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Kent News.

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

VOL. 38. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1878. No. 38.

The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

TWO DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited. ANONYMOUS communications will receive no attention.

ADVERTISING:

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines brevier type will be inserted three times for one dollar, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or 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:

HANDBILLS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

REYNOLDS & Co.

No. 3 COCHRAN SQUARE,

Middletown, Delaware

DEALERS IN

CLOTHING

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND

Gents' FURNISHING GOODS

which they are selling at *prices lower than were ever before known on the Peninsula!*

Overcoats $4.50 to $13.

MEN'S SUITS from $7 to $16.
YOUTH'S SUITS from $6 to $10.
BOYS' (5 to 10 yrs.) $4.75 to $7
Men's Merino Underwear.....35c. to $1.75
White, Chiviot and Percale SHIRTS 45c. to $1.50
4 Ply Linen Collars..... 2 for 25c.
" " Cuffs .....pr pair 25c.
NECKWEAR in great variety.

Stiff & Soft HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS
VALISES, GUM COATS, LEGGINGS and CAPS, &c.

SUITS made to Order a Specialty.

☞ We keep a SPLENDID ASSORTMENT of Beavers and Chinchillas for Overcoats, and Cloths, Cassimeres, and English Worsteds for Suitings. None but the best workmen employed, and satisfaction guaranteed.

☞ Our prices are at least **25 per cent. lower** than those of City Merchant Tailors.

Sole agents for the Celebrated *SINGER Sewing Machines.*
GEO. W. ERNEST, Salesman.
FRANK L. NOWLAND, Assist.
dec15-tf.

Great Slaughter
IN
DRY GOODS!

Having taken the Store formerly occupied by CHAS. ROLPH & Co.,

BORDLEY'S CORNER,

We are now prepared to

SELL CHEAPER
THAN
Any other House in Town!

As we buy strictly for cash, and consequently defy competition.

We shall also add to our stock of DRY GOODS a FULL LINE OF

LADIES', MENS and CHILDREN'S
Boots, Shoes and Gaiters.

☞ CALL AND SEE OUR STOCK ☜ before purchasing elsewhere, as we are confident

WE CAN SAVE YOU
25 Per Cent.
IN BUYING YOUR GOODS OF US, the *LEADER OF LOW PRICES,*

At the Cheap Corner!

We will enumerate a few articles:

LADIES' HDKF'S 5c. worth 15.
" CUFFS and COLLARS 15c. worth 35c.
TOWELS 5c., worth 10c.
CALICO 5c., worth 8c.
CANTON FLANNEL 7c., worth 10c.
Ladies' and Gents' HOSE, 4 pair 25c., worth 50c.
2 Papers PINS 5c., worth 15c.
CLARK'S COTTON 6c., worth 7c.
200 Yards SPOOL COTTON 5c. worth 8.
The BEST BALMORALS 50c., worth 75.
2 BLANKETS $1.25, worth $1.75.
TABLE LINENS VERY CHEAP,
and many other articles too numerous to mention, at

No. 1 CHEAP CORNER.

JOSEPH ROSE,
Proprietor.
BRANCH OF 54 Hanover, Baltimore.

A CARD.—To my friends and acquaintances I will state that I have associated myself with the above at the CHEAP CORNER, No. 1, where I will be pleased to see them all, and endeavor to give them satisfaction. Call and be convinced.
CLARENCE DYOTT,
Adj. T. S. Bordley's Clothing Store.
Jan. 5, 1878.

REMOVED.
Main St., opp. Kent Nat'l Bank.

FOR SALE:
Cranberries, Apples, Sweet Cider, Hominy, Buckwheat, Beans, Oats, Corn, Potatoes, Powder and Shot.
d15-tf. ALONZO MING.

T. SHAFER. JNO. MEDDERS.

SHAFER & MEDDERS,

Kennedyville, Md.,

Have associated themselves in the

BLACKSMITHING
AND
Wheelwrighting Business,

and are now prepared to do all kinds of work in their line. Make to order
FARM WAGONS,
PEACH WAGONS,
DEARBORNS,
CARTS, TRUCKS,
Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, &c., &c.

Also, REPAIRING MACHINERY.

☞ HORSE-SHOEING and all kinds of Repairing a specialty.

We keep on hand a good stock of material, and by experience, personal attention, promptness and guaranteeing satisfaction, we hope to receive a good share of patronage from the public.
SHAFER & MEDDERS,
jan5. KENNEDYVILLE.

