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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.

☞ Local and other correspondence solicited from all parts of the county.
☞ Anonymous communications will not be noticed.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 32. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1872. No. 38.

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. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year, half-year or quarter.

Obituaries will be inserted at one half of advertising rates.

JOB-PRINTING,
SUCH AS
HANDBILLS,
CARDS,
CIRCULARS,
BLANKS,
&c., &c.,
Executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

WM. M. SLAY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.

Careful attention will be paid to any legal business of Kent and neighboring counties which may be entrusted to him jan6-y.

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. ag12y.

C. H. BAKER,
Counselor and Attorney at Law,
CHESTERTOWN.

☞ Particular attention given to collection of claims. jun30-tf.

PAINTING!

C. H. DAVIS & BRO., are prepared to do all kinds of PAINTING in the best manner, and on reasonable terms. ☞ Orders respectfully solicited.
Chestertown, July 29—6m.

TAX NOTICE.

THE TAXES for the year 1871, for the 2nd Election District, are now due, and I am prepared to receive them. Prompt attention to this matter upon the part of Tax-Payers will save them expense and myself much trouble. I can be found at any time at my place of business in Kennedyville.
aug26-tf. C. W. WARREN.

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

TOYS, CONFECTIONERY, &c., &c.

J. H. SMITH

Has now in store a large assortment of

NEW GOODS,

Embracing a general variety of
TOYS,
CONFECTIONERY,
RAISINS,
CURRANTS,
CITRON,
PRUNES,
FIGS,
NUTS,
French and Common Candy,
Canned Fruits,
JELLY, PICKLES, CHOW-CHOW,
TOBACCO, CIGARS, &c.

☞ Give me a call.
Dec. 2. J. H. SMITH.

KENNEDYVILLE
CHEAP CASH STORE!
COMEGYS & BRO.,

HAVE JUST RETURNED from the city and opened an assortment of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

Consisting of
A General Assortment of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

☞ Persons wishing to buy CHEAP GOODS FOR CASH, will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Our motto is—"Quick Sales and Small Profits."
COMEGYS & BRO.
Kennedyville, Nov. 4, 1871.

BURNS & SLOAN
132 Light St. Wharf,
BALTIMORE,
BUILDING
AND HARDWOOD
LUMBER,
SHINGLES,
FENCING,
PALES,
DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, &c.

WASHINGTON A. PAGE,
DEALER IN
LUMBER,
SHINGLES, LATHS, PICKETS, DRESS FLOORING, JOIST, GIRDERS AND SILL STUFF
Of all sizes, constantly on hand, or cut to order, at the shortest notice.
LEE STREET, near Light st. Whf.,
e22y. *BALTIMORE.*

TO MOTHERS.
Liebig's FOOD for INFANTS.
This valuable and popular Food for Infants is now so firmly established that it is unnecessary to make any remarks upon its efficacy. Further information can be obtained at
Jan7-tf. WICKES' DRUG STORE.

ATTENTION is called to our line of GLOVES, Cloth Gloves, all grades; driving Gloves, Buck Gloves, heavy and lined White and Colored Cotton Gloves, Dog Skin Gloves, Calf Skin Gloves, lined and Fur, Kid Gloves, all colors, Dressed Buck Gloves, Gauntlets, &c. S. MERRITT & CO.

NATURAL MINERAL WATER
FOR THE DEBILITATED.
VICHY, KISSENGEN, CONGRESS
and other Waters, for sale at
WICKES' DRUG STORE

IF you are in want of nice LINEN FRONT SHIRTS, call at the new Clothing Store of S. MERRITT & CO.

VALUABLE PROPERTY
IN KENNEDYVILLE,
At PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned will offer at Public Sale at Dewees' Hotel, in Kennedyville, Kent county, Maryland, on

SATURDAY,
The TENTH day of FEBRUARY, 1872
AT THREE O'CLOCK, P. M., his

HOUSE AND LOT

in Kennedyville, on Main Street, adjoining the lands of John Kennedy and Tilghman Shafer. The Lot is one hundred and sixty feet deep by sixty-five feet front, and improved by a

TWO-STORY
Frame Dwelling,

nearly new, with one room and a passage on the first floor, and two rooms above; and a two-story frame back building, with a good dry Cellar beneath.

There is a well of excellent water in the yard convenient to the house. The lot is inclosed by a new and substantial fence.

To any one, desiring a good, comfortable Dwelling House and Garden, in a central and thrifty village, through which the Kent Co. Railroad Company runs daily trains to and from Philadelphia and Baltimore, this one offers rare inducements.

