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The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. R. 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.

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.

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.

Ready-made Clothing.
A GOOD ASSORTMENT, Fine and Coarse.
JOS. E. WEER,
Feb. 24, 1872. Kennedyville, Md

SEINE TWINE and GILLING THREAD all sizes, for sale at
Feb. 22. J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

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

Kent News.

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

Vol. 34. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1873. No. 26.

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.

☞ **To the Ladies!** ☜

FALL and WINTER MILLINERY
AND FANCY GOODS!
New Goods, New Styles, Low Prices!

MRS. L. J. DAVIS has just returned from the city with a large assortment of FASHIONABLE MILLINERY, embracing
Bonnets, Hats, Flowers, Ribbons,
&c., &c., all of which are of the latest styles and will be sold at the lowest prices.
My stock of Fancy Goods cannot be surpassed in this market. Velveteens for Coats and Trimmings; also Dress Trimmings, Dress Buttons, Silk and Velvet.
The Ladies are invited to call and see my goods before purchasing elsewhere.
Oct. 25, 1873—3t

New Millinery and Notions!

MRS. H. C. CARROLL,

WOULD call the attention of the LADIES of Chestertown and vicinity to a FINE ASSORTMENT of
New and Beautiful Millinery Goods
and NOTIONS, including the LATEST FALL STYLES, which she is selling at the very lowest prices. An examination of her goods and prices is respectfully solicited.
MRS. H. C. CARROLL,
oc21-3t. Successor to Mrs. C. R. Fiddis.

The New American Sewing Machine
IS THE BEST.
Self-Threading Shuttle — Simplicity.

IT IS A SIMPLE MACHINE, having but few working parts, and always ready to work. The simple manner in which the Machine is threaded, makes it easy of accomplishment by the most inexperienced. There being NO HOLES to thread either above or in the Shuttle.
The Shuttle requires no threading, being ready to work as soon as the Bobbin is placed in it. If the Machine accidentally turns backward, it does no harm and breaks no threads or needles.
SAMPLE MACHINES may be seen at the Millinery Store of Miss MAGGIE J. WYATT, Chestertown, and all orders addressed to the undersigned at Hanesville, Post Office, will be promptly attended to.
JOHN BELL, Agent.
Oct. 18, 1873—y

A GOOD OPENING!
A Good Store House and Dwelling
combined, situated in MILLINGTON, Kent county, Md., to rent for the coming year 1874. Terms moderate. Address
MRS. M. C. QUIMBY,
Oct. 18, 1873—4t* Millington.

FOR RENT,
THE STORE HOUSE,
in Galena, occupied by Mr. Geo. W. Sutton. Also, a DWELLING HOUSE, in Galena, on the road to Sassafras. Also, a SHOP, adjoining the property of Mr. Jeremiah Peacock, suitable for a Tailor Shop or small Store.
For terms, &c., apply to
FRANK M. GOODING,
Oct. 11, 1873—tf. Chesterville.

FOR RENT,
For the ensuing year
THE STORE HOUSE,
of the late Rich'd Hodges, at Edesville. There is also an extra room and a shed room for rent. For terms apply to the undersigned.
MARY M. BAKER,
Oct. 4, 1873—4t. near Edesville.

FOR RENT,
For the ensuing year,
THE STORE ROOMS in Still Pond under the Hall of the Knights of Pythias.
For terms apply to
THOS. E. NORRIS, Still Pond,
J. B. CAROTHERS, Kennedyville,
WM. HEPBRON, Lynch's Station
Aug. 9, 1873—tf.

FOR RENT,
For the ensuing year,
THE HOUSE AND LOT OF LAND, near Smithville, now in the tenancy of Robert L. Usilton. There is a good Barn and small Peach Orchard on the premises. For terms, &c, apply to EDW. PLUMMER.

CAUTION TO TRESPASSERS.—All persons are hereby positively forbidden to gun, hunt or cross over the land, or in any other manner trespass upon the premises now owned by Mary S. Hynson, the house occupied by C. C. Hynson. The law will rigidly enforced in all cases.
Nov. 1—3t.* MARY S. HYNSON.

