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. 15 cts. extra to subscribers out of the county.

☞ 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, FEBRUARY 13, 1875. No. 40.

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.

TAX COLLECTOR'S SALE.

BY virtue of authority conferred upon me by the Act of Assembly approved April 1st, 1872, chapter 348, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of Pere Robinson, col'd, in and to

All the interest of said Robinson in the

HOUSE and LOT,

near Galena, Kent county, adjoining the lands of Geo. J. Appold and others.

And I hereby give notice, that on

Saturday, the 13th of February, 1875,

between the hours of 10 and 12 o'cl'k, A. M., I will offer for sale on the premises, the said property so seized and taken in execution, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay the taxes due and owing by said Pere Robinson:

Taxes due for the year 1871 - - 2 71
" " " 1872 - - 2 80

Together with interest, and all cost incurred in making the sale. J. W. JARMAN,
jan23-ts[4.50] Late Coll.

TAX COLLECTOR'S SALE.

BY virtue of authority conferred upon me by the Act of Assembly approved April 1st, 1872, chapter 348, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim and interest of Pere Robinson, colored, in and to

The interest of the said Robinson in the

HOUSE and LOT,

near Galena, Kent county, adjoining the lands of Geo. J. Appold and others.

And I hereby give notice, that on

Saturday, the 13th of February, 1875,

between the hours of 10 and 12 o'cl'k, A. M., on the premises, I will sell said property for cash, to pay taxes due and owing by said Robinson:

Taxes due for the year 1873 - - 2.55
" " " 1874 - - 2.79

Together with interest, and all costs incurred in making said sale.
GEO. W. CHRISFIELD,
jan23-ts [4.50] Coll. 1st Dist.

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

BY virtue of authority conferred upon me by the Act of Assembly approved April 1st, 1872, chapter 348, I have seized and taken into execution all the right, title, claim and interest of Ann C. Wroth, in and to

All That Farm in Broad Neck, Kent county, called

"NEW KEYS,"

adjoining the property of Wm. H. Davis and others.

And I hereby give notice, that on

TUESDAY, the 2nd of March, 1875,

between the hours of 1 and 3 o'clock, P. M., at the Court House Door, in Chestertown, I will offer for sale the said property so seized and taken in execution, by public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay and satisfy the taxes due and owing by the said Ann C. Wroth.

Taxes due for 1873 - - - $29 06
Taxes due for 1874 - - - $29 78

Together with interest, and all costs incurred in making the sale.
JOHN A. ROLLISON,
Feb. 6, 1875—ts. Coll. 5th Dist.

COLLECTOR'S SALE.

BY virtue of authority conferred upon me by the Act of Assembly approved April 1st, 1872, chapter 348, I have seized and taken into execution all the right, title, claim and interest of Ann C. Wroth, in and to

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Taxes due for 1872 - - - $29 96

Together with interest, and all costs incurred in making the sale.
WILLIAM STEVENS,
feb6-ts. Att'y for M. Brown, late Coll'r.

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.

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.

PUMPS! PUMPS!

SAMUEL GORMAN,
Practical Pump Maker, Well Digger and Repairer,
Near the Iron Foundry, CHESTERTOWN.

☞ All work done in a mechanical manner and at prices that defy competition. Repairs for all kinds of Pumps kept constantly on hand or made to order. jun16-3t*

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.,
Jan. 30, 1875. Bordley's Corner.

PEREMPTORY

TRUSTEES' SALE

OF DESIRABLE

TOWN PROPERTY.

THE undersigned, Trustees, by virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, as a Court of Equity, passed in a cause wherein John T. Dodd is complainant, and George W. Greenwood and others are defendants, will offer at PUBLIC SALE at the Voshell House, in Chestertown, on

WEDNESDAY,

The TWENTY-FOURTH of FEBRUARY, 1875

At Eleven o'clock, A. M.,

THE DWELLING HOUSE

AND PREMISES

OF THE LATE JOHN GREENWOOD, ON Queen Street, in Chestertown.

THE HOUSE

IS A TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING, with two large rooms and a hall in the main building down stairs, and with three good chambers up stairs in the main bulding.—There is also a convenient Back Building, with several rooms up stairs and down—good kitchen and pantry, ample Cellar and good Meat House. There is also a good Yard surroundting the house, and a good garden in the rear. The house was built several years since specially for a residence for the late John Greenwood, is well finished in every respect, and a convenient, comfortable Dwelling.

