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The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. R. 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.

LAW CARDS.

D. J. BLACKISTON,
Attorney at Law
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Will give prompt attention to any business entrusted to his care. Collections promptly made and real estate bought and sold. ally.

MARION deK. SMITH,
Attorney at Law
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Special attention given to the collection of claims in Kent and adjoining counties. all-6.

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.

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.

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.

MEDICAL CARDS.

MEDICAL NOTICE

DR. B. S. ROSEBERRY,
GALENA.

Office at the residence of Wm. Rogers, Esq., may be found at all hours when not professionally engaged. apl1-3t.

Medical Notice.

DR. GEO. T. PERKINS,
A Graduate of the University of Maryland,

Has opened an office on Water Street, Chestertown, near the Bridge. Office hours from 9½ A. M. to 12, M., and from 2 to 6, P. M., where he may be found except when professionally engaged. After 6, P. M., will be found at his father's residence. apl1-tf.

Medical Notice.

THE undersigned most respectfully inform their friends and the public that from the first day of April, 1874, they will associate themselves in a co-partnership for the better prosecution of their profession, and for the better accommodation of the public, under the name of "T. H. WHALAND & SON," pledging themselves to the discharge of their duties to the best of their abilities.

They may be found at all times (if not professionally engaged,) at their residence near Chestertown.

THOMAS H. WHALAND, M. D.,
CHAS. W. WHALAND, M. D.
March 28, 1874—tf.

WILLIAM F. WROTH,
DRUGGIST and APOTHECARY,
Still Pond, Kent county, Md.

☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours. apl8-3m.

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.

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.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 34. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1874. No. 50.

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.

Special Notice!

I BEG to inform my former patrons and the public generally, that I have resumed business at my old stand, and am now prepared to show a beautiful line of

MILLINERY GOODS,

Embracing everything new and desirable in

Ladies', Misses' and Children's

BONNETS, HATS, &c.

Also, FLOWERS, Ribbons, Silks, Ornaments, and in fact every article used in Millinery.

I have also an unusually attractive assortment of

WHITE GOODS,

Linens, Laces, Embroideries, Handkerchiefs, Veils, and every variety of Ladies' Neck Wear. Also, full lines of NOTIONS, Corsets, Skirts, &c., &c. In **DRY GOODS** there will be found a well assorted stock of

DOMESTIC GOODS,

of desirable patterns and design. Strict attention paid to orders for fine goods.

These goods have been selected with great care and bought at the lowest cash prices.

An early inspection is invited, guaranteeing that entire satisfaction, which a long experience and close attention to business alone can give.

MRS. C. R. FIDDIS.
Chestertown, April 11, 1874—3t.

☞ To the Ladies ☜

New Spring and Summer Millinery!

MRS. L. J. DAVIS

HAVING just returned from the city, invites the Ladies to call and examine her very large and well selected stock of

NEW MILLINERY GOODS
FOR
Spring and Summer

embracing all the styles in season, and which cannot fail to please. Also, a very large and

Beautiful Stock of Fancy Goods

such as Dress Trimmings, Embroideries, Handkerchiefs, Laces, Collars, Buttons, Crape, Hosiery, and all kinds of Veils, Gloves, &c, all of which will be sold at low prices.

Call and see my goods before purchasing.
apl1-3t. LAURA J. DAVIS.

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.

MASSEY & HUDSON'S
AND
LANDRETHS' WARRANTED 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.

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.

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

VERY VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
AT
PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned, as ATTORNEY FOR BENJAMIN R. MEGINNISS, will, on

WEDNESDAY,
THE SIXTH DAY OF MAY NEXT,

At half-past Ten o'clock, A. M., offer at Public Sale at the Hotel of John M. Ford, at Massey's Station, Kent county, Maryland, the

REAL ESTATE

of the said Benjamin R. Meginniss, situated in the First Election District of Kent county, aforesaid, on the public road leading from Massey's to Sassafras, and adjoining the property of David C Blackiston, Turbit C Meginniss, and others.

