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The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. 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 rom all parts of the county.

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 34. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1873. No. 19.

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.

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.

THOS. 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.

A CARD.
AUGUST 1st, 1873.

ALL INDEBTED to THOS. H. WHALAND will be good enough to settle. It would give him much pleasure to indulge for any length of time if it were possible, but he owes some money, which must be paid either by collections, borrowing at a premium, or assigning paper at a discount, which he ought not to be compelled to do with the amount of money he has due, and which ought to have been collected a long time ago. His professional engagements will not allow him to make individual calls. Hoping this notice will relieve him from any more unpleasant proceeding, he remains, with much respect,
aug2-tf. THOS. H. WHALAND.

NOTICE to COAL CONSUMERS.

THE undersigned, would respectfully call the attention of the public to the fact that he has made arrangements to furnish

GOOD COAL

to the people on and after July 12th.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY. Fully 50 per cent. can be saved by buying now.

We buy from *first hands*, and will sell at a small advance upon the cost price.

My agent, Mr. WM. H. PALMER, will receive all orders and moneys.
JAMES F. TAYLOR.
July 12, 1873—tf.

COAL,
FREE FROM SLATE AND DIRT,

SHIPPED direct from the mines to any Station on the Kent Railroad, at lowest market rates, if application be made to
GEO. M. D. CANN,
or GEO. W. BUSH & SON,
Wilmington, Del.
Orders for Chestertown can be left with
jy26-3m. J. W. COLLINS, P. M.

COAL NOTICE.

THE undersigned having on hand a supply of COAL, both hard and soft, of different sizes, intends to continue the business, and will furnish it as low as can be bought in Chestertown of the same quality, for the cash, giving 2240 lbs. to the ton, weighed by true platform scales. J. T. TWILLEY.
July 19, 1873—tf.

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.

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.

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.

Farmers, Look!

WE ARE NOW SELLING ONE OF THE BEST DRILLS ever sold in this county. It will sow all kinds of Phosphates and Ground Bones, either Dry or Damp. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. WE SELL AT BALTIMORE PRICES. We are also selling

J. J. TURNER & CO.'S
Excelsior & Ammoniated Super-Phos.

WHITELOCK & CO.'S,
J. B. RHODES & CO.'S,
MD. FERTILIZING CO.'S
PHOSPHATES,

PACIFIC GUANO,

LISTER'S PURE GROUND BONE,
on ACCOMMODATING TERMS, delivered at any point on the Sassafras or Chester rivers.
HINES & BURCHINAL,
Aug. 23, 1873—2m. Chestertown.

Fertilizers
AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.

J. J. TURNER & CO.'S EXCELSIOR,
J. J. TURNER'S AMMONIATED SUPER PHOSPHATE,
Whann's Raw Bone Super Phosphate,
BOWER'S COMPLETE MANURE,
PATAPSCO GUANO,
WHITELOCK'S VEGETATOR,
Rhodes' Super Phosphate,
FISH GUANO,
Different Grades of Pure and Adulterated
GROUND BONE,
ORCHILLA GUANO.

I respectfully invite the attention of my customers and Farmers generally to the above articles. Special arrangements for time can be made on most of them.

I can deliver them at any landing or at any Railroad Station in the county.
T. W. ELIASON, JR.
Aug. 16, 1873—2m.

THE FARMERS' FRIEND.

Maryland Poudrette,

Manufactured by the Health Department of Baltimore City, from NIGHT SOIL and ASHES.

A VERY VALUABLE MANURE — Rich in Phosphates, Lime, Ammonia and other Alkaline Salts. Packed in Bags and Barrels.

"RESULT OF ANALYSIS: The article represented by this sample compares favorably in its Chemical Constituents and Mechanical preparation with the various Manufactures sold under this name. It is uniform, FINE and DRY, and contains in a Ton of 2,000 lbs.:
36 04 lbs. of Ammonia.
105.53 " Bone Phosphate of Lime.
16.08 " of Alkaline Salts.
28.88 " of Lime.
And according to the valuation laid down by the United States Commissioner of Agriculture. The commercial value of the article is $20 per ton in Barrels.
G. A. LIEBIG, Ph. D."