THE TERMS OF SALE,

as prescribed by the Decree, are as follows:—Six hundred dollars to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or in thirty days thereafter, and the balance in three equal instalments in six, twelve and eighteen months from the day of sale. The credit payments to be secured by the Bond of the purchaser, with security to be approved by the Trustees, and to bear interest from the day of sale.

Possession given immediately. Deed at the cost of the purchaser.

RICHARD HYNSON,
JAMES A. PEARCE,
Trustees.

☞ The Creditors of John Greenwood, late of Kent county, deceased, are hereby notified to file their claims, with the vouchers thereof, in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Kent county, within four months from the day of sale.

RICHARD HYNSON, } TRUSTEES.
JAMES A. PEARCE, }
Chestertown, Jan. 30, 1875—ts.

CARRIAGE AND HARNESS BAZAAR

FOURTH ST., BETWEEN FRENCH AND WALNUT, WILMINGTON, DEL.

J. & W. MERRICK, Proprietors,

Respectfully inform the public that they have for sale a Large and well selected Stock of desirable CARRIAGES, HARNESS, AND SLEIGHS. They always will have the latest and most Fashionable Styles in Stock.

Through the large experience of the senior member in the carriage manufacture, and buying everything for cash, they are enabled to sell at the most reasonable prices, and give satisfaction in every transaction.

It will be to the advantage of wholesale and retail buyers to examine our extensive collection.

In a short time they will, in connection with their regular sale of Carriages and Harness, have a public sale of Carriages, Horses and Harness, every Saturday morning.

They will, at any time, buy or advance cash on Carriages, Harness, &c., or sell on commission. J. & W. MERRICK.
February 6, 1875—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.

Removed to Media.

Swithin C. Shortlidge Boarding School for young men and boys, is now open at Media, Pa., 13 miles from Philadelphia, is one of the finest school buildings in the State, heated in all stories, and lighted with gas, building 100 by 50 feet, porch all around, 55 lodging rooms, large school room with five class rooms, ample bath and water closet accommodations, 10 trains daily from Philadelphia. Thorough instruction, home care, good table guaranteed. Special attention to backward pupils. S. C. SHORTLIDGE, (Harvard A. M.) Media, Pa.

FOR RENT,
A VERY DESIRABLE FARM.

Owing to the feeble condition of Mr. F. C. Townsend's health, he has determined to relinquish farming; and to rent for the present year the farm in his possession, known as a part of "Hopewell," near Chestertown, Kent county, Md. The farm is owned by Moses Lambson, is beautifully situated within one mile and a half of Chestertown, contains about **220 Acres,** and is well adapted to raising all kinds of grain. Wheat now seeded. There are Several Thousand Peach Trees of good varieties on the farm. Possession will be given on or before the 1st of March. For further information inquire on the premises, or of
WILLIAM M. SLAY,
Feb. 6—3w. Attorney at Law.

NEW STORE!

MRS. NANNIE EMORY having opened a FANCY and DRY GOODS STORE, in the Machine Rooms of Mr. Willard Melvin, solicits the patronage of her friends and the public. We will also do PLAIN SEWING in a neat manner. jan2-1m.

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.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS, GUNNERS, &c.

All persons are hereby forewarned from trespassing on the farm of the late John T. Dodd, near Chestertown, with dog, gun or otherwise. I have had stock injured several times of late by dogs, and shall shoot to kill all dogs caught on the said farm after this date. JAMES SMITH, Overseer.
Jan. 30, 1875—3t.

THE FORSAKEN.

[This poem, written by "Stella" (Mrs. Estelle Anna Lewis) at the age of fourteen, Poe said was "the most beautiful ballad of the kind ever written. We have read it," he remarked, "more than twenty times, and always with increased admiration."]

It hath been said, for all who die
There is a tear;
Some pining, bleeding heart, to sigh
O'er every bier.
But at that hour of pain and dread
Who will draw near
Around my humble couch and shed
One farewell tear?

Who'd watch life's last departing ray
In deep despair,
And soothe my spirit on its way
With holy prayer?
What mourner round my bier will come
In weeds of woe,
And follow me to my long home
Solemn and slow?

