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# The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

**PLUMMER & USILTON,**
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

**Terms of Subscription:**

Two DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance. If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents may be charged.

☞ Local and other correspondence solicited from all parts of the county.

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.



**G. W. CRUIKSHANK,**
**Attorney at Law**
ELKTON, MARYLAND.

Will give prompt attention to all Law or Chancery business entrusted to him.
March 14, 1874—3m.

**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.

**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.

***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 Machide 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.

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

**SALT** by the bushel or sack.
H. P. READING,
n23-3m. Kennedyville, Md



# Kent News.

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

Vol. 34. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1874. No. 48.



**The Chemical Agricultural Powders**
FOR THE
**Analysis of Soils.**

PROF. HERBERT,
Of Washington College,
having secured a patent from the U. S Patent Office, for his "new and improved method of analyzing soils," is now ready to receive ORDERS for the same from farmers who may wish to find out what mineral plant food their land contains.

The present cost to the farmer will be $10; for which he will receive the Ten Packages of Chemical Powders; a Chart or Plat, showing the manner in which the "experimental plats" of land are to be laid off; and *printed* directions for the use of the chemical powders. So that any intelligent farmer, and even a boy of 12 to 15 years of age, can find out *every* mineral element of plant food that the land may contain, and also everything that is needed to make the soil *grow a perfect plant.*

Address, A. HERBERT, at Washington College; or Messrs. Stam, Apothecaries, &c.; T. W. Eliason, Jr., Hines & Burchinal, or T. B. Hynson, Merchants in Chestertown, Kent Co.

N. B.—The usual cost for obtaining the same information (more imperfectly,) from the services and laboratory of an Analytical Chemist, is $60 to $100.

Chestertown, Md., Mar. 28, '74—tf.

**MASSEY & HUDSON'S**
AND
LANDRETHS' VARIANT GARDEN SEEDS

**All the new varieties of Vegetable Seeds, and the old STANDARD FAVORITES.**

**Trophy Tomato Seed** — from fruit grown by Messrs. Massey & Hudson, such as was exhibited by them at the Agricultural Fair last Fall, and averaging over a half pound each.

**Canada Victor** — by same growers; the earliest and smoothest Tomato grown.

Also, the **Arlington** and **Early Richmond,** new Tomatoes of last year.

**Conover's Colossal Asparagus** — from Massey & Hudson's Extra Stock; by the ounce, pound, or ten pounds.

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
***Landreth's Seeds,***
*Put up in their usual neat style.*

Landreths' Seed are too well known to need any recommendation but a trial, and we flatter ourselves that with them and the seeds grown by MASSEY & HUDSON, which for the past few years have given so much satisfaction to the people of Kent county and elsewhere, we are able to supply as good seeds as can be had anywhere.

WE ALSO OFFER
**Osange Orange Seed,**
EARLY ROSE,
PEERLESS, and
WHITE PEACH BLOW
POTATOES.

**PEAS! PEAS!**

Landreths' Extra Early, Carter's First Crop, McLane's Little Gem, Tom Thumb, Daniel O'Rourke, and all the Standard varieties.

Also, a great variety of String, Stringless and Lima Beans.

Market Gardeners, desiring Seed in large quantities, will do well to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

**C. F. STAM & BRO.**
CHESTERTOWN.
Feb. 28, 1874.

**AGRICULTURAL**
**AND HORTICULTURAL**
**Implements, Seeds, &c.**

**HINES & BURCHINAL**

Have just received a large lot of

***GARDEN SEED***

Of Very First Quality, from

**PETER HENDERSON & CO., N. Y.**

We are selling Prime Early Rose Potatoes from Elmira, N. Y., *free from all rot and disease.*

We keep on hand all kinds of

**Garden Implements,**

such as Hoes, Spades, Forks and Rakes. Also,

**PLOWS of Every Variety,**

such as No. 4 Wiley, Heckendorn, Acme, and the Farmer's Friend.

☞ Give us a call before buying elsewhere.
HINES & BURCHINAL,
Below the Bank, Chestertown
March 7, 1874—2m.