THE FARM
ABOVE MENTIONED, CONTAINS
One Hundred and Ninety-four Acres
OF LAND,

more or less. IT IS ONE OF THE MOST VALUABLE & HIGHLY IMPROVED FARMS IN KENT COUNTY. The whole of it is under excellent cultivation, highly improved, well watered, and with good post-and-rail and hedge fencing. Has

Two Thousand Healthy Peach Trees

of choice varieties, and a FINE APPLE ORCHARD, all in full bearing. The soil is admirably adapted to the growth of Fruit, Grass and Grain.

It is located about two miles from Masseys, a post village and Station on the Kent county Railroad, from which place there are two trains daily to and from Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore, and is only a short distance from George Town, a steamboat landing on Sassafras river. It is convenient to Churches, Schools, Mills, &c.

This is really a most desirable estate, lying in the midst of our very best lands, and one of the most beautiful, thrifty and social neighborhoods in the county. It should be seen to be appreciated.

The Improvements

Are a first-rate Two-Story FRAME DWELLING, BARN, STABLES, Carriage House, &c; in short everything that is needful for a first class farm.

There will also be offered at the same time

A WOOD LOT

near the said farm. It contains

FIFTY-ONE ACRES OF LAND.

The Wood on the tract is very fine, and the soil is good.

Mr. BENJAMIN R. MEGINNISS, who resides on the farm, will take pleasure in showing the premises to any who may call.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms of sale for the farm are: $5,000 cash on the day of sale, and the balance in equal annual instalments of one, two and three years from the day of sale, but the credit payments may be modified to suit the purchaser. The credit payments to be secured by the bond of the purchaser, with security approved by the undersigned, bearing interest from the day of sale. The terms for the Wood Lot made known on the day of sale.

Possession to suit the purchaser.

☞ For further information apply to

D. J. BLACKISTON, *Attorney,*
CHESTERTOWN, KENT CO., MD.
March 28, 1874—3.

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.

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.

KENT COUNTY, Sct:

I HEREBY CERTIFY that Mrs. M. A. Staats, of Kent county, personally appeared before me, the subscriber, one of the Justices of the Peace in and for the said county, this fourth day of April, 1874, and made oath in due form of law that she has taken up as estrays trespassing upon her enclosures, TWO SHOATS—One is white, with two black spots about the hip, and small spots about each eye; the other is black and white spotted.

Given under my hand.

THOS. K. STEPHENS, J. P.

NOTICE.—The owner of the above described shoats is hereby notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take them away.

MARY A. STAATS,
apl1-3t. Sassafras, Kent co.

FOR SALE,

A SMALL SLOOP, capable of carrying 130 bushels of Oysters. Will be sold low, on accommodating terms.

Apply to JOS. DILLNOT,
apl1-3t. Quaker Neck Wharf.

IF YOU WANT A **Nice Suit** MADE up, at a less price than a City Tailor would charge you, call on S. MERRITT & CO.

The Geese and the Cranes.

It is sunrise; in the morn
Stands a field of ripened corn,
And the rich autumnal rays
Of those Southern Kansas days
Fill that field of ripened corn
With an opalescent haze;
And the flocks of geese and cranes
Pick the fallen golden grains.

It is noon-time; and the rays
Of the Indian summer blaze,
And the field of ripened corn
Much more shattered than at morn
Seems emerging from the haze;
Fewer geese, but far more cranes
Pick the fallen golden grains.

It is evening; and the haze
Of the short autumnal days
Like a mantle seems to rest
On the dark and leaden West;
Shattered is the field of maize;
Homeward fly the geese, the cranes
Linger, picking golden grains.

It is midnight; rains and sleet
On the blackened landscape beat,
And there nothing now remains
Of that field of standing corn.
But through darkness, sleet, and rains
Comes the crying of the cranes
As they search through fields for corn
Fighting for the final grains.

