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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 from 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, OCTOBER 25, 1873. No. 24.

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 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.

M. deK. SMITH,

Practical Surveyor.

☞ Office in the Court House, Chestertown. aug9-3m.

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.

STOCK ALL NEW and PRICES THE VERY LOWEST.

May 24. J. H. SIMPERS.

AXES.—Several kinds of Axes of superior make, for sale low. J. E. WEER,

Feb. 24. Kennedyville, Md.

KERSEYS, CASSIMERES, YARNS,

And FLANNELS.

A LARGE STOCK of various qualities and widths, many of them Mallalieu's best makes, just received.

New Styles FALL PRINTS,

BLANKETS,

DOMESTIC GOODS, &c., &c.,

all bought at closest cash figures, and sold upon accommodating terms.

T. S. WICKES.

September 27th.

GENTLEMEN'S Philadelphia Made Calf-Skin Boots—sewed—and a much better article than is usually kept in Country stores, for sale low, by T. S. WICKES.

September 27th.

Pure Cider Vinegar

Now on hand.

T. S. WICKES.

Chestertown, Sept. 27th, 1873.

Amazon Raspberry Plants

WE offer a few thousand Amazon Roots for sale this season at the following prices:

Per Hundred	$ 25.00
Per Five Hundred	80.00
Per Thousand	150.00

Considerable deduction on large orders.

We guarantee a stand. The best of reference given, and reasonable terms. Circulars sent to applicants. Address

J. & W. K. JUDEFIND,

sep20-5t. Edesville, Kent co., Md.

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.

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.

UP TOWN

Dry Goods Store.

THE LATEST STYLES!
THE BEST GOODS!!
And LOW PRICES!!

WM. H. ANTHONY

HAS JUST RETURNED FROM NEW YORK and having taken the Store formerly kept by Mrs. Barrett, has just opened a good assortment of

DRY GOODS of all kinds,

NOTIONS and GROCERIES.

ALSO,

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes.

I will be pleased to see my friends and old customers. I am very thankful for past favors and hope to receive further patronage.

All kinds of Produce Wanted

IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

☞ GIVE ME A CALL, and I will do my best to please.

WM. H. ANTHONY,

"UP TOWN DRY GOODS STORE."

Chestertown, March 29, 1873.

Lumber! Lumber!

NEW STOCK.

JOHN T. DODD & SON,

Have removed their LUMBER YARD from the old stand of Wm. Vannort to the Yard in the rear of their Carpenter Shop, up town, and have just received a full supply o

Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shutters, &c.

OF ALL KINDS.

No. 1 HEART CYPRESS SHINGLES
No. 1 SAP do. do.
No. 1 WHITE PINE PALES,
No. 1 HEMLOCK PALES,
WHITE PINE FENCING,
HEMLOCK FENCING,
PLASTERING LATHS,
White Pine CULLINGS and SELECTS,
SCANTLING, JOIST & BILLSTUFF.

Thanking our customers for their past patronage, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. UNDERTAKING will receive our special attention as heretofore.

apr20. JOHN T. DODD & SON.

WANTED, a reliable, energetic Man to sell SINGER SEWING MACHINES in Chestertown and vicinity.

Address The Singer Manufacturing Co.,

sep-20* Wilmington, Del.

DR. WILHOFT'S "ANTI-PERIODIC," sure cure for Chills and Fevers, has been used with success in this community the present season and last Fall also.

For sale by J. H. SIMPERS.

FOR SALE,

THE FARM formerly owned by J. B. F. Anderson, containing

389 Acres of Choice Land,

WELL IMPROVED.

Modern built BRICK HOUSE, containing eleven rooms, and porches; two Granaries; two Tenant Houses, and Out-Buildings.

9,000 BEARING PEACH TREES,

Located directly on Chesapeake Bay, between Worton and Fairlee Creeks, Kent co., Md.

The present owner is engaged in manufacturing in the West, and will sell this Farm, with Stock and Implements, on easy terms.

For all information address

WM. OVEREND,
FAIRLEE POST OFFICE,
Kent County, Md.

oc11-3t.

