msa_sc2901_scm1623-0177 copyright Maryland State Archives


# 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. 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, MARCH 27, 1875. No. 46.



**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.



SPRING, 1875.

Grand Opening!

—OF—

DRESS GOODS,

In all the latest novelties of plain, plaid and twilled suitings, and a full line of the celebrated COLLINGWOOD BRAND of

BLACK ALPACAS

which for lustre and finish are unequaled by any in the market. Prices 25, 31, 37½, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 75, 80 and 90 cts. per yard.

In addition to which we offer, *below the market rates of the day*, a large line of all the leading brands of

Staple and Domestic Goods,

purchased at the LOW PRICES at the close of last season, among which we will name

Wamsutta Muslin,

in 5, 10, 15 and 20-yard pieces, at the low price of 14 cents per yard, CASH.

PRINTS OF BEST MAKES,

9 and 10 cents per yard.

CLARK'S O. N. T. SPOOL COTTON,

6 cents per spool, 70 cents per dozen.

Having made arrangements with the leading manufacturers of the Peninsula, we are receiving from them

All-Wool Spring Cassimeres

(Slightly imperfect,)

*Which we will sell at the low price of 80 cents per yard, the regular price of which is $1.25 per yard.*

A FULL LINE OF
Ladies', Misses' and Children's

*Button & Lace Shoes*

in Kid, Morocco and Lasting, of all the latest styles, manufactured exclusively for our trade, and every pair warranted. Also, Sansser's celebrated make of

Calf Boots, Button and Congress Gaiters

For MEN AND BOYS' WEAR.

S. M. REYNOLDS
Middletown, Del.
Mar. 13, 1875.


## NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the Cabinet making and Undertaking business established Oct. 1, 1872, at Kennedyville, in the name of Jacob Sutton, are hereby notified that payment of all indebtedness to the above named business, either by open account, note, due-bill, or otherwise, must be made to the undersigned, who has the authority under the will of his father to collect all debts due the Undertaking and Cabinet making business.

All persons indebted to the above named business are requested to make immediate payment, otherwise the accounts will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection, as it is essential to have money to carry on business.

T. BENTON SUTTON.


The Undertaking and Cabinet Making BUSINESS,

will still be continued at the old stand, where COFFINS and PATENT BURIAL CASES of the finest styles and finish will be furnished at the shortest notice.

All kinds of FURNITURE neatly repaired.

Orders for burynigs should be sent in as early as possible after death, as much time is required for preparation in many cases.

The undersigned may as heretofore always be found at the shop, and will use his every exertion to accommodate and please.

T. B. SUTTON.
Kennedyville, Feb. 20—3t.

Special Notice!

*HARNESS TO SUIT ALL,*
*at greatly REDUCED PRICES!*
*From $10 to $35 PER SET,*
*NOW ON HAND.*

New Plow Bridles,

90 CENTS to $2.25. NEW PLOUGH AND DRAUGHT COLLARS, $1.10 to $2.15.

All kinds of STRAP WORK for Harness. EVERY PART OF HARNESS CAN BE ALWAYS FOUND ON HAND.

GOOD STOCK OF

Riding Saddles

on hand, which will be sold Cheap for CASH.

All Kinds of Harness MADE TO ORDER.

Whips, Bitts, Horse Boots, Bone Rattlers, Back Bands, Riding Bridles, Martingales, Cruppers, Single and Double Reins, and a full assortment of everything connected with the business at CITY PRICES, at

JOHN F. HOWARD'S,
Opposite the Voshell House.

☞ ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING done at the Shortest Notice and at Reduced Prices.
Feb. 6. JOHN F. HOWARD.


## TAKE NOTICE!

Those who have failed thus far to settle their accounts due the late firm of JOHN T. DODD & SON, are notified that an immediate settlement is necessary. I have forborne to resort to legal process to compel settlements but will be forced to this course in every case remaining unsettled much longer.

☞ ALL PAYMENTS, whether on account of business with the late firm or with myself, must be paid to the undersigned personally, until further notice. No other receipt will be recognized.

JOHN N. DODD.
Chestertown, Jan. 30, 1875—tf.


LIME, LIME!

THE undersigned, as agent for William B. Rambo, will furnish the Farmers of Kent county with a SUPERIOR QUALITY of

*SCHUYLKILL LIME,*

deliverd at any Station on the Kent Co. Rail Road, or by boat on the Sassafras or Chester rivers.

Address G. W. JONES,
Jan. 30—3m. Kennedyville.

PICTURES FRAMED neatly and at moderate prices, in Walnut and Gilt, by
Mar. 13. H. A. SPARKS.


