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The Kent News:

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JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. R. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:
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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.

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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. janô-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. fs-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. R. 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.

NOTICE TO GUNNERS.

All persons are hereby positively forbidden to trespass with dog or gun upon the premises of the undersigned in Queen Anne's county, occupied by Sam'l N. Rolph and Jos. Kendall, under penalty of the law.
nov8-3t. B. S. FORD.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 34. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1873. No. 29.

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned will offer at Public Sale, at his residence, on "Drayton," near the I. U. Church, on

SATURDAY, December 6th, 1873

THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY, viz:

TWO HORSES and 1 COLT,

Five good Milch Cows,

1 Yoke of Young Steers,

SIX HEAD YOUNG CATTLE,

9 Head of Fine Shoats,

1 YORK CARRIAGE AND HARNESS,
1 DEARBORN AND HARNESS,
1 HORSE CART AND HARNESS,
About 2,000 lbs. extra CORN BLADES.
Also, Ploughs, Harrows, Cultivators and other

FARMING IMPLEMENTS,

and a lot of
Household and Kitchen FURNITURE.

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

TERMS OF SALE:—All purchases of $10 or less, cash. All over that amount a credit of nine months, with note and security. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.

GEO. W. MOFFETT.
U. A. C. GARRETT, Auct'r. nov22-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.

$20 REWARD!

STOLEN from the Stable of D. A. Benjamin, in Chestertown, on Monday night, Nov. 10th, a NEW SADDLE and BRIDLE, and a set of SILVER MOUNTED CARRIAGE HARNESS, nearly new. The above reward will be paid for the recovery of the property, or the apprehension of the thief.

SAMUEL MERRITT.
nov15-3t.

THAT BOY.

Is the house turned topsy turvy?
Does it ring from street to roof?
Will the racket still continue,
Spite of all your mild reproof?
Are you often in a flutter?
Are you sometimes thrilled with joy?
Then I have my grave suspicions,
That you have at home—that Boy.

Are the walls and tables hammered?
Are your nerves and ink upset?
Have two eyes, so bright and roguish,
Made you every care forget?
Have your garden-beds a prowler,
Who delights but to destroy?
These are well-known indications
That you have at home—that Boy.

Have you seen him playing circus?
With his head upon the mat,
And his heels in mid-air twinkling—
For his audience, the cat?
Do you ever stop to listen,
When his merry pranks annoy—
Listen to a voice that whispers,
You were once just like—that Boy?

Have you heard of broken windows,
And with nobody to blame?
Have you seen a trowsered urchin
Quite uncouscious of the same?
Do you love a teasing mixture
Of perplexity and joy?
You may have a dozen daughters,
But I know you've got—that Boy.

UNDER FALSE COLORS.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

"My pocket-book's gone!" exclaimed an excited passenger, who had stepped up to the bar to liquor, and suddenly found himself without the means to liquidate.

"Mine, too," chorused a dozen more of us, simultaneously clapping our hands on our personal sub-treasuries and finding them vacant.

There was a commotion on board the good steamer "Swiftsure," one of the best then navigating the Mississippi. A rueful set we on whom thus unexpectedly dawned the fact of present insolvency.

My own case was peculiarly hard. The money I had lost was my all. I had just drawn it from the bank to pay for a home I had bargained for, and to which I was expecting soon to conduct my long intended bride. Poor Kate—I could hardly, in justice, ask her to wait longer.

"It is evident we have pickpockets on board," observed a grave-looking gentleman, who had already found time to talk himself into a leader among us.

It *was* pretty evident.

"They may have gone ashore with the booty," suggested another—"we have already made several stoppages."

"True," replied the grave gentleman; "still, it is proper that a general search be instituted. It will at least serve to clear up suspicion of those present."

"Very right," was the general voice.

"And as mover of the proposal," the gentleman continued, "I first offer for scrutiny my own person and effects."

For form's sake the offer was accepted. Of course no discovories were made in that quarter. Beyond a decent supply of clothing, a few religious books, and a moderate sum of money, nothing was found on the gentleman's person or among his effects.

"At least they have left me my little pittance," he remarked, returning it to his pocket. "I presume they hardly thought it worth the risk to venture on robbing a clergyman."

Had we known the gentleman's calling sooner—we were inexcusable not to have surmised it—we should certainly have insisted on his exemption from the test he had just undergone.