THOS. W. WICKES

DEALER IN

DRUGS and MEDICINES,
NOTIONS, &c.

STANDARD
And ILLUSTRATED WORKS,
embracing all the Novelties of the season.

Large and Elegant assortment of

English BOOKS,

In FINE and CLOTH BINDINGS.

Family Bibles, Small Bibles,
Prayer Books, Hymn Books,
and the Favorite "CHATTER BOX," an excellent Present for Children.
WALL POCKETS,
Photograph Albums,
Backgammon Boards,
Games, Toilet Sets,
Diaries for 1878,
Card Cases,
The universal Favorite CLARITA CIGAR, for 5 cents, and other choice brands; Cigar Cases, Holders, and many other articles.

☞ Be sure and call at WICKES' DRUG STORE before making your purchases.
d15-4t. THOS. W. WICKES.

C. F. STAM

Begs an examination of his LARGE STOCK OF GOODS suitable for Old and Young.

FANCY ARTICLES.
BOHEMIA VASES,
TOILET SETS, beautifully decorated with Gold and Silver Flowers.
Boquet Holders, Card Receivers, Cigar Cases, Japanese Work Boxes, Writing Desks, Caba's Ladies' Companions, Satchels, Pocket Books, Albums and Gold Pens and Pencils,
the finest display ever saw in Chestertown.

Books! Books! Books!

The Gems of ENGLISH and AMERICAN LITERATURE.
Scott, Bulwer Dickens, Moore, Byron, Bobby Burns, Tennyson, Longfellow and the venerable but majestic Bryant.

Juvenile Books,

Chatterbox, Wide Awake, Peep Show, Little Boy Blue, Robinson Crusoe, Arabian Nights, Santa Claus, Camptown Races, Mulligan Guards, and Mother Goose's Rhymes and Chimes and Jingles.

RELIGIOUS.

Hymnals, Prayer Books, Bibles, Methodist Hymn Books, Gospel Hymns, Moody and Sankey, Changed Cross and Shadow of the Rock.

GAMES! GAMES!

Parcheesi, Checkers,
Chess, Picture Puzzles,
Acrobat Shows,
Ambuscade,
Toy Soldiers,
and others too numerous to mention.

STATIONERY! STATIONERY!

The Largest and most Complete Stock in Town, embracing all the novelties of the season.
Foolscap, Letter and Note Papers, by the Quire and Ream.
Envelopes, by the Pack and Thousand.

A Full Assortment of Choice
PERFUMERIES.
Lubin Extracts, French, German, English and American Cologne Waters.
Also, Soap, Tooth Brushes, Hair and Cloth Brushes and Combs.

Cigars! Cigars!

would call the attention of the Gentlemen to my Stock of Cigars, which is composed of the FINEST BRANDS, both Foreign and Domestic.

☞ *An examination of our Stock will well repay you.*

COLIN F. STAM,
CHESTERTOWN.
Dec. 22, 1877.

TO RENT.
For 1878,
HOUSE cor. Cannon and Cross sts., belonging to Chapman & Lambert; and a HOUSE on Bridge st., above Queen, Chestertown. Both good size and comfortable.
d8-tf. C. T. WESTCOTT, *Attorney.*

FOR SALE,

A DWELLING and LOT on Cross St., Chestertown; very desirable property. Terms easy.
Apply to C. H. BAKER, Att'y.
Nov. 24, 1877—tf.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing between S. Merritt and Wm. J. McFeeley, under the name and style of S. MERRITT & CO., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

The books and papers belonging to the said firm are placed in the hands of C. H. BAKER, Esq., for settlement.

S. MERRITT.
WM. J. McFEELEY.

Chestertown, Jan. 1, 1878.

☞ S. MERRITT, successor of S. Merritt & Co., will continue at the same place in the Clothing business, where he will be pleased to see all of his friends. He has on hand a large assortment of Men and Boys' goods, which he is selling at low prices.
Jan. 12, 1878—4t.

The UNDERTAKING BUSINESS,

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES,

IS still continued, and I hope by *personal* ATTENTION and supervision, added to practical experience, to give *entire* satisfaction to those who favor me with any business in this line.

Also, Broken or Defaced Furniture will be repaired, cleaned or varnished at short notice.

