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The Kent News:

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

JAS. B. 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 Advertising.

Vol. 34. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1874. No. 40.

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.

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.

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 Henesville, 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.

A LOT OF CHOICE
GREEN, BLACK and JAPAN
TEAS,
For sale by T. W. ELIASON, JR.
Jan. 3, 1874.

NOTICE
TO THE
TAX-PAYERS of SECOND DISTRICT.

Those in arrears to me for Taxes must come forward and settle, or I certainly shall collect the same by law. Money I need and must have. A word to the wise is sufficient.
C. W. WARREN, Coll.
Jan 3, 1874—tf.

SALT by the bushel or sack.
B. P. READING,
a22-3m. Kennedyville, Md.

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.

THE PANIC.

☞ All persons in want of ☜

CLOTHING,
Gents' Furnishing Goods,
or **Hats and Caps,**

Will do well to call and examine our Stock before making their purchases as we are now offering

GREAT INDUCEMENTS
For the CASH,
In order to keep up with the times.

Our stock of Over-Coats, Hats & Caps,
is very full, embracing ALL STYLES AND GRADES.

☞ **If you want Bargains**
Come soon and bring the Money.

S. MERRITT & CO.,
Bordley's Corner, CHESTERTOWN.

New Store near Rock Hall.

THE undersigned having taken the Store near Rock Hall, formerly occupied by M. Ascher, will keep on hand a varied stock of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
CONFECTIONERY, NOTIONS,
TOBBACCO, SEGARS, &c.
Also, FRESH MEATS of all kinds,
Salt Meats, Corned Beef, Fish, &c.,

all of which will be sold at the lowest prices.

☞ We have also in store a good line of goods for LADIES' WEAR, and intend to make

MILLINERY and FANCY GOODS

a specialty, having secured the services of competent ladies to conduct this department.

☞ We shall spare no pains to please all who favor us with their patronage, and hope that the surrounding community, finding that goods may be had *at home* as cheap as elsewhere, will give us a liberal support.

THOS. A. HUDSON,
jan17-y. Rock Hall.

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

PURE WINES *And WHISKIES.*

We have in store and for sale
CONCORD,
CATAWBA,
SHERRY and
BLACKBERRY
WINES,
IN PACKAGES.

Also, PURE OLD RYE WHISKEY, guaranteed to be five years old.

These goods are first class and persons may rely upon their superiority.

JAS. B. SAPPINGTON,
Jan31. Chestertown

WE have just received and placed in our Yard a large stock of
White Pine CULLING LUMBER,
to which we invite the attention of our friends and the public.
jan31. JOHN T. DODD & SON.

HEAVY FLANNELS
AT REDUCED PRICES
By T. W. ELIASON, JR.
Jan. 3, 1874.

COAL OIL—COAL OIL—COAL OIL!
By the barrel, pint, quart, or gallon,
Cheapest at J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

Middletown Nursery
AND
FRUIT FARM,
Situated at MIDDLETOWN, New Castle Co., DELAWARE.

EARLY BEATRICE and all the leading and staple varieties of PEACH TREES.

Also, APPLE, PEAR, PLUM, CHERRY, QUINCE, APRICOT, and other Fruit Trees.

MAPLE, HORSE CHESTNUT, and other varieties of SHADE TREES.

IRISH JUNIPER, AMERICAN ARBOR VITÆ, and other EVERGREENS.

A general assortment of BERRY PLANTS, ASPARAGUS, OSAGE ORANGE SEED, POTATOES, &c., &c.

☞ Catalogues free.

Address E. R. COCHRAN,
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE
Jan. 24, 1874—3m.

EARLY BEATRICE PEACH.

Ripens fully two weeks earlier than any other known varieties of Peach.

This variety has been well tested in large orchards and hundreds of bushels of this variety put on our market in 1872 and 1873, and on this, the severest test it could have it has proved even better than all that has ever been claimed for it. It is full two weeks earlier than Hale's Early, and free from rot, and the Commission Merchants of Philadelphia and New York not only pay it is one of the earliest and best peaches, but one of the best shipping peaches that goes on these markets, and brings more than double the price of any other peach.

