msa_sc2901_scm1622-1146 copyright Maryland State Archives

The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. H. 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 Advertisin

Vol. 34. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1874. No. 35.

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.

For New-Year Presents

USEFUL, SENSIBLE
BEAUTIFUL
and REASONABLE
GO TO
STAM & BRO'S
Apothecaries, Booksellers,
AND STATIONERS,
Corner High and Court Streets,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Writing Desks, Library Ink Stands, Ladies Jewelry Cases, Work Boxes and Working Cases, Toilet Sets, Images, Albums, Russian & Turkey Leather Pocket Books, Games, Prayer Books, Bibles and Hymn Books, Prose and Poetry by the best authors, in every variety and Style of Binding, at
STAM & BRO.'S.

Those who are about selecting Presents
For the NEW YEAR

Remember that a well chosen Book is the best present one can make. You can find them in great variety, at
STAM & BRO.'S,
Chestertown.

Lubin's, Lowe & Son's, Courderay's, Colgate's Lundberg's, Henry & Demarson's, F. Marie Farina & Bagin's EXT'SACTS for the Handkerchief, Cologne, Pomades, Toilet Soaps, &c., &c.,
At STAM & BRO'S.

SPICES! SPICES! SPICES!
Cloves, Cinamon, Nutmegs, Mace, Allspice and Ginger, of the purest and best quality the market can afford, and as cheap as they can be bought in the city,
At STAM & BRO.'S.

☞ English Bread Soda, Strictly Pure Cream Tartar, Twin Bro.'s Yeast Cakes, and Yeast Powder, at STAM & BRO.'S.

Call and get one of our FARMERS' ALMANACS for 1874. We give them away.
C. F. STAM & BRO.
December 13, 1873.

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.

Money Wanted.

ALL who are indebted to THOS. H. WHALAND for a less time than one year may claim a discount of ten per cent. on indebtedness, either on note or open account, if paid within thirty days. From one to ten years, six per cent; and from ten to thirty years a very liberal deduction will be made. Those who are determined never to pay will call and get a receipt in full, and save the trouble of transferring from ledger to ledger. After the first day of January my books will be I will a collector.
T. H. WHALAND.
N. B.—Mr. CHARLES H. WICKES will attend to the settlement of accounts until further notice. T. H. W.
Nov. 15, 1873—tf.

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.

PEACH TREES
For Sale, of all the LEADING VARIETIES at FIVE DOLLARS per hundred or FORTY DOLLARS per Thousand.
Apply to J. HODGSON,
nov15 tf. Massey's, Kent county, Md.

BEING compelled to close the medical accounts of W. M. A. S. MAXWELL up to March 1st, 1873, (at which time the firm of W. M. A. S. Maxwell & Son began,) all indebted to me are requested to call and settle with money or note.
nov2-3m. W. M. A. S. MAXWELL.

AXES.—Several kinds of Axes of superior make, for sale low. J. E. WEEK,
Feb. 24. Kennedyville, Md.

☞ NEW STYLES ☜
—AT—
The Popular Clothing Store
ON BORDLEY'S CORNER,
CHESTERTOWN.

SAMUEL MERRITT. WM. J. MCFEELY.

S. Merritt & Co.,
ARE NOW OPENING
A LARGE and SPLENDID STOCK
OF
GENTS' YOUTH'S and BOYS
CLOTHING,
Gents' Furnishing Goods!
AND
HATS and CAPS.
Which have been selected from FIRST CLASS HOUSES with the utmost care, and will be sold at the
LOWEST CITY PRICES
☞ For the CASH. ☜
PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO
CUSTOM WORK,
AND FITS GUARANTEED.
☞ Come and get the worth of your money in GOOD GOODS, as well as FASHIONABLE STYLES and CUTS.
S. MERRITT & CO.
BORDLEY'S CORNER,
CHESTERTOWN.
Oct. 18, 1873.

Removal--New Goods.
MRS. A. M. SMITH,
HAS removed to the store room, up town, lately occupied by B. Strauss, adjoining S. S. Usilton's, and has now in store and will keep constantly on hand a general variety of
GROCERIES,
CONFECTIONERY and NOTIONS,
Consisting in part of
SUGAR, COFFEE, TEA, FLOUR, BACON, LARD, BUTTER,
SALT FISH, VINEGAR, MOLASSES, SOAP, BUCKETS, BROOMS,
Tobacco and Segars, Snuff, Pipes,
COAL OIL, LAMPS and CHIMNEYS,
Notions, Nuts and Candies
of various kinds, and other articles too numerous to mention, all of which will be sold at the very lowest cash prices.
ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange for goods.
jan3y. MRS. A. M. SMITH

District Court of the United States
FOR THE
District of Maryland.
IN BANKRUPTCY.

