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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 receive no attention.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 35. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1875. No. 37.

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.

1875. January 1st. 1875.

ONE OF THE LARGEST
And BEST ASSORTED
STOCKS of GOODS
TO BE FOUND ANYWHERE WITHIN THE COUNTY LIMITS, WE HAVE NOW IN STORE—
Selected with care at close cash figures—and are offering them upon liberal terms to responsible parties.

T. S. WICKES.

STEWART'S BEST CAST STEEL AXES, for sale by T. S. WICKES.

HOUSEKEEPERS, LOOK!

I AM OPENING
THIS SATURDAY MORNING,
A WELL SELECTED LOT OF
New and Beautiful
FURNITURE,
which I will sell CHEAP FOR CASH.
GIVE ME A CALL.
S. F. SMITH.
January 2, 1875—4t.

C. H. J. SPARKS,
MASSEY'S, KENT CO.,
DEALER IN
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS
Drugs, Paints, Oils,
Poultry, Produce, &c.,
AND EVERY VARIETY OF GOODS TO BE FOUND IN A
First Class Country Store.

☞ A FULL, SELECT and FRESH Stock of Goods just received and opened for the HOLIDAYS.

On and after January 1st, 1875, we purpose SELLING FOR CASH ONLY, which will enable us to sell a great deal cheaper than where credit has to be given.

Persons having accounts on our books will please call and settle promptly before January 1st, 1875. dec19-tf.

NOTICE.

FINDING it impossible to continue the practice of Medicine in this county under the present mode of doing business, and not wishing to take my patrons by surprise, I take this plan to notify them that, after this date, I shall be compelled to issue my accounts half-yearly, at least until I pay my indebtedness; and if not settled satisfactorily in thirty days after presentation, to place them in the hands of a collector for settlement. I have been driven to this by the many losses I have sustained by allowing accounts to remain over from year to year for thirty years or more; and it is also a duty I owe to my creditors, my family and friends. Being dunned for money which I am unable to pay renders me unfit and unable to discharge my professional duty, as I am unable to procure the proper instruments necessary in so extensive a practice. I hope I shall not offend any of my old friends or deter any one from employing me, but I am determined to adhere to this plan until further notice. Wishing all a happy New Year, I remain
jan2-tf. T. H. WHALAND.

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.

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 LIMIMENT 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 of January, 1875, or they will be excluded from the dividend in the personal estate.

JAMES A. PEARCE, Adm'r.
Dec. 19, 1874—4t.

KERSEYS! KERSEYS!

A LARGE STOCK ON HAND OF
MALLALIEU'S
STANDARD MAKE,
Just received by T. S. WICKES.
Chestertown, October 3, 1874.

JOHN G. ROBINSON,
WITH
Sanders & Stayman,
GENERAL AGENTS
FOR THE
CELEBRATED
ESTEY ORGAN,
AND FOR
THE RENOWNED and MATCHLESS
"WEBER," "BRADBURY," AND "HAINES"
PIANOS.
15 N. Charles Street, Baltimore.

☞ PIANOS and ORGANS Tuned and Repaired. j9-6m.

REPORT
—OF—
THE TREASURER
—OF—
The Mutual Fire Insurance Company
OF KENT COUNTY,
January 4, 1875.

Amount of Property insured in Perpetual Policies	$ 344,053.00
Amount of Property insured in other Policies	1,271,035.00
Whole amount of Property insured	$1,615,088.00
Premium Notes on Perpetual Policies	$ 20,438 00
Premium Notes on other Policies	79,742.00
Whole amount of Premium Notes	$100,180.00
INVESTMENTS.	
Amount invested in Stock	$13,850.73
Amount loaned on Judgments	27,488.21
Amount loaned on Mortgages	17,200.00
Whole amount invested	$58,538.94
Cash in hand	$ 580.14
Invested Fund increased during the year 1874	$5,300.00

N. G. WESTCOTT, Treas'r.
Jan. 9, 1875—3t.

☞ READ, REFLECT
and REMEMBER
That ECONOMY is WEALTH,
AND THAT
TIME TRIES ALL THINGS, AND HAS PROVEN THAT
THOMPSON'S is the CHEAP STORE
Where you can find a little of everything generally kept in a
Grocery, Notion and Provision Store
From a Barrel of Flour or Lime to a Pin or Needle. He has on hand and for sale a
Full stock of GROCERIES,
HARDWARE, CROCKERYWARE and TINWARE. TOBACCO and CIGARS a Specialty. Read's Grand Duchess Cologne and Toilet Soaps.

