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The Kent News:

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

AB. 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.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 35. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1874. No. 6.

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.

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.

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. ag12-y.

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 in the Masonic Building.
Particular attention given to the collection of Claims. f8-6.

MEDICAL CARDS.

DR. W. E. TARBUTTON,
OFFICE at CRUMPTON

Offers his Professional Services to the citizens of Queen Anne's and Kent counties.
May 9, 1874—3m.

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. ap11-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. ap18-3m.

CHAS. CAMBLOS & Co.
Bankers and Brokers,
No. 38 SOUTH THIRD ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.

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

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.

A LOT OF 8x10 WINDOW SASH on hand and for sale.
jan31 JOHN T. DODD & SON.

Trustee's Sale.

BY virtue of an order or Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity, the undersigned, as Trustee, will expose to PUBLIC SALE, on

TUESDAY,
The TWENTY-THIRD of JUNE, 1874

At the Porch of the Voshell House, in Chestertown, at Eleven o'clock, A. M., all that

FARM and PLANTATION
IN KENT COUNTY,
BEING THE
HOME FARM,
Of the late Samuel E. Baker, deceased,
CONTAINING
290 Acres, More or Less.

This farm is eligibly located on the road leading from Chestertown to Belair, and about three and a half miles from the former place. It adjoins the lands of the late William Thos. Baker, Josias Kinggold and others.

The soil is of excellent quality—produces the various kinds of grain and grasses successfully. It has been thoroughly limed.

The farm is divided into six fields and several lots, all under very fair fencing. The Garden is enclosed. There are a large quantity of Locust trees, suitable for Posts.

A fair proportion of the land is in WOOD AND TIMBER, some of it CHESTNUT.

A stream of water runs through the centre of the Farm. There is an

Apple Orchard and a Peach Orchard,
Young and bearing, of about 2,000 TREES.

The Dwelling
IS TWO STORIES IN HEIGHT, commodious and in good repair. *There is a KITCHEN, Two CORN HOUSES, Two Granaries, Stabling, Machine House, Brick Meat House,* DAIRY, and Pump of Water convenient.

Mrs. MARY JONES, the tenant, will facilitate the examination of the premises by any who may call.

THE TERMS OF SALE, as prescribed by the Decree, are: one-fifth of the purchase money on the day of sale, or in ninety days, at the option of the Trustee. The balance to be paid in three equal instalments, in six, twelve and eighteen months from the day of sale, with interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the Bond of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the Trustee. The terms may be modified to suit persons disposed to purchase.

GEORGE VICKERS, TRUSTEE.
Chestertown, May 23, 1874—ts.

Trustee's Public Sale
OF
No. 1 Real Estate
IN KENT CO., MARYLAND.

BY VIRTUE of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Chancery, as Trustee, the undersigned will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on

TUESDAY, the 23d day of June, 1874
AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, M.,
At the Voshell House, in Chestertown, the residue of the REAL ESTATE of the late John M. Hudson.

THIS ESTATE was formerly known as
THE FREEMAN FARM.

It lies near the Trappe, in the Fifth Election District of Kent county, Maryland. The location is most eligible, being in the centre of a healthy, thrifty, and enterprising neighborhood; convenient to Churches, Schools, Mills, &c.; not over five miles from Chestertown, within two miles of the Steamboat Wharf of Mr. H. Beck, on the North East branch of Langford's Bay, and not over two and a half miles from Vickers' Station, on the Kent county Railroad.

THE FARM
Contains 300 Acres,
by recent survey; Twenty Acres in Wood and the balance arable.

It is one of the most fertile and productive Farms in the neighborhood, and has few, if any, rivals in the County.

The Improvements
Are a FRAME DWELLING,
And the usual Out-Buildings; all in fair order.

A Young and Thrifty Peach Orchard
OF 5,000 TREES,
A Healthy and Thriving PEAR ORCHARD of Twelve Hundred Trees.
And an Apple Orchard of about 75 Trees.

The fruits of these Orchards are of the most approved and saleable varieties.

