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The Kent News:

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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.

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. janc-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. (8-6.

M. deK. SMITH,
Practical Surveyor.
☞ Office in the Court House, Chestertown. aug9-3m.

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.

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.

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 15, 1873. No. 27.

SINGER
SEWING MACHINES!

"The Family Friend."

FOR SALE BY
WILLARD MELVIN, Agent,
CHESTERTOWN, KENT CO., MD.

☞ OIL, NEEDLES and ATTACHMENTS for sale by C. F. STAM & BRO., Druggists, Chestertown, Md. n8y.

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

FALL and WINTER!

LARGEST STOCK
And Lowest Cash Prices.

J. H. SIMPERS
HAS JUST OPENED
A LARGE STOCK OF
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, &c.

HEAVY BOOTS for Men and Boys.

Shaker and Canton Flannel, Heavy all Wool Red and White Flannel,

Cassimeres, Kerseys, Tweeds, Blankets and Shawls. The latest styles in Fall Hats for Men and Boys.

☞ *These goods have been bought since the Panic and are offered at VERY LOW PRICES.*
J. H. SIMPERS.
Chestertown, Oct. 18, 1873.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
Annapolis, Oct. 24, 1873.

IN obedience to custom recognized by an act of the General Assembly of Maryland, I, WILLIAM PINKNEY WHYTE, Governor, do hereby appoint and set apart

Thursday, the 27th of Nov., 1873,

to be observed by the people of the State, as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer.

Given under my hand and the great Seal of the State, at Annapolis, this 24th day of October, eighteen hundred and seventy-three.

By the Governor:
WM. PINKNEY WHYTE.
R. C. HOLLIDAY,
n8-3t. Secretary of State.

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 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.

IF WE WOULD.

If we would but check the speaker,
When he spoils his neighbor's fame,
If we would but help the erring,
Ere we utter words of blame;
If we would, how many might we
Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Ah, the wrong that might be righted
If we would but see the way;
Ah, the paths that might be lightened
Every hour and every day,
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go estray.

Let us step outside the stronghold
Of our selfishness and pride:
Let us lift our fainting brothers,
Let us strengthen ere we chide;
Let us, ere we blame the fallen,
Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed—ah, how blessed
Earth would be if we'd but try
Thus to aid and right the weaker,
Thus to check each brother's sigh,
Thus to talk of duty's pathway
To our better life on high.

In each life, however lowly,
There are seeds of mighty good;
Still, we shrink from souls appealing
With a timid "if we could;"
But a God who judges all things
Knows the truth is, "if we would."

STICK TO IT.

Nine persons out of ten ignore the golden secret of content; they are constantly striving after something different from what they enjoy.

We do not deprecate enterprise, but it is the habit of constant change that we protest against—the habit of shifting from one pursuit to another.

There are thousands of almost penniless and disappointed men, picking up a precarious living at the very extremity of life, because they have, in the course of their existence, tried a hundred different things, and abandoned all in turn, simply because they did not succeed at once.

To few men is it given to do more than two things well. There is scarcely any pursuit that if followed out with a singleness of purpose, will not yield rich return.

Select some useful occupation, *stick to it*, and success must crown your efforts at last. Choose it now—make no delay.—Don't waste your time and your strength and opportunities, by always *meaning* to do something—*do it!* Only weakness comes of indecision.

Why, some people have so accustomed themselves to this way of dawdling along from one thing to another, that it really seems impossible for them to squarely make up their minds to anything.

They never quite know what they mean to do next, and their only pleasure seems to consist in putting things off as long as possible, and then dragging slowly thro' them, rather than begin anything else.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly whot is to be done in it, going straight through it from beginning to end.

Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely and cleanly; and then do the next thing without letting the moments drop out between.

It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it's as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost.

And if you ever find yourself where you have so many things pressing you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file and follow after like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished when brought into line.

You may have often heard the anecdote of the man who was asked how he accomplished so much in his life.

"My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do—*to go and do it!*" There is the secret—the magic word "Now."