One after another was put through the ordeal with equally fruitless results, till it came the turn of a slipshoddy little man, who had hung back to the last and whom nobody seemed to have noticed till now.

"Stand forward, sir, and submit like the rest," said the clergyman.

The little man obeyed. As he approached, a singular change came over the minister's countenance. It grew a trifle pale. But the feeling, whatever it was, was evanescent.

"Do your duty, gentlemen," he said, in his usual tone of authority.

Those appointed to conduct the search proceeded with it. This time results were not so barren. Every one of the missing wallets was found in the little man's possession! It was easy to see he was an old offender. He didn't even flush at his detection. It was hard to tell whether the clergyman looked more surprised or pained.

"What shall be done with him?" was the general query.

"It's a pity the laws are so laxly administered hereabouts," remarked the minister.

"That's true," said another. "It's no use turning him over to the law; he would be out of its clutch in a week."

"Let's deal with him ourselves, I say," spoke a burly planter from the bayous.

"My function forbids that I should actively counsel violence," said the clerical gentleman, with just a touch of snivel in his tone.

"Never you mind, Dominie," interrupted the planter, "we'll take the 'sponsibility."

"It is greatly to be regretted," the minister went on, "that such necessities should ever exist, but, it must be confessed, they sometimes do exist."

This time the snivel was more perceptible.

"Sound doctrin, old hoss," again put in the planter. "Just leave the practice to us."

A rope was procured, at one end of which a noose was improvised, the other being made fast to one of the stanchions, and the culprit was given ten minutes to prepare.

"Have you no remonstrances to make against this?" asked the little man of the minister.

"Ask your own conscience, replied the latter, "what remonstrance I can make."

"There is but one crime deserving of death," said the little man, with calm distinctness, "and that is *wilful murder*."

Again the minister's face paled.

"Time's up!" admonished the planter, "now you just mount the guard there, and when you're shoved over the side, whether you're hanged or drowned 'll depend on the strength of the rope."

"Can I offer you any spiritual consolation, my sinful friend?" said the minister, with a snivel which was now very distinct.

"You hypocritical villian!" thundered the little man, with sudden vehemence.

"In your situation, such language to a clergyman is little short of blasphemy," returned the other.

"*You* a clergyman!" exclaimed the little man. "If you ever entered a church in your life it was to rob it."

"My character, I trust, is not to be assailed by the slanders of one found with stolen property on him," was the dignified answer.

"This has gone far enough," said the little man. "Gentlemen, I'm Tom Hanley, the detective. I hold a warrant for this man's arrest for murder and robbery. It was he who picked your pockets, for he is an adept in that as well as in other crimes. I saw him in the act. The accomplice to whom he passed the stolen property I took aside unobserved, before he left the boat at the last landing, and, by a little moral suasion, induced him to disgorge privately, taking good care that he should afterwards have no chance to communicate with his principal. Two of my men followed him ashore, and ere now he is as hard and fast as this one will soon be."

The detective pulled off his wig and false whiskers, when the familiar face of Tom Hanley was recognized by at least a score of those present.

At a given signal, half a dozen stalwart assistants, whom we had, till now, taken for simple passengers, came forward, and in a trice the desperate thief and murderer was in custody and manacled. He was taken ashore at the next landing, and in due time had justice.

HOW TO SPOIL YOURSELF.

Begin, say at sixteen, to look in the glass whenever you pass one, and to make up your mind that you are not as beautiful as you might be. Grow gradually discontented with your complexion, and make up your mind that it must and shall be improved. Talk a good deal about your want of charms to your young lady friends, who will be sure to encourage you in your low estimate of them. Draw the attention of your maiden aunts, grandmothers, &c., to your complexion. They will soon discover "that it's your liver."

Begin a course of weeping on your pillow at night. It will improve your eyes and eyesight. Wear a dotted veil always on the street, and never expose yourself to sunbeams. By these means, and by constantly picking out little black specks on your face, you will become a monomaniac, and you will be ready for the second course of procedure as follows:

Being ready, take the daily newspapers and hunt out, buy and use all the magical "beautifiers" that are advertised, such as "Balm of Moss Roses," "Down of the Angels' Wings," "Dreams of Violets," "Old Aunty Gunters' Complexion Wash," "Indian Skin Transformer, discovered by a venerable squaw while in search of the graves of her forefathers," and the rest of them.

