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The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT

CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. H. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance. If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two dollars and Fifty Cents may be charged. 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, OCTOBER 9, 1875. No. 22.

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. Quarterly 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.

EDUCATIONAL.

MAPLEWOOD INSTITUTE,

for both sexes, is 21 miles west of Philadelphia. Superior buildings, home care, earnest teachers, first-class Lectures. Small pupils admitted the entire year. Incorporated. Trustees are friends. Hon. Washington Townsend says: "As to the progress of my late ward who was under your care and tuition for over two years, I was well satisfied with the school, its arrangement and discipline, and the progress he made in knowledge." Term commences 9 mo. 13th. Address J. SHORTLIDGE, A. M., Concordville, Pa.
jy10-4m.

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.

Washington College, Chestertown, Md.

FOUNDED 1782.

THE next Session will begin WEDNESDAY, September 22d.

Instruction in the usual branches of a College course, with special studies for those who do not desire a full course. There is also a Preparatory class.

Board per week $4; room rent $5 and fuel $4 for the scholastic year. Tuition: English $40; English and Classics or Modern Languages, $50; for all branches, $60.

For circulars address,
jy31-tf. WM. J. RIVERS, Principal.

LAW CARDS.

C. T. WESTCOTT,

Attorney and Counselor at Law

CHESTERTOWN, MD.

☞ Special attention given to the collection of claims in the counties of Kent, Cecil, Queen Anne's and Caroline. ag12-y.

HINES & SMITH,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law,

CHESTERTOWN.

New Office on Court Street, opposite Court House.

Having associated ourselves for the practice of our profession, we will give prompt and careful attention to all law and Chancery business placed in our hands.

Mr. HINES, though connected with other duties, will give special attention to the business of the firm. JESSE K. HINES,
oc3-tf. MARION deK. SMITH.

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 years, 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, Ruffles, 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.

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 the Lowest Rates, in lots to Suit.

COTTONADES, LINENS and Cassimere, for Men and Boys. Bleached and unbl'd Muslins, at the very lowest prices.
June 19. J. H. SIMPERS & BRO.

A CHEAP INGRAIN CARPET at
jy31. J. H. SIMPERS & BRO'S.

FALL & WINTER OPENING! 1875.

S. MERRITT. WM. J. MCFEELY.

S. MERRITT & CO.,

ARE NOW PREPARED TO EXHIBIT AT THE OLD STAND

BORDLEY'S CORNER

CHESTERTOWN,

A Large and Beautiful Stock of

FALL & WINTER CLOTHING,

For MEN, YOUTH and BOYS,

Together with their usual complete variety of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS

JUST RECEIVED.

Also, THE LARGEST STOCK OF

HATS and CAPS

EVER BEFORE OFFERED BY THEM.

☞ Our ordered work department is very complete, having a large and fine assortment of CLOTHS and CASSIMERES to select from. Our work is done in the best style and Fits in all cases guaranteed.

A FEW REASONS

Why you should buy your Clothing of

S. MERRITT & CO.:

1.—Our stock is the *Largest* and *Best* on the Shore.
2.—Our experience in the business gives us great advantage in buying.
3.—Our goods are cut in the best style and made up in the best manner.
4.—We do not *misrepresent* goods.
5.—We hold ourselves responsible to give entire satisfaction in every sale.
6.—We are not tied down to buy our stock from one house, but buy where we can do the best and pay as we go.
7.—We sell for the cash and are satisfied with small profits.

☞ *You should spend your money at home, and with those who will deal justly with you.* ☜

S. MERRITT & CO.

BORDLEY'S CORNER,
CHESTERTOWN.

Oct. 2, 1875.

The Bickford & Huffman

IMPROVED

FARMERS' FAVORITE,

An Entire New Style for DRILLING PHOSPHATE for 1875.

The attention of Farmers generally is respectfully called to the

Great and Important Improvements

made in the Bickford & Huffman "Farmer's Favorite" Grain and Compost Drill for 1875. Do not invest in any until you have seen and examined the IMPROVED.

We have reduced the weight one hundred pounds. We have *transferred* the Fertilizer Attachment to the *rear*, and so perfected the Drill by our Improvement as to make the distribution perfectly even and uniform.