BOOK NOTICE.

AFTER THIS DATE the following shall be the prices for the various Books, &c., sold by the School Board at their several Depositaries, and those who have charge of the same shall act accordingly. For any article not specified in this list, there shall be made an additional charge of fifteen per cent. to the present price of the same. This is found necessary in order to cover the expense of Books, &c., and make them self supporting.

LIST OF PRICES:

Holmes' Speller	18 cents.
" First Reader	21 "
" Second Reader	35 "
" Third Reader	46 "
" Fourth Reader	63 "
" Fifth Reader	$1 00
Venable's First Lesson Arithmetic	25 "
" Mental Arithmetic	37 "
" Elementary "	37 "
" Practical "	75 "
" Higher "	1 00
Elementary Algebra	1 25
Maury's First Lesson Geography	52 "
" World we Live In	1 00
" Manual Geography	1 85
History United States	1 15
Steel's 14 Weeks Philosophy	1 25
Carter's General History	1 05
Copy Books	11 "
History of Maryland	38 "
Harvey's English Grammar	87 "
" Elementary "	43 "
Webster's Prim. Dictionary	52 "
School Diaries	6 "
Chalk Crayons, per box	36 "
Slate Pencils, per box	28 "
Pens, per box	87 "

Liquid Slating, for the making of Black Boards for the several schools, may be procured of JOHN W. COLLINS, Esq., upon written order of at least two Trustees of the School.

This Slating comes in pints and quarts, and one pint will cover 35 sq. ft. of surface, and must be applied as soon as opened.

By order of the Board,

oc11-3t. CHAS. G. RICAUD, Sec'y.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

JOHN W. CARROLL,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that he has taken the Store Room formerly occupied by Mr. A. M. Russell, and intends to keep a

First Class Grocery

AND

PROVISION STORE.

Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Flour, Bacon, Lard, Butter, Salt Fish, Molasses, Vinegar, Soaps, Buckets, Brooms, Coal Oil,

TOBACCO, SEGARS and SNUFF,

VEGETABLES of all kinds.

Also, NOTIONS of various kinds. Candies, Nuts, and other articles too numerous to mention, all of which will be sold low for cash.

☞ All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods, or at cash prices.

Store opposite M. E. Church, Chestertown.

nov16-y J. W. CARROLL.

☞ GO TO

THOMPSON'S

FOR YOUR

GROCERIES,

Where you will always find a FRESH STOCK at LOW PRICES.

I sell Goods Cheap

and am prepared to prove it.

MY TERMS ARE CASH:

MY PRICES ARE TOO LOW and CAPITAL TOO SMALL to do otherwise.

WM. C. A. THOMPSON,

jy12. Up Town.

MERCHANT TAILOR

FROM

PHILADELPHIA

THE undersigned has just returned from the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore with a Large and Assorted Stock of Goods, selected with great care. Being a practical workman himself he feels confident that he can please in style and quality of his goods.

A Fine Stock of Black Cloth,

also fine Beaver Cloth of different colors and shades. FRENCH CASSIMERE for suits of all colors. Knowing there has been a change in the times he has reduced his prices to suit, especially when he makes a suit for a gentleman or boy and *furnishes the goods.*

He can always be found at his store up town, nearly opposite Capt. Thompson's, ready to take orders from citizens of Kent or Queen Anne's county.

SCOURING, CLEANING and REPAIRING done promptly and in the best manner—almost like new. ABE SCHWARTZ.

Chestertown, Oct. 11, 1873—tf.

CAUTION TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby positively forbidden to gun, hunt, cross over the land, or in any other manner trespass upon the premises now occupied by the undersigned, in the neighborhood of Millington. The law will be enforced,

ROBERT PEARSON,
ENOCH J. MOFFETT,
JEREMIAH N. MOFFETT,
JOHN B. PRICE,
JAMES ORR,
ROBERT L. PEARSON,

oc11-3t* J. A. THORNTON.