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against trespassing on the lands of the undersigned near Galena, with dog or gun, after this date. The law will be strictly enforced against all who disregard this notice.
EDW. B. WOODALL,
H. A. KRAFT.
Oct. 25, 1873—3t.*

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 Quaker Neck. The law will be rigidly enforced.
P. T. SIMMONDS,
WILLIAM G. TREW,
THOMAS B. TREW,
Oct. 25—3t.* PHILIP E. TREW.

NOTICE TO GUNNERS.
All persons are hereby positively forbidden to trespass with dog or gun upon the premises of the undersigned occupied by John R. Sparks near Crumpton, under penalty of the law.
DR. F. N. SHEPPARD.
October 18, 1873—4t.

CAUTION TO GUNNERS.
All persons are hereby warned against trespassing upon the premises of the undersigned by hunting, gunning, or otherwise, after this date, as I shall enforce the law against all offenders. WM. T. VANDYKE,
Oct. 18, 1873—3t* near Chesterville.

TAKE NOTICE!
After this week we shall have exposed on our cold frames and hot-beds about $3,000 worth of glass sashes, and as we have heretofore suffered considerably from having glass broken by dogs, we hereby give notice that we shall kill every dog found within our enclosures, in any way that a dog can be killed.—Those who value their dogs will secure their safety by keeping them home.
MASSEY & HUDSON.
oct18-3t.

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 underigned, 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.

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

THEY SAY.

They say! Ah! well, suppose they do,
But can they prove the story true?
Suspicions may arise from naught
But malice, envy, want of thought,
Why count yourself among the "they,"
Who whisper what they dare not say?

They say! But why the tale rehearse
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue;
And is it not a noble plan
To speak of all the best you can?

They say! Well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress,
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore
Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

They say! Oh! pause and look within,
See how thine heart inclines to sin;
Watch, lest in dark temptation's hour
Thou, too, should sink beneath its power,
Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall,
But speak of good or not at all.

GRANDMOTHER.

BY ELSIE G—.

For a long time I did not understand it at all. I thought that, because grandmothers often were feeble and old-fashion, they could never really feel as we children do; that they needed no particular notice or enjoyment, for it was their nature to sit in rocking-chairs and knit. They seemed quite different from the rest of the world, and not to be especially thought about; that is, by girls who were as full of merry plans as we were.

Grandmother lived with us, as father was her only son. We had a vague idea that she helped mother mend the clothes and knitted all father's winter stockings, besides some pairs for the church society. We were supposed to love her, of course, and were never openly rude, for indeed we had been taught to be polite to all aged persons. As for grandmother, she was one of those peaceful souls who never make any trouble, but just go on in their own way so quietly that you hardly know that they are in the house. Mother sat with her sometimes, but we girls, in our gay, busy pursuits, rarely thought of such a thing. She seemed to have no part in our existence.

It went on so for some time, till one day I happened at sundown to go into the sitting-room, and there sat grandmother, alone. She had fallen asleep in her chair by the window. The sun was just sinking out of sight, leaving a glory of light as he went, and in this glory I saw grandmother—saw her really for the first time in my life!

She had been reading her Bible, and then, as if there had been no need of reading more, since its treasure already lay shining in her soul, she had turned the book over upon her lap and leaned back to enjoy the evening.

I saw it all in a moment,—her gentleness, her patience, her holiness. Then, while her love and beautiful dignity seemed to fold about me like a bright cloud, the sweet every-day lines in her face told me a secret, that even then in the wonderful sunset of life she was, O, how human! So human that she missed old faces and old scenes; so human that she needed a share of what God was giving us,—friends, home interests, little surprises and expectations, loving offices, and, above all a recognition in the details of our fresh young lives.

Girls! when grandmother woke up, she found us all three stealing softly into the room; for God had helped me, when I went to tell my sisters about it. Mary only kissed her and asked if she had had a good nap; Susie picked her ball of yarn off the carpet and began to wind it, all the while telling her a pleasant bit of news about one of the school-girls; and I—well, I knelt down at grandmother's feet and, just as I was going to cry, I gave her knees a good hard hug, and told her she was a darling.

That's all, girls. But it's been different ever since from what it was before.—*From St. Nicholas for November.*

Watching at the Wrong Hole.

