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The Kent News:

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

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

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

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

☞ Anonymous communications will receive no attention.

Kent News.

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

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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 ONE OF

The Best Farms

IN KENT COUNTY.

By virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, the undersigned will offer at PUBLIC SALE

ON WEDNESDAY,

The Twentieth day of January, 1875,

At Eleven o'clock, A. M.,

AT THE HOTEL OF J. M. FORD, IN MASSEY'S X ROADS,

THE FARM,

on which Mr. B. C. H. Massey now resides, beautifully located on the West side of the public road from Massey's to Sassafras, one mile from the junction of the Kent and Queen Anne's Rail Roads, at Massey's, and containing

405 ACRES OF LAND,
MORE OR LESS.

THE IMPROVEMENTS are a Large Two and a half story BRICK

Dwelling House,

HANDSOMELY LOCATED, WITH

OUT-BUILDINGS

ample and good, and a

Beautiful LAWN

from the house to the road gate. There is also a good TENANT HOUSE for an overseer on the premises.

This Farm is situated in the most desirable part of the county, nearly all arable, divided into convenient tillages and under good fencing. The soil is naturally good, highly improved and productive, with a

VERY FINE, LARGE

Thrifty YOUNG PEACH ORCHARD

IN BEARING.

It is convenient to Churches, Schools, &c.

This property offers a rare opportunity to any person desiring to make a safe and profitable investment in real estate, or for a handsome and most desirable residence.

TERMS OF SALE:

The terms of sale as prescribed in the decree are: $5,500 cash on the day of sale, and the balance in two equal instalments of twelve and eighteen months; the different payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the bond of the purchaser with surety or sureties to be approved by the Trustee.

C. H. BAKER, TRUSTEE.

Chestertown, Dec. 26, 1874—ts.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of one writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the Circuit Court for Kent county, to me directed, at the suit of the National Bank of Delaware at Wilmington, against the lands and tenements, goods and chattels of Franklin Dyre, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of the said Dyre, of, in and to

All those LOTS

Or Parcels of Land,

situated, lying and being on the public road leading from Galena to Chestertown, adjoining the lands of John Pennington on the East and J. McIntyre on the West.

And I hereby give notice, that on

MONDAY, the 18th of January, 1875,

at 11 o'clock, A. M., at the Hotel Porch of Mr. John Pennington, in Galena, I will sell the said property, so seized and taken in execution, to the highest bidders for cash, to satisfy the above entitled writ, debt, interest and costs accrued and to accrue thereon.

E. PLUMMER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Chestertown, December 24, 1874. } tds.

THE GREAT NEURALGIA CURE.

HOPKINS'
ANTALGIC LINIMENT,

After a test of Twenty years, is confidently offered to the public as the most powerful external remedy which has ever been discovered for the cure of *NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, TOOTHACHE, NERVOUS HEADACHE, STIFF NECK, LUMBAGO, SORE THROAT BRONCHITIS*, and all pains of the joints and limbs.

Hundreds who have used it give it the strongest endorsement.

FACTS to be Remembered:

ANTALGIC LINIMENT positively cures Neuralgia.
ANTALGIC LINIMENT cures the worst cases of Rheumatism.
ANTALGIC LINIMENT instantly cures Toothache.
ANTALGIC LINIMENT never fails to cure Gout.
ANTALGIC LINIMENT instantly relieves Headache.
ANTALGIC LINIMEMT cures the Face-ache.
ANTALGIC LINIMENT is unequalled for the immediate relief of all kinds of pains. It does not blister, nor discolor the skin.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

T. K. ROBSON, PROPRIETOR, Easton, Md

For sale by C. F. STAM & BRO., Chestertown. sep19-6m.

Dividend Notice.

ESTATE OF ELIAS S WATSON.

On application ordered, that James A. Pearce, administrator of Elias S. Watson, late of Kent county, deceased, give notice by advertisement, that a dividend on the personal estate of said deceased will be made in this Court on TUESDAY, Jan 12th, 1875. Test: WM. STEVENS, Register of Wills.

NOTICE.—All creditors of Elias S. Watson are hereby notified and requested to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Register of Wills, on or before Tuesday, the 5th of January, 1875, or they will be excluded from the dividend in the personal estate.

JAMES A PEARCE, Adm'r.

Dec. 19, 1874—4t.

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.

Public Sale.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Kent county, the undersigned, administrators of Dr. E. A. VANNORT, will sell at Public Sale at his late residence near Hanesville, Kent county, on

THURSDAY, January 14th, 1875,

The following property, to wit:

The Thorough-Bred Stallion
"LEGATEE."