For Sale by JERRY NICOLS, Agt,
92 Light St. Wharf, Baltimore.
Sold by HINES & BURCHINAL, Chestertown.
GEORGE BECK Treppe.

☞ $15 per Ton Cash. Double Refined for Drilling $20 per ton. ag16-2m.

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.

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.

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby warned against gunning or otherwise trespassing on the farm on which I reside, known as "Swan Point," and belonging to Richard Hynson, Esq. The law will be enforced against all offenders.
Aug. 23—3t. LEMUEL STEVENS.

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

SALE OF
Valuable Town Property.

THE subscriber will offer at PUBLIC SALE at the Hotel of John Pennington, in Galena, on

THURSDAY, October 2nd, 1873,
At 11 o'clock, A. M.,

The following DESIRABLE PROPERTY:

ALL THAT PARCEL OF LAND,

situated in Galena, in Kent county, which was conveyed by Richard Hynson, Trustee, to Joseph Morris, by deed dated 13th September, 1861, and recorded in Liber J. K. H., No. 2, folio 632,

Containing Seven Acres,
MORE OR LESS.

Upon this property there is a GOOD and SUBSTANTIAL
Frame Dwelling House,
With CARRIAGE HOUSE, STABLE, CORN HOUSE, GARDEN, &c.
ALSO,
Two other Dwelling Houses,
on the same premises, and a
Number of Valuable Building Lots.

Also, a FOUNDERY, Machine Shops, and Blacksmith Shops.

The entire parcel will be sold all together, or in lots to suit the convenience of purchasers. A plot will be exhibited at the sale.

THE TERMS will be liberal, and made known at the sale. Possession will be given on the first of January next.
C. J. SCOTT.
Sept. 6, 1873—tds.

CHANGE OF POLICY.

Necessity Knows No Law!

CASH OR TRADE ONLY.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Although foreign to my wishes, necessity compels me to change my present mode of doing business to a

STRICTLY CASH or TRADE BASIS,

with the exception of DRUGS & MEDICINES, which will be sold on 30 or 60 days.

COUNTRY PRODUCE

of every description taken in exchange for goods on a cash basis, and merchandise sold much lower than when purchased for credit.

CONVINCE

yourselves by calling and examining my goods and prices, that you can do much better under the new system than the old dispensation.

☞ Physicians Prescriptions carefully compounded.

☞ *Don't forget the Terms:*
Cash or Country Produce.

FRANK M. GOODING,
Chesterville, Kent county, Md.
Sept. 6, 1873—tf.

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.

TOBACCO, SEGARS, &c.

R. B. RUSSELL, Ag't,
HIGH ST., near Voshell House, Chestertown, has now in store a full supply of
Very Superior Cigars and Tobacco
which he is selling wholesale and retail at the lowest city prices. Dealers supplied with CIGARS of different grades, in large or small quantities, at short notice.

Chewing Tobacco,
of all grades, both Sweet and Natural; also, Fine Cut.

SMOKING TOBACCO,
SNUFF and PIPES, a good assortment.
Also, in store an assortment of
CANDIES, FRUITS,
And GENERAL PRODUCE.
FRESH BREAD every afternoon.
☞ Please give me a call. ap26.

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.

$5 REWARD.—Lost in Chestertown, on Tuesday night last, a small, BLACK POCKET BOOK, containing one $10 note, two $2 notes and some currency. The finder will receive Five Dollars Reward by leaving it at the "Kent News" Office.
August 23, 1873—3t*

FOR SALE,
AN AGRICULTURAL ENGINE.
Apply to JOSEPH TURNER,
aug30-3t. Betterton.

PIANO FOR SALE.

7 oc. full iron frame PIANO, with Rosewood Case, in good order, at a reasonable price. For further information apply to
ALFRED S. HURLOCK,
aug30-3t. Galena.

THREE FARMS,
FOR RENT FOR 1873.
Two near Millington and one near Hanesville.
Apply to WM. VANNORT,
Aug. 23—3t. Chestertown.

Heedlessness.

TOM HOOD.