Some will be chalk or whiting; some, innocent starch powder; some, arsenic, bismuth and white lead; some will make you look like the ghost of a working baker who had not time to wash his face; some will fill your pores with little black specks; some will poison you; some will hurt your eyesight; some will paralyze your hands. No matter, go ahead; buy them all; plaster them on, and oil or cold cream yourself at night; if you choose you may put red paint on your cheeks at the same time.

In a year or so will come the third stage, in which you will consume all the universal panaceas on record. You will take Smith's Pills, Jones' Bitters, Brown's Tonic, Robinson's Mysterious Health Perfector, &c., &c. You will try allopathy, homoepathy, the water cure, electricity, magnetism, and all the quack medicines.

You begin, a healthy young woman, with a few pimples on your skin, which would have departed of themselves after awhile. You are now an invalid with a parchment complexion and unhappy disposition, and one day you look into the glass and discover gray hairs on your head. Nature, finding that you would dose yourself into a pallid ghostliness, tries to do what she can by giving you such hair as will point the change less hideously. You feel horrified, you fly to the papers once more, and read an advertisement which Daubs, as an utterly disinterested party, advises you to rejuvinate yourself, if you are prematurely gray, by the use of his hair dye, "harmless, potent and perfumed."

You go out at once to buy this compound, which, when bought, proves to be a grimy mixture, with a very nasty smell, and so begin upon hair dyes, and go on til one day there is an end of all things for you; and out of respect to your memory people call it a visitation of providence, and not a visitation of hair dye, which they would call it if they told the truth.

MRS. G. B.

Near Middletown, Del.

CRITICAL PERIODS OF HUMAN LIFE.

From the age of forty to that of sixty a man who properly regulates himself may be considered in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and all the functions are in the highest order. Having gone a year or two past sixty, however, he arrives at a critical period of existence; the river of death flows before him, and he remains at a stand-still. But athwart this river is a viaduct called "The Turn of Life," which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "Old Age," round which the river winds, and then flows beyond without a doubt of causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden whether it bend or break. Gout, apoplexy, and other bad characters, are also in the vicinity, to waylay the traveler and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins, and provide himself with perfect composure. To quote a metaphor, "the turn of life" has a turn either into a prolonged walk or into the grave. The system and power having reached their utmost expansion, now begin either to close, like flowers of sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength, whilst a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in its beauty and vigor until night has nearly set in.

A RURAL youth lately went to claim his bride and conduct her to the altar, only to find that she had eloped and married another fellow the previous day. He didn't tear his hair, but just remarked, "I'm glad she was married yesterday instead of to-day, if that's her disposition!"

BRIDES, AND, AND, AND, GROOMS.

BY SARA FAITHFUL.

Now is the season of our weddings,—After Shakespeare.

Everybody who is not already married, is going to be. Summer is past, and its moonlight strolls, sea-side flirtations, and Springs' fortune huntings have come to a fitting end. Some have nests, and some have none, nevertheless the pairing goes bravely on.

Modistes, buried in heaps of pretty things, the products of a world, stitch on flounce and ruffle, and tuck and fold, and puff and band, not with aching fingers, but with twinkling machines. Stationers make 'pounds of pasteboard' a specialty. Friends groan, while jewelers smile.—Gutman adds up long columns, which will act like battledoors upon poor Papas, when they see them. Churches run up large gas bills, while preachers make presents to their wives, and sextons get a new suit of clothes, and bless Hymen.

Nobody thinks of the groom, though he is perhaps bravely running the risk of the Bankrupt law and Bayview Asylum for the insane.

At length comes the grand finale, the blazing church, the bewildered ushers, the confronting families all in ye goodbye arraye, the groaning pews, the bending galleries, the tittering suspense; the solemn vows, the hasty exit, reception, congratulations, and all is over.

It has been a brilliant thing; of trousseau, and presents, and a wedding; but who in the midst of all this glare has found a shady spot in which to dream of congeniality of tastes, of unity of hearts, of true love, aye, "even as Christ also loved the Church" so ought men to love their wives (how many do?) and all such old-timed stuff. We hope many, we fear few. Not that we dislike weddings; on the contrary we love them; and even when the worst comes to the worst, we think starvation together much easier than starvation separated.

Did we say all was over, when we threw our white slipper into the darkness after that departing clarence? If we did, we did not mean it, except as regarded the slipper. At home, indeed, everything subsides, and there is a great calm. But the bridal trip, or honeymoon chase, or goosey gander wanderings, that comes after. We would not have forgotten that. No one who has travelled possibly could.

