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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, NOVEMBER 22, 1873. No. 28.

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.

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

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.

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.

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. janć-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.

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.* MAR S. HYNSON.

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on his farm in Still Pond Neck, on

TUESDAY, November 25th, 1873

the following PERSONAL PROPERTY:

7 Head HORSES & COLTS,

among them one very fine Brood Mare, and one excellent "Stonewall" colt, four years old last Spring

ONE PAIR OF MULES,

Several Very Fine

MILCH COWS

ONE YOKE OF OXEN,

well broken,

Also the usual amount of Farming Utensils to be found on a Large Farm, including one Wagon and Ox-Cart, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, &c.

☞ Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

TERMS OF SALE:—All sums of $10 and under the cash will be required; for sums over $10 the note of the purchaser for nine months with approved security. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.

JOHN KELLEY.
U. A. C. GARRETT, Auct'r. nov15-ts.

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned intending to quit farming will sell at Public Sale, at his residence on Slaughter's Land, near Crumpton, Kent county, Md., on

THURSDAY, December 4th, 1873

His ENTIRE STOCK and Farming Implements, consisting of

ONE MARE,

5 years old next spring;

1 COLT, two years old next spring;

2 Pair Superior MULES,

7 Milch Cows,

all of which will soon be fresh;

Eleven Shoats,

1 Family Carriage, nearly new; 1 iron axle Farm Wagon, 1 Dearborn, Hay and Wood rigging, 1 McCormick Wheat Reaper, 1 McCormick Grass Mower, 1 Grain Fan, nearly new,

1 Steel-tooth Grain Rake, 1 Corn Sheller, Plows, Harrows and Cultivators, and other farming implements; Carriage, Dearborn and Wagon Harness & Plow Gears.

7,000 bundles CORN BLADES, 2,500 pounds SALTED PORK.

Household & Kitchen FURNITURE,

and many other useful articles.

☞ Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

I am going to move a distance of 500 miles, and the above property will be sold. Terms made known on day of sale.

THOMAS STEWART.
U. A. C. GARRETT, Auct'r. nov15-ts.

PUBLIC SALE.

THE subscriber, intending to quit farming, will offer at Public Sale, at his residence on the Geo. W. Crossley farm, Still Pond, on

Tuesday, Dec. 2d, 1873

THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY:

8 HEAD of HORSES,

fine stock, among them some good drivers;

1 EXTRA COLT,

3 years old 7th of April next, fine size, Touch and Go stock.

Four Young MILCH COWS,

TWO FINE HEIFERS,

2 BULLS, 2 years old next spring;

TWO CALVES,

1 year old next spring;

1 Dearborn, 1 Carriage, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Plow Gears, Hoes, Forks, Shovels, Lot of Corn Blades, about 75 bushels of very fine Turnips,

a number of articles too tedious to mention.

Also, SOME FAT HOGS,

SEVEN FINE SHOATS, One Large COOK STOVE and Fixtures, and some Household and Kitchen FURNITURE.

☞ Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. TERMS OF SALE:—All sums of $10 and under cash; all over that a credit of 9 months with note and approved security. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.

HANSON CREW.
U. A. C. GARRETT, Auct'r. nov15-ts*

VENDUE.

THE subscriber having discontinued farming, will sell at Public Sale at his farm, near Chesterville, on

Tuesday, Dec. 2d, 1873

at 10 o'clock, A. M., the following PERSONAL PROPERTY:

2 Head of HORSES,

Two Head of Mules,

Two Fine Colts,

SIX MILCH COWS

ONE BULL, FOUR CALVES,

FIFTEEN FAT HOGS,

1 Farm Wagon, 1 Mill Wagon, 1 Carriage, 1 Pennington Reaper, 1 Corn Sheller, 1 Dixie Fan, 1 Wheat Rake, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Hoes, Shovels, Rakes, &c. Wagon Gears, Carriage Harness and Plow Gears.

Lot of good TIMOTHY HAY & CORN BLADES.

TERMS OF SALE:—Sums of ten dollars and under cash; on sums over that amount a credit of nine months on note with approved security. Property not to be removed until the terms are complied with.

WILLIAM T. MILLER,
nov15-ts. near Chesterville.