Alas! I have walked through life
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow-worm,
And fill the burial sod;
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmarked of God.

The wounds I might have healed!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part,
But evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.

SEND FOR MOTHER!

"Dear me! it wasn't enough for me to nurse and raise a family of my own, but now when I'm old, and expect to have a little comfort here, it is all the time, "Send for mother." And the dear old soul growls and grumbles, but dresses herself as fast as she can, notwithstanding. After you have trotted her off and got her safely in your home, and she flies around, administering remedies and rebukes by turns, you feel easier. It's right now or soon will be—mother's come!

In sickness, no matter who is there or how many doctors quarrel over your case, everything goes wrong, somehow, till you send for mother. In trouble, the first thing you think of is to send for mother.

But this has its ludicrous as well as its touching aspects. The verdant young couples, to whom baby's extraordinary grimaces and alarming yawns, which threaten the dislocation of its chin, its wonderful sleep, which it accomplishes with its eyes half open and no perceptible flutter of breath on its lips, causing the young mother to imagine it is dead *this* time, and to shriek out, "Send for mother," in tones of anguish—this young couple, in the light of the experience which three or four babies bring, find that they have been ridiculous, and given mother a good many "trots" for nothing.

Did anybody ever send for mother and did she fail to come, unless sickness or the infirmities of age prevented her? As when in your childhood those willing feet responded to your call, so they still do, and will continue to as long as they are able. And when the summons comes which none yet disregarded, though it will be a very dark and sad one for you, then God, too, will send for mother.

Two Kinds of Women.

We once knew a man who had married a spoiled beauty, whose murmurs, exactions and caprices were infinite. He had at last, as a refuge to his wearied nerves, settled down into a habit of utter disregard and neglect; he treated her wishes and complaints with equal indifference, and went on with his life as nearly as possible as if she did not exist. He silently provided for her what he thought proper, without troubling himself to notice her requests or listen to her grievances.—Sickness came, but the heart of her husband was cold and gone; there was no sympathy left to warm her. Death came, and he breathed freely as a man released. He married again—a woman with no beauty, but much love and goodness—a woman who asked little, blamed seldom, and then with all the tact and address which the most careful thoughtfulness could devise, and the passive, negligent husband became the attentive, devoted slave of her will. He was in her hands as clay in the hands of the potter; the least breath or suggestion of criticism from her lips, who criticized so little and so thoughtfully, weighed more with him than so many out spoken words. So different is the same human being, according to the touch of the hand which plays upon it!

WHY NOT SUCCESSFUL.—The young clerk marries and takes a house, which he proceeds to furnish twice as expensively as he can afford, and then his wife, instead of striving to help him earn a livelihood, by doing her own work, must have a hired servant to help her spend his limited earnings. Ten years afterward you will find him struggling on under a double load of debts and children, wondering why the luck was always against him, while his friends regret his unhappy destitution of financial ability. Had they from the first been frank and honest, he need not have been so unlucky. The world is full of people who can't imagine why they don't prosper like their neighbors, when the real obstacle is not in banks or tariffs, in bad public policy or hard times, but in their own extravagance and heedless ostentation.

WIFE, MISTRESS AND LADY.—Who marries for love takes a wife; who marries for fortune takes a mistress; who marries for position takes a lady. You are loved by your wife, regarded by your mistress, and tolerated by your lady. You have a wife for yourself, a mistress for you houser and friends, a lady for the world and society. Your wife will agree with you, your mistress will rule you, your lady manage you. Your wife will take care of your household, your mistress of your house, your lady of appearance. If you are sick your wife will nurse you, your mistress will visit you, your lady will inquire after your health. You take a walk with your wife, a ride with your mistress, and go to a party with your lady. Your wife will share your grief, your mistress your money, your lady your debts. If you die, your wife will weep, your mistress will lament, and your lady wear mourning. Which will you have?

A SAN FRANCISCO milliner has invented a hat which will probably sell well in cases where blushing is not so spontaneous as it might be or used to be. When the wearer bows or lowers the head abruptly, a tiny pair of steel clamps compresses the arteries on each side of the temples, sending the blood at once to the cheeks.