CAUTION TO TRESPASSERS.—All persons are hereby positively forbidden to trespass upon the premises occupied by the undersigned, in Still Pond, by gunning or hunting. The law will be rigidly enforced.

MARY A. E. HEPBRON,

Oct. 11, 1873—3t.* Still Pond

CAUTION.—As my wife, REBECCA, has left my bed and board without cause or justification, I hereby warn all persons from giving her shelter or credit of any sort on my account, and give notice that I will not pay any debts she may contract.

Oct. 11,-1873-3t. HENRY PAYNE.

WESTERN SPORTING GUN POWDER, said to be the best Powder in use, for sale low at J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

PURE RYE and BOURBON WHISKEY at $3 a gallon. Try it. SAPPINGTON'S.

THE WIFE'S SOLILOQUY.

BY MRS. S. D. GAGE.

Here's a big washing to be done—
One pair of hands to do it—
Sheets, shirts and stockings, coats and pants,
How will I e'er get through it?

Dinner to get for six or more,
No loaf left o'er from Sunday;
And baby cross as he can live—
He's always so on Monday.

'Tis time the meat was in the pot,
The bread was worked for baking,
The clothes were taken from the boil,
Oh dear! the baby's waking!

Hush, baby dear! there, hush sh-sh!
I wish he'd sleep a little,
'Till I could run and get some wood,
To hurry up the kettle.

Oh dear! oh dear! if P— comes home
And finds things in this bother,
He'll just begin and tell me all
About his tidy mother!

How nice her kitchens used to be,
Her dinner always ready
Exactly when the noon-bell rang—
Hush! hush! dear little Freddy!

And then will come some hasty words,
Right out before I'm thinking—
They say that hasty words from wives
Set sober men to drinking.

Now, is not that a great idea,
That men should take to sinning,
Because a weary, half-sick wife,
Can't always smile so winning.

When I was young I used to earn
My living without trouble,
Had clothes and pocket-money, too,
And hours of leisure double.

I never dreamed of such a fate,
When I, a-lass! was courted—
Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, housekeeper,
cook, chamber-maid, laundress, dairy woman, and scrub generally, doing the work of six,
For the sake of being supported!

"ANY TIME."

Any time like a note on demand, means no time. A friend says, come and see me. You ask, "When will you be at home?" "Oh, any time," is the reply. You call, and your friend is out or is not prepared to receive. How often he hears persons say, "Come and take tea with us." "When shall I come?" "Oh any time." You go a little before the hour for tea; you sit with your things on because you are not asked to take them off. Of course you are not going to say, I have come to tea, and as nothing is said about it by your host and no signs appearing to show that you are expected to stay, you rise to depart. Not a word is said about tea; the commonplace invitation to call again is given; and you leave with the feeling that people don't mean it when they invite you to come to tea. The same is true ninety-nine times in a hundred when we are chided because we don't call. It is not sincere; we are not wanted. When people are in trouble, or sick, or poor, then a friendly call is acceptable and is often a blessing. But calling upon people when they are busy or otherwise engaged is a nuisance, and mere formal calls a fraud. The caller says, "I must call upon Mrs. Blank; it is two weeks since she gave her party; I must certainly call to-morrow, but I dread it." A comment in a similar way is made by the persons to be called upon. "I am shut up here in the house to receive callers, and there is such a bore." It is a great pity people will not take counsel of their common sense, and do what they ought to sincerely and positively. Uncertainty not only breeds discomfort, but it nourishes instability. If a man has no fixed time set for the discharge of a duty or the fulfilment of a promise, he is liable not to do it at all.

The Miseries of Boyhood.

Does the boy hope, some cold winter morning, to economize time by a hasty toilet, and turn himself over for a wee bit nap after the rising bell, there comes a voice up the stairway: "John-n-i-e! O, Johnnie!" with lingering persuasiveness. "Get right up! Your father says he wants you to have all the paths shoveled off before breakfast."

If Jennie is up and ready for breakfast that is all that is expected. She has nothing more important to do than breathing on the frosty panes to get a view of Johnnie at work. Does the boy get up early to get his skates sharpened—"Don't make that noise in here!" Does he try on those idols of his heart to see that every strap and buckle is in order—"Haven't I told you times without number not to put on your skates in the house? By next spring there won't be a rag of carpet left."

