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The Kent News:

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Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:
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☞ 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, JANUARY 17, 1874. No. 36.

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.

CHAS. CAMBLOS & Co.

Bankers and Brokers,

No. 38 SOUTH THIRD ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.

Dealers in Government Securities, Gold, Silver, &c.

☞ Pennsylvania Railroad Dividend Script bought and sold on commission.

Stocks and Bonds bought and sold on commission. Particular attention given to investments. d27y.

WM. M. SLAY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Careful attention will be paid to any legal business of Kent and neighboring counties which may be entrusted to him. jan6-y.

C. T. WESTCOTT,
Attorney and Counselor at Law
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. ag12y.

THOS. S. BORDLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

OFFICE on Court Street, adjoining the Drug Store of Messrs. C. F. Stam & Brother.
Particular attention given to the collection of Claims. f8-6.

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

SINGER

SEWING MACHINES!

"The Family Friend."

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

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

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

IT IS A SIMPLE MACHINE, having but few working parts, and always ready to work. The simple manner in which the Machine is threaded, makes it easy of accomplishment by the most inexperienced. There being NO HOLES to thread either above or in the Shuttle.

The Shuttle requires no threading, being ready to work as soon as the Bobbin is placed in it. If the Machine accidentally turns backward, it does no harm and breaks no threads or needles.

SAMPLE MACHINES may be seen at the Millinery Store of Miss MAGGIE J. WYATT, Chestertown, and all orders addressed to the undersigned at Hanesville, Post Office, will be promptly attended to.

JOHN BELL, Agent.
Oct. 18, 1873—y

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.

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.
nov8-3m. W. M. A. S. MAXWELL.

REMOVAL!

MRS. H. C. CARROLL, has removed to the room lately occupied by A. J. Fiddis, Jeweller, adjoining the Grocery store of J. W. Carroll, where she will be pleased to see her friends and patrons. A fine stock of

MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS

now on hand, which will be sold at very low prices. Give her a call.
jan10-3t. MRS. H. C. CARROLL.

REMOVAL!

MRS. S. S. JOINER, Would inform her friends and the public that she has removed to the store room recently occupied by Mrs. A. M. Smith, opposite the Voshell House, where she will continue to give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION TO
DRESS MAKING,

and keep on hand a general variety of FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, &c.
Also, a general assortment of

FAMILY GROCERIES,

Meal, Flour, Feed, Vegetables, Tobacco and Segars, CONFECTIONERY, &c., all of which will be sold at the very lowest prices for cash.
☞ Country Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for goods.
jan10-3m. MRS. S. S. JOINER.

REMOVAL.

I HAVE taken the store room adjoining the "Transcript" office, formerly occupied by Wm. F. Baker, where I would be glad to see my old friends. I have now in store a fine assortment of

Dried Fruit, Cranberries, Essences,
Extracts, Sugar, Coffee,
TOBACCO and SEGARS,
Bacon, Hams, Lard,
OILS, SYRUPS, MOLASSES, CRACKERS, LIME BRUSHES,
and all other articles usually kept in a first-class Family Grocery.
ALONZO MING.
Chestertown, Jan. 10, 1874—tf.

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

ATTENTION!

I most respectfully inform my customers and the public in general, that I am conducting both branches of the

BLACKSMITHING
AND
Wheelwrighting Business
At KENNEDYVILLE,

And am prepared to put up to order all kinds of FARMING IMPLEMENTS, such as

Plows,
Harrows,
Cultivators,
Farm Wagons
PEACH WAGONS, DEARBORNS, PEACH DEARBORNS, CARTS, &c., &c.

I have now ready made on hand, FARM WAGONS, DEARBORNS, and PEACH DEARBORNS. We use only good material, and our work is done in the best manner.
All REPAIRING done at short notice.

HORSE-SHOEING a Specialty.

Our terms are such as to suit the times.
With thanks for past patronage we respectfully solicit a continuance of the public favor.
TILGHMAN SHAFER,
jan3. KENNEDYVILLE.

ATTENTION, ALL!

Blacksmithing!

Farmers and others owning Horses, will save money by observing the following rates:
HORSES SHOD for - - - $1.15
" " Steel Toes - - - 1.50
The CASH in all cases to accompany the horse. The usual rates will be charged when these terms are not complied with.
All in arrears are respectfully asked to call and settle forthwith.
W. H. KELLEY,
jan3-3m. Locust Grove.