My charges for all work will be as low as possible, and I solicit a liberal share of patronage. My best reference will be with those who have employed me in the past. Respectfully,
jan13-3m* JOHN N. DODD.

WANTED,

EVERYBODY TO KNOW THAT

WM. C. A. THOMPSON

☞ HAS REMOVED ☜

To the CORNER STORE Up Town,

lately occupied by Mr. James Wood, where he will be glad to see his friends and the public in general. Will keep on hand as usual a full assortment of

DRY GOODS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
NOTIONS, &c.

Which will be sold at the VERY LOWEST PRICE for cash or trade.

Remember THOMPSON's object is to keep a LITTLE OF EVERYTHING.

☞ Country Produce wanted for the cash or trade.

Stop and take a look and then you can see for yourself. Respectfully,
WM. C. A. THOMPSON,
Jan. 12, 1878. Up Town.

A GRAND

EXHIBITION

OF

CLOTHING

At Bordley's Brick Corner!

T. S. BORDLEY

HAS JUST OPENED

The Finest
Assortment
of Clothing

Ever Offered to the Public at

Bordley's Brick Corner

CHESTERTOWN,

Where they will be sold AT PRICES SO LOW AS TO BE WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

I am compelled to turn my large stock into money in order to purchase Spring Clothing.

☞ It will therefore be to your interest to CALL AT MY STORE before purchasing elsewhere.

OUR STOCK OF

Furnishing Goods

Is in EVERY WAY COMPLETE.

I AM SELLING

The "Eclipse" Linen-bosom SHIRTS

For $1.00!

☞ Remember THESE GOODS MUST BE SOLD.

T. S. BORDLEY,
BORDLEY'S CORNER,
Adjoining Dry Goods store of J. Rose.
Jan. 12, 1878.

FRESH HOMINY and New York Buckwheat, at Thompson's, Up Town.
n24

HOSIERY, Gloves and Notions at bottom prices, at J. B. SAPPINGTON'S
n17.

RE-UNION.

And shall we know the loved ones there,
In yon bright world of love and bliss;
When on the wings of ambient air
Our spirits soar away from this?
Or must we feel the ceaseless pain
Of absence in that glorious sphere,
And search through heaven's bright hosts in vain
The sainted forms we've cherished here?

Will not their hearts demand us there?
Those hearts whose fondest throbs were given
To us on earth—whose every prayer
Petitioned for our ties in heaven.
Whose love outlived the stormy past,
And closer twined around us here,
And deeper grew until the last,
Say, will they not demand us there?

Will they not wander, lonely, o'er
Those fields of light and life above,
If spirits they have loved of yore,
Respond not there the call of love?
And though the glory of the skies,
And seraphs' glittering crowns they wear,
Though heaven's full radiance greet their eyes,
Still, will they not demand us there?

It must be so; for heaven is home,
Where severed spirits re-unite;
And from the basement to its dome,
Are altars sacred to the rite;
And joy doth strike her golden strings,
And holier seems that home of bliss,
As some reft heart from earth upsprings,
To meet in that the loved of this.

Reduction of Taxes.

Messrs. Editors:—The Judges of the Orphans' Court very properly adjourned for several weeks for the holidays. Could they not meet once in two weeks and transact all the public business? Judging from the reports published in the newspapers, it is supposed by some that all the business legitimately coming before the court could be satisfactorily transacted by it in fortnight sessions. At all events the subject is worth the experiment! Our worthy judges, we are sure, appreciate the importance of reducing taxes, and are willing to contribute to that reduction! The Orphans' Court of Cecil meet once a month; our county commissioners monthly during the present season, but we think the Orphans' Court should meet once in two weeks.

Let it be tried, and if it should prove inconvenient the present programme could be resumed. * *

[COMMUNICATED.]

Messrs. Editors:—As the petitions for Local Option are passing around for signers, and knowing that some who possess a wide influence in society are refusing to sign their names, I am led to ask them why do they thus refuse? unless they are determined to put their shoulders to the great wheel of destruction, rolling it upon many heads crushing them forever. Witnessing the work of strong drink in our land, how can any rational man give his sanction to this work by refusing to aid in the expulsion of this destructive element? Calling things by their right names, I apply the term,—Satan's best friend,—to this article which cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the loving mother, blights paternal hopes, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, sickness, and death. It makes wives widows—children orphans—fathers fiends—and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversy, foster quarrels, and cherishes riots. It burns up man, consumes woman, blasts life, curses God and despises heaven. It brings shame, terror, despair, misery, and with the malevolence of a friend it calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and unsatiated with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins mortals, blights confidence, slays reputation; then curses the world and laughs at its ruin. Above all, it murders the soul. Will not men act reasonable when they use all their influence in banishing this curse from the world? Let men think. Yours, resp't,

Edesville, Md. W. W. T.