Many men are very watchful against temptation on sides where they are in no danger tempted. Here is a man who never says ten words in a day; he is silent and thoughtful; and he tells you he keeps a guard over his mouth; that he is determined not to sin by talking. But it is not by talking that he is apt to sin; he is not in danger on that side; and yet there is the watchman going up and down in front of that door, which does not open more than once or twice a day anyhow. Here is an ugly devil of suspicion, envy and jealously that has possession of him and causes him to sin; but there is no guard over that. It is where these passions reside that his temptation comes; but he has no watchman there. He makes up for neglecting the points where the danger is, by putting all his force at the points where there is perfect security.—Here is a man who says I guard myself against stinginess. Bless his dear soul! He never had a feeling of stinginess in all his life. His troubles have always been looseness. He never could keep anything. Here is a man who is a spendthrift, a scatterer, ne'er-do-well, and he says: "I am determined that I will not be a miser." There is not the slightest danger of it, in his case. But how is it with the man who is a miser? He tells you that he has watched these spendthrift's through life, that he has never seen them do any good, and that he early took warning from them, and determined that, whatever, come, he would not be a squanderer, by over benevolence of what God gave him—and he never has been. He watches himself continually for fear that he will give away something; and his watch is greatly blessed.

A GIRL of the season comments thus on Mormonism: "How absurd! Four or five wives to one man, when the fact is each woman in these times ought to have four or five husbands. It would take about that number to support me at all decently!"

A YOUNG student wants us to tell him if W-o-r-c-e-s-t-e-r spells Wooster, why R-o-c-h-e-s-t-e-r don't spell Rooster.

It would be just as hard to tell why A-r-k-a-n-s-a-w can be tortured out of A-r-k-a-n-s-a-s. But it's the fashion, anyhow.

A KEEN observer says there is as much difference between self-conceit and self-respect as there is between selfish men and men who sell fish.

Figures Won't Lie.

"To-morrow is the twenty-fourth, isn't it, Mary?"

"The twenty-fourth," answered the young wife, sadly.

James Carroll knocked the ashes from his cigar, held it carefully between the thumb and fore-finger of his left hand, and looked thoughtfully into the fire.

Mary's tired fingers showed no signs of weariness, but turned the hem of a sheet mechanically, and then proceeded to baste it for sewing.

"Belle will be three years old?" he said interrogatively.

"Three, James," replied Mary, without the trace of a bright smile lightening up her pretty face. James gave a few more whiffs at his nearly consumed cigar, but he did not seem to enjoy it much.—A listener would have pronounced Mary a cold, unloving wife, that the gentle presence of her husband, or the return of her husband, or the return of her baby's birthday, failed to please.

Lookers-on and listeners do not always look into the depth of the heart to see what struggles are there. So in this instance. Another woman, whose life was all sunshine, would have pronounced Mary heartless. Poor thing! She had too much heart for this world's trials.—Her wedding day was a blissful one; her husband the ideal of manly perfection.—His love, unaccompanied by wealth, was worth more to her than all the treasurers of the earth. But a cloud arose to dim the brightness of her sky. She soon made the discovery that he was human; and that the love of wine, and possibly something stronger, filled his heart, as well as the love of his wife. He was not what the world would call an intemperate man—one glass a day does not constitute a drunkard, why should she fear?

At the end of three years he took at least two glasses a day. What had she to hope for in years to come?

"I wish, Mary, I was able to make Belle a present every birthday in her life, but you know that it is all I can do to get along as it is."

"I know it, James," meekly replied the wife."

James was ill at ease. Something in Mary's manner disturbed him.

"What makes you solemn and quiet, Mary? Why not sympathize with me, and say you know I have a hard time to get along, and that Belle can do without presents better than we can afford to give them? Fox gave me a wood bill this morning, and Jones wants to know when the grocery bill is to be paid. I don't like to bother you with these things, only I want you to understand that as much as I love our little girl, I can't afford to make her presents."

Mary's color came and went. Tears stole into her violet eyes and her heart beat quick and fast. Her trembling fingers guided her needle unsteadily, and the stitches were long and irregular. Those long years she had brooded alone over her husband's weakness without a reproof, and much as she dreaded to speak she knew her time had come.