I also offer ten other new and well tested early and late peaches, which will make the season for shipping some four weeks longer, By new late varieties the canning houses can run from one to two weeks longer.

Price List sent free with testimonials and description, showing exact rotation in the ripening of all the new and popular kinds from early to late so that all can plant, that they may ship every day from first to last of ripening. Address

RANDOLPH PETERS,
Great Northern and Southern Nurseries,
jan17-3m. Wilmington, Del.

Land Must be Cleared!

To make room for my immense Spring planting. The best opportunity ever offered to those who want to plant apples. I now offer

200,000 No. 1 APPLE TREES,

three years old, 6 to 8 feet high. Thrifty stock, all warranted, true to name. This stock must be sold, as above, to clear the land. I therefore offer it as follows, at one-third the usual price: 12 cts. each, $10 per 100.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

Catalogue of Apples, and all other fruits, sent free on application.

RANDOLPH PETERS,
Great Northern and Southern Nurseries,
j17-3m Wilmington, Del.

UP TOWN
Bread & Cake Bakery

MRS. GRUBER

RETURNS her thanks for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to her, and pledges herself to spare no effort to merit a continuance of public favor.

As heretofore, I am prepared to furnish

BREAD, RUSK, PIES,
Buns, Biscuit, &c.
FRESH FROM THE BAKERY,
TOGETHER WITH
CAKE OF ALL KINDS,
POUND CAKE, SPONGE CAKE,
FRUIT CAKE, JUMBLES, SUGAR CAKE,
JELLY CAKE, LEMON CAKE, &c.,

of the best quality, and at the lowest prices.

Having had large experience, and in my employ a first-class Baker, I am satisfied of my ability to give satisfaction.

DOROTHEA GRUBER.
Chestertown, Jan. 17, 1874.

Queen Street Bakery.

NOTICE.

I TAKE this method of informing the public that I am conducting the

Bakery and Confectionery
ON QUEEN ST., CHESTERTOWN,

heretofore conducted by Mr. John Walbel, and having considerable experience in the business acquired in New York city, and being a thorough Baker, shall spare no pains to give satisfaction to those who may favor me with a call.

I am determined to please.

Give me a trial.

WM. H. WABBEL,
jan17-8m. near Mrs. M. A. Biscoe's.

Mill Notice.

THE undersigned, having rented Mr. Wm. Bacchus' Mill, where he has been employed as Miller for several years, is prepared to grind Grain of all kinds at short notice.

FLOUR, MEAL and FEED

kept on hand at the Mill, and sold at the very lowest prices for cash, or delivered in Chestertown per order.

CHOPPING done for one-tenth.

The Mill is in good condition, and he feels confident of giving satisfaction to all (both as to quality and quantity of grist) who may favor him with their custom.

jan24-3m. B. B. CROUCH.

Pump Making and Well Digging.

HAVING an experience of eight years, I am prepared to DIG WELLS and MAKE PUMPS, in the best manner at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms.

GEORGE W. LYBOLD.
Galena, Jan. 31, 1874—tf.

TEACHER WANTED,
For Public School No. 2, in Quaker Neck, Fourth Election District; none who has had practical experience in teaching. None other need apply. Call on either of the undersigned, or address them at Chestertown.

THOMAS BAKER,
J. W. LOUD,
R. S. EMORY,
jan24-3t* Trustees.

Put Yourself in His Place.

It's a very good rule in all things of life,
When judging a friend or brother,
Not to look at the question alone on one side,
But always turn to the other.
We are apt to be selfish in all our views,
In the jostling, headlong race,
And so to be right, ere you censure a man,
Just "put yourself in his place."

It is very hard to be just—to know,
The reason another may give,—
How much he has struggled and fought and striven
How honestly tried to live;
How much been cheated, how sorely tried,
Ere the wrong he was forced to embrace;
And if you would learn these things, the way
Is to "put yourself in his place."