THE TERMS OF SALE are as follows, but may be modified: $300 cash, or within thirty days from day of sale; the balance in six and twelve months, to be secured by bond of purchaser with approved security. A fee simple deed will be given to purchaser upon payment of the whole purchase money.

For further particulars apply to my attorney, C. T. WESTCOTT, Esq., Chestertown, Md.
WALTER MELVIN.
January 20, 1872—tds.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF—
A Valuable Farm
NEAR MASSEY'S X ROADS, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

BY VIRTUE OF THE POWER AND AUthority contained in a Mortgage from Robert B. M. Massey, Virmadel Massey his wife, and Emily A. Massey, dated the first day of April, in the year 1869, and recorded in Liber J. K. H., No. 7, pages 628, 629 and 630, one of the land record books for Kent county, the undersigned Mortgagee will sell at Public Sale, at the Voshell House in Chestertown,

ON WEDNESDAY,
The Seventh day of February, 1872,
Between the hours of Eleven o'clock, A. M., and Two o'clock, P. M.,

ALL THE RIGHT, TITLE, INTEREST AND ESTATE which the said Mortgagors held at the time of executing the said Mortgage, in and to

All that Valuable Farm,

on which Mr. Robert B. M. Massey has resided for several years prior to the present year, situated in Kent county, Maryland, near Massey's X Roads, on the public road leading from Massey's X Roads to Sassafras, particularly described in said Mortgage, and

Containing 458 ACRES OF LAND,
MORE OR LESS.

This property is eligibly situated, convenient to the Railroad Station at Massey's X Road, in a highly improved neighborhood, and the soil is in a good condition.

IT HAS ON IT A

Large, Two-Story Brick
DWELLING HOUSE,
And the necessary OUT-BUILDINGS.

THE TERMS OF SALE will be cash on the day of sale; and when the sale is confirmed by the Circuit Court for Kent county as a Court of Equity, the undersigned will convey the property to the purchaser by deed. The purchaser to bear all expense of stamps.

WM. C. ELIASON, Mortgagee.
January 13, 1872—ts.

A CARD.

THE subscriber, lately of the firm of Cox, Warden & Merritt, will continue the

Grain Commission Business
At the Corner Bowly's Wharf & Pratt Sts.

He hopes that his long experience in, and knowledge of the business will result in a due share of the patronage so liberally extended to the late firm.

LUTHER J. COX,
Corner of Bowly's Wharf and Pratt Sts.
Baltimore, Jan. 1, 1872. 6-4t*

A CARD.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing between L. J. Cox, Jr., James Warden and Jas A. Merritt, being dissolved by limitation on the 1st of January, JAS. WARDEN & JAS. A. MERRITT will continue the

GRAIN AND FLOUR
AND
General Produce Commission Business,

AT THE OLD STAND, No. 8 Bowly's Wharf and No. 72 South Street, under the name and style of

Warden & Merritt.

We are prepared to make liberal advances on consignments.

Thanking our old customers for the patronage so liberally bestowed in the past, we would respectfully ask a continuance of the same, assuring them that at all times our best efforts will be used for the promotion of their interest.

All accounts or other business of the late firm will be settled by Warden & Merritt.

JAMES WARDEN,
JAMES A. MERRITT.
Baltimore, Jan. 1, 1872. 6-6t.

HARNESS SHOP.

THE undersigned having opened in the room above the Wheelwright Shop, the Harness business, he is prepared to make to order

ALL KINDS OF NEW HARNESS,

and will do REPAIRING with neatness and dispatch, at low prices for cash
TILGHMAN SHAFER.
Kennedyville, Jan. 13—3m.

C. F. STAM & BRO.,
APOTHECARIES,
Cor. High and Court Sts., Chestertown, Md
Have just received a large lot of
WINDOW GLASS,
of all sizes, which they are selling very cheap
Sept. 30, 1871.

100 LBS. OF PURE NEW LEAF SAGE For sale by
Nov. 11-3t. WM. F. BAKER.

THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

Oh, for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring;
I'd rather laugh a bright haired boy
Than reign a bearded king.

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life, all love and fame.

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling said:
"If I but touch thy silvered hair,
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track,
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?"

Ah, true! soul of womankind!
Without thee what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind;
I'll take—my—precious—wife!

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow hue—
"The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!

"And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appear?
Remember all thy gifts have fled
With these dissolving years."

Why, yes; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
I could not bear to leave them all—
I'll take—my—girls—and—boys!

The smiling angel droped his pen:
"Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed—my laughter woke
The household with its noise—
I wrote my dream when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys

WAITING.