A BOOT IN SEVEN MINUTES.—Thomas B. Speakman, one of the Philadelphia Delegate of the Franklin Institute to the Vienna Exposition, in a report of his visit, makes mention of a wonderful machine for making boots. He says: In the American department of the Vienna Exposition I noticed one remarkable piece of machinery by which boots and shoes are made with wonderful rapidity at a very low cost. Exclusive of material, the mere labor of making a boot is executed by this piece of machinery at the price of 13 cents, and occupies about seven minutes of time. It must be very gratifying to all Americans to learn that in every contest of superiority, more particularly in the agricultural department, we have most invaribly secured the prize, yet it is painful to find that in consequence of the neglect of many American depositors, in failing to send with their inventions proper directions for their erection in the exhibition, a vast quantity of machinery sent over was lying about in piles, not even placed together. This has caused considerable annoyance and anxiety to our chief commissioner in the mechanical department, as he fears he may be unjustly censured for neglect of duty.

CÆSAR AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—Policeman Chase, the officer on duty at the President's house, Wednesday took into custody a crazy German who was loitering about the premises. When questioned he stated that he had been appointed to take charge of the United States government, and had walked all the way from Massachusetts. He demanded to see the President forthwith. He was conducted to police headquarters, and among a vast quantity of papers and rubbish on his person was a hand stamp which makes the impression, in circular form, of the legend "U. S. Government," and across the center "President." It is likely the unfortunate man will commence his supervision of national affairs at the Government Insane Asylum.—*Washington Star.*

A MODEL JURYMAN.—The trial of the Cuban bank clerks in Brooklyn on the charge of stealing over one hundred thousand dollars' worth of securities, was brought to an abrupt termination Thursday. After the testimony was all in and the case given to the jury, one of the twelve informed his associates that he could not consent to any verdict, and when asked for the reason said he had not heard a word of the evidence, and that he was stone deaf.

FIFTY of the first young ladies of Macon, Ga., are to attend the State fair, arrayed in Georgia made homespun.

The Way She Did It.

A liberal education, a handsome person and a wealthy and indulgent father were among the agreeable things that were vouchsafed Robert Anson by smiling fortune.

His mother had died in his early youth, and the father and son—the only members of the family left—had afterwards been more like brothers in their relations toward each other. They had made a European tour, and traversed every nook and corner of America together, seeking in rational amusement the legitimate enjoyment of a colossal fortune. At last there came a separation of a year.

Anson desired to again visit Europe, and his father preferred a trip across the continent to the Pacific coast; therefore each went his way, followed by the good wishes of the other.

Mr. Anson, senior, spent six months on the plains and in California, and made a discovery on the return trip.

Stopping a few days in Chicago, he accidentally learned of the existence of a distant relative of his deceased wife's—a girl whose parents had not long before died, leaving the daughter dependent upon her own exertions for support. Mr. Anson sought her out, finding in Flora Mightmay a pretty, intelligent girl of eighteen, holding a position as teacher in one of the public schools. He was charmed with her, and at once offered a home.

"But I should dislike to be a burden to anybody," interposed the independent young lady.

"The obligation would be on the other side," replied Mr. Anson; "I am rich and only have one relative—a son who is in Europe. He will be home soon. Both of us have had our fill of traveling and will want to settle down in a home. By making your home with us you will add to it a social attraction, relieve it of being a bachelor's hall, and we'll all be as happy as larks together."

The outlook was certainly alluring to the lonely orphan, and she accepted the offer, returning to New York with Mr. Anson.

Thereupon the old mansion was renovated, refurnished, and soon became the headquarters of a brilliant social clique. Flora at once took her place as a favorite, and Mr. Anson was proud of his pretty protege.

As the return of Robert Anson was now daily expected, it may be well to follow him on his transatlantic voyage. He was barely embarked at Liverpool before his eyes fell upon the form of a decidedly handsome and dashing woman. A widow—anybody could have told that by her air of independence. Not much past thirty, and at the zenith of her charms, she was a really bewildering creature.—So Robert thought at first sight, and so he found her upon acquaintance. A Mrs. Morrow she proved to be, and she was alone and unprotected on her voyage, which had been made to visit some distant relatives in England. The steamer consumed nine days in the passage.

On the first day Robert managed to gain a speaking acquaintance. On the second he had improved it so far as to be on easy chatting terms, and before the close of the third he was enslaved. They walked the deck by moonlight on the fourth and fifth; and before the seventh their billing and cooing had attracted the attention of the passengers. On the eighth Robert proposed and was accepted, and on the ninth they reached New York.