THE DIPLOMAS awarded at the late Fair of the Kent county Agricultural Association are now ready for distribution. Call at the regular meetings of the club (every Thursday afternoon,) or forward stamp and address to Secretary. Frames and glass to fit the diplomas can be had by leaving the cost with the Secretary on meeting days, or with Mr. A. L. Vannort, Hanesville, on other days. Frames cost $1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75, furnished at wholesale prices to the Secretary.

SAMUEL VANNORT,
Nov. 1—3t. Recording Secretary.

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

BY WILL CARLTON.

[There are but few of any denomination—whether "for" or "against" organs—who will not enjoy a hearty laugh over the following:]

They've got a bran new organ, Sue,
For all their fuss and search;
They've done just as they said they'd do,
And fetched it into Church.
They're bound the critter shall be seen,
And on the preacher's right,
They've hoisted up their new machine
In everybody's sight.
They've got a chorister and choir,
Agin my voice and vote;
For it was never my desire
To praise the Lord by note.

I've been a sister good an' true
For five an' thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read,
And twice, when Deacon Tubs was sick,
I took the fork an' lead!
And now, their bold new-fangled ways
Is comin' all about;
And I, right in my latter days,
Am fairly crowded out!

To-day the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,
Read—"I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,"—
I always liked that blessed hymn—
I 'spose I al'ays will;
It somehow gratifies my whim,
In good old Ortonville;
But when that choir got up to sing,
I couldn't catch a word;
They sung the most dog-gondest thing
A body ever heard!

Some worldly chaps was standin' near,
An' when I seed them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in.
I thought I'd chase their tune along,
An' tried with all my might;
But though my voice is good an' strong,
I couldn't steer it right;
When they was high then I was low;
An' all contrarywise;
And I too fast, or they too slow,
To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know,
They played a little tune;
I did'nt understand, an' so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it pretty middlin' high
I fetched a lusty tone,
But oh, alas! I found that I
Was singin' there alone!
They laughed a little, I am told;
But I had done my best;
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

And sister Brown—I could but look—
She sits right front of me;
She never was no singin' book,
An' never meant to be;
But then she al'ays tried to do
The best she could, she said;
She understood the time right through,
An' kep' it with her head;
But when she tried this mornin' oh,
I had to laugh or cough!
It kep' her head a bobbin' so,
It e'en a'most came off!

An' Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,
As one might well suppose;
He took one look at Sister Brown,
And meekly scratched his nose.
He looked his hymn-book thro' and thro'
And laid it on the seat,
And then a passive sigh he drew,
And looked completely beat.
An' when they took another bout,
He didn't even rise;
But drawed his red bandanner out,
An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister good an' true,
For five an' thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear;
But death will stop my voice I know,
For he is on my track;
And some day, I to church will go,
And never more come back,
And when the folks get up to sing—
When'er that time shall be—
I do not want no patent thing
A squealin' over me!

LIVE TO LOVE.—Married people should treat each other like lovers all their lives—then they would be happy. Bickering and quarrelling would soon break off love affairs; consequently lovers indulge in such only to a very limited extent. But some people—men and women both—when they have once got married, think they may do just as they please, and it will make no difference in the world. Women should grow more devoted and men more fond after marriage, if they have the slightest idea of being happy as wives and husbands. It is losing sight of this fundamental truth which leads to hundreds of divorces. Yet many a man will scold his wife who would never think of breathing a harsh word to his sweetheart; and many a wife will be glum and morose on her husbands return who had only smiles and words of cheer for him when he was her suitor. How can such people expect to be happy?

MET AFTER A SEPARATION OF FIFTY YEARS.—An affectionate meeting between a brother and sister, after a separation of fifty years, took place at Woonsocket, Rhode Island, the other day. The Springfield Republican says:

"The parties were Mrs. Oren Kelley, of Woonsocket, and Henry Mellon, of Wilmington, Del., the brother whom she left in Ireland when she came to this country, fifty years ago. Each had long thought the other dead, but a mutual friend and relative chanced, recently, to see Mr. Mellon's name on a hotel register at Saratoga, and on inquiring discovered him to be the very Mellon he was most delighted to see."