When lying on my clayey bed,
In icy sleep,
Who there, by pure affection led,
Will come and weep;
By the pale moon implant the rose
Upon my breast,
And bid it cheer my dark repose,
My lowly rest?

Could I but know when I am sleeping
Low in the ground,
One faithful heart would there be keeping
Watch all night round,
As if some gem lay shrined beneath
That sod's cold gloom;
Would mitigate the pangs of death
And light the tomb.

Yes! in that hour, if I could feel
From hails of glee
And Beauty's presence, one would steal
In secrecy,
And come and sit and weep for me
In night's deep noon,
Oh! I would ask of memory
No other boon.

But, ah! a lonelier fate is mine
A deeper woe.
From all I love in youth's sweet time
I soon must go;
Draw round my pale robes of white,
In a dark spot
To sleep through death's long dreamless night
Lone and forgot.

A STRANGE FASCINATION.

In San La Jose, a California town, their lived a young lady, handsome, wealthy, and more, than usually well educated.—Her father was an invalid, and her mother was cold and heartless.

Two years ago a physician was called to attend her father; in this way the young lady saw him. The doctor paid no attention to her—his mind was engrossed with his professional duties. A few weeks ago the doctor was surprised somewhat by being asked by the young lady to give her the favor of a private interview. She took him into a drawing-room.

"Doctor," said she, "I suppose that gentlemen of your profession are accustomed to receive strange confidences. I have a confession to make to you."

He supposed that the impending confession had something to do with the state of her own health or with that of her father, and he begged her to proceed.

"You will, however, be scarcely prepared for what I am about to say," she continued; "but I wish you to hear it.—It is now just two years since I first saw you. You have scarcely ever exchanged a word with me, but I have learned much about you. I am not mistaken in believing that you are unmarried?"

"No," said he "I am not married?"

"And your affections are not engaged?"

"You scarcely have the right to ask that," said he.

"Well, then," she replied, "I will not ask it. I will make you my confession. I love you with all my heart. I wish you to marry me. I have loved you from the first moment I have seen you. I said to myself, 'I will wait for you two years; if he then speaks to me, I will know what to say.' You have not spoken to me, and now I speak. I say I love you with all my heart; you are necessary for me; will you marry me?"

The doctor, who, although not a very old man, was twice the age of the young lady, recovering a little from his surprise, tried to turn the matter off as a joke, but the young lady was very serious.

"No," said she, "I am in very sober earnest. I know all that you may say or think as to the indelicacy of my proposal, but I cannot help it. I ask you once more, can you love me, and will you marry me?"

"In sober earnest, then," he replied, "I cannot marry you."

"Then I shall die," said she, very calmly, and left the room

The doctor had heard people say before that they should die, and he left the house without attaching very much importance to the prophecy.

A few days after this the young lady was found dead in bed. Two letters laid upon her dressing table. One was addressed to her family solicitor.

Every penny of her property was given to the doctor, and the solicitor was instructed to make the transfer to him, ask no questions, and take no receipt.

The other letter was to the doctor:

"I told you I should die, and when you receive this I shall be dead. For ten days I have tasted no foood or drink; but that does not kill me, and now I have taken poison. I have no reproach to make you, but I could not live without your love. When I am dead look at my heart. You will see your name there. I have two requests to make of you. Go to my solicitor and take what he has for you, and then go off on a holiday to Italy, for a few months. The other request is that you never ask where I am buried, and never come to my grave."

There was a post-mortem examination made of the young lady's body. On her breast over her heart, deeply imprinted in her flesh, were the initials of the doctors name. The characters seemed to have been made there two or three years before. They were probably imprinted by her own hand on the day when she first saw him.

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

IF you want to feel warm *all through* give some poor family means to keep warm.

The Mortgage Foreclosed.

"PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE."

"I cannot wait any longer. I must have money, and if you cannot pay it, I must foreclose the mortgage and sell the place," said Mr. Merton.

"In that case," said Mr. Bishop, "it will, of course, be sold at a great sacrifice, and after all the struggles I have made, my family will again be homeless. It is very hard. I only wish you had to earn your money as I do mine; you might then know something of the hard life of a poor man. If you could only in imagination put yourself in my place, I think you would have a little mercy on me."

"It is useless talking; I extended this one year, and can do so no longer," replied Mr. Merton, as he turned to his desk and continued writing.