## NOTICE.

U. S. INTERNAL REVENUE

SPECIAL TAXES

**May 1, 1875, to April 30, 1876.**

THE Revised Statutes of the United States, Sections 3232, 3237, 3238, and 3239, require every person engaged in any business, avocation, or employment which renders him liable to a SPECIAL TAX, **to procure and place conspicuously in his establishment or place of business** a STAMP denoting the payment of said SPECIAL TAX for the Special Tax Year beginning May 1st, 1875, before commencing or continuing business after April 30, 1875.

*The Taxes embraced within the provisions of the law above quoted, are the following, viz:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Rectifiers | $200 00 |
| Dealers, retail liquor | 25 00 |
| Dealers, wholesale liquor | 100 00 |
| Dealers in malt liquors, wholesale | 50 00 |
| Dealers in malt liquors, retail | 20 00 |
| Dealers in leaf tobacco | 25 00 |
| Retail dealers in leaf tobacco | 500 00 |
| And on sales of over $1,000, fifty cents for every dollar in excess of $1,000. | |
| Dealers in manufactured tobacco | 5 00 |
| Manufacturers of Stills | 50 00 |
| And for each still manufactured | 20 00 |
| And for each worm manufactured | 20 00 |
| Manufacturers of tobacco | 10 00 |
| Manufacturers of cigars | 10 00 |
| Peddlers of tobacco, first class, (more than two horses or other animals) | 50 00 |
| Peddlers of tobacco, second class (two horses or other animals) | 25 00 |
| Peddlers of tobacco, third class (one horse or other animal) | 15 00 |
| Peddlers of tobacco, fourth class (on foot or public conveyance) | 10 00 |
| Brewers of less than 500 barrels | 50 00 |
| Brewers of 500 barrels or more | 100 00 |

☞ Any person, so liable, who shall fail to comply with the foregoing requirements will be subject to severe penalties.

Persons or firms in Harford, Cecil, Kent and Queen Anne's counties, liable to pay any of the Special Taxes named above, must make application to

L. A. C. GERRY,
*Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue,*
at PORT DEPOSIT, Cecil county, Md., and pay for and procure the Special Tax Stamp or Stamps they need, prior to May 1st, 1875, and WITHOUT FURTHER NOTICE.

J. W. DOUGLASS,
Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

Office of Internal Revenue,
WASHINGTON, D. C., February 1, 1875.
March 20, 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.

☞ Being desirous of closing our Stock before removal we offer the same

AT WHOLESALE RATES

UNTIL MAY 1st, 1875.

Persons having accounts on our books will please call and settle promptly before May 1st, 1875. mar20-tf.


## Application for a Public Road.

TO THE HONORABLE
COMMISSIONERS FOR KENT CO.

We, the undersigned, citizens of your county, do most respectfully represent to your honorable body, that the public convenience and interest will be greatly promoted by making a public road from the public road leading down Broad Neck, through the lands of the late H. Beck to the North East branch of Langford's Bay, and making a Public Landing at the terminus of said road on said Bay. That there is now a private road which the said H. Beck made in his life time from the aforesaid public road to Langford's Bay, and a private Wharf at the terminus of said private road; and that it would be manifestly to the interest of the public to widen the said private road, and make it and the wharf at its terminus a public road and wharf. And your petitioners pray that your honorable body will direct the proper proceedings to make the aforesaid private road and wharf a public road.

THOS. J. VICKERS, BENJ. F. BECK,
JOHN BRICE, J. H. PRICE,
WM. GALE, J. F. WILKINS,
J. W. CREW, R. HYNSON,
mh6-tf. and others.

## Examiners' Notice.

THE undersigned, Examiners, appointed by the County Commissioners for Kent Co., to examine and determine whether the public convenience requires the

Opening of a PUBLIC ROAD

commencing at Mr. John K. Bruff's gate, and running through to "Swan Creek," on the lands of Rich'd W. Jones, a distance of about one-fourth to one-half mile, and making a

PUBLIC LANDING

on the said Creek, to or at a place called "Bear Point,"—hereby give notice to all persons interested, that they will meet, on

WEDNESDAY,

THE SEVENTH day of APRIL, 1875,

At half-past Ten o'clock, A. M.,

at the proposed beginning of said road, (John K. Bruff's gate) to execute the duties imposed upon them by the said appointment and commission.

THOMAS A. BULME,
RICHARD C. SMYTH,
JAMES A. SKIRVEN,
March 6, 1875—tm Examiners


TO RENT,

At HARMONY, KENT CO., MD.,

For the present year,

TWO DWELLING HOUSES and STORE.