There's a chubby little infant in the cradle, his fat feet just looking out from under the blanket, his eyes sparkling with health, his fat fist jammed into his mouth. Here's a mere nothing—only a baby. But he is waiting. Some day he will be a man, and will take a part in the bustle of the great business life. Years are before him—long life is his, hands tender will guide him over rough places until he has man's years and man's independence.—Only waiting.

There's an old man seated in the nook of the hearthstone, his head white as snow, his life almost gone. He is waiting.—Though he hears not your kind words, there are voices so soft and gentle and sympathetic, that tell him: Wait a little longer, old man—a few more days of this life, and then we will carry you safe over." And the old man waits and listens for the glad news. He has been young, old—has traveled thorny paths and flowery walks—seen bright suns go down in the midst of dark and cruel storms, and now he knows that a few days will see him home—see his spirit hovering over the earth—up there where old are young, and where young are blessed. Only waiting.

All of us are waiting. We may go far from home, seek the bustle of business, seclude ourselves from the world, be good or bad, amass fortunes or live in poverty, and our day must come The thought is with us, we cannot make it stay away. Death, death, and yet live as if it would never come. The infant in the cradle may not live a year—the old man in the corner may see our grave before he comes. Cannot we all be better men and women—have better, nobler thoughts--give more heed to death—seek a safer road to heaven? Are there any so good that some evil has not crept in? Are there any so bad that they could not be reformed?

Life! oh, what is life—a day, an hour? A rough journey, tears, sighs, sadness, and then the voice bids us come over the threshold of death for eternal judgment.

How to Have a Loving Wife.

A correspondent sends the following to the *Phrenological Journal:*

If you would have a loving wife, be as gentle in your words after as before marriage; treat her as tenderly when a matron as when a miss; dont quite make her the maid of all work, and ask her why she looks less tidy and neat than when "you first knew her;" don't buy cheap, tough beef, and scold her because it does not come on the table "porter-house;" don't grumble about squalling babies if you cannot keep up a "nursery," and remember that "baby may take after papa" in his disposition; don't smoke and chew tobacco, and thus shatter your nerves and spoil your temper, and make your breath a nuisance, and then complain that your wife declines to kiss you; go home joyous and cheerful to your wife and tell her the good news you have heard, and not silently put on your hat and go out to the "club" or "lodge," and let her afterwards learn that you spent the evening at the opera or at a fancy ball with Mrs. Dash. Love your wife; be patient; remember you are not perfect, but try to be; let whiskey, tobacco and vulgar company alone; spend your evenings with your wife, and live a decent, Christian life, and your wife will be loving and true—if you did not marry a heartless beauty, without sense or worth; if you did, who is to blame if you suffer the consequences?

SAILING ON THE ICE.—A correspondent of the New York *Sun* in describing the trial of an ice boat on the Hudson presents the following graphic picture:

"Now then, boys," said the helmsman, "let us shake out the reefs and go for time."

All agreed, and every inch of the boat's canvass was soon spread, "Get aboard, quick!" shouted the owner, and in an instant the craft was put before the wind. With a fearful whir-r-r-r-r she started down the river, a perfect fog of fine ice flying from her rudder runner. Persons gazing at her held their breath at the exciting scene. She had attained fearful speed, and one had hardly time for thought before she was a mile away, and in less than two minutes she was off Blue Point, two miles away. She flew by Milton like a bird on the wing, and was abreast of Marlborough in almost a minute afterward. The men on board could hardly see. Their eyes were greatly affected, and water flowed from them freely.

Men on the ice off New Hamburg saw the boat coming with such lightning rapidity that they instinctively ran toward the shore; but there was no danger The helmsman brought her around in fine style, with head to the wind and all sails flapping. She had performed a feat which had not been equalled by an ice boat for a number of years. How she held together I don't know, but she did.

TENDER AND TRUE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Strong and manly and true as steel!"

It was the remark of a gentleman standing near me. I did not hear the reply made by his companion, who was a lady; but, from something in the manner of the gentleman, I concluded that her ideal of the person referred to was not in full accordance with his.

At the lower end of the room a beautiful young woman stood leaning on the arm of her husband, into whose face no one could look without admiring its manly beauty, and signs of intellectual strength. It was, moreover, a true face; and yet as my eyes lingered upon it, and then turned to the sweet, loving countenance of the bride, a shadow crept over my spirits.

"Strong and manly and true as steel."

Yes, you saw all that in the finely cast face; in the full lips; in the large, wide eyes and nostrils; in the ample forehead. "Strong and manly, and true as steel." Even so. And yet, looking still into the tender, almost dreamy, face of the bride, I could not feel entirely at ease touching her future.