"I wish, dear James, I could economize in something, and save money to buy our darling a present. It seems cruel to neglect her birth-day so soon."

"I know nothing you could be more prudent in, Mary, and you know I am as economical as possible, don't you?"

It is very hard for the lips that had uttered only loving words of praise to say no; but a strength not of her own came to her aid, and with a sweet, sad smile the wife uttered her first rebuke.

"No, James, I am grieved to say that in some things you are too extravagant. It must be a sin of ignorance, for I know if you realize it you would never wrong your wife and child."

James started from his seat. His eyes flashed and his cheeks paled.

"Mary, you are crazy."

"Not crazy, James, but too clear-headed for our happiness."

After the shock passed, and he was prepared to listen, she went on, and in a clear and concise manner, laid before him the cause of her bitter words:

"During the last year you have drank at least two glasses of liquor a day, haven't you?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so. What of that? Only ten cents a glass—that can't ruin a man."

"Three hundred and sixty-five days, which multiplied by twenty cts., amounts to seventy-three dollars. And three cigars a day, which you know is below your average of smoking, will amount to as much more, which makes one hundred and forty-six dollars. Forty dollars would pay our coal and grocery bills now due, and leave a balance of one hundred and six dollars for baby and me. You know, too, the time spent in drinking is worse than wasted, for tobacco and liquor poisons the system, destroys the health, softens the brain, weakens the nerves, and brings ruin to thousands of happy homes. There is a lack of tenderness for Belle and me when your nerves are excited by drink.—I forgive you freely, but the sting is left in my heart."

Mary's effort overcame her and she fell into a passionate fit of weeping.

The strong man trembled.

"Am I blind? Is it possible, I have wronged my dearest treasure?"

They mingled their tears, and talked to a late hour, laying plans for the future; and James begged forgiveness of her he had wronged.

"It is not too late to save my health and strength," said the penitent man, and so it proved.

In one year from that day two beautiful silver cups were brought home by the happy father—one for Belle's fourth birthday, and the other for his wife who had saved him.

Mary's bore the inscription: "An angel saw me and lifted me up."

On Belle's was neatly engraved: "A child shall lead them."

Years have passed since then, and the happy couple in the vigor of life, on each recurring birth-day of Belle, who is now a young lady of eighteen, tell to her the little trial of their married life, and the great happiness that has grown from self-denial and justice.

The good wife and mother has kept the silver bright, and not a meal has been eaten at home but these cups are on the table where James could be reminded of the promise he had made and so faithfully kept.

Women's Extravagance vs. Men's.

We published last week a short article containing advice to women, urging the necessity of economy in the management of household affairs in view of the hard times. A lady thinks the following would be equally as appropriate at this season:

ADVICE TO THE MEN.—Husbands, sons and brothers, the times are hard, money is scarce, owing to the financial pressure, winter is approaching, fuel is high, living is high also. Now, can't you do without your accustomed glass of beer or of something stronger? It does you no good, but harm. You are spending your money for that which is neither food nor clothing. And can't you do without your accustomed cigar? You burn up in this way enough to supply a small family with groceries. Besides, this miserable practice spoils your breath, shatters your nervous system, and sets a very bad example before your children who think the habit is manly, and want to smoke because they see men do it. Do, gentlemen, think of these things, and quit the nasty practice of chewing and smoking. Some of you are good temperance men, and denounce strong drink, but use tobacco instead of liquor, and are as much the slaves of evil habit as the man who drinks. Be consistent, and quit the nauseating habit, and save your means from such waste. Your money may be turned to better use. Some poor creature may be suffering for *bread* while you are wasting your means for that which is not only not bread, but absolutely hurtful to you. Remember, you who profess to be controlled by religious principle, that you are stewards of the Lord, and responsible to him for the use you make of the means which he has given you. Will the voice of conscience be hushed in your bosoms while you go and burn incense to the false god of hurtful and evil habit?—Think of these things, and the thousand and one other extravagances of which you are guilty. A WIFE AND MOTHER.

Thanking God for the Frost.