IT is said that the Nebraska Indians are allowed to ride free on all trains they can jump on while the latter is in motion. The tribe is being reduced very rapidly. This is by all odds the most effective and economical system of deadheading on record.

IN a recent article on a fair in his locality, the editor of a western paper says a brother editor took a valuable premium, but an unkind policeman made him put it right back where he took it from.

TURNING THE TABLES.

"Women are so incomprehensible!" said Maj. Arkwright, composedly smoothing down his moustache, "I declare to you, George, the longer I live the less I am able to understand their freaks and fancies."

"Ah," said Mr. Allonby, taking his cigar out of his mouth. "You think, then, that upon the whole their natures are more enigmatical than those of men."

"My dear fellow, there can't possibly be a doubt on the subject," the Major answered, breaking into a hearty, mellow laugh that did credit to the breadth and capacity of his chest.

He was a tall, splendidly made man, with jet black whiskers, merry hazel eyes, and teeth as white as a freshly cut slice of cocoanut. George Allonby was the average size and height of mankind, yet beside the Major he looked small and slight. There are yet left in this degenerate world some such sons of Anak, in spite of hot-house culture, clubs and champagne suppers.

"Only think," went on the Major—"but here we are. I'll let Marcia tell the story for herself."

And Major Arkwright opened the door with his latch-key and admitted his friend into a bright little house full of canary birds and winter blooming geraniums, and hanging baskets of ivy and lopmeca.—Through a marble paved vestibule you entered an octagon-shaped room, hung with fluted draperies of gold colored silk, a pretty wood-tinted carpet on the floor, and chairs, sofas and fauteuils stand round exactly as if they were made to be used, not for mere empty show.

Marcia Arkwright, the Major's beautiful sister, sat at a little table copying, in water colors, a bunch of white carnations, tied up with feathery fern leaves and one or two blades of grass. She, too, was dark, with jet-fringed brown eyes, straight, serious features, and a fresh, bright color on her cheeks, only a shade lighter than the "twin cherries" of her bow-shaped lips. Yes, Miss Arkwright was very handsome, and so Mr. Allonby had long thought, in the secret depths of his masculine soul.

"I've brought Mr. Allonby in, Marcia," the Major began, his eyes twinkling mischievously, "for you to tell him why you don't go to the oratorio to-night."

Marcia looked up, smiling, yet a little confused.

"Do you want to know the real reason, Mr. Allonby?" she asked.

"Certainly, Miss Marcia, if it is agreeable to you to tell me."

"Well, then, to speak honest truth, it is because the milliner has not sent home my new suit."

"Nonsense!"

"Not nonsense at all," gravely dissented Miss Arkwright. "I assure you, Mr. Allonby, I am too genuine a woman to wish to appear in public in a costume, which to say the least is decidedly *passee*."

"And you would actually lose the delicious music of Handel, married to the more delicious voice of Sebastiani, just because your dress isn't according to the latest models!" burst out the Major. "For goodness' sake why don't you put on a shawl?"

"Could I wear a shawl over my head, Meg Merriles fashion, you unreasonable Harold?"

"Oh, the bonnet is behind the age too!"

"Yes, the bonnet is behind the age too, sir."

"Marcia, I had a better opinion of you," said her brother.

Miss Arkwright glanced timidly at Allonby. He smiled.

"Indeed, indeed," pleaded Marcia, "I would rather stay at home all my days than go abroad a dowdy!"

"And who do you suppose will know the difference?"

Marcia shrugged her shoulders with pitying gracefulness.

"Every woman, Harold, and probably a good many gentlemen."

"*Well*," quoth Major Arkwright, pulling vigorously at his whiskers. "I'm thankful I wasn't born a woman."

"Why?" innocently demanded Marcia, with a mischievous curl of her lip.

"Men are above such petty considerations. Men don't stoop to consider whether their coats or caps are cut according to this season's style or last. Men don't—"

"Now Harold, do be a little reasonable," interrupted his sister. "I suspect you lords of creation are quite as particular in your way as we women about our gear."

"Nonsense!"