We now use both running wheels in the driving process. The machine is so nicely balanced that *all the weight* is removed from the horse's neck. All the attachments are thrown out of gear *before* the teeth leave the ground by the same motion that raises the teeth. The friction has been so lessened that we are not only enabled to offer you the lightest in weight—but also the lightest in draft—Grain and Compost Drill in the market.

A Visit to the Ware-rooms of

HINES & BURCHINAL,

CHESTERTOWN,

(Next door to the Kent National Bank,)

will fully repay any one who may be in want of a Drill.

☞ Examine the Drill. Buy it. Try it; and you cannot but be convinced that the Bickford & Huffman "Farmers' Favorite" is not only a perfect Drill, but the ONLY PERFECT Grain and Compost Drill in the world.

FERTILIZERS.

HINES & BURCHINAL

Have for sale

Lister's Phosphate and Ground Bone, Whitelock & Co.'s Maryland Phosphate, Turner's "Excelsior" and Ammoniated Phosphate,

At Reduced Rates,

and on accommodating terms. Call before purchasing elsewhere.

HINES & BURCHINAL,
Next to Kent National Bank.
Aug. 21, 1875—3m.

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 $5.

C. H. HURLOCK,
Owner of Patent Right for Kent co.
June 12, 1875—tf.

FOR SALE.

Having rented my farm for next year, I will sell at private sale THREE HORSES and THREE COLTS. I will also sell or trade my Stallion KENTUCK.

J. M. VANDYKE.
Chestertown, Sept 18, 1875—tf.

HINES & SMITH, Attorneys and Solicitors, Chestertown, Md.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

OF A

Desirable Farm,

In Kent County.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity, the undersigned as Trustee, will offer at PUBLIC SALE to the highest bidder on

TUESDAY, October 12th, 1875,

At the porch of the Voshell House, in Chestertown, at 11½ o'clock, A. M.,

All That TRACT or PLANTATION

CALLED THE

Wallace Farm,

situated on the north side of the public road leading from Chestertown to Millington, and about six miles from the former place, adjoining the lands of John S. Hurlock and George B. Westcott, Esqs., and containing

160 ACRES, More or Less,

THE IMPROVEMENTS consist of a

FRAME DWELLING,

and BARN, in ordinary repair. The soil is naturally good and by a proper use of lime and fertilizers would soon attain a high state of productiveness.

There is a considerable portion of it in

TIMBER,

including Oak and Pine, some of which might be profitably used for building purposes.

It is in close proximity to Schools, Churches, manufacturing shops, and two public landings on Chester River.

THE TERMS OF SALE

as prescribed by the Decree, are as follows:—One-third cash, and the balance in two equal instalments, in one and two years from day of sale, with interest from the day of sale, the credit payments to be secured by the bond of the purchaser with a surety or sureties to be approved by the Trustee.

MARION deK. SMITH,
TRUSTEE.

Chestertown, Sept. 18, 1875—ts.

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned will expose to PUBLIC SALE, on

TUESDAY, October 12, 1875,

at the front steps of the Court House Green in Chestertown, at 11 o'clock, A. M.,

TEN ACRES OF LAND,

adjoining the lands of Messrs. John Duyer and Daniel Jewell, about four miles from Chestertown, and on the public road leading to Worton Station on the Kent County Railroad, and about one-third of a mile from the said Station. The land is partly enclosed.

The IMPROVEMENTS are a TWO-STORY FRAME

DWELLING

and Kitchen, nearly new. A Smoke House and Chicken House. About 20 Apple Trees and a few Peach Trees.

Mr. James Patton is the present tenant, and will shew the premises.

The garden is paled in.

Terms—one-third cash or in sixty days, balance in 6 and 12 months from sale.

H. W. VICKERS,
Agent and Attorney for Eben. Jones.
Chestertown, Sept. 18, 1875—ts.

T. W. ELIASON, JR.,

Dealer in FERTILIZERS.

J. J. Turner & Co.'s Excelsior.
" " Ammo. Super Phosphate.
Ober's A. A. Phospho. P. Guano.
Ober's Ammo. Super Phosphate.
Maps Nitrogenized Super Phosphate.
E. G. Edwards & Co's Ammo. Super Phosphate
Dugdale's Excellenza.
Whann's Raw Bone Super Phosphate
Sea Guano,
Maryland Co.'s Super Phosphate,
W. Whitelock & Co.'s Vegetator,
Griffith & Hobbins's Ammo. Super Phosphate.
Strictly Pure Dissolved Bones,
Kainit,
Potash Residue,

For sale at the lowest market rates on liberal terms, delivered at my landing in the county.
sep4-tf. T. W. ELIASON, JR.