In the Matter of MORRIS ASCHER, Bankrupt.

District of Maryland, ss.:

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, that on the 10th day of July, 1873, a Warrant of Bankruptcy was issued out of the District Court of the United States against the estate of Morris Ascher, of Rock Hall, in the County of Kent, in said District, who has been adjudged a Bankrupt on his own petition: That the payment of any debts and the delivery of any property belonging to said Bankrupt, to him, or to his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; and that an adjourned meeting of the Creditors of said Bankrupt, to prove their debts and choose one or more Assignees of his Estate will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at Denton, Maryland, before GEORGE M. RUSSUM, Esq., Register in Bankruptcy for said District, on the 21st day of January, A. D., 1874, at 12 o'clock, M.
EDWARD Y. GOLDSBOROUGH,
U. S. Marshal for said District.
Jan. 3, 1874—3t.

$100 REWARD!
I will give the above reward for the arrest and conviction of the scoundrels who attempted to kill Henry Hynson in my tenant house by shooting balls through the house on Sunday morning, the 14th inst., between the hours of 1 and 5 o'clock.
d20-3t. JAS. A. TOULSON.

6 CTS. REWARD.—Hannah Spencer, colored, aged about 13 years, regularly indentured by the Orphans' Court of Kent Co., to the late John M. Hudson, having absconded from the services of his administrator, this is to caution all persons from harboring or trusting her on his account. The above reward will be paid for her apprehension and return to me. R. J. LUSBY, Adm'r.
Dec. 20, 1873—3t*

FOR SALE.
The undersigned, intending to quit the business in this section of the country, will sell cheap for cash, the good will and FIXTURES of a SHOE SHOP at Massey's, Kent county. This is a good chance for an investment. Apply to
H. E. SENEY & BRO.,
dec13-3t.* Massey's, Md.

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT
OF
NEW GOODS
AT THE LOWEST PRICES,
JUST OPENED by J. H. SIMPERS,

NOTICE.—We are glad to inform the public that the MILL will be in operation on Monday next, if no accident occurs.
dec13-3t. S. A. ANTHONY.

GOOD RUM at $1.50 per gallon.
GOOD SWEET CIDER 50 cts.
GOOD OLD RYE WHISKEY 2.50.
d20. B. STRAUSS.

I have a nice article of Liquor for Medicinal purposes. H. P. READING,
nov8. Kennedyville, Kent co., Md.

WORK AND WAIT.

A husbandman who many years
Had plowed his fields and sown in tears
Grew weary with his doubts and fears.

"I toil in vain! These rocks and sands
Will yield no harvest to my hands;
The best seeds rot in barren lands.

"My drooping vine is withering;
No promised grapes its blossoms bring;
No birds among its branches sing.

"My flock is dying on the plain,
The heavens are brass—they yield no rain:
The earth is iron—I toil in vain!"

While yet he spake a breath had stirred
His drooping vine, like wing of bird,
And from its leaves a voice is heard:

"The germs and fruits of life must be
Forever hid in mystery,
Yet none can toil in vain for Me.

"A mightier hand, more skilled than thine,
Must hang the clusters on the vine,
And make the fields with harvest shine.

"Man can but work, God can create;
But they who work and watch and wait,
Have their reward, though it come late.

"Look up to Heaven! behold and hear
The clouds and thunderings in thy ear—
An answer to thy doubts and fear."

He looked, and lo! a cloud-draped car,
With trailing smoke and flames afar,
Was rushing from a distant star.

And every thirsty flock and plain
Was rising up to meet the rain
That came to clothe the fields with grain.

And on the clouds he saw again
The covenant of God with men,
Rewritten with His rainbow pen:

"Seed-time and harvest shall not fail,
And though the gates of hell assail,
My truth and promise shall prevail."

For the Kent News.

PANICS—No. 3.

Messrs. Editors:—I have seen several suggestions of remedial measures in regard to the monetary pressure; one proposes to do nothing but let the wreck right itself. In this I find neither science, philosophy or common sense. The vast accumulations of produce in the South and West, constituting the basis of commerce and business of every kind, cannot be moved Eastward by magic, nor by any "lassez faire" policy. Let alone, they must perish; and they can be made to fulfil their proper functions by the application of money, and in no other way.—In this all thinking men will agree.

