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The Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Politics, General News, and Advertising

VOL. 29. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1869. No. 35

The Kent News:

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

Jas. H. Plummer & Wm. B. Usilton, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:—Two Dollars per annum, paaable in advance. If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents will be charged.

ADVERTISEMENTS occupying the space of eight lines brevier type, will be inserved three times for One Dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries half price.

Job Printing of every description executed with neatness and dispatch.

A STOCK OF

NEW JEWELRY,

Silverware, Watches,

CLOCKS, NOTIONS, &c., NOW OPEN AT

E. T. WILLIS'

THESE goods have been purchased of honorable wholesale dealers and manufacturers, at the lowest cash prices, and *will* be sold at reasonable figures. The styles will be the latest and most fashionable designs. It is useless to enumerate articles; all that is asked is to call and examine for yourselves Any article not found in the stock on hand, can be procured in a few days, from a find Gold Watch down to any article, however small, usually kept in a similar establishment. The determination is to do strictly a legitimate business, *always* representing in their true character goods offered for sale.

Attention may be called, however, to a fine assortment of FINGER RINGS, 18k., suitable for engagement, wedding or other purposes; BREAST PINS, Ear Rings, Sleeve Buttons, &c. TABLE CUTLERY.—Joseph Rodgers & Sons' celebrated manufacture.

REPAIRING of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry done in workmanlike manner.

E. T WILLIS.

N. B.—Work will not be kept on hand longer than six months after being fixed. If not called for in that time, will be sold for charges.

March 14, 1868. E. T. W.

WM. KNABE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT

PIANO-FORTES.

WAREROOMS—350 West Balt. St., near Eutaw, BALTIMORE, MD.

THESE instruments have been before the public for nearly thirty years, and upon their excellence alone attained *an unpurchased pre-eminence* which pronounces them unequaled.

Their TONE combines great power, sweetness and fine singing quality, as well as great purity of intonation, and evenness throughout the entire scale.

Their TOUCH is pliant and elastic, and entirely free from the stiffness found in so many Pianos. In WORKMANSHIP they are unexcelled, using none but the very best seasoned material, the large capital employed in our business enabling us to keep continually an immense stock of lumber, etc., on hand.

All our Square Pianos have our new Improved Overstrung scale and the Agraffe Treble.

We would call special attention to our late improvements in Grand Pianos and Square Grands, patented August 16, 1866, which bring the Piano nearer perfection than has yet been attained.

Every Piano fully warranted for Five Years.

Sole wholesale Agency for Carhart & Needham's Celebrated PARLOR ORGANS AND CHURCH HARMONIUMS.

WM. KNABE & CO.,
No. 350 West Baltimore St, near Eutaw,
oc24-y. Baltimore, Md.

CHRISTMAS GOODS!

WM. F. BAKER,
COURT STREET, Chestertown

Has just received a large supply of Goods suitable for the present season and approaching CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS. He has

Pure Sweet Cider

by the barrel or small quantity.

APPLES in any quantity. RAISINS, FIGS, CURRANTS, ALMONDS, NUTS, &c.

Also, PURE CIDER VINEGAR.

I will also have on hand an assortment of

Confectionery, Toys, &c.

Those in want of anything in my line will find it to their interest to call and see my goods before making their Christmas purchases.

WANTED—All kinds of POULTRY, EGGS and BUTTER at highest cash price.

WILLIAM F. BAKER,
Dec. 5. Court Street.

PANIER SKIRTS.

B. B. PERKINS & SON, have opened a large assortment of superior Black Alapacas, for Panier Skirts. Prices 40, 50, 62½, 75, 1.00 1.25, 1.50.

They would also call the attention of the Ladies of the county to their *unusually large* assortment of DRESS GOODS at city prices.

Good KID GLOVES, white, black and colored, at $1.75.

LADIES' FURS.

We are also dealing in Ladies' Furs, from the lowest to the finest grades. Old setts of Furs altered and repaired.

Our Motto is still, Quick Sales and Small Profits, *for cash.*

Nov. 21, 1868. B. B. PERKINS & SON.