Head Quarters

FOR THE PUTTING ON OF THE

NEW BICKFORD & HUFFMAN PATENT

GUANO ATTACHMENT

TO OLD DRILLS,

And they will be guaranteed to work as the new Drill.

The Manufacturers of this Drill have made us agents for all of their extras and parts in this county. You can get Points, Wheels, Funnels, Straps, Brushes, Spouts, Axles, Hubs, or in fact anything belonging to this Drill, or any Drill ever made by the manufacturers above named. Send in your Drills early, and have them repaired at once. This work will be done at reduced rates.

Drills of any other make are REPAIRED at short notice

CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.
Sept. 4, 1875.

FARMERS, LOOK!

DRILLS REPAIRED.

T. SHAFER, Kennedyville,

is prepared to REPAIR DRILLS OF ALL KINDS at short notice, on the most reasonable terms.

FARMERS should overhaul their Drills and if need of repairs send them to the shop at once. We will do the work in the best manner and at low prices. Give me a call.

TILGHMAN SHAFER,
Sept. 4. Kennedyville.

FOR RENT,

STORE HOUSE and DWELLING, on Main street, Chestertown. Also, HOUSE on Cannon st., and SIX SMALL HOUSES for 1876. Inquire of J. H. SIMPERS or WM. J. VANNORT. Sept. 4-tf.

FOR RENT,

For the year 1876,

The STORE ROOM now occupied by A. Ming, on Court street; also, he DWELLING HOUSE where Mr. A. Howard resides. Terms moderate. Apply to

aug28-tf. JAMES A. SHAW.

PEOPLE'S

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.

I announce myself as a Candidate for the office of SHERIFF, and solicit the vote of the People. H. M. ROLLINSON.
Aug. 21, 1875—tf.

A Valuable Farm

In Kent County, Md.,

—AT—

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, sitting in Equity, the undersigned as Trustee will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on

TUESDAY,

The Twelfth day of OCTOBER, 1875,

At the Voshell House in Chestertown,

At 11 o'clock, A. M.,

That VALUABLE FARM,

Lying in Broad Neck, Kent County, Maryland, the property of the late John Gale.

It lies on the N. W. branch of Langford's Bay, in a good neighborhood, convenient to Schools, Churches, public wharves, post office, &c; the crops are shipped directly from the shore.

It contains 174 Acres

2 Roods and 21 Perches

of arable land, more or less. The soil is naturally good and will compare favorably with the best in the county.

The Improvements

Consist of a Commodious

DWELLING, BARN,

and all necessary Out-Buildings, nearly new and in good condition.

There are, in addition to the above, about 27 acres and a quarter in

Wood and Timber

a short distance from the farm, and connected with it by a private road.

TERMS OF SALE.

The terms of sale prescribed by the Decree are as follows:—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or within thirty days thereafter at the option of the Trustee, the balance in two equal instalments of one and two years from the day of sale, the deferred payments to bear interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the bonds or notes of the purchaser, with a surety or sureties to be approved by the Trustee.

C. T. WESTCOTT, Trustee.

NOTICE.—In accordance with the provisions of the said Decree the creditors of the late John Gale 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.

C. T. WESTCOTT, Trustee.
Chestertown, Sept. 18, 1875—ts.

FOR SALE,

A SMALL FARM of 130 Acres,

SITUATED about half a mile from Worton Station. School adjoining. Churches, Stores, Post Office, Mills, &c., convenient. A comfortable HOUSE, good water, and some Wood. Terms reasonable.

ANN M. PORTER,
June 26, 1875—tf. Worton Station.

Grain and Phosphate Drill.

We have for sale the

Delaware Grain and Phosphate Drill

Better known as the Hamilton Drill.

Its PHOSPHATE ATTACHMENT

is conceded to be the BEST in the market.

TURNER BROS.
Betterton, Sept. 25—2t.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS

OF THE FIRST DISTRICT.

