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The Kent News:

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

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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

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

☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 35. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1874. No. 32.

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. OBITUARIES at one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious and other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS, CARDS,
CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

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

TUESDAY,
The Twenty-second of December, 1874,
At Eleven o'clock, A. M.,
At the "Voshell House," in Chestertown,

THE FARM,

situate and lying directly on Davis' Creek, in Langford's Neck, Kent county, Maryland, containing

280 ACRES OF LAND,
MORE OR LESS,

about 130 of which is in

WOOD AND TIMBER,

the larger portion being Chestnut. The soil is naturally good. The arable land is divided into convenient tillages and there is a standing Woodland pasture—all under good substantial Chesnut fence. The fields are supplied with water from natural streams.

This Farm possesses many rare advantages, which should make it attractive not only to the enterprising farmer, but also to the lover of good living and fine sport. Davis Creek, which empties into Langford's Bay, about a mile from Chester river, is navigable for our large size grain and lime vessels, and affords more than one fine Landing and Fishery on the farm. In season it abounds with the choicest Wild Ducks, and is noted for its fine shooting and angling grounds; also, the finest Oysters known in our waters lie within a convenient distance. It is convenient to Churches, &c., is about 4 miles from Rock Hall, and not over 1½ miles from the Steamboat landing on Grey's Inn Creek.

The IMPROVEMENTS are a FRAME

Dwelling House,

and the usual Out-buildings, all in fair order.

TERMS OF SALE:

The decree prescribes the following terms of sale: One-third cash on the day of sale; the residue in two equal instalments of one and two years from that day—the whole to be secured by bond of purchaser, with approved sureties, bearing interest from day of sale.

RICH'D HYNSON, TRUSTEE.

Nov. 28, 1874—18.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF—
VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent County, sitting as a Court of Equity, the undersigned, as Trustee, will expose to public sale to the highest bidder, on

WEDNESDAY,
The Thirtieth day of December, 1874,
At half-past Eleven o'clock, A. M.,
At the "Voshell House," in Chestertown,

ALL THAT FARM
CALLED
"Yapp" and "Retreat,"

Lying in Kent County, Maryland, near Betterton Wharf, on Sassafras River, containing

264 ACRES and 10 PERCHES
OF LAND, More or Less.

This desirable Farm is situated on the public road leading from the village of Still Pond to Betterton Wharf; is about two miles from Still Pond, 1½ miles from Betterton Wharf, 2 miles from Barnard's Wharf, on the the Bay. Is convenient to Churches, Schools and Stores. Adjoins the lands of Dr. Maxwell, Thomas Rasin, Samuel Davis, Mrs. Rachel Price and others, on the Sassafras river, and is convenient to the celebrated Fishing and Gunning Shores of the Sassafras and Loyd's Creek.

The farm is susceptible of a NATURAL DIVISION into

TWO GOOD FARMS,

and is now divided by a hedge, making a farm of about 164 acres and one of about 100 acres.

The IMPROVEMENTS
ARE A
Frame Dwelling
AND SUITABLE OUT-BUILDINGS

on each farm as now divided. The Water on both farms is very excellent; there is a good MEADOW LAND attached.

The Farm will be sold in one tract, or as now divided, to suit purchasers. The soil is good and adapted to the growth of Grain, Peaches, Pears and Small Fruits.

The land has been thoroughly limed.

There is a FLOURISHING ORCHARD of

3200 Peach Trees, of good Varieties,

1600 five years old. Also, a variety of PEAR and SMALL FRUITS.

Vessels constantly ply between the several Wharves and Baltimore, and there is a daily line of Steamers from Baltimore and Philadelphia touching at the several landings at convenient hours.

TERMS OF SALE

One third cash, or in sixty days, and the balance in one and two years, with interest from day of sale, to be secured by bond of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the Trustee.

The tenant, Mr. DAVID ZENKER, will show the premises to any persons desiring to examine them.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,
Trustee.

Chestertown, Dec. 5, 1874—ts.

FOR RENT,
For the year 1875,
The STORE HOUSE and DWELLING near Grey's Inn Wharf, now occupied by T. A. Hudson, together with Stable, Carriage and Corn House, and five acres of Land in a fine state of cultivation, and pump of excellent water. This is one of the best business stands in the county. Apply to

MORRIS ASCHER,
oc24-tf. No. 17 N. Frederick st., Balt.