We have travelled. Daily two trains leave Baltimore for the North, the 1:30 a. m., and 10:30 p. m., and those trains bear all our brides away; for unlike all other geese, they go North all the year round. I have been on those trains. I have watched those brides, I will not say with envy, but with interest. I have gone farther, I have even classed them, and these are their headings—the proper bride, the matter of fact bride, and the gushing debutante into matrimony, or spooney bride.

The first class, the proper bride, is always thoughtful, a little timid, at once both sad and glad, sad for the old life lost, glad for the new one found. And whenever I see one of these, I feel like going up to the fortunate possessor and shaking my fist in his face, and saying, Sir, if you ever dare, through any fault of yours, to bow that gentle head and break that trusting heart with sorrow and disappointment, I hope some one will be by to choke you, as I should enjoy doing were I present.

The second class, the matter of fact bride, has a devil may care air. She can take care of herself, and her husband too, if he will let her.

The third, the gushing bride, explains herself. She abounds in cat naps in his coat collar, whence she always emerges declaring indeed the great rough thing has rubbed the skin clear off of her cheek, and goes back again about five minutes after.

Furthermore, she calls him "dear;" rearranges his neck-tie; brushes dust from his shirt front, and I verily believe, would like to pull him to pieces, as children do their dolls for confirmation strong of ownership.

My experience is more extended even than this. I have seen them in other cities, where, poor things, they did not know a soul, trying to shorten their allotted time, sight-seeing. I have sighted them from afar peering into every store window, as if they were shopping for mummies; have heard *him* insist on buying *her* everything she saw, which showed exactly what he was. I have met them at Barnum's, studying the white mice and the intemperate family. I have seen them saunter into ——, to examine the interior; while he with a dazed look asked if she would not have something, as if all that vast establishment were so many saucers of ice cream to be had for 12½ cents around.

I have gone farther; I have followed them to Niagara; have met them under the fall, in the cave of the winds, by the whirlpool, on the suspension bridge, in the Indian wigwams. I have accosted them on Boston common; have scaled Mount Washington in company, until like mushrooms on a rainy summer morning, they seemed to spring up wherever your foot could tread. And yet I have never seen one who all their wanderings o'er did not turn homeward joyously; whose faces did not brighten up as they said "we are going home to-morrow."

And if after all this prelude of noise and show and nonsense, comes the full toned anthem of a life of wedded happiness, the gift of Him who setteth the solitary in families; who will dare forbid the prelude?

God bless our brides, and, and, and grooms.—*Balto. Saturday Night.*

A JUSTICE of Guthrie county, Iowa, decided in the case of a citizen who brought suit against his daughter's lover for ejecting him from his own parlor one Sunday night, that courting is a necessity and must not be interrupted, therefore the laws of Iowa will hold that a parent has no legal right in a room where courting is afoot; and so the defendant was discharged, and the plaintiff had to pay the costs.

AN English paper relates the following curious incident: "It is now eleven years since a live bee got into the ear of MR. Reed, the baker of the Woburn workhouse. A few day since, when his ear was syringed, extraordinary to relate, forth came a bee in as perfect a state as when alive, even to the wings, the wax of the ear having preserved it from decay."

THE IMPERIAL WILL.

In the memoirs and historical reminiscences, lately published, of Baron Segur, the veteran diplomatist of many courts, occurs a lively sketch of a characteristic episode in the reign of Catherine II., of Russia.

A rich banker, named Saderland, enjoyed for a long time the favor of the Empress, but one day he suddenly saw his house surrounded by an armed force, led by a commissary of the special police who demanded to speak with him.

"My dear sir," said he to the frightened banker, "it grieves me deeply to have received orders from our gracious sovereign to execute towards you a severity beyond anything I have ever yet seen. I know not what extraordinary offence you have committed to excite such extremity of anger in her Majesty as to induce her to command a punishment so horrible.

"I do not understand a word of what you are saying," said the astonished banker. "I am as much amazed as if you had fallen from the clouds. What are the orders you have received?"

"I have not the courage to tell you, and yet I shall be compelled to execute them."

"Am I indeed so unfortunate as to have lost her majesty's confidence?"

"Ah! if that were all sir you would not see me so disconsolate. You might regain her confidence and even her Majesty's favor, but—but—"

"But am I then to be banished from Russia?"