THE TERMS OF SALE,

As prescribed by the Decree, are as follows, viz:—One-fourth part of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or on the ratification of said sale by the Circuit Court for Kent County, at the option of the Trustee, and the residue in two equal instalments of one and two years from the day of sale, with interest thereon from said day—the credit payments to be secured by the bond of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the Trustee.

RICHARD HYNSON, TRUSTEE.
Chestertown, May 23, 1874.

By the direction of the Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Chancery, for the sale of the real estate of John M. Hudson, late of Kent county, deceased, the Trustee to sell said property hereby notifies the Creditors of the said John M. Hudson, deceased, to file their claims, with the vouchers thereof, with the Clerk of said Court within four months from the day of the sale of said property.

RICHARD HYNSON, TRUSTEE.
May 23, 1874—ts.

☞ **"Mind Your Own Business."**
A LECTURE
By DR. D. A. SHERMER
on the above subject, will be delivered at Wesley Chapel M. P. Church, on Monday Evening, June 22d. Tickets 25 cents. Proceeds for the Church. je13-2t.

SPLENDID
REAL ESTATE
IN KENT COUNTY, MD.,
—AT—
TRUSTEE'S SALE

AS TRUSTEE, under a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Chancery, the undersigned will,

On Wednesday, the 24th of June, 1874
Offer at PUBLIC SALE in the village of GALENA, at 12 o'clock, M.,

The Valuable Real Estate
OF MR. H. H. RASIN, called
"Old Field Point"

WHICH LIES IN KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND, NEAR GALENA.

This Estate contains about
280 ACRES,
of which much the larger portion is arable.

It is laid off in proper and convenient divisions for farming purposes, and is under good and substantial fencing. The soil is of the very best and most desirable quality for the production of cereals, fruits and vegetables; and has upon it a

Large and Valuable Peach Orchard,
the fruit of which is of the most choice and saleable varieties.

In the advantages and convenience arising from location, such as beauty and salubrity of situation, convenience to churches, schools, mills, &c., frequent and cheap communication with the cities of Baltimore and Philadelphia, this estate will bear the most favorable comparison with the best and most desirable in the county. It lies directly on Sassafras River, adjoining the lands of Col Geo. W. Spencer and Mr. James Hurtt; is within three miles of the steamboat wharf at Georgetown, and not more than four from Lambson's Station, on the Kent County Railroad; while the deep water of the river from its shores may be reached by a short and cheap wharf, which would be directly on the line of the contemplated Chesapeake and Delaware Ship Canal.

Among the many handsome and salubrious situations on Sassafras river, this is acknowledged to be the handsomest and most healthy.

To any one desiring a healthy and beautiful residence, and therewith remunerative returns for his investment, this estate offers inducements to purchase far superior to those usually presented in property offered at public auction.

The Improvements
ARE A NEW, LARGE SQUARE
Frame Dwelling,
well planned and substantially built, and the usual Farm OUT-BUILDINGS, all in fair order.

THE TERMS OF SALE

as prescribed by the Decree are as follows:—$2,000 cash on the day of sale, or within sixty days thereafter at the option of the Trustee, the residue or balance in two equal instalments of one and two years from the day of sale, the whole purchase money to bear interest from the day of sale, and payment to be secured by the bond of the purchaser with surety or sureties to be approved by the Trustee.

RICHARD HYNSON, TRUSTEE.
Chestertown, May 23, 1874—ts.

PUBLIC SALE.

I HEREBY OFFER AT PUBLIC SALE ON
Tuesday, June 23rd, 1874,
At the Voshell House, in Chestertown,
At Twelve o'clock, M.,
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.

Terms will be made known at time of sale.

Terms easy and reasonable. For further information apply to

GEORGE A. HANSON.
Radcliffe Hall, June 6, 1874—tds.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of a writ of fieri facias, issued out of the Circuit Court for Kent county, and to me directed, at the suit of B. J. Woodward, Jos. Morton and Jos. James, use of C. P. Morton, Trustee, use of the Provident Life and Trust Comp'y, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of John W. Hines, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim, interest and estate of the said Jno. W. Hines, of, in and to all that

Farm or Plantation,
situate and lying in Kent County, State of Maryland, on the public road from Chestertown to Morgan's Creek, adjoining the lands of Geo. W. T. Perkins and others, and containing
262 ACRES,
more or less, generally called "HOPEWELL,"

it being the same property which was sold and conveyed by Richard Hynson, Trustee, to a certain Thos. Woodward, by deed of January 21st, 1867, and recorded among the land records for Kent county aforesaid in Liber J. K. H., No. 4, page 701, &c., and which the executors of the said Thos. Woodward sold to the said Jno. W. Hines, which sale was duly reported to the Orphans' Court for said county on or about the 18th day of June, 1867, and finally ratified by said court on the 27th of August then next ensuing, as on reference to the aforesaid deed and report will more fully appear.