Another class argue that as the wide spread ruin now upon us was the result of a redundant currency, which stimulated speculation until its demands exceeded the power or volume of the currency to supply, it would only aggravate the evil to increase the currency. That at best, a new issue of greenbacks would be but a temporary relief; would again result in wild speculation and over-trading, and precipitate a financial crash tenfold worse than the present. These are fearful prophecies, and if not the utterances of false prophets, we had better at once begin to apply their remedy—a contraction of the currency and a resumption of specie payments. Let the Government begin at once to call in the greenbacks, and the nation is bankrupt in a week! But the philosophy of contraction proceeds upon false assumptions, the premises are false. The present prostration of business was *not* the result of a redundancy in the currency. It arises from the want of a sufficient volume of currency to meet the actual wants of the business of the nation.

If we institute a comparison of the volume of American currency with that of France and England, we find* in France $25.05 to each individual of population; in England $30 to each, including Scotland, Wales and Ireland. In the United States, $20.48; or, deducting Bank reserves, and allowing 10 per cent. for increase of population in three years, (the population doubling in thirty years) equal together to $6.81, we have in this country only $13.67 for each of its population. Now, when we consider that France and England are both old countries, with their public works of internal improvement completed, and reflect that ours is a new one, requiring vast outlays of money to develop her vast resources, much more vast than those of any European nation; and when we take into consideration additionally, that the American mechanic and artisan, the laborer in every department of industry, does not live, and ought not to live as his European brother does, that he must educate his children, and keep his family in a condition of high respectability; is not the conclusion inevitable, that instead of a diminution of the volume of the currency we really need a large increase? Instead of a little more than one-half that of France, or one-third that of England, we require four times as much as either? But is there no danger of overdoing this? What is the limit, if any, to the increase of greenbacks? I answer, the limit is in the ability of the people and the resources of the nation.—It is the limit of the product of land and sea; of grain and fruits; of fibrous products; of forests and fisheries; of mines and oil wells. It is the limit of the power of brain and muscle, of the skill and industry of the whole population of the United States.

A greenback is a promissory note given by the people to each other, and it is secured by the wealth of the whole people. Suppose you cannot convert one of them into gold. What of it? It will do precisely what gold can do. It will procure whatever an American citizen can possibly need. Gold will do no more. But they will not pass in foreign lands. Neither are the notes of the Banks of France or England current here.

Foreign commerce is conducted on a specie basis, and, for many weighty considerations, this international basis should not be disturbed. I conclude, therefore, that for all purpose of domestic commerce the greenback—the people's notes—should be the people's money, and that it is better than gold. The resumption of specie payments is neither desirable nor necessary. Yrs, HOWARD MEEKS.

*See last report of the Controller of the Currency, page 8.

AN advertisement for a district schoolteacher, in New Hampshire, concludes in this way: N. B.—No man need apply who wears a shawl.

THERE is only two men in this world who never make enny blunders, and they are you and me, mi friend.

A GENTLEMAN lately refused to celebrate his silver wedding on the ground that it was not yet reduced to baggary.

The Two Cousins.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Who is talking in the hall?" tartly demanded Mrs. Jennifer, and little Lucilla, running to the door to take a bird's eye view of matters through its yawning crack, returned with the satisfactory information:

"It's cousin Olive, saying good-bye to Mr. Walbridge."

Mrs. Jennifer contracted her showy black eye-brows slightly.

"Is Elsie there too?"

"Why, no, mamma—don't you remember Elsie went out for a walk?"

Mrs. Jennifer said nothing more, but to one used to the interpretation of dumb show, a world of meaning might have been deciphered in the swift way in which her needle flaw in and out of the cambric ruffle she was hemming.

"Olive!" she called sweetly, as the closing of the front door gave notice that the visitor had at last taken his departure; and by way of answer, a bright-faced young girl presented herself in the doorway—a girl with shining brown tresses, tied with blue ribbon, soft brown eyes and a fresh blooming complexion, like the pink blossoms that cluster on the kalmia bushes in May

"Well aunt," she said.

"I've been wanting to speak to you for some time, Olive, dear—sit down," purred Mrs. Jennifer. "Your uncle's circumstances are not what they were, as I suppose you are well aware?"

"I did not know of it," said Olive, slighily changing color.

"He has been obliged to expend a good deal of money of late, and—I know you would be perfectly willing to do all you could if you knew his situation—"

"Certainly, aunt," said Olive, nervously twisting her fingers together.

"And of course in a large family like ours, every additional member is felt as an additional burden.

"But, aunt," burst out Olive, "I don't understand you. What do you mean? What is it you want me to do?"

"Pray don't speak so loud, Olive," remonstrated Mrs. Jennifer, mildly elevating her eyebrows.

"You are so brusque—so startling. I was only going to tell you that Mrs. Parkman mentioned to me yesterday that she wanted a new hand, and that—"

Olive Martin bit her lip, the hot color surging up to her cheek.