Apply to WM. ARCHIBALD, on the premises, mh6-3t* or Kennedyville P. O.

FOR SALE or RENT

A New Two-Story FRAME DWELLING, with modern improvements, desirably located in Galena, with Yard and Garden. Price and terms reasonable. Apply to
mh13-3t. THOS. H. HORSEY.

FOR RENT,

*THE STORE ROOM,*

In Chestertown, in the Post Office Building, formerly occupied by Miss Maggie Wyatt as a Millinery store. It is a good stand for business. Apply to J. W. COLLINS, P. M.
Jan. 16, 1875—tf.


## THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

STILL POND, March 23, 1875.

*Messrs. Editors Kent News:*—The frequent correspondence in your interesting journal concerning the temperance cause, now so much impressing the attention of a large majority of our best citizens (vide "Agricola"), induces me to ask of you an insertion of the article which follows this introductory.

We do not believe that space in your columns could be filled with anything more forcible in the temperance cause.

By the way, it is a good reply to several *erroneous* points taken by your correspondent "Temperance" of 6th instant, and "Agricolo," *Transcript* 12th instant. It is hardly to be doubted that legislation will ever effect temperance reform until temperance men are elected to fill legislative positions.

If a *twig* is bent (at a grog shop) so the *tree* inclines. Instances innumerable can be adduced to prove that *twigs*, who, having had the best of moral as well as religious training, have gone from the maternal roof to the groggery, there to get on a *bender*, and then finally pass on down the *incline* to a drunkard's doom.

And, withal, we find some—few, we hope—proclaiming to be *true* advocates of temperance, say legislation cannot avail; let us have groggeries and hotels to vend the ardent, to assist us in a triumphant election. "Temperance" says, "I fear the result, if the grand jury should fail to recommend any license—better to license a *limited* number of hotels."

The temperance cause will prevail only when temperance men will not concede *one pint* or point to king alcohol. Be *true* to the cause in the grand jury room and at the ballot-box. TRUE.

"The circumstances which induced the writing of the following lines were as follows; A young lady in New York was in the habit of writing on the subject of temperance. Her compositions were so full of pathos, and evinced such deep emotion of soul, that a friend accused her of being a maniac on the subject of temperance, whereupon she wrote the following lines:

Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
And the cold world's proud scorn;
Then suffer on from year to year—
Thy sole relief the scorching tear.

Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech, and pray—
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears d fied.

Go weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall—
See every promised blessing swept—
Youth's sweetness turned to gall—
Life's fading flowers strew'd all the way
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen,
Behold the strong man bow—
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood—
And cold and livid brow;
Go catch the withered glance and see
There mirrored, his soul's misery.

Go then to mother's side,
And her crushed bosom cheer,
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear;
Mark her worn frame and withered brow—
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
With failing frame and trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth;
But who, foresworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the cursed cup;
And led her down through love and light
And all that made the prospect bright;
And chained her there 'mid want and strife
That lowly thing, a drunkard's wife—
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight, a drunkard's child.

Go hear, and feel, and see, and know
All that my soul hath felt and known,
Then look upon the wine-cup's glow,
See if it's beauty can atone;
Think if its flavor you will try,
When all proclaim, "'Tis drink and die."

Tell me I hate the bowl?
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe—abhor—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred,
When I see, or hear, or tell,
Of that dark beverage of hell.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor strong drink." "Who hath put his bottle to his neighbor?"

He that did this is the author of all this misery. To him is to be traced these oaths, that blood, those scars; the tears of that wife whose husband has returned to his home transformed into a brute.—He it was who, by his bottle, excited that inebriate to plunge the knife into his brother's heart, or, with his pistol to hurry a fellow-mortal, unprepared, into the presence of his God and Judge. He it is, who hath blasted the prospects of promising youth; degraded his fellow-man below the brutes; reduced the honorable Senator to a level with the drivelling idiot; dragged the venerable judge from the bench, and placed him a criminal at the bar; and driven the minister of the gospel from the pulpit to the gutter. He hath caused many a tear; made many, many broken hearts; sent multitudes to the poor house, the penitentiary, and the gallows.