FLOUR.—Patapsco Extra and Snow Hill Family Flour (warranted), bought direct from manufacturers and shipped to me with but little expense, and for sale at city prices.

LIME—By the bushel or barrel, and HAIR, all for sale at the very lowest prices for the CASH ONLY.

WANTED—All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE, RAGS, FUR, &c., for the cash or in exchange for goods.

WM. C. A. THOMPSON,
Jan. 9, 1875 Up Town.

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.

FOR RENT.

That eligible property known as the **Primrose Estate**, located on Chester River, in close proximity to the Bridge at Chestertown, containing about SEVENTY ACRES OF LAND, well adapted to the growth of all kinds of vegetables and fruits. The House is commodious and in fine order, and would make a fine Summer Resort, having a magnificent water front, with fine Ducking and Fishing Shore. The above property will be leased for a term of years, together with the Stock and Tools necessary for carrying on the business, and immediate possession given. For further information apply at this office, or to
CHARLES H. LAKE,
jan2—7t. On the Premises.

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.

CHILDREN'S SHOES.

I HAVE NOW IN STORE
A Fine lot of
Hand-Made Children's Shoes,
for sale. Call and see them.
JAMES A. SHAW,
Jan. 2, 1875. Court Street.

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. jan9-tf.

GENTLEMEN—Call and examine our Stock of FINE BOOTS, at
Dec. 19. J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

ANSWER TO "WANTED A HUSBAND."

FOR THE KENT NEWS—BY H.

When a woman is forced her wants to make known,
And complains that for years she has traveled alone
With no one to love her as she would be loved,
I pity her sorely, and with pity am moved

To lighten her burdens, to take from the shelf
The lady whose heart still belongs to herself.
But before we do this we would like to be told
Why she is still single and near thirty years old.

Now who is to blame that this is the case,
That she is forgotten in the Hymenial race?
And "like the last rose of summer, left blooming alone,
When all her companions are *married* and gone."

Has she never been asked to change her estate
From single to married with a true loving mate?
Has she never been woed by the man who has come
To entreat her acceptance of his heart and his home?

If not, then it's time she has caused to appear
Her Want of a husband; for we very much fear
That had she delayed putting her Want into print
She'd have died an old maid; as it is here's a hint

(And a pretty strong one) that she wants to be married
And that before long. "Why have the men tarried?
I am tired of waiting for them to propose
So I announce my intention, and my purpose disclose."

Here then is the want. Now see if you can
Fulfill the requirements to be had by the man,
For whose benefit she inserts a practical notice
And sadly complains of how lonely her life is.

She emphaticaly states that a MAN she must have,
Who will love her so dearly and not make her his slave.
She speaks of the qualities that he must possess,
And she's very particular, I'm forced to confess.

These qualities are numerous: but when put to the test
The men will all fail, though they appear at their best.
And I think she will find (since her heart is so set
On having a man) she'll take any she can get.

Ye Lords of Creation to whom this appeal
Comes asking a union for woe or for weal,
Examine your charms, then propose if you can
To the one who is lonely and *must* have a man.

Since the man that she wants can nowhere be found
In this whole universe though we search all around,
I'm induced by this thought to make the proposal
To place my heart, hand and money all at her disposal.

I'll not speak of *my* charms, 'twould take too much space,
But will come to the point without more preface.
If your desire to be wed is as great as you say,
You'll accept of this offer and that right away.

You can have me or not as your fancy dictates,
This offer's your last!—so its decreed by the Fates.
You ask for a husband, here is one to be had
Who will save you the fate of being left an old maid. H.

ANSWER TO "WANTED."

WRITTEN FOR THE KENT NEWS.

Wanted, a Husband? Why won't I do?
I have suited others, and why not you?
I too have traveled alone for some time past
And concluded have I to marry at last.

Provided a wife to suit me I find;
I think you would do, can I call you mine?
Your description I admire, except your hair,
But I know it is black, is it not Lady fair?