And I hereby give notice, that on *MONDAY, the 29th day of June, 1874,* between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock, P. M., at the Court House Door, in Chestertown, I will sell said property so seized and taken in execution at public sale to the highest bidder, for cash, to pay and satisfy said writ, interest and cost due and to become due thereon.

EDW. PLUMMER, Sheriff.
June 6, 1874—ts.

GAS TAR,
MACHINE OIL, LIME,
CIDER VINEGAR,
For sale at MING'S.
May 16.

Valuable Lands
Near Kennedyville, Kent co., Md.,
—AT—
PRIVATE SALE.

THE undersigned, as attorney for the owner, Louis Wilbur, Esq., will dispose at Private Sale of the farm lately belonging to Arthur J. Wallis, and now in his occupancy, adjoining the lands of Wm. R. Cochran, Esq., John S. Hurlock, Esq., and others, about two miles from Kennedyville, and on the old road from Urieville to Chesterville.

THE FARM
Contains 266 Acres,
MORE OR LESS,

is divided into a convenient number of fields, under good fencing. The land is of the very best quality, has been well improved, and is very productive. There is

A Convenient and Substantial
DWELLING,
IN GOOD REPAIR,
with ample Barn, Stable, Granary and Corn House. There is a

Young & Thrifty PEACH ORCHARD
of several thousand trees, in good bearing, and a good deal of excellent Osage Hedging.

The neighborhood is very desirable, being in the heart of the best region of Kent county and convenient to railroad Stations and River Landings. Schools, Churches, Mills, P. O., &c.

TERMS OF SALE will be made easy, and will be made known on application to the undersigned.

JAMES A. PEARCE, ATT'Y,
Chestertown, Md.
Chestertown, June 6, 1874—3t.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF—
Valuable Land
IN KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

BY VIRTUE of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent County, sitting as a Court of Equity, the undersigned as Trustee, will offer at Public Sale to the highest bidder, on

Tuesday, June 30, '74,
AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, A. M.,
At the Voshell House, in Chestertown,
ALL THAT FARM,
BELONGING to JOHN H. CUMMINS and situated in the First Election District of Kent county, between the public road leading from Galena to Lambson's Station and the public road leading from Galena to Millington, and adjoining the lands purchased by Andrew Woodall, lately belonging to Rich'd Peacock. The Farm

Contains 207¾ Acres,
more or less, in the Home Tract, besides

A Wood Lot detached,
Containing Fifteen Acres, more or less,

which adjoins the lands of S. W. Comegys and others, and is about 1½ miles from the Home Tract, so that the whole tract contains 222¾ Acres, more or less.

The land is all of excellent quality, and the greater part of it may be called prime land. The soil is of medium texture, and is well adapted to wheat, corn, oats and grass, as well as to fruit. It has been limed and is in very good condition; is divided into a convenient number of fields, and is under fair fencing. There is a good APPLE ORCHARD, and a

Peach Orchard
of about Eight or Ten Acres.

The Dwelling House
Is a substantial and convenient Two-Story Frame, of ample size and in good condition, situated in a well shaded spot, and provided with an excellent well of water. There is a LARGE BARN, nearly new, containing Granary, Corn House, Stabling, &c., under one roof, ample for the use of the farm, besides the other usual Outbuildings.

The Kent County Railroad passes through the farm, and Lambson's Station is less than a mile distant, at which daily trains stop. The farm is about 2½ miles from Galena, where are churches, schools, excellent stores and mechanics, foundry and machine shops; and it is about 3½ miles from Georgetown, from which point there is a daily line of steamers to and from Baltimore. The neighborhood is noted for thrift, industry and health.