Galena Machine Shop.

HYLAND & CO.,

ARE prepared to furnish or repair CORN SHELLERS and Shellers of all other descriptions, on reasonable terms. Pennoch Shellers, a specialty. oc10-3m.

Merchant Tailoring.

IF you wish a **First Class Suit** made to order, and desire a good fit, call on us, and you will find a very large variety of Foreign and Domestic Cloths and Cassimeres. S. MERRITT & CO.,
Oct. 3, 1874. Bordley's Corner.

PUBLIC SALE.

AS I intend to remove to the city, I will sell at Public Sale at the Market House in Chestertown, on

SATURDAY, 26th inst.,
At Two o'clock, P. M.,

Two Handsome Black Mares,

Of good stock; young, sound and kind; separate or together.

Extension-Top PARK PHAETON,
Single and double Harness, Nets, Whip, &c., all in good order.

AT PRIVATE SALE,
PARLOR and COOK STOVES
Spring-seat Lounges and other FURNITURE.

A year's credit will be given on note with approved security for bills of more than $19.
dec12-3t. J. M. BARR.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
Valuable Personal Property

WHEREAS, JOHN H. HARDING, by Bill of sale, dated on or about the fourteenth day of April, 1873, duly recorded among the Chattel Records of Kent county, Md., in Liber J. K. H., No. 2, folio 285, &c, did bargain and sell unto F. H. Boulden certain Personal Property in the said bill of sale mentioned, provided the said John H. Harding should well and truly pay unto the said F. H. Boulden the sum of three hundred and twenty-five dollars, with legal interest thereon, on or before July 1st, 1873. And whereas, the said J. H. Harding has failed to pay the said sum of money owing aforesaid, now, therefore, the undersigned will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on the James Gale home farm at the head of Still Pond Creek, where the said J. H. Harding resides, on

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 23, 1874,

The following property bargained and sold in the said Bill of Sale:

3 Head of HORSES,

ONE COLT, three years old,

1 Wagon and Harness, 1 Corn Sheller,

1 set Carriage Harness, Plows, Cultivators, Harrows, and other

Farming Implements.

About 2,000 lbs. CORN BLADES.

☞ Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

TERMS:—Sums of Ten Dollars and under cash; on sums over that amount a credit of Twelve months will be given, on note with approved security.

F. H. BOULDEN.

Dec. 12, 1874—tds.

VENDUE.

BY VIRTUE of a Mortgage from DAVID B. WATSON to E. J. WATSON, dated April 14th, 1874, recorded in Liber J. K. H., No. 2, folio 416, &c., of chattel records for Kent county, the undersigned will offer at PUBLIC SALE at the Market House in Chestertown, on

SATURDAY, DEC. 26, 1874,

The following Property, namely:

4 HORSES

SOME OF THEM GOOD DRIVERS;

TWO FINE COLTS, two years old.

TWO MULES.

1 Good Yoke of Work Oxen

ONE DURHAM BULL, two years old and of fine size.

THREE FINE MILCH COWS,
3 Two-year old HEIFERS,
TWO CALVES,

6 Head of SHOATS,

1 Farm Wagon and Harness, 1 Ox-Cart,
1 Buckeye Drop Reaper, in order,
1 York Wagon and Harness,
1 Buggy, 1 good Eureka Wheat Fan,
Plows, Harrows, Cultivators and other

FARMING UTENSILS,

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

TERMS OF SALE:—All sums of $10 and under cash; all over that amount a credit of nine months on note with approved security. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.

C. H. BAKER, ATTORNEY
for Mortgagee.
S. L. RAWLEIGH, Auct'r. d12-ts.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of six writs of fieri facias, issued out of the Circuit Court for Kent county, and to me directed, three at the suit of H. L. Crew, one at the suit of Susan R. Anderson, one at the suit of David Zenker and one at the suit of John S. Reese, indorsee of Hines & Burchinal, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Jos. C. Rasin, I have levied upon, seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said Rasin, of, in and to

ALL THAT FARM

in Still Pond Neck, adjoining the lands of Henry T. Jump and John Kelley, and now occupied by E. D. Crew. Also,

Dwelling House in Still Pond,

Household & Kitchen Furniture,

and 1 Horse, Carriage and Harness.