New Year's Gift!

I TAKE this method to return my sincere thanks to the public for past patronage, and say that I can be found at the store room opposite the Bank, where MEATS of the best quality may be had at the lowest prices.
Those indebted are earnestly requested to settle immediately, as it is absolutely necessary for me to close up all outstanding accounts, and unless this call is promptly heeded, I shall be compelled to resort to other means to obtain settlements.
Cash paid for HIDES of all kinds.
jan3-3t. JAMES BRICE.

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. Masseys, Kent county, Md.

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.

IRREPARABLE.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDART.

The sorrow of all sorrows
Was never sung or said,
Though many a poet borrows
The murmuring of the dead,
And darkly buries pleasure
In some melodious measure.

The loss of youth is sadness
To all who think, or feel,—
A wound not after gladness
Can ever wholly heal;
And yet so many share it
We learn at last to bear it.

The faltering and the failing
Of friends is sadder still;
For friends grown foes, assailing,
Know when and where to kill;
But souls themselves sustaining,
Have still a friend remaining!

The death of those who love us,
And those we love, is sore;
But think they are above us,
Or think they are no more,—
We bear the blows that sever
We cannot weep forever!

The sorrow of all sorrows
Is deeper than all these,
And all that anguish borrows
Upon its bended knees:
No tears or prayers relieve it,
No loving vows deceive it.

It is one day to waken
And find that love is flown,
And cannot be o'ertaken,
And we are left alone,—
No wo that can be spoken,
No heart that can be broken.

No wish for love's returning,
Or something in its stead;
No missing it, and yearning,
As for the dearer dead:
No yesterday, no morrow,—
But everlasting sorrow!

DON'T KILL IT.

The lesson contained in the following narrative is earnestly recommended to the thoughtful consideration of every boy in this county.

"Spare a copper, sir, I am starving,' were the words of a poor, half-starved ragged man to a gentleman hastening home one bitter cold night. "Spare a copper, sir, and God will bless you.'

Struck with the fellow's manner and appearance, the gentleman stopped and said:

"You look as if you had seen better days. If you will tell me candidly what has been your greatest failing through life, I'll give you enough to pay your lodging.'

"I'm afraid I could hardly do that,' the beggar answered with a mournful smile.

"Try, man, try. Here's a shilling to sharpen your memory; only be sure you speak the truth.'

The man pressed the coin tightly in his hand, and after thinking for nearly a minute, said:

"To be honest with you, then, I believe my greatest fault has been in learning to 'kill time.' When I was a boy, I had kind loving parents, who let me do pretty much as I liked; so I became idle and careless, and never once thought of the change in store for me In hope that I should one day make my mark in the world, I was sent to college; but there I wasted my time in idle dreaming and expensive amusement. If I had been a poor boy, with necessity staring me in the face, I think I should have done better. But somehow I fell into the notion that life was to be one continued holiday. I gradually became fond of wine and company. In a few years my parents both died; you can guess the rest; I wasted what little they left, and it is now too late to combat my old habits. Yes, sir idleness has ruined me.'

"I believe your story,' said the gentleman, "and I will tell it to my boys as a warning. I am sorry for you; indeed I am. But it is never too late to reform. Come to my office to-morrow and let me try to inspire you with fresh courage.'

And giving the man a piece of money, and indeating where he could be found, he hurried on.

"Never kill time,' boys. He is your best friend. Don't let him slip through your fingers when you are young, as the beggar did. The days of your boyhood are the most precious you will ever see. The habits you form will stick to you like wax. If they are good ones, life will be a pleasure and a true success. You may not grow rich, but your life will be a real success, nevertheless.

If, on the contrary, you waste your early years, live for fun only, trifle with your opportunities, you will find that your life is a failure—yes, even if you should be very rich.

The Law of Benevolence.

The Divine benevolence, as we see it illustrated in the supply of our physical and spiritual wants, means that God gives us the means by which we supply ourselves. He has created us with the power of doing it, and He gives us the means of doing it. So far does the Almighty Father go with us, His children. He helps us in every way; He does for us directly comparatively little. If this, then, is the law of Divine benevolence, it certainly should be ours. The law of benevolent human action should, then, be simply—perhaps we might say, quite exclusively—to give those who are in any way needy, help, i. e., the means of helping themselves. In so far as we actually do for them that which they cannot do for themselves, we are living in obedience to the law of the divine action with regard to the relieving of human suffering.