The inhabitants of the stricken city of Memphis looked to the coming of frost to stay the terrible yellow fever scourge in that city. The Memphis Appeal thus describes the first appearance of the frost king: "While it was yet twilight, and ere the dappled east had yet opened the gates of day to the rising sun, hastily attired men and women, with semi-nude children in their arms, were out in the streets breathing the precious air of the purifying frost. Here, stooping down, one gathered a handful of glittering hoar-frost, which, pure and beautiful, lay upon the earth, and gazing on it with somewhat of the gladdening spirit with which the Israelites gathered the manna in the deserts of Arabia, exclaimed: "Oh, God! we thank Thee for this blessing!" Others came and touched with reverential fingers the pure, cold messenger of health, as if to satisfy themselves, like the half-believing Thomas of old, that the savior of the city had not risen but descended from Heaven, to save the people from the destroying angel of the pestilence.—Groups of men and women moved from place to place, to prove by cumulative evidence that indeed it was frost, and not some optical delusion; that the wished for guest had not confined its visitations to one locality, but enjoyed the freedom of the city. Here a pale face, once a handsome woman, with a tender babe at her breast, knelt down on the cold ground to thank God that the frost had come!—Poor, stricken heart! she and her orphan boy were all that the pestilence had left her, out of a once happy family. Strong men bare-headed and bare-armed, walked excitedly hither and thither rejoicing in the fact that a physician had come, to whose nostrums the whole faculty must yield precedence as the only true panacea for the terrible yellow fever. Windows and doors were thrown open, woolen and cotton garments were exposed to the disinfecting agency of the cold and rarified air, and everywhere in the city, as well as in the vicinity of the infected region, the enthusiasm was marked, if not as fervent and joyous."

Refinement.

Refinement is not fastidiousness. It is not luxury. It is nothing of the kind. It is far removed from excess or waste. A person truly refined will not squander or needlessly consume anything. Refinement, on the contrary, is always closely allied to simplicity and a judicious taste and employment of the means of good and happiness which he has at command. It seeks to divest itself of superfluities and aspires continually to the utmost possible purity.

To commence at a material base, refinement leads to a personal cleanliness and elegant neatness, good taste and simplicity in dress. All "loudness" or "flashness" is repugnant to its spirit. In its home and surroundings, whether palatial, affluent or humble, the same chasteness and unaffected grace are maintained. The abode of genuine refinement and of the mere pretender to it are very different.—In the former you will find no excess, gaudiness or false glitter, but the latter abounds with it.

In personal manner, refinement is most conspicuous. A man of refinement is always polite without flourish, gentle without effeminacy, and considerate without stiffness. Display and ceremony are not identical with refinement, and are poor substitutes for it. There is, of course, no refinement like that of the heart, which impels its possessor on all occasions to show a thoughtful and kindly regard for the feelings of others. No adherence to etiquette can compare with it for insuring the spontaneous observance of true and gratifying politeness.

In art, refinement is a most essential element. It is the greatest enhancement of beauty. It is a most attractive excellence in every style of composition, prose or poetical, and without it, painting and sculpture lose the most exalting attribute of their beauty.

A YOUNG LADY upbraided an admirer for his flirtations during a long absence. "You are too bad to be pardoned," she said; "but if I discard you, I shall punish myself most, and so I will ignore what is past, and enjoy your society as much as I can while I live, for when I die I shall never see you any more—I am going to Heaven!"

ENGAGED TO MARRY.

A Young Lady's Feelings.

The following "intercepted letter" tells very amusingly how a youthful maiden feels when surreptitiously engaged to marry:

Dear Lulie:—I have got a real, live, grown-up beau; and isn't it jolly. He's perfectly splendid; just like those lovely wax figures in the windows, only they can't use their lips. It's the French teacher, and he says *me petite* just like a cooing dove, and he always smells so sweet of pond lilies! I don't have anything to do with the boys now; those little boys of seventeen and eighteen do very well when there are no men around, if they can get money enough from their pa's to buy us Gunther's candies, but they can't amuse us girls of fourteen; they seem just like babies; and when they try to make love—O, my! arn't they mushy?