THE TERMS OF SALE

as prescribed by the decree are as follows:—The sum of Seven Thousand Dollars to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or in sixty days thereafter, at the option of the Trustee; the balance in two equal payments in one and two years from the day of sale, with interest from the 1st day of January, 1875, the credit payments to be secured by the bond of the purchaser, with security approved by the Trustee. Possession given January 1st, 1875, with privilege to seed wheat in the fall. Title indisputable.

JAMES A. PEARCE, TRUSTEE.
Chestertown, June 6, 1874—ts.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of a writ of attachment, issued out of the Circuit Court of Kent County, and to me directed, at the suit of Simon W. Hoyer, against the lands, tenements, goods and chattels, rights and credits of The New Jersey Southern Railroad Company, I have levied on, seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said, The New Jersey Southern Railroad Company, of, in and to the following property, to wit:

1 Coal Burner Locomotive, No. 16,
1 BROAD-TREAD HOUSE CAR,
2 Box Cars, 145, 159,
FOUR PLATFORM CARS,
Nos. 25, 29, 39, 59.
2 PLATFORM CARS, Nos. 1 and 2.

And I hereby give notice, that by virtue of an order of sale, passed by the Circuit Court of Kent County, Maryland, that on

MONDAY,

THE TWENTY-SECOND day of JUNE, 1874, at the depot of the Kent County Railroad Company, near Chestertown, at 11 o'clock, A. M., I will sell the above described property to the highest bidder for cash, to pay and satisfy said writ, debt, interest and costs due and to become due thereon.

EDW. PLUMMER, Sheriff.
June 6, 1874—ts.

CAMP MEETING.—The friends of the Chesterville Camp are requested to meet in the woods of Mr. David Clemens, near Chesterville, on SATURDAY, the 20th of June, to make full arrangements for the Camp to be held on the 14th of August.

H. COLCLAZIER, Pastor.
je13

LITTLE BLUE-EYES.

"How provoking such children are," I said,
As I brushed the thin locks on my bachelor head;
For little Blue-Eyes looked up from her play,
Saying: "Uncle Don's hair is dittin' dray."

I saw the twinkle in Charlie's eye,
And sister Fannie's smile, so sly;
The little one sprang to her mother's side,
"Is Uncle Don andry wif me?" she cried.

A sweet voice I heard, so tender and mild—
"Uncle John knows you are only a child;
A soft kiss I felt my cheek upon—
"B'ue-Eyes is sorwy s'e 'fend Uncle Don."

Never again shall my voice be heard
Against little children to utter a word;
God pity the homes where no little ones play,
Where dolls and toys have been all laid away.

A year has passed—o'er our darling's grave,
In that sunny nook tall grasses wave;
Wealth would I give could I hear her say,
"Uncle Don's hair is dittin' dray."

A Twenty Thousand Dollar Toy.

Joseph Bergman, of Lansingburg, has just completed an automatic wonder at his residence in that village, on which he has labored constantly for the past three years. Bergman has already refused twenty thousand dollars for the toy, which is thus described in the Troy Times:

It is intended to represent in a measure the business portion of a small village. There are a series of houses or compartments, each devoted to some special branch of industry, and the whole surmounted by a tower, on which there is a town clock, and chime of bells. Commencing at the left hand side of the machine is a lager beer garden, with figures sitting around a table drinking. At intervals they raise the mug to their lips, and a man stands beside the beer keg drawing the beer. To the right is a shepherd tending his flock. Beside him is a maiden, to whom he occasionally "makes eyes;" and he also performs on a flageolet held in his hand. The saw mill is a fac-simile of such an institution. The log is in its place, and slides along to meet the teeth of the saw, which is working up and down cutting it in two. The attendants are all busy in several duties. The grist-mill is also going One man is tending and feeding the hopper. Every now and then he goes back and forth with a tray upon his shoulders, the contents of which he pours into the mouth of the hopper. The great water wheel is moving steadily under the pressure of the water from above, and the elevator keeps up its show of relieving a canal boat of its load of grain. The oil mill is at work, and the figures are all busy about it performing their several missions. A carpenter walks up and down a ladder while at his work. The scissors grinder is engaged at his vocation.