NOT ALL LOST.—A bankrupt merchant returning home one night, said to his noble wife:

'My dear, I am ruined, everything we have is in the hands of the sheriff.'

After a moment of silence, the wife looked into his face and said:

'Will the sheriff sell you?'

'Oh, no.'

'Will the sheriff sell the children?'

'Oh, no.'

'Will he sell me?'

'Oh, no.'

'Then do not say we have lost everything. All that is most valuable remains to us—manhood, womanhood, childhood. We have lost but the result of our industry. We can make another fortune if our hearts and hands are left us.'

LICKING county boasts of a case still undecided in her courts, wherein the amount in dispute was originally two hundred dollars. It has been set for trial ten different times, and the costs already amount to twenty-five hundred dollars! Oh, the beauties of the law!

A PARISIAN NOVELETTE.

She was only a poor sewing girl—nothing more. Her days were spent in a factory, where, with hundreds of others, she worked early and late to earn the poor pittance that formed her daily bread, and her nights were spent up in a garret, where the noisome smells from the court below and the curses and cries sometimes made her shudder. But she was no heroine. The other girls said she was not even pretty, but her braids of long, fair hair were bright and soft, and her eyes, though her face was pale, were sweet and pure, and in spite of her life, as it was, she was innocent as when long ago her mother had died in the same garret where she now lived. She was not even a Christian—few in Paris are, I believe—and then churches are not for poor people, you know—and when her Sundays came they were such days of rest after her hard, hard week, that she was glad to be away from the crowd and rattle and noise, and sit by herself alone.

One day there came to the factory some gentlemen, all friends of the proprietor, who walked through and looked at the machines, how the girls worked them, how nimble their fingers were, and how the clothes were cut,—all matter of fact enough to the girls, but curious to them. They all laughed and joked and said something to the girls, and one stopped before her chair and said, "What beautiful hair!" touching just so gently some one of the long golden strands. She blushed very red, and they walked on.

"Her name?"

"Marie," said the proprietor. "Yes, pretty hair, but nothing else, she is only a poor sewing girl, not even one of the beads of the department; only a very poor girl, Monsieur."

As the stranger walked out there caught in his coat a long thread of hair, which he laughed at, smiled, then loosed slowly, placed it in the rich locket he wore on his chain, and then passed out. He did not return again, but one day passing the Boulevards she heard her name called, "Marie!" A gendarme in uniform stepped up and handed her a card: "Monsieur Henri de Lannes, Marquis de Plaquemine."

She was surprised. Gentlemen do not bother themselves about poor sewing-girls often; and then a Marquis. Who was he? What could it mean?

"He is here, Mam'selle, and wishes to speak to you. Will you go?"

She followed, she did not know why, and when the soldier stopped at a rich saloon, and the door opened, she stepped in and saw the gentleman who spoke at the factory some weeks ago.

Then she burst into tears—"Monsieur, don't, for God's sake, Monsieur. I am only a poor girl, and what can a Marquis want with me? For God's sake, don't please;" and she buried her face in her hands.

The long fair hair fell in its two braids down over her shoulders, and as she sank almost on the floor it covered her almost like a cloud.

Monsieur arose; he was an old man, past fifty, his hair was gray and his face was hard, clear-cut and cold, and his eyes were like steel, just so clear and sharp and cold; he walked to the window of the rich saloon, and then, returning half way, leaned with one hand on a chair, and the other tenderly, ever so tenderly for a hard old man, rested just for one moment on her fair hair, and it trembled.

By many strange ways and much blood had Monsieur come to be standing in that place, and then, for one moment, there seemed to float before him a vision of fair Lorraine, a youth long ago, a face sitting in a cottage, and two long braids of hair, a promise that when he returned, with wealth and fame, she would be his. Years of toil and pain, of success and triumph, and a return to find her married to a churl, and common country peasant, and they both gone to Paris.

Since then Monsieur was known to be a hard man—a very hard man; and when with his legions in Africa, 'twas said he was a fierce one; but he was high in court and all praised and honored him.