BOUNTIES!

I am still receiving all classes of State Claims, for Collection, upon my usual Commission of ten per cent. NO CLAIMS BOUGHT.

No Charge unless Successful.

Notwithstanding the recent Limitation Act, it is believed that provision will be made for the payment of the large class of just Claims still uncertled.

Papers entrusted to my care will be kept in a *Fire-proof Vault*, specially built in the office for the purpose.

ALL KINDS OF U. S. BOUNTY, PAY AND PENSION CLAIMS still promptly collected by

WM. B. HILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
N. E. Cor. of Fayette and St. Paul Sts.,
sep19-y BALTIMORE, MD.

BURNS & SLOAN,

132 Light Street Wharf,

BALTIMORE, MD.,

OFFER FOR SALE A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF WELL-SEASONED

Building Lumber

LATHS AND SHINGLES,

FENCING AND PALES,

ASH, OAK & WALNUT,

AT LOWEST PRICES.

ALSO, DOORS, SASH & BLINDS.

May 16, 1868—y.

NOTICE.

The Second Annual Session of the Parochial School of Chester Parish, for Boys and Girls, will begin on Thursday, October 1st, at 9 o'clock, A M. No pains will be spared to make the instruction given in the school thorough and systematic. For terms, &c., apply to the REV. MR. GOODWIN,
sep12-tf. Queen Street.

MILLS TO LET.

The undersigned offer to let their Mill property for the ensuing year, consisting of Grist Mill, Saw Mill, Blacksmith and Wheelwright Shops, all in good order and doing a good business. Enquire of ISAAC PARSONS,
ROB'T NICHOLSON,
a14-tf. or THOS. G. PARSONS.

1869. Winter! 1869.

NEW GOODS!

STAPLE and FANCY DRY GOODS,

Plain and Light GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, &c., &c.

A large purchase of WINTER GOODS just made in view of the

HOLIDAYS

AND COLD WINTER WEATHER,

making our present stock unusually complete and full, and offered upon terms that cannot be unsatisfactory, our business facilities enabling us to purchase Goods at the lowest ruling rates known to the Market.

THOMAS S. WICKES.

Chestertown, December 19, 1868.

A LARGE and choice supply of FOREIGN WINES AND LIQUORS,

DOMESTIC LIQUORS some of them extra, WINES and BRANDIES for cooking purposes, CHAMPAGNE, SCUPPERNONG, and fine old PEACH BRANDY, on hand and for sale by

THOMAS S. WICKES.

Chestertown, Dec. 19, 1868

A. H. ROCKWELL'S

EATING HOUSE.

CHESTERTOWN.

THE undersigned having opened an Eating House on the corner opposite the jail, is prepared to accommodate the public with

OYSTERS, Beef Steak,

Tea and Coffee, &c.,

gotten up in the very best style. I will spare no effort to give entire satisfaction to all who may favor me with their patronage.

OYSTERS by the quart or gallon supplied to families. A. H. ROCKWELL.

Dec. 12, 1868.

TOYS! TOYS! TOYS!

JOHN H. REDUE,
(adjoining the Bank,)
has just opened a fine assortment of GOODS embracing

TOYS of every description.

CANDIES, French and Common,
RAISINS, ORANGES, FIGS,
CITRON, CURRENTS, NUTS,
APPLES, &c., &c., &c.

Everything calculated to please the 'little folks' may here be found, together with articles suitable for presents, &c. A call is solicited.

d19. JOHN H. REDUE.

Chestertown Bakery

AND CANDY MANUFACTORY!

Corner High and Queen Sts.

CANDY AT CITY PRICES!

CANDY AT CITY PRICES!

ORANGES, LEMONS, CITRON, CURRENTS,
RAISINS, ALMONDS, FILBERTS,
WALNUTS, GROUND NUTS,
AT CITY PRICES.
KISSES, TAFFE, CAKES, BREAD, &c.,
At City Prices.