"A dressmaker, Aunt?"

"And why not?" calmly retorted Mrs. Jennifer. "It is the duty of every young woman to do something to earn an honest livelihood."

Olive thought of her cousin Elsie, whitehanded and elegant, who did not even make her own bed or mend her own clothes or dust her own room—she remembered the two Hibernian damsels whose business it was to wait upon Mrs. Jennifer and her younger daughters. She knew that although her own father had died in wretchedly destitute circumstances yet the time had been when he had helped Mr. Jennifer in such a manner that the latter had solemnly promised never to forget the benefits rendered to him; and she also knew that upon that father's deathbed Moses Jennifer had resolved to take his place toward his orphan child, so long as they both should live!

"Does my uncle know of this?" she asked, suddenly lifting her frank brown eyes to the crafty face of the matron.

"Certainly!" calmly lied Mrs Jennifer, without so much as a conscience-stricken blush.

"Then it is settled," said Olive, with a certain gasp in her throat. "I will be a dressmaker."

"Is this really and actually your wish, my dear?" asked kind Moses Jennifer, when Olive told him of her determination that evening.

"Is it not yours, uncle?"

Mrs. Jennifer looked up with a little startled glance as the question was put.

"My wish is for whatever will make you feel happy, child!" Moses answered, for in his secret heart he believed that Olive Martin was not contented in his family, and deeply regretted the circumstance. And after Olive had left the room he turned to his wife.

"She doesn't seem so crazy after the idea as you gave me to suppose, Margaret!" he said.

"You cannot always judge by her manner, Moses," answered the subtle wife, who would have deceived the serpent, had she been in Mother Eve's place in Paradise. "I am sorry to be obliged to say so, but I think she is a little inclined to be deceitful!"

"Poor child, poor child!" muttered Moses Jennifer. "We must remember, my dear, that she is an orphan."

Mrs. Jennifer rolled up her eyes sanctimoniously.

"I've always endeavored to act a maternal part by her, Moses!" she sighed.

But not until Olive Martin was safely installed in Mrs. Parkman's workrooms did Mrs. Jennifer breathe freely.

"She was actually luring Clarence Walbridge away from Elsie under my very eyes and nose!" thought the virtuous matron, "Clarence Walbridge, who is the best *parti* in town. Well, there's no end to the pretensions of these country-bred girls. I wonder what he could possibly have seen in her big eyes and melancholy pursed up mouth. But now Elsie will have a fair chance, poor dear!"

And Miss Elsie Jennifer was duly posted in what she ought to do and say upon the occasion of Mr. Walbridge's next visit—a washed out pink and white beauty, with freckled cheeks, flaxen hair, frizzled into the similitude of a yellow cloud, and very red lips, which she was continually biting to preserve their coral bloom.

"I'll do my best, ma," said Elsie, "but I never know what to talk about when I am with Mr. Walbridge."

"Pshaw!" quoth Mrs. Jennifer, "I'm sure Olive Martin could talk fast enough."

"But cousin Olive knows more than I do," confessed innocent Elsie.

Mr. Walbridge came as usual that evening, and was simperingly welcomed by Miss Elsie Jennifer, in a becoming blue silk dress, with a rose in her yellow flossy hair, and blue knots of ribbon fluttering wherever a blue knot could be placed.

"Is your cousin at home?" the young man asked rather unceremoniously, and Elsie recollected her lesson.

"Oh, didn't you know," quoth she, artlessly, "Olive has left us?"

"Left you!" echoed Clarence Walbridge, more disappointed than he cared to own to himself.

"What for?"

Elsie lifted he brows, looked at the fire, and tried to assume an arch expression of countenance.

"Of course, I can't be expected to know certainly," she said, "but mamma and I both had our suspicions. In short, I don't really know how to explain, but I have reason to suppose has gone away to be married."

"To be married!"

"Some faithful cavalier, I believe, who knew her in the days before her poor dear father died—it's all very romantic, and we're so sorry to lose her!"

"What is his name?" bluntly asked Mr. Walbridge.

Elsie hesitated—her lesson had not embraced this point, but she knew she must say something, and lispingly answered:

"A horrid, odious name—Mr. John Smith."

At this moment Mrs. Jennifer came in, all smiles.

"I am so busy since my niece left us," she said blandly. "I miss her terribly; but of course it was my duty to oppose no obstacles since Mr. Darcy had been so long faithful!"

"Mr. Darcy?"

"Yes, the gentleman in question."