An artist looks out of the window of his house and offers a pinch of snuff to the miller's boy, while the old miller sits on a balcony reading books and papers, which an attendant from time to time brings out to him. A woman in one house hands a man a fiddle, on which he is expected to play. Another woman watches for her lover, but is watched in turn by a jealous villager. The blacksmith shop is in full operation, the man at the forge blows the bellows, and the sparks fly from the fire as natural as life. One man is engaged in shoeing a horse, and another welds on the anvil. One man is cutting wood; a girl is watering plants, which gradually grow, bud and bloom. Other figures are actively engaged, but they are too numerous to mention, there being over fifty in all. There are two fountains, a music-box, bells, etc., all of which operate naturally. The whole forms a most wonderful combination of machinery, and is operated by means of weights. When wound up it will run three hours.

A SERMON IN A PARAGRAPH.—President Porter, of Yale College, gave the following advice to the students of that institution the other day:

"Young men, you are the architects of your own fortune. Rely on your own strength of body and soul. Take for your guiding star self-reliance. Subscribe on your banner, "Luck is a fool; Pluck is a hero." Don't take too much advice—keep at your helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Think well of yourself. Strike out. Assume your own position. Put potatoes in a cart, over a rough road, and the small ones go to the bottom. Rise above the envious and jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Don't marry until you can support a wife. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous. Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money and do good with it. Love your God and fellow man. Love truth and virtue. Love your country and obey its laws."

CURIOUS MATTERS.—If a tallow candle be placed in a gun, and shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining any injury; if a musket ball be fired into water, it will not only rebound but be flattened as if fired against a solid substance. A musket ball may be fired through a pane of glass, making a hole the size of a ball, without cracking the glass; if the glass be suspended by a thread it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate. In the Arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at a distance of two miles. A mother has been distinctly heard talking to her child on a very still day across a water a mile wide.

OLD MAIDS.—The New York *Ledger* comes to the rescue of old maids as follows:

"Shriveled and withered you say they are! Men and women grow old and gray, whether married or single; but many an old maid lingers to-day on this mundane sphere who would have died long ago, an unhappy, but popular, admired wife, had she consented to marry some man whom she did not love, but did despise, and said 'Yes,' where conscience and God commanded her to say 'No.' Long live old maids, and let no woman, for the fear of becoming one, wilfully and deliberately sacrifice herself. It is the next crime to suicide."

BEGINNING of a Judge's charge in Iowa: "Gentlemen of the jury, you must now quit eating peanuts and attend to the case."

THAT UNFORTUNATE BABY.

A Business Man's Story.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

The city is a strange place. Wealth and want stand side by side. Mirth and misery jostle each other. The jewels of the millionaire's wife flash mockingly before the eyes of the pauper's widow. I leave my wife and my smiling infant, my little cherub, of whom I am remarkably fond, and I saunter pleasantly down Broadway, smoking a fine cigar. I know I shall make a large sum of money by a business arrangement to-day, and I intend to take Clara to the opera this evening. This is my programme; but what is his who stops me on the corner, and, with skinny hand extended, begs in a tone that is almost ferocious, for something to buy food with. He, poor wretch, will shiver in his rags till the sun goes down and then slink away to hide in some wretched hole, unblessed by hope even in his dreams. Probably he has no wife or children. It is to be hoped he has none, for they would only be helpless companions of his misery.

I feel as though I were doing wrong to flaunt my prosperity in his eyes, and I blush as I give him charity and hurry on.

There are so many of them—so very many of them. There goes a thief on his way to prison; two stout policemen clutch his arms—a large crowd follows them.—Guilt and misery together this time.

And here a woman hurries past with a child in her arms. What a woeful expression on her face! What a terrible story must be hers, and how she could curdle the blood in our veins if she should stop and tell it in all its blank, unvarnished horror now! I feel a thrill of anguish as I look at her. Ah, how delightful it would be, if all the world were happy and prosperous.

I was led in this train of reflection by my morning's walk to my place of business. I have rather a tender heart, I believe, and scenes of sorrow make a great impression upon me. On this particular occasion I remembered the faces of the beggar, the thief and the destitute woman so vividly that I may say they haunted me. The woman's face especially seemed to hover before me in the air.