There's many a man crushed down by shame,
Who blameless stands before God,
But whom his fellows have utterly scorned,
And made "to pass under the rod;"
Whose soul is unstained by the thought of sin,
Who will yet find saving grace,
And who would be praised where you now condemn,
If you would "put yourself in his place"

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Never speak to deceive, or listen to betray.

Riches cannot purchase mental endowment.

Years are carried off on the wings of time.

Marriage, with peace, is the world's paradise.

We possess only that which we comprehend.

Confidence may not be reciprocal, but kindnesss should be.

Merit is mostly discovered by accident, and rewarded by destiny.

Great places are great burdens; distinguished conditions of life exact great servitude.

The envious is made gloomy not only by his own cloud, but by another man's sunshine.

It is apparent to a parent that a great many children get on the wrong track because the switch is misplaced.

A man can do without his own approbation in much society, but he must make great exertions to gain it when he lives alone.

Has any one wronged you? Be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, 'tis finished He is below himself who is not above injury

Thoughts come into our minds by avenues which we never left open, and thoughts go out of our minds through avenues which we never voluntarily open.

Suspicion is not less an enemy to virtue than to happiness; he that is always corrupt is naturally suspicious, and he that becomes suspicious, will quickly be corrupt.

The more and the greater are life's difficulties, the more honorable it is to carry off the victory. Man may be disappointed in his greatest hopes in life, without, on that account, becoming unhappy.

Cures in the Reach of All.

The Memphis Register gives the following simple remedies, which, if efficacious, are worth their weight in gold, and should be preserved:

A tea made of peach leaves is a sure cure for kidney difficulty.

A plaster made of fresh slacked lime and fresh tar is a sure cure for cancer, which with all its roots, will come out.

A tea made of chesnut leaves, and drank in place of water, will cure the most obstinate case of dropsy in a few days.

A tea made of ripe or dried whortleberries, and drank in the place of water, is a sure and speedy cure for scrofulous difficulties however bad.

A Successful Conundrum.

"John has never given you a ring?" said Katie's sister to her one day. John was Katie's lover.

"Never," said Katie, with a regretful shake of the head.

"And he never will until you ask him for it," pursued the sister.

"Then I fear I shall never get one," was the reply.

"Of course you never will. John is too stupid to think of such things; and as you can never pluck up courage to ask for one, it follows you will never get one."

This set Katie to thinking. That evening her lover called to see her. He was very proud and very happy, for the beautiful girl by his side had been for several weeks pledged to marry him as soon as the business could be properly done, and John was a grand, good fellow, too, notwithstanding his obliviousness to certain polite matters.

"John," said Katie, at length, looking up with an innocent smile, "do you know what a conundrum is?"

"Why, it's a kind of puzzle—a riddle,' answered John.

"Do you think you could ask me one I couldn't guess?'

"I don't know. I never thought of such things. Could you ask me one?'

"I could try."

"Well, try, Katie."

"Then answer this: Why is the letter D like a ring?

John puzzled his brain over the problem for a long time, but was finally forced to give it up.

"I don't know, Katie. Why is it?"

"Because," replied the maiden, with a very soft blush creeping up to her temples, "*We* cannot be *wed* without it."

In less than a week from that date, Katie had her engagement ring.

ONE night last week a young man quarreled with his family and determined to commit suicide. He stripped to his skin, went out and lay down in a snow drift, intending to freeze himself to death. It was too cold, however, and, as none of the family interfered, he dressed himself, came in the house, and fought for the warmest corner. He has been so cold ever since that he can't tell the truth.

A GENTLEMAN was complimenting a pretty young lady in the presence of his wife, 'Its lucky I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you, my dear.'—"Well, yes, it is extremely lucky for her," was the dry rejoinder.

TRYING to do business without advertising is like winking at a pretty girl through a pair of green goggles. You know what you are doing, but nobody else does.

HIS LUCKY NUMBER.