Mrs. Morrow owned a little house in Brooklyn, and had a modest income from property left by her husband. To her home Robert saw her safely conveyed, and then sought his own. The change there astonished him, for his father had kept it all an agreeable surprise.

"Robert," said Mr. Anson, as he welcomed him, "do you recognize the dingy old mansion?"

"Scarcely, father," was the reply; "everything is new, bright and cheerful.—What does it mean?"

"A woman."

"Married?"

"No, no; but hush! There comes the cause of it all. Clara, this is my son Robert."

Possibly the widow, had she seen the impression that Clara produced on her lover, would have felt less secure in her conquest. For Clara had improved in spirits since her residence with Mr. Anson, and was even prettier than when she first came.

That night over a social bottle of wine the father explained to his son the manner in which he found Clara, and the light and happiness she had brought to their home.

"And I have formed a plan in reference to her," concluded Mr. Wilson.

"What is it?" asked Robert.

"You shall marry her."

"Impossible."

"Why?"

Thus brought directly to the point, Robert confessed his engagement to Mrs. Morrow.

"How old is she?" asked Mr. Anson.

"Thirty."

"And you are twenty-six—how absurd! People will laugh at you. Clara is young, pretty, and I know she will love you."

"But I love the widow."

"Nonsense."

"Father?"

"There my boy, don't take offence. I only meant that you have mistaken admiration for love. That you really love a woman four years your senior, and a widow at that, is absurd. You think you do, but you don't. Now, I will tell you what I'll do. Not another word shall be said on the subject for one month. At the end of that time, if you persist in marrying Mrs. Morrow, I shall marry Clara myself."

"I agree," replied Robert.

The month passed quickly, and at its close the situation was about like this:

Robert was fenced between love of Clara and his duty to the widow; Clara is deeply in love with Robert; Mrs. Morrow was troubled by a certain falling off in her lover's ardor, and Mr. Anson, who had steadily refused to see the widow, hoped for the best for his plan. The father and son met after supper.

"Well, Robert," said the former, "the month is up. What have you decided on."

"We have always made confidants of each other," began Robert.

"Certainly."

"And I shall not hide anything from you now. I love Clara, and believe she loves me, but I am engaged to Mrs. Morrow, and cannot honorably break the engagement."

"Then leave the matter to me."

"What will you do?"

"I will secure your instant release by the widow."

"By fair means?"

"By her free consent."

And so the interview ended.

On the following day Mr. Anson sought the home of the widow.

She was in, and upon learning who he was welcomed him cordially. She asked him to be seated upon the sofa, upon which she also gracefully sank. Mr. Anson had made up his mind to be brief and business-like; but the gorgeous widow quite upset him before he even broached the subject of his son's engagement. They came to speak of him naturally at last, however, and the widower saw his opportunity.

"You love my son?"

"What a question; Mr. Anson," she replied, showing her teeth in a bewitching smile; "am I not going to marry him?"

"I hope not."

"Sir!" and even the widow's frown captivated him.

"I beg your pardon," he added, crestfallen, "I mean that I came to talk the matter over with you. Do you think the match is altogether a good one?"

"I see," and her eyes dropped appropriately, "you object because I am poor."

"Indeed I do not. The financial aspect of the affair has never been considered by me."

The widow pierced him with a look of gratitude.

"It was the difference in, in ——" he stammered.

"In our social positions?" suggested the widow.

"No, no—"

"Ah! I see. You mean in age?"

"Yes," he replied sheepishly. "You divined the reason, and I will be perfectly frank with you. My son is very dear to me, and it is the dream of my life to see him happily married to some beautiful and loving woman."

Here the widow turned her glorious eyes full upon Mr. Anson and managed to show her arm which happened to be enclosed in a loose sleeve. It was a particularly round, smooth arm, and as white as possible.

"I beg your pardon," hastily continued Mr. Anson; "I know that you are good, beautiful and lovable, but——"

"But I am too old—I am thirty. Not so very old either, although I do feel older than Robert. My love for him has been largely on the guardian sort—I have petted and admired him as a mother might. And he loves me—"

"But not exactly as he should a wife. He loves another woman—not a handsomer or better woman, my dear madam—but one younger and better suited to be his wife."

The widow bursted into tears—presumably at least, as she buried her eyes in her handkerchief, and her bosom rose and fell tumultuously.