"Where was she going?" I asked myself. "What was she about to do?" The street into which she turned led directly to the river. Perhaps, driven to despair, she was going there to drown herself—about to take her life because the task of sustaining it had become too hard for her; and I and a thousand other Christians who could have helped her had let her pass by us unquestioned.

"God forgive us for our many sins of omission," I said to myself; "for they are very great."

These thoughts troubled me all the morning, and at noon-time I went out to lunch rather in the hope of casting away my dismal reflections than because I had an appetite.

However, I stayed longer than usual. I met a friend who buttonholed me on the corner. And it was half past one before I came back to my office.

Even then I was not myself. A presentment of evil was upon me. I felt as though I were about to see some terrible sight, and the face of that woman floated in the air again. That horrible face, with wild black eyes, showing the white beneath the pupil, the small, tightly-shut mouth, the hollow cheeks, the pinched chin and the floating tangle of black hair, framing it all in.

As I pushed the door open, I half expected to see it in my office in actual bodily presence. It was not there, but instead, my eyes met a sight equally surprising

I had left my boy Shadrac in charge, as usual. Generally I found him at some diabolical mischief on my return. To-day, as I cast my glance towarn the desk, I missed his shock head; but looking about me, I spied it lower down, and saw he was sitting in the corner with something in his arms, and a very uncomfortable expression on his face. In a moment more I saw that what he held was *a baby.*

"Hallo!" cried I. "What's that?"

"Young un," said Shadrac.

"Whose? Where did it come from?" I cried,

"Most the minute you went out, a woman come along," said Shadrac; "and says she, 'You Mr. Paddock's boy?' Says I, 'yaas.' Says she, 'Catch a hold and hold the child till I come back.' And she ain't never come back. I dunno what she meant by it. She had check any way, whoever she is."

"What kind of a woman was she?" I asked.

"She had on a shawl," said Shadrac. "She was a furriner. What right have I to take care of her young un, eh?"

I sat down upon a chair and put my hand to my forehead. I know now why this poor woman's face haunted me so long. She had tracked me to my office. Perhaps I had looked kindly at her. Who knew? I felt pity. I might have exhibited it; and before destroying herself she had cast the infant upon my charity.

It was romantic, but at the same time is was inconvenient.

I looked at the child. It was very pretty and very clean. I felt attracted toward it. I began to wonder whether it would be right for me to adopt a child with my family; whether Mrs. Paddock would be willing that I should do so. I felt doubtful of that. Her own babe was care enough for her. How often did she pace the floor nearly all night striving in vain to lull it to repose. As for the baby's maid, Nora, it was not likely that she would be willing to be additionally burdened. The charitable impulse faded almost before it was fully formed.

What should I do? A thought struck me. I would send to my friend, Professor Grill, who had an office in the same building. He knew my wife well. He was a sage who read the human character thoroughly, and could be looked to for an opinion on any subject.

Shadrac was holding the baby. He could not take the message. I caught a boy on the stairs, and gave him a ten cent stamp. The result was the hasty arrival of the professor with a lancet, under the impression that I had been taken with a fit of some kind. He was greatly relieved when he saw that nothing was the matter—at least he said he was; but he was particularly fond of amateur surgical experiments, and I am not sure that the professor listened to my account of affairs.

"The old story, my dear fellow," he said; "the old story. Shadrac, my son, never take an infant from the arms of an unknown woman again. This thing is done every day, every day. As for your benevolent dream of adopting the child, it is—excuse me—absurd. Your wife wouldn't hear of it. Oh, no, no, no, no! Ha! ha? n-o-o-o! not for a moment.—Besides, how do you know what this deserted child will grow up to be? I saw your noble infant at your happy home yesterday. The intellect of its father and the sweetness of its mother are already stamped upon its brow. I can see"—here the abandoned infant began to shriek—"I can see the vices of its parents already written on the features of this poor waif. Mark how low its forehead is! How large its under-jaw! Look at the rage in its eyes! Listen to the cruel ring in its cry! Beware of this child! Give it to the proper charities at once. I'll go with you. Shadrac, bring the baby. I must save you from the overwhelming yearings of your own too charitable heart, my benevolent friend. Come with me."