THE POLARIS MYSTERY.—Referring to the revival of statements that Capt. Hall, of the Polaris, came to a foul end, the Washington *Star* says:

It is well-known here that Mrs. Hall, the widow of Captain Hall, who has recently been in Washington, is fully impressed with the belief that her husband was murdered. She has made a strong appeal to our government to send out an expedition to bring the body of her husband home. If Captain Hall was poisoned the tell-tale evidence will be found upon his body. It has been reported that though the government may not send a vessel solely for the body, that an expedition sent out for further exploration may call for it.

DID you ever know a good man or a pure woman utterly ruined by outside attacks upon their reputation? I never did. The abuse of a good man is commonly the head winds that fans the fires of his own furnace, and gives him the greatest headway. No true man was ever put down and kept down while he was true to conscience and to God. When character is destroyed it is never murder—it is suicide.

Ridiculously enough, a two-hundred-pound poetess is writing about what she would do "if she were a sunbeam."

Don't, Charlie.

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.

"Don't, Charlie," came to my ears in a sweet, musical tone, while I was seated in a railway car last summer. I should not have heard the soft, touching voice had it not been very near me. I looked to see who it was that had spoken, and saw a sweet, beautiful woman upon the seat in front of me. A half-sad look rested upon the young face that was all aglow with love and tenderness. A young man was seated by her side, whose face wore a restless, dissipated look, and in a moment I comprehended it all. His face was flushed slightly, and I knew why it was thus. He was talking very fast to some one in advance of him, and once I heard a low oath. "Don't, Charlie," she said again, in the same sweet voice. But Charlie did not seem to hear her words, but went on in a half-wild way to the man. Several more oaths came from his lips but the woman remained silent, yet looked so pleadingly at the erring one that I thought, if he had been half human, he would have heeded the mild, loving reproof that was so visible in her tear-dimmed eyes.

A friend by my side whispered in my ear, "They have been married just one year."

"He is a brute," I only said in reply.

At that moment I saw the young husband wink slyly to the man, and then they both arose and went into the baggage car. I understood the movement when I saw a bottle protruding from the husband's coat pocket.

"Don't, Charlie, don't go," the young wife had pleaded before he had got beyond her reach; but he tore himself from her slight grasp, and rushed along. Her eyes filled with tears, and a low moan came from her pale lips, and then she bowed her head and wept silently.

He came back in a few moments, his face flushed still more, and his voice was a key or two louder than before. He brushed rudely past the wife, evidently to get near the car window.

"Let me alone, Mag," he said, as she laid her white hand upon his arm. "Women are always in the way," he said, again turning to the man in front of him.

The wife turned away, and I did not hear her sweet, reproving voice again.

How I pitied that young, loving wife, and how often I wonder if her sensitive heart must suffer and bleed for many long years! I think not, for her tender, loving soul, and frail, slender body will not long bear such unkindness. Strange how soon liquor will transform some human beings into unfeeling monsters, and chill the ardent, loving nature of a tender husband and trusting wife.

Origin of Nerve Force.

In a paper by Dr. A. H. Garrod, the following ingenious hypothesis regarding the production of Nerve Force is advanced. Admitting that the force in question is either identical with, or closely allied to, electricity in its properties, he then asks, where does it originate? The existence of special organs for its development in the torpedo and other creatures which exhibit external electrical phenomena, and the absence of any such organ in man and the higher animals, would seem to indicate that the production of electricity in animals requires some other form of apparatus than the nervous ganglia. In answer to this, the Doctor seeks to show that in the difference of temperature between the interior and surface of the living body, a source of energy is presented which, on thermo-electric principles, is capable of producing all the force required. The brain and minor ganglia, he adds, would then act as offices for the reception and transmission of currents in the required directions, being in fact the commutators of the system.