* * * * *

Hours the grains, and life the field
Where the golden grains are had;
And our habits good and bad
Represents the geese and cranes
Eating up the golden grains;
Few the habits that are best
And they early go to rest;
But though sleet and midnight rains
Heard the clamors are of cranes
Fighting for the final grains

—*St. Louis Republican.*

A WORD TO MOTHERS.—"Oh, these boys. I do think they might be a little careful; 'tis drudge from morning 'til night; a hat here, a coat there to pick up. I do wish——"

Ah, mother, that wish had better been left unsaid. Think, if you had no boys to drudge for, what a dreary void your life would be; if the cold rain was beating piteously upon the grave of one of "those boys," how your heart would ache for the sound of his voice, and oh! how bitterly would come to your mind the cross words you had spoken; how often you would think, "If I only had him back how differently I would act."

Think then when you are tempted to speak crossly—only think—"boys will be boys," and speak to them kindly; do not arouse all the stubbornness in their natures by cross words and blows. There will, by and by, come a time when "those boys" will be great, strapping fellows, that will leave you for other homes, and when speaking of "mother" there will be a lowering of the voice as if "mother" was a little above mortals. Then make home pleasant for the boys, greet them with kind words, do not drive them from home for pleasure, but let your fireside be cheerful, have music, good books, and keep them off the street and out of bad company; make men of "those boys." On you "mothers" depend, in a great measure whether "those boys" will occupy positions of honor, or a convict's cell.

DISAPPEARED.—When a friend dies and is buried there's an end of him. We miss him for a space out of our daily existence; we mourn for him by degrees that become mercifully less; we cling to the blessed hope that we shall be reunited in some more perfect sphere; but, so far as this earth is concerned, there's an end of him. However near and dear he was, the time arrives when he does not form a part of our daily thought; he ceases to be even an abstraction. We go no more with flowers and tears into the quiet cemetery; only the rain and the snow flakes fall there; we leave it for the fingers of spring to deck the neglected mound. But when our friend vanishes unaccountably in the midst of a crowded city, or goes off on a sea voyage, and is never heard of again, his memory has a singular tenacity. He may may be to all intents and purposes dead to us, but we have not lost him. The ring of the door-bell, at midnight, may be his ring; the approaching footstep may be his footstep; the unexpected letter with foreign postmarks may be from his hand.—He haunts us as the dead never can. The woman whose husband died last night may marry again within a lustre of months. Do you suppose a week passes by when the woman whose husband disappeared mysteriously ten years ago does not think of him? There are moments when the opening of a door must startle her.

Arsenic Eaters.

It seems almost incredible that any person can be guilty of the madness of resorting to the use of poisons, either internally or externally, for the purpose of improving the complexion. Arsenic in any form in which it is used—although not in a pure metallic state and before oxidation—is a terrible poison. If taken in sufficient quantities, it causes death after excruciating suffering. In small doses it produces very unpleasant effects, and undoubtedly shortens life. The habit of eating arsenic once confirmed cannot be broken off. A persan is to be looked upon as idiotic who will deliberately adopt the practice of taking such an injurious and dangerous drug, merely for the purpose of whitening the skin. But there are other substances much more commonly used than arsenic for their effect upon the complexion, which are also highly deleterious. Many of the cosmetics which are sold contain lead, and there are few poisons which produce results more to be dreaded than those occasioned by lead. Even as used in hair dyes, it occasions neuralgia, paralysis, suffering and death. Seek good looks by seeking health; by early rising; out-door exercise, wholesome food, a clear conscience and the cultivation of a cheerful temper, and not by the use of arsenic or any other poison.

APPRECIATION OF BEAUTY.—One day last week, a boy from the South, on a visit to the city, was taking his lesson in the art of "sliding down hill," when he suddenly found his feet in rather close contact with a lady's silk dress. Surprised, mortified, and confused he sprang from his sled, and, cap in hand, commenced an earnest apology. "I beg your pardon, ma'am; I am very sorry." "Never mind," exclaimed the lady, "there is no great harm done, and you feel worse about it than I do." "But dear madam," said the boy, as his eyes filled with tears, "your dress is ruined. I thought you would be very angry with me for being so careless." "No, no," replied the lady, "better have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper."—"Oh, isn't she a beauty!" exclaimed the lad, as the lady passed on.