The poor man rose from his seat and walked sadly out of Mr. Merton's office; his last hope was gone. He had just recovered from a long illness, which had swallowed up the means with which he had intended to make the last payment on his house. True, that gentleman had waited one year, when he had failed to meet the demand, owing to illness in his family, and he had felt very much obliged to him for doing so. This year he had been laid up for several months, during which he could earn nothing, and his savings were then needed for the support of himself and family. Again he failed, and now he would again be homeless and have to begin the world anew. Had heaven forsaken him and given him over to the tender mercies of the wicked?

After he had left the office, Mr. Merton could not drive away from his thoughts that remark to which the poor man in his grief had given utterance, "I wish you had to earn your money as I do mine." In the midst of a row of figures—"Put yourself in my place," intruded.

Once after it had crossed his mind, he laid down his pen, saying, "Well, I think I should find it rather hard. I have a mind to drop in there this afternoon, and see how it fares with his family; that man has roused my curiosity."

About five o'clock he put on a gray wig and some old cast-off clothes, walked to the residence of Mr. Bishop, and knocked at the door. Mrs. Bishop, a pale, weary looking woman, opened it; the poor old man requested permission to enter and rest awhile, saying he was very tired with his long journey, for he had walked many miles that day.

Mrs. Bishop cordially invited him in and gave him the best seat the room afforded. She then began to make preparations for tea. The old gentleman watched her attentively. He saw there was no elasticity in her step, no hope in her movements; and pity for her began to steal into his heart. When her husband entered her features relaxed into a smile, and she forced a cheerfulness into her manner. The traveller noted it all; and he felt himself forced to admire this woman, who could assume a cheerfulness she did not feel for her husband's sake. After the table was prepared, there was nothing upon it but bread, butter and tea. They invited the stranger to eat with them, saying—"We have not much to offer you, but a cup of tea will refresh you after your long journey."

He accepted their hospitality, and as they discussed their frugal meal, he led them, without seeming to do so, to talk of their affairs.

"I bought this piece of land," said Mr. Bishop, "at a very low price, and instead of waiting as I ought to have, until I had saved the money to build, I thought I would borrow two hundred dollars. The interest on the money would not be nearly as much as the rent I was paying, and I would be saving something by doing it. I did not think there would be any difficulty in paying back the borrowed money. But the first year my wife and one of my children were ill, and the expense left no means to pay the debt. Mr. Merton agreed to wait another year, if I would pay the interest. I did that. This year I was seven months unable to work at my trade and earn anything; and of course when pay day comes round, and this is very soon, I shall again be unable to meet the demand."

"But," said the stranger, "will not Mr. Merton wait another year, if you make all circumstances known to him?"

"No, sir," replied Mr. Bishop, "I saw him this morning, and he said he must have the money, and should be obliged to foreclose."

"He must be very hard-hearted," replied the traveller.

"Not necessarily so," soid Mr. Bishop. "The fact is, these rich men know nothing of the struggles of the poor. They are men just like the rest of mankind, and I am sure if they had the faintest idea of what the poor have to pass through, their hearts and their purses would open. You know it has passed into a proverb, "When a poor man needs assistance, he should apply to the poor." The reason is obvious. The poor only know the curse of poverty. They know how heavily it falls, crushing the spirit out of man; and to use my favorite expression, they can at once put themselves in the unfortunate one's place, and appreciate difficulties, and are therefore always ready to render assistance as far as they are able; and if Mr. Merton had the least idea of what I and my family had to pass through, I think he would be willing to wait several years for his money, rather than distress us."

With what emotion the stranger listened may be imagined. A new world was being opened to him. He was passing through an experience that had never been his before. Shortly after the conclusion of the meal, he rose to take his leave, thanking Mr. and Mrs. Bishop for their kind hospitality. They invited him to stay all night, telling him he was welcome to what they had.

He thanked them and said, "I will trespass on your kindness no longer. I think I can reach the next village before dark, and be so much further on my journey."

Mr. Merton did not sleep much that night. He lay awake thinking. He had received a new revelation. The poor had always been associated in his mind with stupidity and ignorance, and the first poor family he had visited he had found far in advance, in intelligence, sympathy and real politeness, of the exquisites and fashionable butterflies of the day.