"Every one has a lucky number," said the old gentleman. "Mine is twenty-one. Twenty-nine might have been, would have been, an unlucky number for me. Yet I didn't know it; both were painted in black letters on a white oval. Twenty-one—twenty-nine. Not much difference, you see—21, 29—very much like, indeed; and yet because I chose the number without a flourish and a long leg, I am here to-day, and have had a long and happy life. I should have been the occupant of a suicide's grave ever so many years ago had I chosen twenty-nine."

"I really can't understand," said I.

"Was it a lottery or a draft; a conscription or what? Was it a game—was it?"

"It was the number on a door," said the old gentleman. "Wait a minute, I'll tell you all about it."

"I was very much in love; everybody is at some time in life. At twenty-five I was desperate. Talk about Romeo! He was nothing compared with me."

I am not ashamed of it. She was a worthy object. Not only because she was beautiful, but she was good and amiable, and such a singer. She sang soprano in the church choir. And I've heard strangers whisper to each other, 'is there really an angel up there?' When she sang her part alone, clear and sweet and flute-like her voice was. I've never heard its equal.

Well, I loved her, and thought she liked me, but I wasn't sure. I courted her a good while, but she was as shy as any bird, and I couldn't satisfy myself as to her feelings. So I made up my mind to ask and know for certain. Some old poet says:

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small;
Who fears to put it to the touch,
And win or lose it all."

I agreed with him; and one evening as I walked home from a little party, where we had met, with her on my arm, I stopped under a great willow tree, and took her hand in mine, and said:

"Jessie, I love you better than my life—will you marry me?"

I waited for an answer.

She gave none.

'Jessie,' I said, 'won't you speak to me?'

Then she did speak:

'No—oh, dear, no!'

I offered her my arm again, and took her home without a word. She did not speak either. She had told me before that she should start with the dawn to visit an aunt in New York; but I did not even say good-bye at the door. I bowed; that was all. Then when she was out of sight, and I stood alone in the village street, I felt desperate enough to kill myself.

What had I done to have so cold a refusal? Why should she scorn me so? Oh, dear, no! I grew furious as I repeated the words.

Yet it stung me all the same. I tossed from side to side of my bed all night, and thought I could endure it no longer. But I would not pain and disgrace my respectable relatives by committing suicide in the place wherein they dwelt and were well known and thought of. I would go to New York—even then a very large city—and, seeking some hotel, register an assumed name, and, retiring at night with a bottle of laudanum and a brace of pistols, awake no more, and so be rid of my misery. I arranged my affairs to the best of my ability, and received an imaginary letter from a friend in New York requesting my presence on a matter of business. I burdened myself with no unnecessary luggage. What did an 'unknown suicide' want of another coat and a change of linen?

I kissed my mother and sister, and startled my grandmother by an embrace, and started upon what I mentally called my last journey, with a determined spirit.

There was a certain hotel to which many of the people of our village were in the habit of going. This I avoided. Another, chosen at hazard, seemed to be better. Thither I walked, determined to leave no trace of my destination to those who knew me—no clew to my identity to those who shall find me dead.

I had no mark upon my clothing, no card, paper or letter with me. I had torn the hatter's mark from my beaver. As I ascended the hotel steps I felt, so to speak, like one going to his own funeral.

A grinning waiter bowed before me. A pert clerk lifted up his head and stared. I was an ordinary traveler to them—that was evident.

It was late in the evening. The place wore an air of repose. Laughter and a faint chink of glasses in an inner apartment, told of some conviviality. One old man read his newspaper before the fire. Nothing else was astir.

I asked for a room. The clerk nodded. 'Do you care what floor?' he asked.

I shook my head.

'Number twenty-nine is empty,' he said, and tossed a key to the waiter, who I followed at once.

We reached the room by two flights of stairs. At the door the waiter paused.

'Thought he said twenty-nine,' he muttered. 'The key is twenty-one.'

'Then open twenty-one with it,' I said. 'I don't care for the number of the room.'

'No, sir—to be sure, sir,' said the waiter, and passed along a few steps further.