How does little Jennie manage to keep her skates in good condition? Why, she appeals to the head of the household:—"Pa, can't Johnnie bore a hole in this strap for me?" "John, fix your sister's skates," and they're fixed. If Johnnie tries to play in the house, he is stopped and advised to take a book and sit down. And then as soon as he becomes absorbed in "Robinson Crusoe" he is aroused by the paternal voice, "Come Johnnie, put up that book and go find the cow." Jennie who is very busy putting her refractory doll to bed, wonders how Johnnie knows which way to turn to look for the missing animal, and being interrogated as to that on his return, slings his cap defiantly into the corner, snatches up "Robinson Crusoe," again, mutters something under his breath about 'girls' and 'geese' and is soon absorbed in his book.

"Come, now, Johnnie," says the mother, "don't go to reading again. It is 8 o'clock." Five minutes elapsed. "Johnnie, did you hear me? Jennie's gone up stairs." Five minutes more on the desert isle, and a childish voice is heard at the stairs landing, "Ma, can't Johnnie come to bed? I'm afraid." "Now, Johnnie, I shan't speak to you again." A brief, very brief respite. "Oh! only to finish this chapter." "Ma! Ma!" louder and angrier, "I'm coming down if Johnnie don't come! Mayn't he come?" Enter the paternal. "John, what are you up for at this hour? Shut up that book and go to bed! Why, Pussie, why aren't you in bed?" "I want to kiss you good-night," pleads the sweet little fibber. "Bah! she's afraid of the dark; that's what's the matter," defiantly retorts Johnnie, going up stairs two steps at a time. "I ain't neither. Can't he stop plaguing me?" "Come, John, let your sister alone."—That's all the sympathy a boy gets.

AN OLD LADY from the country, with six unmarried daughters, went into Augusta, Ga., the other day, hunting for the "Patrons of Husbandry." She meant business.

A Lock Under the Bed.

It is the habit of many persons to take a look under the bed before retiring for the night. Mrs. Evergreen, my beloved wife, indulges, if indulgence it can be called, in this peculiar practice. I have often remarked to Mrs. Evergreen, when I have seen her prying under the bed, that it was a silly habit, and that the sooner she gave it up the better. To this gentle admonition my better half invariably rejoins:

"La, Evergreen, what harm does it do? It's a kind of satisfaction to know that nobody is under there, and then I don't think of such a horrible thing after I'm in bed."

"I think, my dear, you might just as well pursue your investigations further, and look in the bureau drawers and the clothes-basket."

"Evergreen," she will rejoin, "don't mention the idea, or I shall certainly do so. Come to think of it, a man could easily get into the clothes basket!"

"Certainly he could, my dear, quite as easily as Falstaff. You should certainly include the clothes-basket, and by-and-by there's the chimney—why not look up that as well?"

"Now, Evergreen, you're laughing at me. But I can't leave off the habit, and I never will. It's a comfort for me to know that there's nothing wrong about it, and I don't see why you should deprive me of it."

So under the bed goes the candle, and no signs of humanity being discovered, Mrs. Evergreen is able to repose in peace.

If it were not for increasing this mental idiosyncrasy on the part of Mrs. Evergreen, by giving her some good reason to apprehend danger, I should relate to her what I am about to lay before the reader. In this narration, therefore, I ask the public most particularly to bear in mind that Mrs. Evergreen is slightly superstitious, and that what I have to say must, under no circumstances, be imparted to that lady. If for two-and-twenty years (that is the period of our wedded life, and happy years have they been)—if, I say, I have for this long period refrained from imparting the matter to the beloved sharer of my joys and partaker of my sorrows, surely the public will keep the secret.

I was not bad looking when I was in my twenties. I think I may go further, and confidently say that Gus Evergreen was a decided favorite among the girls of Oakville, and I really believe I could have had any of them for the asking. As I before remarked, Mrs. Evergreen is not present, and I indulge my thoughts somewhat more freely than would otherwise be the case.