Grant Baldwin I knew well. We were old friends. His bride I had not seen until this evening There was something more than beauty in her face; something that held your gaze like a spell. Her eyes were of a hazel, large and soft; her countenance very fair, almost to paleness; her form slight and her stature low. I noticed that, as she stood beside her husband, she leaned toward him in a kind of a shrinking, dependant way, and every now and then glanced up into his face with a wistful sort of look that I did not clearly understand.

I met them not long afterwards in their own home and was more than ever charmed with Mrs. Baldwin. She was pure and sweet and gentle, as he was strong and manly and true as steel—meet compliment of each other, one would think; and yet, as on the first evening, I felt the lack of some element to give a complete harmony to their lives. It troubled me. I knew my friend well—knew him to be a man of high honor and strength of character; a little cold and undemonstrative, as we say; rather inclined to hide what he felt, than to give it free expression.—It happened that I did not come very near them again for several months, and then I noticed with pain that an invisible barrier had grown up between them, and that neither had yet found in married life the sweet satisfaction anticipated. During the evening I spent with them, I saw the tears spring to the eyes of Mrs. Baldwin more than once; and I noticed in them a hungry kind of look as they rested now and then on her husband's face. I was puzzled. What could it mean?

A few days afterwards, meeting Mr. Baldwin, I asked after his wife.

"Well," he answered.

But in the tone of his voice my ear read: "Not well."

"How does she like her her new home, now?" I inquired. He had brought her from the neighboring city.

My friend sighed involuntarily. "Not too well, I'm afraid," he answered. "She still feels strange."

"The tenderer the flower, the more difficult to transplant," I remarked.

"Yes," in an absent tone.

"I should say," I added, "that your wife has a highly sensitive organization."

"Undoubtedly that is true," answered my friend. "But are not persons so organized hard to understand?"

"Sometimes."

"Always, I should say," he returned.

I did not know what reply it was best to make, and so kept silent. After a little while he said with some felling:

"I would give all the world to make her happy?"

"Happy!" My surprise at his remark expressed itself in my voice.

"Yes, happy," he said with emphasis. "My wife is not happy and it troubles me beyond measure."

"Do you make no guess at the cause of her unhappiness?" I asked.

"I am all at sea. Sometimes I really think she doesn't love me. No! no!" he added quickly, "not that! I am sure of her love."

"Is she as sure of your love?" said I. The question seemed to hurt him.

"Have I not chosen her from among women to be my wife?" he answered, with something of indignation in his voice.

"Am I the man to say 'I love,' and not mean it? Did I not promise before God to love and cherish her till death? Sure of my love! If I have one element of character more strongly developed than another, it is the element of truth. When I told her that I loved her, I told an abiding truth. She is as dear to me as the apple of my eye. The very thought of a doubt on her part hurts me like an accusation of wrong."

A light came into my mind, bringing a revalation of the real ground of trouble, and I said:

"Have you been as tender to your wife always, as true?"

His eyes flashed, but the fire went out of them instantly.

"Mere truth in character is reserved and proud," said I. "True as steel is well enough. But steel is hard and cold and chills by contact."

Baldwin looked at me strangely.

"Tender and true, my dear friend; tender and true! Love will have nothing less," I ventured to say.

"Good morning!" he said, in a voice I scarcely recognized, and turning from me he walked away.

Had I offended him?

We did not meet again for several months. I was going homeward one day when I heard quick feet behind me. A hand was laid on my shoulder and a familiar voice spoke my name. It was my friend Baldwin.

"Come home with me," he said.

I tried to excuse myself but he would take no denial; so I accompanied him to his home. His manner as he walked was frank and cherry.

"How is Mrs. Baldwin?" I naturally inquired.

"Oh, very well!" he answered without change of tone.

"Getting more reconciled to her home?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad to hear it. Few of us can bear an entire change in such surroundings without some shadow falling on the spirits."

He did not reply to this remark, but changed the subject.

Mrs. Baldwin met her husband almost at the door. She had been watching for him at the parlor window. I noticed that he kissed her very tenderly; her face was alive with pleasure, and its whole expression so different from what it was when I last met her, that I could but wonder at the change. Her manner toward me, her husband's friend, was very cordial, and quite in contrast with what it had been at a previous meeting. Then, she was repressed, absent, and ill at ease, and when she looked at her husband, her face, instead of lighting up, grew strangely shadowed.

I understood it all. The true and loyal husband had supplemented fidelity with tenderness. I saw this in every word and tone and action. The half proud courtliness of manner—the dignified expression of feeling, which had so hurt and chilled his loving little wife, and held her away from him, were all gone, fused by the tenderness he permitted to go forth in speech and act. TENDER AND TRUE! Yes, he was all that now; and his young wife felt herself to be the happiest woman in the world.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

A Skeleton Clock.