**Ladies, Misses and Children**
**LASTING GOODS.**

T. W. ELIASON, Jr., invites attention to a large stock of the above goods embracing—

Ladies' and Misses' Plain Lace Last'g Gaiters,
" " Fancy " "
" " Kid Foxed " "
" " Do. Buttoned "
Also, Turkish Morocco Buttoned Boots,
Ladies' and Misses' Plain Morocco and Goat Balmoral Boots.

These goods are Baltimore made, and are offered for sale at reduced prices.
March 7, 1874.

**WOOD-YARD FOR SALE.**

THE undersigned would respectfully inform any person or persons who may wish to engage in the Wood business, that he has concluded to sell at private sale his entire stock in trade, consisting of about ONE HUNDRED CORDS OF SEASONED WOOD,

**FOUR HEAD of HORSES,**

TWO WOOD WAGONS, 1 HORSE POWER, 1 SAW, Wheel Bands, &c. The YARD and DWELLING can also be obtained at once.
feb28-tf. JOHN K. WILLIS.

**TAX-PAYERS**
*OF THE 5TH ELECTION DIST.*

THE Taxes for 1873 are overdue. Please give immediate attention, or I shall be compelled to collect according to law.
JOHN A. ROLLISON,
Collector Fifth Election District.
March 14, 1874—6w.

**TRUSTEE'S SALE**
—OF—
**A SMALL FARM,**
IN KENT COUNTY, MD.

BY VIRTUE of a decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, the undersigned, Trustee, will offer at Public Sale, at the "Voshell House," in Chestertown, on

**TUESDAY,**
THE FOURTEENTH DAY OF APRIL, 1874,
AT 11 O'CLOCK, A. M.,

all that piece or parcel of land of which the late Lemuel Skeggs died seized, called

**"CAMPBELSWORTHMORE,"**
CONTAINING
**86½ ACRES,**

more or less. Situated in the Second Election District of Kent county, at the junction of the roads leading to Still Pond and the Fountain Colored Church, and adjoining the land of John Gale's heirs, convenient to churches and two public schools, and only half a mile from Lynch's Station, on the Kent county railroad.

**The Improvements**
CONSIST OF A
**TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING**

and KITCHEN. In the dwelling two rooms below and four chambers. Barn, Stable, Carriage and Meat House, and a pump of most excellent water.

The soil is light, and susceptible of the highest state of improvement.

There are 800 PEACH TREES on the farm, of which 300 are young trees; and 100 APPLE TREES, good fruit. The farm produces well, and is a desirable piece of land. It is about six miles from Chestertown, the county town.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms prescribed by the decree are as follows: One thousand dollars of the purchase money to be paid cash on the day of the sale, or on the ratification thereof by the court, the balance in two equal instalments in one and two years from the day of sale; the whole to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the bond of the purchaser, with a surety or sureties to be approved by the trustee.

EBEN F. PERKINS, Trustee.
J. W. CARROLL, Auctioneer.

The creditors of the late Lemuel Skeggs are hereby notified to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Kent county, within three months from the day of sale.

EBEN F. PERKINS, Trustee.
March 21, 1874—ts.

**PRIVATE SALE.**

I HEREBY OFFER FOR SALE

**Radcliffe Hall,**

the Farm upon which I now reside, commonly known as the **"Hanson Farm,"** part of which is now rented and occupied by Mr. John Greenwood, of Wm.

It is beautifully situated on Chester River, about one mile from Chestertown, and

**Contains 471 ACRES, more or less.**

THE IMPROVEMENTS are a

**Mansion House,**
**AND TENANT HOUSE,**

in good repair, with the necessary Out-Buildings and offices. The Tenant House is large and commodious, and was built in the year 1871. The Farm is so well known that a full description is not needed.

An early purchaser will have the option of putting in, and making, the corn crop for the present year.

Terms easy and reasonable. For further information apply to

GEORGE A. HANSON.
Radcliffe Hall, Feb. 28, 1874—tf.

**LETTER FROM GALENA.**

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I deem it my duty to inform the people of Kent that they lose a rare chance if they fail to visit

**Geo. W. Sutton's New Store,**
**AT GALENA.**

**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.
jan3v. MRS. A. M. SMITH

**MERCHANT TAILOR**
FROM
**PHILADELPHIA**

**1874. Spring and Summer. 1874.**

**ABE SCHWARTZ,**

RESPECTFULLY invites his friends and the public to call and examine his

**New Spring Goods and Styles**

RECEIVING DAILY from the Eastern markets.