Elsie turned the color of carmine, but she had not presence of mind to extricate herself from the gulf of misrepresentation into which she had fallen, and Mr. Walbridge quietly laid all these things up in his mind.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Elsie, when their visitor was gone, "how could you say his name was Darcy, when I had just told him it was John Smith?"

Mrs. Jennifer looked blank, but hope, that 'springs eternal in the human breast,' came to her relief, most fortunately.

"Oh, I don't believe he noticed it," said she. "Darcy is a better name than Smith—we'll stick to Darcy for the future, my love."

And Clarence Walbridge, who had somehow allowed himself to become very strangely interested in Miss Martin's blooming face and lovely, pleading eyes, went straight to Mr. Jennifer's law office.

"He, at least can speak the truth," he thought, "which is more than one can venture to assert of Mrs. Jennifer and the fair Elsie."

"Walbridge came to my office this afternoon," said Moses, bluntly, at dinner, as he plunged his carving-fork into the juicy depths of a sirloin of beef. "He asked me where Olive Martin had gone. Do you know, wife, I believe he really is interested in the little thing; it would be first-rate for her, for—"

"What did you tell him?" breathlessly inquired Mrs. Jennifer, pausing in her occupation of preparing the dressing for a plate of lobster.

"Why, I said she had gone to learn dressmaking at Mrs. Parkmans, to be sure. What should I tell him?"

"Oh, Moses!" groaned Mrs. Jennifer.

"Oh, papa!" shrieked Elsie.

Honest Moses stared helplessly from one to the other.

"What do you both mean," he demanded. "What have I done?"

But he could get no satisfactory information from either of the ladies.

Olive Martin was busy over the puffings of a blue satin skirt, when Mrs. Parkman came into the room.

"A gentleman to see Miss Martin," said she, primly. "As a general thing it is against my rule to allow my young ladies to receive company pertaining to the other sex, but—"

But Olive escaped from the room before the lecture was half over, to see Clarence Walbridge in the shop without.

"Well, Olive," he said gaily, as he took both her hands in his, "you see I have found you out!"

"What, found me out," she repeated, blushing very much, and looking radiantly pretty.

"Tell me honestly, Olive," he pursued, "Is it John Smith or Mr. Darcy?"

"I don't know what you mean!"

And he explained to her the story that had been related to him by Mrs. Jennifer and Miss Elsie.

"It is false!" cried Olive, with sparkling eyes and reddened cheeks. "How dared they invent such foundationless tales about me? I left Uncle Jennifer's because my Aunt hinted to me that my maintenance had become a burden and that I ought to support myself. I could not eat the bitter bread of dependence, Mr. Walbridge; and I do not know what motive they could possibly have had for giving such a false reason for my departure."

"I can guess," said Clarence Walbridge, shrewdly. "But we will leave that question for future discussion, Olive.—There is another one which is of much more present importance to me!"

"What is it?" asked Olive.

"Whether or not you will now become my wife?"

"Mr. Walbridge."

"My one darling little Olive! But you need not speak. I know from your eyes that it is 'yes!'"

And so ended probably the first courtship that was ever happily consummated in Mrs. Parkman's show-rooms.

Mr. Jennifer was the only member of the family who was really pleased at his little niece's good luck, matrimonially speaking. Elsie and her mamma had somehow fallen into their own trap—nor was it a pleasant sensation.

But Cupid protects his own.

A PROFITABLE COW.—D. G. Andrews, of Iowa, exhibited, at the late State Fair, a six-year-old high-grade cow, which had furnished in ten days 605¾ pounds of milk, or a daily average of 60¼ pounds. Total amount of butter made from the milk in ten days, 27¾ pounds, on an average of 2¾ pounds a day. The cow was milked three times every twenty-four hours.

LEMON FOR A COUGH.—Roast the lemon very carefully without burning it; when it is hot, cut and squeeze into a cup upon three ounces of sugar, finely powdered. Take a spoonful whenever your cough troubles you. It is good and agreeable to taste. Rarely has it been known to fail of giving relief.

FLATTER not thyself in thy faith to God if thou wantest charity for thy neighbor; and think not thou hast charity for thy neighbor if thou wantest faith to God; when they are not both together, they are both wanting.

Marrying Somebody.

'Tramp! tramp! tramp! Pray, Mrs. Mellick, is a regiment marching over this house, or has a private asylum taken possession of it? it would be a relief to my mind to know the worst.'

Mr. Sempronius Siverton stood erect and bristling, in the middle of the floor, in a gorgeous scarlet and maroon dressing-gown, slippers with spaniel's heads embroidered on them, and light blue eyes glittering with indignation. Mrs. Mellick, his landlady, quaked before his glance.