A watchmaker in an Illinois town has constructed a peculiar time-piece, and the local journal describes it as follows:

It is simply a dial-plate with two hands—an hour hand and a minute hand. The dial is twenty-four inches in diameter, with a large opening in the centre. The minute hand is twelve inches in length, and the hour hand nine and a-half inches, fastened in the centre of the dial upon a small pivot. That is all that can be seen by looking at it. By looking closely on the large ends of the hands, or ends toward the centre of the dial, and on the reverse side, you will see what appear to be weights, intended to balance the hands, but which in reality contain the secret of the movements of the hands. Within these small "weights" are miniature works like those of a small watch, strong enough to control the large hands. A person may whirl the hands until they shall spin around like a top, but each will invariably return to its proper place, and indicate the time correctly. The hands may be taken off and laid away for an hour, or two hours, or ten, or any length of time, and upon being replaced upon the pivot they will instantly point the precise hour and minute. There is no electricity or anything of the sort. The dial hangs by a tiny hook from a nail. It may be suspended by a string, or held in the hand, and the movements of the hands are all the same. The hands do not move with the regulator, but the correct time of the day is alwas indicated, and when the hands of the regulator, or any properly regulated clock, are upon the figure or minute marks, those of this strange time-piece will agree exactly. It is really a remarkable piece of workmanship, and excites much comment. Nothing is seen by looking at it or examining it, save the rim of the dial and the hands. That is all; and when they move so correctly and mark the time of the day it seems as though some unseen spirit must represent and impel their movements.

What a Dream Did.

The Wayne Sentinel narrates the following as a fact:

A gentleman of high social position living in this county has a son engaged as a clerk in a large mercantile house in Omaha. A few weeks ago the father received a letter from his son to the effect that he had been robbed of $5,000 belonging to his employer while returning from a collecting trip into the country. The father was naturally troubled by the intelligence, and when he retired to his room for the night he lay awake for some time thinking of the occurrence. At last he fell asleep, and, as it seemed to him, he was sitting by a table in a bed-chamber of —— Hotel, of Omaha, listening to the conversation of two young men who were recalling the particulars of a robbery in which they had just been concerned, while they counted over the proceeds of the same with an exultant air.

Learning the number of their room he descended the stairs, consulted the register, fixed their names in memory, together with the date under which they were written, and then awoke. He immediately wrote a letter to his son requesting him to call at the —— Hotel, look at the register, and if he found the names of John B. Wilson and James Frank inscribed on its pages under the date of November, to have the parties found, arrested and charged with the theft of the five thousand dollars. The son followed the directions, and from a letter received by the father yesterday we learn that the said John B. Wilson and James Frank were arrested at the said hotel, that they confessed to the felony, that $4,812 of the lost money was recovered, and that the offenders had been sent to the penitentiary.

On Swearing.

Cowper wrote some lines about swearing, which it would be worth while for every one to learn:

"It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme
Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme;
Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise—
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise
You would not swear upon a bed of death:
Reflect! Your Maker may now stop your breath."

A POET's description is finely illustrated in these lines:

I stood upon the ocean's briny shore,
And with a fragile reed I wrote
Upon the sand—
"Agnes, I love thee!"
The mad waves rolled by and blotted out
The fair impression.
Frail weed! Cruel wave! Treacherous sand!
I'll trust ye no more:
But with giant hand I'll pluck
From Norway's frozen shore
Her tallest pine, and dip its top
Into the crater of Vesuvius,
And upon the high burnished Heavens
I'll write—
"Agnes! I love thee!"
And I would like to see any
Dog-goned wave wash that out!

IN is a vain thing for you to thrust your finger in the water, and pulling it out, look for a hole; it is equally vain to suppose that, however large a space you occupy, the world will miss you when you die.

DR. JOHNSON says, "The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too strong to be broken.

LOVE'S REASONS.

"Tell the reason?"—nay, my sweet!
Potent as the cause may be,
Ask me not, for well I ween
Love and logic ill agree.

Love has reasons, all his own,
Were he willing to confess;
But he fears to make them known,
Saying, shrewdly, "let them guess."

Well he knows, though he may deem
All his reasons good and strong;
Something other they must seem
To the unimpassioned throng.

Nay, the god is counted blind,
Lest, perhaps the gift of sight
Rather dull might chance to find,
All his fancy paints so bright.

So, my charmer, prithee take
What of bliss the god may bring;
Nor aspire, for Cupid's sake,
To be wiser than the King!

Will it lengthen love's caress,
All his nature to explore?
Give the heart a pain the less,
Or the lips a kiss the more?