To get the worth of your money, call at HUDGINS' BAKERY and supply yourselves for Christmas at City prices. d5.

In the District Court

OF THE UNITED STATES,

FOR THE

DISTRICT OF MARYLAND.

In the matter of Wm Rodgers, Bankrupt.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

THIS is to give notice, that a petition has been presented to the Court, this fourth day of December, 1868, by William Rodgers, of the County of Kent, State of Maryland, and District aforesaid, a Bankrupt, praying that he may be decreed to have a full discharge from all his debts, provable under the Bankrupt Act, and upon reading said Petition:

IT IS ORDERED by the Court, that a hearing be had upon the same on the

12th day of January, 1869,

before the Court, in the City of Baltimore, in said District, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and that notice thereof be published in the Kent News and the Baltimore Gazette, newspapers printed in said District, once a week for three weeks before that day; and that all creditors who have proved their debts, and other persons in interest, may appear at said time and place and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

JAMES W. CHEW,
Clerk of District Court for said District.
Dec. 19, 1869—4t.

TAKE NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the undersigned by account, note or otherwise, are requested to call and settle their respective accounts on or before the FIRST DAY OF JANUARY. All accounts remaining unpaid after that day will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection. This step will be very unpleasant to me but will be resorted to in all cases where the accounts are not paid.

A. L. VANNORT.

N. B.—On and after January 1st, 1869, I will conduct my business on a strictly cash system.

A. L. VANNORT,
d19-3t. Hancesville.

NOTICE.—An election for Directors of KENT NATIONAL BANK will be held at the Banking House, in Chestertown, on TUESDAY, Jan. 12, 1869, to elect Seven Directors for said Bank, to serve the ensuing year.

Dec. 5, 1868. S. W. SPENCER, Cash'r.

A CARD.

JOHN O. SLAY will attend to professional business, during the temporary absence of G. VICKERS, at their office in Chestertown.

VICKERS & SLAY.

Dec. 12, 1868—3t.

NOTICE.

All accounts left at the office of WM. BACCHUS, Esq., in Chestertown, to be collected according to law or on commission, will receive prompt attention by

ap11-tf. R. W. CALDER, Constable.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the undersigned are hereby requested to call and settle on or before the FIRST OF JANUARY NEXT. At that time I shall place all unsettled accounts in the hands of an officer for collection

d12-3t JOHN M. HUDSON.

Mules! Mules!

ONE PAIR OF MULES AND ONE HORSE for sale by N. BARNARD,
sep19-tf. Still Pond, Kent Co, Md.

FOR RENT, The ROOM used as a Store by Miss Annie Earle.

Apply to WM. H. MEETEER.
Dec. 19, 1868—3t.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

The following poem, from the Church of England Magazine, will come like a "song in the night," to many a stricken heart:

"The loved and lost!" why do we call them lost?
Because we miss them from our onward road.
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crost,
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door
That shuts out loss and every hurtful thing,
With angels bright and loved ones gone before,
In the Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God himself their Lord, Judge and King.

And this we call a loss! O selfish sorrow
Of selfish hearts! O we of little faith!
Let us look round, some argument to borrow,
Why we in patience should await the morrow,
That surely must succeed this night of death.

Aye, look upon this dreary desert path,
The thorns and thistles where-soever we turn:
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!
They have escaped from these; and lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor when the wreck is done,
Who, with treasure, strove the shore to reach,
While with the raging waves he battled on,
Was it not joy, where every joy seem'd gone,
To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell.

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain,
Then pitying, spake, "Give me the little lad;
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad,
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong—
"Nay, but the woes I feel he too must share,"
Or, rather bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise. Death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sigh or sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward, spiritual speech,
That greets us all, though mortal tongue be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down—
Take up the song where they left off the strain;
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost, loved ones will be found again.

Picture of Human Life.

We commend the following beautiful allegory by Addison. It was first published in the year 1771, and it truthfully represents the actual facts of a table of mortality:

"The bridge thou see'st," said he, "is human life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three score and ten arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number about one hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it.