THE BOY HEROES.

A SKETCH OF EARLY WESTERN LIFE.

When Kentucky was an infant State, and before the foot of civilization had trodden her giant forests, there lived upon the branch of the Green river an old hunter by the name of John Slater. His hut was upon the Southern bank of the stream, and, save a small patch of some dozen acres that had been cleared by his own axe, he was shut up by dense forests. Slater had two children at home with him—two sons, Philip and Daniel—the former fourteen and the latter twelve years of age. The elder children had gone South. His wife was with him, but she had been for several years an almost helpless cripple from the effect of severe rheumatism.

It was early in the Spring, and the old hunter had just returned from Columbia, where he had been to carry the produce of the winter's labor, which consisted for the most part of furs. He had received quite a sum of money, and had brought it home with him. The old man had several years been accumulating money, for civilization was gradually approaching him, and he meant that his children should start on fair terms with the world.

One evening just as the family were sitting down to their frugal supper, they were attracted by a sudden howling of the dogs, and as Slater went to the door to see what was the matter, he saw three men approaching his hut.

He quickly quieted the dogs, and the strangers approached the door. They asked for something to eat, and also for lodging for the night. John Slater was not the man to refuse a request of that kind, and he asked the strangers in. They set their rifles behind the door, unslung their packs, and room was made for them at the supper table. They represented themselves as travelers bound farther West, intending to cross the Mississippi in search of a settlement.

The new comers were far from being agreeable or prepossessing in their looks, but Slater took no notice of the circumstance, for he was not one to doubt any man. The boys, however, did not like their appearance at all, and quick glances which they gave each other told their feelings. The hunter's wife was not at the table, but she sat in her great easy chair by the fire.

Slater entered into conversation with the guests, but they were not very free, and after a while the talk lulled to occasional questions. Philip, the elder of the two, noticed that the men cast uneasy glances about the room, and he watched them narrowly. His fears had become excited and he could not rest. He knew that his father had a large sum of money in the house, and his first thought was a suspicion that the men were there for the purpose of robbery.

When the supper was over, the boys quickly left the table, and then went out doors. It was after dark, or rather the night had fairly set in and there was a bright moon, two-thirds full shining upon the forest.

"Daniel," said Philip, in a low whisper, at the same time casting a look over his shoulders, "what do you think of these 'ere men?"

"I am afraid they are bad ones," returned the other boy.

"So am I. I believe they mean to steal father's money. Don't you notice how they look round?"

"Yes."

"So did I. If we should tell father what we think he would only laugh at us, and tell us we were perfect scare-crows."

"But we can watch them."

"Yes, we will watch 'em, but do not let them know it."

The boys held some further consultations, and then going to the dog-house, they set the small door back, so that the hounds might spring forth if they were wanted. If they had desired to speak with their father about their suspicions, they had no chance, for the strangers sat close by him all the evening.

At length, however, the old man signified his intention of retiring, and arose to go out of doors, to see to the state of affairs without. The three followed him, but they did not take their weapons! The old lady was asleep in the chair.

"Now," whispered Philip, "let's take two of the rifles up to our bed—we may want them. We are as good as men with the rifles."

Daniel sprang to obey, and quickly as possible the boy slipped two rifles from their pockets behind the great stove chimney, and then hastened back and emptied the priming from the strangers' rifles, and when their father and the strangers returned they had resumed their seats.

The hunter's cabin was divided into two apartments on the ground floor, one of them in the end of the building being the old man's sleeping room, and the other the room in which the company at present sat.