AFTER Oct. 1st, 1875, for the convenience of Tax-Payers I will be at the following places to receipt for taxes for 1875 now due:

Chesterville—every Wednesday afternoon.
Galena—Thursday morning.
Sassafras—Thursday afternoon.
Massey's—Saturday morning.
Millington—Saturday afternoon of each week. I hope this notice will be sufficient, as the times for indulgence in these matters have passed away. J. H. THOMAS.
Sept. 25, 1875—4m.

I also Notify persons against whom I hold executions as Constable to come forward and settle them and save further cost as I shall close up all claims in the shortest order. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Respectfully, J. H. THOMAS.
Sept. 25, 1875—2m.

NOTICE

To Tax-Payers of the 5th District.

THE tax books for the Fifth Election District are now in my hands and I am ready to receipt for all taxes due for the present year. For the convenience of tax-payers I will be at the following places on the days named on and after Aug. 1st:

On the 1st and 3rd Tuesday of each month, in the morning, at the TRAPPE.

Second and fourth Tuesday morning Belair.

Every Saturday 'morning at Grey's Inn Wharf, and every Saturday afternoon at Edesville.

SAMUEL BURGESS.
July 24, 1875—tf.

GOOD PAY FOR AGENTS.

"Out of the Hurly Burly,"

By MAX ADELER, is the best book of its kind in print. And it is a *good kind*, for you laugh over almost every page, and *feel better for it afterwards*. "Quaint, graphic, and perfectly natural; its author is a wit of the first water."—London (England) Figaro. "Full of fun, but more full of sense; everywhere fresh, original, ingenious, droll and delightful."—Gardener's Magazine, (London) England. "Surpasses anything in its line which we have had for years."—Chicago Inter Ocean. Has nearly 400 fine original engravings, and, being low in price, sells immensely (through Agents only). Exclusive territory given. Send to the publishers, and get the points. Address, GEORGE MACLEAN & CO., Philadelphia, Chicago, or Cincinnati (whichever is nearest you).

Estate of John M. LaDue.

Notice of Distribution

BY Order of the Orphans' Court of Kent Co. notice is hereby given to all parties interested in the distribution of the personal estate of John M. LaDue, that such distribution will be made in said Court on *Tuesday, the 21st day of December*, 1875. Those interested are requested to be present.

F. N. SHEPPARD,
Sep. 25, 1875—4t. *Administrator.*

PERFUMERY.

A nice stock of French and English Perfumery at ANDERSON'S DRUG STORE, Middletown, Del. Heliotrope, Jasmine, White Rose, Jockey Club, Musk, Patchouly, etc.—also Sachet Powder of the following perfumes: White Rose, Heliotrope, Jockey Club and Violet. Sept. 18, 1875—tf.

JOHN SMITH'S TROUBLES.

To begin at the beginning, I will say that I was born at about the usual age, and graduated from school much the same as other youths that you and I know.

I was tolerably good looking, or thought myself so—and I have never changed my opinion. I think so still.

At sixteen I fell in love! Of course the object of my devotion was my senior—by eight years, I think—a very beautiful and cultivated woman, who no more thought of my loving her than the moon thinks of marrying a kerosene lamp. But then, I thought differently.

She was kind to me because I manifested such a desire to read; and when summer came my mother and her mother put their milk together and made cheese—and when it was Mrs. Grave's turn to have the milk, I used to go to carry it over. It was an excellent excuse for seeing Arabella, and I was only too glad to avail myself of it.

I got so dead in love that it affected my appetite, and that is a pretty serious stage of the disorder. The very sight of food distressed me—why people didn't live on love was more than I could make out.

In this condition the suspense grew terrible. I felt that I could bear it no longer—and one day I determined to know my destiny. So when I went over to Graves' with the milk, I sought a private interview with Arabella.

Very pretty and complaisant she was, in her white muslin dress, with a knot of blue ribbon at the throat.

My heart beat so loud that I was sure she must hear it, but the wind was blowing some, and I hoped if she did hear it she might think it was the rattling of the windows. My goodness! how I sweat! The perspiration ran down my forehead like rain, and I had as much as I could do, for awhile, to sop it up with my starched handkerchief.

I looked at the clock. It was just on the stroke of eight. Before nine, I thought, I will have it decided!

Conversation flagged. Arabella did her best to keep it up, but I was too full of fear and apprehension to converse with any intelligence. We had worn out the weather threadbare, but with a despairing effort she took up the theme again.