"But, tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it?" "I see the multitudes of people passing over," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther examination, perceived that there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hideous pitfals were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner break through the cloud, than many of them fall into them. They grow thinner toward the middle, but multiplied and laid closer together toward the end of the arches that were entire. There were indeed some persons, but their number was small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk."

What a beautiful picture of human life as it exists and dies out in the present age!

A PRETTY INCIDENT.—A very pretty incident is related of a canary bird by a Georgia paper: "The door of the bird's cage was occasionally left open that he might enjoy the freedom of the room. One day he happened to light on the mantle shelf whereon was a mirror. Here was a new discovery of the most profound interest. He gazed long and earnestly at himself, and came to the conclusion that he had found a mate. Going back to his cage he selected a seed from the box and brought it in his bill as an offering to the stranger. In vain the canary exerted himself to make his new found friend partake and becoming weary of that, tried another tack. Stepping back a few inches from the glass, he poured forth his sweetest notes, pausing now and then for a reply. None came, and moody and disgusted, he flew back to his perch, hanging his head in shame and silence for the rest of the day, and although the door was repeatedly opened, he refused to come out again."

A MAINE MAN gives his method of treating baulky horses as follows: "Let me inform humane men and hostlers, and all who hold the rein, that the way to cure baulky horses is to take them from the carriage and whirl them rapidly round till they are giddy. It requires two men to accomplish this—one at the horse's tail. Don't let him step out. Hold him to the smallest possible circle. One dose will often cure him; two doses generally will; three doses are final with the worse horse that ever refused to stir.

The Orphan's Christmas Eve.

AN INTERESTING STORY.

It had been snowing heavily all day, but towards night had cleared off, and now a keen, bitter wind was blowing that cut to the very bone. It was so cold, indeed that but few persons were in the streets, although it was Christmas Eve. Usually, at this hour, on the night before the great holiday, the pavements were crowded with people; happy children going, hand in hand, with their parents to buy toys; gay lookers on; maskers in grostesque garment; and boys blowing horns; everybody jubilant with joy and merriment. But now the streets were almost deserted, for the snow lay a foot deep. In vain the shop windows blazed with gas and exhibited their very choicest stores. Here and there a newsboy, stooping to face the blast cried the evening papers; and now and then a solitary cab drove almost noiselessly through the white streets. The gale roared through the trees of the public square, and the icicles rattled down from the eraves. It was as desolate a winter's night as you ever saw.

Suddenly a bare-footed little girl thinly clad, and shivering with cold, turned a corner and came face to face with one of the most brilliantly-lighted toy shops in that part of the town. She had evidently been abroad to gather fuel for a scanty fire, for she carried an old, torn basket on her arm, in which were chips and other bits of refuse wood, which had been picked up everywhere and anywhere.

At sight of the dazzling window and of the glories it revealed, the poor little thing stopped. Her eyes sparkled with joy. Her breath came short. For a moment she forgot the want and misery at home—the fireless room, the empty cupboard, the sick mother—and could think of nothing but the lovely things the window contained. Oh! that doll, that glorious, gorgeous creature; the spangled dresses that seemed covered with diamonds the funny, funny masks. She had never had a Christmas tree herself, but she had heard of such things, and she gasped, breathlessly gazing at the doll.

"Where will it go I wonder? To some one who lives in a beautiful house, I expect, and has everything she wants, even to pies and turkeys for Christmas," she added in a longing voice. "Oh, dear!"

That sigh reached the ear of a tall, dark man passing, leaning upon the arm of another gentleman. He looked down, at first with wonder, and then with pity, upon the sweet face and eyes; upon the little hands that should have been white and dimpled; upon the chips with snow meeting about their edges; upon the bare feet; and then again into the deep, wistful eyes.

"What a pretty child!" he thought—"Poor little thing!" And he asked, stopping, his voice softened to tenderness. "What is your name, little one?"

The child roused from her absorption, loooked up, startled, but seeing a kindly face, she answered dropping a courtesy.

"Lucy, sir!"