Fred Evans, who had been my chum at school, came to pay me a visit at Oakville, for a day or two, as he said when he came; but he made a week or two easily enough after I'd taken him about a little among the young ladies. When that time had expired, Fred said he really must go, as he didn't know what his father and mother would think of his long absence; but it ended in relieving their anxiety by a letter, and sending for his trunks. I knew how the matter was perfectly well, and that Belle Bronson had bewitched him out of his senses. Fred tried to put it on to the "country air and the quiet which was benefiting his health, etc.," but it was no use trying to deceive me and I told him so. Then he owned up frankly, and I promised to help him all I could, if he required any help in the prosecution of his suit.

She had a larger share of beaux than the other girls, but all their attention came to nothing. I feared it might be so with Evans and warned him accordingly; but Fred said that "without her, life was nought to him." Things went on in this way without any definite result, until Fred received a sudden summons home on account of his mother's illness. When he came back to renew his visit he insisted upon staying at the Oakville Hotel, rather than wear out his welcome at our house, and finding remonstances unavailing, there he went. The landlord gave Fred, at my suggestion, his best bedroom, No. 20—I am particular in mentioning the number. "He shall have No. 20," said Downbury. "Any friend of yours, Master Augustus, shall have the best room I have to give as long as I am landlord."

Belle Bronson, because of the sudden arrival at her house of some country cousins, was obliged to give up her room—her mother's cottage being a small one—and to occupy for a single night a room at the hotel. We would have offered her guests accommodation at our house, but we were in a similar predicament. An agricultural fair had brought many strangers into the place, and our own guests were so numerous that I had given up my room to two of them, and had intended asking Fred Evans to let me pass the night with him at the hotel.

For this purpose I went to the hotel at a late hour, and proceeded at once to Fred's room, but to my surprise found no one there. I did not even notice that his trunk was gone, or suspect the fact, which afterwards became apparent, that "to oblige some lady guests for the night only," as the landlord expressed it, Fred consented to give up "No. 20" and occupy a small room in the rear of the building. The gas being turned on, I took a book to wait his return, and hearing at last what appeared to be steps approaching the room and suspecting it to be Fred, in a momentary impulse to play a joke upon him I slipped under the bed, a large and high one, intending to imitate a cat as soon as he entered the room. The door opened, and I was on the point of indulging in my ventriloquial faculty by giving a long-drawn *meow*, when, from my hiding-place, I beheld Belle Bronson take quiet possession of the apartment.

My astonishment was so great, and the sense of mortification so intense that I did not, as I should have done, make myself immediately known to her. Thus the opportunity for discovery and explanation was lost. I dared not move a hair, but hoped sincerely that some excuse might take her out of the room for a moment, and so facilitate my escape. She, however locked the door, removed the key, and I know by the sound, prepared to retire. Finally, she kneeled down beside the bed, and clasping her hands and bowing her head (so fearfully near to mine that I could hear the soft words in my very ear,) she offered up her evening prayer in a manner full of feeling and with such sweet accents of womanly tenderness and devotion, that I felt as if she was an angel bending over the vilest of mortals. That prayer went to my heart; but one portion of it went through it and held it captive. Never shall I forget my feeling of suprise and my deep emotions when I heard her utter these words: "Bless my dear mother, sisters and friends; bless all around me and O God! bless him I love, Augustus Evergreen, and shower down Thy mercies over him."

If I breathed short before, after this my breath seemed to desert me entirely, and I verily thought that the beating of my heart would betray me. Belle, pure as an angel to me then, and white as a snowflake, proceeded to turn off the gas and get into bed. What thoughts rushed through my brain! Above me lay a young and unsophisticated girl, wholly unconscious that the one she loved lay so closely to her, and who had for the first time been made aware of her interest in him by hearing words which she supposed went only to Heaven!