And I hereby give notice, that on
SATURDAY, December the 19th, 1874,
at 11 o'clock, A. M., at the Court House Door in Chestertown, I will sell the said property at public sale to the highest bidders, for cash, to pay and satisfy the said writs, interest and cost due and to become due thereon.

EDWARD PLUMMER, Sheriff.
Nov. 28, 1874—ts.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

APPLICANTS for Teachers' Certificates, and teachers whose Certificates have expired by limitation, are notified that an Examination will be held in the School Room in Chestertown, on

MONDAY, Dec. 28th,
At 18 o'clock, A. M.

Applicants will prepare themselves with ½ quire of legal cap and pencil.

E. F. PERKINS, *Examiner.*
Dec. 12, 1874—te

LOST, on Quaker Neck road or in Chestertown, a Lady's Chased GOLD BRACELET, with safety chain. Also, POCKET BOOK with money in it. A liberal reward will be given to finders by leaving them at the office of C. H. BAKER, Esq., Chestertown.
Dec. 5, 1874—3t.

SELLING OFF!
SELLING OFF!

THE STOCK OF

BOOTS, SHOES, and HATS

At 192—192—192 W. Pratt St.,

(Three doors above the Maltby House,)
Between Light and Charles Sts.,

To Close my business on or before the first of January, 1875,

I will sell the stock at and below Manufacturers' prices. All persons wanting

BOOTS, SHOES and HATS,

WILL DO WELL TO CALL AT

192 W. Pratt Street,

And look before making their purchases.

I WILL SELL

Men's best Home Made Calf & Kip Boots			$5.00
Men's good and prime Wax and Kip Eastern Boots $2.50, 3, 3.50 and 4.00—all $1.00 a pair below the regular prices.			
Ladies' Boots and Gaiters, Ladies' home-made sewed Morocco and Undress Morocco high-cut Polish Boots	$2 00	worth	2.50
Ladies' Home-Made Lasting Foxed Boots	2 00	"	2 50
Ladies' Home-Made Plain Lasting Boots	1 75	"	2 25
Ladies' Home-Made Tipped and Anklet Lasting Boots	1 90	"	2 50
Ladies' Home-Made Kid or Glove-Calf Button Boots	2 75	"	3 50
Ladies' French Leather Button Boots	2 75	"	3 50
Ladies' Pegged Wax Leather Boots	1 00	"	1 50
Ladies' Pegged Buff Leather Polka	1 50	"	2 00
Ladies' Goat or Undress Morocco Pegged $1 50 and 1 75 worth 2 00 and			2 25
Women's Kip Unbound Boots - -		only	1 25

Misses and Children's Boots very low.

HATS & CAPS.

All $3.00 Hats - - - -		$2.50
" $2.50 " - - - -		$2.00
" $2.00 " - - - -		$1.50
" $1.50 " -	$1.00 to	$1.25

With a stock of Hats out of style, which will be sold at half price.

All goods in the stock will be sold at prices as low as named.

MERCHANTS will do well to call and examine the stock, as it must and will be sold.

JOHN F. MOFFETT,
192 W. Pratt Street,
Between Light and Charles,
BALTIMORE.
Nov. 28, 1874—4t.

Public Sale of Woodland.

UNDER an order of the Orphans' Court for Kent county, and by authority of the last Will and Testament of the late James G. Chrisfield, I will offer at Public Sale, on

WEDNESDAY,
The Twenty-third day of December, 1874
AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.,
At Ford's Hotel in the village of Massey's X Roads, a

TRACT OF WOODLAND

In the Maryland and Delaware Forest,

Containing 44 ACRES and 2 Roods,

more or less, and adjoins the lands of B. R. Meginniss, Wm. E. Cacy and others. It is by Railroad about two miles from Massey's X Roads and about a half mile from Morris' Station on the Townsend Branch of the Delaware Railroad. The Railroad runs within one hundred yards of the said land. Upon this land there is a small LOG CABIN, and about four or five acres of cleared land, which is of prime quality and under good fencing.

There is some

GOOD TIMBER,

suitable for saw logs, railroad ties and Cord wood and hoop-poles. The land will be divided and offered in parcels, and as a whole. A plot will we exhibited on the day of sale.

TERMS OF SALE:

One-third of the purchase money cash, or in sixty days, at the option of the executor, the balance in two equal instalments of one and two years, with interest annually; the credit payments to be secured by bond with approved security. The purchaser to pay for deeds.