Some say you are pretty: I know that full well
For I have seen you, but where I must not tell.
You visit our town quite often of late
For the purpose of—well, that I'll not state.

Chatty you are, for I've heard you talk,
Like most of your sex, as if hitting the mark.
I'm not finding fault of your talking so free,
Nor much do I care, if you only have me.

Horse-back riding I am sure you like,
Fore sometimes you are out till after night,
And cross to the "State" you then will aim,
Over the Bridge, through sand and up lane.

As for myself, I am not very fair,
With large moustache and light, curly hair;
My eyes are not brown, some say blue,
And, may I ask, will the color suit you?

Money, I've little, but good prospects ahead,
As soon as grand-papa is pronounced dead;
However, these old people live for sometime,
And possibly this may be the case with mine.

But can't you support me for two or there years?
By that time I may have some cause to shed tears,
For Grandpa will be dead, he is very old,
And if not dead then, why, I'll be sold.

You may tell through the "News" if you are inclined,
The answer to it you will besure to find. A.

NOT BY CHANCE.

Perhaps in some isolated instances a man may become wealthy through a series of circumstances very much resembling "luck," but, as a rule, those who would enjoy success must work for it. Twenty clerks in a store, twenty hands in a printing office, twenty apprentices in a carpenter's shop, twenty young men in a village—all want to get on in the world, and expect to do so. One of the clerks will become a partner, and make a fortune; one of the compositors will own a newspaper, and become an influential citizen; one of the apprentices will become a master builder; one of the young villagers will get a handsome farm, and live like a patriarch—but which one is the lucky individual? Lucky! There is rarely any luck about it.

The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who devotes his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge, who gains friends by deserving them, and who saves his spare money.

There are some ways to fortune shorter than this old highway, but the staunch men of the community—the men who achieve something really worth having, good fortune, good name, a serene old age—all travel along in this road.

HOUSEHOLD MEASURES.—As all families are not provided with scales and weights, refering to ingredients in general use by every housewife, the following information may be useful:

Wheat flour, one quart is one pound.

Indian meal, one quart is one pound and two ounces.

Butter, when soft, one quart is one pound and one ounce.

Loaf sugar, broken, one quart is 1 lb

White sugar, powdered, one quart is one pound one ounce.

Best brown sugar, one quart is one pound two ounces.

Eggs, average size, ten are one pound.

Sixteen large tablespoonfuls are a half pint, eight are a gill, four are a half gill.

THE new postal-card will be nearly white, printed with black ink, and the border will be narrower.

THE TEST.

"I am beautiful," murmured Lora Dean, as she stood before the mirror, smiling at the face reflected there, "and I know very well that Edward Earle is not indifferent to beauty; although he is engaged to my plain little saint of a cousin, Flo. I do not really think she cares so very much for him, and if she does—pshaw! I have nothing but my handsome face to depend upon, so must make the best of it, and let others look out for themselves."

Lora Dean was certainly very beautiful. Her hair was black as the raven's wing, and lay in thick, heavy coils upon her shapely head; eyes of velvety blackness, which their owner could at will cause to flash defiantly, or droop in sweet, innocent confusion; cheeks and lips like scarlet roses, and teeth rivaling pearls in whiteness. She was a little above the medium height, and her elegant carriage would grace a queen.

Miss Dean was an orphan, and lived with her aunt in the city of New York, but had accepted her cousin Ray's invitation to spend a few months with her in the country. Here she met Edw. Earle, Flo's betrothed husband. He was handsome, talented and wealthy; and this beautiful, unprincipled girl was not long in making up her mind to throw all her arts into the contest, and win him for herself, thus ending a long struggle between pride and poverty, which threatened the happiness of the future, even though the result might be the wreck of her cousin's happiness.

"I declare! It is almost five o'clock!" continued Miss Dean, petulantly, glancing at her watch. "Flo promised to help me dress for the party. I do wish she would come."

As if in answer to her wish, the door opened, and Florence Ray entered the room. She was plain—no one could think of calling her anything else—yet there was an expression of innocence and purity in that sweet, gentle face, and speaking from those soleful brown eyes, which attracted every one, and to know her was to love her.

"Oh, Flo! I am so glad you have come!" And the treacherous face was wreathed in smiles. "I want you to do my hair just the prettiest you can. I know I am a bother; but you are a darling, and won't mind."