"It is an unusually fine evening," she remarked.

"Yes," said I, "and it will be a fine evening to-morrow evening."

"Will it?" she said; "how do you know?"

"Yes, the moon changed to-day in the west," said I, and I fell to examining my finger nails.

"What are you reading now?" she inquired.

"Nothing," I replied, and looking up I saw that it only wanted twenty minutes of nine. Twenty minutes in which to decide my fate. Whatever was done must be done quickly. I fell on my knees and grasped her hand. She started up in affright.

"'Tis a fit!" she exclaimed, "I always knew he was feeble, but I never dreamed of this! I'll call mother—"

"Stop! stop! for heaven's sake, stop!" cried I. "Arabella, I shall die."

"Oh, no, I'll rub you," said she, and she went most vigorously to work rubbing my wrists and forehead. It must have been hard work—it made her sweat, I remember.

"Let me get a little camphor."

"Oh, Arabella! Arabella! it is here—here!" I cried, clapping my hands to my heart.

"It must be the cholera morbus," she exclaimed, "right in the stomach, so. Have you eaten anything green? water melons or cucumbers?"

"I love you! that's what the matter is. Oh, Arabella, what did you think I came over here for, night after night?"

"I supposed it was to fetch the milk," she said reflectively.

"It was because I love thee, and thee only. Oh, Arabella, my adored, only say that I may hope!"

"For what, Johnny?"

"To be your husband!"

"My dear little boy!" Oh, how angry I was for her calling me so. "I am engaged to Squire Danson—but you shall be my little brother, and—"

If she ever finished the sentence I was not there to hear it. I fled from the house, and have never spoken to her since. She is Mrs. Danson now and the mother of two little Dansons.

To that disappointment I probably owe what little fame I have gained as a poet. For directly afterwards, under the influence of that first grief, I produced my maiden poem. It was a master piece—I thought—and so did Aunt Jane, who was my confidante. I sent it to the *Weekly Budget*—it was returned to me in a few days with "Bosh" written on the end of it. If I could have thrashed that editor it would have done my soul good.

But I was not discouraged. I kept on writing. I made several efforts to get into print, but failed. At last I had an article accepted. I grew full two inches in stature on hearing the welcoms news. It was printed! No man was ever happier than John J. Smith.

Old Mrs. Pickering, a red headed gossip, perused the poem and laughed at it. Said that it sounded just like mother Goose's melodies, and also remarked that John Smith had better help his father dig potatoes.

I was offended, and took the first occasion that offered to write a little squib about red haired gossips. It came out in the *News*. Mrs. Pickering took it to herself at once—people generally take what belongs to them—and she vowed she'd have revenge on me.

I was out in the barnyard one morning, on a milking stool, trying to compose a sonnet to the *North Star*, when I saw Mrs. Pickering climbing over the fence. She came right up to me and requested me to strip.

I begged leave to decline, as it was a very cool morning. She had come, she said, to tar and feather me for libeling her in the newspapers, and in confirmation of her words, she pointed to her lading. She had a pot of tar in one hand, and a ripped open pillow in the other.

I told her plainly that I shouldn't disrobe, and she said she'd annoint me with my clothes on. Then began the fray. She was a strong woman, and I did not like to handle her too rough, as she belonged to the divine sex—and she let go a great dab of tar into my mouth.

I seized the vessel and poured the remaining contents on her head—all over her new sun bonnet and down over her spectacles—so that for Mrs. Pickering the sun was in total eclipse.

After that we did not stand for politeness. As the reports say—after that the battle became general. All was fair in war. She kicked and scratched, and I did the best I could. How it would have ended I can form no opinion, had it not been for Dick, a large buck of my father's, much celebrated for his "butting" propensities. Dick was in the barnyard, but I had not thought of it until he came at us with a forty-horse power—his great head set, and the air broken by his sonorous ba-a.

We were standing on the verge of an old potato hole—long disused—at the time he made his attack, and there was no help for us. In we went, up to our necks in mud.

The soft bath cooled our wrath. She asked my pardon and I asked hers—and then we joined our voices to scream for help. We had the pleasure of screaming about two hours, when we succeeded in raising my worthy father, who brought us a ladder, on which we got out.

We have been good friends ever since.