'Twenty-one,' he said, and unlocking a door, pushed it open.

'Shall I bring you anything, sir?' he said.

I answered 'no,' and he left me, having put the candle on my bureau.

The hour had come. As I shut the door a heavy sigh escaped me. Alas! that life had become so woeful a thing to me that I should desire to be rid of it.

In the dim light of my own candle I paced the floor, and thought bitterly of the girl I loved so dearly.

It was in the days of curtained beds. The bed in this room was hung with dark chintz; so were the windows. Over the bureau was a looking-glass, with a portrait of a lady in puffed sleeves and high comb, at the top, by way of ornament. There were four stuffed chairs, and a brass shovel and tongs stood guard beside the grate. I fancied myself lying dead on the bed amidst all these belongings, and felt sorry for myself. Then I took my pistols from my portmanteau, and leaving the door unlocked, for why should I put the landlord to the trouble of breaking it open, I lay down on the bed, drew the curtains, took a pistol in each hand, and, as true as I now speak to you, had the muzzle of each to a temple, when some one opened the door, and—

'There now, Jessie,' said a voice, 'I told you you didn't lock it."

'I did,' said another voice, 'and sent the key to the office by the chambermaid.'

I laid the pistols down and peeped through the curtains. There were two ladies in the room. One an old lady in a brown front of false curls, the other my cruel lady-love, Jessie Grey. For a moment I fancied I must be dreaming.

'Sure it's the right number?' asked Jessie.

'Twenty one—yes, said the other. And here's my band-box. Oh, dear! I'm so sleepy.'

'I am not,' said Jessie. 'I wish I was, aunt.'

'You didn't sleep a wink last night,' said the aunt. 'Nor you haven't eaten your meals to-day. You'll go into a decline if you go on that way. I'll see Dr. Black about you to-morrow.'

'I don't want Dr. Black to be called,' sighed Jessie. 'I'd rather die.'

'What's the matter?' cried the old lady. 'You are not yourself. You don't eat or sleep, and cry perpetually. What ails you?'

'I'm miserable,' said Jessie.

'Why?' cried her aunt.

'Oh, aunt,' said Jessie, 'it's all your fault. You told me over and over again that a girl must never jump at an offer; that a man must be refused at least once, or he'd not value a girl. And I like him so! And, oh; he liked me! And when he asked me I felt so glad! But I remembered what you said, and oh, how could I do it? I said, 'Oh, dear, no!' and he left me without a word. And I'm so sorry!—oh, so sorry!—because I loved him, aunt.'

'You little goose,' cried the old lady.

As for me, you can fancy how I felt. I had no thought of suicide now. My desire was to live and ask that question of mine over again. I pocketed my pistols and crept down on the other side of the bed. I stepped toward the bureau and blew out the candle. The faint red light of the fire was still in the room. As I dashed out at the door I heard two female screams, but I escaped in safety.

I met the waiter on the stairs.

'Found out the mistake, sir,' he said. 'Just coming to rectify it.'

'Don't mention it,' I said. 'I'm very glad—that is, it don't matter. Here is something for your trouble,' and I gave him a five dollar bill.

He said, 'I thank you, sir,' but I saw that he thought me crazy. He was confirmed in his opinion when, as I passed to the door of my own room, I cried:

'Heaven bless twenty-one! It's a lucky number!'

But I never was saner than I was then, and never half so happy.

Of course, I proposed to Jessie the very next day, and I need not tell you that her answer was not 'Oh, dear, no,' and that's why I call twenty-one my lucky number.

President Lincoln's Dream.

Not a trait in the character of Abraham Lincoln was more prominent and admired than his domesticity and love of those times when he could surround himself with his family, and entertain himself and them with cheerful and profitable conversation.

While he was neither a professor of religion, nor even fixed in his belief in any particular creed, still he was fond of reading and discussing the Bible. On these Sunday evenings he invariably read a chapter or two from the Scriptures, and then gave his explanation of it.