Belle had lain perfectly motionless for several minutes, and was, I flattered myself, losing herself in sleep, when suddenly she exclaimed: "There, I haven't looked under the bed!" A horror ran through me—all is lost. What shall I do? Belle rose, and I heard her feeling for the matches, and try to light one after the other, as they failed to ignite; then an "O, dear, there are no more!" whispered my soul to me. Belle groped back to the bed, but did not immediately get in; she stooped and lifted the curtains which hung around the bottom, cautiously passing her arm around as far as it could reach. I almost felt her fingers graze my face, as I held myself fearfully and silently back against the wall, too far, just too far for her to reach. Apparently satisfied that no danger was near her, she lay down in the bed again, and I counted her respirations till she was lost in slumber.

As for myself, sleep was utterly out of the question. I never was so wide awake in my life. How I lay upon that hard carpet and thought the night out—thought of her and her love for me—thought of myself and my love for her.

With the morning light fresh fears came upon me lest my unconscious roommate might yet peer beneath the bed for robbers before she left the room; but my fears were groundless. She rose and dressed expeditiously, for she was to join her cousins at an early breakfast, and she had over-slept herself. When at last she took the key, unlocked the door, and departed, I lost no time in slipping out of my shameful place of concealment and escaping from the hotel. On the stairs I met Fred coming out of his room, who exclaimed:

"Why, what's the matter with you, old fellow? You look like the last days of an ill spent life. And your coat, too, —why, it's all feathers and dust. Where have you been?"

"Why, I slept—slept out last night, that's all. Our house is so full, and so I had to find quarters elsewhere. I am just going home to dress."

"I should say so, decidedly. I see it all, old fellow; you've been on a lark and had to put up in the watch-house. Come now, own up, and tell us all about it."

"No lark at all, Feed; nothing of the kind, I assure you."

"Well, if not a lark, what kind of a bird was it? From the looks of the feathers, I should say it was a goose."

"You're the goose, Fred. But, seriously, I've a word to say to you of a most important nature. Be a man, Fred, and make up your mind to hear something excessively disagreeable. It must be told to you sooner or later, and I may as well tell it now!

"Good heavens, Gus! how earnestly you look at me. You don't mean to say that—that anything has happened to Belle Bronson?"

"Don't mention her name again, Fred, or think of her any more, for she'll never be anything to you. I have it from one who knows all about it, that she has been attached to somebody else, and that somebody else means to marry her. There's no mistake about it, so bear up and try your luck elsewhere."

But Fred Evans was not to be discouraged by mere hearsay. That very day he went to see Belle, determined to know his fate from her own lips. Soon after he left Oakville, and I did not see him again for several years, when, meeting him in town one day, I insisted on bringing him home with me, and presenting him to his old flame, Belle Bronson—the present Mrs. Evergreen.

"Ah, Fred," said he, after dinner, when my wife and the little Evergreens had left us to ourselves—"ah, Fred, you served me a shabby trick when you allowed me to lose my heart to the girl you were all along intending to marry yourself—a very shabby trick, one of which I never suspected you!"

So I had to tell him (in strict confidence, of course, as I tell you, reader,) all about the bed-room affair at the Oakville Hotel, and the love that grew out of it.

A MAN is so much more polite in church. He is on dress parade, as it were. Nobody was surprised to see that young man last Sunday dive suddenly into the bottom of the pew to pick up her parasol. While he was at the bottom he saw the embroidered edge of her pocket-handkerchief sticking from under the edge of her dress. He would pick up that, too. He commenced tugging at it when there was a fierce scuffle and a little hand darted down. He came up without it. There were two red faces in the Sanctuary to which the calm of the Blessed Sabbath seemed to bring no relief. But he was a young man that meant well.—*Staunton (Va.) Vindicator.*

NO SUCH THING AS CHICKEN CHOLERA.—An Indiana lady says there is no such thing as chicken cholera—that it is lice that kills the chickens, and adds: "When you see them go moping or sitting about, refusing to eat, catch one and look on her head, and under her wings and about the oil bag, and you will find hundreds of lice. Grease them with fried meat grease, and they are well.