The widower's courage quite forsook him at this to him unexpected crisis. A pretty woman in tears is a melting object, and the effect upon the widower was all that Mrs. Morrow could have desired. She sank down on the sofa in her grief, very close to him. He wanted to console her, and so he took her hand. It was white, soft and warm.

"Please don't cry," he said. "I have offended and grieved you. Pray forgive me."

"There, don't pity me," said the widow, in a trembling but musical voice; "I can bear it. I have only Robert's welfare and happiness at heart—if he can be happy I ought to be contented."

"Then you release him?"

"Certainly."

"And lost a fortune—you are a noble woman."

"What is money to me? I am alone and unloved—I will try to be happy in the consciousness of having sacrificed myself for your son."

"He will appreciate your sacrifice,"—and Mr. Anson wiped a tear from each of his eyes.

Here Mrs. Morrow wept afresh, and her head sank back upon the widower's shoulder. Her form shook convulsively, and he put his arm around her waist to support her.

"My dear madame," he said, "I cannot find it in my heart to take Robert from you."

"Robert," she sobbed, "I shall never see him again. I have nothing left to desire except your respect and esteem.—Without those I should indeed be unhappy."

Mr. Anson drew her closer to him—so close that she lay trembling on his breast, and he pressed a kiss on her forehead.

"You have both and my deepest admiration."

"Then I am content. Let Robert marry the girl of his choice. I only claim the privilege of retaining an interest in his welfare, and a corner in your esteem."

Mr. Anson promised as he bade the widow adieu at the door to call again soon. And he kept his promise so well that the next evening found him there again.

"Victory!" murmured the widow, as she heard him enter the hall; "he will propose to me before he leaves to-night. Robert is a very pretty fellow, but he is inconsistent. The father is handsome, infatuated with me already, and the money is all his. I prefer the father."

She proved reliable in her prediction. Before her caller had kissed her good-night he had offered her his hand, heart and fortune, and she accepted all three.

The result was a double wedding, and the subsequent happiness of all concerned. Mr. Anson was a devoted husband, and Mrs. Morrow made him a faithful and affectionate wife; while both paternally watched over the younger couple. Although so cleverly fooled by the widow, Mr. Anson never suspected it, and never had cause for regret.

SOMEBODY says, "tall men like short women." However true this may be, tall women seldom like men who are "short"—financially.

JOSH BILLINGS says, "The only sensible time to be happy is now; the great bulk of humanity are going to be happy week after next."

A GOOD "go off"—to go off as soon as you find yourself not wanted. This is one of the great secrets of life.

THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER.

A good story is related of a wealthy London banker, who is very good natured but inclined to be a trifle fast in his views of life. He had a favorite clerk, a young man about twenty-one, remarkably handsome, modest and highly intellectual. For those qualities he was liked by every one, and the banker did not escape the general feeling of good will. He was as poor as his salary, and had no connections to push him after fortune.

The banker, on Sunday afternoon, when no one was expected, would occasionally ask the young man to visit his family at his suburban villa; as the conversation of the young man was so correct and clever, it could not but be of advantage to his children.

I have not mentioned that there was a beautiful young daughter of nineteen, but that may always be understood in any English family that has known wedded life long enough. But there were, of course, no attentions, on the part of the young, other than extremely delicate, reserved and most proper.

This will almost always be the case with English youth, as Americans well know. Don't "ahem" after this.

The youth, in spite of two or three day's invitations to the banker's to breathe fresh air and clean his lungs of London fog and smoke, was evidently very ill, and though he declared himself well and robust, the banker shook his head.

"I cannot make out what is the matter with my clerk," said the banker to a *confrere* who was in the office with him, after the youth had brought in some papers.

"Well, you are green, I should say, for a man of your time of life and experience," said banker number two. "Don't you see what is the matter? He's in love."

"In love! bah! He is modesty and propriety itself."

"I tell you it is a fact, and with a rich old fellow's daughter who would no more think of having him for a son-in-law than you would."

"Oh the haughty old fool; my clerk is as good as my daughter, and be hanged to him. Thank you for the hint."

As soon as banker number two had disappeared, the young clerk was called in.

"So, sir, you are in love, and pining away for the object of your affection; that's the secret, is it? Why did you not tell me before, sir? The youth was silent.

"Well, my boy, I pity you; but I will give you a word of advice. If the daughter is fair she is worth running a risk for. Look here, there are two hundred pounds, and two month's leave of absence. Run away with the girl. Bah! don't look so stupid! I did the same before you, and it didn't hurt me."