Women Described by French Authors.

Only he who has nothing to hope for from a woman is truly sincere in her praise.—*Catalani.*

In everything that women write there will be thousands of faults against grammar; but also, to a certainty, always a charm never to be found in the letters of men.—*Madame de Maintenon.*

Men can better philosophise on the human heart, but women can read it better. —*T. T. Rosseau.*

It is a universal rule, which, as far as I know, has no exception, that great men always resemble their mothers, who impress their mental and physical mark upon their sons.—*Michelet.*

A woman frequently resists the loves she feels, but can not resist the love she inspires.—*Madame Fee.*

Love in a woman's life is a history; in a man's an episode.—*Madame de Stael.*

There exists among women a secret tie, like that among priests of the same faith —they hate each other, yet protect each other's interests.—*Diderot.*

No woman, even the most intellectual, believes herself to be decidedly homely. —*Stahl.*

Great and rare heart offerings are found almost exclusively among women; nearly all the happiness and most blessed moments in love are of their creating, and so also in friendship, especially when it follows love.—*Duclos.*

Providence has so ordained it that only two women have a true interest in the happiness of a man—his own mother and mother of his children. Besides these two legitimate kinds of love, there is nothing between the two creatures except vain excitement, painful and idle delusion.—*Octave Feuillet.*

Most of their faults women owe to us, whilst we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities.—*Lemesle.*

A SPEAKER at a recent meeting of the Toronto Teachers' Association recommended that the history and geography of a country should as far as possible be studied simultaneously, and said that a good exercise was to take the marine arrivals as given in the newspapers, and require the pupils to give the most direct route taken by the vessels, the cargoes with which they would be most likely to be laden outward and inward, and the winds and currents which would affect their speed.

"I Weigh a Ton."

TRANSCRIBED FOR THE KENT NEWS.

Among all the delusions which beguile men to their ruin, there is none more widely prevalent than the thought that great benefit is derived from the use of liquor. It makes them feel better, gives strength and enables them to do more work, they say. Their reasoning reminds us of the Indian who, when asked how much he weighed, said: "I weigh two hundred pounds; when I'm mad I weigh a ton." This was his conclusion drawn from his personel experience; and so the rum drinker weighs two hundred; but when he has a pint of liquor down he thinks he weighs a ton. But place him on the scales, and the only increase in weight is the weight of the dram he has taken. No doubt, for the moment, the man under the influence of stimulants feels increased vigor; but the feeling is deceptive, and often in the glory of his imaginary strength he tumbles headlong into the gutter.

No sensible man wishes to be made a fool of, and yet the legitimate effect of intoxicating drink is to deceive. A man said when he attended an auction where strong drink was dealt out freely, and where everything brought high prices, that in buying a piece of timbered land the trees looked larger and thicker and there were more of them after he had taken two or three glasses down. A half blind old man, that worked for a few dollars a month, danced a jig under the influence of rum, and exclaimed: "Money enough; no time to spend it!" and yet he could scarcely keep out of the poor-house. There is a story of a respectable Quaker farmer in New Hampshire who was once deceived by the "mocker." He had old cider in his hay field, and having imbibed rather freely he walked around his lot in a very elevated state of mind, descanting upon his large possessions: "Some scythes, (hic) some money, (hic) and pigs up to my ankles." But all his possessions did not retrieve the mortification he felt when his sinful elation was over.

Ben Burnham owed his neighbor for a cow, but could never succeed in paying the debt. One day he was drinking and carousing, and slapping his hand upon his pocket, exclaimed; "Money enough; might have more if I had anywhere to put it." His creditor met him the next day and said: "Mr. Burnham, I would like you to pay me for that cow; you had so much money yesterday I thought you might be able to do it." The quick witted sinner dodged the shaft and said: "Mr. A—, the next time I get tight I'll pay you for that cow." Unfortunately, paying debts is the last thing people think of when rich on rum. They feel rich, but such riches pay no debts. They feel strong, but their strength is wasted in wild hilarity and senseless exertions.—They make fools of themselves, and are the laughing stock for others hardly less foolish. They make night hideous with their mirth, but the morning finds them with backache, headache, heartache, pocketache, and every other ache than can be imagined. "How strange," said an Indian, "that men will put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains." How strange indeed it is that men will bear the expense of making fools of themselves, and court the ridicule of the careless, the condemnation of the proud, and the pity of the considerate.