He stood for a moment thus, and then wondered to himself half aloud, "Marie is that your name?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Your mother's name?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Was she from Basile in Lorraine?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

The hands were removed from the face now, and the fair soft eyes were raised wonderously, but the face of Monsieur was hard again, only just in the corners of his mouth, where the curves were, there was a trembling, a vague dream of something to be said, which died with the unspoken.

He took her hand, though tenderly, and as he led her to the door he stopped as she turned and kissed her. Before she looked he was gone.

After that she worked hard as ever in the factory, and though she said nothing, she thought often of the great Monsieur, and what it could all mean.

The time came, though, when she was taken ill. It came upon her one day in the street, when she would have fainted and fell but that some one caught her. She was insensible for a long, long time, but in her sickness she could hear no noise from the court, and when one day she awoke she was lying in a rich room hung with pictures of marvellous beauty. Over the pillow was her fair hair, and her hand was thin and pale, and she was very weak.

Over by the window was the figure of a man—an old man, she thought—half hid in the heavy curtains. As he rose, however, she was so weak that she closed her eyes, and then half sleeping, and dreaming, she could feel him standing by the bed. Who it was she did not know, and was too tired and weak to care hardly at all; but one evening, as the sunset streamed into the room, she found on the pillow beside her a picture of a lady that she thought she had once seen. It was a fair lady—a very fair lady—and the long golden hair hung in two braids down over the breast. She was alone, and looked at it curiously, and saw underneath inscribed, "Marie de Lisle" "Marie de Lisle," that was her mother's name, and the poor weak hand wandered up to the pale face, and she wondered what it could mean.

Well, the days passed, and she recovered. It was in mid July, and she must go. Those around the chateau said not, but she could not stay. Somehow her heart would not let her; and so one night when all were sleeping, she arose and wandered away back to Paris.

She did not go back to the factory. He might find her there and she dreaded him now, somehow, with an indefinite fear of she knew not what; and so, with other poor girls, she worked in the cafes, where there was much talk now of the war. There was revolutionary talk, too, of what "the reds" would do were the army away, and once in a while when she dared ask, she made timid inquiries of "Monsieur the Marquis," as she called him, and once when his name was read aloud as the leader of a desperate charge, and only retreated when borne back by soldiers, she shuddered.

This time also passed, and Paris, in "sabots" and "red caps," was in an uproar. Napoleon had surrendered. Paris had fallen, and after the enemy left the city was crazy, wild, mad and furious with blood and fire; but she worked on. What was it all to her, only a poor sewing-girl, except that bread was hard to get, and at that very poor and dear.

But one day she heard there was to be an execution! What was that? Only something she had heard of, never seen, and so in the press of the crowd she hastened to where La Commune waved its red flag, and where the ruined, blackened walls showed where La Commune's vengeance had fallen.

There were three hostages—only three. One a young man, a chasseur, in his rich uniform. He was handsome, all said. His eyes were bound; he stood against the wall. A crash, a roar, and he fell forward on his face, while his gilt uniform was draggled in the dust.

The second was a priest in his black sombre dress and beads; he looked up once, and then died, as the other before; and the third, he was a general, they said, and had defied the people. There was a press forward to see, and Marie was pushed forward to the foremost rank. She looked. He was a man of over sixty, with white hair, and features clear-cut and hard, and very cold then; he stepped up proudly and smiled.

"The Red in command gave the orders, "one," "two"—there was a rush from the foremost rank, a sudden cry, and then a girl's form was seen to be lying in the arms of the hostage, "three, fire," shouted the Red, but somehow the muskets didn't roar, and somehow the Sabbottes in the crowd raised a faint cheer which deepened into a roar, and a suggestion was heard to put the Red in his place.

Paris, especially common Paris, is quick of feeling, and when the poor girl, explained in her tears that "the general" was dear, very dear to her; that he had saved her life once, when she was very ill. Aye, more, he was her mother's lover long ago in Lorraine; that she had died while married to another man, and—and—that she loved him. Would they?

She was not fair; she was not pretty even, but her pale, golden hair covered him like a halo and cloud, and red Paris, erstwhile furious for his blood, raised him and her on their shoulders, and a wild, furious array marched away down the street to where La Commune sat with closed portals. La Commune was, however, easily got at, and when the wild array burst in with its hostage borne aloft, it was only too happy to grant what was wanted, and when they returned, like a sea going out, the two were landed close together, and he, the great general, the proud marquis, folded her in his arms and kissed her, while the tears stood in his eyes. They were very happy.