But, "Who hath put the bottle to his neighbor?" Do you reply, the liquor seller; he is the author of all this misery and woe? If he be, what is his most befitting reward? Is it wealth and honor, or poverty and disgrace? But this a mighty matter; it involves interests vast and deep; and there should be no rash, no hasty judgment in the case. Therefore, let us consider it in all its aspects, peradventure others also may be implicated, or the liquor seller may be prepared to justify his deeds; and it behooves the public to deal out even-handed justice to all who are in any way involved in producing these monstrous evils in society. Therefore I ask, who rented to the liquor seller the house in which his traffic was conducted? Its proprietor did this; and he did it, *knowing* the dreadful consequences which would ensue from that traffic. Why did he do this? He loved money, and thought that he had the right to put his house to that purpose which would yield to him the greatest profit. It matters not, if thereby men were to be degraded, wives rendered wretched, and the souls of men sunk into eternal perdition; that house, rented to the liquor seller, would yield to him a large profit. If conscience whispered, her remonstrances were by the consideration: if I do not rent my property to this man, another will; and I may as well be benefitted by the destruction of the character and happiness of my fellowmen as any other. He rented his property to that liquor seller, that he might get gain, and by so doing he became his abettor and a party in the crime; and justice, and reason, and common sense, must dictate that the sentence passed upon one, should also be passed upon the other. Therefore if you punish the liquor seller, to deal evenhanded justice, you are bound to punish the proprietor to a corresponding degree

But before the sentence is passed upon these culprits, now arraigned before the bar of public opinion, it is right, nay it is indispensably necessary, that they should be heard in their defence. And they tell you that they are astonished at your decision, and for this reason, neither have violated the law of the land, and where no law has been violated no punishment can be inflicted. And what have you to answer to this plea? It behooves us to examine this matter more closely. Who gave the liquor seller the legal authority to conduct this traffic? The Legislature did this; they did it knowing the dreadful evils which would and must ensue from it. With these evils before them why did they pass the law licensing the liquor traffic? They thought that a revenue was wanted for the good of the commonwealth, and that the public treasury might be filled, they passed a law which gave the liquor seller the legal right to make drunkards; to commit murders, to fill the penitentiary, and to feed the gallows. Therefore, if you sentence the liquor seller and the proprietor to the penitentiary, you must also in every principle of justice and common sence, send the Legislature to keep them company. Nay, more; you are bound to pass the same sentence upon his Excellency, the Governor himself, because he did not veto that bill, although he knew the fearful ruin it works among the people.

The liquor seller conducts his traffic under the sanction of law; and he has a right to publish all round about the town such an advertisement as the following:

ADVERTISEMENT:

*Highly Important to my Friends and Neighbors:*

Having just opened a commodious shop for the sale of "Liquid Fire," I embrace this early opportunity to inform you that on Saturday I shall commence the business of making drunkards, paupers and beggars, for the sober, industrious and respectable portion of the community to support.

I shall deal in "familiar spirits," which will excite men to deeds of riot, robbery and blood; and so doing, diminish the comforts, augment the expense, and *endanger the welfare* of the community.

I will undertake, at short notice, for a small sum, and with great dispatch, to *prepare victims* for the asylums, the poor house, the prisons, and the gallows.

I will furnish an article which will increase the number of fatal accidents, multiply the number of distressing diseases, and render those which are harmless, incurable.

I shall deal in drugs which shall deprive some of life, many of reason, most of property, and all of peace; which will cause the fathers to be fiends; wives, widows; children, orphans, and all mendicants.

I will cause the rising generation to grow up in ignorance, and a burden and nuisance to the nation.

I will corrupt the ministers of religion, obstruct the progress of the gospel, defile the purity of the church, and cause temporal, spiritual, and eternal death; and if any should be so impertinent as to ask why I have the audacity to bring such accumulated misery upon a comparatively happy people, my honest reply is, *money!*

The spirit traffic is lucrative, and some professed Christians give it their cheerful countenance.

*I have a license*, and if I do not bring these evils upon you, somebody else will.

I live in a land of *Liberty!*

I have purchased the right to *demolish the character*, destroy the health, shorten the lives, and ruin the souls of those who choose to honor me with their custom. I pledge myself to do all I have here promised. Those who wish any of the evils above specified brought upon them or their dearest friends, are requested to meet me at my BAR, where I will, for a few cents, furnish them with the certain means of doing so.

## OUR WANTS.

Said Thoreau, in a moment of true inspiration, "My wit is to want little." One might study social science for a century and not meet words so wise and so hopeful as these. For if we want much, we are sure of one thing only, and that is disappointment; but if we want little, it is in almost every man's power to find as much as will serve his real necessities.—If we strive to out-do our neighbor, we provoke a spirit of emulation,—and this carries us further and further on, into extravagance, overwork, envy, and sometimes, alas! over the border-line which separates honesty from dishonesty. But if we want little, and with that little are content, we thus shut and bar the doors against temptation. And how curiously little we really need!