"That would indeed be a sad misfortune; yet, with your riches, you could find a hospitable reception in any other country. But—"

"Oh heavens! is it possible that I am to be exiled to Siberia?"

"Even from there you might sooner or later be called to Russia."

"Perhaps, then, you are going to put me in prison?"

"I wish it were so for then you might be liberated."

"Am I then condemned to undergo the knout?"

"The knout is a dreadful punishment, but it's not always fatal."

"Then, oh! then, you lead me to death! Tell me plainly; this suspense is worse than death itself."

"Know, then, that your most gracious Empress has given absolute orders to take off your entire skin."

"To take off my skin?" exclaimed Saderland, seized with horror—"to flay me alive!" But regaining his self command, he added, "No, no, it cannot be; either you have lost your senses, Mr. Commissary, or your most benign mistress has lost hers. Is it possible you made no answer when you received such cruel order."

"I did more than others would have dared to do. I did not conceal my grief and surprise. I lingered in the Imperial presence, and had actually begun a feeble remonstrance to her Majesty, when our gracious sovereign, turning to look on me, with a look and voice of anger, bade me begone and perform her will. I still seem to hear her threatening and appalling words:

"Go, and never forget that it is your indispensable duty to execute without questioning the commands I think you worthy to receive from me."

Is it possible to describe the agitation, the anguish, or the despair of poor Saderland?

After he had for a time given vent to the violence of his distress, the Commissary told him that he was allowed a quarter of an hour to settle his affairs. In vain the banker prayed for a longer interval, at least for an opportunity to write to the Empress and implore her clemency.

At length, although trembling for the consequences to his own life, he consented, and he immediately followed the letter himself; but not having courage to present himself at Court, he went to seek his friend and protector, Col. Bruce.

The Count thought that the Commissary must have made a mistake, and took him directly to the Imperial Palace.—There, leaving him in an antechamber, he obtained admission to the presence of the Empress, to whom he related the whole affair.

What was his astonishment to hear the Empress exclaim:

"Just heavens! what atrocity! There can be no doubt that Niekoff (the Commissary) is mad! Quick! Count, take horse before it is too late, and deliver my poor banker from his alarm, and assure him of my favor and good wishes."

The Count hastened to communicate this order to the Commissary; and was yet more astonished when, returning to the presence of the Empress, he heard her exclaim, mid bursts of loud laughter:

"Now I understand the cause of this strange and incomprehensible scene. I have for several years had a fine dog, which I valued highly, and I had given him the name of Saderland, both for the sake of a joke on my good banker, and also in compliment to the English gentleman of that name from whom I obtained the dog. Early this morning I gave orders to Niekoff to take off his skin entire, in order to have it stuffed, as the poor thing was dead. He seemed to hesitate whether to obey, and I was very angry, because I thought it was silly pride on his part."

GIFTS are remembered as an expression of a desire to relieve distress. A visit is remembered as an expression of personal interest. A kind word spoken in the homes of the poor will be remembered long after the words spoken from the pulpit. Conversation of a pleasant kind at a man's fireside awakens his self-respect. The thought, bright and encouraging, comes into his mind, that somebody cares for him. Entertaining such a thought, he will be candid and sincere, throwing off all that conceals the heart, and laying bare his wants and his sorrows. Many a man sits sullen and discouraged in the midst of his want and vice, because no Christian friend has followed him to the place he calls home, and there talked with him about his difficulties and sins.

FOR A CORN.—Put two or three small mother of pearl buttons—commonly called pearl buttons—in any small glass or crockery vessel, squeeze them over a tablespoonful or two of lemon juice. Let it stand all night. There will be a peculiar film cover the top; take this and apply to the corn; let it remain for twelve hours; Should one application not be enough, repeat, and the corn can be easily removed.

Nelly.

In May, when meads are studded with fair flowers,
Our baby came;
God's gift, an angel sent to cheer the hours,
Nelly her name;
Hearts throbbed to greet the little stranger's birth;
All nature wore
A brighter aspect, and seemed round our hearth
A richer store.
Winter! His fingers held in icy grip
The wee white hand;
His chilly breath passed o'er the rosy lip
And the firm hand
That knit three loving souls together snapped.
'Tis mine to tell
The blow Death dealt when in his robe he wrapped
Our darling Nell.

Oakey Hall on Love and Marriage.