Overhead there was a sort of scaffolding, reaching only half-way over the large room below it, and in the opposite end of the building from the little sleeping apartment of the hunter. A rough ladder led up to the scaffold, and on it, close up to the gable end, was the boys' bed. There was no partition at the edge of this scaffolding, but it was all open to the rooms below.

Spare bedding was spread upon the floor of the kitchen for the three travelers, and after everything had been arranged for their comfort, the boys went up to their bed, and the old man retired to his little room.

The two boys thought not of sleep, or if they did, it was only to avoid it. Half an hour had passed away, and they could hear their father snore. Then they heard a movement from those below. Philip crawled silently to where he could peep down through a crack, and saw one of them open his pack, from which he took several pieces of raw meat by the rays of the moon, and moving toward the window, he shoved the sash back and threw the pieces of flesh to the dogs. Then he went back to his bed and laid down.

At first the boys thought that this might be thrown to the dogs only to distract their attention; but when the man laid down the idea of poison flashed through Philip's mind. He whispered his thoughts to his brother. The first impulse of little Daniel, as he heard that his poor dogs were to be poisoned, was to cry out, but a sudden pressure from the hand of his brother kept him silent.

At the end of the boys' bed there was a dark window, a small square door, and it was directly over the dog's house, Philip resolved to go down and save the dogs. The undertaking was a dangerous one; for the least noise would arouse the villians, and the consequences might be fatal. But Philip Slater found himself strong in heart, and he determined upon the trial. His father's life might be in his hands. This thought was a tower of strength in itself.

Philip opened the window without moving from the bed, and it swung upon its leathern hinges without noise. Then he threw off the sheet and tied the corner of it to the staple by which the window was hooked. The sheet was then lowered on the outside, and carefully the brave boy let himself out upon it. He enjoined his brother not to move, and then slid noiselessly down. The hounds had just found the meat, and they drew back at their young master's beck, and Philip gathered the flesh all up. He easily quieted the faithful brutes, and then he quickly tied the meat up in the sheet. There was a light ladder standing near the dog-house, and setting this up against the building, Philip made his way back to his little loft, and when once safely there he pulled the sheet in after him.

The strangers had not been aroused, and with a beating heart the boy thanked God. He had performed an act, simple as it may appear, at which many a stout heart would have quailed. The dogs growled as they went back into their kennel, and if the strangers heard them, they thought the poor animals were growling over the repast they had found.

At length the hounds ceased their noise and all was quiet. An hour passed away, and so did another. It must have been nearly midnight when the men moved again, and the lad, Philip, saw the rays of a candle flash up through the cracks of the floor on which stood his bed. He would have moved to the crack where he could peep down, but at that moment he heard a man upon the ladder. He uttered a quick whisper to his brother, and they lay perfectly still. The man came to the top of the ladder, and held his light up so he could look upon the boys. The fellow seemed to be perfectly satisfied that they were asleep, for he soon returned to the ground floor, and then Philip crept to the crack. He saw the men take knives, and he heard them whispering.

"We'll kill the old man and woman first," said one of them "then we'll hunt the money. If those little brats up there (pointing to the scaffold) wake up, we can easily take care of them."

"But we must kill them all," said another of the villians.

"Yes," returned the speaker, "but not the young ones first; they'd make a noise and start the old man up."

Philip's heart beat with terror.

"Down the ladder outside! quick!" he whispered to his brother. "Down, and start up the dogs! Run for the front door and throw it open—it isn't fastened! O, do let the dogs in the house, be quick as you can! I'll look out for father whilst you go."

Daniel quickly crawled out through the little window, and Philip seized a rifle and crept to the head of the scaffold. Two of the villians were just approaching the door of his father's room. They had set the candle down on the floor, so that its light would fall into the bedroom as the door was opened. Phillip drew the hammer of his rifle back, and rested the muzzle upon the edge of the boards. One of the men had his hand upon the latch.—The boy hero uttered a single word of heartfelt prayer, and then he pulled the trigger. The villian whose hand was upon the latch, uttered one sharp, quick cry, and then fell upon the floor. The bullet had passed through his brain.

