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The Kent News:

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

JAS. B. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:
Two DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance. If not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents may be charged.

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

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.

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. H. BAKER,
Counselor and Attorney at Law,
CHESTERTOWN.
☞ Particular attention given to collection of claims. jan30-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.
C. W. WARREN.
aug26-tf.

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.,
o22y. *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 DRINKING PURPOSE. *VICHY, KISSENGEN, CONGRESS* and other Waters, for sale at DRUG STORE WICKES'.

If you are in want of nice Clothing Store SHIRTS, call at the MERRITT & CO.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 32. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1872. No. 42.

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.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

BY virtue of three several writs of execution issued out of the Circuit Court for Kent county, and to me directed as Sheriff of said county, against Richard Peacock, to wit: one at the suit of J. Houston Eccleston, and the other at the suit of George W. T. Perkins, Executor of E. F. Chambers, use of Clement F. Jones, Trustee for Marshall, Benjamin C., and Elizabeth Jones, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title, claim, interest and estate of the said Richard Peacock, of, in and to all that

Farm or Plantation,

Situate and lying in the First Election District of Kent county, State of Maryland, on the public road from Galena to Chesterville, and also on the road from the Catholic Church to Millington, adjoining the lands of John H. Cummins & others,

Containing 284 ACRES OF LAND,

MORE OR LESS.

It being the same real estate which was conveyed to the said Richard Peacock by a certain William Miller and wife, bearing date on or about the 20th day of September, 1851, and recorded among the land records for Kent county aforesaid, in Liber J. R., No. 2, folios 20, &c., as reference to said deed will more fully appear.

And I hereby give notice, that on

TUESDAY,

The TWELFTH day of MARCH, 1872,
AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, M.,

At the Court House door in Chestertown, I will sell at public sale for cash to the highest bidder, the aforesaid lands and tenements, so seized and taken in execution, to pay and satisfy said writs of execution, debts, interest and costs due and to become due thereon.

A. B. WHEATLEY, Sh'ff.
Feb. 17, 1872-18—[10.50]

☞ *READ THIS.* ☜

New Goods! New Prices!

JAMES B. SAPPINGTON,
HAS just returned from the city, and has opened a full assortment of Fall Goods, which were selected with care from the best houses in the city. My stock of

Muslins, Calicoes, Canton Flannels,

Red & white Flannels, Bed Tickings, Shirtings, Domestic, Ginghams, Linsies, Kerseys and Satinets, are unsurpassed in quality and economy of prices.

A FULL LINE OF GROCERIES,
Sugars, of all grades, sold as low as can be bought in the Baltimore market.
Prime Rio Coffee, green and roasted;
Fine Teas, green and black;
Molasses and Syrups, cheapest in town.

Notions of all kinds.
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Hose, Men's half Hose, Suspenders, &c., Men's Undershirts and Drawers, all qualities and prices. Violin Strings, screws, cruppers and bridges.

BOOTS & SHOES.
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes, Men's, Boys' and Childrens' Boots and Shoes.

CROCKERY.
Plates, Cups and Saucers, Cream Pitchers, Sugar Dishes, Bowls, Vegetable Dishes, &c., will be sold very low.

Tobacco and Cigars
of all qualities and prices. Garrett's Scotch Snuff and Rappee Snuff.

Pure Cider VINEGAR.
Salt Fish, Mackerel and Labrador Herring, Powder and Shot, E B Gun Caps, Philadelphia Concentrated Lye, "Fisher's" Washing Chrystal, Soaps of all kinds, Rumford's Yeast Powders, Bacon, Flour, Lard, Cheese, Spelling Books, Copy Books, Letter writers, Slates, Ink, Ready reckoners, paper, etc. Castor Oil, Bateman's Drops, Pain Killer, Vermifuge and Wright's Pills. Essences of all kinds, Spices, Laudanum, and, in fact, if you want *any thing* come direct to

SAPPINGTON'S,

and you will save time, trouble and money.
I respectfully solicit an examination of my goods and prices. I will pay the cash or goods for all kinds of Country Produce.
☞ Store on Cross St., opposite G. E. Lambert's Coach Factory.
sep30-tf. JAS. B. SAPPINGTON.