Last winter I fell in love with Martha Slines. I wrote some verses to her, telling her how I loved her—but fool like, I was too modest to dedicate "To Martha," so they came out in the *News* "To Serena."

The next evening after they were printed, as I was walking home from singing-school with Martha—just as I was about to reveal to her the condition of my heart—out of a bunch of bushes by the roadside sprang Sam Higgins, armed with a rawhide.

"Stop! you infernal rascal!" said he, "and off with your coat."

"What do you mean, sir?" I cried, amazed beyond measure.

"Mean! it looks well for you to ask me what you mean. You deny that you have writ letters to my wife, Serena, calling her 'the lovely star of your life,' do ye? I'll show you stars—more than ever there was in the Milky Way! You deny it, do you?"

"Of course I do; your wife is the homeliest woman on the footstool, everybody knows! I would sooner—"

"It's a lie!" he thundered, and he came at me like a demon. I was anxious to save my skin intact, and quitting Martha I sprang over the stone wall—taking down about a rod of it—and fled across lots for home. Of course Martha gave me the mitten; and to this moment she firmly believes I wrote love verses to old Serena Higgins.

Some time passed before I dared to dedicate any more verses to anybody. At length I wrote very passionately—imploring some imaginary female to "fly to my bosom," and telling her that I would be wretched until she was in my arms. It was necessary to have a title for this touching effusion, and so I addressed it to "Estella Alfaretta"—I thought I was safe there. No woman ever had two such names as these hitched together.

Three days after the stanzas were published there was a knock at our front door. I answered it. A tall, scraggy woman of forty or thereabouts was standing on the step. Beside her were three bandboxes, a couple of carpet bags and a valise. She asked me at once if I was John J. Smith. I told her I had that honor.

She acknowledged the introduction by flinging her arms around my neck and telling me she was Estella Alfaretta—come to my bosom. She had seen my lines—she had recognized in the writer her soul's mate, and had flown on the wings of steam and love—to release me from wretchedness. And she kissed me repeatedly, and her breath smelled of snuff and onions.

I tried to get free from her—I tried to explain. She would listen to nothing.—She had come to be my bride, she said. "My comfort and my bosom's mate," just as the poem said. I was in despair. Get rid of her I could not. She was determined to bear me off in triumph.

I showed her into the parlor, sent aunt Jane down to her, and I put on my hat and marched straight to the recruiting office and enlisted.

But she followed me. She followed me to Washington—to Suffolk—she haunts me every step I take! What will become of me I know not!

I'd give any man three hundred dollars if he would get her imprisoned for life.

Catch me writing another line of poetry. It has been the bane of my existence.

AN ANECDOTE OF RALSTON.—A San Francisco correspondent of the New York *Times* writes as follows:

There is not a legitimate enterprise afloat in this State that is not directly or indirectly indebted to W. C. Ralston for its existence, and so on down to the smallest business. As an instance, when the question of locks for the Palace Hotel was under discussion, one day a very plain, common-looking man presented himself and asked if he was addressing Mr. Ralston, and, being answered in the affirmative, said: "I hear you want locks for the hotel. I am a locksmith and can make them for you." Mr. Ralston, looking up, said in a quick, sharp way: "I want 4,000 locks, no two alike; no one key to open another lock, and three extra keys to each lock—16,000 in all—and I want them in three months." "All right, I can do the job." "Have you any means to carry out the contract?" "Not a cent." "Then how do you expect to be able to take it. "I expect you to lend me the money." Mr. Ralston looked at the man, gave him one searching glance, and seeing in him the right stuff, said: "All right, I'll do it. Come here tomorrow morning, sign the contract and get the money." The man carried out the contract to the letter. Mr. Ralston seldom mistook his man, and he always liked the man best who, if he differed with him, stood up stoutly and maintained his opinion.

SHE used to keep bits of broken china and crockery piled up in a convenient corner of the closet, and when asked her reason for preserving such domestic lumber, she shot a lurid glance at her husband, and merely remarked: "He knows what them's for."

AN Alabamian, who lost a hat on James Buchanan's election, paid the wager last week. The returns must come in very slowly in Alabama.—*Norristown Herald.*

Putting on a Shirt in the Dark.