Now, Monsieur Fontaine acts as if he had been engaged twenty times, although I'm his first love; but we don't let on before ma and Thuse. It makes Arethusa awful mad to have me call her Thuse, and that's the reason I do it. I heard her ask ma the other day if that Frenchman's manners were not too familiar toward that child. Child! she's awfully afraid of my being a young lady! What need she care, now she's married? Wasn't she spoony, though, about Fred? When he used to come and see her, I would drag Tommy into the room and put my arm around his waist and squeeze his hand until her face would be as red as a beet. Such fun! I caught her kissing him once—such a little nipping kiss, just as if she were tasting pepper sauce. Now, if I pretended to kiss a man, I'd do it in right good earnest; just plant my feet square on the ground and give to him a sure pop right on the lips.

O, Lulie, poor Thuse would go off on a dead faint at my low-bred expressions, and inform me, for the nine hundred and ninth time, that my name is Ellsworth. Just as if I didn't know my own name, and what does it matter any way, when I expect to change it so soon? I do not intend to hang on to it till I am a horrid old maid, like poor Miss Tracy opposite. She might be a warning to the strongest minded. She's nervous, and how I do love to scare her. I promised Tommy the other day five cents worth of peanuts to let me hold him out of our third story window. He'd let me skin him for a paper of peanuts. So I got him out and knelt down under the window ledge, where I couldn't be seen, and held tight hold of his wrists. Thuse thinks my strength is disgusting. Pretty soon there was an elderly shriek and then an elderly form rushed across the street to mother, but by the time they got up stairs I was seated quietly at my crochet-work, and Tommy was turning summersaults on the bed over the lovely fluted pillow-cases.—And she still thinks it is poor Miss Tracy that is "a little wild at times."

I love my brother Fred ever so much, but I don't see how he ever came to fancy such a die-away specimen as our Thuse. Because she is so awful pretty, I suppose; but she just turns him around her thumb. If he refuses to get what she wants, she just looks like a martyr in the flames, and lets down all her back hair like the Magdalens in the picture gallery. And although they were pretty hanging on the walls, even an artist does not want to sit at the table three times a day opposite a live one, with her eyes rolled up and her hair down her back.

So poor Fred always gives in, and she smiles a forgiving smile, puts up her hair, and goes off to buy the fine silk or the set of jewelry that has taken her fancy. And when she gets it she keeps tight hold of it, too. She has never given me even a cuff-button. Thuse always was stingy. And she is stuck up, because she has got a son. Just as if it were something wonderful. Why, Mrs. Tubbs, our laundress, has eight of them, besides, one that was drowned, and one scalded, and she isn't a bit set up. But Arethusa says "my boy!" and does the maternal all to pieces. She thinks Alexis is made out of nicer materials than most babies, and I know she doesn't believe catechism where it says he was made out of the regular dust of the earth. I suppose she thinks rose leaves and corn starch were used to make up his delicate organization. It would relieve my feelings to see a speck of dirt on that child's face; it makes me ache to see him so painfully clean. And she thinks he is going to be a little Solomon or some humbug or other.

Now, Lulie, I have got a secret that you musn't tell a living soul. If you do I will never forgive you. I have promised Monsieur Fontaine to be married in three weeks, on my fourteenth birthday, and if mother seems likely to object we are going to elope, just like the girls in the novels. Won't it be splendid? Just think what a sensation it will make! The Chicago papers will be full of it. "Elopement in high life. The lovely daughter of the rich and elegant Mrs. E——h eloped with her teacher." Poor Thuse would do high tragedy, wring her hands, and talk of the disgrace to the noble house of Ellsworth. I should think her delicate shoulders would ache from carrying our noble house so long. Now, don't you breathe a word about it, and I will stand by you if you run away with a shoeblack.

Married at fourteen! Just think! I shall beat Thuse out and out. Then too, something might happen to Monsieur Fontaine. Of course I wouldn't have anything happen to him for the world; but then something might, you know—the railroads are always smashing up; and if there should, why then I would be a young and interesting widow; and black crape with my fair complexion would be so sweet; and O, Lulie, do you think that I am too young to wear a widow's cap? What a blow that cap would be to Arethusa. She would rather receive a whole paper of needles in her side—that is, gold-headed ones, not your common steel things. Now, Lulie Wyndham, if you tell you'll be just as mean as you can be.

CELIA ELLSWORTH
(for a little while.)

