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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
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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. 36. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1875. No. 10.

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.

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.

BURNS & SLOAN

Lumber Dealers,

OFFICE:
132 LIGHT STREET WHARF
BALTIMORE.

YARDS { 104 and 132 Light St. Wharf. 132 S. Charles Street. Cor. York and Johnson Sts.,

OFFER ALL VARIETIES OF
BUILDING LUMBER,
SHINGLES, FENCING, DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, OAK, ASH, WALNUT,
At th Lowest Rates, in lots to Suit.

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.

LIVERY STABLE.
THE subscriber has just added to his Livery establishment
A Number of NEW CARRIAGES,
and having some excellent DRIVING HORSES is prepared to accommodate persons with a fine turnout at moderate prices, and respectfully solicits a call from those fond of a pleasant ride. His Stables are on Cross Street, above the jail, where he may always be found giving his personal attention to the business.
my14-3m. C. BLACK RASIN.

The Latest Out!
Batson's Patent Air Clothes Washer!
SAVES TIME! SAVES LABOR! SAVES CLOTHES!
Its simplicity and cheapness renders its use practicable to all. Can be seen or had at J. K. ALDRIDGE'S, in Chestertown, or at my residence near Bacchus' Mill. Price only $3.
C. H. HURLOCK,
Owner of Patent Right for Kent co.
June 12, 1875—tf.

50 Barrels Gambril's Flour,
Of different grades, just received.
We quote:

PATAPSCO FAMILY	$9.00
Do. EXTRA	8.50
ORANGE GROVE do	7.75
SEVERN do	6.75
Camden Super	5.50

All for sale at above quotations by
J. B. SAPPINGTON,
May 1, 1875. Chestertown.

QUEENSWARE—Baking Paniers, Tumblers, Wash Bowls and Pitchers, Earthen Milk Pans, and a full assortment of Goods in this line, at very low prices, at
je19. J. B. SAPPINGTON'S.

NEW YORK EARLY ROSE POTATOES and Fresh Garden Seed,
ap3. At THOMPSON'S, Up Town.

Prices Down! Prices Down!
REDUCTION
In the PRICE OF CALICO!
A large and handsome assortment now being offered by
J. H. SIMPERS & BRO.,
At Prices as low as can be found.
June 19, 1875.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.
New Goods! New Goods!
REDUCED PRICES.
STANDARD CALICOES 9 CENTS.
Best Bleached Muslins in the County for the Prices.
JACONET STRIPES of new and Beautiful Styles.
GRASS LINENS.
VICTORIA LAWNS.
Striped and Plain NANSOOKS,
WHITE SWISS,
HAMBURG EDGINGS and INSERTINGS, carefully selected and very cheap.
☞ Call and examine our large and varied assortment of New Goods.
T. W. ELIASON, JR.
June 19, 1875.

OLD PORT WINE,
Brand Rebellos Vallente
Claimed to be superior to any Wine ever before on sale in this town.
Pure Hennessey, Otard and Seignette Brandies, direct from under the Custom House lock. Dublin and London Ales and Stouts of direct importation, invigorating tonics for women laboring under debility during the hot months, all on hand and for sale by
May 29, 1875. T. S. WICKES.

A LARGE and well assorted stock of
DRY GOODS
CLOTHING,
First Class Groceries,
Shoes, Hats, Hardware and Crockeryware, and which is constantly kept replenished by fresh purchases, we have now in store, and are offering for sale upon easy terms and at reasonable advance to people who claim credit.
T. S. WICKES.
Chestertown, May 29, 1875.

Ratification Notice.
CATHARINE E. DAVIS,
versus
HENRY KELLEY, et. ux.
In the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Chancery, April Term, 1875.

ORDERED, that the sale of the Real Estate of Henry Kelley, made and reported by C. T. WESTCOTT, Attorney and Trustee, by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from Henry Kelley, et. ux., to Kate E. Davis, bearing date October 30, 1871, and duly recorded in Liber, J. K. H., No. 10, folio 282, &c., a land record book for Kent county—be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the Thirteenth day of Sept'r next; Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Kent County once in each of three successive weeks before the thirteenth day of August next.
The Report states the amount of sales to be $1451.00.
D. C. BLACKISTON, Clerk.
True Copy,—Test:
D. C. BLACKISTON, Clerk.
July 10, 1875—4t.