**Fine Goods a Specialty**

BLACK CLOTHS of the finest grades; and in ENGLISH and FRENCH CASSIMERES we have styles that must please the most fastidious.

**SPRING OVER COATS, all Styles**

☞ Feeling confident that we fully understand the needs and wants of this community, and that we are now prepared to meet its demands both in styles and prices, we again solicit an examination before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ We guarantee a fit in every case.
April 4, 1874. ABE SCHWARTZ.

HANSON LETTUCE—the Largest, most tender, crisp, and delicate flavored Head Lettuce, for sale by
feb28. C. F. STAM & BRO.

I **Sell Goods Cheap,**
and am prepared to prove it.
SUTTON, Galena.


## THE SHORTEST WAY HOME.

"The shortest way by half a mile—
I come so very often by it—
Is up the road, across the stile,
And thro' the meadow. Shall we try it?"
The days were not without a charm
When, talking soft and looking silly,
My love and I walked arm-in-arm,
And lanes were lone and fields were stilly.

We found so many things to say
That always, in the shiny weather,
We took the—well, the *shorter* way,
To be a longer time together.
We spoke about (but, goodness knows
Our topics of confabulation)—
About the weather, I suppose,
The crops, the harvest, and the nation.

At all events, although the talk
Was neither wise nor witty,
We ended each successive walk
With "Home already—what a pity?"
We might have lost a little ground
Through coming by the road selected,
But both agreed that we had found
The journey shorter than expected.

Can Life's experiment support
The paradox that Love proposes?
Does *any* path seem very short,
Unless it be a path of roses?
We seldom find the nearer way:
And if we hit upon and take it,
By creeping on from day to day
It seems as long as length can make it.

The road to fame is never brief,
The way to wealth is dull and dreary;
All earthly routes, in my belief,
Are very long and very weary.
Nay—*one* that leads through care and strife
Is short, when mortals once begin it;
We take the "near cut" *out* of life,
Although we take the longest in it.

## A TOPIC FOR THE SCIENTIST.

REMARKABLE CASE.

Mr. William Whitehead, who resided near Claysville, Kentucky, died in June, 1870. Early in that year he made a will and bequeathed the munificent sum of $2,800 for the purpose of moving the bodies of the deceased members of his family, and to improve the grounds, in one burying ground near the mouth of Beaver Creek. The executor, Mr. R. N. Whitehead, proceeded to discharge the duties by employing Mr. John B. Hamilton to remove them, improve the grounds, and erect head and foot-stones at their graves.

Among those to be removed was a child of Dr. W. Curran, of Claysville. On the 10th ult., Mr. Hamilton disinterred the child, who was buried in a metalic case, on the 6th of July, 1855, in the Whitehead burying ground in Claysville, and being unable to remove the screws in the face plate of the case, was compelled to saw it off. Upon removing the face plate a sight was revealed that struck them dumb with astonishment.

Instead of finding, as they expected, a few bones as the remains of their household pet, that had been buried eighteen years and four months, they beheld as it were, a sleeping infant. The child looked as natural as life and was in a perfect state of preservation, with the exception of the nose, which was gone. The doctor being present, immediately carried it to his home, where nineteen years ago it was the joy of the household.

This was indeed a great curiosity and many of the citizens of Claysville and vicinity came to the Doctor's office, where the body remained until Saturday, to see it. But the strangest part is not yet told. The child, which was two years old when it died, was very fond of flowers, and especially of the damask rose, and when taken by its grandmother, with whom it was a great pet, it would go to this rosebush.

When the child was dying its grandmother pulled two damask rose buds, not yet bursted, gave them to the child, and it died with them in its hands. After preparing the body for burial the rosebuds were placed upon its breast and buried with it.

When the face plate was removed from the case and brought to this city, the roses were not only in a perfect state, but the leaves were as green as ever, and instead of being buds, as they were when placed upon the child's breast, had become full blown roses.

This is the most remarkable case of preservation we have ever heard of.