Mr. Hasty is a gentleman who is ordinarily very particular in matters pertaining to dress. Mr. Hasty would no more think of appearing in a garment the least bit shabby than he would of standing on his head in the parlor window, or executing a double shuffle on the dining room table. And to this peculiarity the fact that Mr. Hasty is grave of face and portly in figure, and it will be seen that he is a gentleman of sober dignity, and not given to the foolish frivolities of youth.

This description of Mr. Hasty will, therefore, explain why upon being met at the hall door one evening after dark by his wife, with the whispered warning: "Hurry up stairs, dear, and fix yourself, there's company in the parlor," he hastened to the second story front room to make himself presentable.

It was dark in the room, and Mr. Hasty could find no matches. Well, thought he, never mind. My face clean, and I will only need to put on a clean shirt.

Then Mr. Hasty carefully and quietly took off his coat and vest preparing to put on his clean shirt. Having opened the bureau drawer he began to examine the contents to find the desired article.

Now, if there was one garment about which Mr. Hasty was more particular than another it was his shirt. Have that misfitting or specked in the least, and Mr. Hasty was in indescribable torment. Indeed, in this respect, Mr. H. may be regarded as having been slightly over-sensitive. And so Mr. Hasty, feeling the contents of the bureau drawer in the dark, could for a time find nothing to suit his fastidious taste.

"This thing," said Mr. Hasty, carefully feeling the first shirt he found, "is all worn out in the neck. It makes me feel like——."

Mr. Hasty said no more, but threw the offensive garment into the middle of the room. "And here is one," muttered Mr. Hasty, slowly passing his fingers over the wristbands, "that's all ragged at the cuffs. I wonder why in the world my wife don't stop gadding about amongst the neighbors, and attend to my clothes. If she imagines that I want to look like a street-scraper she's very much mistaken.—There," and the second shirt followed its predecessor. "And here's one," drawled Mr. Hasty, beginning to perspire, and growing warm and uncomfortable, "that's lost the buttons. If I've told that woman once I've told her a dozen times to see that the buttons were all right. Maria knows that I look ridiculous with a shirt unbuttoned. Confound it, why don't she sew on the buttons?" with which remark the indignant Mr. Hasty threw the buttonless garment over his head, where it lodged on the gas pipe, and gracefully hung like a domestic flag of truce. Mr. Hasty was getting warm, very uncomfortable, and very angry. There was only one garment left. Mr. Hasty examined it, fully determined to tear it to pieces if it was out of order. It was not out of order, however. Mr. Hasty carefully examined the neck, cuffs, front, back, and sides, and found it in perfect trim.

"This must be a new shirt," said Hasty, arising. "Maria never keeps old shirts in such good order." Then Mr. Hasty took out the garment and endeavored to put it on. "Just as I thought," grumbled Mr. Hasty, "it don't fit. I wonder when Maria will learn to make a shirt that will fit. This is too narrow in the middle and too wide at the top, and there are no collar buttons. Why, plague take the thing," exclaimed Mr. Hasty, when he found that the end of the garment fell below his knee, "what a fearful slack is in this shirt."

Having finished dressing at last, altho' he felt, as he expressed himself, like a turkey before Thanksgiving; he slowly descended the stairs and entered the parlor in his most dignified and impressive manner.

But the moment he did so there was a horrified exclamation from his wife, and a perfect roar from his friends. Mr. Hasty frowning at this unseemly behavior, looked at his reflection in the mirror, and when he found that he had put on his wife's elaborately embroidered nightgown in place of a shirt, he fled, followed by the hysterical screams of the company. Mr. Hasty had simply opened the wrong bureau drawer.

THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS.—The Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitutionalist* says that in that city there are now one hundred and thirty-five lawyers and sixty-five physicians. That number of doctors would be superfluous if a pestilence were raging in Atlanta, and the lawyers would be a drug in the market if every citizen were either plaintiff or defendant in lawsuits. A somewhat similar condition of the learned professions prevails all over the country, presenting a problem difficult of solution. People cannot afford to get sick to accommodate the noble army of physicians, and the lawyers need not hope for amateur litigation to enable them to pay office rent and buy cigars. True, we need physicians and lawyers, but there is an enormous surplus crop in both professions which it is difficult to dispose of to any advantage. Commercial employment is not a fertile field for young men without capital. Unnumbered acres of soil, however, are patiently waiting for the plow, but the bosom of mother earth will perpetually palpitate for the caress of the shovel and the hoe if she wait to be thus served by the army of "graduated" men who are starving for clients and patiently waiting for patients that will never come.