Lucy! It was the name of his own sister, whom he had not seen for many a long year, not since he had gone away, after the death of their parents, and the sale of the old homestead up in New England, determined to make his way in the world. What a train of memories it called up! He thought of the happy old days, and of sweet Hetty Moss, and then of the utter despair that followed, when his father died a bankrupt, and his mother followed of a broken heart, and some far away relatives came and took his sister out of charity, and old Deacon Moss shut his doors against him. The shame and anguish of it all returned on him as sharply as when he had first felt it, a lad of twenty; but back also came the memory of his sister, and he almost persuaded himself, for a moment, that the child before him looked like his "little Lucy" had looked at her age. There was a tremor of expectation in his voice, as he said.

"Lucy what, dear?"

"Lucy Pettigrew."

Ah! it was a name he had never heard. But remembering that his sister's child would not bear her mother's maiden came, he asked again.

"And have you always lived here?"

"Always. As long as I can remember." Father was a soldier, you know, and was killed in the war. Now there is nobody but mother and me."

He looked again at the child. The fancied resemblance to his sister had faded. The "little Lucy" of long ago had blue eyes and flaxen hair; both hair and eyes here were brown.

There was an end of the dream, then! He gave a sigh at the thought. But he put his hand in his pocket; took out a greenback and offered it to the child, saying.

"Don't you want some toys, my dear?"

The child looked down. Her face was very red. Suddenly she seemed to take a resolution—she looked up and said:

"Oh, sir, it's five dollars! It would buy mamma everything. She is sick, you know, and I ought to be home this minute; it was so wrong of me to stop here. If you please sir, I'd much rather spend it for her," she said rapidly and incoherently.

"So you shall dear! Hurry home now at any rate; but first tell me where you live?"

"We live in Carpenter street, No. 10, and I may keep the five dollars, may I sir?"

"Certainly. You shall have a doll too. I will bring it myself, to-morrow——

"Oh! will you sir?" she interrupted, her eyes dancing.

With these words, she gathered her thin shawl about her and hurried away.

The gentleman who had carried on this conversation with Lucy, took the arm of his companion again, and said.

"How all this brings back the past to me! You have often heard me speak of Hetty Moss. I suppose she is dead long ago, "he added with a sigh," or married, which, for me, is worse. But at sixteen she was the loveliest creature I have ever seen. I never shall forget the day, after my father and mother had been buried, that I went to see her, intending, even then to go away and try my fortunes, but expecting that she would bid me God speed, and that her father who had always been kind to me would do the same. Ah, Charley! we must all, sooner or later, learn hard lessons; and I learned my first cruel one that afternoon. The old man met me himself. Well, I won't dwell on it. He declined to let me see Hetty; called me a beggar's brat; worse, the child of a bankrupt, and bade me begone. Ever since then I have had less faith in human nature."

"No, you haven't answered his friend bluntly. You think you have. But old fellow, you are too good to talk such nonsense, and please God! you'll be happy yet, though not with Hetty."

"My first task, now that I am rich, and home at last," answered the other, "will be to get on the traces, if I can, of poor Lucy. After I left America, I continued to write for years, but never getting any answers, I finally gave it up."

"Christmas once over, I shall start for the old homestead, but I fear all clue to her is lost."

Meantime Lucy was hurrying home, feeling herself a new being. In spite of the snow, her bare feet, her cold, numb fingers, we question if there was a happier child in the city.

"See mother! oh, see!" she cried, when she got home, "we shall have some Christmas after all; a gentleman gave it to me and said it was five dollars. Oh, mother! mother! I'm so happy! five whole dollars to spend for Christmas! Why I never heard of such a thing,' and her face fairly glowed. 'Isn't it a—a miracle, mamma?

"My dear child, it seems like one?" said her mother holding out her wasted hand, and regarding the money.

The sad, sweet face lighted up with a glow of thankfulness as she listened to the little narrative.

"Oh, my darling!" she cried, "it was sent for shoes and stockings for your poor feet. I cried to see you go out into the snow to-day; and I prayed in agony to the dear Lord to help us, and this is the answer."