In support of this the Doctor says: "There are several of the most important phenomena exhibited by the nervous system, which are very satisfactorily explained on the above hypothesis. For instance, in cold weather the impulse to action is much more powerfully felt than in summer, when the air is hot; and therefore the temperature of the surface is higher. It is well known that it is impossible to remain for more than a very short time in a hot-water bath of which the temperature is as high as, or a little higher than that of the body, on account of the faintness which is sure to come on, and this may be reasonably supposed to be the result of the cessation of the nerve current, which is consequent on the temperature of the surface of the body becoming the same as that of the interior. This faintness is immediately recovered from by the application of a cold douche. When great muscular exertion has to be sustained, as in swimming or rowing, it is always necessary to have the clothes very thin, and it is felt during the time that it is necessary for the continuance of the effort that the surface of the body must be kept cool.—*Scribner's for November.*

THE EFFECTS OF WORRY.—That the effects of worry are more to be dreaded than those of simple hard work is evident from noting the classes of persons who suffer from the effects of mental overstrain. The casebook of the physician shows that it is the speculator, the betting-man, the railway manager, the great merchant, the superintendent of large manufacturing or commercial works, who most frequently exhibits the symptoms of cerebral exhaustion. Mental cares accompanied with suppressed emotion, occupations liable to great vicissitudes of fortune, and those which involve the bearing on the mind of a multiplicity of intricate details, eventually break down the lives of the strongest. In estimating what may be called the staying powers of different minds under hard work, it is always necessary to take early training into the account. A young man cast suddenly into a position involving great care and responsibility, will break down in circumstances in which, had he been graduated to the position, he would have performed its duties without difficulty. It is probably for this reason that the professional classes generally suffer less from the effects of overstrain than others. They have a long course of preliminary training, and their work comes on them by degrees; therefore when it does come in excessive quantity it finds them prepared for it. Those, on the other hand, who suddenly vault into a position requiring severe mental toil, generally die before their time.

A CRUEL HUSBAND.

A lady of Croton who had some trouble with her husband determined to punish him. She had read in the papers of the revenge of a Pennsylvania woman whose husband had struck her, and she determined to imitate that female's action.—When the Pennsylvania woman was struck she threw herself into a tragic attitude and exclaimed: "Villain! nothing but death can wipe away the stain of your blow!" Then she rushed out of the house, ran to the canal, and throwing her hat and shawl on the bank, flung in a big stone, which made a loud splash. She then hid in the bushes and watched with demoniacism for her husband and a party of friends grappling for her body. When she thought she had sufficiently punished her lord she made her appearance, and was received by him with demonstrations of joy, and he begged her forgiveness, took her home, and promised to be kind and loving to her forever.

The other day the Croton woman had a battle royal with her husband. He didn't strike her, he was too manly for that—but he said such irritating things that she was was driven to madness. "Inhuman monster!" she skrieked, "I will never again rest beneath this roof. The river bed shall be my tomb—its waters my winding sheet." Out she rushed to the river, which ran a quarter of a mile from the house, threw her handkerchief on the bank—she had neither hat nor shawl on—and then she flung into the clear water a large stone. This done, she hid in some trees and awaited the coming of the remorse-stricken husband. She continued to wait for about eight hours; but the remorseful man didn't come. Horrible thoughts began to agitate her mind. Perhaps he had killed the children and then committed suicide. She could not bear the suspense longer. It was dark now, and she quietly stole to the house. There were lights in it, and everything looked as cherry and pleasant as usual. She crept to the window and looked in. There sat the remorse-stricken husband with his arms around the waist of a young lady neighbor, and he was saying: "Jennie, the old woman got her back up to-day, and she went off and drowned herself.—Now, you see, I don't want to break up housekeeping, and if you'll only consent we'll get hitched in two weeks. What do you say?"

"She shan't do anything of the sort, and neither will you, you miserable, unfeeling, heartless wretch!" came from the wife as she dashed into the room. For a few minutes Jennie was tossed and tumbled about by the undrowned woman in the most horrid manner, and when Jennie retired from the house she looked as tho' she had been through a carding machine.

The Croton woman doesn't intend trying any more sensational experiments on her husband, but will hereafter do all her fighting in the old-fashioned way. It need hardly be mentioned that her husband is not living in a state of perfect and unalloyed beattitude at present.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

Mr. Bellows has been paying attentions to young Miss Snively for some time, and a few evenings ago he called for the purpose of making a formal proposal. Miss Snively, it would appear, has had other and rather unfortunate love affairs in the past, and a melancholy experience has made her singularly cautious.