—*Democrat, Kentucky.*

## We All Have Faults.

He who boasts of being perfect is perfect in folly. I have been a good deal up and down in the world, and I never see either a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall till two Sundays come together. You cannot get white flour out of a coal sack, nor perfection out of human nature; he who looks for it had better look for sugar in the sea. The old saying is, "Lifeless, faultless." Of dead men we should say nothing but good, but as for the living, they are all tarred more or less with the black brush, and half an eye can see it. Every head has a soft place in it, and every human heart has its black drop. Every rose has its prickles, and every day has its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. Nobody is so wise but he has folly enough to stock a stall of Vanity Fair. Where I could not see the fools-cap, I have, nevertheless, heard the bells jingle. As there is no sunshine without some shadows, so is all human good mixed up with more or less of evil. Even poor law guardians have their little failings; and parish beadles are not wholly of heavenly nature. The best wine has its lees.

All men's faults are not written on their foreheads, and it's quite as well they are not, or hats would need wide brims; yet, as sure as eggs are eggs, faults of some sort nestle in every man's bosom. There's no telling when a man's sins may show themselves, for hares pop out of a ditch just when you are not looking for them. A horse that is weak in the legs may not stumble for a mile or two, but it is in him and the rider had better hold him up well. The tabby-cat is not lapping milk just now, but leave the dairy door open, and we will see if she is not as bad a thief as the kitten.—There's fire in the flint, cool as it looks; wait till the steel gets a knock at it, and you will see.

Everybody can read the riddle, but it is not everybody that will remember to keep his gunpowder out of the way of the candle.

It may not be generally known that when good meat is a little tainted by warm weather or over keeping, washing it with lime water will restore its sweetness.—Dredging powdered charcoal over it will produce the same effect.

## CALLING THE FERRYMAN.

They reached the river, the father and his little daughter, late in the evening. The woods through which they had passed reached to the very brink; and as the night was cloudy and very dark, the woods seemed to render the gloom profoundly deep. Far away on the opposite shore was here and there a twinkling light in the small, scattered houses; while farther off still were the bright lamps of the great city, whither they were going. The little child was weary and sleepy, and chilled by the evening air. Nothing but urgency would have induced the father to be out with her thus. As they came to the ferry, they found the boat over on the other side, where the ferryman lived. So the father shouted and called, but no voice answered; then he walked to and fro, he would speak to his child, and try to comfort her; then he would call again and again. At length they saw a little light move, and heard the moving of the boat. Nearer and nearer the noise came; but it was too dark to see the boat. But it came across, and the travelers entered it.

"Father!"

"Well, my child!"

"It's very dark, and I can't see the shore where we are going."

"No, little one; but the ferryman knows the way, and we shall soon be over, and then soon at home in the city, where we will have a light and a good fire."

"Oh, I wish we were there, Father."

Slowly and gently the boat swung off into the stream; and though it was dark, and the river seemed to run fast, they were carried safely over, and the child soon forgot her great fear. In a short time after she landed she reached her home, where loving arms received her; where the room was warm with fire and flooded with light. On the bosom of love she rested, and her chills and terrors passed away.

Some months after this, the same little child had come to another river, darker, deeper and more fearful still. It was the River of Death. When she first came near it the air seemed cold, and darkness covered it, and all seemed like light. The same loving father stood near her, distressed that his child must cross this river, and he not be able to go with her. For days and nights he had been, with her mother, watching over her, and leaving her bedside only long enough to take his meals, and pray for the life of his precious child.

For hours she had been slumbering very comfortably, and it seemed as if her spirit was to pass away without her waking again; but just before the morning watch she suddenly woke, with the eye bright, the reason unclouded and every faculty alive. A sweet smile was playing on the face.

"Father, I have come again to the river side, and am again waiting for the ferryman to come and carry me over."

"Does it seem dark and cold, as it did when we crossed the river?"

"Oh, no! There are no dark, gloomy trees here. The river is not black, but covered with floating silver. The boat coming towards me seems to be made of solid light; and though the ferryman looks dark, I am not afraid of him."

"Can my child see across the river?"

"Oh, yes; but instead of the little twinkling light here and there, as before, I can see a great and beautiful city, flooded with light and glory. I see no sun and no lamp, no moon or stars, but it's full of light. Ah, I hear music, too, coming softly over the river, sweet as the angels could make!"

"Can you see any one on the other bank of the river?"