Florence kissed the pouting, red lips of her cousin held up to her.

"No, coz, you are not a bother. It is a pleasure for me to help you."

"Flo, do you think I am very beautiful?" said Lora, when her cousin stood unwinding the coils of her magnificent hair.

"Yes, dear. I wish I were half as beautiful."

"I wonder if Edward Earle thinks so, too?" she said, watching Flo through her half closed lids.

"Why?"

"I mean to win him if I can."

"Lora!" said Florence, her face flushing, then turning pale. "You know Edward is my affianced."

"Well, supposing he is; if he would leave you for a beautiful face, he is not worthy of you. Florence, dare you let this be a test to see if he will be true?"

Did there creep a doubt into the girl's mind, that caused her to hesitate and for a moment remain silent? When she spoke, it was with a white, yet determined face, and her voice sounded strange and cold.

"I am willing."

But Florence's heart sank within her when her cousin's toilet was finished, and she stood before her, a very queen in her rich robes of silk and lace, with glittering diamonds in her ears and at her throat. Would he stand the test? She asked herself.

Every eye was turned toward Miss Dean that evening when she swept into the parlors. Her beauty, and gay, sparkling manner soon brought a crowd of admirers around her, and, lured by those bright eyes, Edward Earle found himself among them.

Florence Ray only needed that one evening to tell how the contest would end, and who would be the winner; yet she had herself consented to the trial, and, come what might, she would hide all suffering and act her part.

That evening was a fair sample of the days which followed. Edward rarely sought Florence's side, and she stood proudly aloof, never by word or sign betraying her true feeling.

To do Edward Earle justice, his love for Florence was still the same. He was merely fascinated with her cousin, and repelled by her manner toward him, he sought Lora's society. Had Florence acted differently, he would never have gone so far as to release her from their engagement. Her cold manners, together with a few insinuations from the artful and treacherous Lora Dean, made the work of parting two loving hearts very easy. Although no hard words had been spoken on either side, both realized that a great gulf was fixed between them.

The finishing stroke came in the shape of a note, in the familiar handwriting of Florence, which fell in Edward's way. It was addressed to a young man who had formerly been a lover of hers, and filled with regrets that she was bound to another, while her heart was always and would be his.

Could Edward Earle have known how much time that Lora Dean spent upon that very note, in which she forged her cousin's handwriting so cleverly, he would have taken a different course that memorable afternoon.

With a white, stern face, he sought Florence in the summer house, where he had seen her go with a book in her hand.

Florence heard his familiar footstep, and her heart gave a great throb, while a glad light came into her eyes; but when he entered her presence he only saw her lift her eyes from the book she was reading, and how coldly!

With the words of that note still burning in his brain, her manner almost maddened him.

"Miss Ray, I think we had better come to an understanding at once, and I have taken it upon myself to offer your freedom from the bonds that have proved so irksome."

For a moment Florence sat as if stunned. Although she had felt for a long time that a great distance was between them, she could not realize it had come to this. In his offer of release she only saw a glad escape on his part, that he might wed her beautiful cousin; and, forcing back the cry of anguish that would have risen to her lips, all the pride in her nature came to her rescue, and helped her through the ordeal. With no more visible emotion in her white face than if it were carved from marble, she drew the costly solitaire diamond from her finger, and held it towards him. The last link that bound them together had been severed, and without a word he took the ring and left her presence.

Alone in her room, with no eye but God's to witness, Florence Ray fought with love and pride. Pride conquered, and she went out boldly determined to die rather than give one sign of her suffering.

Days grew into weeks, and still Lora Dean lingered at the farm-house. Edward Earle and she were almost constantly together.

One afternoon Florence stood by the window in thought living over the past, and contrasting it with the present, and wondering if she could ever again think the sunshine beautiful with that dull weary pain at her heart. A familiar form was coming up the road, and her heart beat almost audibly, while a crimson spot came to either cheek.

How beautiful and innocent Lora looked, out in the garden among the flowers. Her sweet voice, trilling some happy love song, floated in through the window to Florence's ears. As she listened for a moment—and only for a moment—a feeling of bitter hatred against her cousin crept into her heart, and was harbored there. Lora Dean's graceful attitude did not look as if it were studied; but she had caught a glimpse of Edward Earle's handsome figure, although she was to all appearance unconscious of his approach.