* * * * * *

Do you see that couple yonder—that tall gentleman with gray hair, riding behind the Marshal of France? Well, that is Monsieur the Marquis, and the tall lady, with hair like a sunbeam, is his wife.

They are married! Yes, and though the red ashes of La Commune are crushed out dead forever, as they ride on the boulevard many a cap is touched that way, for they are always very kind to Paris in "sabottes," she never forgetting, though she is now Madame the Marchioness, that she was once a poor sewing girl.

TEACHING.

There is a vulgar notion prevailing that a bright man should not make teaching his business for life. For this feeling there was some reason a quarter of a century ago; but there is no excuse for it to-day; and when we hear a person deploring that a certain promising young man is throwing himself away by teaching, we set that person down as an ignorant, antiquated booby. Teaching *was* slavery; it *is* art. It *was* a make-shift; it *is* a profession. As people become able to teach, teaching becomes easy to them. Teaching is the only profession that is rising. The best teachers now get nearly as much as they deserve. The average teacher will receive more pay than the average clergyman, lawyer or physician, before ten years shall have passed over us. The average teacher gets more today than the average lawyer gets legitimately by his practice. The physician's life has hardships in it which make that profession undesirable to many; and the clergyman will stand second to the schoolmaster as soon as people dare open their eyes. As to journalism, it is a mixture of starvation and blackmailing. Teaching is the profession of the future. It is now the most potent in shaping the future, but the fact is not generally known. The principal of a large city school does more good or evil with a word than the six or eight clergyman in his district do in their twenty-five years of puplit-pounding.—[We think this questionable.—*Eds. News.*] The public school is the church of America. It has always been honorable and profitable to be a high-priest in any church We should not compare teaching with business employments. The comparison is not fair. In business there are opportunities and risks. In teaching there is certainty. There are no pedogogical dead beats. Can the lawyers, clergymen and doctors say the same of the members of their respective professions? If a man's sole aim in life is to make money, teaching is not his proper occupation; but if he wants to live in scholarly pursuits, to have some leisure, to be respectable, to do the greatest amount of good, to dwell in an atmosphere of human sympathy, to have always the power to give happiness and receive gratitude, he will select teaching for his life-long employment. That justice is not yet done the teacher we will allow, but the future of his profession is in his own hands.—How shall he shape it to his advantage and the advantage of his successors?—We answer: 1. By being a student; 2. By being manly and not servile in his intercourse with his superior officers. 3. By sustaining the literature of his class. The religious denominations retire certain of their ministers from the pulpit to fight the Devil with the pen. Teachers would do well to do likewise; 4. By attending institutes and saying something when he has anything to say, not otherwise; 4. By raising the standard of admission to the profession, and thereby keeping prices well up; By mercilessly exposing mountebanks in his calling, belaboring them with satire till they rush off to the show-business, to which they properly belong.

The arrogance of the Romans made the law a noble profession. Superstition has exalted the clergyman to a height very disproportionate to his real power to do good and his knowledge of what is good in many instances. The very sensible results of physical disorder and the comfort of having suffering alleviated have made it necessary for the physician to prepare himself more or less thoroughly for his arduous calling, and his standing is correspondingly high. As people depend on supernatural agencies, the schoolmaster goes down; as they begin to have confidence in unaided human intelligence, the schoolmaster goes up. The mind is a more delicate and important instrument than the body. How many minds are dwarfed and distorted every year by the malpractice of pedagogical doctors? People are beginning to understand the importance of using the best talent to aid the development of mind. Quacks and pettifoggers may grumble at the rewards of teaching; they would be quacks and pettifoggers in any calling. TEACHING IS THE PROFESSION OF THE FUTURE.

JEREMIAH MAHONEY.

From a Washington Paper.

Concerning a Congressional Clock.