A Card.

I respectfully inform my friends and the public that in the future I can be found at all hours, night or day, at my

DRUG STORE ON HIGH STREET,

where I will be at all times, ready to

COMPOUND MEDICINES

Accurately and with Dispatch.
I take pleasure in showing my
FINE ASSORTMENT OF
FANCY ARTICLES,
Which is varied and attractive.

☞ **No Trouble to Show Goods.** ☜

Thanking my friends for their liberal patronage bestowed in the past, I would kindly ask a continuance of the same.
T. W. WICKES.

P. S.—Persons wishing Medicines will always find Dr. T. S. HOLT'S ... when not professionally engaged.
Feb. 3—tf.

KENT COUNTY, this 27th day of January, 1872. I hereby certify that subscriber, a Justice of the Peace of Maryland, in and for Kent county, formally appeared January, 1872, before me, and after being duly sworn says that Adam Jones, colored, a slave of Richard Harris, of Sassafras, by a person called Christy Jones, was left ... foot white, and white line down his face and both eyes blind. JOHN TITT, J. P.

NOTICE is hereby notify ... Barnes, colored, to take her away, prove property, pay charges, advertise and sell him as the law directs.
LEANDER ...

FOOD FOR THE SICK: CORN STARCH, FARRINO, ARROW ROOT, TAPIOCA, SAGO, SEA MOSS, for sale at WICKES' DRUG STORE.

WARRANTED PURE Whole Ground Spices, of every kind, cheaper than they can be bought elsewhere.
C. F. STAMPER.
jan27.

LINES.

BY FATHER RYAN.

The waves were weary, and they went to sleep,
The winds were hushed,
The starlight flushed
The furrowed face of all the mighty deep.

The billows yester eve so dark and wild,
Wave strangely now—
A calm upon their brow,
Like that which rests upon a cradled child!

The sky was bright, and every single star,
With gleaming face
Was in its place
And looked upon the sea—so fair and far.

And all was still—still as a temple dim—
Where low and faint
As mourner's plaint
Dies the last note of the Vesper hymn.

A bark slept on the sea—and in the bark
Slept Mary's Son—
The only one
Whose face is Light! where all, all else is dark.

His brow was heavenward turned, His face was fair;
He dreamed of me
On that still sea—
The stars He made gleamed through His hair.

And lo! a moan moved o'er the mighty deep,
The sky grew dark!
The little bark
Felt all the waves awaking from their sleep.

The winds wailed wild and wilder billows beat;
The bark was tossed;
Shall all be lost?
But Mary's Son slept on—serene and sweet.

The tempest raged, in all its mighty wrath—
The winds howled on—
All hope seemed gone,
And darker waves surged round the bark's lone path.

The sleeper woke! He gazed upon the deep—
He whispered—"Peace!
Winds—wild waves, cease!
Be still!" The tempest fled—the ocean fell asleep.

And ah! when human hearts by storms are tossed;
When life's lone bark
Drifts through the dark,
And 'mid the wildest waves, where all seems lost,

He now, as then, with words of power and peace,
Murmurs—"Stormy deep,
Be still—still—and sleep!"
And lo! a great calm comes—the tempest's perils cease!

A SPHERE FOR WOMEN.

Women are naturally good economists. They are apt to understand how to make limited means go as far as possible. If a man and his wife are united in the desire to get rich, the man is likely to think most about earning the money; while the wife will attach more importance to saving it.

Almost every American earns money enough to be well off, and in time to be rich. If he does not become so, it is, in many cases because he has no wife, or because he does not take her into his counsels. He is full of enterprise, and makes an income—if he does not prosper it is often because he does not hold on to it. His wife, very likely, has the faculty of conservation which he lacks; and if he has the shrewdness to enlist her in his plans, he will find his fortune made.