The whole system of stimulation is fraught with untold dangers, and those persons, as a general rule, that indulge the most are the persons of all others that should avoid it. There are horses which could never be whipped beyond a very moderate gate, and whip and goad however applied would not greatly endanger their lives; but there are others which speed like the arrow from the bow, and seem to outrun the very wind, and to lash and goad such fiery steeds must inevitably destroy them. So there are men stupid, stolid and sluggish, who might not be greatly injured by stimulants; but for men of genius and fire and energy to lash themselves to frenzy when their exhaustion demands that they should be soothed to rest, is madness in the extreme.

"Where are you going?" said a bystander to four Frenchmen loaded into a cart behind a poor, jaded, rack-a-bones of a horse. They told him their destination. "But you can never get there with that poor old horse." "Oh, yes we can," said they. "We've all got whips." Sure enough, the four had each of them a whip, and they thought that this was all that was needed to enable the horse to complete the journey. So the man who depends on stimulants thinks by driving his horse with four whips that he shall be able to perform his journey with greater ease and dispatch. It is more likely that he will find himself in the condition of that other Frenchman's horse, which traveled so far in one day that it took him four days to get back. It is better to be well than to feel well, when weary to rest, when poor to economize, and when sick to know it. To a healthy person all stimulants, tobacco included, are a delusion and a snare, and whoso is deceived thereby is not wise.

WHAT I HAVE SEEN.—An old man of experience says:

I have seen a young man sell a good farm, turn merchant, and die in the insane asylum.

I have seen a farmer travel about so much that there was nothing at home worth looking at.

I have seen a young girl marry a man of dissolute habits and repent for it as long as she lived.

I have seen a man spend more money in folly than would support his family in comfort and independence.

I have seen a man depart from truth where candor and veracity would have served him to a much better purpose.

I have seen the extravagance and folly of children bringing their parents to poverty and want and themselves to disgrace.

I have seen a prudent and industrious wife retrieve the fortunes of a family when the husband pulled at the other end of the rope.

THE following awful warning is going the rounds: "A few years ago Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague paid $2,000 per yard for dress material. To-day her husband's paper sells for two and a half cents on the dollar."

SEVEN KEYS TO A SAFE.

"I tell you what," I said, "I shan't come for the account any more. This makes six times I've called for those four hundred and seventy dollars, and I shall put it in my lawyer's hands."

"No, no; quite righte you, sabbee. Pay dollar all soon. Call again."

I was reminded of all this by seeing the Chinese ambassadors the other day, and it carried me back to San Francisco, full five years ago, where I was dealing largely in various commodities which were much affected by the Heathen Chinee.

I found them a patient, civil, industrious class of people, ready to bargain and get things as cheaply as possible; but scrupulously honest, and ready to pay with the greatest promptitude as long as I dealt with one man. When I had to do with a partnership concern, it was terrible work.

For instance, I had trusted one firm with goods to the amount of nearly five hundred dollars, and no money was forthcoming.

I bullied my collector terribly, for he always came back with an excuse instead of money, and the same tale that the firm was perfectly honest and trustworthy, and that the money would be paid.

"Then why don't they pay Johnson?" I exclaimed.

"I wish you'd give them a call yourself, sir," said Johnson.

And I said I would and did, going to the Hongor Mercantile Company seven times, and always being put off.

It was always the same; they were perfectly willing to pay, and messengers were sent, but to return sometimes with one, sometimes with two, or even three or four men, members of the firm; but while these Chinese Spenlows proffered themselves as ready to pay, there was always an obstacle in the way, in the shape of the absence of that Heathen Chinee, Jorkins.

At last I expressed myself as I have said at the beginning of the story, and was going out of the place when a smiling Chinaman came up to me, and holding his head on one side he exclaimed:

"Ingly Hong man, come again a morrow. Payee then all—payee ebbery dollar, oh, ciss."