Three Fine Mares,

(One a thorough-bred,) all good Drivers and in foal by "Legatee."

Two of the mares raised Colts this Spring.

1 COLT three yrs. old next Spring,
Good Stock.

2 COLTS, one yr. old, by "Legatee."

57 Head of SUPERIOR SHEEP,

3 CARRIAGES, in good order, one nearly new; 2 Sets Single Harness, 1 Sleigh, 1 Peach Wagon, 1 Corn Dray, 1 Corn Sheller, nearly new; 1 Cutting Box, Surgical Instruments, 1 Lot of Medical Books, Set of Office Silver, 1 Case Stuffed Birds, 1 Rustic Bird Cage, 1 New Running Gear, 2 Carriage Poles, 1 Pair of Shafts, Lot of Wheelwright Lumber and Spokes, 1 Chest Tools, Lot New Wheels, Hames and Single Trees, 1 Barrel Gas Tar, 4 Pair Large Hinges, 2 Garden Hoes, Interest in 21 Bushels Wheat Seeded; also, a Small Lot of Household Furniture, and other articles too numerous to mention.

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

TERMS:—All sums of $10 and under, cash; all over that amount a credit of eight months, with note and approved security. No property to be removed till the terms complied with.

A. L. & S. VANNORT.
U. A. C. GARRETT, Auct'r. Adm'rs.
January 2, 1875—ts.

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 The Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Kent county, against Abel J. Rees and Benjamin R. Gudgeon, I have levied upon, seized and taken into execution all the right, title, claim, interest and estate of the said Abel J. Rees and Benj. R. Gudgeon, in and to

ALL THAT FARM

Or Parcel of Land and Premises, called the "SKINNER FARM,"

being part of Tract called "Fairlee," near Taylor's Creek, adjoining the lands of Geo. D. S. Handy, containing

114 ACRES, 19 Perches of LAND,

more or less, being part of the land which was conveyed to T. M. Blackiston by J. B. Fennimore, and which was afterwards conveyed by George Vickers, Trustee, to the said A J. Rees and B. R. Gudgeon, by deed of May 2, 1874, and recorded in Liber J K. H., No. 12, folio 500, &c., of the Land Record Books of Kent county, Maryland.

This land is nearly all arable, is conveniently located on navigable water, and is improved by a good

DWELLING HOUSE,

one and a half stories high. There is also a SMALL TENANT HOUSE on the premises.

And I hereby give notice, that I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, the aforesaid Tract of Land so seized and taken in execution, on

THURSDAY, January 14th, 1875,

at 12 o'clock, M., at the Court House door in Chestertown, Md., to pay and satisfy the aforesaid writ, debt, interest and cost due and to become due thereon.

EDW. PLUMMER, Sheriff.

Dec. 12, 1874—tds.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

IN consequence of the death of the senior member, the firm of JOHN T. DODD & SON is dissolved. All persons indebted are earnestly requested to call and make **immediate settlement**, as it would be exceedingly unpleasant for me to sue any one. We have a large amount of money to raise and the business must be settled.

☞ Thanking all persons for the liberal patronage extended to the late firm, I hope by the strictest attention to business to retain the same.

JOHN N. DODD,
Successor to John T. Dodd & Son.
Chestertown, Nov. 14, 1874—tf.

Galena Seminary

THE efficiency of this thoroughly established institution has been well and favorably tested. Right in your midst you have every advantage of schools more remote, whilst your daughters are within a few hours' reach of their homes from all parts of the Peninsula.

A Six Months' Term begins Jan. 1st,

next. Consider and enter your daughters and wards at once, and thereby encourage

HOME INSTITUTIONS.

Terms—cash in advance; or notes, well secured, will be accepted on *short* time.

For particulars address,

MISS E. L. BENNY, Principal,
d5 4t Galena, Kent co., Md.

New Oyster Saloon.

I have fitted up the basement of my Hotel exclusively for the

OYSTER BUSINESS,

and have employed an experienced caterer. The finest SALT OYSTERS that can be bought in the Baltimore market will always be kept on hand, and can be had on the shell, or cooked in any style—broiled, roasted, stewed or panned—not surpassed by any first class city saloon. Give us a trial, and satisfy yourself.

dec12 3m. JOHN HALL.

TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The undersigned having purchased the good will and fixtures of the

EATING and DRINKING HOUSE

of Mr. A. H. ROCKWELL in Chestertown, near the Court House, is now prepared to furnish OYSTERS of the best quality in every style. Also Beef Steak, Pork Steak, Ham and Eggs, &c. Oysters by the gallon or in the shell. A private room for Ladies where they can be accommodated at any time. THE BAR will be furnished with the best of Liquors.

N. B.—LAGER BEER a specialty.

Dec. 5—2m. D. A. BENJAMIN.

GENTLEMEN—Call and examine our Stock of FINE BOOTS, at

Dec. 19. J. S. SAPPINGTON'S.

WANTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE KENT NEWS BY A LADY WHO IS DESPERATELY IN EARNEST.

Wanted, a husband, and that before long,
By a lady who has only the want for a song;
Who has traveled alone for many a year
And who longs for some darling to make her his dear.

Enough of my life has vanished away
To make me unwilling to spend one more day
E're I send you this *want*, to be added to those
Which fill up the columns of our papers so close.

Yes, wanted—a MAN—not young or too old,
Who can to his own a true heart enfold;
Who can love like a giant and never turn cold
To the woman whose life with his own is enrolled.

He must be gentle and firm, stout hearted and strong,
Inclined to the right, and not to the wrong;
Cheerful and trusting, faithful and wise,
With words full of kindness and truth in his eyes.

Whose hand clasp brings rest to the weary and weak,
Oh! such is the man I am going to seek.

Not *handsome like pictures*, but noble and brave
In his face and his manner, and none of the knave,
Nor the fashion-plate fop in his step or his air,
And no time to spend curling his whiskers and hair.

His hair may be black or as red as sunbeams,
With tangles and shadows flung in with its gleams,
His eyes may be brown, or, far better, gray,
With a shy look of tenderness stealing my way.

Now such is the man whom my heart worship seeks
Nor blustering Braxoes, or Jeremiah Meeks,
Need claim my attention, I've no time and no thought
To give to such people, or by them to be sought.

And now for myself: I'm plump, with brown hair;
I am not yet *quite* thirty, *some* say rather fair,
With tolerable features and teeth that are white,
And step like a girl's so rapid and light.

I'm cheerful and chatty, and like well to dress,
But I like *home* much better, and a tender caress.
I like music and sewing, my pen and my books.
And I like cozy comfort peeping out from odd nooks.

A very good housewife, and helpmeet and neat,
And never inclined to live on the street.

I'll have something towards keeping the wolf from the door,
But the person who gets me must have something more;
For a table well spread and a bank-book bring rest
To the heads and the hearts of even the best,
His gold shall increase, and no wastefulness pain
In making him wish we were strangers again.

Whom he loves I'll try to love, and into my heart
I will take all of his, my own a dear part;
If he *only* is with me fair summer shall dwell
In the home where the dear one shall ever love well.

I have scanned all the "Wants" for a very long time,
But none would appear which would answer to mine;
The coming man tarries and long grow the days
Which are spent in vain wishes and saddening delays.

Yes! wanted a mate for a heart and a life—
Wanted a *husband* for a *true loving wife*.

—J—

☞ Eligible bachelors—and widowers if not too heavily *encumbered*—may address the above party, in care of the editors of the "Kent News." Surely the attractions presented, and easy terms specified, will not fail in securing a proposal from some one willing to be the "husband of a true loving wife."

THE WIFE AND MOTHER.

BY MRS. ANABEL C. ANDREWS.

It rests with her to a great extent, whether the inmates of her home shall be happy or miserable. Who so able to make home pleasant as she?

Some sneeringly say, "A woman's life is confined within the four walls of her home," and sigh for a "broader, nobler sphere," as they term it. Whose sphere of usefulness is so broad, so noble as hers? To her keeping are entrusted immortal souls, to mould into divine beauty for all eternity! Within the four walls of her home she has a sphere of labor, whose fruits reach out into the wall, and far beyond the world.

People talk of female suffrage, saying woman will exercise a purifying influence upon the ballot-box. She can exercise a purifying influence upon the ballot-box without ever seeing it. Let her train up her sons to be honest, God-fearing *men*, and they will be honest, God-fearing voters. She is it who make fashionable dolls of her daughters, or fits them to be true women. She it is who stays up the hands of the husband and father; and in the darkest hours finds somewhere a ray of heaven's own sunshine to cheer the gloom.

It is for "Mother" the warmest place in the heart is kept, and her name is oftenest on the lips of the dying. The true wife and mother in her home, among, her children, works not only reward in this life, but in that to come; and when at last her work is done, and she is laid beneath the daisied sod, aching hearts may mourn her lost, but her "works will follow her."