He opened the little gate and entered the garden. Florence saw them standing there together—saw him stoop, pick a rose, and place it among her dark tressess; then they walked down the path in the direction of the lake.

When the trees hid them from sight, Florence sank into a chair, buried her face in her hands, and the glistening tears fell through her white fingers. For a moment only she sat thus, and then her old pride returned, and, as if ashamed of her momentary weakness, she dashed the tears away, and took up the embroidery she had thrown aside.

An hour later, when Lora, flushed and elated, entered the room, her face gave no sign of the struggle she had recently passed through.

"Florence, beauty has won! Edward Earle has asked me to become his wife."

"And you have accepted him?" slowly came from the white lips of Florence.

"Of course I have! He is handsome and wealthy. For one in my position—having run through a fortune—with plenty of pride and no means to keep up appearances much longer, it is a decidedly lucky thing. I am glad you do not care much for him—at least, judging from your actions you do not—for if I thought you did, I should not have let matters gone this far."

"One question, Lora; do you love him?"

"No, Florence; I will be candid with you. It is only the position his wealth will give me that I covet."

"O Lora, Lora! Was it for this that you wrecked my life? I had thought to suffer in silence; but I must speak. I love Edward Earle with a love that will never die. Before you came we were so happy! I can forgive you the wrong you have done me; but oh, Lora, think well before you consent to perjure your soul at the altar by giving your hand and not your heart! You will not be happy, and God will mete out punishment to you."

"There, there, Florence! Do not preach any longer. It's too late now."

"No, Miss Dean, not too late," said a stern voice, as a form darkened the doorway.

"Mr. Earle, as I live! And in the pleasant position of an eavesdropper."

Lora meant to be scornful, but her voice trembled with shame and mortification.

"Yes, Miss Dean; for once I have been guilty of listening; yet my conscience did not condemn me. I have learned that which will greatly change the future for you and me. If you will consider those words I was mad enough to utter a short time ago recalled, I shall be much obliged to you."

"As you please," said Miss Dean, in a voice trembling with passion. Then she arose and swept from the room.

Edward crossed the room where Florence sat, with bowed head, and, taking one of her hands, he said:

"Pardon me, Miss Ray—Florence—for being a listener to this conversation between you and your cousin. It has opened my eyes in more than one respect. I chanced to think of a book Miss Dean spoke of having, and which she had promised to loan her sister; so I came back for it. Passing by the open window, I heard a few words of conversation I deemed it no sin to hear more of. The words I heard you say have made me doubt that you ever wrote this.

He placed in her hands the note he had found.

Florence read it through, then said, looking into his face with those truthful eyes—

"No, Edward, I never wrote this. Some enemy has been at work."

They did not question who, for it was evident to both who the guilty party was.

Florence confessed that she consented to test his love, and both shuddered when they thought of how near their lives came to being shipwrecked. It was a perfect reconciliation.

Miss Dean left for the city the next day in disgust. A month later she received cards of invitation to attend the wedding of Florence Ray and Edward Earle; but she very politely declined the invitation.

ALL FOR LOVE.—A young girl named Louise Sheinfeilder, daughter of a tailor living at West New York, eloped on Wednesday with a young man named Dunning, employed in a clothing store in that city. The girl made her escape from her parents by jumping out of a second-story window. She broke her ankle, and was carried off by her lover's friends. The pair were married.

WHEN Alexander H. Stephens passes a Washington undertaker's establishment the proprietor always comes to the door, takes a long, lingering look at the shadowy form of the great paragraphist, and then returns to wonder at the mysterious ways of Providence.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

Indignation Meeting in Baltimore.

GREAT GATHERING.

Eloquent Speeches by Hon. REVERDY JOHNSON, Ex-Governor WHYTE, S. T. WALLIS, and others.