A COMMON MISTAKE.

The wisest thing
For any man,
Is to get from others
All he can.
The meanest thing
A man can do,
Is to get his gains
From me or you.
—*From St. Nicholas for November.*

A PROTESTANT MIRACLE.

The Wife of a Methodist Clergyman is the Subject of a Miraculous Visitation and Restoration to Health.

Great excitement has been created in New Hampshire by an account given by Mrs. Ellen C. Sherman, wife of the Rev. Moses Sherman, of Pierpont, of her having been rescued from the brink of the grave by divine interposition. Mrs. Sherman is a woman of thirty-five, of fair education and strong religious convictions. Her reputation for integrity has always been unquestionable, and her remarkable story has naturally given rise to animated discussion among those who were familiar with the facts in her case.

It appears to be admitted on all sides that Mrs. Sherman, just before the time of the alleged miracle, was in an extremely dangerous condition. She was scarcely able to lift her hand to her mouth, and this incapacity for action was accompanied with intense pain, which at times was so severe as to render her delirious. Then came a sudden and remarkable change without apparent cause, and a rapid progress to complete restoration to health.

In the community where Mrs. Sherman lives the opinions upon the nature of her sudden convalescence are various, and evidently influenced by sectarian bias. It is said that the Methodists generally accept her account as satisfactory evidence of miraculous interposition, while other sects are skeptical, and attributing her convalescence to natural causes, ascribe her belief in a supernatural visitation to the disordered fancies of a brain excited to the highest degree of religious fervor and physical agony. Here is

MRS. SHERMAN'S STORY.

I have been a great sufferer for fifteen years, my sufferings increasing with the years. For years I have been a confirmed invalid, but not wholly, though mostly, confined to my bed for a great part of the time for several years, till Sept. 10, 1872. From that time up to Aug. 23, 1873, I was wholly confined, not able to stand on my feet or be raised to a standing posture, or get on or off the bed alone, or help myself much in any way. I was growing more helpless, and was especially so for a few weeks previous to my great change. Much of the time it required two persons to move me. I had become discouraged about ever getting up again, and on that night, being in unusual pain and suffering, the prospect looked dark and dreary. I looked forward to years of suffering in a bed-ridden state, and I felt that I must have more help from God to enable me to bear this life-burden with perfect submission and patience. I therefore tried, and was divinely helped, to anew and fully and forever surrender myself and all my being and interests into His Hands; to lie there in passive subjection to all God's will. When I felt that the consecration was complete, it was easy to grasp Jesus as my Saviour; oh, so easy! My faith reached out to take Him as my all; and as I did so, I began to be conscious of a presence, His Presence, in my room, and a voice whispered in my inner ear, "I will come unto you and will manifest myself unto you." It seemed as if I might, if able to get up, grasp Him with my hand and feel His form, so manifest was His presence. I felt I knew Him as my Saviour. He seemed to fill the room and my whole being with his loving smile. But I can never tell how much of bliss entered into that hour. I said to myself, "Truly this is the gate of heaven!" But I was not satisfied. My heart (I did not move or speak with my lips. It was a spiritual manifestation, but as real as though pertaining to the body) cried out; "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Immediately that voice replied, so lovingly and sweetly, "I will, be thou clean!" and with the words came the cleansing power of Christ's most precious blood. I felt "It cleanseth me! It cleanseth me!"