A Girl not of the Period.

The Seaford *Citizen* tells the following story of a Harrisburg, Pa., girl, whose name is Clara Hale: Miss Hale has been on a visit to some of her friends on the Eastern Shore. On Tuesday morning last she went out and in a hort time succeeded in bagging sixteen partridges and three squrrels. The night of the same day she shot eight muskrats, two of which, however, she failed to get. On the next afternoon she gave a few invited friends an exhibition of her skill in handling the revolver. An old-fashioned copper cent was fastened to a fence post, and she hit it eight times out of ten. Several pigeons were let out of the trap, every one of which she brought down while they were on the wing. Miss Hale is a beautiful, burnette, about seventeen years old, and her form is of the most perfect symmetry.

The last clause is superfluous; of course any girl who takes such free exercise in the open air cannot fail to have a form of most perfect symmetry

"SUPPOSE I should quiz you about your bald head, you wouldn't get mad, would you?" said a young fop to an indigent old man, in a railway depot. "Not at all; I should only just say, that when my head gets as soft as yourn, I kin raise ha'r tew sell, or somethin' o' that sort," smilingly replied the old man.

A CLERGYMAN at Kansas city said if there was any one within hearing of his voice who would try to put a stop to Sunday dog fighting he'd like to have 'em rise up. A small boy and an old woman rose up.

THE LITTLE LADY.

I was stopping at the Hotel Windsor, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

One morning I was smoking in the colonade, when a tall, elegantly dressed gentleman asked permission to light his cigar by mine. I saw at once he was a Frenchman, although his "English" was nearly perfect.

"Have you heard the news?" he inquired. "No."

"Is it possible! Why all Paris is alive with it at this moment."

"What has happened?"

"The Countess de Marville, the fairest of the fair, was found murdered in her bed last night, her bureau broken open and ten thousand francs missing from it. It was terrible! The brute who did the deed affected his entrance through the window of her chamber, near which, unfortunately, was a tall tree planted by the distinguished grandfather of the Countess years age. Little did he imagine what a terrible use would be made of it."

"This is bad news. How any man could harm a woman thus in cold blood is more than I could imagine."

"Ah, monsieur, if you had ever seen the Countess you would wonder still more. She was beautiful—beautiful as an angel," he added, stroking his whiskers with an unmistakable air of vanity; "I knew her well."

"Indeed."

"Oh, yes. There are in Paris few popular women unknown to me."

His manner was decidedly conceited, and I felt disgusted. My coldness evidently repelled him, for he soon left me.

Afterwards I heard from others accounts of the late tragedy.

Among the details of the affair was one which peculiarly impressed me, and which my first informant had not spoken of, an oversight which surprised me, as the occurrence he had not mentioned was of that kind which would be most apt to strike the fancy.

Upon the throat of the Countess, the murderer, in throttling her, had left a mark from a ring he wore—the impression of a chariot wheel with a star in the centre.

"This," said my latest informant, "may lead to the discovery of the murderer. Jean Mosqueau is already visiting the jewelers' shops to find out from which and by whom a ring with a chariot-wheel device was purchased."

"Who is Jean Mosqueau?"

"What, Mosqueau, our famous detective? Although his courage is well known, you would not, to look at his fair, delicate face and form, believe that he could fight a gnat!"

A week later I was aboard the steamer bound from Calais to Dover.

Among the passengers I beheld one whose face was familiar to me. I was not long in recognizing this person as the same I had seen in front of the Hotel Windsor, and who had first informed me of the murder of the Countess.

He was certainly a very handsome man, although his conceited air was a blot upon his good looks.

He moved languidly hither and thither, turning his brown eyes admiringly upon the pretty lady passengers, while stroking his whiskers with one white hand, upon the middle finger of which was a superb diamond ring.

I am rather of a suspicious nature, which, combined with a lively imagination, had often led me into the most singular errors.

Now, a strange impulse moved me to advance and hold out my hand to the man whom I had involuntarily disliked from the first, in order that I might have a chance to glance at the ring. Somehow the idea possessed me that I should discover a chariot-wheel device upon the glittering bubble.

The stranger did not at first recognize me. He soon did, however, and frankly extended his left hand, which was not the one that contained the ring.

"The other hand, if you please," I said in a low, stern voice.

"Monsieur, will you please excuse me; my other arm is lame with the rheumatism."