Ratification Notice.
William T. Dove et alii,
versus
Charles G. Wood et alii.
In the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, April Term, 1875.

ORDERED, that the sale of the Real Estate of Philip Drugan, deceased, made and reported by C. T. WESTCOTT, Trustee, by virtue of a Decree in the above entitled cause, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 26th day of August next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks before the 22d day of July next.
The report states the amount of saler to be $440.00.
D. C. BLACKISTON, Clerk.
True Copy,—Test:
D. C. BLACKISTON, Clerk.
June 26, 1875—4t.

Ratification Notice.
Richard Hynson, exec'r of Edward Comegys,
vs.
R. Whaland Baker, Mary Ann Baker, et alii.
On the Equity side of the Circuit Court for Kent county, April Term, 1875.

ORDERED, that the sales made and reported by GEORGE VICKERS, Trustee for the sale of the real estate of Samuel E. Baker, deceased, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the First day of September next; Provided, a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Kent county once in each of three successive weeks before the first day of August next.
The Report states the amount of sales to be $10,145.23. D. C. BLACKISTON, Clerk.
True Copy,—Test:
D. C. BLACKISTON, Clerk.
July 3, 1875—4t.

FOR SALE,
Peach Baskets,
THE BEST IN THE MARKET.
Price at present 15 cts. delivered.
Also, BOX MATERIAL, dressed, price 11c. delivered. Also, Marvil's PATENT BERRY CRATES and BASKETS.
Also, Oak and Pine FENCE PLANK, delivered on water at $22.50 per thousand.
Orders solicited by
ROBERT E. WALLIS,
Near Kennedyville,
General Agent for Cecil and Kent Cos.
June 26, 1875—4t.

FOR SALE,
PEACH BASKETS
and
PEACH CRATES,
in large or small lots. Also, all kinds of Yellow Pine LUMBER, FLOORING, PLASTERING LATHS and SHINGLES, delivered at Millington or any station on the Q. A. & Kent Railroad, on very reasonable terms.
SAMUEL D. WEBB, Agent.
Millington, June 19, 1875—tf.

PEACH BOXES!
WE intend to manufacture PEACH BOXES at Buck Neck as usual this season. Our customers may rely on being supplied throughout the season with Boxes made of good seasoned materials, as low as they can be furnished by any other parties.
je19-4t* PARSONS & CO.

FARMERS! FARMERS!
LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST!
PRICES REDUCED!
I AM happy to inform the public that I have returned to my residence with improved health, and will give personal attention to business.
BLACKSMITHING
AND WHEELWRIGHTING
of all kinds, completed at short notice, with the best material. Especial attention given to Machines of all kinds. Please send them in early. My ability as a mechanic is well known. I respectfully solicit your patronage in future, and am thankful for past favors.
CULTIVATOR TEETH, of the latest pattern, for sale at prices to suit. Full attention given to Horse Shoeing.
If you desire good, cheap work call and see me. I guarantee all my work.
J. A. SCHWERER.
Fairlee, Kent Co., May 15.

JOHN F. WHITE,
Veterinary Surgeon,
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.
Office over Geo. W. Ingram's Real Estate office.
The undersigned, residents of St. George's Hundred, respectfully recommend to the owners of valuable stock, the services of JOHN F. WHITE. We have employed him in many difficult cases, and found him to have a thorough knowledge of all diseases that stock are subject to. (Signed) Samuel Fennimore, L. V. Aspril, W. Kenney, William Polk, Daniel Stevens, W. Corbit, Daniel Corbit, Jonathan K Williams, Serik F. Shallcross, F. T. Perry, S. M. Enos, Geo. W. Ortlip, James F. Shallcross, W. E. Vandegrift, W. N. Hamilton, M. D., Samuel Pennington, R. W. Cochran, Thomas Cochran, H. A. Nowland, Wm. Dudley, R. R. Cochran, Alex. Maxwell, L. P. McDowell.
June 12, 1875—3m.

JOHN N. DODD,
Successor to JOHN T. DODD & SON,
UNDERTAKER,
CONTRACTOR, BUILDER, AND
DEALER IN
Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shutters, &c.
All business and work entrusted to me will receive my special and *personal* attention.—Having had entire supervision and control of the Undertaking department of the late firm for the last six yeass, I flatter myself am fully competent to give satisfaction.
I hope by attention to business and an endeavor to please, that I shall be able to retain all the customers of the late firm. Satisfaction guaranteed in every particular.
I am fully prepared to furnish Coffins, Caskets and Burial Cases of the latest designs and finish, upon short notice. dec5.