CORNELIUS J. SCOTT,
Exec'r of Jas. G. Chrisfield.
E. K. MILLER, Auct'r. nov28-ts.

A LOT OF LAND,
At PUBLIC SALE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Kent county, the undersigned, administrator of Samuel Riley, dec'd, will sell at Public Sale, on

Saturday, Dec. 26, 1874
At Ten o'clock, A. M.,
At the hotel of John Pennington, in Galena,

A LOT OF LAND,
Containing 7 ACRES,

more or less, situate in the first Election District, and adjoining the lands of A. Woodall and Moses Lambson.

THE TERMS OF SALE ARE:—One-half of purchase money cash, balance in 6 months with interest.

dec5-ts. F. HYLAND TAYOR.

FOR SALE,
A NEW LETTER C HOWE
SEWING MACHINE,

Suitable for manufacturing, Tailoring and all kinds of Leather work. Shoemakers, or others, in want of such a machine can get a bargain in this. It has never been used and will be sold at much less than manufacturers' price on reasonable credit. Apply at Kent News office. oc10-tf.

"Unquestionably the best sustained work of the kind in the World."

Harper's Magazine.
Illustrated.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The ever-increasing circulation of this excellent monthly proves its continued adaptation to popular desires and needs. Indeed, when we think into how many homes it penetrates every month, we must consider it as one of the educators as well as entertainers of the public mind, for its vast popularity has been won by no appeal to stupid prejudices or depraved tastes.—*Boston Globe*

The character which this *Magazine* possesses for variety, enterprise, artistic wealth and literary culture that has kept pace with, if it has not led the times, should cause its conductors to regard it with justifiable complacency. It also entitles them to a great claim upon the public gratitude. The *Magazine* has done good and not evil all the days of its life.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

TERMS:

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, one year - - $4.00

$4 00 includes prepayment of U. S. postage by the publishers.

Subscriptions to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *and* BAZAR, *to one address for one year*, $10 00; *or two of Harper's Periodicals, to any address for one year*, 7 00: *postage free.*

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at* $4 00 *each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for* 20.00, *without extra copy, postage free.*

Back Numbers can be supplied at any time.

A complete Set of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, now comprising 49 Volumes, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by express, freight at the expense of purchaser, for $2 25 per volume. *Single volumes*, by mail, postpaid, 3 00. Colth cases, for binding, 58 cents, by mail, postpaid.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express orders of HARPER & BROTHERS.
Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

"A Complete Pictorial History of the Times"
—*"The best, cheapest and most successful Family Paper in the Union."*

Harper's Weekly.
Illustrated.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The *Weekly* is the ablest and most powerful illustrated periodical published in this country. Its editorials are scholarly and convincing, and carry much weight. Its illustrations of current events are full and fresh, and are prepared by our best designers. With a circulation of 150,000, the *Weekly* is read by at least half a million persons, and its influence as an organ of opinion is simply tremendous. The *Weekly* maintains a positive position, and expresses decided views on political and social problems.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Its articles are models of high-toned discussion, and its pictorial illustrations are often corroborative arguments of no small force.—*N. Y. Examiner and Chronicle.*

Its papers upon existent questions and its inimitable cartoons help to mould the sentiments of the country.—*Pittsburg Commercial.*

TERMS:

Postage free to all subscribers in the United States.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, one year - - $4 00.

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Back Numbers can be supplied at any time.

The seven volumes of *Harper's Bazar*, for the years 1868, '69, '70, '71, '72, '73, '74, elegantly bound in green morocco cloth, will be sent by express, freight prepaid, for $7 each.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without express orders of Harper & Bros.
Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
d5-eow4t. New York.

LARGE CONSIGNMENT
Of CLOTHING

Just received a very large stock of CLOTHING

ON CONSIGNMENT,

which have to be sold. If you want

BARGAINS

come and bring the money, as we must sell them for the cash. This is really an opportunity for Bargains. The consignment consists of COATS, PANTS and VESTS in suits and separate. Also, OVER-COATS.

S. MERRITT & CO.
Dec. 5, 1874.

CAUTION TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby cautioned against trespassing upon the premises of either of the undersigned, near Galena, with dog, gun, or otherwise, after this date. The law will be enforced against all who disregard this notice.

GEO. W. SPENCER,
SAMUEL TODD,
JAMES S. WILSON.
Dec. 5, 1874—3t.