He beheld me glance towards the half-hidden ring, and I was sure I saw him start and turn pale, at the same time looking much surprised. He, however, opened his right hand, as if perfectly willing for me to shake it if I chose to.

Then I had a good look at the ring, and felt ashamed of my suspicions. The device was a common heart, which certainly bore no resemblance to the wheel of a chariot.

After a general conversation to recover my self-possession, I turned away, resolved in the future to have a better opinion of my fellow-creatures.

The stranger's good looks seemed to attract the attention of a good many of the ladies. One especially, a modest looking little thing attired in black, kept directing furtive glances at the handsome passenger. Finally she glided so close to him that in turning he brushed against her.

An apology smilingly received by the little lady, a remark about the weather on the part of the gentleman, and the two were soon conversing with animation.—Meanwhile the blushing cheek and bright eyes of the fair one seemed to betoken that she was well pleased with her companion, whose air was more conceited than ever.

"I am afraid we shall have a storm," she remarked, pointing towards a dark cloud upon which the captain of the boat was gazing anxiously.

"We may, but do not be alarmed, madame."

With an air of nonchalance he pulled a red cigar case from his pocket and asked his companion if she objected to a smoke. Then he started, and quickly returning the red one to his pocket pulled forth another of a blue color.

"How many cigars do you smoke in a day?" inquired the lady, evidently amused at the sight of two cases.

The other colored, and it struck me that his voice slightly faltered and his hand trembled as he made some laughing reply.

Soon the storm came pouncing down upon us. We were midway in the channel, so that we caught the full force of the sea and gale. Both were terrific.

The sea swept the boat, which laid so far over that her machinery was soon so that it would not work. The wind screaming like a demon, threw her over still further.

Suddenly we observed the sailors endeavoring to loosen a long boat on the davits at the stern. Meanwhile, there was an ominous grinding, smashing noise under the counter. The truth could not be concealed; we were sinking.

The ladies screamed; the handsome passenger lost his self-possession, and ran hither and thither.

The cool behaviour of the little lady in black contrasted strangely with the agitated demeanor of those around her.

There she stood calm and immovable, her bright, steel blue eyes fixed upon the handsome stranger, of whom she did not lose sight for a moment.

"Keep quiet, ladies and gentlemen!" sang out the captain—"Keep quiet and don't crowd around the boat so! There will be room in it for you all; and besides there is a schooner coming to our assistance," pointing to a vessel blowing towards us before the wind.

There was, however, a panic among those addressed. The moment the boat was lowered, into it they all bundled, among them the handsome passenger.

A huge sea coming along, roaring like thunder, parted the tackles, tearing the boat from the steamer before the lady in black or I could enter it. The handsome passenger, losing his balance, fell over the gunwale, and being unable to swim, wildly threw up his arms.

I must acknowledge that I was so engrossed with the perilous situation of my fair companion and myself—now the only two left aboard the steamer—that I paid little attention to the drowning man.

The steamer was in fact going down fast—was already nearly engulphed in the stormy waves, her heated and half submerged boiler hissing as the steam came pushing out like the spout of a whale.

I was advancing to throw an arm round the little lady, fearing to see her washed away, when, quietly motioning me back with one hand, she seized a coil of rope and threw the end to the handsome passenger. He caught it, when, turning to me, the lady requested me to help the man aboard. I complied, marvelling at the love and devotion thus shown by a woman to an acquaintance of an hour.

His power over the female sex must be great, I thought. He is conceited, but not without reason.

The idea flashed clearly across my mind in spite of my danger. The schooner, however, was very near, and I had every reason to believe that we should be picked up.

I was right. We were all taken aboard the schooner, the handsome passenger among the rest. Then the lady in black pulled forth a revolver, pointing it at the head of him whom she rescued.

"Out with that red cigar case!" she said, sternly. "I would like to see what monsieur carries in it."

"Why—why," stammered the stranger; "what is—"

Before he could say another word the little Amazon thrust her disengaged hand into his pocket, pulled forth the red cigar case, and opening it a ring dropped to the deck of the boat.

The ring she picked up, and holding it up before us all, exclaimed:

"I have found it at last. The jeweler assured me it was the only one of the device in Paris—a chariot wheel. This person is the murderer of the Countess de Marville.

The handsome passenger stood as if frozen to the deck, making no resistance as the lady in black slipped a pair of handcuffs over his wrists

"By what right," he then stammered, "do you—"

He paused as the other threw off her dress and false hair, revealing the person of a slender man, with delicate, girlish features.