The clerk fell on his marrow bones, and was upon the point of making a clean breast of it, when the old man arose and left precipitately to avoid a scene.

The young man considered, and acted, and the consequence was that the next day week there was no young daughter at the dinner table of the banker at the country house.

The house was in consternation, and a search was made in every direction.

A note, however, was found on her dressing table, conveying the customary prayer of forgiveness, and one inclosed from the young clerk, stating that believing the banker meant to give him a hint in regard to his daughter, and was not able to give his public consent owing to appearances, he had acted on the suggestion, and, ere his "father-in-law" had received the letter he would be his son-in-law.

The pill was bitter, and the joke a terrible one against him, but the banker was a good natured man, and hated ridicule, so he took the bull by the horns at last, and openly declared that he knew perfectly well what he was about, and that he was aware, all the time, who his clerk was going to run away with.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE SONS OF SUCCESSFUL MEN?—Next to the inquiry, "What becomes of the pins?" an interesting question would be, "What becomes of the sons of successful men?" A few men and a few firms are in the hands of the founders; but these are exceptions. The old name and the old trade generally pass into the hands of others. The reason is clear. The father's laid the basis of business one way and the sons build another. Men who earned their fortunes by hard work, by diligence, that know sixteen hours' toil by personal attention; that were their own book-keepers, salesmen, cashiers and ofter porters, are followed by sons who do as little as possible; who delegate to others all the work they can, and who know more of the road than of the ledger. Famous hotel men were gentlemen, men of intelligence, men who were the equals of the best in the land, and who never sunk the gentlemen in their trade. Young men who fling the example of their sires to the winds, find it easier to squander a valuable name run through a fortune quicker than it was earned, and find themselves, while young, at the point from which their father's started. One thing is quite marked in New York. It is the fact that the heavy business is getting into the hands of foreigners. The heavy importers, the great bankers, and much of the trade of value is slipping out of the hands of Americans, as the trade of England got into the power of the Lombards.

TURKISH FINANCE AND CREDIT.—The turkish government has the reputation in England of "always borrowing and never paying." When an old loan becomes due a new one for a larger amount is negotiated, and the gross amount of the loans of Turkey unredeemed at the close of 1872 was $703,567,125. The government is now trying to negotiate in European money markets a loan for $140,000,000, but as the finances of the country are in a bankrupt condition the loan does not meet with a favorable consideration. During the last fourteen years Turkish loans have realized $313,939,000, and during the same period there has been a net deficit of $32,970,000, or an average of $2,350,000 a year. The present loan, if negotiated at the contract price, will yield only $80,000,000, and of this amount two thirds will be absorbed by floating debts. It is with nations as with men, the more they need money the more they have to pay for it, and Turkey having bad credit and doubtful resources will have to pay a large premium before she can borrow from more prudent or more fortunate neighbors.

[From Hall's Journal of Health.]

FACTS WORTH KNOWNIG.

When a man is asleep his pulse beats, and his lungs play, he is without sense, and you can easily wake him up.

If a person faints, he too is without sense, but he has no pulse and does not breathe. Apoplexy is between the two; the heart beats, the lungs play as in sleep, and there is no sense as in fainting, but you can't shake the man back to life.

In sleep the face is natural.

In a fainting fit it has the pallor of death.

In apoplexy it is swollen, turpid, and fairly livid.

If a man is asleep, let him alone; nature will wake him up as soon as he has got sleep enough.

When a person faints, all that is needed is to lay him down on the floor, and he will "come to" in double quick time.—He fainted because the heart missed a beat, failed for an instant, failed for only once to send the proper amount of blood to the brain. If you place the patient in a horizontal position, lay him on his back. It does not require much force of the heart to send the blood on a level to the head; but, if you set a man up, the blood has to be shot upward to the head, and this requires much more force; yet, in nine cases out of ten, if a person faints and falls to the floor, the first thing done is to run to him and set him up, or place him on a chair.

In apoplexy, as there is too much blood in the head, every one can see that the position is to set a man up, and the blood naturally tends downward—as much so as water will come out of a bottle when it is turned upside down if the cork is out.

If, then, a man is merely asleep, let him alone, for the face is natural.

If a man has fainted, lay him flat on his back, for his face is deadly pale.