On one evening he read several passages in the Old and New Testament about dreams, to which Mrs. Lincoln and the children grew very attentive. At length he raised his eyes from the book and said: "It is strange how much there is in the Bible about dreams; there are, I think, some sixteen different chapters in the Old Testament and four in the New, in which dreams are mentioned."

"Well, said Mrs Lincoln with a slight smile, do you believe in dreams?"

"Frankly I can say that I do not, but I had one the other night that has haunted me ever since. When I opened the Bible this evening, strangely enough it was at a passage about dreams, and my thoughts were in that direction. Mr. Lincoln looked serious."

"Do tell the dream, father, cried bright-eyed little Tad Lincoln."

"Why, said Mrs. Lincoln, you frighten me with your solemn looks."

"Well, to begin the dream, said Mr. Lincoln: About ten days ago I retired one night late. I had been up waiting for some important dispatches, and was not in bed long before I fell into a slumber, and during my slumber I began to dream. I thought there was a stillness about me and I heard weeping. I thought that I got up and went down stairs, and as went from room to room I heard nothing but moaning and weeping. I at last came to the end room which I entered, and there before me was a magnificent dias, on which was a corpse. I said to one of the soldiers, who is dead in the White House? He answered, the President How did he die, I asked? By the hand of an assassin, was the reply. I then heard a great wailing all over the house, and it was so loud that it seemed to awaken me. I awoke much depressed and slept no more that night."

On the night of the fatal 14th of April, 1865, when the President was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth, Mrs. Lincoln's first exclamation was—his dream was prophetic. This remark was not then understood. Subsequently Mr. Lincoln's dream was told to many in Washington.

A MAN left a bony steed on Main street last Saturday, and, coming back a short time afterwards, discovered that a funny youth had placed a card against the fleshless ribs bearing the notice, "Oats wanted—inquire within."

DR. Zacharie has presented a petition to Congress asking $46,000 for services as chirodepist, or corn doctor, in operating on the feet of Union soldiers during the war.

IF a door does not shut without a slam put a drop of sweet oil on the catch, or on the hinge, if it creaks soap will do, but not so well.

A WOMAN STRATEGIST.

DID MISS CARROLL ORIGINATE THE PLAN OF THE CAMPAIGN OF THE TENNESSEE?—A CURIOUS CLAIM NOW PENDING BEFORE CONGRESS.

A Washington letter to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says:

There appears before the forty-third Congress a petitioner, who, from the prestige of high social position, inherit and patriotism and ability, and the extraordinary nature of her claim, may be justly considered one of the most remarkable memorialists that has ever invited public attention. The petitioner, for it is a woman, is grand-daughter of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, a name standing supreme in the annals of Maryland, and illustrious among the fathers of American independence. The claim is, in substance, that she originated the plan of the campaign of the Tennessee, in our last war.

About the middle of October, 1861, while in St. Louis, she came across a pilot by the name of Scott, employed on the Mississippi. Her new friend gave her some information respecting the projected passage of our forces down the Mississippi that set her active mind to work. What had been merely vaguely outlined facts in his illiterate thoughts were valuable suggestions to her, and, after studying her maps carefully, and testing her theory by inquiry among practical people familiar with the adjacent topography, she communicated, without delay, with the Hon. Thomas A. Scott, then Assistant Secretary of War. It is a pity that her terse and vigorous letter is too long for complete quotation, as no disjointed extracts would do it justice. It bears date of November 30th, 1861, and, after asserting unhesitatingly the mistake of civil and military authorities in pursuing the line of the Mississippi river, she points to the greater advantages of the Tennessee, calling it the "true key to the south-west."

She represents that by transferring the campaign to this river, which was easily navigated, the Union troops would be less exposed to the enemy than on the Mississippi, which was securely defended; that in a case of defeat it would afford more protection; that in case of success it would tend to divide the rebel forces, and in either case the appearance of the Federal soldiers would do much to reassure the loyal sections of Central and Eastern Tennessee. All this is detailed minutely, yet concisely, with great perspicuity and the unmistakable tone of a person thoroughly acquainted with her subject.—Again, in the ensuing year, she urged her project, and as early as May, 1862, proposed the capture of Vicksburg; supplementing this by a second letter a few months later that would have done credit to the great Napoleon himself, not alone for its acuteness but its imperiousness.