"I am Jean Mosqueau, the detective," he quietly remarked, "and I robbed the sea of this man that the scaffold might not be cheated."

There is little more to add. The main proofs having been obtained, other proofs on the prisoner's trial were brought forth, showing him guilty beyond doubt.

Long before his execution his name was ascertained to be Louis Rosseneau, a noted adventurer and gambler, who, however, by cool effrontery and a winning address, backed by his good looks, had been enabled to move among the first circles of Parisian society.

A True Philanthropist.

Among the first settlers of Oxford county, Maine, was David McWayne. He bought a large tract of land on the broad, beautiful eminence in Waterford, still known as McWayne's Hill, and here he cleared and improved, and successfully cultivated, one of the best farms in the then District—(this was long before Maine was admitted as a State.) He was an eccentric man, but a true friend to the unfortunate; and when David McWayne died the poor men of that section lost their chief stay.

On a certain occasion the corn crop failed almost entirely in that county. It was Mr. McWayne's custom to keep a year's supply of corn on hand in advance; and then, again, on his elevated land the late frosts of spring, and the early frosts of autumn, did not trouble him as they troubled his neighbors of lower-lying farms. And so it came to pass that in this winter of scarcity David McWayne had enough and to spare. Some people over in the adjoining town of Norway, hearing that he had plenty of breadstuff, and knowing his liberality, drove over for the purpose of purchasing. They asked him if he had corn to spare.

"Yes, sir," said he, "I have corn to spare."

They wanted twenty bushels.

"Have you the money to pay for it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the spokesman of the party. "We should not have come without money."

"Then, gentlemen," said McWayne, with calm decision, "I cannot let you have the corn. If you have money you can send to Portland for it. I am surrounded by poor people who have no money and no corn. I must supply them, and let them pay me in work. They would suffer else."

And through that long, hard winter David McWayne adhered to his resolution. No man who had the money to pay for it could buy his corn, but to the poor and penniless he emptied his garners, allowing them to work for him in return at their own convenience.

JOSEPHINE.

BY R. W. CHALMERS.

We do not know of any event in history that is so affecting or so full of pathos as the divorce of the Empress Josephine.

The Emperor Napoleon I. (the Great Emperor) weary of incessant wars, thought if he could form a marriage alliance with some one of the royal families of Europe, he might put an end to these conflicts and perpetuate the order of things established in France. For a long time he dreaded to speak upon the subject to Josephine, who had become aware of her impending doom, and was overwhelmed with grief. At last the fatal hour came when the emperor was to make the dreaded announcement to the empress. It was at the Palace of Fontainbleau, the last day of November, 1809. Dark clouds obscured the sky, and a freezing wintry wind moaned through the towers of the castle. The emperor and empress dined alone. Neither had the heart to speak a word. As the attendants retired at the close of the repast, at which it was said that neither could eat a mouthful, the emperor, pale and trembling, took the hand of Josephine, and said:

"My own dear Josephine, you know how I have loved you. It is to you alone that I owe the few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is stronger than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the welfare of France."

The dreadful blow prostrated the empress, and she fell fainting to the floor. The Count de Beaumont was called, and by the aid of the emperor, Josephine was borne, apparently lifeless, to her apartment. Queen Hortense (her daughter) was summoned. She said reproachfully to the emperor:

"My mother will descend from the throne as she ascended it, in obedience to your will. Her children, content to renounce grandeurs which have not made them happy, will gladly go and devote their lives to comforting the best and most affectionate of mothers."

The emperor sat down and wept bitterly. Then raising his eyes, flooded with tears, he said to Hortense, whom he loved with parental fondness:

"Do not leave me, Hortense. Stay by me with Eugene. Help me to console your mother, and render her calm, resigned and even happy, in remaining my friend while she ceases to be my wife."

Eugene (Josephine's son) soon came from Italy. He immediately repaired to his mother's apartment, and, clasping her in his arms, they wept in mutual anguish. He then entered the cabinet of the emperor, and recoiling from the cordial embrace, with which the emperor would have greeted him, said:

"Sire, permit me to withdraw from your service."

"What!" said the emperor, sadly, and with deep emotion, "will you, my adopted son, forsake me?"

"Yes, sire," Eugene firmly replied.—"The son of her who is no longer empress cannot remain Viceroy of Italy. I will follow my mother into her retreat. She must now find her consolation in her children."

The emperor was deeply moved. Tears filled his eyes.

"You know," said he, "the stern necessity which compels this measure. Will you forsake me? Who, then, should I have a son, the object of my desires and the preserver of my interests, who will watch over the child when I am absent. If I die, who will prove to him a father?"