"But I don't want the shoes, mamma, I want Christmas," said Lucy, with a disappointed face. "He told me to go in and buy toys. We never did have a Christmas and I want to see how it seems."

Very soon there was a loud knock at the door; and when it was opened, in came two stout men with an enormous basket between them, and put it down; and there it sat looking up into the widow's face with great, round eyes of potatoes and squashes, and bulging packages that told of plenty.

"Who is this for?" asked Lucy's mother, quite pale.

"It's for a widow by the name of Pettigrew."

"But who sent it?"

"It's paid for, that's all I care about."

The door shut, the men had vanished.

"Oh, mother! we're dreaming—just as sure as you live we're dreaming!" cried the delighted child, dancing about the basket. "Why, there's everything there; why the Lord keeps working miracles, don't he?"

"Call Hetty Moss, child," said her mother sinking back in her chair, quite overcome; and presently Hetty came in a staid, sweet-looking woman, not over thirty, with soft dewy blue eyes, and lips that always looked smiling.

"Why, Lucy, you've been your mother's good angel to-day," said Hetty, stooping over the basket and lifting the packages. "Sure enough, here's Christmas for you;" and she took an enormous turkey from the basket.

There was another knock at the door and a tall man entered, and stood there on the threshold The sick woman looked up, and a great cry, the cry of uncontrolled joy, rang through the room.

"Robert! Robert!"

The man was on his knees besides his sister, his arms about her, kissing her eyes her lips, her forehead.

Explanations came brokenly. In spite of his first disappointment, something kept telling the stranger that "little Lucy" might, after all, be his sister's child. He could not rest, therefore, until he had come to see. And Lucy told how she had married, but her husband and she had always been poor, and how her husband had been killed at Antietam."

"There is my guardian angel, said the tearful woman, at last, pointing to Miss Hetty; you may thank her that I am yet alive."

For the first time, now, the stranger saw there was another woman in the room. There was silence for a moment. Miss Hetty Moss looked him straight in the eye her color flitting and returning, the breath coming quick through her parted lips.

"It is you, Hetty—but you do not remember me," he said, hesitatingly, yet appealingly.

"Yes I do, Robert," came with a quick gasp. "Oh, Robert!" and as he rushed forward, her hands were in his, her head upon his shoulder.

Then came Hetty Moss story. She had always been faithful to her love. Her father, after some years had died insolvent. After his death, Hetty left her native village, and had come to the great city in search of employment. Here, by one of those inscrutable decrees of Providence that the ignorant call chance, she had come across Robert's sister, now a widow, and almost penniless. They had thrown in their lot together. Hetty had skill with her needle besides some taste in dress, and had set up in an humble way, as a dress-maker. Sometimes she went out by day's work, and sometimes she labored at home. In these latter cases, Mrs. Pettigrew helped her with her needle. But, latterly, the times had been hard, work was scarce; and both had been near to starving. On the Christmas-eve, when little Lucy went out to see if she could gather a few sticks or chips, they had not a dollar between them.

"I have more money than I know what to do with," said the newly-found brother. "You shall never, Lucy dear, know want again."

Need we tell the sequel? How there was a grand dinner in one of the most elegant private parlors of the Continental Hotel the next day and how Hetty became a bride a week or two after; or how little Lucy never knew again the pangs of poverty, or the longing for a Christmas doll.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

The Richest Man in the World

HOW HE LIVED.

As every one is interested to know how so rich a man as Baron Rothschild lived, correspondents are particular as to every movement of his daily life. It is related that he rose every morning at six o'clock. His body servant shaved and dressed him. Meanwhile, M. Boudeville (a teacher of elocution, who fits people for the stage,) reads the newspapers to him, and told him the gossip of the green-rooms of Paris theatres. He was dressed for the day at this early hour, putting on even a white cravat. He next received a Prussian named Bernard, with whom he examined the quotations from the great exchanges of Europe, and decided upon and gave orders for the transactions of the day. He next received the correspondence clerks, took from them the more important letters which required a reply from the Baron, and approved or modified the proposed replies to other letters. Then the almoner came in and reported on the poor relieved, and received new instructions. He then went to Madame de Rothschilds for her instructions.