"Rest and a guide, food and fire,"

was the petition of Fitz James to Roderick Dhu, in "The Lady of the Lake." The line includes our chief needs. To be warmed and to be fed, and to be clothed so as to defy summer's heat and winter's cold—these are our necessities, and how little labor can compass them! We want books—yes, but one at a time is all we can read, and public libraries larger than any private ones are open to us. We want companions, and do we not find them in the books we read? What man ever talks so wisely as he writes when he puts the best of himself on paper? And we should have time enough to read—time for art and literature and charitable work—if only we could give over our striving after a certain conventional standard of gentility, and have the wit to want little.

A MINNESOTA Judge, in pronouncing the death sentence, tenderly observed:—"If guilty, you richly deserve the fate that awaits you; if innocent, it will be a gratification for you to feel that you were hanged without such a crime on your conscience; in either case you will be delivered from a world of care."

WHEN a girl crops her front hair, and pulls it down over her forehead like a Mexican mustang, and then ties a piece of red velvet around her neck, who can wonder at the number of pale-faced young men that throw away their ambition, and pass sleepless nights in trying to raise down on their upper lips?

## MARRIAGE OF ALEXIS.

**Why the Grand Duke was Sent on His Foreign Travels.**

A social romance, with details of the most fascinating interest, has just come to a climax The tongues of Dresden, and they are many and blithe, have the tale trippingly. When you learn that the hero is Alexis, third son of the Czar, you will not be surprised that the *escalandre* is detailed in many keys.

In the winter of 1870 or 1871 it was made known in the official gazettes that the Czar had graciously consented to deprive himself of his youngest and most beloved son in order that the young gentleman might complete his education by foreign travel. Presently thereafter it was known of men that the Prince was embarking on one of the Imperial frigates bound for America. It turns out that desire for knowledge concerning the nations of the earth was not the moving cause of Alexis' cruise around the world, which brought him in course of time to America. Russian Princes are rarely known to risk themselves on long voyages at sea, particularly in the style in which Alexis journeyed. Countless causes were assigned by the diplomatic world, but until lately the real cause was but cautiously hinted.

At the age of nineteen the young prince met the daughter of one of his neighbors, a wealthy baron. He was charmed with her manners and her person, and forgetting the law of the empire denying the marriage of princes of the blood with subjects, he permitted himself to fall in love with her. He wooed and won the girl, much in the same way we all do, I suppose. No notice was taken of the matter by the Czar or family, as it was merely regarded as a flirtation, in which nothing more serious could happen than the destruction of madamoiselle. That, however, is the common fortune of mortals favored by princely love, and so no impediments were put in the young man's way. Presently, however, the court was brought to its feet with a shock. The lad confided to a friend the fact that he loved the girl, that the girl loved him, and that to possess her he must marry her. To possess such a secret and hold it from the Czar constitutes treason in the enlightened empire of all the Russias. Of course the friend made a clean breast of it to the imperial parent. Alexis was summoned by the Czar and sternly ordered to dismiss the girl from his mind.

STEADFAST LOVE.

He protested his overwhelming love. The Czar only frowned. He might love his heart to ashes but he should not marry. The law of the empire forbade it. A proper mate for his state was even now being hunted up in a neighboring kingdom. This was all that the father had to say to the unhappy lover. Then came a season of pining. Alexis moped and fell away in flesh, and did all manner of things discomforting to the imperial old folks—the Czar and Czarina. To divert his mind from his disappointment, the cruise around the world was finally determined upon, and the details of the voyage were planned with lavish magnificence. Even at the last moment the parents heart repented the measure, and Alexis was informed that by pledging himself to the princess selected for him he could remain at home. Time, however had made no change in the lad, and the so-called boyish passion burned as steadily as ever.

On arriving in New York he was well in health, and did not look like a person likely to suffer keenly under the cankering of cruel thought. He was sometimes pensive, but that was generally ascribed to longing for home and friends, natural to a lad of his years. However impassive to outward show, the prince was faithful to his love. He wrote to her regularly during his journey, notwithstanding the parental interdict and the watchfulness of his governor. At least once a week missives under cover to a friend in Paris were sent by the prince until his arrival in Cuba, when by some unlucky chance his intrigue was discovered, and the correspondence for a time at least checked. Like Lord Lovel he was gone from her father's gate a year and a day, when his vessel dropped anchor at Cronstadt. He was watched closely on arriving home, but for all that seems to have found an opportunity to see his sweetheart. A marriage contract was ready for dim to sign when he arrived, but he pleaded delay, and succeeded in gaining six months' respite. During these six months the course of true love ran in grooves, and the two young folks became still more tenderly and devotedly attached. The state wedding, however, came up again as a near probability. The prince set out for Paris to stave off the event, and finally, finding there was nothing to be hoped from delay, he sent word for the lady to be ready at a certain time for the ceremony which would give him a wife and lose him a possible crown.