The next day a boy called at the cottage, and left a package in a large blue envelope, addressed to Mr. Bishop.

Mrs. Bishop was very much alarmed when she took it; for large blue envelopes were associated in her mind with law and lawyers, and thought it boded no good. She put it away until her husband came home from his work, when she handed it to him.

He opened it in silence, read its contents, and said frequently, "Thank Heaven!"

"What is it, John?" inquired his anxious wife.

"Good news, wife," replied John; "such news that I had never hoped for, or even dreamed of."

"What is it—what is it? Tell me quick—I want to hear if it is anything good."

"Mr. Merton has cancelled the mortgage, released me from the debt, both the principal and interest, and says any time I need any further assistance if I will let him know I shall have it."

"I am so glad; it puts new life into me," said the now happy wife. "But what can have come over Mr. Merton?"

"I do not know. It seems strange after the way he talked to me yesterday morning. I will go right over to his office and tell him how happy he has made us."

He found Mr. Merton in, and expressed his gratitude in glowing terms.

"What could have induced you," he asked, "to show us so much kindness?"

"I followed your suggestion," replied Mr. Merton, "and put myself in your place." I expect that it would surprise you very much to learn that the strange traveller to whom you showed so much kindness yesterday was myself."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Bishop, "can that be true? How did you disguise yourself so well?"

"I was not so much disguised after all, but you could not very readily associate Mr. Merton, the lawyer, with a poor wayfaring man—ha! ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Merton.

"Well, it is a good joke," said Mr. Bishop; "good in more senses than one. It has terminated very pleasantly to me."

"I was surprised," said Mr. Merton, "at the broad and liberal views you expressed of men and their actions generally. I supposed I had greatly the advantage over you in means, education and culture; yet how cramped and narrow minded have been my views beside yours! That wife of yours is an estimable woman, and that boy of yours will be an honor to any man. I tell you, Bishop, said the lawyer, becoming animated, you are rich—rich beyond what money can make you. You have treasures that gold will not buy. I tell you, you owe me no thanks. Somehow, I seem to have lived years since yesterday morning. I have got into a new world. What I learned at your house is worth more than you owe me, and I am your debtor yet. Hereafter, I shall take the motto, "Put yourself in his place," and try to regulate my actions by it."

AN INCIDENT WITH A MORAL.

A gentleman of Baltimore, recently entered the baggage car of an outward train, and desiring to read some manuscripts, chose this car because it was airy and retired. A youngster about fifteen years of age was occupying, with great abandon, a chair. The gentleman, wishing to sit near the open door of tha car, to obtain both light and air, thus accosted the youngster:

"Bub, will you exchange that chair for my seat for a few minutes?"

"No, sir! this chair is engaged."

The gentleman was very polite, as he recognized the young man's right to the chair by actual possession. It appears that he was temporarily in charge of some express matter, his father being the expressman on the route; but the moral of the incident we give in relating another incident, which occurred in this city very many years ago.

There was a very plainly dressed elderly lady who was a frequent customer at the then leading dry goods store in Boston. No one in the store knew her even by name. All the clerks but one avoided her, and gave their attention to those who were better dressed and more pretentious. The exception was this young man, who had a conscientious regard for duty and system. He never left another customer to wait on the lady, but when at liberty he waited upon her with as much attention as though she had been a princess. This continued for a year or two until the young man became of age. One morning the lady approached the young man, when the following conversation took place:

Lady—"Young man, do you not wish to go into business for yourself?"

"Yes, ma'am," he responded; "but I have neither money, credit nor friends, nor will any one trust me."

"Well," continued the lady, "you go and select a good situation, ask what the rent is, and report to me," handing the young man her address. The young man went, found a capital location, and store, but the landlord required security, which he could not give. Mindful of the lady's request, he forthwith went to her and reported.

"Well," she replied, "you go and tell Mr. —— that I will be responsible."

He went, and the landlord, or agent, was surprised, but the bargain was closed. The next day the lady called to ascertain the result. The young man told her, but added, "What am I to do for goods; no one will trust me?"

"You may go and see Mr. ——, and Mr. ——, and Mr. ——, and tell them to call on me."