I went with him. We attracted some attention as we walked through the street together. The professor, who is of gigantic stature, whose white hair floats abroad on the breeze, and whose big collar was once alluded to by a Bowery boy as a rape, clutching me by my arm as tho' my long-vanished impulse to adopt that strange baby were a material power which would bear me away bodily if not resisted; and Shadrac, in his office-coat, with a pen behind his ear, bearing the infant, who still shrieked wildly, in our wake.

I was glad to reach the court of justice nearest us—glad to find that the affair was an every-day one there.

Shadrac told his tale, I corroborated it.

The child was registered in a book as number seven thousand eight hundred and and forty-four. My statement and addresses were recorded and an invoice of deserted infants was just being taken away in a sort of wagon by an old woman; seven thousand eight hundred and forty-fourth went with them.

"So much for human hearts!" said I "The babe was cast upon my charity; I hand it over to the city."

"Ah!"

"You are a tax-payer, my friend," said the professor. "It is well you have common sense in my person, at your elbow."

We had reached the office-building as he spoke; as we ascended the stairs, he went on—

"The offspring of the criminal classes show their hereditary vices in their countenances almost at birth. I could see in that yet unchiseled face a—"

"Ah there they come," screamed a voice.

"Oh they haven't got him," cried out another.

"I gave him to the boy there," cried the first. "Ye little devil, where's the baby?"

"Horace, speak!—my child?" sobbed the other, clinging to my neck.

It was my wife who clung to me; the baby's maid, Nora, who shook Shadrack.

"Baby!" said I gasping, "what baby? where? when? which?"

"Oh," said my wife, "Nora and I were going to Brooklyn, and I sent Nora first to wait in your office for me. I had some shopping to do and baby shrieks so in the stores; and she—oh, I'll give her warning!—she left the baby with the boy while she went out to buy some peanuts And when she came back the office was locked up, and I found her crying on the stairs. Where is the angel? Oh, what have you done with him?"

I sat down on the stairs then. Professor Grill glared and said nothing.

Shadrack told the awful tale.

He revealed to my wife that I had given my own babe to the city authorities under the impression that it was a stranger; and as my wife was of the belief that this was a thing that once done, could not be undone, we had a fine time of it.

I don't like to recur to those moments when I made explanations to the city authorities and excited their suspicion thereby. Nor to the time spent in recovering the poor little one, who was already attired in blue check slip, and yellow flannel petticoat. But after all, humiliating as all this was, it was nothing to what I afterwards endured from Mrs. P——, who, by the way, never could be brought to be on friendly terms with the professor again.

It is in vain to point out to her that babies are all exactly alike and that I did not notice what the child wore; she will not listen to reason.

A MASSACHUSETTS farmer says: "My cattle will follow me until I leave the lot, and on the way up to the barnyard, in the evening, stop and call for a lock of hay." Smithson says there is nothing at all remarkable about that. He went into a barnyard in the country one day last week, where he had not the slightest acquaintance with the cattle, and a male member not only followed him till he left the lot, but took the gate off the hinges and raced with him to the house in the most familiar way possible. Smithson says he has no doubt that the old fellow would have called for something if he had waited a little while, but he didn't want to keep the folks waiting dinner; so he hung one tail of his coat and a piece of his pants on the animal's horns and went into the house. Result of bad training when young

A LEGAL JOKE.—A case came before a German judge in Chicago, in which a young man pleaded the minor's act. The judge wouldn't take the young man's oath as to his age, and even when he brought the family Bible the old fellow scowled, and said he didn't believe the Bible nor any thing in it.

"Ha," he said, "you dinks pekaus dot pook says Methusala vos a dousand years olt dot I beliefs him!"

"But, your honor," pleaded Lawyer Hoyne, "we have a man here who lived on the same street and in the same house with my client, and he will swear that the young man is only nineteen years old.—The witnesss remembers the very night he was born. He went for the doctor, your honor, and he will swear that he was born just nineteen years ago."

"No, Mr. Hoyne, I gives my judgement agsinst dot young man. I can't take any man's evidence on a ding vot has happened nineteen years ago. Uf he swears dat dot young man vas pron las week den I beliefs him!"