"Why—why—yes! I see One, the most beautiful form I ever saw; and what a face, what a smile! And now he beckons me to come. Oh, ferryman, make haste! I know who it is; it is Jesus, my own blessed Jesus! I shall be received into his arms; I shall rest in his bosom!"

"Is my little daughter afraid?"

"Afraid, dear mother! Not a bit. I think of my Psalm, 'Though I walk thro' the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they shall comfort me."

And thus she crossed the dark river, made like a silver stream by the presence of the blessed Redeemer. The father and mother wept, but joy and sorrow mingled with their tears. They could almost see the golden gates open to receive their loved one; and they then understood the words of the prophet, "The child shall die an hundred years old."—*Rev. John Todd.*

## "How Much Was He Worth."

There is a terrible significance in the question we sometimes ask upon the death of a wealthy man, if we only understood the real significance of the question.—"How much was he worth?" we ask; and the angels might reply: "Worth?—he wasn't worth anything. His money was worth something. His body is worth something as a source of fertility to the soil. But *he* wasn't worth anything."—So we vary the question: "Yes, but how much did he leave?" "Oh, leave," it might be answered, "Yes, I will tell you. He had houses, lots, bonds, notes, stocks, gold, merchandise, farms. And he left—Great God!—he *left them all!* He carried nothing with him. Naked and destitute he came into the world, and as naked and destitute did he go out of the world. He carried nothing; neither land nor money, nor yet did he carry with him the blessing of the poor, the grateful tears of the orphan. He left all—he carried nothing away with him." But his neighbor has died; a man not known in the tax list. "And what has he left?" we may, perhaps, curiously ask. "Left? he has left nothing; but he has taken much with him. He has gone to heaven laden with the blessings and the gratitude of the poor, of the young, of the aged, of the widow, of the friendless; of those whom he, by his counsels, and his acts, and his prayers, had blessed; of those whose poverty he had relieved, whose ignorance he had enlighted, whose darkness he had dispelled, whose bodies and whose souls he had fed." When Wilberforce died, Daniel O'Connell said: "He has gone up to Heaven bearing a million broken fetters in his hands." Happy he, whatever he may leave, or not leave, on earth, who goes thus freighted into the other world.—*Good Words.*

Men looking at the faults of women should shut their eyes.

## THE DANGERS OF NEW YORK.

DESPERATE ADVENTURE OF A VISITOR.

[*From the New York Tribune.*]