In Continental Europe book-keeping is a part of the education of a well taught farmer's daughter, and his wife presides over the finances of the establishment. In England, woman's aptitude in the promotion of material prosperity is too little thought of; and a woman who, as a rule, was untaught in respect to judicious economy, makes an expensive wife. Her husband perhaps keeps her in ignorance of his finances, purposely. If he is prosperous, she becomes accustomed to plenty of money, and ill prepared for reverses. If he is not prosperous, she has to bear the pinchings of poverty without knowing how to help him to avoid the pressure.

Marriage would be easier and happier if young women were taught the principles of account keeping, and systematic habits in respect to finance; and if the young husband would take his wife into his confidence and make her income and expenditure, and the accumulation of the first few hundred dollars a matter of common interest.

A woman of average intelligence and good sense can make fortune of a man whose love she enjoys and who will give her for the purpose all share in the responsible control of the income of the household. She is not generally be able to enter into business plans; but if she knows his income (whether wages, salary, or current profits,) and his personal expenses, she can thus foresee what usually must be ready to "cut the coat according cloth," and will be aside some cerupulous than he to lay aside some of every season as the beginning of fortune.

VIRTUE ASCRIBE TO PRECIOUS STONES.—The ancients ascribe peculiar medicinal virtues to the various precious stones. The topaz is said to fortify the heart and protect the wearer from the plague and fever. Placed under the tongue it is supposed to quench thirst, and restraining the wearer from the temptation of suicide by drowning. They assert it cheers the mind, and, if applied to the abdomen, cures the colic, and many similar diseases. The emerald is said to be an excellent specific for bites of vipers; if it is powdered and drunk in water, it is said to cure all venenous wounds. If an emerald is shown to a viper, it is supposed that it will put out its eyes. It is said to be a charm against epilepsy, and, if gazed upon steadfastly, to strengthen the sight. The torquoise is held in great esteem, being considered useful in diseases of the eye, the bites of scorpions, and for strengthening the sight. The corenlian varies in its virtues according to the depth of its color. If deep red, it is said to prevent the sad effects of anger; if flesh colored with white rays, it stops hemorrhages; another kind, when reduced to powder, is said to stop toothache. Emery is said to cure all kinds of wounds, and various diseases of the stomach. Lapus lazuli, when powdered, serves the cases of diseased eyes, and hematite relieves the gout and other maladies—when powdered and mixed with milk or warm water, it is said to counteract the effects of poison.

DID NOT NEED PRAYING FOR.—A clergyman on exchange found a note in the Bible to the effect that Brother A. requested the prayers of the church that the loss of his wife might be blessed to him, etc. The preacher prayed most fervently. To his amazement and mortification he found that the note had lain in the pulpit a year, while the bereaved gentleman had married on this Sabbath sitting with a new wife in the congregation.

THE GREAT PRINCIPLE.

HUSBAND AND WIFE—THE DIFFERENCE.

One of my peculiarities is a strong tendency to differ in opinion from other people upon almost every possible subject. I never mouth the matter—I come out roundly.

I have no doubt the reader is fond of roast-beef and plum-pudding. Now I detest them. Nothing could be more gross, earthly, stultifying. I am for light diet—milk, rice, fruit—sweet, harmless things of nature. Thus I am light as air. I am keenly susceptible to every moral and natural beauty, which few enthusiastic beef-eaters are.

I differ from everybody in another thing—I believe in love at first sight. We ought to be able to tell in a week whether a woman would do for a wife. The judgment of true love is intuitive; a glance and it is done. A man of genius has in his own imagination a standard of the object of his love—an unexplainable model—the prototype to which exists somewhere in reality, although he may never have seen or heard of her. This is wonderful, but it is true. He wanders about the world, impervious to all the delicious, thrilling, soul-melting beams of beauty, till he reaches the right one. There are blue eyes—they are tender, but they do not touch him. There are black—they are piercing, but his heart remains whole. At length, accident flings him into contact with a creature—he hears the tones of her voice—he feels the warm streams of soul shining from her countenance.—Gaze meets gaze, and thought sparkles into thought, till the magic blaze is kindled, and—they fall in love.

It sometimes happens that for one model in the imagination of this man of genius, there are accidentally two or three prototypes in real life; or rather he has two or three different models.