There was an immense mass meeting at the Masonic Temple in Baltimore on Friday night of last week, composed of men of all parties, to unite the voice of Baltimore with the voice of the country in a protest against the recent military outrage and usurpation on the 4th of January in Louisiana. The speeches, says the *Sun*, were by some of the foremost men of the city and State, notable among them for his sound knowledge of constitutional law and the fundamental principles of liberty, as well as his ripe age and national prominence, Hon. Reverdy Johnson. Mr. Johnson does not hesitate to denounce the interference of soldiery in the Legislature as a blow at civil liberty, threatening to all the States, unless met by the front of the people with proper rebuke. He was unsparing in his arraignment of mere soldiers, who are apologized for on account of their ignorance of the legal niceties of the questions involved, and declared the famous dispatch of Sheridan, stigmatizing the people of three States as banditti, to be left with him for disposal, as manifesting a fiendish thirst for human blood unexampled in a Christian age. The remedy for the evil, Mr. Johnson thinks, does not lie in an act of Congress, especially in an act ordering a new election in a sovereign State outraged by federal troops. If the remedy does lie with Congress, it is in an act to abolish the office of lieutenant-general, or stop supplies, or the use of the impeaching power.

The other speakers were S. Teackle Wallis, Thomas Donaldson, ex-Governor Whyte and J. V. L. Findlay. Three of the speakers, Messrs. Johnson, Donaldson and Findlay, have been identified with the republican party. Mr. Wallis very properly treated the subject from the standpoint of the restored Union, and we give below his remarks nearly in full.—He said:

I am here, as you are here to-night, only because I feel that it is an occasion on which no man should linger at his home who desires or deserves to have a home. The hand of military despotism is not at your throat or my throat. There is tranquility in our streets to-night. But we should be unworthy the name of American citizens if the blow struck at the bosom of our brethren of Louisiana, so foul as this blow is, did not make a wound in our breast. If we have been taught anything from our cradles, it is that this government is a government of law, and not a government of force. One of the reasons assigned by our forefathers for dissolving our connection with England was the assumption of the King of England to put the military over the civil power. Since that dissolution we have learned that, at all times and in all cases, the military should be subordinate to the civil power.

As State after State has come into this great republic each one has taken up the signal note. From East to West, wherever an American city is founded and the echo of the Declaration of Independence has been proclaimed, there the cornerstone of the foundation of that State is that the military shall always be subordinate to the civic power; therefore, whenever an endeavor is made, particularly by the government of the country, to violate the rights of one of these States, it does not become American citizens to wait until the outrage be perpetrated, but the first sound should be the tocsin as it were, and every one of us should rush forth for the purpose of defending that glorious liberty which has been handed down to us before it is broken. [Applause.]

And I tell you, gentlemen, that as in the origin of this great republic, when it was necessary that the cradle of liberty should be rocked, the whole land should rise up to stand as a nursing mother to it. What does this thing mean that brings us here to-night? Is it not a question whether the people of this land are to be governed by their laws, or regulated as a regiment of cavalry; whether they should be governed by their institutions or their lieutenant generals? That is the question, and that is the issue behind that question. It is that and nothing more. [Applause.]

Two or three years ago the President of the United States thought proper to interfere in the affairs of Louisiana.—How? Interfere for the purpose of carrying out any of his constitutional obligations? No. I do not propose to bring anything savoring of party feeling into this meeting; but when I read in the message of the President that he justifies the course of the military upon the ground that it was a necessity, I recognize that he means it was a necessity to the republican party. I hold in my hands the report of the committee of investigation to the President of the United States, calling upon him to interfere, not for the purpose of saving the lives of white, red or black, but for the purpose of saving the republican party. It is idle for any man to tell me that the respect I should owe to the President of the United States binds me to give any respect to a man who writes that message, which cannot be true. Two years ago he interferes, upon the suggestion of his brother-in-law that only his interference will save the republican party. He does save it. And such salvation. [Tremendous cheering.]

When I hear the unhappy people of those States denounced as murderers; when I hear a lieutenant general ask that they may be treated as banditti, I confess I feel that there is no extent of human indignation that can express such outrage or come up to what such uncalled for action demands. He causes to be marched into that assembly your soldiers, not his, and men that wield your arms, not his—men that represented no position except that they are representatives of your power, not his. [Applause.]