CAN'T think of anything good to say of a person you don't like? Nonsense.—Take the case of a house or a horse which you have to sell because you don't like it, and how much may be truthfully said in its favor in an advertisement!

How Eight Boston Wives had a Dinner.

The Boston *Post* tells the following story about a dinner at a famous Boston restaurant:

"Such a fame as Taft's makes dinner parties as innumerable as they are inviting, and it would be unaccountable on the doctrine of chance alone, if there did not now and then befall a funny incident to give piquancy as well as substantial delights to the Point Shirley entertainments. Taft tells one that has just occurred at his cosey quarters, but a sly wink given after the whispering was over enjoined the preservation of the strictest incognito of all the parties concerned. It happened on the brightest and most deliciously cool day of the week, when the atmosphere, and the skies themselves seemed attuned to the event which was celebrated. Eight married gentlemen of eminently epicurean tastes came together and set their minds upon having a dinner. There were four Englishmen and four Americans, all of whom had tested the skill of cooks the world over. They wished to have everything complete, and going to Taft they gave him *carte blanche* for serving them up such a feast as they wanted. Preparations began forthwith, and all the resources and appliances of Taft's cuisine were brought into requisition.

"But meanwhile the wives of the eight gentlemen got wind of the affair. They learned to their just indignation that their husbands were preparing for a grand feast for their sole edification, and that eight plates only were to be laid at their table. Without waiting for an explanation, they despatched a messenger to Taft's and duplicated their husbands' order, to be served in a separate dining-room. The bills of fare were identical, with the exception of cigars, and the strictest silence was enjoined. Not even a hint or a whisper was to pass between the husbands and the landlord. The hour appointed for the two dinners came, and the husbands sat down to their dinner and the wives to theirs. The tables bore the results of Taft's unrivaled taste and skill, and nothing was omitted to make it complete in every detail. Fish, birds, and all yielded their delicious mouthfuls, whilst the shining plates and excellant service was tickling to every sense.

"Not a word passed between the spic-and-span dining rooms. All unsuspecting the husbands drank a bumper to their 'wives at home,' while the wives sipped the health of their husbands, who never dreamed of their presence under the same hospitable roof. Dinner over, the wives ordered their bill added to that of their unsuspecting husbands, and so the ruse was discovered. There is a pretty moral to all this, Taft thinks, and perhaps one hasn't far to search for it, either."

An Item which Every Man should Read.

We have probably all met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a woman has been magnified by malicious minds until the cloud has been dark enough to shadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed, not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness, to speak lightly of ladies, we recommend these hints as worthy of consideration:

Never use a lady's name in improper places at an improper time or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think untrue, or allusions that you think she herself would blush to hear.

When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them; they are the very worst men in the community—men lost to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and her heart broken by a lie manufactured by some villian and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report.

A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wind, and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman; your mother and sisters are women, and as you would have their fair names untarnished, and their lives unembittered by the slanderer's bitter tongue, heed the ills your words may bring upon the mother, the sister or the wife of some of your fellow creatures.

THE SIMPLE SECRET.

Twenty clerks in a store, twenty hands in a printing office, twenty apprentices in a ship yard, twenty young men in a village—all want to get on the world, and expect to do so. One of the clerks will become a partner, and make a fortune; one of the compositors will own a newspaper, and then become an influential citizen; one of the apprentices will become a master builder; one of the young villagers will get a handsome farm, and live like a patriarch—but which one is the lucky individual? Lucky? There is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the rule of three. The young fellow who distances his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who devotes his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge, who gains friends by deserving them, and who saves his spare money. There are some ways to fortune shorter than this old dusty highway; but the staunch men of the community, the men who achieve something really worth having—good fortune, good name, and serene old age—all go in this road.

AN enamored Philadelphian has been convicted of petty larceny of abstracting his adored one's *carte de visite* from her photograph album; the judge deciding that to steal a *carte* was as bad as to steal a horse.

A WEALTHY bishop, congratulating a poor clergyman on his local situation, said: "You have very fine air here."—"Yes," replied the minister, "if I could only live upon it as well as in it I should think so too."