"Well, look here," I said, "I will come in here again to-morrow at eleven o'cl'k, and shall expect to be—"

"Oh, ciss, payee all dollar. Give long big order, lot. Goodee thousand dollar."

"I'll talk about taking your order, my Chinese friend, when you pay for the last," I said gruffly, and went away.

"The fellow looks honest," I said: but there's no trusting these foreigners. They take delight in tricking an Englishman or a Melican man, as they call it. Perhaps to-morrow when I go they'll all have pulled up stakes and gone East."

It was with some satisfaction then, that on reaching their great shed warehouse the next morning I found Mr. Pigtail, in his long blue gown and bland smile, standing at the door ready to salute me with a dose of pigeon English, which I could hardly understand.

"Well, Mr. Ah Ree," I said, as I followed him into the bale-crowded warehouse, which certainly looked as prosperous as the great iron safe in the corner looked substantial—"well, Mr. Ah Ree, I hope you are prepared to pay my account this morning."

"Ciss, ciss—readee payee," he said.

And, placing a wicker chair for me, he went off and dispatched a couple of messengers, with urgent orders given in his barbarian tongue to each.

This looked bad, for it was only a repetition of the tactics followed on former occasions—tactics which always resulted in a put-off.

I looked terribly gruff, but Mr. Ah Ree, who was the senior partner, smiled and rubbed his hands as he beckoned me to follow him into the farther parts of the warehouse, and then showed me specimens of silk and samples of tea, with coarse Chinese pottery.

"Well," I said to myself, growing a little more easy in my mind, "there's plenty to seize, at all events."

The result was that after my bland friend had talked to me for about a quarter of an hour, I booked a thousand dollar order for what an Englishman would call sundries.

"There," said I, closing my book with a slap, "this order shall be executed as soon as your last account is settled."

"Ciss, ciss—payee allee dollee," he said, smiling and pointing to a seat.

Meanwhile, by slow degrees, five respectable looking Cainamen had come into the wareroom or store; and they came around me, smiling and talking in a bland smooth way.

"You mean mischief," I said to myself; and my hand went involuntarily to my pocket where, in accordance with San Francisco customs, I carried a revolver.

"You mean to get rid of me and your debt together, my friends. Very good, but if you do I'll take one of you by way of receipt."

I suppose my face did not betray what I felt, for they closed round me in the calmest manner, making excuses, and and asking me to be patient a little longer, for their messengers were out, as I understood them, to collect the amount I needed.

It seemed to me that they were getting me farther and farther from the door into the gloomy obscurity of the warehouse, under the pretense of showing me fresh goods, till at last I felt that the time for action had come. In fact one of the biggest of the party whispered something to his companions, and I seized my revolver and was about to draw it as a fresh Chinaman entered the building, and they hurried to meet him with a look of great relief.

"Lucky for some of you, my friends," I said, drawing a breath of relief, and following them toward the door, meaning to take the first opportunity that offered to make a run for it.

To my great surprise, though Mr. Ah Ree came and taking my arm, led me toward the great safe.

"Iron coffin, eh?" I said to myself.

"Countee out de dollar," said Mr. Ah Ree.

And the last arrival of his six companions went up to the safe, placed a key in a hole and turned it.

Then a second did so with another key in another hole, and so on, till six had unlocked six locks of the great safe, when Mr. Ah Ree took out a similar key to his companions, and went up to the safe smiling, as he said to me:

"Great Hong Company—poor Chinamen. Big safee—big dollar. Seben partnee take seben key, open, get de dollar."

As he spoke he unlocked the safe, and turned the door on its massive hinges, and then, pulling out a draw, he drew forth a bag marked 470—the amount in dollars of my account—and handed the bag to me.

"No trustee no man," he said smiling, as he shut and locked the door, his six partners locking it in turn. "No trustee once mans; all come at once, open door —all right."

From which I understood that, as in our trading communities, two or three, or even four partners have to sign a check if negotiable, my seven Chinese friends, all partners in their Hong or trading community, could make no payment without every man was present to help unlock the treasure safe.

I laughed at the plan, for the heavy dollar bag made me feel in a very good temper. They laughed, too, and shook hands very warmly, after the English fashion, as I took my departure.

"No once man run away all dollar," he said, laughing,

"I see," I said, laughing. "You shall have your goods in soon."

I sent them; and for a long while after the Hong of Ah Ree and I did a good deal of business; but it always took seven keys afterwards when I wanted money to open that safe.