He did, and his store was soon stocked with the best goods in the market. There are many in this city who remember the circumstances and the man. He died many years since and left a fortune of three hundred thousand dollars. So much for politeness, so much for civility, and so much for treating one's elders with the deference due to age in whatever garb they are clothed. Now this gentleman in the baggage car might have been a director of the road or a very influential man otherwise, and, as he is a very observing man and a good judge of caaracter, a different answer from the youngster might have interested him in his behalf, and led to some future advantage.

"WHAT are you after, my dear?" said a grandmother to a little boy, who was sliding along a room and casting furtive glances at a gentleman who was paying a visit. "I am trying, grandma, to steal papa's hat out of the room without the gentleman seeing it; he wants him to think he's out."

Marriage a Fearful and Risky Business.

I am still married, and intend remaining so for some months to come. But marriage is a fearful and risky business. No one knows what may turn up on either side. Temper and temperament are such peculiar things! However, "All is quiet on the Potomac." The marriage service has never been fully written out. People who marry don't know what they are promising. The bond should read:

"You promise to take this man, or this woman, for life; you must not, after this, walk or talk with any other woman, if you are a man, or any other man if you are a woman, save in the most circumspect and guarded manner; you must not become interested in any other woman; if you are interested you must not show it; you must consider your wife or your husband as the incomparable man or woman in the universe; there must be none other like unto him or her; if there be, or you think there be, you must, if possible, not believe it, or try not to believe it; you must now be wholly devoted to each other; you must also now lay aside all remembrance, of your old flames; you must get rid of the idea that you ever had any regard for them; if you had, you must try and make yourself believe you had not; and, if such a notion will stick to you, you must never mention it to each other, or there will be a row."

Young man and young woman! you think that the divine intoxication of courtship is to last forever! You think it is always going to be an ecstatic pleasure to trudge a mile through mud and rain to buy Jeraphine Ann a paper of pins.—But this state of things can't last. It's too high pressure—it must cool down.—When you are married, and she is yours and you are hers, and the novelty of the affair is over, and you are fairly settled down into "old married folks," then comes the test. Then, if you have been a crabbed old bachelor, full of little whims, habits, and peculiarities, as is the fretful porcupine of quills, then will come the tug of war. Don't you recollect how, when single, and you came home, after some tedious business, heated, tired, irritable, and disgusted with the world, and got alone in your room, that you used to fling books and blacking-brushes about, and swear and thrash around for an hour or two before you simmered down into comparative calmness? Well, matrimony won't cure this—at least, at first. But you mustn't cut up so now! Even a temporary raving maniac is not a proper or a pleasant person for any young woman to be shut up alone with! And if, on entering, she sees trouble on your face, and asks you: "What's the matter?" and you reply, "Oh, nothing!"—because you don't want to be spoken to, and, above all things, it annoys and irritates you to be so interrogated—and still she persists in asking, "What's the matter?" and still you try to say, "Oh, nothing!" as mildly as you can, only it won't be said mildly, and it comes off your tongue as a pistol-shot, and you would just then like to bite somebody's head off—oh! won't you at such a time wonder where the amiability, the oil, the sugar, the honey, the sunshine of courtship, have all gone to?—And how will you feel—you who have been accustomed to go in and out of your vile bachelor's den without inquiry or hindrance—how will you feel as you start to go out for the purpose of getting a drink around the corner to hear her say, "Where are you going?" and this a dozen times a day? And every time it is asked you must stand and rack your brains for a new lie. And those girls on the opposite side of the street who are always at the window, and with whom, before marriage, you carried on a sort of optical flirtation—which, to be sure, went no further than the eyes—how do you feel now as you catch yourself still looking into those windows, and find your wife regarding you in a peculiar manner, and you know that she knows that you know how she knows all about your goings on at those windows?

But I have learned a great deal during my short matrimonial career. I would not have remained single if only for the sake of the information I've gained. I know now, in the first place, that one's wife is never in the least wrong. If there's a row, it's you, all you, and it's every bit your fault. You may labor by the hour trying to make her own up that, there being one pound avoirdupois or sixteen ounces of blame between you, you are willing to take fifteen ounces of that blame, provided she will but shoulder the remaining ounce—and she won't! When she says she will be only five minutes getting ready to go out, it means an hour; and when she says she's all ready, it means fifteen minutes more for putting on the final touches! She may never be considered really dressed until fairly out of the house and round the corner; and even then the chances are that she's forgotten gloves or handkerchief! If there was a bedroom a mile long, and her entire wardrobe could be packed in a band-box, still you'd find portions of that wardrobe scattered along the whole mile of dressing-room! She's a nice thing to look at when put together, but this wonderful creation is evolved from a chaos interminable of pins, ribbons, rags, powder, thread, and brushes, combs and laces!