NEW MILLINERY STORE!
Mrs. H. Usilton & Miss Mollie Willis
Have taken the Store room next door above the Bank, in Chestertown, and have opened a general assortment of
MILLINERY
And FANCY GOODS,
of the latest and most fashionable styles, for Spring and Summer wear. HATS, BONNETS, Laces, Ribbons, Trimmings, Neck Ties, Belts, Ruffs, Feathers, Flowers and Ornaments.
They have also on hand a lot of second-hand goods which will be sold at greatly reduced prices.
Mrs. Usilton is a practical Milliner, having served a regular apprenticeship at the business and conducted it herself in former years.
☞ STAMPING done in the neatest and most durable manner.
The Ladies are invited to call and examine their goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. May 8—tf.

Great Reduction
IN PRICE OF
Milliner and Fancy Goods,
DRY GOODS, &c.
MRS. C. R. FIDDIS calls the attention of her lady friends and the public generally, to a GREAT REDUCTION in the price of her goods. Being desirous of CLOSING OUT all her stock suited to the season *during the season*, she is selling some goods even LESS THAN COST.
WHITE GOODS and Figg'd Pique, worth 25 cts., now selling for 20.
Also, great reduction in
Fine Dress Goods,
Muslins, Prints, Flannels, &c., &c.,
In the Dry Goods line, and
The Latest Styles in Millinery Goods
HATS, BONNETS, RIBBONS, LACES, RUFFLING, &c.
Silks, Thread, Cotton, Needles, Pins, Hosiery, Sewing Machine Silk, Cotton and Needles, and many other articles of use and ornament, too numerous to name.
Those in want of anything in my line are invited to give me a call before purchasing elsewhere. My goods will be sold as good and cheap as any in the county.
☞ Strict attention paid to STAMPING for embroidery and braiding.
June 26, 1875. C. R. FIDDIS.

HOME WORK!
Gents' Fine Boots, Shoes and Gaiters.
Ladies,' Misses' and Children's Shoes.
JAMES A. SHAW,
CHESTERTOWN,
HAS now on hand a good supply of the best Leather, and is prepared to make to order all kinds of BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS, in the very best manner, at short notice. His work cannot be surpassed for beauty of style or durability of make, as his numerous patrons in this community will testify.
If you want an extra pair of
Fine Boots, Shoes or Gaiters,
For Spring and Summer wear,
Call at SHAW'S, on Court Street,
and he will be sure to please you.
A good stock of Boots and Shoes of his own make kept on hand and sold at low prices.
JAMES A. SHAW,
May 8, 1875. Court Street.

YOUTH'S and BOYS' CLOTHING in great variety, Can be had at low prices at
May 8. S. MERRITT & CO.'S.

FINE Sugar-cured HAMS and Broiling Beef at THOMPSON'S, Up Town.

ORIGINAL.

ACROSS THE BRIDGE.

We turned toward the river—
Down the sleping grass grown hill:
And from the bank across the bridge
Sad sang the whippoor-will.

No moon shone down in glory,
But the stars throbbed overhead;
And as we walked awhiles we talked,
Of when we should be wed.

The town lay far behind us;
Half light—half sunk in gloom.
I had not reached my thirties, and—
Well—she was in her bloom!

We saw the white fish leaping—
The tide was at the full:
And here and there an oar flashed
With swift and silent pull.

A boat horn echoed sadly,
A white sail glided near,
And as we leant above the gap
She clung to me in fear.

Small need for wooden railing!
The slight weight fell on ME;
Ye Gods! how light on that blest night,
The darkness seem to me!

From 'neath the arches gayly
A song came floating up:
And sweet sounds more from off the shore
Filled up our brimming cup.

And many a loitering couple,
With heads bowed down and shy,
Drank in that night the dear delight
Of courting on the sly.

O rapid flowing Chester!
O Time! that flows not back—
Reverse for me Fate's stern decree,
And grant me what I lack.

Give me the bounding blood of youth,
Love's sweets once more to know!
With magic wand transform the hand
Whose pulses run so slow!

And she! though dearer as a wife,
Than on that long ago—
I would relive the whole of life,
Again—such bliss to know.

In vain! The torch of Hymen,
Though bright the flame may be,
Hath robbed the night of half its light,
And laid some spell on me.