Old Times at the Capital.

My time passed here was the most pleasant of my life, if I except my college days. Social life was quiet and natural. The most pleasant leaders in society in those days were Mrs. Madison, Mrs. John J. Crittenden, Mrs. Robert Toombs, Mrs. Seaton, Mrs. Gale, Mrs. Sims, of Georgetown; Mrs. Parker, of C street; Mrs. Berrien and Mrs. Jas. K. Polk. There was no modern high-life then, with its extravagances and dissipations. We had quiet euchre parties at our house, but there was no betting whatever, and the only one who drank wine was Judge Story, who daily had a glass at dinner. I breakfasted at 8 o'clock A. M.; went to committee-work at 9. The House met at 12 M., and adjourned about 4 P. M., generally, when we had dinner, and tea followed at 7 o'clock. We talked together and played euchre until about 10, when I retired to my room for study and writing. My habit was not to let a letter go unanswered over the day of its receipt, and until 1 or 2 A. M., I studied the questions upon which I would be called upon to speak or vote. I never took more than six hours' rest, which seemed all-sufficient for me. I remained in Congress uninterruptedly until 1859, when I saw that a disastrous collision between the States was inevitable, as events were then directed on both sides, and I declined a re-election with the determination at this time never to return to public life.—*Alex. H. Stephens in Christmas Gazette.*

Grant and Vesuvius.

Grant (to Vesuvius)—Do you object to smoking?

Vesuvius—Oh, no; not at all. Smoke away. I like it. I'm an incorrigible smoker myself. Puff.

Grant—Smoking ever make you sick?

Vesuvius—Yes. I throw up a good deal and am troubled with chronic eruptions.

Grant—Ever make you nervous?

Vesuvius—Makes me a little shaky sometimes.

Grant—Folks complain about you smoking any?

Vesuvius—Yes, but it makes no difference to me, I can't live without smoking. I smoke away just as long as I please.

Grant—So do I. Think it is a bad habit?

Vesuvius—No. I'm as old as the hills, and I've smoked ever since I can recollect.

Grant—So have I; only my folks complain because my tobacco scents the rooms.

Vesuvius—Egad! I scent all Naples sometimes and the surrounding country.

Grant—Got a match about you?

Vesuvius—No matches, General; plenty of sulphur, though. I'm in the gunpowder line, General, like yourself.

Grant—Yes. Why I fought it out on that—Hump! I've heard that before. Good morning.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Uncle Moses' Lesson.

Uncle Moses is the chief executive of a suburban colored Sunday school. Last Sunday, raising his black face with its snowy fringe, he peer over his ante-bellum "stock" and collar at the little nigs, who were buzzing like bees in a hive just under his nose.

"Ordah! Chillen, ordah! Don't you heah me, chillen? Leetle Jim Lumpkins, dere, hesh dat talkin' like a cunsterble on 'lection day."

When Jimmie ceased his conversation the chief executive resumed:

"I calls de detenshun ob de school ter de way youse been carryin' on dis bressed day. Wot yer bin a doin'? An' de way yer tongues is been a carruscatin' scan'lous."

The black fingers pushed the tall collar back and pulled the black chin forward.

"Now, I puts it ter yer, an' do you all lissen, an' you, too, Lize Millins; I ax yer dis question—How menny eyes you chillens got?"

Chorus—"Two."

"How menny mouves yer got?"

Unanimously—"One."

"Wat does dat mean? It means yer mus' see twice es much es yer tells. Now how menny yeres yer got?"

Chorus—"Two."

"An' how menny mouves?"

"One."

"Dat meras yer mus' heah twice es much es yer talks. Now, 'member dis lesson, an' you, Henry Gills, contribute de papers 'roun' 'fore we jines in prar."—*Memphis Avalanche.*

WE can recommend our readers to use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in all cases of Cyugh, Cold, &c. It only costs 25 cents a bottle, and is warrented to cure.

AN "inch of rain" means a gallon of water spread over a surface of nearly two square feet, or a fall of nearly one hundred tons upon an acre.

ROOTS OF THE ROSES.

BY ALICE CAREY.

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,
Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
The swallow back to the eaves;
The robin will wear on his bosom
The vest that is bright and new,
And the liveliest wayside blossom
Will shine with sun and dew.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous surumer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow!

The Heroine of the Gold Horseshoes.

