmitting to children a weakened constitution, making them puny invalids for life?

Can you afford to burn out your nervous system and demoralize your whole character by the use of alcoholic liquors?

Can you afford to make money at the expense of your manhood, your health, your just respectability and integrity?

Can you afford even to gain the whole world, and thereby make of yourself a moral wreck?

Can you afford to rob your mind, to clothe your back with silks and satins, and gratify a mere love of display?

Can you afford to be tricky, and therefore defraud your employer of the just service you owe him, even though you get your pay, thus making yourself a moral bankrupt?

THE CHANCE OF BEING STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—The Hartford *Courant* has been figuring up the chances of being struck by lightning, and arrives at the following reassuring results:

"Taking the figures of the last census report for our facts, we find that during the year 1870 there were, in the whole country, 202 deaths from lighning stroke. Let womankind take notic that out of these 149 deaths were of males, and only 54 of females. The total number of deaths from all causes was nearly 500,000. There 2,437 deaths from other causes to one death from lightning, and there were 190,883 persons living to every one killed by this cause. It is somewhat singular that the lightning was decidedly more destructive with both males and females between the ages of ten and thirty years than with any other. Between ten and fifteen years is the most fatal time, but even then the number is very small. Much comfort for those still inclined to be timorous is to be found going back further on the record. The deaths by lightning in 1870 were only eleven more than in 1860, while the population had increased more than seven hundred thousand, and the rate is declining in spite of the hasty conclusions formed by reading the news of a day. In 1860 there were 48 deaths by lightning out of every 100,000 deaths from all causes; in 1870 the rate was only 42. But now, while only 202 persons died from lightning stroke in 1870, there were 397 deaths from sunstroke, or nearly twice as many. Yet the number of persons who shudder when they see the sun rise would bear a very small ratio to those who shudder at the rising of the thuuder-cloud. The rate of deaths by sunstroke has decreased during the decade from ninety-one to eighty-one in 109,004 deaths from all causes; and with the increase in care and information on the subject is likely to decrease still more, but it will always probably be largely in excess of the lightning rate. It is also noticeable that there were 1,345 deaths by suicide, while there were only 202 deaths by lightning—in other words an individual is six times as likely to kill himself as lightning is to kill him."

A Mother's Work.

Many a discouraged mother folds her tired hands at night, and feels as if she had, after all, done nothing, although she has not spent an idle moment since she rose. Is it nothing that your little helpless children have had some one to come with all their childish griefs and joys? It is nothing that your husband feels "safe" when he is away to his business, because your careful hand directs everything at home? Is it nothing, when his business is over, that he has the blessed refuge of home, which you have that day done your best to brighten and refine? Oh, weary and faithful mother! you little know your power when you say: "I have done nothing." There is a book in which a fairer record than this is written over against your name.

SUMMER PLAY.—Nothing can be more cruel and nothing more foolish than to place children where they must be dressed every day in fresh and fashionable clothes, and their freedom to play curtailed for the sake of appearances. What childhood needs is perfect freedom among the things of nature—freedom to romp, to make mud-pies, to leap fences, to row, to fish, to climb trees, to chase butterflies, to gather wild flowers, to live out of doors from morning until night, and to do all those things that innocent and healthy childhood delights in, in cheap, strong clothes provided for the purpose. Exactly that which childhood needs, manhood and womanhood need—perfect liberty and perfect carelessness. So whether the dweller by the sea go inland for his summer play, or the resident of the inland city go to the sea, he should seek some spot unvisited by those devoted to fashionable display, and pass his time in unrestricted communion with nature, and in those pursuits and amusements which, without let or hindrance, perform the office of recreation.—*Scribner's for July.*

MAKE an impartial estimate of your revenue, and whatever it is, live upon less. Do this and you will never be poor.

A Strange Case of Somnambulism.

Friday last a resident of Division street, named Birch, received $390 in money, and it being too late to deposit it in bank he placed it in a small tin box in a bureau drawer. He has a daughter about fifteen years old who has a morbid terror of burglars, and the girl was very anxious for the safety of the money, fearing that some one would enter the house, so great was her anxiety, that she could not go to sleep until after midnight. When the family arose Saturday morning, Birch went to the drawer and found both box and money gone. He examined the doors and windows, but found them secured as he had left them the previous night, and of course it was a great mystery how the money had left the house. There were no callers the evening previous. The key of drawer had been left lying on the stand in the bedroom and was there when he got up, and the drawer was locked as he locked it.