If a man is apoplectic, set him in a chair. because the face is turpid, swollen, and livid with its excess of blood.

What is apoplexy? From the suddenness of the attack and the apparent carelessness of it, the Greeks connected it in their own minds with the idea of a stroke of lightning as coming from the Almighty hand; it literally means "a stroke from above." As instantaneous as the hurling of a thunderbolt in a clear sky, there comes a loss of sense, and feeling, and thought and motion; the heart beats, the lungs play, but that is all—they soon cease forever. The Romans considered the person to be "thunderstruck" or planet struck, as if it were an unearthly origin.

The essential nature of apoplexy is an unnatural amount of blood in the brain. Whatever sends too much to the brain may cause apoplexy. Whatever keeps the blood coming from the brain—dams it up—may cause apoplexy. This is the kind of apoplexy which seems to come without any apparent adequate cause.—Tying a cord around the neck, or holding the head downward too long, can bring on an attack of apoplexy, by daming up the blood in the brain and keeping it from returning from the body.

A sudden mental emotion can send too much blood to the brain; or too great excitement does the same thing. It is the essential nature of all wines and spirits to send an increased amount of blood to the brain; hence alcohol is said to stimulate the brain. The first effect of taking a glass of wine or stronger form of alcohol is to send the blood there faster than common, hence it quickens the circulation; that gives the red faces; it increases the activity of the brain, and so does the tongue. But as the blood goes to the brain faster than common, it returns faster, and no special harm results. But suppose a man keeps on drinking, the blood is sent to the brain much faster, in such large quantities that in order to make room for it, the arteries have to enlarge themselves; they increase in size, and in doing so press against the more yielding flaccid veins which carry the blood out of the brain, and thus considerably diminish their size, their pores; the result being that the blood is not only carried to the arteries of the brain faster than is natural or healthful, but it is prevented from leaving it as fast as usual, hence a double set of causes of death are set in operation. Hence a man may drink enough brandy or other spirits in a few hours, or even minutes, to bring on a fatal attack of apoplexy; this is literally being dead drunk.

A CURIOUS SUPERSTITION.—The Southern negroes have a superstition that if, while upon the road, a rabbit crosses the path before them it is a sign of bad luck. A crowd of girls and boys were on their way to a country school when a hare, frightened from his burrow, ran across the road in front of the party. The girls instantly and with one accord turned quickly around three times on their heels, pulled off their sun-bonnets, spat in them, turned them inside out, and, placing them again on their heads, wore them thus to school, congratulating themselves on the way that by these very essential manœuvers they had averted some species of bad luck that was about to befall them. The boys likewise spat in their hats. One of the boys who had never before witnessed such a silly proceeding was very much amused and laughed heartily at his companions. The girls looked upon him with an expression of holy horror, and with clasped and wringing hands implored him to follow their example. This he refused to do, and they set upon him with violence, pulled his hat from his head, and made him spit in it.

PAY UP!

Pay up! If you have money pass it along. Haul out the old purse, and hand over the dollar; you owe it; it is not yours; pay it! Don't know when you'll ever see another dollar? Well, perhaps you never ought to see another, till you learn what money is made for, and cease to hoard it up. But whether you ever see another dollar or not, this one is not yours, that is clear if you owe it for an honest debt. Pass it along, pay your debts and trust in God to bring it back again in His own good time. Money is made to be used, and the way to use it is to pay your debts. A few dollars used in a good community will pay all the debts, and leave everybody clear, and with as much money as they had at the begining; a few dollars hoarded makes everybody trouble, and does no one any good.

EVERY cord of wood given to the poor is recorded above.

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.

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The Centennial Exposition Building.
PLAN OF THE STRUCTURE.