Oakey Hall thus describes love and marriage, in his lecture on Love, Marriage and Divorce: True love purifies the heart, emancipates it from the slavery of passions, and makes man and woman strong, noble and courageous. A man falls in love just as he falls down stairs. It might be an accident—probably it was—or it might be a misfortune which lasted all through life. How inexpressive was that phrase "paying attention," as if that did not belong more to marriage than to courtship; and the phrase was not unfrequently heard in former years, which was immortalized by Mrs. Podsnap,—"Bless me, they have gone on their bridal tour to become acquainted with each other." If it were possible to have a preliminary bridal tour, under proper escort, and the young couple had experience of all the annoyances necessarily entailed by a trip of that character, and if they were familiar with the tempers and dispositions of each other, the wonder would be, not that there were so few happy marriages under the arrangements of modern society, but that there were so many.—Marriage was not a partnership. He did not wish to be understood as saying that alone, for it was a cold word. Marriage was a companionship. Driving home from the business cares, as Disareli used, they would find that the old individualty was gone—that a new companionship existed; and as the best illustration of the idea of marriage, he would go back to the time of Lord William Russell, who was represented at his trial by his wife; and of all the pictures which hung in the historic temple, there was none so attractive and beautiful as the picture of Lady Russell in companionship with her husband, not only in the court-room, but in the prison, and in his last moments. And, if they asked for a definition of true marriage, it was comprised in the word companionship.

THE SUN FISH.—It will be remembered that some months ago five fishermen were drowned off the Irish coast by the struggles of a sun fish to escape. An interesting discussion afterward arose as to the size of this kind of fish. Mr. Walpole, one of the Inspectors of Salmon Fisheries in England, intimated that Mr. Brady, Inspector of Irish Fisheries, had grossly exaggerated their size. Mr. Brady has, however, come off victorious in the controversy. This fish takes its name from its habit of remaining almost motionless on the surface of the water as if enjoying the influence of the sun's rays. Cuvier says it is the largest of the true fishes, measuring some 36 feet. Its liver is of large size, generally two tons in weight, and yields from six to eight barrels of oil. The sun fish is very powerful in the water, and if harpooned in the shoulder is very hard to kill, often carrying off the whole harpoon line. They sometimes run off with 200 fathoms of line and two harpoons in them, and will employ the fishermen twenty-four hours before they are subdued. Great caution must be used in striking them, as with a blow of the tail they will stave in the boat if it is within reach. Froom 60 to 100 of them may sometimes be seen together off the coast of Ireland, basking in the morning sun in the latter part of June.

TRANQUILITY.—A good man thus speaks: The sources of all pleasures are in our heart; he who seeks them elsewhere outrages the Divinity. Truth is my compass, and moderation my helm. The clouds arise and the clouds descend in rain without causing me any disquietude. When they conceal the sun from me by day, I try to look at the stars by night. Golden roofs do not keep out sleeplessness and care; and were the country shaken by an earthquake, how easily I can gain my humble door! When it is very hot, I cool myself in the shade of a tree, and when it is very cold I warm myself by working. Old age is coming upon me, but my children are young, and will repay me for what I have done for them. If they always observe truth and moderation, a hundred years will not cost them a sigh. Whatever tempests may arise, tranquility is a port always open to the innocent heart. Hail, tranquility of the soul!—sweet charm of life! Kings would sell their crowns if they knew thy value. Complete thy benefits—thou hast helped me to live well, help me to die well."

SPURGEON.—Keep prayer going; do not neglect your prayer-meetings Christmas Evans gives us a good idea about prayer. He says; "Prayer is the rope in the belfry; we pull it, and it rings the bell up in heaven." And so it is. Mind you keep that bell going. Pull it well. Come up to prayer-meetings. Keep on pulling it; and though the bell is up so high that you cannot hear it ring, depend upon it it can be heard in the tower of heaven, and is ringing before the throne of God, who will give you answer of peace according to your faith. May your faith be large and plentiful, and so will your answer be! Cast your troubles where you have cast your sins; you have cast your sins into the depths of the sea—there cast your troubles also. Never keep a trouble half an hour on your own mind before you tell it to God. As soon as trouble comes, quick, the first thing, tell it to your Father. Remember that the longer you take telling your trouble to God, the more your peace will be impaired. The longer the frost last, the more likely the pond will be frozen.