A FINE COLT
FOR SALE.

The undersigned has for sale a very fine COLT, four years old next Spring, of superior stock—if trained bids fair to make a superior trotter. Also, a Basket SLEIGH, good as new, well ironed, and Locust standard.

JOSEPH B. HADAWAY,
Dec. 5—3t. Broad Neck.

"A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction."

Harper's Bazar.
Illustrated.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The BAZAR is edited with a contribution of tact and talent that we seldom find in any journal, and the journal itself is the organ of the great world of fashion.—*Boston Traveller.*

The *Bazar* commends itself to every member of the household—to the children by doll and pretty pictures, to the young ladies by its fashion-plates in endless variety, to the provident matron by its patterns for the children's clothes and to *paterfamilias* by its tasteful designs for embroidered slippers and luxurious dressing-gowns. But the reading-matter of the *Bazar* is uniformly of great excellence. The paper has acquired a wide popularity for the fireside enjoyment it affords.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

TERMS.

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States.

HARPER'S BAZAR, one year - - - $4.00

$4.00 includes prepayment of U. S. Postage by the publishers.

Subscriptions to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY *and* BAZAR, *to one address for one year* $10; *or, two of Harper's Periodicals, to one address for one year*, 7.00; *postage free.*

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* Five Subscribers, *at* 4.00 *each, in one remittance; or Six Copies for* 20.00, *without extra copy: postage free.*

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Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
d5-eow4t. New York.

THE PRESENT TIME.

Of memory many a pleasant things;
And Hope hath oft inspired the rhyme,
But who the charm of music brings
To celebrate the present time?

Let the past guide, the future cheer,
While youth and health are in their prime;
But O, be still thy greatest care
That awful point—the present time!

Fulfil the duties of the day—
The next may hear thy funeral chime;
So shalt thou wing thy glorious way,
Where all shall be the present time.

JENNIE WELLS' MISTAKE.
A Sketch from Real Life.

BY EUGENE J. HALL.

Jennie was farmer Wells' only child. She was a light-hearted, pretty, and innocent girl of sixteen. She was a source of much pardonable pride to her honest and hard laboring father, and a great help and comfort to her invalid mother, who, from long habit, had learned to look up to her for many little personal attentions. By much industry, economy and thrift, farmer Wells had succeeded in paying off the mortgage on his farm. He had built a new house and repaired the outbuildings, and had given to the premises a look of prosperity. Having done this, he resolved to "take life," as he expressed it, "a leetle easier," to devote more time and attention to the comfort of his little family—to give Jennie the advantages of an education and to have her taught those accomplishments that tend to make a young woman an ornament in the social circle.

He bought her a piano and engaged the services of a competent instructor to teach her the rudiments of music. The young girl made rapid progress, greatly to her fond father's delight, who had for the future the most sanguine hopes and expectations of happiness.

With the many advantages that were offered her, Jennie might have made a very attractive and useful woman of herself, and I have no doubt but what she would have fulfilled all her father's expectations of her, had it not been for an unfortunate circumstance.

A pair of giddy young girls from a distant city came to spend the summer months in the locality where Jennie Wells resided. They soon formed the acquaintance of Jennie, for whom they professed the warmest friendship and the most extravagant admiration. The girl was just young and artless enough to be cajoled and infatuated by their hurtful influence, which was of a demoralizing character. She soon began to imitate their affected manners, their language and dress. She learned to despise work and to regard any useful occupation as degrading.

She also began to grow ashamed of her father and his plain homely ways. She reminded him of his faults and failings, telling him how and what manner he should act and talk when in company, not realizing that the habits of fifty years made it impossible for him to appear as an accomplished and polished gentleman of the world.

Farmer Wells grew grave and sadly shook his head, as he noted the many changes in his daughter's disposition, and said:

"Ther' can't nothin' good grow outen it. Folks didn't have sech high notions when mother an' I was young, an' we've got along nicely, I'm sure, just as well an' better too than if we'd put on all the hifalutin airs in the world."

There was another stranger who appeared in the vicinity in the shape of a stylish and well dressed young man. He, too, came from the city, and soon after his appearance in town he made the acquaintance of Jennie Wells, being presented at the farm house by the two fashionable young women that have already been referred to. Had it not been for a certain fast dissipated look that his features wore he would have been very attractive and handsome. Farmer Wells did not like him from the first, and earnestly cautioned his daughter about becoming intimate with him.