'I'm sure, Mr. Siverton, I'm very sorry, and I can only hope that no offence will be took when none is intended; but when there's a 'To Let' on the house, the law demands as it be showed to all as is civil and decently-spoken, between the hours of twelve and four. But, Mr. Siverton—'

'House-hunters, eh?' snarled Mr. Sempronius. 'I wish I had the settling of them. But I tell you what, Mrs. Mellick, admit any one of them in this room at your peril, ma'am! Do you hear? I am not a wild beast in a menagerie, to be exhibited to every one who has a permit from the landlord, and I won't stand it! Do you hear, ma'am? I won't stand it!'

And Mrs. Mellick fled from the presence of her infuriated best boarder, so to speak, gored to the death.

'It's very trying,' said the meek and much enduring woman to Eliza Ann, her freckled niece; 'but there's one blessing—he's to be married in a month. I pity his wife.'

'I don't,' said Eliza Ann. 'He's kind enough, if you only manage him a little; and he pays his way like a prince! I'm sure, I'll be sorry when he's gone. Hark, there goes the door bell again.'

'It's more of them tormenting house-hunters, I'll be bound,' groaned Mrs. Mellick. 'You go this time, Eliza Ann, and for the life of you, don't let them go near Mr. Siverton's room.'

And Eliza Ann, only staying for a moment to see if the bow of blue ribbons in her saucy tresses was straight, hurried to answer the tinkling summons.

Two ladies, radiant in spring bonnets that were all narcissus buds and yellow ribbon, rustling in silk flounces, stood there—two ladies who put the stereotyped question?'

'Is this house to let?'

'Why, Blanche Beames!' cried Eliza Ann Mellick; 'is it possible that this is you?'

Miss Blanche Beames looked with some ungraciousness at poor, shabby, hard worked little Eliza Ann, half disposed to forget that she sat on the same bench with her at the establishment for young ladies kept by Madame Farcili (in everyday life Mrs. Farelly.) For Blanche was dressed like a young queen, and gloved and booted to perfection, while a real India scarf was looped artistically across her shoulders, and her black silk polonaise was trimmed, inch deep, with thread lace.

'Yes,' said Blanche, 'it's me. I hope you are well, Eliza Ann. Aunt Sophie and I are looking for an elegible residence, I suppose we can see this one.'

'Yes,' said Eliza Anne, rather chilled by the frigid reception of her delighted recognition. 'It's a very nice place.—My Aunt Mellick keeps boarders here.'

'Boarders!' echoed Miss Blanche drawing back the silken flounces, lest they should by any possibility come in contact with the faded calico skirits, of Eliza Ann the plebeian. 'How very common.'

'Oh, but they're quite nice people,' said Eliza Ann, mistaking the meaning of Miss Blanche. 'Very gentle I assure you.'

'I dare say,' said Miss Blanche, in a patronizing, melifluous way.

'But dear Blanche is so fastidious and just about to be married, you know.'

'Married!' echoed Eliza Ann, stopping short with the instinctive interest that every female shows on the subject of matrimony.

Miss Blanche laid hold of the door handle of Mr. Siverton's room at that moment, and gave it an energetic shake.

'Is this door locked!' demanded she, sharply. 'Why won't it open?'

'O, please don't,' faltered Eliza Ann. 'It's one of our boarders, a very particular gentleman, and I'll tell you all about the room, only he won't let anybody in.'

'A pretty idea!' said Blanche Beames. 'I will get in!'

'But, please, you mustn't, Blanche, dear,' pleaded poor Eliza Ann. 'He is such a nice gentleman, I wouldn't offend him for the world.'

'Perhaps he don't know,' said Miss Beames, purposely elevating her voice, 'that we are looking with the intention of buying.'

'Yes,' added Aunt Sophie, her own voice rising a note or two higher, 'my niece is to be married to an old man as rich as 'Croesus, and we want a stylish home for the ceremony. It don't matter what we pay, for he'll settle the bills afterwards. Blanche is very fortunate,' I assure you, Miss Mellick.'

'And the best of it,' added Miss Blanche, with a laugh, 'is that he's so old, it won't be very long before he leaves me a rich widow.'

'O, Blanche,' cried out the horrified Eliza Ann, 'how can you talk so when—'

Just at that moment the door of the big second story room swung open,' and Mr. Sempronious Siverton, in the red and maroon dressing robe, and the dog's head slippers, stood bowing in the portal, with a red flush on his temples and a peculiar mocking smile playing around his lips:

'Walk in, ladies, walk in!' said he.—'You are quite welcome to look at the rooms. I don't allow it to be shown in general, but you shall be an exception to the rule. Pray, make no stranger of me.'