A YOUNG MAN met a rival who was somewhat advanced in years, and wishing to annoy him, inquired how old he was. "I can't exactly tell," said the other, "but I can tell you that an ass is older at twenty than a man at sixty."

ENORMOUS ESTABLISHMENT.

KRUPP'S CAST STEEL WORKS IN PRUSSIA—A CITY OF WORKMEN.

This establishment was founded near Essen in the year 1810. It was conducted by Mr. Alfred Krupp from the year 1820, and in 1848 he became sole proprietor. The works have been gradually developed, until, in January of the present year, they covered a continuous area of about 1,000 acres, of which about 200 acres are under roof. The total number of men employed in these works, and in the mines and smelting works belonging to the firm, is about 17,000, besides 739 officers and regular employees.

The quantity of cast steel produced in the year 1872 exceeded 125,000 tons.—This product consisted of axles, tires, rails, wheels, and crossings for railways, shafts and springs for steamers, and machinery of various kinds.

In 1872 the works consumed 500,000 tons of coal; 125,000 tons of coke; water 113,000,000 cubic feet; gas 155,000,000 cubic feet supplied by the gas works of the establishment to 16,500 burners.

Communication between the several workshops is established by 30 telegraph stations. A corps of 165 watchman and a permanent fire brigade of 70 men, who also perform police duty, are constantly employed. General supply stores, under control of the firm, supply to the voluntary purchaser belonging to the works, for cash, provisions, clothing, dry goods, boots, &c., at cost prices. The present monthly receipts of these stores amount to about $55,000 in gold, and are continually increasing. This department comprises one hotel three beer-houses, one seltzer water manufactory, one flour mill, and one bakery, with two steam engines.

The officers inhabit 266 dwellings. A portion of the workmen are housed in 2,946 dwellings. A sick, burial and pension fund has been instituted for all the workmen, the firm contributing to the fund half as much as the workmen, and providing pension and support for those who have been rendered unfit for work, and for the widows of the workmen. The total receipts of this fund for the last year were $30,000.

The five different smelting furnaces belonging to the firm produce nearly ten thousand tons pig iron per month. They have 140 coke ovens in operation, and 120 in the course of construction. The steam engines employed in them represent nearly 10,000 horse power.—*Amer. Artisan.*

Jay Cooke at Home.

Nine miles back of Philadelphia, on the waters of Taconey creek, is "Ogontz," the residence of Jay Cooke. It is a villa of the native sienite of the hills, pointed and set in blue mortar, with iron verandahs, Mansard towers and pavillions, and all the elegancies afforded by modern resources and improvements. A flower walk with beds and terraces, closed by a mock ruin, in which fireworks were set off on national holidays, in the vista from that side of the house where, in a great recess with painted walls, the conservatory is maintained. From the opposite verandah there is a view of grass beds, sprinkled with pools and fountains, sloping down to the creek, which is made to descend in cascades; and here the mausoleum of the family—a beautiful edifice in marble—makes the headland to a cape of timber. The lands attached to this noble mansion reach about 200 acres in extent, and are covered to a great degree with natural woods, chiefly oak, chestnut, sycamore and hickory. The hills in all that region are high, and the country strong and stony, like the native people, who belong to a hardy type of Quakers and Welsh, Scotch and old German aboriginals. About one mile from Ogontz is a small turnpike village called "New York Road Station," or Shoemaker Town, where Mr. Cooke had built his church—a quaint and attractive specimen of early English Gothic. From this village Mr. Cooke went daily to the city by train, Sundays excepted; and if he remained at home through indisposition or satiety, he communicated with his banking house by telegraph. Two small black Vermont ponies were his own favorite roadsters. He was a good neighbor—the best ever known in these parts—and plain and cordial in his address. At home he lived a parental life, being a widower and fond of his grandchildren. He spent little upon himself, but was proud of his residence; and it has been believed in that region for a good while past that he had presented Ogontz to his daughter, Mrs. Bonney.—His dwelling and grounds would have brought, one year ago, $2,000 an acre, although he probably spent that a