"Taint the clothes, Jennie," he said, "that makes men. 'Taint the style and the pride that the people put on that is the proof o' great riches, or o' true nobility. Don't never fall in love with nor marry a man who ain't got no purpose in livin'. I don't keer how hard a man's hands are, nor how homely his face is, if he's honest, respectable, an' pays what he owes as he goes along."

But the young girl impatiently tossed her head, affecting to despise the sober sense of her father's admonitions, believing that she knew more from her limited existence, of worldly wisdom, than her father had acquired by the varied experience of fifty years.

How many, many bitter experiences are necessary to teach young men and women that their opinions are not infallible. Wisdom and reason are too often acquired by the most painful and humiliating lessons. How much of sorrow and distress, how much of pain and misfortune might many beings have never known, had they heeded the friendly counsels of those who have learned wisdom by the observations of years. One day Jennie came to her father, and, to his pain and surprise, announced that she was to be immediately married to Delmer Wharton, the young man from the city, of whose family or antecedents she knew nothing. At first her father firmly refused to give his consent to any such proceeding, but finding her mind so firmly fixed upon such a purpose, he at last said:

"Wait awhile, Jennie, wait awhile, it won't do any hurt; you're nothin' but a child yet in your teens; go on and finish your education; let the young man go into some useful, payin' business, that'll enable him to support you. Be sure that he ain't got any bad, disgraceful habits. Learn more completely if he's honest an' respectable. Two years wouldn't make any particular difference. Never forget that Davy Crockett said: "Be sure you are right, an' then go ahead." It's the rule I've follered for years, an' I've been prospered by it more ways than one. I don't expect to last a great while longer. I want to have you with me a leetle while yet. When I'm gone all is going to be your'n, an' there's plenty, with good management, to make you comfortable. Don't be in haste to marry. I want you to get a worthy man and be a worthy woman—such a woman as your mother has been. The world contains but few like her, even with all her infirmities."

The girl turned impatiently away. She evidently was in no mood for listening to reason.

The next morning she was missing from her home, and her parents were nearly distracted at her loss, fully realizing the course she had taken, and picturing to themselves the consequences that were certain to follow the young girl's imprudent action.

Two days later a brief note was received at the farm house. It read:

DEAR FATHER:—We were married this morning and are going to live in style in the city. I am very happy. If you wish, we may come and visit you some time. I am sick of the country, and of country people. Delmer is very fond of me; his people, he tells me, are very select and aristocratic, and I suppose I shall go in the best society. Your daughter,

JENNIE.

This was all. The effusion of a thoughtless and misguided young girl, who, dazzled by the promises of an artful lover, had no thought of the sorrow her conduct had caused those who loved her best. Tears dimmed the old man's eyes as he read the hurriedly written missive.

"We loved her too well," he said sadly, "we've sot too much on her future, an' what she was a goin' to be to us; our idol is broken."

Three months went by; the frosts of autumn blighted the green leaves and the cold winds of November swept them about the bleak world. A calm had fallen about the old farm house. The old farmer had become reconciled to his loss. Yet he still wore a troubled look, as no tidings had come from the absent daughter, save the brief message that had told him of her marriage. At last a long expected letter came. Its pages were blotted and soiled, as if they had been wet with tears of repentance. With a quivering lip the farmer read:

FATHER:—To you I come at last as a sorrowful and repentant child. My pride is crushed and my heart broken. I am in the greatest want and distress. The man who brought me here is an adventurer and a villian—a being without home or friends. I have learned that he has another wife living. After wronging me more than language can express, he has deserted me in the most heartless manner, leaving me upon the charity of utter strangers. Come to me as soon as you can. I will do anything for you if you will save me. I can hardly ask your forgiveness, when I think of the great sorrow I have caused you, but I think of you constantly, and remember you in my prayers. Your unworthy daughter,

JENNIE.

Here followed a brief postscript, stating the particular place where she was to be found. Farmer Wells wept like a child.

"'Tis no worse than I feared," he said, sorrowfully. "She was too young and inexperienced to know the mistake she was makin', poor child! poor child!"

A week later Jennie Wells returned to her old home. No longer the artless and happy-hearted girl that she had been, but a crushed and broken hearted woman, upon whom the eyes of the community were mercilessly turned, and of whom the unfeeling world spoke in the most pitiless and disparaging terms.