'Mr. Siverton!' stammered out Aunt Sophie, with a spasmodic attempt at a smile.

'Sempronius!' faltered Blanche.

'But you were mistaken about two little things', remonstrously went on the old gentleman. 'I shan't settle any little bills of your contracting; neither do I intend to leave Blanche a rich young widow. To be my widow, it is first necessary that you should become my wife, my dear; and I've changed my mind in toto on that subject.'

And with a flourish, Mr. Siverton shut the door, and retreated once more into privacy.

Mrs. Peck and her niece, Miss Beames, stared at each other like two galvanised females.

'It's all your fault, Blanche,' said Mrs. Peck, bursting into tears.

'You began first, aunt!' shrieked Blanche, with all the premonitory symptoms of hysteria; while poor Eliza Ann ran to and fro, for camphor, sal volatile and burned feathers, scarce knowing what to think or believe.

But when the peaceful twilight shadows settled over the chimney top, all was restored to quiet again and Mr. Siverton meditated deeply.

'I'm well out of that scrape,' said he to himself, 'and its a good thing I found Miss Blanche out in time to spoil that piece of fun about the young widow!—But there's the wedding suit ordered and the wedding ring, and I made up my mind to marry somebody. Is that you Eliza Ann?'

'Yes, sir,' meekly responded that faded young person. 'I've brought gruel, sir.'

'Upon my word, Eliza Ann,' said Mr. Siverton, 'you've learned to make gruel exceeding!—well; and you're a good girl, Eliza Ann. Did you ever think of being married?'

'Dear me, sir, what a strange question!' said Eliza Ann.

'I've a mind to marry you myself, Eliza Ann,' said the old bachelor abruptly.

'Oh, sir, I ain't half good enough,' said the lowly-minded Eliza Ann.

'Yes, you are!' said Mr. Siverton, 'Come here and kiss me my dear. After all, you are very pretty when you blush like that!'

And so Eliza Mellick married the rich old bachelor after all, and Miss Blanche still remains Miss Blanche.

CUSHING AND CHOATE.

TWO LEGAL GIANTS AFRAID OF A CONTEST IN COURT.

A correspondent sends the following: Old Squire Gerrish, of Newburyport, is a genial soul who has a host of legal reminiscences. An intimate friend of Webster, Edward Everett and Rufus Choate, and a law partner of Caleb Cushing, he had a rare opportunity of collecting anecdotes and details that are interesting now.—While connected with Cushing, a time came when those two Titans, Cushing and Choate, were on opposite sides in an important suit. On the day when the case was called, the court-room was crowded. A battle between such men was a novelty, even in that epoch of brains. To the amazement of judge, jury and spectators, both Cushing and Choate were somewhat anxious for a "continuance"—in other words, for a postponement of trial. As a usual thing, both gentlemen were always anxious to force a case to trial, being in a state of "chronic preparation," as Webster once said, in speaking of Choate. In going out of court, says Mr. Gerrish, I met Choate and said, "How is it that you were ready for a continuance to-day? It is a little odd of you."

Choate replied, "Oh, I am a little pressed with business and can afford to let this case stand over."

Said I, "Choate, that is sheer nonsense. I'll tell you what the matter is. You are afraid of Cushing."

"So I am," was the reply, "and I'm not ashamed to own it, either."

"Well, well, said I, "this is pretty good. The idea of Rufus Choate frightened. What on earth do you fear in Cushing?"

"Mr. Gerrish, I will tell you. I am afraid of his overwhelming knowledge of the law."

In the afternoon Cushing came into the office. I went for him at once. "Caleb, what was the matter to-day; why didn't you insist on trying that case?"

"O!" he replied, "the weather is warm and we have much to attend to, and I didn't care to hurry matters."

"Now, Cushing, be honest, were you not a little afraid of Choate?"

"Well, Gerrish, to be candid about it, I was. Are you satisfied now?"

I then inquired what he feared Choate for. "Do you think," said I, "that he knows any more law than you do?"

"No, sir, I don't, was the answer, "but I'm afraid of the rascal's infernal influence with a jury, right or wrong."

And there it was. The two men had been so often associated that each knew the other's strong points and felt timid.

Collamer's Little Mistake.