For an instant the two remaining villains were confounded, but they quickly comprehended the nature of their enemy, and they sprang for the ladder. They did not reach it, however, for at that instant the outer door was flung open and the hounds—four in number—sprang into the the house. With a deep, wild yell, the animals leaped upon the villians, and they had drawn them upon the floor just as the old hunter came from his room. "Help us! help us! father," cried Philip, as he hurried down the ladder. "I've shot one of them! They are murderers! robbers! Hold 'em! hold 'em!" the boy continued, clapping his hands to the dogs. Old Slater comprehended the nature of the scene in a moment, and sprang to the spot where the hounds had the two men upon the floor. The villians had both lost their knives, and the dogs had so wounded them that they were incapable of resistance.—With much difficulty the animals were called off, and the two men were lifted to a seat. There was no need of binding them, for they needed some more restorative agent, as the dogs had made quick work in disabling them.

After they had been looked to, the old man cast his eyes about the room. They rested a moment upon the body of him who had been shot, and then turned upon the boys. Philip told him all that had happened. It seemed some time before the old hunter could crowd the whole teeming truth through his mind; but as he gradually comprehended it all, soft, grateful, proud light broke over his features, and he held out his arms to his sons.

"Noble, noble boys!" he muttered, as he clasped them to his bosom. "God bless you for this. O, I dreamed not that you had such hearts."

For a long time the old man gazed on his boys in silence; while tears of love and gratitude rolled down his cheeks, and his whole face was lighted up with the most joyous, holy pride.

Long before daylight, Philip mounted the horse and started for the nearest settlement, and early in the forenoon the officers of justice had the two wounded men in charge, while the body of the third was removed. They were recognized by the officers as criminals of notoriety; but this was their last adventure, for the justice they had so long outraged fell upon them and stopped them in their career.

Should any of our readers chance to pass down the Ohio, I beg they would take notice of a large white mansion that stands upon the Southern bank, with a wide forest park in front of it, and situated some eight miles west of Owensboro. Ask your steamboat captain who lives there, and he will tell you, "Philip Slater & Brother, retired flour merchants."—They are the Boy Heroes of whom I have been writing.

AN old revolver—the earth.

Two New York Girls as Barbers.

A N. York correspondent of the Chambersburg Repository gives this account of how two courageous young ladies in that city got in the barbering business:

Two women, at least, have secured their rights, and have now all the privileges that men enjoy. Two very pretty young girls, aged respectively 18 and 20, had a papa who was rich, and who lived in fine style on Fifth Avenue. Papa got into the hands of the Philistines last autumn and busted.

The girls were genuine girls, notwithstanding the fact that they had been fashionably educated, and they felt their poor father's distress keenly. The old gentleman's trouble so weighed upon his mind that he sickened and took to his bed, and got in a bad way generally. The house in which he lived was fortunately the property of his wife, so they could not be turned out of doors, but as the old gentleman had sunk every dollar he had in the world, the question of bread and butter became a serious one.

One morning the old gentleman's barber did not come around to shave him, and Ella, the eldest girl, said she could do it. She took her father's implements and shaved him as nicely and neatly as any tonsorial artist could do it, and dressed his hair and trimmed his whiskers, and propped him up in bed as comfortable as you please. An idea struck Mary, the younger.

"Ella, if you can shave papa, you can shave any other man."

"True," said Ella.

"If you can shave a man I can shave a man."

"True, once more. But what has that to do with us."

"Ella, do you want to starve?"

"No, my child."

"Papa can't get out—Mamma is selling off the plate to get what we eat each day. Let us stop all this by starting a barber shop."

Ella saw the point. The two girls rigged up an extempore chair, and tried their hands on the coachman; he brought his friends in, and in a week's time the girls were accomplished and expert workmen, or rather work women.

Then they sold the horses and carriages, and taking the proceeds fitted up a modest, but neat shop in Union Square and went at it. The first customers they had were young swells who had known them "in society" and great was their astonishment.