MARRIED TO THE GIRL OF HIS CHOICE.

Coming back to St. Petersburg, the father requested Alexis to prepare for the betrothal ceremony. The prince refused. He declared himself willing to abdicate such rights as he held under the empire, but demanded the liberty which the poorest Russian has, of marrying the girl of his choice—that is, if the girl is willing. The Emperor dismissed him in disgrace, and expecting severe discipline, the prince went straightway to take advantage of what might be his only opportunity. He planned his campaign discreetly, and in a week was married to the girl of his heart in the indissoluble formula of the Greek Church. The ceremony ended, he took train incognito with his wife, and at the frontier sent cards to his family. The Czar instantly sent couriers after him, ordering him to return, but on foreign territory the prince is his own master, and cannot be compelled to return, as in the good old times, when if one king didn't help another he had to fight. During the autumn and early winter the Duke had been touring with his wife, bringing up finally at Dresden, where, within a week, they have taken a modest villa on the Berg Strasse, and gone to housekeeping in a charming, simple way.

Dresden aristocracy was in a fever over the arrival, when it was known that the Grand Duke was really there—a fact first made known by the presence of fifty trunks belonging to the Princess at the Hotel Bellevue. Official Dresden held aloof. It must first be seen what the King would do and say. The King of Saxony is a particular person. So far as power goes he is not great. Saxony has perhaps three millions of people, but what the kingdom lacks in the prestige of power it makes up in stiffness, exclusiveness, and prodigious punctilio of the court. A left-handed recognition was finally accorded the runaways. The Grand Chamberlain called on the Grand Duke. There was nothing said about the Grand Duchess. Alexis refused to be seen on such terms. He had sent his cards to the King, as is the custom of princes arriving in the dominion of friendly potentates, and the Grand Chamberlain should have brought cards from the Queen as well as the King. A truce was finally patched up by the King calling in person, the young people capturing him by their youth and good looks.

THEIR MARRIED LIFE.

Meantime the young people enjoy burger life very evidently. They ride about and walk about when the weather permits, and look as happy as the fabled doves. The cares of the household don't seem to trouble Mrs. Alexis. She comes out in charming Parisian costume daily, her golden hair hanging over her shoulders in girlish carelessness. With light blue eyes and creamy complexion, she looks hardly seventeen, and is only nineteen, while the prince is only twenty-four. The Russian Court has done everything to drive the young man home, where the proper machinery may be set in motion to annul the marriage. Requests have been made on all foreign governments to refuse the Grand Duke official recognition while under the ban of the Czar. There is an almost insuperable difficulty, however, in the way to an annulment of the marriage, as the Greek Church allows no divorce. It is supposed that the Czar, as the head of the church, will take the responsibility of declaring the rite void, if he can bring his son to consent, but even this power is held in debate by those who understand the relations of the Church to the State in Russia.

The family of Mrs. Alexis are enormously rich, and if yearnings for place do not come to the young man, he need have no misgivings for the future. His father-in-law gives the bride a colossal dowry, and so far as money goes the match might rejoice the most worldly of parents. Even in the event of reconciliation, the wife cannot be received according to her husband's rank at the imperial court, an obstacle which would be apt to keep the couple in seclusion, unless they can make up their minds to the annoyances which the Marquis of Lorne's marriage has brought upon him. All things considered, as the thing stands, the Grand Duke, even without a formal reception into the imperial family, has, as chessmen say, the best of the board.

## JOHN SMITH.

"Gentlemen," said a candidate for Congress, "my name is Smith; and I am proud to say I am not ashamed of it. It may be that no person in this crowd owns this very uncommon name. If, however, there be one such, let him hold up his hand, pull up his dicky, turn out his toes, take courage, and thank his stars there are a few more left of the same sort. Gentlemen, I am proud of being an original Smith, and not a Smithe, nor a Smythe, but a regular, natural S-m-i-t-h. Putting a y in the middle or an e at the end won't do, gentlemen. Who ever heard of a great man by the name of Smythe or Smithe. Echo answers, who? and everybody says nobody. But for Smith, plain S-m-i-t-h, why that is an honored and revered name. Who were the most racy, witty and popular authors of the present century? Horace and Albert Smith Who was the most original, pithy and humorous preacher? Rev. Sidney Smith. To go further back, who was the boldest and bravest soldier in Sumpter's army in the revolution? A Smith. Who palavered with Powhattan, galivanted with Pocohontas, and became the ancestor of the first families in Virginia? A Smith again. And who, I ask, and I ask the question most seriously and soberly, who, I say, is that man and what his name, who has fought the most battles, made the most speeches, preached the most sermons, held the most offices, sung the most songs, written the most poems, courted the most women, kissed the most girls, and married the most widows? History says, I say, and you say, and everybody says, John Smith!"