Old Mr. Collamer, one of the members of our church, is extremely deaf. Last Sunday the clergyman during his sermon had occasion to introduce a quotation, and as it was quite long he brought the volume with him, and when the time came he picked up the book and began to read from it. We always sing the Old Hundred doxology after sermon at our church, and Mr. Collamer seeing the pastor with the book thought the time had come, so while the minister was reading he opened his hymn book at the place. Just as the clergyman laid the volume down the man sitting next to Mr. Collamer began to yawn, and Mr. Collamer, thinking he was about to sing, immediately broke out into Old Hundred at the top of his voice. As the clergyman was just beginning "secondly," and as there was of course perfect silence in the church, the effect of Mr. Collamer's vociferation was very startling. But the good old man didn't notice that anything was the matter, so he kept right on and sang the entire verse through. When he concluded he observed that everybody else seemed to be quiet, excepting a few who were laughing, so he leaned over and said out loud to the man who yawned, "What's the matter with this congregation anyhow? Why don't they go home?" The man turned scarlet, and the perspiration broke out all over him, for he felt that the eyes of the congregation were upon him, and he knew that he would have to yell to make Mr. Collamer hear. So he touched his lips with his finger as a sign for the old man to keep quiet. But Mr. Collamer misunderstood the motion. "Goin' to sing another hymn, hey? All right," and he began to fumble his hymn book again. Then the sexton sailed up the aisle and explained matters out loud to Mr. Collamer, and that gentleman subsided while the minister proceeded with his discourse. The elders have written Mr. Collamer a note requesting him in the future not to join in the sacred harmony. The effect is too appalling upon the ribald boys in the gallery.

IN Decatur, Ill., when a young lady declines an offer to convey her home, he asks permission to sit on the fence and see her go by.

A SOLDIER, BY HIS WALK.

These words attracted my attention as, waiting the arrival of my own train, I watch a third-class carriage and its passengers, just ready to start for London.

The above remark, "He has been a soldier by his walk," was in reference to an erect, firm-treading man, who had alighted from the train and had evidently been an object of interest to his fellow-passengers.

"Ay, and he's been a soldier, by the way he carries his pack," said another.

"Ay, and by his politeness," observed a third. "Did you see how he touched his cap, only because you gentlemen looked at him?" Most of us would have said, "What are you staring at?"

The train started off, the man left the station and I followed. "Did you hear the remarks of your fellow-traveller, my friends?"

He smiled as I repeated them, and said, "Just as it should be, sir, just as it should be. A soldier in plain clothes should be the same as a soldier in uniform. A true soldier ought to walk so as to be known as such, wherever he is."

He gave me military salute, and we separated.

He left me full of serious thoughts, which came to me in the form of the following questions:

Is my walk such as to elicit, from all with whom I associate, the remark, "He is a soldier by his walk?"

"I have a burden in the form of a daily cross to carry. Do I so bear it as to leave no doubt where I learned to carry it?"—Do I bear it soldier-like?"

"As a soldier of the Lord Jesus, I have a character to sustain. Do I so sustain it, even in the small kindness and courtesies of life, as to make the remark of me true,—"He must also be a soldier, by the way he behaves toward all,"—taking affront at nothing, but supposing the best of our actions?"

SCIENTIFIC.

The saltness of the ocean, a quality which probably preserves its waters from decay, at least within the tropics, is doubtless supplied to its bed by the streams and the rivers, which, washing all soluble particles from the soil, weather saline, alkaline, metalic or acid, hurry with them to the sea; while evaporation takes up from the sea and carries back to the land only pure water. Hence the sea is like a great cauldron over a fire, into which are poured waters saturated with all soluble material, while evaporation in the form of steam, takes away only pure water, and thus the waters in the cauldron must constantly thicken with increasing impurity. Salt is universal in the crust of the earth, and extremely soluble, hence its abundance in the waters of the ocean. For a like reason all large inland bodies of water without an outlet are salt, as the Caspian Sea, the Dead Sea and Great Salt Lake.

The currents of the ocean are similar to those in the air above it. The warm water flows from the tropics along the surface, both north and south, till cooled within the frigid zones it sinks down and returns along the bottom of the sea now as a cold current to the tropics, there to be again warmed and sent back along the surface. The Gulf stream is the Atlantic surface current on its way to the North. Its moderating influence on the climate of the coasts along which it flows is its striking characteristic; without it, it is supposed, the climate of the English Islands would be scarcely tolerable; moreover, saturated with oxygen, as it finally sinks to the bottom of the sea, it there sustains a world of life on its return which otherwise could not exist.

It should be generally known that owing to the scarcity and high price of tin, much of our kitchenware, once so safe, neat and lustrous, is now in good part coated with lead. This metal loses its lustre much sooner than tin, is far less durable, suffering speedy corrosion from all the acids, and what is a more weighty consideration, forming poisonous compounds with them all.

Purity of Character.

Henry Ward Beecher draws the following beautiful parallel:

"Over the beauty of the plum and apricot there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself; a delicate flush that oversp