He sends them there for the purpose of resecting the Cromwell and Napoleon of the past, dragging out men of gray hairs and honor to save the republican party over again. He looks to the performance of this duty to General Sheridan, and who is General Sheridan? Mind, gentlemen, no desire to move any man's views shall make me do injustice to General Sheridan. Nothing will prevent me from giving him the credit which belong to him as a soldier. He served well the cause to which he was bound, and deserves the honor belonging to him; he would have deserved more if his reputation had not been linked with the devastation of war rather than with its glory. And this is the man the President selects to engage in this work of salvation. What is he? I saw in the paper, and I have no doubt it is true, because I believe it came from the Associted Press, an account of an interview that was held with the commander-in-chief of the army, and he thinks well of General Sheridan, because he is a man who obeys orders, and would burn the city of New Orleans as soon as he would burn an Indian village. That is the sort of man, fellow-citizens—the man who obeys orders. Whose orders? The orders of the law? The orders of the constitution?—The orders of the American people? No; but the orders of his superior officer. I tell you, gentlemen, that that sort of man and that sort of principle have to be put down, and the soldier who carries American arms must be taught that his glory does not consist in his being a Hessian or a Cossack. [Applause.] He must be taught that the first order to be obeyed is the laws of the constitution and the laws of the land, and that is the only thing, his obedience to the law, which draws the distinction between murder and the honorable profession of arms. It is discovered that there have been in the neighborhood of five thousand people murdered in that portion of the country. Says Gen. Sheridan, leave that portion of the country to me. And who am I? [Laughter.] Do you know what a military commission is? My venerable friend, Mr. Johnson, can tell you, for his blood has often curdled at the recital of the deeds of military commissions and their drum-head court-martials. The speaker hoped against hope that in the message he sent to Congress the President would have relieved himself of his false position, and told the country that Sheridan should not longer be retained in command. The President said, instead, that Sheridan had done something not exactly legal, but it would be better for Louisiana if they were legal. The President dares to tell the Congress of the United States that in the infamous attempt to violate the laws his lieutenant general was not thinking! It would be ludicrous, if not too serious. One Senator rises in his place and dares to say that such meetings as this to-night is but a manifestation of the same spirit of conspiracy begun at New Orleans.

There is a meeting going on to-night at Faneuil Hall. I thank God that after the lapse of years there is one question upon which the voice of the people of Faneuil Hall and those of Maryland can be heard together. [Great applause.[The question is whether you and I are banditti, or whether we are free American citizens. Mr. Wallis spoke of the carpet-bagger as one raised up by the wand of reconstruction, like the vermin in Egypt by the vomit. If the outrages were committed by the party to which you belong, said the speaker, you would rise up against it, because the instincts of patriotism are stronger than the instincts of party.—Suppose the report of outrages in the Southwest were as true as they are false, who would be responsible but those who have crushed the liberties of the people in that section. If they are driven to crimes, these crimes are upon the heads who forced their commission.

Mr. Wallis said, in conclusion, he trusted the venerable chairman and himself would live to see these people restored to their rights, and peace would reign in their midst. If any man was in sound of his voice who differed with him in the past, Mr. Wallis hoped he would believe him to be actuated by old feelings and opinions. He had buried them and sowed flowers upon their graves. He trusted the restored Union would be immortal, if human institutions could deserve immortality. But if one part of that Union, groaning under oppression that does not wake response in all parts, there was danger in their apathy that boded nothing but evil.

The remarks of Mr. Wallis were frequently interrupted by applause.

COMFORTABLE, AT LEAST.—The Greenland woman combs her hair in a long plait, forming it into a knot on the top of the head, which is elevated about four inches from the scalp, and tied with a strip of ribbon, either of black, blue or red color—the widow being distinguished by the black ribbon, the wife by the blue, and the maiden by the red one. Their complexion being coppery, like that of the Indian, their hair black and their nose flat, while their cheek bones are broad and prominent, nearly hiding the nasal appendage when the profile is presented. The kepetah, or jumper, with hood attachment, worn by both sexes, the hood of the women being made larger, in which to carry the young babe, is of sealskin with trimmings of dogskin. The pantaloons are also worn by both sexes, those of the women being, in most cases, very elaborately and artistically trimmed. The pantaloons of the women reach only to the knee, while the boots, made of finely tanned sealskin, nicely crimped and sewed with the sinews of the deer, make them look comfortable. Taken altogether, the costume is a sensible one, and well suited to their requirements—which is more than *some* women can say.