"Brief—but not particularly polite," laughed Marcia. "To-morrow evening I'll go with you Harry, to hear Mr. —— lecture."

Major Arkwright elevated his eyebrows.

"I'd be willing to wager a new silk dress, Marcia, that if that suit don't come home from Madame What's Her Name's, you would even deny yourself the intellectual treat of hearing Mr. ——!"

"I'm not so certain about that," retorted Marcia gravely. "Sebastiani I might sacrifice to the Moloch of fashion, but not Mr. ——'s eloquence. However, let us hope the sacrifice may not be required," she added, with a laugh. "And O Harold, by the way, Uncle Eliab is coming to town to-morrow to see about renewing the mortgage on the old farm. I got a letter from him to-day."

"Horrid old bore!" was the nephew's undutiful comment. "Of course we shall have to ask him to dinner; but I don't see that there's any help for it, Marcia.—Come, Allonby, we shall be late."

And the friends departed.

The next day, as Uncle Eliab was about taking leave, Marcia coaxed him to let her have his overcoat.

"But what on airth do you want of it, Marshy?" questioned Uncle Eliab.

"Never mind uncle dear; only leave it here till you come to town next. You shall wear Harold's handsomest superfine broadcloth, just from Delisle's, in its stead."

"And I shall look like an old turkey in a peacock's fine feathers!" said Uncle Eliab shrewdly. "But you always was a great hand for mysteries and contrivances, Marshy, though what you can do with my old overcoat that Betsy Miller made out of Huldah's coat, ten years ago last Machaelmas, I declare to gracious I don't know. They don't make no such brass buttons as that now-a-days, though.—P'raps now," shrewdly added Uncle Eliab, "you is goin' to a masquerade party, or some o' them things I've read of or Harold is!"

"Now, Uncle, don't ask questions, but leave the coat, that's an old darling!"

She put up her rosy lips as she spoke to bribe the old man with a kiss, and Uncle Eliab surrendered at discretion.

"Well, well, child, have your own way," he said—and Marcia had it.

"*Now*," thought Marcia, with sparkling eyes, when once the front door had safely banged behind Uncle Eliab's departing form, "I'll settle up old scores with Master Harold!"

As the hour of eight approached, Major Arkwright burst into the room like a good looking whirlwind.

"Are you ready, Marcia? Allonby is waiting in the hall, and we must hurry, if we expect to get anything in the likeness of a good seat.

"Ready? of course I'm ready," Miss Arkwright answered demurely. "I have been sitting with my things on for the last quarter of an hour."

"I ought to have been on hand a little sooner," acknowledged Major Arkwright, "but I had all those mortgage papers to look over and settle, and time slipped away before I knew it. However—but where's my overcoat?"

"On the hall rack, isn't it?" Marcia responded, with a curious light shining into her eyes.

"There's *something* here," muttered Harold, in a subdued tone, "but it's an old butternut-colored thing, sprinkled all over with brass buttons the size of a Spanish dollar. I say, Marcia, I do believe Uncle Eliab has worn off my coat, and left this relic of Noah's Ark, here in its place!"

And he held it out at arms length.

"I dare say," said Marcia, preserving her gravity by an almost superhuman effort; "but it seems to be very warm and substantial, and you and Uncle Eliab are very nearly of a height and size. Put it on and come along; we shall certainly be too late."

"Put it on!" echoed the Major, almost in a shout. "Put *this* thing on me!"

"Well, why not? It's a little old style to be sure—"

"A little! Just look at that collar—and those lappels, and the brass buttons!"

"Harold!" said Marcia gravely, mimicking to the best of her ability her brother's tone and voice of the evening before, "do you actually mean to tell me that you would lose an evening of Mr. ——'s oratory just because your coat is a little out of style?"

"Wouldn't I, though! Do you think I mean to make a guy of myself?"

"Well," observed Marcia, drily, "I'm thankful I wasn't born a man! But you told me last night that men didn't stop to consider whether their coats or caps were cut according to this season's or last."

"I won't wear such an outrageous thing as that, if I never go out again!" burst forth the Major, irefully flinging the respectable butternut colored coat upon the floor. "May confusion seize Uncle Eliab and all his wardrobe. Allonby, you take Marcia to the lecture."