This letter ends the record of her services as related in her documents, though it is probable that she was employed in the department in similar capacities for some time.

Miss Carroll claims, then, that she suggested the great stragetic movement by which the rebellion was conquered, and though the recollection of the names connected with the famous Tennessee campaign makes a woman's pretentions almost absurd, there are some facts in Miss Carroll's favor that are undisputed. One is, that according to the files of the War Department, her letter was the first suggestion of such a plan; and, second, that no military man as yet has contradicted her claims. On the other hand, it is true that Generals are not in the habit of committing their plans to the mails, and Gen. Grant is not the man to say a great deal about his intentions. Still the very improbability that an inexperienced woman should be wiser than a score of men educated for that very purpose, gives it a sort of fascination. She does not lack responsible indorsers. Thomas A. Scott reiterates that she was the first to point out the movement. The Hon. B F. Wade, in the last hours of his political life, addressed her a letter in the most complimentary terms, alluding to her loyalty and sagacity, and stating that, from his position as chairman of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, he had full opportunity to know how the country had profitted by her labors, specifying the suggestion of that expedition. Other letters testify that President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton expressed great gratitude for and appreciation of her services. The merit of her political writings is attested by such men as Edward Bates, Attorney-General in 1861; Edward Everett, Charles O'Conor, Reverdy Johnson, and several others as competent to judge. Ex-Governor Hicks, of Maryland, declared she did more to elect a loyal Governor in that State than all the politicians put together, and with other gentlemen united in sincerely recommending her case to Congress.

Despite the astonishing nature of her claim, Miss Carroll's papers are impressive from the simplicity of her style, and the modest reference about herself in all things except the immediate subject—Whatever mention is made of her services or sacrifices comes from others—never from herself. All she asks is $5,000, to reimburse her for the publication of her writings. Her appeal, which is made to the justice, not to the sympathy of Congress, was presented to and reported on by the committee having it in charge in 1870, but Congress adjourned before it reached the Senate. Now she comes again and it is very likely that some amount, possibly all she asks, will be awarded her on the ground of general services to the country. She is old, reduced in circumstances, alienated from many of her former friends, and it would not outrage even the most rigid retrencher were the little money she claims to have earned allowed her.

A YOUNG MAN carving a goose at a dinner one day, by an awkward move knocked it into the lap of a lady who was sitting opposite, in all the glory of a green satin dress. Instead of showing his verdancy by profuse apologies and a confused manner, he simply said: "I'll trouble you for that goose, Miss!" Can the annals of society furnish an example of self-possession more sublime?

A SINGLE drop of the sequipede chloride of iron, put on a corn between the toes, once a day, with a camel's hair brush, will effect a marvelous cure.

Going to Spelling School.

That fair young creature who went with us! It doesn't make any difference that she went back on her word, grew up to be a hatchet-faced old maid, with a voice like a file and her temper like catsup. She was lovely then. "Would the fair and lovely Augusta accept of our company to a spelling school out at Duck Lane Thursday night?" The fair Augusta would, she said, and she did.

Such a moon! Such an easy motion of the sleigh! Such singing in chorus! Every girl had a front door key in her pocket, and every young man felt as if he could climb a shed forty thousand feet high to get into his own chamber window. That fair young creature!—how she pretended to shiver with cold until an arm was gently and affectionately placed about her waist! Then the weather suddenly grew warmer, and she didn't shiver any more.