The stars throb not so wildly,
The dew lies on the hill;
I wonder what those young folks find
To keep them lingering still.

Ah well! I once was young too!
The August moon grows chill:
I'll shut its staring raylets out:
Confound that whippoor-will!

WOMEN'S LOVE OF SEWING.—The following, descriptive of women's fancy for needlework, is from Hawthorne's "Marble Faun:"

There is something exquisitely pleasant and touching—at least of a very sweet, soft and winning effect—in this peculiarity of needlework, distinguishing men from women. Our own sex is incapable of any such by-play aside from the main business of life; but women—be they of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with artful beauty—have always some little handiwork ready to fill up the tiny gap of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to the fingers of them all. A queen, no doubt, plies it on occasions; the woman poet can use it as adroitly as her pen; the woman's eye that has discovered a new star turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her kerchief or to darn a casual flaw in her dress. And they have the advantage of us in this respect. The slender threads of silk or cotton keep them united with the small, familiar, gentle interests of life; the continually operating influences do much for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility. A vast deal of human sympathy runs along the electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicker chair of the humblest seamstress, and keeping high and low in a species of common union with their kindred beings. Methinks it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics when women of accomplishments and high thoughts love to sew, especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than when so occupied.

THERE comes a queer tale of love from Duluth, Minn. Two young men loved a maiden fair, of that breezy paradise. She smiled on both, and, as has happened since the days of Helen, there was a bloody feud. They had conflicts concerning her until the thing was getting monotonous, when youth number one suggested an adjustment of their differences upon a commercial basis. He offered to take $100 and forever thereafter hold his peace. Number two scorned to accept the proposition. The other then offered to give this amount for peaceable possession, which was also refused with scorn. Bids were made until the amount of $160 was offered by the sighing swain number one, in the shape of his note at ninety days, which the party of the second part took, and two loving souls were united. But when the note became due, and the former lover demanded its liquidation, the fond husband refused payment upon the plea of "no value received," and suit has been brought to recover the amount. The husbands sets up the plea that the girl was not worth a tinker's condemnation, and for further answer states that if the plaintiff will take the fair creature off his hands he will gladly pay the note, and throw in his lovely bride. So the case stands at this writing.

TURKISH IMPERTURBABILITY.—The indolence of the people in Turkey is something almost wonderful. No one except a native of the country thoroughly understands the art of laziness. The men sit all day long on little stools in front of the various *cafes*, smoking and talking—never stirring. They even talk in a low, murmuring tone, very different to a crowd of Dutchmen, Frenchmen, or even Englishmen. There is not the least excitement of any kind in their manner; all is tranquil laziness. The other evening the cry of "yanjinvar" (fire) echoed through the village (Buyukdere,) and yet no one stirred from his place in the *cafe*. Presently a *cavasse* came in and accosted a Turk who was seated smoking his narghila, saying, "Your house is burned." He simply bowed his head, saying, "Kismet." The *cavasse* then said, "Your woman and one child are also burned. There were two saved. Where shall they be taken?" The Turk said slowly, "Great is God; take them to my mother," and resumed his pipe.

THERE was a ludicrously sudden descent from the sublime to the ridiculous where a clergyman preaching on the "Ministry of Angels" suddenly observed, "I hear a whisper;" the change of tone started one of the deacons, who sat below, from a drowsy mood, and springing to his feet, he cried, "It's the boys in the gallery."

MR. COLLINS' CROQUET SET.

Croquet, that eminently fascinating game, was introduced on the premises of the Collins', Friday. In the afternoon Podge's boy brought up the set, and just before tea Mrs. Collins arranged the wickets. Collins had learned to play when visiting in Gloversbire, last summer, and Mrs. Collins acquired an indifferent knowledge of the game from two elderly maiden sisters on Paxton street. And so on that delicious Friday afternoon, they took out the mallets and balls and commenced the game.

"Now Emeline," playfully observed Mr. Collins, "don't you begin cheating at the start. If you do, the game will be prostituted to mere gambling, and we'll injure our moral natures in trying to build up our physical."

"People who are so ready to charge against others need close watching themselves, young man," said she, in the same spirit, "and I mean to keep a sharp eye on you."

Then they both laughed.

"But it will be a good thing for you, Emeline," he said, with a tinge of tenderness in his voice. "You are kept cooped up in the house so, that you hardly get a breath of fresh air. This will give you exercise, and keep you out doors, too."