"I'll be hanged before I go looking like a Revolutionary soldier."

"But, my dear fellow," quoth Mr. Allonby, mischievously, "after all that you have said to your sister about pinning one's faith to reigning fashions—"

Major Arkwright stayed to hear no more, but bolted into his own room, with a muttered sound which might have been a blessing, and might have been something else.

And Maria smiled a roguish, dimpled smile. She felt that she and Harold were quits.

As for the Major, he never alluded to "the slavery of fashion" again. Whether he suspected Maria of being in the plot or not he never said, but, at all events, he was silenced. Uncle Eliab's butternut colored coat had done the business for him.

TO DEVELOP TALENT.—Place a man in a position that will fearfully tax him and try him, a position that will often bring the blush to his cheek and the sweat to his brow, a position that will overmaster him at times and cause him to rack his brain for resources. Place him in a position like this. But every time he trips go to his rescue; go not with words of blame or censure, but go with manful words of encouragement; look him boldly in the eye, and speak them with soul and emphasis. This is the way to make a man of a boy, and a giant of a man. If a man has pluck and talent, no matter whether he ever filled a given position or not, put him in it, if worthy, and he will soon not only fill it, but outgrow it. But put one in a position with a faint heart. This is the way to kill him. Put him in grandly with most unmistakable confidence. Drop no caveats, but boldly start the way, and then stand by with a will and countenance of a true friend. Thus try twenty men, such as have been named, and nineteen will succeed.

RICH PENSIONERS AND A STARVING PETITIONER.—In New York city the name of Daniel Drew, the railway millionaire, has been added to the roll of pensioners of the war of 1812 by Pension Agent Dutcher. Mr. Drew served as a private soldier under Winfield Scott, and a short time ago he made application to be put on the list. The eight dollars a month that he is entitled to from the government he intends to give away. In this respect he will follow the example of Thurlow Weed and Governor Dix. Mr. Drew will not get his first payment until his return from Europe. In this connection it may be stated that the Washington Chronicle, of yesterday, says: "A veteran of the war of 1822, residing in Baltimore, writes to Treasurer Spinner that he is in a starving condition; that he has been applying to the commissioner of pensions for the last thirty or forty years for back pay, but has failed to receive it. He now desires to be assisted out of the conscience fund, or if that cannot be done, he is satisfied that the back pay of some timid Congressman, who has stupidly turned it into the treasury, would make him comfortable the remainder of his days."

A CURRENT item informs the world that "Jerusha Bryan slew a panther in Pennsylvania. She is not married." On which a Louisville journan comments:—"And she won't be, either, as far as we are concerned. We wouldn't go home mellow to such a woman for all that could be offered. No, not for worlds!"

THE SABBATH.

Rev. G. P. Nice, of Baltimore, preached in Chestertown last Sabbath morning and evening on the "proper observance of the Sabbath," in which he strongly censured, and justly too, that class of persons who lend their influence and efforts to do away with the sanctity of our American Sabbath. In the course of one of his sermons, Mr. N. read the following extracts from a weekly paper published in Easton, Md., in the latter part of the last century:

"Happy as we are in the blessings we enjoy as the citizens of a free and prosperous State, I beg leave to call attention to a subject not only connected with our reputation, but our stability.

"Good morals are the parent of good order—the safeguard of private and public happiness—the dowry of individual and national character. Therefore while all vices claim the concern of every good citizen and the civil officers particularly, let them recognize as peculiarly obnoxious the profanation of the holy Sabbath.—This, however lightly considered by some, is most pernicious, because it tends to the direct destruction of that religious and moral principle, which affords to society many a virtue and defends it from many a crime. You, my fellow-citizens can appreciate the importance of religious principle to social weal. Whatever impairs it is most pernicious, whatever cherishes it is most friendly to public and private peace, virtue and safety.

"It must further appear to an enlightened mind, that a strict observance of the Sabbath is among the most potent auxiliaries of this principle. Assembling the people at short intervals, under circumstances that command seriousness—proposing for their contemplation truths that embrace the whole circle of duty, &c., its effects upon society cannot be other than extensive and benign. It is emphatically "God's shadow over us;" it is Heaven's protection.