After the almoner retired the Baron received his experts, men who kept him informed of all art and book sales; they made reports or received instructions.—He then went to breakfast. All the family met at breakfast, and usually one or two of his married children were present.—After breakfast the Baron went to his office (which was immediately on the street, and separated from his house by the courtyard—a covered way reached from one to the other) to received people. At two o'clock he would sometimes go to the Bourse, or oftener to the auction mart, for he was fond of buying objects of curiosity and pictures. He would return to his office, and at four o'clock drive down to Chateau de Surense or Bois de Boulogne, returning at five o'clock to his club, where he would play whist at ten sons a point until dinner time. During the last part of his life he became eccentric in a good many small matters. He carried a portemonnaie which was closed by a lock, although he never carried more than fifty francs about him (if a man carries more he is sometimes led to extravagant expense, he used to say,) and often nothing at all. He carried the key of this lock on his watch chain. The members of the club in the Rue Royal used to laugh to see the Baron fumbling for his key, and even his lock (his sight was latterly impaired,) and when, at last, he managed to open the portemonnaie, to find it empty. After dinner he received company at home, or went to some theatre.

PLAIN SPEAKING AT A PRAYER MEETING.—At a recent prayer meeting in Chicago some one rose and stated that the Erring Women's Refuge in that city was in great need, and asked the prayers of the congregation in its behalf. One of Chicago's richest men, who is said to be somewhat minute in his contributions to benevolent objects, volunteered at once to lead the meeting in a prayer in behalf of the institution named. He had scarcely closed, when another brother got to his feet and said it was wrong for us to ask God to do what he had given us the power to do ourselves. "The idea," said he, "of a man who can draw a check for one hundred thousand dollars asking God to give money to the Erring Women's Refuge is preposterous. Let him give it himself."

THE DARKEY TOO HARD FOR THE SCALLAWAG JUDGE.—A good story is told on Hancock, a scallaway judge in Mississippi. He had been endeavoring to convert a conservative negro, and, failing, swore that any nigger that voted against his own race and color ought to be hung. Sambo hung his head for a moment, as if in deep meditation, and then looking the Judge straight in the face, said:

"You say any nigger who votes agin his own race and color ought to be hung?"

"Yes," said the Judge, "he ought to be hung."

"Well Judge," said Sambo, "what do you think ought to be done wid de white man who votes agin *his* race and color?"

The Judge bid his sable friend good night, and has never invited him to his house since.

"WHY don't you limit yourself?" said a physician to an intemperate person.—"Set down a stake that you will go so far and no farther."

"I do," replied the other, "but I set it so far off that I always get drunk before I get to it!"

WILL asked an old twenty per cent. shaver what he wanted to accumulate so much money for, saying: "You can't take it with you when you die, and if you could *it would melt.*"

Chronicles for the Times.

Blessed is the man who doth subscribe for his county paper and payeth therefor. His feet shall not stand upon slippery places; he shall not be forsaken by his friends nor persecuted by his enemies, nor shall his seed be seen begging bread.

Blessed is he that walketh to the office of the printer, yea, even ascendeth to the sanctum of the *Kent News*, and purchaseth a year's subscription thereto.

He shall learn wisdom day by day, and be exalted above his fellows.

He shall talk knowingly upon all subjects, and his neighbors shall be astonished at the muchness of his learning.

He shall not pay an additional per cent, on taxes, for his eye shall behold the notice of the collector, and he shall take warning thereby.

He shall bring his produce to market when the prices thereof are exceedingly high, and withhold it when they are low.

His children shall not vex him nor his wife wear the breeches.

He shall live to a good old age, and when his dying hour is at hand, his soul shall not be troubled.

But it were better for him who doth refuse to subscribe for his county paper that he be bound hand and foot and cast upon a feather bed. Yea, thrice better had he never been born.