"You are always thinking of me," said she, as her eyes grew moist. "You need the out-door air as much as I do, but you are too unselfish to think of yourself."

And thus exchaning sentiments which did credit to both their hearts, the game progressed.

After passing through the centre wicket, Mr. Collins used her ball to help himself through the other wickets to the upper stake. Then he left her near the first wicket, and struck for the stake, which being but about eight inches distant, made him over confident. The ball missed by about an eighth of an inch.

"I declare," he exclaimed in vexation.

Then she, having watched his rapid progress with a clouded face, now struck for him and hit him, and a minute later his ball was spinning through the grass to the other end of the ground. She was now in position for her wicket, and passed through it and the others to the stake, but missed it. Then he came up by a well-directed blow to within two inches of the stake. But she went for him again, and when she got through, she was three wickets beyond the stake, and his ball was at the other end of the ground again, and his brow was finely corrugated. He stepped nervously toward it. It was quite evident that he was not unruffled. When his turn came again he drove back to the stake but struck a wicket, and rebounded so close to her that she easily hit him, and again introduced him through wickets he was not for, and then sent him flying again. Her success caused her to laugh, and he heard it.

"You think you are pretty smart, but I'll get even with you," he said, without smiling.

"You'll have to play better than you have done," she pertinently suggested.

"I think I know as much about croquet as you do," he said, still with a straight face.

"You don't play as if you did," she retorted.

"If you'd had any fairness about you you'd let me have that stroke over, when I was up to the stake. You knew I slipped, as well as did," he said, growing red in the face.

"No, I didn't know anything about it," she replied, taking on a little color.

"I say you did."

"And I say I didn't. But if you are going to play this game, why don't you go ahead."

"I'll play when I get ready," he answered, turning white about the mouth.

"If you ain't going to play, you'd better go into the house and shut up," she suggested, raising her voice.

"Don't you talk to me that way," he cried, "or I'll make you sorry for it, you brazen-faced hussy."

"Hussy, hussy!" she screamed. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, John Jacob Collins, to call your wife a hussy? Hussy am I, you old villian? Hussy is it, you miserable brute. I'm to be called a hussy, am I, after working my knuckles off for you, and slaving for thirty years after your crooked carcass. "There," she cried, in a paroxysm, throwing the mallet on the ground, "take your old croquet and shove it down your lying throat and choke yourself to death with it, if you want to, you miserable old wretch. And don't you never ask me to play with you again, or I'll tell you something you'll remember the longest day you live, you old devil."

And then she bounced into the house, leaving him standing out there and rubbing his head, in a benumbed sort of way. But almost immediately after she thrust her head out of the window and snapped out—

"You needn't think you are going to get any hot biscuit for your tea in this house this night, young man, and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it just as soon as you are a mind to."—*Danbury News.*

EAR MARKS OF BUTTER COWS.—At recent meetings of Dairymen's Associations in the Eastern States experienced dairymen said they attached much importance to the color of the inside of the ear of a cow as a test of her butter producing ability. A rich yellow color on the inside of the ear, one speaker said he had never known to fail as a sign of a good butter cow, one that would give him rich milk. Dr. Sturtevant regards the color of the ear a good guide, but calls attention to the necessity, when observing, of clearing away the secretions that may have accumulated on the skin and which may be darker than the skin itself.

DON'T TREAT.—The above is the title of a circular issued by the ladies of the Elgin Temperance Union, and designed for circulation among young men, asking them to pledge themselves not "to treat" or "be treated." This plan has been adopted elsewhere, and is said to have worked advantageously. If the custom of treating can be done away with, fully one-half of the evil results of whiskey drinking will be demolished.

THE farm owned by George Grant, founder of the Victoria colony, Kansas, is he largest in the world, embraces an entire county and containing 576,600 acres.

WHAT A CHILD SAW.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: Yesterday morning some people living on Macomb street entered a house to find father and mother beastly drunk on the floor, and their child, four years old, dead in his cradle. The parents looked like beasts—the child wore the sweetest, tenderest smile on its white face that any of them ever saw. It had been ailing for days, and its brief life had been full of bitter woe, but yet the woman cried as they bent over the old cradle and kissed its cold cheeks and felt of its icy hands.