A BEAUTIFUL ANSWER.—When the Emperor of Germany was lately on a visit in a distant portion of his dominions, he was welcomed by the school children of the village. After their speaker had made a speech for them he thanked them. Then taking an orange from a plate he asked:

"To what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the vegetable kingdom, sire," replied a little girl.

The Emperor took a gold chain from his pocket, and holding it up, asked:

"And to what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the mineral kingdom, sire," replied the little girl.

"And to what kingdom do I belong then?" asked the Emperor.

The little girl colored deeply, for she did not like to say the "animal kingdom," as he thought she would, lest his majesty should be offended, when a bright thought came, and she said, with radiant eyes:

"To God's kingdom, sire."

The Emperor was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head and said, in the most devout manner:

"God Grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom."

THERE is no necessity of death resulting from either diptheria or croup, especially with the young, if the proper preventative is applied in time, and it is at the service of every mother and nurse in the whole country. It is simply to spread common tar on a muslin strip, as you would prepare a plaster, and wrap it around the neck and glands of the patient. Renew and supply fresh tar on the neck of the child once or twice a day, and *its life is assured*. This is a very simple cure, and as diptheria is in almost every case fatal, we would advise those having it to try this remedy. There is nothing injurious in the tar, and therefore it can have no bad effect.—*Altoona, Pa., Tribune.*

"A romantic young man says a woman's heart is like the moon—it changes continually, but always has a man in it.

## Wouldn't Marry a Mechanic.

A young man commenced visiting a young woman, and appeared to be well pleased. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the young lady to inquire where he had been.

"I had to work to-night."

"What, do you work for a living?" she inquired in astonishment.

"Certainly," replied the young man. "I am a mechanic."

"I dislike the name of a mechanic," and she turned up her pretty nose.

This was the last time the young man visited the young lady. He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the best women in the country for a wife.

The young lady who disliked the name of a mechanic is now the wife of a miserable fool—a regular vagrant about grogshops—and the soft, verdant, silly, miserable girl is obliged to take in washing, in order to support herself and children.

You dislike the name of a mechanic, eh? You whose brothers are but well-dressed loafers. We pity any girl who is so verdant, so soft, as to think less of a young man for being a mechanic—one of God's noblemen—the most dignified and honorable personage of heaven's creatures.

Beware, young ladies, how you treat young men who work for a living, for you may one of these days be menial to one of them.

Far better to discharge the well-fed pauper with all his rings, jewelry, brazenness and pomposity, and to take to your affection the callous handed, industrious mechanic.

Thousands have bitterly repented their folly who have turned their backs on honesty. A few years have taught them a severe lesson.

## To Whom She Says No.

A woman never quite forgets the man who once loved her. She may not have loved him; she may, indeed, have given him a 'no' instead of the 'yes' he hopes for; but the remembrance that he desired a 'yes' always softens her thoughts of him, and would make him were he reminded of it, a friend forever. There may be girls who make a jest of discarded suitors; but they are generally very young; and the wooing has been something that did not betoken much depth of tenderness. There are, mercenary offers, too, that only awaken scorn and hate in the woman wooed for money and not for herself; but really to have touched a man's heart is something not to be forgotten by her as long as she lives.

Always she well remembers how his eyes looked into hers; how, he touched her hand with his, and how her heart ached when he turned away without that which she could not give him.

She loved some one else. Some other man has all the truth of her soul—always has, and always will have—but she cannot forget the one who turned from her and went his way, and came no more.—She is glad when she hears of his success, grieved when she knows that he has suffered, and when some day she hears that he is married—she who has herself been married for long years, perhaps—she who at all events, would never have married him—is she glad then? I do not know. A woman's heart is a very strange thing. I do not believe she knows herself. Glad? Oh, yes—and his wife pretty and nice? And then she says to herself that "he has quite forgotten," and "that, of course, is best," and cries a little.