If there were seven thousand drawers in your room, and you asked but for one to be kept sacred and inviolate for your private use, that particular one would be full of hair pins, ribbons, and soiled cuffs. Some provision—some protection in this matter—should be inserted in the marriage service.—*Prentice Mulford.*

ARAB INGENUITY.—Mr. Klein who rode his own mare, asked Daoud if he was quite sure she always got her allowance.

"Oh, yes," he replied; the muleteers often steal from one another, and rob their horses, but I can always find out if your mare has been cheated."

"How?"

"I always put some pebbles in with the barley, seven or eight, and count exactly how many I put in. The mare never eats the pebbles, and if any one steals barley he is sure to take two or three pebles with it. If I find the pebles are short in the morning, I make hard words, and they can not tell how I know, and so they let alone cheating her."

MONKEYS never grow older in expression. A young monkey looks exactly like his grandpapa melted up and born over again.

DON'T KISS THE BABY.

The promiscuous kissing of children is a pestilent practice. We use the word advisedly, and it is mild for the occasion. Murderous would be the proper word, did the kissers know the mischief they do.—Yes, madam, *murderous;* and we are speaking to you. Do you remember calling on your dear friend Mrs. Brown the other day, with a strip of flannel round your neck? And when little Flora came dancing into the room, didn't you pounce upon her demonstratively, call her a precious little pet, and kiss her? Then you serenely proceeded to describe the dreadful sore throat that kept you from prayer meeting the night before. You had no designs on the dear child's life, we know; nevertheless you killed her! Killed her as surely as if you had fed her with strychnine or arsenic. Your caresses were fatal.

Two or three days after, the little pet began to complain of a sore throat, too. The symptoms grew rapidly alarming; and when the doctor came, the single word, *diptheria*, sufficed to explain them all. To-day a little mound in Greenwood is the sole memento of your visit.

Of course the mother does not suspect, and would not dare to suspect, you of any instrumentality in her bereavement. She charges it to a mysterious Providence.—The doctor says nothing to disturb the delusion; that would be impolitic, if not cruel; but to an outsider he is free to say that the child's death was due directly to your infernal stupidity. Those are precisely his words: more forcible than elegant, it is true; but who shall say, under the circumstances, that they are not justifiable? Remember

"Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as by want of heart."

It would be hard to tell how much of the prevalent sickness and mortality from diphtheria is due to such want of thought. As a rule, adults have the disease in so mild a form that they mistake it for a simple cold; and as a cold is not contagious, they think nothing of exposing others to their breath or to the greater danger of labial contact. Taking into consideration the well established fact that diphtheria is usually if not always communicated by the direct transplanting of the malignant vegetation which causes the disease, the fact that there can be no more certain means of bringing the contagion to its favorite soil than the act of kissing, and the further fact that the custom of kissing children on all occasions is all but universal, it is not surprising that, when the disease is once imported into a community, it is very likely to become epidemic.

It would be absurd to charge the spread of diphtheria entirely to the practice of child-kissing. There are other modes of propagation, though it is hard to conceive of any more directly suited to the spread of the infection or more general in its operation. It stands to diphtheria about the same relation that promiscuous handshaking formerly did to the itch.

It were better to avoid the practice.—The children will not suffer if they go unkissed; and their friends ought, for their sake, to forego the luxury for a season. A single kiss has been known to infect a family; and the most careful may be in condition to communicate the disease without knowing it. Beware, then, of playing Judas, and let the babies alone.—*Scientific American.*

"COME IN HERE, YOU BLACK RASCAL!"—That was what the young lady said: "Come in here, you black rascal!" The young lady, you see, was closing the window blinds, at the twilight hour, and seeing her little black dog sitting out on the stoop wagging his tail and looking wistfully up at her, her heart was moved with an impulse of affection toward her pet canine, shivering in the cold and wagging out his mute appeal. So she hastened to the door and throwing it open she gave vent to the loving expression we have quoted: "Come in here, you black rascal!" So far as the dog was concerned he seemed to understand the terms of endearment addressed to him, but when the young lady's pastor, dressed all in black from top to toe, stepped forward from the shady side of the doorway, he wore a curious expression on his countenance. The young lady looked at the reverend gentleman and blushed. The dog wagged his tail as if willing to divide the honors. We don't know exactly how it came out, but report has it that the good man regarded doubtfully the ebony beast, glanced at his own broadcloth, concluded it was all right, and accepted the embarrassed young lady's declaration that "I—I—meant the other—the other—come in and see ma!"—*Saratogian.*