Mr. A. B. Morris is a lawyer, and his place of residence is Watertown, New York. He came to this city about ten days ago, on his way to the South, and, having some business to transact here, put up at the Park Hotel. On the day before yesterday he made an agreement with a friend to go to the Union Square Theatre, to see the play of "Led Astray," little thinking at the time, as he says, that before seeing the fiction he would be most egregiously led astray himself. But so he was, as the result will show. Mr. Morris had agreed with his friend to meet him at the corner of Broadway and Canal street at 6:30 o'clock, from whence they were to go to the theatre together. Mr. Morris arrived at the place of meeting rather early, and while waiting for his friend amused himself by watching the passers-by. Presently he was accosted by a young woman who was very neatly though poorly dressed, and of a most respectable appearance. She began by saying, "Are you ready to go with me now, sir?" and then, in apparent confusion, begged his pardon for speaking to him. She said she had taken him for a gentleman she had seen in the Dollar Store. She then went on to tell him that she was in great trouble and distress. "I have a dying mother and sister in the last stage of consumption," she said, "and I am unable to pay the rent of our room, and the landlord threatened to turn me out this very night if I do not pay." "Here," said Mr. Morris, "she began to cry, and great tears ran down her cheeks; there was no humbug there, for I saw them." He asked her how much she owed, and she told him $2 "But I don't want you to give me the money here, sir," she said, "I want you to see for yourself that I am not deceiving you I never asked for charity before, but when the panic came I was discharged, along with several other girls, from the Dollar Store, and since then we have been unable to get any work. I live only a few blocks away from here, and if you can spare the time, I would like to have you see my mother and sister, and the condition which we are in." "And, like a fool," said Mr. Morris, "I looked at my watch, and, seeing that I had yet half an hour to spare, I went with her. We went east from Canal street, and turned into a side street, and after a while we came to a house and ascended two or three steps, and entered a narrow hallway. There the woman opened a door on the right, and asked me to walk in and wait until she could advise her mother that some one was coming to see her The room was warm and comfortable; a fire was burning in the grate, and at the further end there was a lounge. In front of the fire, and nearer to it than the lounge, was a cottage bedstead. "You will have to sit on the bed, sir," said the woman, "as there are no chairs. I will take off my shawl, and go ot once to my mother." "I had been warming my hands at the fire," continued Mr. Morris, "and at the woman's suggestion sat down on the bed, about two feet from the front, the woman standing in front of me, with her shawl in her hands. Hardly had I seated myself when she sprang upon me like a tigress, throwing the shawl over my head. At the same moment I felt my feet grasped by some one under the bed. I then felt that I had to struggle for my life. I had three hundred dollars in money in my pocketbook, a draft for one hundred and fifty dollars, and a five hundred dollar watch in my vest pocket. I could not see, as my head was completely enveloped in the shawl, but I felt a strong pull at my watch chain, and afterward I felt a hand in my pocket where my money was I made a tremendous effort and succeeded in throwing the woman over the foot of the bed. I then sprang up and freed my feet and rushed to the further corner of the room. There the woman again attacked me, but I knocked her down, and then, taking a large pearl-handled, silver mounted knife from my pocket, I swore that if anybody attacked me again I would put a bullet through them. The darkness of the room no doubt prevented them from seeing that the formidable revolver was only a pocket knife, and that was what saved me, I suppose. I then went to the door, and, to my astonishment, found it locked, bolted and barred. I drew the bolt and took down the bar but could not unlock the door, as the key was gone. Finally, I broke off the catch of the lock with the bar, and found myself at liberty. I rushed out through the hall into the street, and did not stop until I found a policeman. Then a reaction came on, and I felt utterly weak and prostrate, and no wonder, for I am firmly persuaded that I had only escaped death by a mere chance, and besides the desperate struggle I had just passed through had weakened me considerably." I afterward went back over the ground with a policeman, but was unable to identify the house, although I did my best to do so. "I am sure, though," said he, "it is either Elm or Centre street. Being a stranger in the city I had not noticed the locality when I went with the woman, and I was too much agitated to do so at the time of my escape. After it was all over I examined my pockets and found that I had lost nothing. My watch was only saved from the fact that the chain was very strong, and was fastened to my vest with a snap. I shall never let my humanity get the better of my feelings again," concluded Mr. Morris.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.—The Methun Gazette propounds the following mathematical question: "If a man is too poor to pay for a newspaper, how many dogs can he afford to keep?" An answer is requested.

Of planting trees Johnson has observed: "There is a frightful interval between the seed and the timber." And again he says: "He that calculates the growth of the trees has the remembrance of the shortness of life driven hard upon him."

AN exchange says: "When you see a bare-headed man following a cow thro' the front gate, and filling the air with garden implements and profanity, you know that his cabbage plants have been set out."

A BORE.—The man who persists in talking about himself when you wish to talk about yourself.

BEAUTY may excite love, but beauty alone cannot sustain it.

## THE LOVER'S KNOT.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her golden ringlets in;
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For tying her bonet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

## A WRONGED AND DECEIVED WIFE.

MAN'S SIN AND WOMAN'S WEAKNESS — THE FOLLY OF WRITING LOVE LETTERS.

A tired husband went home from his work one night recently, and taking off his coat, requested his wife to mend a rent in the sleeve, then sank upon the sofa and behind the evening paper. Wife-like, she took up the coat; woman-like, she dived into the pocket. From the inside pocket she drew forth a letter, directed in delicate chirography, to her husband. With darkening brow, she quickly took the suspicious-looking missive from the envelope, and, without noticing the date began to read:

"DEAR GEORGE:—I am lonely, oh, so lonely, since you left me last Thursday night."

"Ah, ha, that was lodge night, he told me," said the now thoroughly interested woman, as she glanced viciously over at her husband, who appeared to be just falling asleep. "Oh, how can you sleep with the weight of this deep sin upon you!—But I'll see what more the brazen huzzy has to say, if it kills me." With one hand pressed to her throbbing heart, she read on:

"I know I am foolish, darling, but when you are away there seems to be a barrier between me and all that is lovely. The sun does not shine half so bright; the moon is but a white spot in the sky, and the stars stare coldly down, when you are not with me, lord of my life and heart."