"Miss Mawy," said one of them, "by Jove, what led you to this?"

"Papa failed you know, Charles, and we had to do this or worse."

"Worse! worse! Why, what could you do that would be worse?"

"Marry a man like you," replied Mary dabbing her shaving brush in his mouth.

It is an encouraging fact that the girls have all that they can do, at good prices, and are not only supporting their parents in comfort, but are laying up a handsome sum besides.

MR. BEECHER ON ALCOHOL.—Rev. H. W. Beecher devoted his discourse on Sunday evening to a review of the liquor question and the temperance crusade in the West. Local option, he thought, had in many cases accomplished a great deal of good. The trouble with laws of this kind was that the great body of the citizens failed to sustain them by their influence and votes. Policemen and Police Magistrates were unable to do everything. As to liquor itself, he did not consider it at all times and under all circumstances injurious. A healthy man had no need of it, and was better off without it, but all men were not healthy. Then there were people engaged in the temperance reformation who were pushing it too far, who were repelling more by their bigotry and intolerance than they conquered by their arguments and prayers. People who insisted that under no possible circumstance, or combination of circumstances, a tumberfull of brandy was of use to the disordered system might mean well, but they were on the wrong track. The idea, on which the great temperance reformation began thirty years ago, that all liquor was of itself poison, had been undermined by science. But there were those who went even further than this, and pronounced stimulants to be bad. A man who endeavored to carry out their precepts would be in danger of starvation. The fact was that, stimulants in certain cases and in moderate quantities were unquestionably of benefit to the physical health. It was all very well to talk about the reaction and say that that was invariably equal to the exaltation, but it was untrue. One reason why Americans as a race used them to excess was from their lack of proper recreation. Good food, properly prepared, and pleasant homes were what Americans needed to wean them from this demon of drink. The temperance crusade the speaker regarded as effecting much good, though more of it by opening the way to a wider field for woman's influence than by prayers at the rumsellers, addressed from the sidewalk. Let woman reform the table, substitute for indigestible food a diet at once agreeable and nutritious, and half the temptation to drink would be done away with. In conclusion he had two rules to be offered: First, don't drink at all; second, if you must drink, let it be of the right kind, at the right time, and under the right circumstances.

Courtship.

Dean Swift's recipe for courtship was as follows:

Two or three dears, and two or three sweets,
Two or three balls, or two or three treats,
Two or three serenades, given as a lure,
Two or three oaths how much they endure,
Two or three messages sent in one day,
Two or three times led out from the play,
Two or three tickets for two or three times,
Two or three love letters writ all in rhymes,
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules
Can never fail making a couple of fools.

TIME.—Years rush by us like the wind. We see not whence the eddy comes, nor whitherward it is tending; and we seem ourselves to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed; and yet time is beguiling man of his strength as the wind robs the woods of their foliage. He is a wise man who, like the millwright, employs every gust.

TRUTH is nothing like persistence.—John Couch was married in Philadelphia the other day to a girl who had refused him eighteen times. She wanted to see if he really loved her.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—The question of woman suffrage seems to be taking a practical shape in some of the Western States. The Michigan Legislature has passed a bill by a two-thirds vote submitting the question to the people. The same proposition is under consideration in the Iowa Legislature. When the subject gets before the people of those States a vigorous canvass and an exhaustive discussion of the question by the champions of both sides may be expected. Perhaps it will be in order that women shall themselves address the assembled sovereigns in defence of their own rights. It will be difficult for an audience of men thus appealed to to turn a deaf ear to the female advocates. Such a woman as Mrs. Van Cott on the stump in Michigan or Iowa would carry all before her. Besides, the sentiment of gallantry would go a great way among the male electors. At the same time, while governments derive their authority from the consent of the governed, very few women in the United States have evinced any desire to have the franchise extended to their own sex. It is within the bounds of creditility that if an act were passed by the Legislature of almost any State in the Union empowering women to vote upon the question whether a bill giving them suffrage should be submitted to the present electors there would be a majority against it. At any rate such a measure would test the question whether women wish to vote at all and this ought to be fairly ascertained before it is decided to extend to them the suffrage. The spheres of the sexes are so different, and women have so much to do in attending to their household affairs, that it may be doubted whether, as a general thing they feel inclined to desire the privilege of voting. Even if they were endowed with suffrage the probability is that they would vote with their male relatives, so that so far as the effect upon the country was concerned the aggregate vote would not be much affected.