Thankful for the blessing lent,
(What beyond is worth a sigh?)
Let us love and be content,
Careless of the how and why.

Like the maid, who in her room,
Rears a fair and fragrant rose,
Happy in its breath and bloom,
Though its name is all she knows.

Not like him who sagely pries
Till its petals are shed;
Growing, doubtless, very wise,
But alas! the rose is dead.

A WASHINGTON INCIDENT.

Jones, who is an observant gentleman, found himself questioned on the Pennsylvania Patent Screw and Augur line of street cars by a man from the interior of somewhere. He was a tall, rawboned specimen of humanity, costumed in the middle ages of the West—that is, says Jones, as a middle-aged gentleman in Indiana, for example, gets up his wearing apparel. The middle aged man was accompanied by his wife and two daughters, and he asked our friend where the President's house was.

"On Pennsylvania avenue," responded our friend.

"What's the number?" demanded Western innocence.

"It has no number."

"No number?" gasped the querist.

"None whatever. It is the high privilege of the President not to be numbered. He is not liable to number or grade. He is the only man except Mullet who is above the Board of Public Works. If the Board were to order the President's house numbered, or begin digging about, the President would rise to a question of privilege, and then the Board would be in a devil of a fix."

"You don't say so? What would they do to it, do you suppose?"

"I can't say precisely; we never had a precedent, but more than probable the Board would be split into kindling wood."

"Poor devil! Well, stranger, I want to see the President."

"Do you want an office? If you do you must see Conkling"

"Do you want an order on the New York custom house for a job?"

"Don't want that neither. What I want is a little secret between Polly and me—Polly's my wife."

"Oh!"

"Well, I have no wish to pry into family secrets. I will point out the house when we reach it. It stands back in a yard, with a scarecrow in front to keep the office seekers from stealing the President's garden sass. You go to the front door and ring—no, kick on it—and a man will open it. That is not the President; but he will show you up to a room where you will find a small man attached to a big nose. That is not the President, although he thinks he is. Nosey will ask you for a card. Don't give him a deck; he only wants your name on a slip of paper to send in to the President. Then Nosey will say, "Sit down." You needn't be in a hurry to do that; you'll have plenty of time. After an hour Nosey will tell you that the President is seeing Senators. If you look sharp you can see them.—They will come in with their ebenezers elevated as if they smelled a bad smell. Then you'll be told at the end of an hour that the President is seeing members of the House. Then you'll be told the Cabinet is in session—to come again the next day. The next day you will be put thro' the same performances, and the next, and so on for a week, and then the doors will be thrown open and you will have the privilege of seeing His Excellency smoke say nothing for ten minutes."

"Great thunder! Polly, let's take our present and go home."

"Present! you don't mean to say that you have a present for the President?"

"Yes, we have. Fact is we have a stuffed goose—the biggest goose that ever walked. It's a perfect nat'ral curiosity, that goose, and Polly and I determined to fetch that goose and our daughters on and give it to the President."

"No express charge on it?"

"Not a charge; there it is, the biggest nat'ral curiosity of a goose"——

"My friend, kick at that front door; say 'Present for the President,' and you'll see him in three minutes, and before you can get home you'll be postmaster."

Jones saw the little family and the big goose disappear in at the door of the White House; and although the *Star* informed us that the President received that day, no mention is made of that goose.—*Capital.*

AN elderly gentleman was recently "confidenced" on a train running into Keokuk by sharpers, who induced him to buy a draft (worthless) on Buffalo for $157.40, he paying them two $100 bills, and they paying him $43 as change.—The conductor on the train took the first opportunity to quietly suggest to the innocent old gentleman that he was afraid the draft was a fraud. "Well," was the bland response of the imperturbable greeny, "if it is any bigger fraud than my two $100 notes were, then I am not $43 ahead—which I think I am. I am not in the habit of dealing in counterfeit currency, but I always keep a little of that sort of stuff about me for the benefit of that sort of customers."

A LADY witness said in a St. Louis court: "Give me the least grain of truth for a basis and I can ruin the character of any woman in the world."

Let gossips ponder this remark and they will be brought to a realization of its truth

WE gain nothing by falsehood but the disadvantage of not being believed when we speak the truth.

"RAISING THE DEVIL."

It was a dark and tempestuous night; a night to fill the soul with fright; the thunders pealed, the lightning flashed, the wild beasts squealed, and the elements clashed, while the rain from above in torrents dashed, when a poor preacher of the gospel wended his way through the dismal intricacies of a western forest many years ago.