"Lord of my life and heart! Well, if this don't beat everything—what a soft-headed gummy she must be! Was it for this? was it for this?" moaned the unhappy wife.

"Fortune speed the day when we may be united in those indissoluble bonds that are sacred in the eyes of heaven and earth—"

"What mockery! Does he or she consider that his vows to me are not sacred? What are they going to do with me anyhow, I wonder? Poison, perhaps. Oh, false, false, perfidious man! Oh, wicked, hellish, designing woman!" Still the suffering woman continued to read the letter, though each word burned to ashes a thousand hopes and joys:

"When we need no more meet clandestinely, and tremble in each other's embrace—"

"I'd make you tremble if I had you in my embrace a minute."

"When my head may be pillowed in safety upon your breast—"

"The fiendess!"

"And your arms twine in loving pressure about me—"

"Furies!"

"And your lips smother the tender words that would escape between them."

"Oh, the sirenic she-devil!" hissed the woman, as she tried to keep down the boiling rage within her. She crushed the letter in her hands, and threw it on the floor as though it were a snake, and with clenched hands and compressed lips, she strode rapidly back and forth across the room, ever and anon making a move as if to spring like a fury upon her husband, who, with a paper over his face was apparently sound asleep, dreaming perhaps of the wicked temptress that had come between him and his fond wife. Presently a reaction took place, and the wretched woman sank into a chair and found relief in that blessed panacea for female ills—a flood of tears.

Grown calmer after a while, she picked up the rumpled letter, smoothed out the creases, and with an air of mingled despair and resignation, looked for the signature.

"Your ever loving and devoted, but poor, apprehensive—"

"What's this! Flut—flut—fluttering birdie. A-d-a—Ada. Why, bless me! this is one of my old letters to George. What a fool I—"

A sound from the sofa, first like steam escaping from a steam boiler, and then like a car rattling o'er the stony street, assured her that her ridiculous actions had been witnessed by her husband.

Burning with shame the foolish woman flew to her room and locked herself in, and she is almost as miserable now as when she felt that she was a wronged and deceived wife.

## USEFUL PROVERBS.

IDLENESS is the dead sea that swallows up all virtues, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man.

Waste nothing—neither time, money nor talent.

Always tell the truth; you will find it easier than lying.

He who gives a trifle meanly is far more meaner than the trifle.

If we seize too hastily, we may have to drop as hastily

Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes of our delusions.

Prosperity is a blessing to the good, but a curse to the evil.

Let everything have its place and every business its place.

Better be upright with poverty than be wicked with plenty.

Time never sits heavily upon us but when it is unemployed.

Whatever you dislike in another take care to correct in yourself.

Resolve to perform what you ought and perform what you resolve.

CHARLEY CROTHERS, of Greenfield, is one of the saloon-keepers the Ohio women have been laboring with. He received them, day after day, with welcome, and looked happier at every visit. One day an old patron broke out: "I say, Charley, ain't you gittin' most tired of this singin' and prayin' biznis'?" What! me gettin' tired! No, sir!" responded Charley, emphatically. "If I git tired of the little singin' and prayin' they do in my saloon here, what will I do when I'm in company with the angles, who don't do nothin' but sing and pray?"

ARTEMUS WARD said that the men who wrote "I'm saddest when I sing," was a fool to sing much.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., in proportion to its population, is the wealthiest city in the Union.


**Rates of Advertising:**

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&c., &c.,
Executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.


## STEPHEN GIRARD'S WILL.

In a recent lecture before the Mercantile Library Association, of Boston, Dr. Cornell gave the following interesting account of the opening of the will of Stephen Girard:

The old man lay dead in his house in Water street. While the public out of doors were curious enough to learn what he had done with his money there was a small number within the house, the kindred of the deceased, in whom the curiosity raged like a mania. They invaded the cellars of the house, and, bringing up bottles of the old man's choice wines, kept up a continual carousal. Surrounding Mr. Duane, who had been present at Mr. Girard's death and remained to direct his funeral, they demanded to know if there was a will. To silence their indecent clamor he told them there was and that he was one of the executors. On hearing this their desire to learn its contents rose to a fury. In vain the executors reminded them that decency required that the will should not be opened until after the funeral. They even threatened legal proceedings if the will was not immediately produced, and at length, to avoid a public scandal, the executors consented to have it read. These affectionate relatives being assembled in a parlor of the house, in which the body of their benefactor lay, the will was taken from the iron safe by one of the executors.