A father may forgive an erring daughter, but society never.

But heaven's justice, sooner or later, overtakes the evil-doer. A year later Delmer Wharton met with an ignominious death at the hands of a keeper of a low place he was in the habit of frequenting, and with whom he became involved in a drunken quarrel.

He went to the place accompanied by a dissolute companion; both became intoxicated after imbibing a considerable quantity of the vile stuff the bar-tender dealt out to them. Then a dispute arose as to who should settle the bill; both demurred, and Wharton became abusive in his manner. Then the two men sprang upon him, and he was thrown violently back upon the table and beaten and choked until life was extinct in him. His assailants were subsequently arrested, convicted and punished for the crime, and in this manner was society rid of three of its worst enemies. Thus did retribution come to Delmer Wharton.

Girls, this story is written for you; its moral is obvious. Read it, think of it, and ponder upon it. Never act hastily and inconsiderately in any matter that may permanently affect your whole future happiness. The counsels of a kind and indulgent father, whose greatest pleasure is to see you happy, should ever be heeded, rather than the appeals of a stranger, of whose real character you know nothing.

ADIEU!

BY TRAVELER.

I've stood beside my mother's grave,
Whilst o'er her dust the wild flowers grew,
And as the tear burned on my cheek
I bade my last—my sad adieu.

I've gazed upon the face of one
Whose heart to me beat ever true;
One parting kiss—one fond embrace—
And trembling lips bade *her* adieu.

To distant friends I turned my steps,
Kind friends as e'er I knew,
With boyish love I pressed their hands
And bade to *them* my sad adieu

And as I float on life's swift stream
Fond memory brings those scenes to view,
My mother's grave, the one I loved,
And all to whom I've bade adieu.

WHAT ALCOHOL WILL DO.—It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that alcohol regularly applied to a thrifty farmer's stomach, will remove the boards from the fence, let cattle into his crops, kill his fruit trees, mortgage his farm, and sow his fields with wild oats and thistles. It will take the paint off his building, break the glass out of his windows and fill them with rags. It will take the gloss from his clothes and polish from his manners, subdue his reason, arouse his passions, bring sorrow and disgrace upon his family, and topple him into a a drunkard's grave. It will do this to the artizan and capitalist, the matron and maid, as well as to the farmer; for in its deadly enmity to the human race, alcohol is no respecter of persons.

A CINCINNATI young man sent a note to his girl, asking at what time he should call, and received in return the following billet doux:

Deer Jon—Comet afpastate. MARY.

AN old salt sitting on the wharf the other day, very soberly remarked: "I began the world with nothing, and I have held my own ever since." A very terse and suggestive biography.

SOCIABLE JIMMY.

BY MARK TWAIN.

[I sent the following home in a private letter some time ago, from a certain little village. It was in the days when I was a public lecturer. I did it because I wished to preserve the memory of the most artless, sociable and exhaustless talker I ever came across. He did not tell me a single remarkable thing, or one that was worth remembering; and yet he was himself so interested in his small marvels, and they flowed so naturally and comfortably from his lips that his talk got the upper hand of my interest too, and I listened as one who receives a revelation. I took down what he had to say, just as he said it—without altering a word or adding one.]

I had my supper in my room this evening, as usual, and they sent up a bright, simple, guileless little darkey boy to wait on me—ten years old; a wide-eyed, observant little chap. I said:

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Dey calls me Jimmy, sah; but my right name's James, sah."

"I said, "Sit down there, Jimmy—I'll not want you just yet."

He sat down in a big arm-chair, hung both of his legs over one of the arms, and looked comfortable and conversational.—I said:

"Did you have a pleasant Christmas, Jimmy?"

No, sah; not zackly. I was kind o' sick den. But de res' o' de people *dey* had a good time—mos' all uv 'em had a good time. Dey all got drunk. Dey all gits drunk heah every Christmas, and carries on and has awful good times."

"So you were sick, and lost it all. But unless you were very sick I should think that if you had asked the doctor he might have let you get—get—a little drunk—and—"

"Oh, no, sah—I don' never git drunk—it's de white folks—dem's de ones I means. Pa used to git drunk, but dat was befo' I was big—but he's done quit. He don' git drunk no mo' now. Jis' takes one nip in the mawnin' now, cuz his stomach riles up, he sleeps so soun'. Jis' one nip—over to de s'loon—every mawnin'. He's powerful sickly—powerful—sometimes he can't hardly git aroun', he can't. He goes to de doctor every week—over to Ragtown. An' one time he took some stuff, you know, an' it mighty near fetched him. Ain't it dish-yer blue-vittles dat's poison?—ain't dat it?—truck what you pisens cat wid?"