The troubles of a new Congressman are without end. The latest story is of a gentleman from New England serving his first term, who came here impressed with the delusion that early rising, with industrious habits, would grade the way "where fame's proud temple shines afar," and as his office seeking constituents kept him up until after midnight he found the early rising exceedingly irksome. Possessed of an indomitable soul, however, he determined to overcome this slothful habit, and purchased an alarm clock possessed of the devilish animosity of Widdows and the power of the chimes. This alarm clock he put upon the mantel-piece, setting the alarm, as directed, at 5 A M. To his disgust and wrath the thing went off just as he was dropping into a comfortable slumber. This was not the worst. It awakened the wife of his bosom and three lovely little children. The confounded clock was wound up again and again set, and an hour was lost in soothing the family back to repose. The dreadful piece of machinery remained quiet until the new M. C. had dropped into his regular snores that indicated the repose of his gigantic intellect, when suddenly it went off again, fetching the young Solon to his feet and the middle of the door, where he stood in his nightgown, not knowing whether to cry fire or look for burglars. The children again set up a yell, and Mrs. C, bringing herself to a sitting position in bed, said, with considerable wrath, that if these were to be a part of her husband's Congressional duties she wanted him either to resign or to send the family back to the rural home The poor fellow took his youngest in his arms and trotted up and down the room trying to sing "Rock a-by Baby" to the tune of "Old Hundred," which only aggravated the child's distress. Our friend, the M. C., who was suffering from the attack of his alarm clock, was interrupted in the midst of his domestic efforts by the clock going off again in the most unaccountable manner. The honorable Solon placed his youngest hope in its cradle without emphasis, and then straightening up, we are pained to say used some profane language. His first impulse was to throw his murderer of sleep out of the window, but recollecting that his pay was about being cut down, on second thought he seized the offensive, complicated and eccentric bit of machinery and carried it down two flights of stairs to the basement, where he placed it in the cellar.

The next morning the family had to dress in the cold because Lamson, the colored man, refused positively to go for coals, asserting that the "debbil was down dere, shure" After a late breakfast this Solon put on his cape, hat and gloves, and hiding the alarm clock under his arm, determined to return to the misbegotten son of man who furnished it. He had not walked over a square before the thing went off in the wildest manner. People turned and stared at him, and ragged little boys of all complexions, but of uniform dirt, took after him, gazing with open-eyed wonder at the phenomenon. One of them went so far as to shout to a comrade across the street: "Come here, bill; here's a fellow has swallowed the chimes." "No he ain't," said another; "he's one of them chaps as has a clock in his belly. I seed 'em in sto' winders." The poor but patriotic repealer of back pay became so embarrassed that he rushed to a front door and ringing the bell asked the servant if Tompkins lived there. The poor girl was so startled by the apparent ringing at both ends of the door alarm that she drooped her under jaw and and said nothing. At this moment the exasperating alarm stopped ringing, and the member thinking that if he kept still it might follow his example, sat down on the door step and said he'd wait for him. The girl closed the door and in a minutes the law-maker started again, and so did the clock. Perfectly infuriated he hailed an F street car, thinking at least to get clear of his retinue of ragged followers. Seated in his legal conveyance a new trouble overtook him. His alarm kept ringing, and the passengers, mistaking it for the driver's bell, stared at each other with an expression on each face which said: "Well, who's swindling the company now?" One testy old gent went to quarrelling with the driver through the ticket hole. The poor but patriotic repealer, for such he was, pulled the strap and shot out half-crazed. Hurrying to a corner he threw the offending alarm into a trap and went on his way rejoicing.

PLAIN TALK TO COLORED PEOPLE.

Mr. Lewis McKenzie, a prominent southern republican of Virginia, has been talking to the colored republicans in Alexandria, where he resides, and has much influence among the people of that race. His remarks were direct and pointed, and so sensible that his colored hearers promptly recognized the good advice and gave him an almost unanimous vote of thanks. Mr. McKenzie said:

"I do not think you have any cause of complaint against your white fellow-citizens of the South; they have cheerfully conformed themselves to the new order of things, and let me say, much more cheerfully than would, in my opinion, have been the case in the free States, where slavery never existed. Had you lived among them, and in the same number as in the proportion of colored to white, as in the South, greater difficulties would have occurred, and more grudgingly would these rights have been granted. This I honestly believe. I account for the difference on the simple principle of the kind feelings that have always existed, with some few exceptions, between the white and the colored people of the South, and I trust they will always continue. By politeness and good conduct always endeavor to foster those feelings so desirable on every account. Rude behavior and ill-mannered people, no matter what their color, are by no means desirable portions of any community. Politeness and cheerful manners go a great way. You have acquired the right to vote which is a very great right; with this also comes resonsibilities. Co-operate with your white fellow-citizens in electing honest, reliable and trustworthy people to office. Don't vote for a man because nominated by a party if he be not a suitable man. There is neither sense nor reason in making party nominations for city elections. This may do in State or presidential elections. I have noticed by the papers, at some of your public meetings, remarks were made by no means creditable. I would like to call some of the names of those who figure at these meetings, but forbear. If they were aware how ridiculous they were making themselves, and how they were injuring themselves, in the community, they would stay away or hold their peace; this latter course would be most desirable. It is impossible to expect this co-operation of your white fellow-citizens if such conduct is continued. You have the right to hold property, to hold office, to ride in cars, at least on most of the roads, and time is rapidly curing the others. On this subject I have never had any difficulty. I generally make it a rule to give place to the aged and the ladies. In the cars in Washington I have noticed some gross impoliteness on the part of some rude colored men, keeping their seats when ladies came in. These things are noticed; be polite and courteous; it goes a great way, and in doing so the prejudices will be fast overcome. I am quite sure no well-bred gentleman will treat a colored person unkindly.

I think it would be a great calamity to colored people to have mixed schools. It may do north or in Ohio, where a township has but few colored children, but in Virginia and in the south where they are nearly equally divided, it would, in my opinion, be very unfortunate, and put back the education of the children for years, and break up the schools. The present system is working admirably in Virginia. Why desire to break it up by introducing an apple of discord about a thing totally impracticable? You know the people of color prefer to have separate churches, and do not worship with the whites to any extent. Some ultra men are pushing matters further to your great injury."

Mr. McKenzie counseled the colored men to stop drinking ardent spirits, a vice largely on the increase; advised them to save their money; to give up crowded railroad excursions, in which their earnings were too often squandered; to stop loitering about courts and magistrates' offices; to give up carrying firearms and razors and other concealed weapons. In conclusion, he read what Gov. Kemper said about the relative duties of white and colored, and approved of his remarks. Mr. McKenzie's remarks were frequently applauded.

Choice of a Wife.

I ask not beauty,—'Tis a gleam
That tints the morning sky;
I ask not learning,—'Tis a stream
That glides unheeded by,
I ask not wit,—It is a flash
That oft blinds Reason's eye.
I ask not gold,—'Tis glittering trash,
That causes many a sigh.
I ask good sense, a taste refin'd,
Candor, with prudence blended;
A feeling heart, a virtuous mind,
With charity attended.

Millington, Jan. 7, 1874. T.

DIARY FOR A WEEK.—Sunday—Day of rest; of course nothing can be done.

Monday—Being early in the week, don't be too precipitate in beginning anything.

Tuesday—Determine not to let the week go by without achieving something brilliant.

Wednesday—Resolve on vigorous measures for to-morrow.

Thursday—Mature yesterday's deliberations.

Friday—Rather too late in the week to do anything.

Saturday—Give yourself up to society and consult friends (who know best) what is to be done next week.

A ROYAL WEDDING CAKE.—Mr. John Rostron, of the Bolton & Southport Railway refreshment rooms, has been intrusted with the making of the bride's cake which is to grace the royal breakfast table on the marriage of the Duke of Edinburg with the only daughter of the Emperor of Russia. The cake towers to a height of seven feet, six inches, and will weigh upwards of two hundred and thirty pounds. It is in six tiers, and resembles the famous porcelain tower at Nankin.—The cake is covered with a fretwork of flowers and shells of snow-white purity, while gracefully depending from a vase of exquisite design at the summit, is a profusion of orange blossoms, etc.

WHEN they told Jim Oxford, of Virginia that he wardying, he replied, 'Well, don't forget to put them shingles on the mule pen afore it rains again"

A Night in a Station House.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.

It was a forlorn sight. A drunken father, blear-eyed and bloated, to whose hand a child of five years old clung with a tenacious grasp.

'What's this man brought in for?' asked the Chief of Police.

'Disorderly conduct, throwing stones at people, cursing and swearing.'

'Very well; put him into the cell. But stop, there's the child!'

The little fellow was an exceptionally beautiful boy. He had grave blue eyes, so large and so pitiful that their glance appealed to the Chief's stout heart. His complexion, where it was not discolored by dirt and tears, was the finest and fairest. His lips were like cherries. His yellow hair curled thickly over a nobly-shaped head.