When he opened it and was about to read he chanced to look over the top of the document at the company before him. No artist that ever held a brush could depict the passion of curiosity, the frenzy of expectation, expressed in that group of palid faces. Every individual among them expected to leave the apartment the conscious possessor of millions, for no one had dreamed of his leaving the bulk of his estate to the public. If they had ever heard of his saying that no one should be a gentleman on his money, they had forgotten or disbelieved it. The opening paragraphs of the will all tended to confirm their hopes, since the bequests to existing institutions were of small amount. But the reader soon reached the part of the will which assigned to ladies and gentlemen present such trifling sums as $5,000, $10,000, $20,000; and he arrived ere long at the sections which disposed of millions for the benefit of great cities and poor children. Some of them made not the slightest attempt to conceal their disappointment and disgust. Men were there who had married with a view to share the wealth of Girard, and had been waiting years for his death. Women were there who had looked to that event as the beginning of their enjoyment of life.

The imagination of the reader must supply the details of a scene which we might think dishonored human nature, if we could believe human nature was meant to be subjected to such a strain. It had been better, perhaps, if the rich man in his own lifetime had made his kindred partake of his superabundance, especially as he had nothing else that he could share with them. They attempted, on grounds that seemed utterly frivolous, to break the will, and employed the most eminent counsel to conduct their cause, but without effect They did, however, succeed in getting the property acquired after the execution of the will, which Girard, disregarding the opinion of Mr. Duane, attempted by a postscript to include in the will "It will not stand," said the lawyer. "Yes, it will," said Girard. Mr. Duane, knowing his man, was silent; and the courts have since decided that his opinion was correct.

## PERILS OF THE LIPS.

The recent decision of a Brooklyn judge makes kissing perilous business for unmarried people. It does not effect those who are wedded. They can smack each other to their heart's content, provided they can find parties who enjoy that kind of exercise. But not so with the unfortunates who happen to be unmarried. In this particular case there is no proof that the gentleman made any profession of love: he merely looked tenderly at the lady and affectionately squeezed her hand. It was not shown that he made a verbal agreement to marry the lady, but he had kissed her; and the kiss, in conjection with the aforesaid tender look and affectionate hand-shake, was adjudged legally equivilent to a promise of matrimony, and the unwilling man was mulcted in the sum of $15,000. The old proverb says that actions speak louder than words. A performance is more binding than a promise. But it is not a little remarkable that the tendency to facilitate matrimony is gaining strength. We have got marriage made easy. It is no longer necessary to make an audible and solemn pledge before a priest or justice of the peace.—Banns and ring are dispensed with. The fact carries the pledge and all its solemn implications with it. Now, if the dicision of the Brooklyn judge is sound, verbal courtship is abolished or promises dispensed with, and it is only necessary for an unmarried man to look on an unmarried woman and gently press her hand and sweetly kiss her willing lips, and the whole thing is settled This condenses the thing awfully. It puts the whole business—poetry and sentiment and moon-beams and love sick rhymes in all kinds of meter—into a nutshell. Now, we do not specially object to this concentration of wooing into a single short and decisive passage. Concentration is the manifest tendency and necessity of modern life. We do everything on a rush. We cannot afford to spend much time on anything. Courtships, like credits, must be short. But it does make kissing a terribly perilous business. And kissing is rather a sweet nice thing. Human beings take it pretty naturally It is the universal language of kindness and good feeling, of friendship as well as of affection. But what unmarried person will dare to kiss another, if the touch of the lips is to be constructed into a legally binding promise? We protest against the decision on behalf of the many excellent men and women who enjoy kissing and being kissed, and don't want to be compelled to confine their expressions of exquisitely fine sentiments to those who are married. A little tender consideration for the young people, whose lips are getting into a kissable condition, should have restrained our judge, who evidently was never a school boy himself, or has forgotten all the sweetness and romance of that interesting period.—*Ex.*

A heart full of grace is better than a heart full of notions.