The poor man felt anything but comfortable, for he was wet through to the skin, and almost tired to death. He had been tramping about since morning, besides he had lost his way, so that the reader can guess the state of mind he was in, and also appreciate the sudden transition from despair to hope which he experienced on seeing the glimmer of a light ahead. He quickened his flagging footsteps and soon came up to the light, which issued from the only window of a solitary log cabin in the forest.

Remembering the scriptural injunction, "knock, and it shall be opened unto you," he did so; but without meeting with any response. He rapped again, louder than before, and this time a gruff voice asked:

"Who's there?"

"It's I," was the indefinite reply of our rained-soaked parson.

"Well, who are you and what do you want?" asked the voice, gruffer than ever.

"A poor, benighted preacher of the gospel who has lost his way, and who wishes to stay here to-night," answered the parson, in a dolorous voice.

"Well, stay there—I don't see what's to hinder you."

"But I am almost starved, and I will pay you liberally for some supper," he responded, chattering with cold, and not in the least appreciating the joke.

The words "liberally pay" acted like open sesame, and after a few moments of delay, occasioned by the unfastening of the door, it was opened and our pastor entered.

He found himself in a rough apartment with a large fire-place at one end, in which a great log fire was blazing; a rough deal table and three chairs, besides a box filled with dry flax, comprised its furniture.

But all minor deficiencies seemed to be more than made up by the lady of the house, for she was fully six feet in height, and weighed nigh unto three hundred lbs.

After having placed some food on the table she turned to the parson, who stood shivering before the fire, making futile attempts to dry himself by alternately turning one side, and then the other, to the fire.

"Now I want you to eat this grub as quick as you know how, and then tramp, for it is perfectly impossible for me to keep you here over night!"

"But, my good woman," said the parson, anxiously, "I shall perish in this inclement weather; I have been wandering in this fearful storm since morning, and if you will have any compassion or pity at all you will try and give me some place where I can be sheltered from this storm for the night," and he offered her a five dollar bill.

"Well," said the woman, avariciously clutching the money, "if you think you can stay in the garrett, may be you can stay; but hurry up, for I expect my husband home every minute, and it's as much as your life is worth if he should find you here, for he's a very devil incarnate, and would think no more of murdering you than he would of shooting a grizzly bear!"

The woman produced a short ladder as she spoke, and bade the parson to get up in the garret.

There was a small "drop" or trap door in the ceiling, which raised of its own accord on the person's head pressing it upward, and not without some difficulty he managed to squeeze himself through the aperture.

After he was up, the woman told him to shut the trap, and not to make any noise for his life, and then taking the ladder away the parson was left to his own reflections.

Wet and uncomfortable as he was, his fatigue was such that he had almost fallen asleep, when he was disturbed by some one's knocking at the door.

Being somewhat curious to know what sort of a man his unknown was, he arose and peered through a small crack in the floor into the room beneath.

He saw the woman open the door cautiously, and after admitting a short, thick-set man in a heavy cloak, fasten it again.

From the mysterious actions and whisperings that ensued, our parson rightly concluded that the person who had just entered was not the woman's husband but her paramour, who had taken advantage of the husband's absence to pay the woman a nocturnal visit.

After whispering together for a while the woman went to a cupboard and produced a bottle of whiskey, and a plate of ham and bread, which she set on the table, and the twain were soon engaged in a loving repast.

While the parson was watching the guilty couple, there came a thundering knock at the door, which caused them both to jump to their feet in the greatest consternation. Without a moment's loss of time, the woman ran to the box of flax and emptied its contents upon the floor; she then bade the man, who was almost scared to death, to get into the box, which he was only too glad to do, and when he was in she rapidly covered him up with the flax. The woman then ran to the door and unbolted it, all the while rubbing her eyes as if just awakened out of her sleep.

"Why the devil don't you let a feller stand outside all night?" exclaimed the new-comer, a tall, powerful, villianous looking man, clad in a hunter's garb, as he dealt her a ringing box on the ear.

"I was asleep and didn't hear you before!" whimpered the woman. "And don't, for God's sake, curse so much, for there's a Methodist minister up in the garrett."

"Who cares for the Methodist minister, I'd lik to know? But I'll soon have him out of this hole. Here, you old canting hypocrite, come out of this and show yourself, or I'll make you!" he exclaimed, with many imprecations, as he set the ladder before the trap-door.

The poor parson, almost dead with fright, slowly descended the ladder, looking as white as a ghost, for, from the ruffians manner, he expected that he would be a ghost shortly.

"Don't hurt the poor man. See how sickly he looks!" exclaimed the woman, pitying the poor parson's distress.

"You shut up and mind your business, or it'll be the worse for you," was the gracious reply of her lord; then turning to the trembling parson, asked:

"Are you a Methodist minister, and do you believe in hell and the devil?"