After talking with her for awhile, Bellows hemmed and hawed and blushed, and then suddenly seizing her hand, he was about to plump the question right out when Miss Snively interrupted him.

"Ah,—excuse me for asking you, Mr. Bellows, but are you going to propose?"

Amazed and somewhat bewildered, Mr. Bellows replied:

"Well I—that is I should say that—that I did, perhaps, cherish some—some—as it were, some—idea, that is to say—well, yes."

"Oh, very well," rejoined Miss Snively, "very well, but just wait a moment, please, while I call my aunt down stairs."

"Wh—wh—wh—what for?" asked the astonished suitor.

"Why, so that I can have a witness in case I'm obliged to sue you for breach of promise, of course. The last man who proposed got off; but I reckon you won't if I know how to fix things. Just wait a minute."

And then, as Miss Snively went out in search of her aunt, Bellows emerged into the entry and glided through the front door. And, mashing his hat down over his eyes, he dissipated his love's young dream, stifled his grief, bit off an inordinately large piece of tobacco, and went home to bed. Miss Snively will not sue.

CURIOUS, if true. The most powerful telescope presents the moon so far off that only the larger objects on its surface can be seen. But a photograph here gives us some assistance. Such a picture presents all the minutest details, and these can then be magnified by a powerful microscope. The latter may magnify many millions of times. Now, placing a minute section of such a moon photograph under such a microscope, there appears no obstacle to our penetrating all the mysteries of the moon, even down to the smallest rabbit that may inhabit it, were it not for the unfortunate fact that the smoothest surface known to science becomes so rough under the microscope as to obliterate all photographic impressions there may be on it. Nature must supply, or art be able to furnish some surface that will remain smooth under the microscope, and that material is the object now to be found. A French scientist thinks he has obtained it in the silk-like floss of the milk-weed, reduced by a chemical solvent to a pulp, and then manufactured into paper. It has answered so far every purpose, and a first copy taken by the camera afforded undeniable proof that the moon is inhabited by a queer race, that need neither air nor water to preserve life. But, owing to the fact that the photograph was taken when the moon was in the full, the inhabitants presented an appearance like that of flies on a ceiling, so that nothing could be seen of them but the crowns of their head.

A MAN, referring to the sudden death of a relative, was asked if he lived high. "Well, I can't say he did," said Terence, "but he died high." Like the banks in these days, he was suspended.

NOVEL WRITING.

James T. Fields, in his new lecture on "Fiction and its Eminent Authors," has the following concerning the habit of novel writers: Hawthorn waited for models, and mounted his tower stairs for composition only when the mood was on him; dusky processions moved about him as he walked his piny hill-top, but his characters rarely spoke to him until he had locked his study door and shut out all egress from the world of living beings. Anthony Throllope, whose novels Hawthorn greatly delighted in, writes every day regularly, when he is engaged on a new story, a given number of manuscript pages before twelve o'clock, and smiles at the idea of waiting until he "feels like writing," as it is called. Thackeray was constantly studying character, and his observation was unceasing. His eyes were alert in the street, in the club, in society—everywhere. I remember one evening he whispered to me in a brilliant drawing room: "How I envy you fellows who are not in my line and are not obliged to utilize professionally all the fine creatures for your next novel." Dickens was at one time so taken possession of by the characters of whom he was writing that they followed him everywhere, and would never let him be alone a moment. He told me that when he was writing the "Old Curiosity Shop," the creatures of his imagination so haunted him that they would neither allow him to sleep or eat in peace; that Little Nell was constantly at his elbow, no matter where he might happen to be, claiming his attention and demanding sympathy, as if jealous if he spoke to any one else. When he was writing "Martin Chuzzlewit," Mrs. Gamp kept him in such paroxysms of laughter by whispering to him in the most inopportune places, sometimes even in church—that he was compelled to fight her off by main force when he did not want her company, and threatened to have nothing more to do with her unless she could behave better and come only when she was called.

The Curse of Drink.