I WAS TOO HAPPY

and too full to speak or move. I was overpowered—struck dumb by such a Presence. I felt that I could not lose such a presence and be left alone. I remembered "Ask what ye will," and I said "Lord send me the Comforter that he may abide with me forever." I knew He could do it, and it was instantly given, going through my whole frame like an electric shock. I felt it, and the words, "Refining fire go through my heart," &c., passed through my mind and were true in my experience. The voice of Jesus whispered, "And when He is come, He will take of the things of God and show them unto you," and for a few moments, truly, He did show me wonderful and marvelous things out of God's law. Promise after promise came before my spirit's eye as vividly as if written in letters of light, and since then it has been constantly verified. I lay there overpowered by the presence of Jesus, who still remained, though I saw not his form at all—only his presence and the baptism of the Holy Spirit. While "lost in wonder, love and praise," I said to myself, "This poor, sick, worn-out body is a poor offering to make Him for His dwelling in return for such wonderful love." The Spirit whispered to me—the first intimation I had of the design of the Great Physician—"He is able to restore and fit up for his own temple." Instantly Jesus passed near my bed and spoke, "Believest thou that I am able to do this?" and it was repeated many times, while I moaned, "He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever." "All power is given Him, &c. He did heal the sick, and my judgment was convinced. I knew he was willing. He had come because he was willing, yes and anxious, to do it. Power to yield and believe was given. I said—my whole being, it seems to me, said—"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." He saw me and knew my whole heart believed. Then He came still nearer, and I heard the words, "And He breathed on them and said, 'Rejoice ye the Holy Ghost.'" and they were accompanied by a breathing, and I felt it on my face. A warm, invigorating influence was breathed upon me. It passed down my body,

RELIEVING MY PAIN INSTANTLY,

and all through my frame I felt returning strength and life. It was as if a current from a galvanic battery was passing through me. After a time I was told to move, then to turn in bed. I did so without effort. Before it had taken two persons, and caused great suffering. Then "Call your husband." I waked him and told him the Saviour was present at work on me; and while telling him there came the command, "That the people may know the Son of Man hath power on earth still to forgive sins, arise and walk!" And as I finished telling what He was doing, I arose without help and without effort and walked across the room several times, and gained strength while so doing.

In a week I went to the Weirs and gained while there. I have been to church half the day for three Sabbaths, and yesterday to the prayer meeting besides. I am a new creature in in all respects, physically, mentally and morally. I have awakened to newness of life. I am free from pain unless I get tired, and though still weak I am gaining rapidly. My diseases, and they were many and pronounced incurable, are gone. My head is apparently well, and I have faith that the sick headaches are removed, if I obey God in all his laws. I am trying to obey the slightest whisper of his spirit, and I would rather die than doubt the work He has performed on me. I pronounce it a miraculous work to all, believers and unbelievers. Jesus saved me and made me well. After I had walked about the room and gone back to rest Jesus again stood and conversed with me. He said I would now have a chance to be called a fool for the sake of Christ. "Would I confess it to be a miracle and be called a fool?" I said, "Yes, anything. I am willing to die, if need be, for the Lord Jesus." I feel that I have given all for Christ, and He is my all to-day. He bade me tell the people how great things the Lord had done for me. I am trying to do so as far as I have opportunity.

ELLEN C. SHERMAN.

The Meanest Man.

It turns out, after all, the meanest man is not the man we referred to the other day, who split up his first wife's tombstone. Burrows is even meaner than he. Burrows was an inveterate tobacco chewer but as his wife detested the practice and made home tempestuous and stormy for him when he indulged in the habit there, he always chewed when away during the day, and declared to his wife that he had stopped permanently. But one evening, upon entering the front door and drawing out his handkerchief, he accidentally pulled out his paper of tobacco, and without noticing it, left it lying on the floor. When Burrows sat down to his tea, his wife walked in with the tobacco in her hand, and looking Burrows firmly in the eye said, "Do you know who that belongs to?" With great presence of mind Burrows turned scowling to his oldest boy and said, with a severe voice: Immortal Mars! Is it possible that you have begun to chew tobacco, you young reprobate? Where did you get that nasty stuff? What do you mean by such conduct, you young villian? Haven't I told you often enough to let tobacco alone? Come here to me, or I'll tear the jacket off of you." And as he spoke the stern father made a grab at the boy and dragged him out in the entry, where he chastised him with a cane. Then Burrows threw the tobacco over the fence, where he went out and got it in the morning and enjoyed it during the day. "Merciful Moses!" he exclaimed when he told us about it, "what would I have done if my children had all been girls? It makes an old father's heart glad when he feels that he has a boy he can depend on in such emergencies.

TRUTHS.

Every duty brings its peculiar delights, every denial its appropriate compensation, every thought its recompense, every love its elysium and every cross its crown, pay goes with performance, effect with cause. Meanness overreaches itself; vice vitiates whoever indulges in it; the wicked wrong their own souls; generosity greatens; virtue exalts; charity transfigures, and holiness is the essence