It is a great misfortune for a man to have more models than one. They lead him astray. They involve him in difficulties.

And yet metaphysicians and phrenologists ought to know, that it is no affair of his. If a schoolboy have the organ of destructiveness, you may whip him for killing flies, but you must not wonder at him. If a youth ——. But this brings me back again to my subject.

I never could tell how many of these models Fred had; a great many, no doubt. But that was his business.

Oh, the sweet women! It is almost incredulous. He must have dealt in magic. It was a perfect blessing to be near him to catch the light and heat of the thousand glances which fell upon him, and of which you caught a few stray ones, though only by accident. Lovely women fell into his mouth like ripe plums. He had clusters of them. They all loved him, and he loved them them all. His soul was as large as St. Peter's.

"What are you thinking of, Fred?" I inquired.

"Caroline," he answered.

"She who left yesterday for England?"

"Yes—I love her."

"And *she?*"—

He rose and opened an escritoire.

"Is it not perfectly beautiful?"

The sweet relic of golden sunshiny hair lay curled charmingly in a rose-colored envelope. It *did* look pretty. But—

"Has Caroline such light hair?" asked I. Fred hastily looked again in the little pigeon-hole, and drew forth another rose-colored envelope—another and another.

I smiled—so did he.

"What a vile, narrow prejudice it is," said Fred.

"What?"

"That a man can love only once. I have loved twenty—fifty—nay, a hundred times. I always love some one. Sometimes two at a time—sometimes twenty."

"Heartless!" exclaimed I. "This is not *love!* Love is sole, absorbing, pure, constant, immutable."

"Hark ye," said Fred. "I seldom cease to love. Adding another angel to the list does not infer the striking out any of the others. There is no limit. A man of soul loves just as he happens to be placed in relation to women. I am warmed by them, as I am when I stand in the sunshine. Because I have a garden here when the beams of the god of day fall on my shoulder with a pleasing ardor—must I not feel the warmth when I stand in your garden yonder? It is the great principle. I know twelve pretty women.—They are better than men. Nature made them so. They are all different—all excellent—all divine. Can I be blind? or be deaf? Shall I deny that their voices are sweet—their hearts tender—and their minds clear and intelligent? No. I love them all—Julia, Mary, Fanny, Helen, Henrietta, Lizzie. I never think of them without sensations of delight."

Fred felt a hand upon his shoulder—he looked up. It was Mrs. B., his wife.

I had withdrawn, of course. I am a bachelor myself. Curtain lectures are not in my way. I have troubles enough here of my own. Mrs. B. did not come down to dinner. Mr. B did not come home to tea. I did not get up next morning to breakfast. So I could not know what was the result.

Mrs. B. is one of the very loveliest women I ever met. I believe I have two or three models myself. It is pleasant enough but then—every rose has its thorns.

"Only think!" said she to me, her eyes moistened with tears, her cheek mantled with shame, her bosom palpitating with distress, "twelve! he loves twelve," he says."

"A whole jury," said I.

"It is monstrous," said she.

"Monstrous indeed!" echoed I.

"What if I should love twelve officers!" said she.

"Tit for tat," said I.

"Or six," said she.

"Too good for him," said I taking her hand.

"Or three," said she.

"Or *one*," said I, drawing her toward me, and kissing her soft lips. She was my only sister, and I always loved her.

The plot was arranged. Frederick had meditated a journey of two days, but was called back by an anonymous note, at nine the same evening.

Tall women are so scarce! We hired the uniform at the tailors'.

"I am thunderstruck!" exclaimed Fred to me. "The world is at an end. The sun is out. What! Kate—my dear Kate!"

Tears gushed from his eyes.

"I saw it myself," said the servant.

"Kissed her!"

"Six times," said John.

Frederick caught the pistol and pointed it at his head. I wrenched it from his grasp.

"Come with me," I said, "perhaps it may be a mistake."

We opened the door softly. In the next room sat Mrs. B.; at her feet a richly-dressed young soldier, who kissed her hand, received from her a lock of hair, swore he loved her, and left her with an ardent embrace.