Dr. Holland sends out these few forcible words through *Scribner's Monthly:*

The appetite for strong drink in man has spoiled the life of more women—ruined more hopes for them, scattered more fortunes for them, brought to them more sorrow, shame and hardship—than any other evil that lives. The country numbers tens—nay, hundreds of thousands—of women who are widows to-day, and sit in hopeless weeds, because their husbands have been slain by strong drink. There are thousands of homes scattered over the land in which wives live lives of torture, going through all the changes of suffering that lie between the extremes of fear and despair, because those whom they love, love wine better than they do the women they have sworn to love. There are women by thousands who dread to hear at the door the step that once thrilled them with pleasure, because that step has learned to reel under the influence of seductive poison. There are women groaning with pain, while we write these words, from bruises and brutalities inflicted by husbands made mad by drink. There can be no exaggeration in any statement in regard to this matter, because no human imagination can create anything worse than the truth, and no pen is capable of portraying the truth. The sorrows and horrors of a wife with a drunken husband or a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realization of hell as can be reached in this world at least. The shame, the indignation, the sorrow, and the sense of disgrace for herself and her children, the poverty, and not unfrequently the beggary—the fear and the fact of violence, the lingering, life-long struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse wine, and engage unitedly to oppose it everywhere as the worst enemy of their sex.

ABOUT SAVING.—There is, perhaps, no one in this world more to be pitied than the poor rich man—the man who has got into the habit of saving until he saves from sheer delight in seeing his wealth increase, and counting every dollar of expenditure as though its loss was something that could never be repaired. Yet it is the duty of every poor man to save something. The possession of a few dollars often makes all the difference between happiness and misery, and no man, especially a man with a family dependent upon him, can be truly independent unless he has a few dollars reserved for the time of need. While extreme carelessness as to the expenditure of money will make a rich man poor, a wise economy will almost as certainly make a poor man rich, or at least make him to a considerable extent independent of the caprices of employers and of the common vicissitudes of life. Nothing is more important to the poor man than the habit of saving something; his little hoard will soon begin to grow at a rate which will surprise and gratify him.

Tobacco—A Boy's Debate.

"What do boys chew tobacco for?"
"I don't know, do you?"
"Does it make their teeth white?"
"No, it makes them black."
"Does it preserve the teeth?"
"No, it destroys them."
"Does it sweeten the breath?"
"No, it makes it foul."
"Does it aid digestion?"
"No, it hinders it."
"Does it make a boy look manly?"
"No, it makes him look like an unweaned calf."
"Would you like to see your sister chew?"
"No."
"Would you like to see your mother chew?"
"No."
"Would you like to see your father chew?"
"I should not like to say; father might not like to hear what I have to say on the subject, so let us drop it."
"And I will drop the quid," said the father, who overheard the conversation.

A negro was put upon the stand as a witness, and the judge inquired if he knew the nature of an oath. "For certing, boss," said the citizen; "if I swear to a lie, I must stick to him!"

A FEARFUL TRAGEDY—*Parricide and Suicide.*—A fearful tragedy was enacted at Monongahela City, Pa., on Friday evening of last week, resulting in the mortal wounding of a father by his son and the suicide of the latter. The particulars are as follows:

John Clemmens, aged sixty-eight years, some three weeks ago took unto himself his third wife. This act displeased his son James, a young man of twenty-six years. Previous to the marriage the father and son had trouble about some property owned by the former, which the latter alleged had been transferred to him. The marriage complicated the difficulties, and the newly acquired step-mother and James were bitter enemies. On Thursday they had indulged in a violent quarrel, in which the woman had freely used lumps of coal as weapons of attack, one of these striking her stepson on the head and starting him to the squire's office, where an information charging his stepmother with assault and battery was preferred. The case was tried yesterday and a verdict rendered favorable to old Clemmens' new bride. This exasperated the son, and Friday night he went into Scott's butcher shop and sharpened a huge knife, and, putting the weapon under his coat, went out. He walked deliberately to his father's house, where he met the old gentleman just coming out of the door. He stepped up to him and plunged the knife into his abdomen, producing a deep wound six inches in length. Evidently satisfied that he had killed his father, the crazed man held aloft for a moment the dripping knife and then plunged it in his own heart, staggering for a moment, and then falling a corpse. The elder Clemmens possessed considerable property, and is a justice of the peace of the village. It is said that a week ago he made a will, leaving all his worldly possessions to his new wife. The suicide leaves a wife and two children. He is represented to have been rather quarrelsome in disposition, and he and his father have had frequent difficulties. On one occasion he attempted to shoot his father, but the ball missed the mark. The tragedy creates the most intense excitement.