Father and mother lay down at dark the evening before, and people passing by heard the child crying and wailing. It was too weak to crawl out of the cradle, and its voice was not strong enough to break the chains of drunken stupor.—When the sun went down and the evening shadows danced across the floor, and seemed to grasp at him the boy grew afraid and cried out. The shadows came faster, and as they raced around the room and scrawled darkly at the lone child, he nestled down and drew the ragged blanket over his head to keep the revengeful shadows from seizing him. He must have thought his parents dead, and how still the house seemed to him.

"It's dark, mother—it's dark!" the neighbors heard him wail; but no one went in to comfort him and to drive the shadows away. The night grew older—the feet of pedestrians ceased to echo, and the heavy breathing of the drunkards made the child tremble and draw the covers still closer. His little bare feet were curled up, and he shut his eyes tightly to keep from seeing the black darkness.

By and by the ragged blanket was gently pulled away, and the child opened his eyes and saw a great light in the room.

"Is it morning?" he whispered, but the drunkards on the floor slept on.

Sweet, tender music came to the child's ears, and the light had driven every shadow away. He was no longer afraid. The aches and pains he had suffered for days past went away all at once.

"Mother, mother! hear the music!" he cried, and from out of the soft, white light came an angel.

"I am thy mother," she softly said.

He was not afraid. He had never seen her before, but she looked so good and beautiful that he held up his wasted hands and said:

"I will go with you."

The music grew yet softer, and the melody was so sad and tender, and yet so full of love and rejoicing, that the drunkards on the floor moved a little and muttered broken words.

Other Angels came, and the light fell upon the boy's face in a blazing shower, turning his curls to streaks of gold. He held up his arms and laughed for joy.

"Heaven wants you," the angel whispered. "Earth has no more sorrow—no further misery. Come!"

And he floated away with them, leaving the sleepers lying as if dead. The golden light faded out, the music died away, and the house was again filled with the grim, threatening shadows, which sat around the sleepers and touched their bloated faces with their gaunt skeleton fingers and laughed horribly when the drunkards groaned in uneasy slumber.

When people came in the shadows went out. The sleepers still slept their sotted sleep and no one minded them. Men and women bent low over the dead child, smoothed back his curls and whispered:

"Poor, dead boy."

They knew not that he had seen the angels, and that they had borne him to heaven's gate.

A NEW WAY TO RETAIN SUBSCRIBERS.—An indignant subscriber to the Elizabeth *News* came into the office a few days ago and ordered his paper stopped, because he differed from Richard La Rue in views on subsoiling fence rails. Richard conceded the man's right to stop the paper, and remarked very coolly, as he looked over his list:

"Did you know Jim Sowders down at Hardscrabble?"

"Very well!" said the man.

"Well, he stopped his paper last week because I thought a farmer was a blamed fool who didn't know that timothy was a good thing to graft on huckleberry bushes, and he died in less than four hours."

"Lord! is that so?" said the astonished Granger.

"Yes, and you know old George Erickson, down on Eagle Creek?"

"Well, I've heard of him!"

"Well," said Richard, gravely, "he stopped his paper because I said he was the happy father of twins, and congratulated him on success so late in life. He fell dead within twenty minutes. There's lots of similar cases, but it don't matter. I'll just cross your name off, though you don't look strong, and there's a bad color about your nose."

"See here, Mr. La Rue," said the subscriber, looking somewhat alarmed, "I believe I'll keep on another year, 'cause I always did like your paper, and, come to think of it, you are a young man, and some allowance orter be made," and he departed, satisfied that he had made a narrow escape from death.

A LIVING RAFT.—The leaves of the gigantic water lily known as the *Victoria Regia*, in the Botanic Garden at Ghent, having attained a remarkably large size, Mr. Van Hulle, the chief gardener, recently undertook to determine their buoyant power. One leaf easily supported a child, and did not sink under a man. Mr. Van Hulle then heaped bricks over its entire area and found that, before the leaf became submerged, a weight of 761 pounds was floated.

"I HAVE come," said a Scoth farmer to a neighbor laird who was just dying, "I have come to settle about that bit of land." "Settle't!" cried the old wrangler; "how will you settle't?" Your father couldna settle't, and your grandfather couldna settle't, and the 'fifteen' couldna settle't, and how will you settle't?" "Oh," said the rival claimant, "I'll let you have it altogether." "But I'll not tak' it," cried the old litigant, and turned his face resolutely to the wall.