They both then retired to the garden, and, arm and arm, for a long time walked up and down its avenues, engaged in earnest conversation. The noble Josephine, with a mother's love, could not forget the interests of her children. She urged Eugene to remain faithful to the emperor.

"The emperor," she said, "is your benefactor. To him you are indebted for everything. To him, therefore, you owe boundless obedience."

A fortnight passed, and the day arrived for the consummation of this cruel sacrifice. It was the 15th of December. All the members of the imperial family were assembled in the grand saloon of the Tuileries. An extreme paleness overspread the face of the emperor. In his brief address to the assembled dignitaries, he said:

"The political interests of my monarchy, and the wishes of my people require that I should transmit to an heir, inheriting my love for the people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. It is this consideration alone which induces me to sacrifice the dearest affections of my heart, to consult only the good of my subjects, and to desire the dissolution of our marriage. God only knows how much such a determination has cost my heart. But there is no sacrifice too great for my courage, when it is proved to be for the interests of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life, and the remembrance of them will be forever green on my heart. Let her never doubt my affection, or regard me but as her dearest friend."

Josephine then endeavored to read her consent to the divorce. But tears blinded her eyes and sobbings choked her voice. Sinking into a chair, and handing the paper to M. Reynaud, she buried her face in her handkerchief, and remained in that position while it was read aloud.

Napoleon then embraced Josephine, and led her, almost fainting, to her apartment, where he left her alone with her children. The next day the Senate met to sanction the divorce. The emperor, careworn, wretched, pale as a statue, leaned against a pillar. A low hum of mournful voices alone disturbed the gloomy silence of the room. There was a table in the centre of the apartment, on which there was a writing apparatus of gold. Josephine entered, leaning upon the arm of Hortense. Her face was as pale as the muslin dress she wore. The daughter, not possessing the fortitude of her mother, was sobbing aloud. The whole assembly arose. Tears blinded nearly all eyes. Josephine sat down, and, leaning her pallid forehead upon her hand, listened to the reading of the act of separation. Eugene and Hortense stood by the side of their mother, the daughter weeping convulsively.

Josephine, as the reading was finished, for a moment pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, then rising, in clear, but tremulous tones, pronounced the oath of acceptance. She then sat down, and, taking the pen, signed the deed which sundered the dearest ties which can be formed on earth.

Eugene fell fainting to the floor. His inanimate form was borne out of the room by the attendants. Josephine retired with her daughter. Night came. The emperor, utterly wretched, had just placed himself in the bed, from which he ejected his faithful wife, when the door was slowly opened, and Josephine tremblingly entered.

Her eyes were swollen, and her hair and dress disordered. She seemed scarcely conscious of what she was doing, as with hesitating, tottering steps, she approached the bed. Then, in a delirium of grief, all the pent-up love of her heart burst forth, and she threw herself upon the bed, clasped the neck of the emperor in her arms, and exclaimed, "My husband! my husband!" while sobbing as though her heart would break.

Napoleon also wept convulsively. He folded Josephine in his arms, and assured her of his undying love. For some time they remained in each other's embrace, while mutual words of tenderness were interchanged. Josephine then departed forever from the husband, whom she had so long and tenderly loved. They remained the best of friends until the death of the empress. And one of the last words of the emperor, as he was dying at St. Helena, was "Josephine."

In the Bottom Drawer.

I saw my wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old family bureau this evening, and went softly out, and wandered up and down, until she shut it up and went to her sewing. We have some things laid away in that drawer, which the gold of kings could not buy, and yet they are relics which grieve us until both our hearts are sore. I haven't dared look at them for a year, but I remember each article.

There are two worn shoes, a little chip hat with part of the brim gone, and some stockings, pants, a coat, two or three spools, bits of broken crockery, a whip and several toys. Wife—poor thing—goes to that drawer every day of her life and prays over it, and lets her tears fall upon the precious articles, but I dare not go!

Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but not often. It has been a long time, but somehow we can't get over grieving. He was such a burst of sunshine into our lives that his going away has been like covering our every day existence with a pall. Sometimes when we sit alone, of an evening, I writing and she sewing, a child on the street will call out, as our boy used to, and we will both start up with beating hearts and a wild hope only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever.

It is still and quiet now. I look at the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at my coming, but he is not there.—I listen for his pattering feet, his merry shout and his ringing laugh, but there is no sound. There is no one to climb over my knees, no one to search my pockets and tease for presents, and I never find the chairs turned over, the broom down or ropes tied to the door knobs.