THE farmers of Martin county, Minn., denounce "the practice of paying county officers extravagant salaries to enable them to put on style and play croquet at the expense of the county." If county officials would confine themselves to the harmless pastime of croquet, there would be less need for the extravagant salaries.

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.

MAXIMS WORTH KNOWING.

Administrators are liable to account for interest on funds in their hands, although no profit shall have been made upon them, unless the exigencies of the estate rendered it prudent that they should hold the funds uninvested.

When a house is rendered untenantable in consequence of improvements made on the adjoining lot, the owner of such cannot recover such damages, because it is presumed that he had knowledge of the approaching danger in time to protect himself from it.

An agreement by the holder of a note to give the principal debtor time for payment, without depriving himself of the right to sue, does not discharge the surety.

A day book copied from a "blotter," in which charges are first made, will not be received in evidence as a book of original entries.

The fruits and grass on the farm or garden of an intestate, descend to the heir.

Money paid on Sunday contracts may be recovered.

A debtor may give preference to one creditor over another, unless fraud or special legislation can be proved.

A private person may obtain an injunction to prevent a public mischief by which he is affected, in common with others.

Permanent erections and fixtures made by a mortgager, after the execution of the mortgage upon land conveyed by it, become a part of the mortgaged premises.

A seller of goods, chattels or other property, commits no fraud in law, when he neglects to tell the purchaser of any defects or unsoundness in the same.

The opinion of witnesses as to the value of a dog that has been killed, is not admissable in evidence. The value of the animal is to be decided by the jury.

If any person puts a fence on or plows the land of another, he is liable for trespass, whether the owner has sustained injury or not.

If a person, who is made unable from illness to sign his will, has his hand guided in mrking his mark, the signature is valid.

HORSE COURTING.

Mr. G. Gerard, now of Philadelphia, but formerly American consul at Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, communicates to the press of the former city the following amusing reminiscence of his African consular experience:

"There is a very singular custom among the farmers—how to get a wife—If you desire to get married you should first make inquiry whether the lady you love has a horse for sale; if so, you must ask her if she has a horse for sale. If she says 'No,' then you had better quit the house at once. She does not like you. But if, on the contrary, she says 'Yes,' it is a good sign, but she will ask you a very high price. If the amount named is paid on the spot, the engagement is concluded as fully as if the marriage was consumated by the parson. On my arrival at the Cape I did not know of this custom. I wanted to purchase a horse, and I was informed by an old Dutch resident that widow ——— had one to sell. I followed the address given and soon arrived at the door of the widow (who, by the way was not bad looking.) I asked her whether she had a horse to sell. She looked at me very sharp; then asked me whether I had some letters of introduction. I said that I was the American consul, and would pay the cash for the horse.—'In that case,' said she 'letters are not necessary.' I paid down the sum demanded, then, after taking a cup of coffee, she sent her horse home by her groom, and both accompanied me. On the road the groom asked me a thousand questions. 'Master,' said he, 'will my mistress go to live with you in town, or will you come live with us? You will love my mistress, for she was very kind to my old master (laughing.) Where will the wedding be?' (Looking at me and laughing.) 'Truly,' I thought, 'the poor fellow had drunk to much, or he is an imbecile.' I felt sorry for him. When I arrived home I found many people at my door congratulating me, not for the horse, but for the acquaintance of the widow. 'Truly,' said one, 'you have been successful.' 'She is very rich,' said another. I really did not know what it meant, and began to be very uneasy, when, to my very great surprise, a lady alighted on my steps, and at once I recognized the widow. She very coolly asked me when I desired to have the ceremony of the wedding performed. Then I fully perceived the scrape in which I was, and told her frankly that it was a horse that I wanted, and not a wife.—'What,' said she, 'do you mean to act thus to a lady like me? If so, I shall send back for my horse, and will repay you the money.' In a few hours the groom was at my door with the money. I gladly gave back the horse, thankful to have thus escaped. A few weeks after, however, the widow was married; a more ambitous man got her horse.

MISTAKES.—It is a great mistake to set up our standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly.

To measure the enjoyment of others by your own.

To expect uniformity of opinion in the world.

To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike.

Not to yield to immaterial trifles.

To look for perfection in our actions.

To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied.

Not to make allowances for the infirmities of others

To consider everything impossible which we cannot perform.

To expect to be able to understand everything.

AT Bannavie, the parish schoolmaster, out of curiosity, put the question to the scholars, "What is nothing?" A