CAUGHT IN THEIR OWN TRAP.—The Charlottsville (Va.) *Republican* says:

A gentleman in Louisa county, one night last week, hearing a noise about his corn house, went out with a double-barrelled shot gun, and seeing what he supposed to be a man, fired, killing him instantly. Upon closer examination, he discovered that the man he shot at was sitting upon a lever which had been inserted in a crack, and the house bodily lifted up, while two others were in the cracks getting out the corn. A closer examination revealed the horrifying fact that as the first man fell from the lever, the house closed down upon the unfortunate wretches mashing the life out of them. Thus the three men all lost their lives in an instant in a trap which they themselves had set. They were all negroes.

Wonder of Newspaper Printing.

The New York *Herald* claims that a recent Sunday edition consisted of one hundred and fifty thousand copies. Each number consisted of twenty pages, that is one hundred and twenty columes, of which seventy-eight were advertisements and forty-two reading matter. The *Herald* says:

"A detail which will be perfectly new to non-professionals is that to produce one hundred and fifty thousand copies, it is necessary to take nine thousand impressions. To accomplish this in the short time allowed, five rotary Hoe presses, of eight and ten cylinders each, and two Bullock perfecting presses, were kept rolling off at the rate of one thousand a minute. To drive these huge presses, two large engines of eighty horse power were kept in motion by burning six tons of coal in the furnaces. To form the stereotype plates for the cylinders, eight tons of type metal were used to cast one hundred and forty-eight plates, weighing when finished and dressed, thirty-eight pounds each. The ink on a single copy would not be taken into observation by the average observer, but it required seven hundred and twenty-five pounds to keep the rollers prepared to leave the imprint of their kisses on the eighteen million virgin pages that were to glow at day-light with the news. And these rollers were composed of five hundred pounds of glue mingled with one thousand pounds of honey. Then the virgin pages—the paper on which all this is printed. There are eighty men and boys about the presses, handling. Sheet by sheet it is passed through the press, until seventeen tons, or thirty-four thousand pounds, are printed on both sides. If you were to pile those sheets one upon another they would make a monument one hundred and twenty feet high."

HEREDITARY CRIME.

Some of the most remarkable statistics regarding hereditary disposition to crime that have ever been collected were lately produced by Dr. Harris at a recent meeting of the State Charities Aid Association. It appears that the attention of Dr. Harris was attracted to a county on the upper Hudson, in New York, in which the proportion of crime and poverty to the entire population was extraordinary great, there being about one criminal or pauper to every ten inhabitants. The recurrence of certain names among the list of unfortunates also excited his interest, and lead him to genealogical investigations which have resulted in the following astonishing statement of facts:

Seventy years ago, a child, having no other name than Margaret, was a vagrant about the locality. There was no almshouse, and it seems the girl lived as a waif, occasionally helped by the charitable, but never educated and never given a home. She gave birth to children, who became paupers like herself; they increased and multiplied until, up to the present time, nine hundred descendants of the friendless woman can be traced. Of this immense progeny, extending through six generations, two hundred of the more vigorous are recorded as criminals, and a large number as idiots, lunatics, prostitutes, and drunkards. In one single generation there were twenty children, three of which died young, and the balance survived to maturity; but nine were sent to State Prison for aggregate terms of fifty years, and the rest were constant inmates of penitentiaries, jails and almshouses.

A HARD BED TO FILL.—The Junior Editor of the Gallatin——, is noted for his modesty. When schoolboys he and the writer were inseparable companions, probably because we both stood in such holy awe of "the gals." A pair of mischievous black eyes would stampede us quicker than a "big dog." One day "Bob" was sent to neighbor Shaw's to enquire about some straw for filling beds and of course the writer went with him. Mr. Shaw was the father of six hateful girls that had rather laugh at a fellow than not and when we arrived they were all seated at dinner. I dodged behind the corner while Bob edged carefully in at the door and with a scared look stammered, "Mr. Straw, can you let me have enough Shaw to fill my bed?" "Well, R——" said the old gentleman, glancing around the circle of astonished faces, "I suppose so; here are six besides the old woman; but I'd rather you'd leave her if the girls will be enough. Take them all and God bless you." Perfect shrieks of laughter went up from those mean things and "R——" took to his heels followed by the writer and cries from the old man to come back and he'd "throw in the old woman too."

A MAN bought a horse. It was the first one he ever owned