I want some one to tease me for my knife; to ride on my shoulder; to lose my axe; to follow me to the gate when I go, and be there to meet me when I come; to call "good night" from the little bed, now empty. And wife, misses him still more; there are no little feet to wash; no prayers to say; no voice teasing for lumps of sugar or sobbing with the pain of a hurt toe; and she would give her own life, almost, to awake at midnight and look across to the crib and see our boy there as he used to be.

So, we preserve our relics, and when we are dead we hope that strangers will handle them tenderly, even if they shed no tears over them.

"All's Well That Ends Well."

Years ago, and not so many, for it has been since the war, some disagreement arose between a couple of married folks in one of the old States, and after much pain and suffering and public exposure of family affairs in the courts, a decree of divorce was obtained, and they who had stood at the alter of Hymen to be joined in union, were parted at the altar of justice, to which they had appealed. Their own way each of them turned and long years have come and gone since then. The husband and father traveled with his burden to the golden shores of California, and there no doubt tried hard to forgive and forget.—The wife and mother with their babe, struggled with the skeleton of her deadened life came to Texas. By some fatality her husband came to Texas also.

Last Friday they were both aboard the train bound from Galveston to this city. The little daughter, while looking curiously over the car at the strange faces, suddenly caught that of her father. Before her mother could stay her, she rushed to him crying "Papa, papa!" The greeting of father and child was touching and beautiful. All the old emotions, all the smothered love and child came back in an instant. "Mamma is here," said the little girl, "come and go to her." And she led her father to the astonished mother, and a poetic predestination was accomplished. They met and talked as of yore, and soon all was well with them again. Chastened as by fire, they seemed to know each other better. The sequel is soon told.—After reaching Housten the service of the Rev. Mr. Hacket were called for, a license obtained, and the marriage vows reassumed with a far better understanding of their nature and sanctity. And thus it is that "all's well that ends well."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN occasionally stumbled upon the truth. He said: "The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should neither want a fine house nor fine furniture."

THIS world would be a sandy desert of loneseomeness if women were not privileged to attend auction sales and pay more for an old bureau than a new chamber set would cost.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THERE is none of God's creatures for whom the recording angel reserves a larger share of pity than the man condemned to wrestle with the average boarding-house sirloin.—*Terre Haute Gaz.*

WOMAN-SLANDERERS.

An exchange says; "Regarded from an ethical point of view, the most insignificant creature upon God's globe is the man who traduces a woman. If he does it to gratify revenge, he is a coward; if gratuitously, he is contemptible. There is no outlet for escape; it is a clear and unequivocal proposition. And yet, unhappily, among men this grave sin is looked upon as very venial."

The man who will in your presence slander any lady will at your back speak just as coarsely of your mother, wife or sister. As you would wish the slanderer of their honor rebuked you should rebuke the slanderer of other women. Sometime ago we heard a young man rattling his idle tongue against the character of a lady when another present—who by society is considered a libertine—sternly interfered and silenced the traducer, giving him a lecture which we hope had effect on those present. If this be a sample of libertines, thought we, give us more of them. We believe it is not so much the bad spirit or lack of spirit on the part of men which permits this practice as the fact that it is only custom,—the knowledge that the speaker is simply lying or desires to provoke a laugh. But many a fair name has been forever tarnished by such idle slurs. Nothing is more disgusting than to hear one calling himself a man boast of successes among ladies—yet nothing is a more common topic of conversation among "the lords." Witticisms and good humored caricatures of the fair sex may be excusable, and none enjoy these more than the ladies themselves. Usually this harmless raillery is only evidence that the speaker is "smitten," for as the old lady said, "When I hear them shake their chains I know they are on them." Andrew Jackson's wife, as saintly a woman as ever lived, died purely of a broken heart from the idle slanders of her husband's enemies, and in our opinion the great redeeming point of Jackson's character was his bitter hatred till death of the slanderers and the seventeen duels he fought to silence them.

We love every good woman, reverence her as an angel strayed from heaven, and may our arm go like that of Corialanus when we fail to raise it in her defense.

(Oh! If I was only a lady, how I'd work for such a gallant defender as that! Wouldn't I make haste to subscribe for his paper, and wouldn't I inform each gentleman of my acquaintance that he couldn't hang around me unless he was a subscriber to the *News!* I would that! and if the ladies don't do it we won't call them angels any more.)

A NEW EXPERIENCE.

Out in a certain Western fort, some