"I am suffocating," said Fred.

"Hush!" I exclaimed. "See, there is another. How familiarly he seats himself by her side—takes her hand"—

"I shall strangle to death."

"Patience!"

"Dearest colonel!" exclaimed Julia.

"The other was only the lieutenant," whispered John.

"I am blessed with too few such faithful friends!"

Fred held red still with the grasp of a giant.

"That love you I cannot deny. A woman of soul loves just as she happens to be placed in relation to men! She is warped by their noble characters, as she is warmed by the sunshine. It is the great principle."

"Devil of thy sex," said her companion.

Fred burst forth, levelling both pistols at the colonel. He pulled the triggers, but they did not go off. Pistols loaded with water seldom do.

The colonel uttered a scream, and fled.

"Madam said Fred, swelling with indignation, have you any *more* of these affectionate friends?"

"Only one, my dear husband. Why, what ails you in such a rage?"

"Infidel wretch!"

"Hear me" said Mrs. B., solemnly.—"When we married, I intended to devote my life, my actions, my heart to you.—From you expected the same. I can see no distinction in our relative duties towards each other. Love must exist on both sides or on neither. Whatever may be the opinion of a heartless world, a "man of all" and of virtue makes his wife"—

"Hear me to be preached to, traitress," said Fred. "I leave you now, forever; but not till I take vengeance on my new military acquaintances. Where are they?"

"They are here," she answered.

The door was thrown open, and the two officers with their *chapeaux* off, were heard laughing and laughing in a most unmilitary manner.

Fred so discovered the truth, and I read him a moral.

Husbands, all, remember that wives have quanguish and shame with yourselves, in receiving a *share* of affection, though they do not possess your despotic power in exterting it. The slightest dereliction even though only the carelessness of a moment, on the part of a wife, stamps her forever with ignominy and pain; while the absurd customs of society allow a man a greater latitude, in slighting, neglecting, and deceiving her whose happiness is in his keeping. Of these customs the man of soul" will never take advantage.

Elephant and Bull Fight.

A combat recently took place at Madrid between the celebrated elephant Pizarro and a wild bull. The excitement among the people of the Spanish capital, for days previous to the fight, was tremendous. The price of seats in the amphitheatre rose to a fabulous figure; and when the length the eventful day arrived, the place was packed to its utmost capacity. There was some by-play of the usual bull-fighting order; but the spectators had come to witness sport of a different kind, and soon grew clamorous for the elephant.—The barrier gates were at length thrown wide open, and the immense form of Pizarro was seen slowly advancing into the ring. To his hind legs was attached a massive chain, the other end of which was immutably secured by means of a ring to a post which had been firmly planted in the centre of the amphitheatre. This precaution was necessary, because Pizarro was liable to violent fits of anger, during which he was liable to do a great deal of mischief.

The intense disgust of the audience, the beast was very tame. The bull was apparently awed by the immense size of his opponent: and Pizarro cared so little for his antagonist, that he occupied himself with picking up oranges and cakes thrown to him from the boxes. At length, irritated by darts and fire-crackers, the bull made a desperate charge; but, being thrown back on his haunches by the violence of the shock, he could not be induced to renew the fight. After standing still for a few minutes, as if to recover from his astonishment, he slunk, thoroughly intimidated, in a corner, from which neither fireworks nor the irritating red mantle could make him stir. A second bull succeeded in inflicting a slight wound on Pizarro's trunk; but, like his predecessor, soon gave up in despair.

The singular combat was renewed the next day, with just as tame results. The bulls were apparently perplexed to know what to make of a monster from whose huge head they rebounded as if they had charged against a solid wall. After one or two attempts they would retire, and nothing could drive them to make another charge. As for the elephant, he took things in a very cool and philosophical manner; and ate his oranges and drank his wine, which was freely sent him from the boxes, with the dignity befitting a monster of his importance and prowess. But as no man was killed, and as none of the brute antagonists received a serious wound, the gentle audience came to the conclusion that a bull and elephant fight was a very tame and uninteresting affair. Something better was expected of Pizarro, who is known to be a vicious-tempered animal. In one of his fits of fury he once made a raid through the streets of Saragossa, in the course of which one of his tusks was broken. At Madrid he seemed to look upon his antagonists as worthy only of passive contempt.