A WRITING MACHINE.—A writing machine, on trial at Washington, D. C., is thus described:

The machine is about the same size as an ordinary sewing machine, and can be worked by a child who can spell as easily as by a grown person. It consists of a series of forty-two keys, to which are attached two steel hammers, and each one of these represents a letter, a figure or a punctuation mark. The keys are arranged in four rows, like the keys of an organ, and are operated on precisely the same principle. The hammers are arranged in a circle, and when the key is pressed the corresponding letter moves to the centre, receding again immediately when the pressure is removed. A space key is provided, by means of which the spaces between words are made. Mr. Washburne, of San Francisco, patented an improvement on the machine, and he contemplates the use of printer's ink. In the color is taken from a prepared ribbon, which is between the hammer and the paper. At the end of each line the machine is adjusted for the next line by means of a treadle, which is worked by the feet of the operator. By this machine three times as much can be written as an ordinary man can write.

WORTH CONSIDERING.—It must be conceded, as a fact, with few exceptions, that if two men start out in life with an equal amount of money—say $10,000 each—and the one invests his money in a legitimate business, or in mortgages, ground-rents, loans, or in any way by which he will receive a regular income from it of 6 per cent. per annum, and the other invests his money in stocks, railroad securities, or by discounting paper, etc., yielding him 12, 14, 20, or 24 per cent. during indefinite periods of time, at the end of twenty years, both in the meantime being equally watchful of their interests, the one who receives 6 per cent. without risk will be worth more than the one who receives 12 to 24 per cent. with risk. The reason is obvious. The one who invests at 6 per cent. has his money constantly employed, and at the end of every six months or a year he draws his interest and reinvests it—while the other, who invests at heavy rates of interest, at different times, meets with losses, by failure, lawsuits, etc., or by keeping his money idle for better opportunities to invest at higher rates of interest.

A WEALTHY CONVICT.—Richard Mackay, who has just been sent to the penitentiary for a term of eighteen months for manslaughter, owns some of the best mining claims about Nevada, in Gilpin county, and is reported to be worth $75,000 or $100,000. His case was carried through all the courts, lasting nearly three years, and conducted by the best counsel in the Territory. He has spent $30,000 in the effort to get clear. Mackay gained the high opinion of officers and all with whom he had to do, and during his confinement in jail here was allowed regularly to go alone to his meals at Charplot's and elsewhere, and the night before he was taken to Canon City, unaccompanied went over and had an hour's chat with Judge Bromwell. He was always prompt to his word, and it is believed by officers here that he could have been trusted to go alone to the penitentiary and deliver himself up.—*Denver (Col.) Tribune.*

AN EVANSVILLE spooney was the victim of a heartless joke recently. His companions counterfeited a letter from a young heiress, which said that his manly bearing had captivated her heart, and hoped he reciprocated. He threw away his tools, invested his money in new clothes, and presented himself to the lady, who indignantly told him that she didn't want a husband who looked like a crooked-necked squash, and if he didn't leave she'd remove his hair. He retired.

ARTEMUS WARD was on a slow California train, and he went to the conductor and suggested that the cowcatcher was on the wrong end of the train; "for," said he, "you will never overtake a cow, you know; but if you'd put it on the other end it might be useful, for now there's nothin' on earth to hender a cow from walking right in and biting the folks!"