The committee charged with the duty of selecting a plan for the American centennial exposition building have agreed to accept mainly the plan submitted by Messrs. Calvert Vaux and George Kent Radford, the former a landscape gardener, and the latter a civil engineer of New York. The Philadelphia Press says:

It is styled the "pavilion plan," and the committee propose to embody the principal features in the plans submitted by Messrs. Henry A. Sims and James P. Sims, of Philadelphia; the structure to be built mainly of iron and brick, and capable of being completed in one year, costing not less than $3,580,000. The plan of the building is rectangular, being 2,040 feet long by 680 feet wide, with greater width at the centre and ends up to 952 feet. The governing dimenzion on the plan is a square or pavilion measuring 136 feet on each side. The main parallelogram forming the building is therefore 15 of these pavilions long and 5 pavilions wide, an area equal to 31.84 acres. The increased width is obtained by adding on the long sides projections of three pavilions at the centre and one at each end. It is proposed to cover the three centre series of squares, for both the entire length and width of the building, with the pavilion system of Messrs. Vaux & Radford, also to cover the corner squares in the same manner. The remaining squares on each side to cover with a more simple construction as in the design of Messrs. H. A. & J. P. Sims, and to extend the building, if found necessary by increased demand for space, by continuing this simpler roof out to the ends of the projections. The building will then, with the extensions and projections, cover 44.5 acres. The principal part of the design is made up of vaulted or domed pavilions, each 140 feet in diameter, clustered together, and connected by arches of 100 feet opening, with interior courts of 36 feet diameter. The principal part of the building thus covered by these pavilions becomes one spacious hall 408 feet wide and 2,040 feet long, with a transept 408 feet wide and 952 feet long.

The vistas of course extend to 952 and 2,040 feet in length. The building is capable of both central and intermediate points of emphasis, direct lines of transit throughout its entire length and breadth, diagonal lines of communication, if deemed necessary, and especially an entire relief from any appearance of contraction, because the visitor will be always in an apartment or pavilion 140 feet wide that opens immediately into other apartments of the same width. The committee is of the undoubted opinion that the interior effect from such a building can be made more impressive than that obtained from any exhibition building erected up to this time. The plan is to be submitted for final adoption before the centennial executive committee Wednesday.

The four competitive designs for the memorial building of the centennial exhibition by the parties to whom premiums have been awarded will be submitted today to the State supervisors for decision as to the adoption of a plan. The building is to be constructed with money appropriated by the State for the purpose.

Exciting Scene in a Menagerie.

A terrible scene took place in Mander's Menagerie, at Whitby, in England, on September 13. There were several hundred people in the show when heartrending cries, as from one in mortal agony, went through the air. A panic ensued. The people, terribly excited, ran *en masse* to the narrow outlet, and endeavored to escape by other means. A cry was raised outside that the beasts had burst through the bars of the cage, and the excitement among the crowd without was scarcely less intense than that within. In the rush to the door many people, particularly the weaker sex, were injured, and the confusion was increased from the circumstance of a couple of camels blocking up the doorway. Meanwhile the cries continued, and it was discovered that a poor boy named Langley was the victim of the viciousness of a big tiger, placed alongside another next to the cage containing the lion that worried to death poor McCarthy, the lion-tamer, at Bolton last year. The tiger was infuriated, and was making strenuous efforts to draw the lad through the bars of the cage. The beast growled frightfully, and what with the pitiful cries of the boy, the shouts of the men and the screams of the half-fainted women, the scene was one of the most terrible description. Some men ran for hot irons, while others beat the beast with their sticks and umbrellas, and did all they could to draw the brute from its helpless victim. Ultimately after a severe mauling, the animal relinquished its prey, and the boy, helpless and faint through loss of blood from the injuries he had received, was borne away through the crowd. His wounds upon being dressed, appeared to be of a serious nature, though they are not likely to prove fatal. The brute seems to have caught its victim just below the elbow, and tore a deem lump of flesh right down the forearm to the wrist. There is also a deep gash in the palm of the left hand, from which the hemorrhage is great. The patient lies in great pain, and it is feared that he will not recover the perfect use of his arm.

A SCHOOL-BOY'S tooth-ache generally commences at eight A. M., reaches the highest altitude at a quarter to nine, when the pain is intense to an extraordinary degree; commences to subside at nine, and after that disappears with a celerity that must be very comforting to the sufferer. If, at night that boy hasn't got four quarts of walnuts spread out to dry up stairs, it is because there is no place up stairs to do it.

AN Essex street man bought a pig Saturday, says the Danbury *News*.—"What do you feed your pig?" asked a neighbor. "Corn" he said. "Do you feed it in the ear?" asked the friend.—"Do you think I am a fool?" said the Essex street man, sarcastically.

THE proprietor of a young ladies' academy in Illinois has utterly ruined his business by causing to be painted on a large number of persons' pictures of the building with two girls [illegible] conspicuous with last year's hats on their heads.