Last summer a lady guest at the Cataract house attracted no little attention, both at the hotel and in the village, by her whims and caprices, which were equaled only by her eccentricities. She never registered her name, although "Miss Thompson" was ascertained to be part of it. She repelled all social advances, paid all her bills promptly, and usually with twenty-dollar gold pieces, would leave the hotel without announcement and be absent several days, and upon returning would seek her room, as though she had been out for a short walk only, and in numberless other ways she evinced a mind decidedly peculiar. She had a valuable mare, which she was in the habit of riding, usually with a groom on foot to lead the animal by the bit. While occupying apartments at the Cataract, she left one day as quietly as usual, and some days afterward the proprietor received a dispatch from Bristol, England, from their eccentric guest, requesting special care for the mare until her return. Weeks after this the lady returned, and remained a short time, and again she took her departure for Scotland, with the mare and one of the porters at the hotel to take care of the animal on the way. On her departure she distributed $20 gold pieces among her hotel attendants with as lavish a hand as though they were mere paltry quarters. She is believed to be the same Miss Thompson who recently had a set of gold horse-shoes made for a mare in Edinburgh.—*Niagara Falls Gazette.*

A Racy Anecdote of Cobb.

In 1856 the Georgia delegation stopped here, on its way to the Cincinnati convention; James Gardner was at their head. Toombs gave them a dinner. Breckinridge, Douglas, Cobb, my brother, Linton Stephens and myself were invited, and were present. When the company had all left except those named, Mr. Gardner filled up a glass and said, "Here's a health to all of you," and turning to Messrs. Douglas, Cobb and others standing in a circle around him he said, "And here's hoping that you may each live to be President of the United States." Douglass immediately said to Cobb, "That is a long life to you, Cobb?"

Cobb was something of a wag himself, and being fond of a joke, it is remarkable that he was so sensitive on the subject of one. McFadden was a favorite name with him, and he made it famous in Washington as "Tom Collins" has recently been rendered famous. The hack-drivers there always knew everybody in town —that is, if you would ask them to drive you to such or such a place, they always say "Yes; yes, Sir," etc. Well, Cobb in the evening walked up to a company of hack-drivers, and asked them if any of them could drive him to Mr. McFadden's. All sang out, "Yes, Sir; yes, Sir," and Cobb hopped into one of them—the finest one—and was soon closed in, and off rolled the hack. After a while the hackman asked, "Where was it you wanted to gy to?" Answered Cobb, "To Mr. McFadden's." "What street does he live on?" asked the hackman. "I don't know," said Cobb. "You told me you could carry me there, and you *must.*" So round about town he got a good ride, looking out for Mr. McFadden.—*Stephens.*

The Value of Advertising.

An old tradesman advances the following views on advertising: "The first utility of frequent and regular advertising consists in this: There is at all times a large class of persons both in country and town, who have no fixed place for the purchase of certain necessary articles, and are ready to be swayed and drawn toward any particular place which is earnestly brought under their notice. Indifferent to all, they yield without hesitation to the first who asks. Then, in the country, a considerable number of persons who wish a supply of the article advertised and do not know of any particular place where it is to be got, being thus furnished with the address of a person who can supply them, naturally opens a communication which leads to much ulterior business. People in the country are liable to be favorably impressed by a frequent sight of a name in the newspapers. The advertising party acquires distinction in their eyes, and then they are led, in making a choice, to prefer him. But by far the most important effect of advertising is of an indirect nature. It conveys the idea that the advertisers are anxious for business, and such a person is always supposed to be industrious, attentive and civil; one who keeps the best of articles, at the cheapest rate, does everything in the neatest, most tradesmanlike manner, and in general uses every expedient to gratify and attract customers. People like to purchase under these circumstances.

THE SPIRIT OF SELF-SACRIFICE.—The spirit of self-sacrifice is one of the great beauties of holiness. Husband yielding to wife, wife to husband; brother to brother; sister to sister; friend to friend; in great things, but in small, especially. First and foremost, see that the spirit is with you at home; then carry it abroad into the world. It is a spirit that will sweaten happiness and brighten troubles, and when the soul is ready to wing its flight to its eternal home, it will have the unspeakable consolation of knowing that it has not lived to itself; that it has left the world happier and better in some degree than it found it; that it has been faithful to its earthly mission. So will it listen with unutterable bliss to the sentence: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"—*Argosy.*