VIRTUE IN WHISTLING.—An old farmer once said to us that he would not have a hired man on his farm who did not habitually whistle. He always hired whistlers. Said he never knew a whistling laborer to find fault with his food, his bed, or complain of any extra work he was asked to perform. Such a man was generally kind to children and animals in his care. He would whistle a chilled lamb into warmth and life, and would bring in his hat full of eggs from the barn without breaking one of them. He found such a man more careful about closing gates, putting up bars and seeing that the nuts on his plow were all properly tightened before he took it into the field. He never knew a whistling hired man to kick or beat a cow, or drive her on a run into the stable. He had noticed that the sheep he had fed in the yard and shed gathered around him as he whistled without fear. He never had employed a whistler who was not thoughtful and economical.

HE COULDN'T LINGER.

A great many strapped printers are on the road now, and scarcely a day passes but one or more of them strikes us for a job. Those from the West say that business is dull in all the towns out there, and those coming from the East have the same tale of hard times to tell about the country they have passed through. One of them limped into the office the other day and propounded the old, old question:

"How's work?"

"First rate," said one of the proprietors; "never was better."

"I'd like to get in enough to get me something to eat," said the print, as he pulled his coat down over one shoulder.

"More work here than we know what to do with," continued the proprietor.

"Well, that's what I'm after," said the tramp, and he threw the other shoulder in view.

"But," and the tones of the boss were as sad and plaintive as the moan of a lost child "there's—no—money."

Like a startled mud turtle, "juking" into its shell, that printer shot back into his coat, and a sigh—partly of regret, somewhat of relief—escaped him. He was sorry to be disappointed and glad that he had been made acquainted with the situation before he had wasted any of his energies in uncompensative labor.

"If you ain't got any money how do you pay your hands?" he asked, glancing around at the boys, who were pulling out with as much energy as if they were working in a silver mine.

"We pay them in real estate and town lots, sir," replied the boss, who happened to be in a communicative humor. "My partner and I run the paper, not as a money making institution, but a medium through which to dispose of a quantity of land which we could not get off our hands in any other manner. When we find a printer who is willing to work and take his pay in the free soil of Missouri we employ him; otherwise, notsoever."

The tramp looked puzzled and distressed, but said:

"I don't care about settling down just now and becoming a landed proprietor. I'm poor enough already. I don't want any more of this country than I can conveniently carry around with me. I'm too feeble to grow up with any considerable amount of it. Good day, sir."

"Hold on," said the proprietor. "Don't tear yourself away from a bonanza before you are acquainted with the nature of its resources. There is an opportunity offered to you to acquire distinction, if not wealth. You see that young fellow over there by the window?"

"The one with a far away, vacant look in his mild blue eyes?"

"Yes. Well that young man has just about completed his apprenticeship, and I've made him out a deed to 100 town lots in consideration of his services. You can see them from the window. Half of them are on the bar and the other half in the river, but they will be very valuable in a century or two. Oh, sir, all the boys here are heavy property holders. The pressman owns half the bar, and the jours can each point out with pride to the mighty Missouri, and say it rolls and surges over their possessions, guarding and enriching them. You see that man over in the corner?"

"That long, sad, consumptive-looking being?"

"Yes. Speak low. I gave him a deed for 1,000 acres of land, in payment for three years' work. It was swamp land, in Linn county, and he has just returned from a visit to it. He is working this week for a lot in the cemetery. His place will soon be vacant, and you may have it on the same terms, if you like."

The tramp moved uneasily about, and finally went to the window and gazed out over the town. Presently he called the proprietor to him and said:

"I haven't got long to tarry. Something seems to call and beckon me away. But I don't mind working a couple of hours for that corner lot over there—the one with the saloon on it."

"I'm truly sorry," said the boss, "but I deeded that lot last week to the boy who carries papers. There's a lot right back of it, with a nice cellar on—wouldn't that suit you?"

"No, I believe not. I guess I can't linger with you, however much I might desire to. I have a presentment that I am not long for this world, and I fain would lay my bones to rest in the home of my childhood. Farewell, old man. Your kindness has moved me. I'm homeward bound."

He bounded down stairs, and continued his journey into the East