DEATH OF THE SLEEPING WOMAN.—Miss Susan Caroline Godsey, known as the Sleeping Beauty, died at the residence of her mother, in Obion county, Tenn., on the 27th ult. She had attained the age of thirty-one years, and, as was alleged, had been in her sleeping condition for about twenty-four years. The Nashville Union of the 4th says:

"Her case has excited great interest, and gave rise to much investigation and discussion among scientific men. The true nature of her affliction, however, was never understood. She was brought to Nashville in the fall of 1867 for the ostensible purpose of procuring medical aid, but was really in charge of an agent who contemplated making an exhibition of her. She was accompanied by a brother and other relations, who were very much attached to her. While they were in Nashville they boarded at the house of Major Bruce, on Market street, and the sleeper was constantly watched by Mrs. Bruce, who took great interest in her.—She remained under Mrs. Bruce's care eleven days. While there she was visited by a great many persons, and had with her one or more physicians all the time. She awakened every hour, night and day, at almost the same second each time, and remained awake from seven to ten minutes. Just after going to sleep each time she had convulsions that shook the room, and at such times she appeared to be suffering great pain. When asleep she was dead to everything, but when awake talked pleasantly and intelligently, sometimes complaining of pain, and exclaiming, "Oh, my head!" and when she awakened she invariably asked for water, but ate very little. She said she had no consciousness of ever having dreamed, and that it was no pleasure for her to live afflicted as she was. She was very sensitive, and appeared mortified to think that she was being exhibited. Her affliction was inaugurated by a spell of chills. Some medical men have attributed it to the medicine she then took; others, that the chills were precursory to her long sleeping state.—Upon leaving Nashville she went to St. Louis, and remained there a short time. It is said that the physicians there unanimously agreed that she was an imposition. She soon returned to the home of her mother, and has remained there ever since. The Sleeping Beauty is said to have been a truly beautiful woman, not so emaciated as one would think, and of shapely form."

A CHILD'S OFFERING TO THE MEMPHIS SUFFERERS.—The Memphis *Ledger* says:

A little crumpled package arrived at the mayor's office this morning which has a touch of history. It was sent by Mr. John A. Hughes, a merchant at Springfield, Illinois, who has been active in collecting money for the distressed people. It was tightly rolled up in two or three sheets of not very white letter paper, and contained five dollars and five cents, nearly all in one, two and three cent pieces and nickels; also two faded pieces of paper currency of the old five and ten cents issue. Evidently this was some child's treasure, the accumulations of a little box for months or years. On the inner wrapping was written, "Little Lilly's money, to go to a poor child;" on the outer paper, written in a different hand, "From Little Lilly, for the Memphis sufferers—a dying bequest." No other explanation was given.

Making Things Bilin'.

Many years ago, a negro clergyman, very light colored—came north for the purpose of collecting money to build an African Baptist church in one of our Southern States. The people did not come very heavily, and some one, knowing old Mr. B.'s dislike to everything African, sent the applicant to him. B., not suspecting his race, received him graciously, and asked:

"What kind of a church are you going to put up?"

"Baptist."

"How much money do you want to raise?"

"Five thousand dollars."

"Is that enough?"

"Yes."

B. sat down at his desk, took out his check book, filled it out for the entire sum and the colored brother thought he had struck oil sure.

"One thing," said B. "I want to understand before I sign my name.

"Certainly, anything."

"The Baptists put the new fellers under water, don't they?"

"Entirely, that is our style."

"Well, I want you to agree to have the water bilin' hot, and 'scald every darned darkey to death that goes in it."'

IT is an old story, but a good one, which tells of a very negligent man who was going on a visit to some friends. His wife extorted from him a solemn promise that he would abandon his usual custom, and put on a clean shirt every day. So she packed a dozed in his trunk. When he came home again his wife was glad to perceive that he had grown more fleshy; but she was alarmed when, upon examining his trunk, she found there was not a single shirt in it. He had kept his promise to mount a clean one every day, but he always put it on over the others; and now he was sporting around with the whole dozen on his back. Some men never will let women have their way.

THE Boston *Transcript* states that a merchant of that city relates the following conversation between two bell-boys at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York:

Pat asks Mike, "What's this suspension of the banks?"

"Hist ye!" Mike replies. "I'll tell ye. Suppose ye have five cents."

"Yis."

"Leave it wid me."

"Yis."

"Next day ye want it, and ye ax me for it."

"Yis."

"I tell ye, no, sir, I've used it meself."

"THE strongest propensity in a women's nature," says a surly editor, "is a desire to know what is going on, and the next is to boss the job."

THE editor of a Nevada newspaper gives notice that he cannot be bribed with five cent cigars to write a $5 puff.

BAD temper bites at both ends; it makes one's self nearly as miserable as it does other people.