ROBERT EMMET AND HIS LOVE.—'Twas the evening of a lovely day, the last day of the noble and ill-fated Emmet. A young lady stood at the castle gate and desired admittance into the dungeon. She was closely veiled and the keeper could not imagine who she was, nor why one of such proud bearing should be suppliant at the prison door. However he granted the boon, led her to the dungeon, opened the massive iron door, then closed it again; and the lovers were alone. He leaned against the prison with down-cast head, and his arms were folded upon his breast. Gently she raised the veil from her face, and Emmet turned to gaze upon all that earth contained for him—the girl whose sunny brow in the days of boyhood had been his polar star—the maiden who had sometimes made him think this "world was all sunshine." The clinking of heavy chains sounded like a death knell to her ears, and she wept like a child. Emmet said but little, yet he pressed her warmly to his bosom, and their feelings held a silent meeting—such a meeting perchance, as is held in heaven, only there we part no more. In a low voice he besought her not to forget him when the cold grave received his inanimate body. He spoke of by-gone days—the happy hours of childhood, when his hopes were bright and glorious—and concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the places and scenes that were hallowed to memory from the days of his infancy.

DURING a class-meeting held by the Methodist brethren of a certain village, Brother Jones went among the colored portion of the congregation. Finding there a man notorious for his endeavor to serve God on the Sabbath and Satan the rest of the week, he said: "Well, Brother Dick, I am glad to see you here. Haven't stole any turkeys since I saw you last, Brother Dick?" "No, no, Brudder Jones; no turkeys." "Nor any chickens, Brother Dick?" "No, no, Brudder Jones, no chickens." "Thank the Lord, Brother Dick! That's doing well, my brother!" said Brother Jones, leaving Brother Dick, who immediately relieved his overburdened conscience by saying to a near neighbor, with an immense sigh of relief: "If he'd said ducks, he'd a had me!"

AN eccentric wealthy gentleman stuck up a board in a field upon his estate, upon which was painted the following:

"I will give this field to any man who is contented."

He soon had an applicant.

"Well, sir, are you a contented man?"

"Yes, sir; perfectly."

"Then what do you want with my field?" The applicant did not reply.

A Rhode Island woman says that she'd rather have the nightmare seven straight nights than tell her husband the flour barrel is empty.

THERE is said to be but one divorce in England to every ten in America. Comparatively few English people marry for fun, it would seem.

## A GOOD PLEADER.

"May it please Your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, the case is as clear as ice, and sharp to the point as 'no' from your sweet heart. The scripture sayeth, 'Thou shalt not kill; now, if you hang my client you transgress the command as slick as grease and as plump as a goose egg on a loafer's face. Gentlemen, murder is murder, whether committed by twelve jurymen or by an humble individual like my client. Gentlemen, I do not deny the fact of my client having killed a man, but is that any reason why you should do so? No such thing, gentlemen. You may bring the prisoner in guilty, the hangman may do his duty, but will that exhonerate you? No such thing. In that case you will all be murderers. Who among you is prepared for the brand of Cain to be stamped upon his brow to-day? Who, freemen—who in this land of liberty and light? Gentlemen, I will pledge my word not one of you has a bowie knife or a pistol in his pocket. No, gentlemen your pockets are odiferous with the perfumes of cigar stumps and tobacco. You can smoke the tobacco of rectitude in the pipe of a peaceful conscience; but hang my unfortunate client, and the scaly alligators of remorse will gallop through the eternal principals of animal vertebræ, until the spinal vertebræ anatomicle construction is turned into a railroad for the grim and gory goblins of dispair. Gentlemen, beware of committing murder!—beware, I say, of meddling with the eternal prerogative!—beware, I say. Remember the fate of the man who attempted to steady the ark, and tremble. Gentlemen, I adjure you by the manumitted ghost of temporal sanctity to do no murder! I adjure you by the name of woman, the mainspring of the ticking timepiece of Time's theoretical transmigration, to do no murder? I adjure you, by the love you have for the esculent and continental, gusto of our native pumpkin, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the stars set in the flying ensign of your emancipated country, to do no murder! I adjure you, by the American eagle that whipped the universal gamecock of creation, and now sits roosting on the magnetic telepraph of Time's illustrious transmigration, to do no murder! And, lastly, gentlemen, if you ever expect to wear long-tailed coats, if you ever expect free dogs not to bark at you, if you ever expect to wear boots made of the free hide of the Rocky Mountain buffalo, and, to sum up all, if you ever expect to be anything but a set of sneaking, loafing, rascally, cut-throated, braiden ends of humanity, whitted down to indistinctibility, acquit my client and save your country."

The prisoner was acquitted.

## EXPLAINED.

Many people have been puzzled to decide