A SAD ACCIDENT AND A STRANGE DREAM.—James Brooks, constable at Clinton, Kansas, accidently dropped a loaded revolver, and one barrel was discharged, the ball passing through the body of his little son, killing him, and entering the body of another son, seven years old, who may recover. A remarkable incident of the sad affair is the fact that the night before the oldest boy, after being put to bed, awoke in great fright, and coming down stairs told his father that a neighbor's boy had shot him and his little brother, and that his brother died, but he did not.

SCHOLARS VS. MECHANICS.—The Milwauke *Sentinel* thinks that it is a mistake to suppose that education alone, unless it embrace some speciality, fits the possessor to secure the prizes for which men contend; and it thinks furthermore, that it could hire ten thousand thoroughly educated men in the United States at the present time to work for $50 a month, but that it couldn't hire mechanics for that.

A YOUNG lady who went to the city to see what was advertised as a "Spectacular Drama," came home greatly disappointed. She says not one of the actors wore spectacles.—*Norristown Herald.*

A CIRCUIT preacher in Missouri prayed for rain one night at a farmer's house, and the farmer, who had a horse race arranged for the next day, was so mad that he turned the good man out of doors.

THE man who is kind and polite to his mother-in-law has reached Vicksburg, and is an object of general curiosity to the people there.

Michigan men don't feel as though they had eloped if they don't leave a wife and four children in destitute circumstances.

A Baltimore Lawyer's Yarn.

The Baltimore *Bulletin* tells the following as a true story:

Some years ago a young lawyer of Baltimore, struggling for recognition in his profession, and achieving no very rapid or brilliant success in it, had a case fall into his hands that promised a pretty good fee. A gentleman's pocket had been picked of a watch, and the thief was in jail enjoying an excellent prospect of a protracted term in the penitentiary, the evidence connecting him with the crime being very complete. The lawyer—we might as well say who it was at once and be done with it—Mr. John L. Thomas, called on his incarcerated client and had a talk with him. "Did you steal the watch?" "Well, no; not exactly. You see I was in the crowd that did it, and it was passed to me. But I'll tell you what, Mr. Thomas, if you'll get me off I'll give you this watch in addition to the hundred dollar retainer you have already." Mr. Thomas looked at the watch and found it a splendid piece, worth $300 easy. It would appear that Towsontown had gained a reputation even in those days, for Mr. Thomas' first step was to change the venue to the county. Somehow or other the chief prosecuting witness, upon whose evidence the prisoner's fate depended (while waiting for the court to reach the case,) got to drinking Towsontown whiskey. We, ourselves, have done some public service in calling attention to this dangerous compound, but it would seem that its qualities were not then known as they are now. At any rate when the witness got on the stand, and Mr. Thomas got at him, he was so mixed that it was only out of Christian charity that Mr. Thomas was induced to refrain from making him prove that he had stolen his own watch himself. The culprit was discharged from custody, and he handed Dr. Thomas the promised watch and an extra $100 besides. The emotions of the late prisoner and his friends found vent at the Smedly House in the appropriate apartment, and Mr. Thomas, feeling to a certain extent responsible for their safe return to Baltimore, hired an omnibus, and all drove into town in a condition of great happiness. Mr. Thomas went home quite pleased with his day's work. "Well, John," said one of the family, "made a big fee to-day, didn't you?" "Oh, yes," replied Mr. Thomas, smiling and putting his hand to his vest pocket. A shadow of doubt overspread his countenance; it deepened into positive alarm, and then with a look of blank dismay and disgust he sank into a chair. While coming in the buss his rascally client had relieved him of both watch and fee. Several years afterwards, when Mr. Thomas had made a name in the profession and had become Prosecuting Attorney, he saw among the batch of new cases in the Criminal Court the very follow that had served him such a tr