DEATH OF AN AMERICAN INVENTOR.—James Bogardus, the eminent American inventor, died at his residence in New York on the 13th inst. He was born at Catskill, N. Y., in March, 1800, hence he had passed his seventy-fourth year. In his youth he was an apprentice to a watchmaker; his proficiency in business soon attracted the attention of his employers. His first invention was an eight day three-wheel chronometer clock, receiving the highest premium from the American Institute, N. Y. His next invention was an eight-day clock, with three wheels and a segment of a wheel, which struck the hours, and, without dial wheels, marked the hours, minutes and seconds. He first came prominently before the public as an inventor in 1828, and from that year until the present time he displayed a wonderful fertility of genius, as the originator of many useful mechanical contrivances. His reputation was well known in Europe, where his inventions were used with success. Prominent among the things he originated were cast-iron buildings, the first one being a large factory for his own use in New York. He erected many other iron buildings, prominent among which are Harper's building, New York; Public Ledger building, Philadelphia; Baltimore Sun iron building; Adams Express building, Washington; Birch's building, Chicago, and the immense iron building Santa Catalina, Havana. He was last engaged in the perfection of a machine for deep sea sounding, dispensing with a line and registering depths of ten or fifteen miles, as well as the temperature of the water.

"DEAR old Aunt Sarah," said a school girl, "don't see very well, and last Sunday she was buzzing about getting ready for church, looking for her umbrella, specs, overshoes, and last but not least, her prayer book. The latter she thought she had secured by grabbing something off her bureau, at the last moment, but when she got to church it proved to be my musical box, and the old lay, in trying to find the place in this uncommon book of prayer, touched the spring, and it went off in fine style to the tune of "O, Jim Along, Jim Along, Josie."

"HANS," said his grandfather one day, "take this jug and go out and get me some beer." "All right, give me the money." "Oh! it is easy enough to get beer with money, the thing is to get it without money." Hans goes out and soon returns with the jug. His grandfather, after trying in vain to get a drink, says: "Hans, this jug is empty." "So much the better," replied the urchin, "it is easy enough to drink beer when the jug is full; the thing is to get a drink when it is empty."

"How much better it would have been to have shaken hands and allow it was all a mistake," said a Detroit judge. "Then the lion and the lamb would have lain down together, and white-robed peace would have fanned you with her wings and elevated you with her smiles of approbation. But no; you went to clawing and biting and rolling in the mud, and here you are. It's $5 apiece."

A learned divine at Burlington said to a liquor dealer there: "Wretched man! if the bed of that river was bank high with the suds of salvation, and a June rise of piety was coming down from the mountains, there wouldn't be enough to wash your feet!"

A GERMAN, who was asked if lager beer was intoxicating, replied:

"Vell, I drinks from seventy to eighty glasses a day, und I feel all straight in mine upper story for any kind of business, but I can't tell vat it voud do mit men vot makes a swill-tub of himself."

"Do you go to Sabbath-school, my lad?" kindly asked a city missionary of a depraved little Dubuque urchin. "Nary," answered the innocent child, "but I've got a fightin' cock that can walk over any bird in this town that wears gaffs."

A SMALL boy arose at a Sunday school concert and began quite glibly:—"A certain man went down from Jerusalem, and fell—and fell—" there his memory began to fail him, "and—and—fell by the road side, and the thorns sprung up and choked him."

"AND so they go," said a rural politician, some years ago, who had represented his ward in the town council; "our greatest men are fast departing—first Calhoun, then