"Yes, blue vittles [vitriol] is a very convincing article with a cat."

"Well, den, dat was it. De ole man, he tuck de bottle and shuck it, and shuck it—he seed it was blue, and he didn't know but it was blue mass, which he tuck mos' always—blue mass pills—but den he 'spected maybe dish-yer truck might be some other kin' o' blue stuff, and so he sot de bottle down, and drat if it wa'n't blue vittles, sho' nuff, when de doctor come. An' de doctor he say if he'd a tuck dat blue vittles it would a highsted him, *sho'*. People can't be too particlar 'bout sich things. Yes, in*deedy!*

"We ain't got no cats heah 'bout dis hotel. Bill he don't like 'em. He can't stan' a cat no way. Ef he wus to ketch one he'd slam it outen de winder in a minute. Yes, he would. Bill's down on cats. So is de gals—waiter gals. When dey ketches a cat bummin' aroun' heah, dey jis' scoops him—deed dey do. Dey shake him into the cistern—dey's been cats drowned in dat water dat's in yo' pitcher. I seed a cat in dare yistiddy—all swelled up like a pudd'n. I bet you dem gals done dat. Ma says if dey was to drown a cat on her, de fust one of 'em she ketched she'd jam her into de cistern 'long wid de cat. Ma wouldn't do that, I don't reckon, but 'deed an' double, she said she would. I can't kill a chicken—well, I kin wring its neck off, cuz dat don't make 'em no sufferin' scacely; but I can't take and chop dey heads off, like some people kin. It makes me feel so—so—well, I kin see dat chicken nights, so's I can't sleep. Mr. Dunlap, he's de richest man in dis town. Some people says dey's fo' thousan' people in dis town—dis city. But Bill he says dey ain't but 'bout thirty-three hund'd. And Bill he knows, cuz he's lived heah all his life, do' dey *do* say he won't never set de river on fire. I don't know how dey fin' out—*I* wouldn't like to count all dem people. Some folks says dis town would be considerable bigger if it wa'n't on accounts of so much lan' all roun' it dat ain't got no houses on it." (This in perfect seriousness—dense simplicity—no idea of a joke.) "I reckon you seed dat church as you come along up street. Dat's an awful big church—awful high steeple. An' it's all solid stone, excep' jes' de top part—de steeple, I means—dat's wood. It falls off when de wind blows pooty hard, an' one time it stuck in a cow's back and busted de cow all to de mischief. It's gwine to kill somebody yit, dat steeple is. A man—big man, he was—bigger'n what Bill is—he tuck it up dare and fixed it again—an' he didn't look no bigger'n a boy, he was so high up. Dat steeple's awful high. If you look out de winder you kin see it. [I looked out, and was speechless with awe and admiration—which gratified Jimmy beyond expression. The wonderful steeple was some sixty or seventy feet high, and had a clock-face on it.] "You see dat arrer on top o' dat steeple? Well, sah, dat arrer is pooty nigh as big as dis do' [door.] I seed it when dey pulled it outen de cow. It mus' be awful to stan' in dat steeple when de clock is strikin'—dey say it is. Booms and jars so's you think the world's a comin' to an end. *I* wouldn't like to be up dar when de clock's a strikin'. Dat clock ain't jest a *striker*, like dese common clocks. It's a *bell*—jist a regular *bell*—end it's a buster. You kin hear dat bell all over dis city. You ought to hear it boom, boom, boom, when dey's a fire.—My sakes! Dey ain't got no bell like dat in Ragtown. *I* been to Ragtown, an' I ben mos' halfway to Dockery [30 miles.] De bell in Ragtown's got so ole now she don't make no soun', scacely."

[Enter the landlord—a kindly man, verging toward fifty. My small friend, without changing position, says:]

"Bill, didn't you say dat dey was only thirty-three hund'd people in dis city?"

"Yes, about thirty-three hundred is the population now."

"Well, de folks say dey's fo' thousan'."

"Yes, I know; but it isn't correct."

"Bill, I don't think dis gen'lman can eat a whole prairie chicken