THE WAY TO DO IT.

"Lucy," said father Wilkes, coming in from a hard day's labor on poor soil, "we're mighty poor."

"Laws, Sam, as if I didn't know that," replied his wife.

"And, Lucy, as long as we stay on this place we'll be just as poor."

Lucy was silent.

"We and the boys," continued Mr. Wilkes, who by the way was no grammarian, "may work hard from morning till night, and yet at the end of the year there's nothing to lay up, and we have to pinch and pinch just to live. Lucy, there's better soil somewhere. I think we ought to—"

"Now, Mr. Wilkes, you can just save your breath. I'm not going to leave this place."

"But, Lucy, our boys will grow up poor, with no means of schooling themselves—it makes my heart ache to think of it. Lucy, let's sell out and go further west, where the soil will pay for working it."

"Sam, I've told you many a time I wouldn't leave the old place. I've been raised about here, and I mean to end my days right here, if it is poor land, so there's an end to it."

Father Wilkes sighed, scratched his head, and next day went to work on the clay soil again. He's digging there yet. But that wasn't the way Tom Wilson did. He concluded he had been working long enough on his poor flat farm; like Mr. Wilkes he had worked there for years, and yet nothing was laid by for a rainy day. He had thought the matter over until he had come to the conclusion that the best thing he could do was to sell the old place and go where the soil was good. He went west with a friend, found a place that suited him, and when he returned home broached the subject to his wife as they, with their children, sat around the evening meal.

"Fannie," he said, "I think we had better leave this country; the old place is about worn out, and for the sake of our children we ought to go where we can do better. They are getting old enough now—"

"I'm not going to do it—no, Mr. Wilson, I never will leave this place, and you needn't think any more about it."

"I saw some fine land while I was gone," he continued, "where we would soon become well off. I looked at a place that would suit us exactly, being near good schools and churches. It is fine soil, well improved, a good house and fine orchard. So I think I will sell out here any—"

"No, you'll not sell out. I just won't go; no, I won't; it's foolish to think of such a thing."

"Well, the boys and I will go—won't we, little men?"

"Yes—yes, we'll go—we'll go with papa," chimed the little voices at once.

"Well," said Fannie, "you all may go just as far as you please, but here's one who won't budge a step. Go west, indeed, where I don't know anybody—no, not I."

Mr. Wilson was determined on going, so he said no more about it to his wife, but went ahead, sold his farm and made all his arrangements. He even packed up his furniture and household goods; still said nothing to Fannie His wagons were carried before the house and loaded, children bundled it, and just before driving off Fannie came out wrapped up nicely, with her traveling basket on her arm.

"Where am I going to sit, Tom?" she asked.

"Oh—ah—why I thought you weren't going?"

"Of course I'm going wherever you and the children go; here, put my chair in there," and she climbed into the wagon. That was a long time ago. Now Tom Wilson is one of the wealthiest farmers in the west, while poor Mr. Wilkes is just as poor as when he first commenced farming.

GENTLE WORDS TO HORSES.

The ridiculously loud tone of voice in which orders are generally given to horses when the driver desires them to start or stop, has often been a subject of surprise to me. If horses were next thing to deaf, there would be an excuse for the shoutings and yellings so generally indulged in, but they are not, and therefore need not be spoken to so loudly and harshly. The ear of a horse is very sensitive, and, save in exceptional cases, it is possible to control his motions by a command given in a moderate tone of voice, just as readily, and indeed, I think, more readily, than where this rough, rude manner is used.

A horse is a teachable animal, and is always affected by kind treatment. The fact of the matter is that if kind words and gentle treatment throughout were given these noble animals instead of oaths, curses and blows, we should find their docility greatly increased. Just imagine, if you will, a gee! or whoa! uttered in a tone sufficiently loud to be heard at a half mile's distance, and this command given to an animal within five or ten feet of the party giving it. Wherein consists the necessity for it? Why not resort to more rational, and certainly more pleasing means? Why not speak in a moderate tone? This is all that is required. The horse, if not deaf, can hear it, and will as readily obey as if given in thundering tones.

One of the best teams I have