He shall have no rest, either by night or by day, for visions of creditors and tax collectors shall dance upon his stomach by night and their actual presence torment him by day.

His children shall grow up in wickedness, and shall put their hands to their noses and vex him to wrath, and his wife shall kick him out of bed—Selah.

BEGGAR IMPOSTERS.—One of the reporters for the New York *Tribune* tells a curious and instructive story of his experience with the beggars on Broadway. It is to the effect that in walking down that street the other day he saw a man appearing to be a drunken sailor walk up to a blind beggar woman sitting on the curbstone—and who, by the way, had often excited the reporter's sympathy—and deliberately kicked her over. Of course she made a terrible outcry, while her assailant made his escape. The feelings of the crowd were greatly excited, and the result was a handsome shower of small change into the lap of the afflicted and abused female.—Presently, aided by a little girl, she moved down a few blocks, where, in a few minutes, the drunken sailor turned up again, and precisely the same scene was re-enacted. This performance was repeated two or three times, after which the unfortunate blind woman walked into a dark alley way and restored her sight, by removing the bandages and some necessary preparation, and then proceeded to her home in Water street, or rather to a beer shop there, whither the reporter followed her after a little time. Here he found her and her drunken sailor oppressor cosily chatting with another case of terrible sore-eye blindness, which had also frequently aroused his sympathy up town, and about which he had thought there could be no mistake or imposition, now thoroughly cured; all enjoying their glass of whiskey toddy, and rejoicing over their good luck for the day.

"THE LAST CHICKEN GONE."—When the Conference assembled in Hillsboro,' a few years since, on the last day of the session, a lad, whose father had entertained some half a dozen preachers, entered the room where the ministers were seated, in a terrible state of excitement.

"What's the matter, Isaac?" asked one, "you seem excited."

"Excited! I ain't excited; I'm mad all over!"

"What are you mad about, Isaac? Don't you know it's wrong to suffer yourself to become angered?"

"Wrong or not wrong, it's enough to make anybody mad but a preacher. Here's every chicken on the place eat up, except the old rooster, and just now he happened to get a glimpse of you fellows, and sung out: "And must this fee-ble bod-y die-e," and dropped over stone dead."

"DOCTOR," said an old lady to her family physician, "kin you tell me how it is that some folks is born dumb?"

"Why, hem! certainly, madam," said the doctor, "it is owing to the fact that they came into the world without the power of speech!"

"La, me," remarked the old lady; "now jest see what it is to have a physic education. I've axed my old man more nor a hundred times that same thing, and all that I could ever get out of him was, *'kase they is.*"

A LAWYER, who was sometimes forgetful, having been engaged to plead for an offender, began by saying:

"I known the prisoner at the bar, and he bears the character of being a most consummate and impudent scoundrel."

Here somebody whispered to him that the prisoner was his client, when he immediately continued:

"But what great and good man ever lived who was not calumniated by many of his contemporaries?"

A CONTRACTOR who was building a tunnel on a certain Ohio railroad, observed one morning that a member of his gang had his face all spotted with bruises and plasters. "Ah! Jimmy," said he, "what have you been doing?"

"Not much, sir," answered Jimmy, "I was jist down at Billy Mulligan's last night sur, an' him an' me we had a bit av a discooshen wid sticks."

AN amusing incident lately took place in the Australian House of Representatives. A member whose education had been sadly neglected, was reading out a document to the House, and vainly endeavoring to decipher an obscure letter.—Turning to his friend he asked anxiously:

"Is that a *hem* or a *hen?*"

"Oh!" replied his friend, "call it a *hen*, and move that it *lay* on the table."

THE celebrated trotters, Lady Thorne and George Wilkes are matched to trot in June next for the largest stake ever contested for in this country—$10,000.

AN Indian boy from the far West lately passed through by care to a Missouri town as freight, having a tag with his destination tied to his clothing.

A FARMER says: "We raise four hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre, which would be a big thing, if we didn't also raise worms enough to eat them all up."