JOSH BILLINGS says: "Success don't konsist in never making blunders, but in never making the same one the seckond time."

A MODERN WIFE.

"You're a pretty girl to be married!" said an aged aunt to her niece. "Why, what do you know about housekeeping—just from a boarding school? I am sure your husband has need of a mint of money?"

"La, aunt, I expect to board; you need not think I shall bother my head about domestic affairs. Everybody boards now, who gets married genteelly, the first year."

"What shall you pay a week for such kind of living?" inquired the aunt.

"Mr. Hyde says that he can get first-class board and accommodations for fifteen dollars; two rooms beautifully situated, and I'm sure that is cheap enough."

"What is Hyde's salary?"

"Why, six hundred dollars now, and the promise of promotion—perhaps eight hundred before the year is out."

"So you are going to live on the perhaps, are you? Now let me tell you, Susie, you talk foolishly. If your husband is at present receiving six hundred, do you lay by one of them. It's all nonsense to go beyond your means."

"Why, aunt, nobody would respect us if we did not live as stylish as other people. There is a great deal in beginning."

"True, child; that is what I am trying to impress upon you."

The year passed away. Susie lived in style, paid fifteen dollars for board, received her genteel acquaintances, worked some very fancy netting, drew a few sketches from old paintings, grew tired of boarding, and was just entering upon fashionable housekeeping, when lo! a defalcation came out. Hyde had taken money unlawfully, was arrested, held to bail, and a prison stared him in the face.

Susie did not believe him guilty; they had always lived so economical, and it could not be.

But the trial proved otherwise, and he was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for years.

"How came you to do it, Hyde?" asked the good old aunt.

"To please my wife's fancy," was the reply. "She wanted to live like other people, and I wished to gratify her, and in this way I committed my first breach of trust."

The broken-hearted wife lamented the beginning she had made, when, alas! it was too late to rectify it. She found respectability preferable to gentility.

She now lives at her father's, with a worse than widow's sorrow to harrow her feelings, and takes in sewing for a livelihood.

The plain road to ruin is here clearly marked out. We see what must have been the result of such a course, but are not thousands of others sacrificing their husband's reputations by less obvious but still as certain courses of extravagance. Away with the nonsensical thought that gentility demands such a sacrifice beyond one's ability. If you value the opinions of the truly worthy and estimable, you will find them always on the side of prudent expenditure and economical living.

"Cut your garment to suit your cloth," is an old maxim—but the sentiment is as true now as in the olden time. A life of gaudy show may do for a butterfly, never for a man or woman who expects to survive one season.

The wife should strive to aid the husband in the toils of life, and honest industry hardly ever fails of bringing health and contentment. Then, young man, look well ere you make choice of a life partner.

CURE FOR LOCK-JAW.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* recommends turpentine as a cure for lock-jaw. He says: "Let any one who has an attack of the Lock-Jaw take a small quantity of turpentine, warm it, and pour it on the wound no matter where the wound is, or of what nature it is, and relief will follow in less than one minute. Nothing better can be applied to a severe cut or bruise than cold turpentine; it will give certain relief almost instantly. Turpentine is also a sure remedy for croup. Saturate a piece of flannel on the throat and chest, and in very severe cases three to five drops on a lump of sugar may be taken inwardly.—Every family should have a bottle on hand." This remedy is simple and can be easily tested. In all serious cases an application should be made under medical advice.