A MAINE girl left her clothing in an open boat and hid herself, and when her parents were crying, and saying that if they only had her back, they would obey her slightest wish, she appeared and said she wanted to marry Jake.

A MATRIMONIAL ITEM.

The following we take from the Smyrna *Times* of the 8th inst:

An event which creates no little interest transpired in this town last week, to wit: the marriage of a lady who, for the *seventh time*, has bowed at the altar of Hymen to a brave old gentleman who, for the second time, consecrates himself at the same shrine; and, to add to the interest, if possible, both parties to the nuptials are well up the ascending grade to eighty years. We have alluded to this remarkable woman before—on the occasion of her sixth wedding, when she was led to the altar by ex-Sheriff Henry Pratt, in October, 1869. It was then thought a strange circumstance that a woman who had followed five husbands to the grave should so inspire Cupid as to beguile him into hurling the sixth dart in her behalf, and succeed in piercing the heart of a stalwart man of 80 years and over. But such was the case. He contracted sickness from cold, however, in the winter of '70, and after about seven months in wedlock he too shared the common lot of all. He died at the residence of his son, in May of the year above named. Shortly after becoming sick, as if alarmed by the conscious fate that had befallen his successors who had shared her joys and sorrows, he arose from his sick bed and walked to his son's, only to meet his fate in the end—in about a month. He had been a remarkably healthy man up to the time of his last illness, and the health of his large family had been even more remarkable than his own. His descendants, children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, at the time of his marriage, he informed us, numbered over *one hundred and fifty-six*, and yet he had never then had but one death in his family—his first wife. He was a man of fine physique, standing about six feet in height, with an avoirdupois of about 210, and withal a most remarkably upright, consistent and worthy man. He was a remarkably self-reliant man. He never borrowed a dollar in his life, it is said, and never had to pay a cent of cost in suits of law, on his own account. We may add, as another matter of interest with reference to him, that he was the last anti-Democratic Sheriff who has filled that office in this county. He was elected Sheriff in 1844, by the Whigs. So we are informed.

The present husband, Mr. Abbott, is a quiet, unassuming old man, with means enough (particularly if combined with her income) to meet his not very numerous wants.

Now for Mrs. Abbott. There may be some matters of interest connected with her much-married career. Her names have been eight in all—Miss Williams, Mrs. Truax, Mrs. Farrow, Mrs. Riggs, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Berry, Mrs. Pratt, and now Mrs. Abbott. In every instance, save the first, she has married widowers, some of them with a goodly number of children; she, however, has never sustained the maternal relation by consanguinity. She was reared in this community, as have been all her husbands, so far as we can learn, and hence her record has been as an open book to all her seven companions, yet record, age, nor nothing else seems to work fatality to "the charm that wins," whatever that may be—and to find that out is the rub. The five years and over of widowhood that existed between her last and her present husband is the longest she has endured, we believe. This, however, may not be wholly her fault, as we are certain that in one instance at least she offered to share her comfortable home with one of our most worthy old citizens, but the mere proposition filled him with fear and trembling, and to avoid a repetition he hurriedly married a young lady yet in her teens, with whom, and his little prattler, he is now enjoying the fullest share of domestic bliss. We have no intimation, however, that her numerous conquests have been made by open, direct assault. On the contrary, we think they have not. It has been asserted, on good authority, that she has confessed to a presentment that she should have seven husbands. She now enjoys the fulfillment of this prophetic notion, and, hale, hearty and seventy odd, she wears her seventh bridal wreath with becoming dignity. As we said to her last husband, so we will say to her present one—"may fortune favor the brave."

THE PULSE.—Every intellectual person should know how to ascertain the state of the pulse in health; then, by comparing it with what it was when he is ailing, he may have some idea of the urgency of his case. Parents should know the healthy pulse of each child as now and then a person is born with peculiar slow or fast pulse, and the very case in hand may be that peculiarity. An infant's pulse is one hundred and forty; and a child of seven, about eighty, and from twenty to sixty years, it is seventy beats a minute, declining to sixty at four score. A healthful grown person's pulse beats seventy times in a minute; there may be good health down to sixty; but if the pulse always exceeds seventy, there is a disease; the machine is working too fast; it is working itself out; there is a fever or inflamation somewhere, and the body is feeding on itself; as in consumption, when the pulse is quick, that is over seventy, gradually increasing with decreased chances of cure, until it reaches one hundred and twenty, when death comes before many days. When the pulse is over seventy for months, and there is a cough, the lungs are affected.