"These views are sanctioned by the experience of ages. That the career of individual wickedness frequently commences in the breach of the Sabbath; that the general neglect of it marks maturity in corruption; that the purest morals are always among those who hold it the most sacred, can be substantiated by indisputable facts."

A Queer Retribution.

HOW AN OLD LADY FOILED TWO VILLIANS IN LOUISANA.

The Opelousas (La.) *Journal*, of the 15th, is responsible for the following:—"Down in the Parish of St. Martin an old widow lady, whose children had all married off and left her alone, had been persuaded to sell her little place and live with them. She sold her land, buildings and improvements one day for $2,000 and received the money in cash on the spot, in her own house, where the act of the sale was passed before two witnesses, the number required by Law, and who witnessed also the payment of the money. In a short time she was to give possession, but she remained in the house the following night following the sale, all alone, or with no masculine adult inmates, as was her custom. That night two negro burglars broke into the house and demanded her money or her life. She gave it to them, but begged them to leave her one hundred dollars of it, as she owed that amount, and wanted to pay the debt, when she would be satisfied. They finally consented to let her keep the one hundred dollars. They then ordered her to make some coffee for them to drink. In doing so, she bethought herself of some strychnine she had in the house, and quietly dropped it in the pot of steaming coffee, and placed it on the table, with cups, spoons and sugar to pour out and sweeten to their taste. This they did, and drank in a jolly mood, each one having nine hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket. But in a few minutes the tables turned. One gave up the ghost where he sat at the table in his chair, and the other got up, staggered off a few feet, and tumbled over into eternity. The good old lady recovered her money, and on examining the person of the black burglarious robbers, they turned out to be the two witnesses to the act of sale, both white men blackened for the occasion—both her neighbors, and one was her cousin."

A FOOLISH WAGER.—One of the many capital punishments in use under the Chinese Criminal Code is that of deprivation of sleep, which generally proves fatal in about ten days. Five foolish young Belgians lately tried this experiment upon themselves with more or less disagreable results. They laid a wager that they would remain awake seven days, on condition that they might use all possible means of keeping off sleep. They arranged the employment of their time in the following manner: The night was spent in dancing and drinking quantities of coffee; during the day they rode, fenced, or shot at a mark, taking coffee every half-hour. One of the young men won the wager, but lost 25 pounds in weight; two feel asleep after remaining awake 130 hours; one was seized with inflamation of the lungs; the fifth was overcome by slumber while on horseback, fell, and broke his arm, and thus ended this very unnecessary ordeal.

MR. W. C., a conceited snob, was so fond of fine clothes that he revelled in them by day—dreamed of them by night. One evening he visited a lady, and removed his overcoat, etc., when the lady heard him utter the following sensible words: Taking his overcoat and hanging it up, he said, "Hang there, you fifty dollar overcoat!" Pulling off his gloves, and putting them on the table, "Lay there, you five dollars gloves!" Placing his hat on the rack, "Hang there, you ten dollar hat!" Putting his cane in the corner," Stand there, you fifteen dollar cane!" then entering the parlor, he was about to sit down, when the lady pulled the chair from under him, and as she left the room, said, "Lay there, you two cent fool!" He has not been around that house since.

IF we thoroughly examine, we shall find that pride, policy, and power are three principal ingredients in all the disturbances of Churches.

A Wife Worth Having.

The Hannibal (Mo.) *Courier* is responsible for the following: "A gentleman who resides a few miles in the country announced his intention of coming to the city to get a few of the necessaries of life. His good wife, who evidently reads the papers and knows what is going on, furnished her "old man" with the following memorandum, recognizing the fact that "these men are so stupid" and always forget what they are sent after. But here is the seasonable list of necessaries, which though not in strictly clerkly form, is nevertheless to the point, and well calculated to make an impression on the mind:

Get a pound of tea.
And don't forget to go to Brown's drug store and get eight pounds of copperas and a pint of carbolic acid.
Get a dollar's worth of loaf sugar.
Bring a dozen lemons.
If you have a chance you had better bring a bushel of lime.
We ought to have a pound of ground mustard and some ginger.
Get a gallon of coal oil and a demijohn of whiskey. Be careful and don't get them mixed—have the coal oil put into the can, and the whisky in the demijohn.
If you see a nice piece of calico you might bring me enough for a wrapper.
Go to Orynski's and get a bottle of his blackberry syrup.
The flour is out.
Be careful and don't drink any well water while in town.
Be sure and get a bottle of Hamlin's cholera cure.
We ought to have half a dozen knives and forks for the kitchen.
Go to McCleary's and get a bottle of Dr. McCabe's blackberry brandy.
Don't bring any green things home to make the children sick.
Don't forget the coal oil and the demijohn, and be sure to keep them separate.
Go to Cheever's and get a bottle of syrup of blackberry and ginger.
Get a pint of cognac brandy.
Keep away from the nasty ponds, unless they are filled up.
If you see any good disinfectant bring some home.
Get a few pounds of crackers and rice, and some oatmeal.
If you you see the doctor ask him for a prescription to cure cholera.
Be careful and don't break the demijohn.
Johnny needs a pair of shoes.
You had better call at the drug store, and see who has got the cholera medicine.
Now don't forget any of these things, and keep this list in your hat where you can find it.
Come home early.

About four o'clock yesterday afternoon, the man with the memorandum might have been seen going out Broadway with all his horse could draw, his carryall resembling the hospital supply train of an army corps. If the cholera ever goes out in that direction it will meet with a warm reception."

PHAROAHISM IN GERMANY.—A late cable dispatch mentions that the German government has ordered the expulsion of all emigrant agents from that country who fail to prove that they are German subjects. This seems to be one of a series of measures designed for the repression of German emigration, and is probably harsher than any which has preceded it. None of them have been of any avail, and this will not be. The depletion by such a steady and increasing emigration as that of the Germans to this country is no doubt a serious matter. It takes away laborers who cultivate the soil in peace and soldiers who defend it in war. The war spirit aroused by the late collision with France fanned the flame of German patriotism to white heat. But when the flame had cooled the Germans saw at things in their usual practical way. Military laurels were very well, but they could not feed themselves and their children on the leaves of the laurel. Moreover no sooner was the war over than the German government began the reorganization of its army and the enlargement of its arsenals on a more extensive scale than ever before. The Pall Mall Gazette at the time warned the Berlin rulers of the evil effects that were apparent at even that early date—"the impatience of the victorious Germans to leave their fatherland with all its glories for the freer atmosphere of England, and America, nay, France itself, where, besides religious liberty, they had faculties for their energies which Germany does not offer them."—This admonition was of no avail. The Germans, however, seem to be taking their destnies in their own hands. The time has gone by in Europe when the mass of the people had no rights which sovereigns were bound to respect. They have higher aspirations now than to be food for gunpowder, and hewers of wood and drawers of water for any but themselves. The modern Pharaohs will have to let the people go if they desire it, and there is a promised land here large enough and fertile enough to accommodate them all. The only way to stop emigration is to give to subjects a political and social life as exalted and happy as their friends and neighbors have obtained elsewhere; to adopt a policy of peace abroad as well as justice at home, so that the people may have reason to feel that their happiness and welfare, and not the aggrandisement and glory of dynastics, are the great objects of government.

A MAN in Fayette county, Pa., while gathering blackberries, heard a rattle snake's peculiar note of warning, and looked around on all sides before discovering that he was standing with both feet on the reptile, but so close to its head that it could not bite him. He changed positions immediately, but killed the snake.

JONES and Brown were talking lately of a young clergyman whose preaching they had heard that day. "What do you think of him?" asked Brown. "I think," said Jones, "he did better two years ago." "Why, he didn't preach then?" "True," said Jones, "that is what I mean."

ADVICE TO THE GIRLS.—Never marry a man without he is either industrious or is well provided with this world's goods. A lazy man without money is a poor investment.

A NEW YORK paper announces that by a recent burning of an ice-house, twenty-five thousand tons of ice were reduced to ashes.