It was a beautiful night, we observed. She said she'd noticed the same thing, and she seemed to lean over a little more, like some of the telegraph poles we see now and then. Emboldened, we observed that Bill Jones and Sarah Jones seemed very affectionate. She said it seemed so to her, but having stuck the end of a horse blanket in her eye, she wasn't prepared to make an affidavit. Somehow, after that, the conversation began to grow more and more interesting, and with that fair young creature's head on our shoulder, we'd have set out to ride to Vermont and back without a stop. She was so artless and innocent; so childlike and confiding. She told us all about how her step-mother pounded her with the rolling-pin, and when we thought of a rolling-pin whacking against her fragile form, and bounding over her alabaster shoulders, our hair stood on end with mad frenzy. She said she sometimes thought she'd get married to escape further persecution, and we were about to lay our hand on our heart and offer to be hers for evermore, when the sleigh stopped at the school-house.

It was Brighton against Bungtown, with the schoolmaster in favor of Bungtown. Such words as "catarrh," "turkey," "parallel," &c., soon reduced the "sides" to half a dozen, and at length we were left alone to defend the honor of Brighton. The schoolmaster was determined that Bungtown should win, and it did win when we spelled omnibus with a double "s." He said it wasn't right, and when Brighton insisted, he offered to uphold Bungtown with the iron poker.

However, this calamity was an offset to be consoled and sympathized with by "our girl." She positively shed tears of anger and sympathy, and she said of course there was two s's in omnibus, one on each side, and we wasn't positive that there was not one on the door behind.

By and by the conversation went back to step-mothers, rolling pins, alabaster shoulders, and getting married, and she said she'd be ours.

We figured up how we could keep house on $3 50 per week, and have a dollar left; just how the woodbine would trail over the door; how we'd make her step-mother die of a broken heart; and—but you all know how it is yourself.

It was a boy's dream. She discouraged me when she thought she could catch a dashing clerk, and her father set the dog on me, and her brothers threatened to shoot; but as I said before, it doesn't make any difference now. When I think of the past I feel to exclaim with Walt Whitman: "Oh, gimme back them other days!"

CONGRESSIONAL SPEECH MAKING.—The delay and prolongation of congressional sessions by speech making would seem to be one of those evils for which no remedy could be found The difficulty is that every member feels bound to make one speech during the session, in order to show his constituents that he has not been idle. Speech making ought not to be the test of the usefulness of a representative, for action and eloquence rarely go together. But it seems to be accepted, both by constituents and members, that the man who turns out the most words in a session is doing something. It has been reserved for the inventive genius of New England to suggest a method of abating a great public nuisance. This shrewd son of the Pilgrims proposes to divide up the cost of printing the Congressional Record among all the congressional districts, and credit each member with his proportion, and then charge him with the actual space used in the Record with his remarks. In case a member exceeds the space allowed, he is to be charged with such excess, and the amount deducted from his salary; and, where he does not use the amount, the difference to be placed to his credit as so much money, the same as undrawn stationery. The Louisville (Kentucky) Commercial remarks that no one who has watched the course of the average Congressman on the salary bill, or has noted the watchfulness with which they keep at least one eye sharply open to their own interests, while watching those of their constituents, will doubt that mere speaking for buncombe will be greatly decreased, if not entirely done away with, if this plan be adopted. Unfortunately, it is not likely to meet with favor.—*Balt. Sun.*

A CAPITAL FABLE.—The hopelessness of accomplishing anything without 'pluck' is illustrated by an old East India fable. A mouse that dwelt near the abode of a great magician was kept in such constant distress by its fears of a cat, that the magician, taking pity on it, turned it into a cat itself. Immediately it began to suffer from fear of a dog, so the magician turned it into a dog. Then it began to suffer from fear of a tiger, and the magician, in disgust, said, "Be a mouse again. As you have only the heart of a mouse, it is impossible to help you by giving you the body of a noble animal." And the poor creature again became a mouse. It is the same with a mouse-hearted man. He may be clothed with the powers and placed in the position of brave men, but he will always act like a mouse, and public opinion is usually the great magician that finally says to such a person, "Go back to your obscurity again. You have only the heart of a mouse, and it is useless to try to make a lion out of you."

We never know a great character till something congenial to it has grown up within ourselves.