'That man has seen better days,' said the Chief to himself. 'Come, bub, your father must go in the cell. We'll find a place for you somewhere.'

'No, no, sir; oh, no!' cried the boy in a terrified voice. 'I go with papa. Oh! please don't take me from my papa.'

'But, child, you must. See, here, Colbert, you must take the child away.'

Easier said than done. The little fellow caught his father's hands, clung to his body, which staggered at his touch, all the time screaming in heartbreaking tones, that he must, he would go with papa.

'I'm alone,' said the drunken father at last, seeming to come out of his stupor for a moment. 'Don' ye see—he's got nobody but me? I' 'm 'lone.'

'I can't allow the child to go into the cell,' said the chief, 'but I can't bear to hear his cries. I suppose there's nothing else to be done. He must go. Put them in together, Colbert.'

So they were put in together in the dark, stifling den and the door was shut. The little fellow cuddled himself against the half-insensible form, and laid his head upon his father's bosom. And thus they slept together.

The faint light looked in through the grimy bars when, on the following morning, the father awoke and bestired himself. Of course, as is usually the case, he wondered where he was and how he came there. The last thing he remembered he had gone into a saloon alone and drank a few glasses, and then recollection ceased. Where was his hat? where his coat? And looking round, he cried out in agony:

'God of Heaven! here's little Benny!'

Yes, there was little Benny, the pure, fair child, the idol of a broken-hearted mother. There was little Benny, and he had spent the night in this hole.

The man fairly beat his breast as he looked down on that bright, curly head.

'Husband and child both,' he muttered bitterly. 'Too bad, too bad.'

At that moment, the blue eyes of the boy opened. He raised himself in wonder, but as he met his father's gaze he smiled like an angel.

'The bad man would put you in here, papa, but I wouldn't let him take me away from you. You didn't know anything, papa, when I found you out in the street. You lost your hat—I guess the wind blowed it away—and the boys were all laughing. You was sick; wasn't you, papa? And when the bad man took you off, I came, too. Now, less go home and tell mamma all about it. Less tell her we were stoled,' and the dear unconscious little fellow laughed merrily over the brilliant idea.

But that father! God help him! His heart was touched as it never had been before. He could not speak—could hardly think. What was the mother suffering that moment? And this awful sin that had led him into its toils, it never had looked as it looked to him now, within the unsightly cell, the faint light lying on the curls of his innocent boy.

And when they went out, there stood the mother, who, half distracted, had been wandering and searching all night. Oh! what a sight for her gentle, loving eyes! With a wild cry, she fell upon the neck of the child, and drawing him away, sank to the floor with him, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Here we drop the curtain, and only have to add, that such a scene as the one above narrated is enough to fire the heart and nerve the purpose of all in opposition to the use, as a beverage, of intoxicating drinks of any kind.

THE RIGHT END.—An old gentleman who was never accused of being a wizard, went out one day with his gun to shoot partriges, accompanied by his son. Before they approached the ground where they expected to find the game, the gun was discharged with a severe load, and when at last the old gentleman discovered one of the birds he took rest and blazed away expecting to see it fall of course, but not so did it happen, for the gun recoiled with so much force as to kick him over. The old man got up and while rubbing the sparks out of his eyes inquired of his son, "Alphy, did I point the right end of the gun at the birds?"

A GOOD mother was trying to explain to young hopeful the other day about fighting against the devil. After telling the little fellow who he was, and how hard he was to successfully resist, he turned round and said: "Mamma, I'd be scared of the old devil, but if I was to come across one of his little devils I'd knock the stuffing out of him."

PAT'S DESCRIPTION OF A FIDDLE.—It was the shape of a turkey, and the size of a goose. He turned it over on its back and rubbed its belley with a stick, and ochi, St. Patrick, how it did squale!

AN editor, who speaks with the air of a man who has discovered a new fact by experience, says that the new way to prevent bleeding at the nose is to keep your nose out of other people's business.

A WISE old gentleman, who knew all about it, on retiring from business, gave the following sage advice to his son and successor: "Common sense, my son, is valuable in all kinds of business except love-making."

AN editor in Fort Scott, Arkansas, announces that he has seen snakes in the sun, but he fails to say how many rattlesnakes he took to accomplish it.

A THREAT question: What are your present intentions?