The parson replied in the affirmative.

"Well, then, by the eternal, I don't! and if you believe in the devil you'll either make it appear, or I'll cut your lying throat and make you appear before him!" and he drew his bowie knife in a threatening manner.

The poor preacher was in anything but an enviable situation, and thoughts of the other world began to fill his mind with anxious forebodings, for it is a remarkable fact that however much clergymen preach and talk of the joys and bliss of the future world, they prefer to have others go and enjoy it.

This may be self abnegation or pure unselfishness—Heaven knows.

"Are you most ready?" asked the ruffian, raising his knife as he saw the other hesitated "I'll give you just three minutes, and if the devil is not here you'll be with the devil!"

"My friend," said the parson, into whose head a brilliant idea had popped, "that there is a hell is a well established fact, as I can prove by a hundred of writers, and that the devil exists allows of no contradiction; and that I have the power to make him appear is also true; but dreadful for you will be the consequence if he does! Better for you had you never been born than to see satan face to face in the wicked state in which you are in!"

"D—n you, stop your preaching, and call the old boy! I'll stand the consequences; and be quick about it, for time's up."

The parson went to the fireplace, and took from thence a burning brand, which he applied to the box of flax. It blazed up almost like gun powder, and the unearthly yell that issued from the poor devil in the box was truly appalling.

With an aerobatic power of the possession of which he was himself unaware, he leaped out of the box covered from head to foot with burning flax. With roars and howls of agony he made straight for the door, but he was not so quick as the owner of the premises, for with one look of terror at the burning figure he fled out of the house closely followed by his "Satanic majesty."

When they were both gone the parson gave his hostess a short but effective lecture on connubial duties, after which he seated himself comfortably before the fire.

When the woman's husband returned he treated the parson with the greatest respect, fully confident that he had the power to raise the devil at will.

ABOUT A WIDOW.

The writer contributes to the Chester (Pa.) *Republican* an article on "Tony Weller's Widow," from which we extract the following:

Another very courtable widow was a young lady of Washington, Pa. She became engaged to a young man named Robert ——, in 1846. Her father, however, objected to this match with one of his clerks, and when the young girl received a tempting proposal from a wealthy suitor, the paternal influence soon effected a marriage, despite the previous engagement. In less than three months her husband was killed by a kick from a horse. Robert was a second time a suitor, but delayed the important question until fifteen months elapsed, when, to his horror she informed him that she was engaged. In a short time thereafter she was married. Two years elapsed, when the married couple moved to Syracuse, N. Y., where, among the victims of the cholera, when the pestilence swept that city, was the second. Robert again sought her hand, and when a year had elapsed, was on the eve of a declaration, when, lo! he received an invitation to her wedding. Her late husband's business was found in such a state that to avoid immense losses she married her husband's partner. Shortly after she removed with her third husband to Detroit, Michigan. A few years elapsed when herself and husband were on a steamer that was wrecked near Buffalo. The husband perished, and the wife escaped solely through the exertion of a friend who was on board. His gallantry inspired such sentiments in her breast that she married her preserver a few months after her third widowhood. The happy pair removed to Pittsburgh, where the husband was engaged in mercantile business. Thither Robert, still cherishing his first love, followed. One day as he was passing the door of the husband's store, he saw a terrible commotion. Rushing in, he beheld the mangled corpse of that gentleman on the floor. A tierce of rice, being hoisted to an upper story had fallen through the traps, killing him instantly. Anxiously Robert inquired if any one had been sent to inform his wife, and was told that the bookkeeper had just gone. Robert started for Alleghany city, where the deceased had resided, at the top of his speed. The bookkeeper was just ahead of him, and from past experience knowing the value of prompt action, and apprehending that the clerk had designs on the widow, he ran for dear life, side by side. The race continued until they reached Hand street, when the clerk was obliged to stop to pay the tolls, while Robert, a commuter, passed over without stopping. Reaching the house first Robert told the heartrending news, and almost in the same breath made a proposal of marriage. He was accepted. True to her promise after a year of mourning she became his wife. As all her husbands had died wealthy, Robert was comfortably fixed, after all. This case is a remarkable example of what "pluck and perseverance" will do for a man, while at the same time it teaches a lesson on the danger of delay.

"EVERY MAN," said the dervis's, "has two angels, one on his right shoulder and one on his left. When he does something good, the angel on the right shoulder writes it down and seals it, because what has been well done is done forever. When he does evil, the angel on the left writes it down, and he waits till midnight. If before that time the man bows his head and exclaims, "Gracious Allah! I have sinned; forgive me," the angel rubs out the record; but if not, at midnight he seals it, and the beloved angel on the right shoulder weeps."