What might have been a vexation case for the detectives, was solved after breakfast without much trouble. The daughter, on getting up, found that a woolen rag and a piece of salt pork which she had bound around her sore throat the previous evening had fallen off and disappeared as mysteriously as the cash box. The father heard her speaking about it and as he passed through a grape arbor in the rear of the house he saw the cloth and the meat on the ground. Bending over to pick them up, his foot sank into soft ground and he heard a rattling which resulted in his pulling up the box safe and sound. While the girl could not, of course, remember anything about it, it is quite certain that her anxiety for the money led her to rise in her sleep, secure the box, unlock the door and go out and bury it in the arbor. A post had been pulled up in one corner of arbor, loosening the soil, and she had selected this spot. Her fingers were found to be soiled with dirt, and there were dirt marks on the pillow-slip where she had placed her hand.—Then the woolen which had dropped from her neck was still further proof of her somnambulism.

She was as much supprised as any one, and but for the accident, as it may be termed, which led Birch into the arbor, he might have been bewailing the loss of his money a year hence. He claims to be a light sleeper, and yet the daughter had taken the key from the stand near his head, unlocked the back door, drawn the bolt of the woodshed door, passed out, returned and locked everything and replaced the bureau key, and neither the man nor wife was awakened, and the sleeper had encountered nothing to break the midnight dream which led her to leave her bed.—*Detroit Free Press.*

How Do They Find the Way?

Two weeks ago an account was given of a dog that had been carried seven hundred miles somewhere at the West, but not liking the place, alone, guided by a faculty quite unknown to man, he footed his way to his old, loved home without making inquiries, consulting a guide-board, or traveling out of the way, at the rate of nearly 100 miles each day.

An old horse, purchased of a farmer in Vermont many years since, was shipped at Seabrook, Connecticut, with others, to the West Indies, for grinding cane. A storm occurring in Long Island Sound, the deck horses were washed overboard, and supposed to have been lost. The old Vermonter, however, reached land in the darkness of a stormy night, and finally was found standing at the barn door of his old home. The horse had never been far from the town till sold, therefore could not have been familiar with the way.

Carrier-pigeons perform feats as swift messengers through the air because they are in a hurry to reach home. However far they may be carried confined in baskets, they invariably speed their way, without ever resting on the voyage, till they reach the place dear to their affections. In 1819, with a view to ascertain their speed, a pigeon was carried from Antwerp to London, and there liberated. The bird was at its cote, having flown one hundred and eighty miles in a straight line in just six hours.

Horses, mules, dogs, cats, and all the migrating birds, find their way as unerringly as the carrier pigeon does; but how they do it is beyond our ken. Some imagine birds see telescopically one or two hundred miles when high in the air, and over the tops of mountains. But the theory throws no light upon the movements of a mule that found his home in Brazil, hundreds of miles over a region where man could hardly move, having neither a path to follow nor a companion to lead the way. Science, therefore, has something more to do to clear up the mystery.

A writer in the *Quarterly Review* advances the theory that "they have a certain sense of the magnetic current, sufficing to afford them a sort of internal mariner's compass marking the direction in which they travel. We know that the magnetic currents affect the needle, and the hypothesis that they may also affect living frames with special organizations seems in no way incredible; while the fact that a dog, who can find his own way for a hundred miles in an open country, may lose it in five hundred yards in town, seems to point to the multitude of streets running at right angles as the cause of confusion to a sense which simply indicates a straight direction.

AN Irishman went for the first time to a play. Just as the drop curtain descended, after the first act, an engine in the basement exploded, and the Celt was blown through the roof, alighting in the next square. His first remark, after coming to his senses, was, 'and what the devil do you play next?'

A TEN-YEAR old boy boasting to a schoolmate of his father's accomplishments said: 'My father can do most anything. He is a notary public, and he's a pothecary, and he can pull teeth, and he's a horse doctor, and he can mend wagons, and he can play the fiddle, and he's a jackass at all trades.'

A ROMPING four-year old boy had been denied some trifling gratification by his mother, but it did not seem so trifling to him as to her, he said, with the utmost gravity, "Mother, were you ever a boy?"

A WOMAN is like tar—only much better, and she will take any form you please.