IT is related of a certain minister of Maine, who was noted for his long sermons with many divisions, that one day when he was advancing among the teens and had thoroughly wearied his hearers, he at length reached a kind of resting point in his discourse, when, pausing to take breath, and looking about over his audience, he asked the question, "And what shall I say more?" A voice from the congregation—more suggestive than reverent—very earnestly responded, "Say Amen!"

A WEALTHY London merchant is reported as having said: "I always feel happy when I'm advertising, for then I know that walking or sleeping, I have a strong though silent orator working for me, one that never tires, never sleeps, never makes mistakes, and who is certain to enter the households from which, if at all, my trade must come."

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

You may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow,
If you listen to all that is said as you go;
You'll be worried and fretted, and kept in a stew.
For meddlesome tongues will have something to do,
For people will talk.

If quiet and modest you'll have it presumed,
That your humble position is only assumed;
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool;
But don't get excited—keep perfectly cool—
For people will talk.

And then if you show the least boldness of heart
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain;
But keep straight ahead—don't stop to explain,
For people will talk.

If threadbare your dress, or old-fashioned your hat,
Some one will surely take notice of that,
And hint rather strong that you cant pay your way,
But don't get excited whatever they say,
For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape,
For they criticise then in a different shape;
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid;
But mind your own business—there s naught to be made—
For people will talk.

Now, the best way to do is to do as you please,
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease,
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse;
But don't think to stop them—it ain't any use—
For people will talk.

ESSAY ON WOMEN.

Women are like everything else in this world—a very mixed up affair. According to our own observation there are

Women good and women bad,
Women gay and women sad,
Women big and women small,
Women short and women tall,
Women fat and women lean,
Women sweet and women mean,
Women young and women old,
Women bought and women sold,
Women poor and women rich,
And good many more women sich.

The first woman in this world was Eve. Eve was a bad girl. She didn't belong to the Good Templars. Eve liked apple cider too well—she wanted her's dry.—We never saw Eve, but they say she was a pretty girl. Her fellow was a chap by the name of Adam. We never went to school with him. Eve was like the rest of her sisters—just tell her not to do a thing and she would be sure to do it.—Eve didn't care much for fashion, and she made her own clothes without a sewing machine. She would be rather behind the times should she visit us now.

Some women are very pretty. We don't like pretty women—there are always so many fellows around. They remind us of a lot of flies on a molasses stick. We like the molasses, but—bother the flies.

Good women are plenty in this country, but they will never tell you of it; you have got to trail 'em out yourself.

Bad women are everywhere. They are like rotten apples in a barrel of good ones—apt to throw their decayed influence around them. They will always try to make you believe they are good. Don't take a bad woman. She is a counterfeit treasure. Look out for trademark.

Gay women are jolly fellows. Always on a laugh. They make you feel good clear to your sleeve buttons.

A sad woman ought to wear spectacles with pink colored glasses in them. That would make her look at the world in a different light.

We don't know that we like a big woman better than a little one. If she is so big that a step ladder is required to kiss her, we most respectfully decline in favor of the small one. As we reflect further on this subject, we come to the conclusion that the small ones are preferable. They have a tendency to hang themselves (around a fellow) and we want to furnish material for a hanging post.

We hate a mean woman. We feel like saying "deliver us from evil" when we see one. But give us a sweet woman.—One of nature's own children—with rosy cheeks and loving eyes; with a noble heart and a high toned mind, a pure soul and a healthy body, refined in taste, developed in intellect; be she poor or rich, young or old, large or small.

A MYSTERY.

One of the strangest exhibitions or coincidences, or revelation, or whatever it may be named, that we have ever heard of—very closely bordering upon the marvelous and supernatural—occurred not long since in the house of one of our citizens. Its truth is vouched for by the gentleman, his wife and family, all of whom are credible witnesses, whose testimony would not be doubted by anybody, but whose names we do not feel at liberty to make known. The facts, as stated to us, are as follows:

One of those frosty mornings, of which we had such a superabundance last winter, while the children of the family in which this strange revelation was made were amusing themselves in the sitting room, they observed a figure in the frosting on the window pane. It appeared to be the picture of a female, holding in her hand a paper. The outlines were so plain that even the stripes on her dress were plainly observable. The children at once called the att