REMEDY FOR PAINFUL WOUNDS.—Take a pan or shovel with burning coals and sprinkle upon them common brown sugar, and hold the wounded part in the smoke. In a few minutes the pain will be allayed and recovery proceeds rapidly. In my own case a rusty nail had made a bad wound in the bottom of my foot.—The pain and nervous irritation was severe. This was all removed by holding it in the smoke fifteen minutes, and I was able to resume my reading in comfort.—We have often recommended it to others with like results. Last week one of my men had a finger nail torn out by a pair of ice tongs. It became very painful, as was to have been expected. Held in sugar smoke for twenty minutes the pain ceased, and it promises speedy recovery.—*Country Gentleman.*

WHEN General Jackson was President, a heartless clerk in the Treasury Department ran up an indebtedness with a poor landlady to $80, and then turned her off, as he did every other creditor. She finally went to the President with her complaint, and asked if he could not compel the clerk to pay the bill. "He offers his note," she said, "but his note is good for nothing." Said the President, "Get his note and bring it to me." The clerk gave her the note with a jeering request that "she would let him know when she got the money on it." Taking it to the President he wrote "Andrew Jackson" on the back of it, and told her she could get the money at the bank. When it became due the clerk refused to pay the note, but when he learned who was the endorser, he made haste to "raise the wind." The next morning he found a note on his desk saying that his services were no longer required by the Government—and it served him right.

AN old lady from one of the rural districts astonished a clerk in one of the stores a few days ago by inquiring if he had any "yaller developments sich as they did up letters in."

A YOUNG lady tells how to prevent chappy cheeks. Have nothing to do with cheeky chaps.

THREE LOVES.

There were three maidens who loved a king;
They sat together beside the sea,
One cried, "I love him, and I would die
If but for one day he might love me."

The second whispered, "And I would die
To gladden his life or make him great."
The third one spoke not, but gazed afar
With dreamy eyes that were sad as fate.

The king, he loved the first for a day,
The second his life with fond love blest;
And yet the woman who never spoke
Was the one of the three who loved him best.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

A lady, who signs herself "A Martyr to Late Hours," offers the following sensible suggestions to young men:

Dear gentlemen, between the ages of "eighteen and forty-five," listen to a few words of gratuitous remarks. When you make a social call of an evening, on a young lady, go away at a reasonable hour. Say you come at eight o'clock, an hour and a half is certainly as long as the most fascinating of you in conversation can, or rather ought, to desire to use his charms. Two hours, indeed, can be very pleasantly spent with music, chess, or other games, to lend variety; but, kind sirs, by no means stay longer. Make shorter calls and come oftener. A girl—that is, a sensible, true-hearted girl—will enjoy it better, and really value your acquaintance more. Just conceive the agony of a girl who, well knowing the feelings of a father and mother upon the subject, hears the clock strike ten, and yet must sit on the edge of her chair, in mortal terror lest papa should put his oft repeated threat in execution—that of coming down and inviting the gentleman to breakfast. And we girls understand it all by experience, and know what it is to dread the prognostic of displeasure. In such cases a sight of relief generally accompanies the closing of the door behind the gallant, and one don't get over the feeling of trouble till safe in the arms of Morpheus. Even then sometimes the dreams are troubled with some phantom of an angry father and distressed (for all parties) mother; and all because a young man will make a longer call than he ought to.

Now, young gentlemen friends, I'll tell you what we girls will do. For an hour and a half we will be most irresistibly charming and fascinating; then beware; monosyllable responses will be all you need expect. And if, when the limits shall have been passed, a startling query shall be heard coming down stairs: "Isn't it time to close up?" you must consider it a righteous punishment, and, taking your hat, meekly depart—a sadder and, it is to be hoped, a wiser man. Do not get angry; but the next time you come, be careful to keep within bounds. We want to rise early these pleasant mornings, and improve the "shining hours," but when forced to be up at such unseasonable hours at night, exhausted nature will speak, and, as a natural consequence, with the utmost speed in dressing we can barely get down to breakfast in time to escape a reprimand from papa, who don't believe in beaux—as though he never was young—and a mild, reproving glance from mamma, who understands a little better poor daughter's feelings, but still must disapprove outwardly to keep up appearances. And now, young men, think about these things, and don't—for pity's sake, don't—throw down your paper with a "pshaw!" but remember the safe side of ten.

Spare the Broom.

In many families carpets are worn out more rapidly by the unscrupulous use of the broom than by any other means. If the good man of the house, coming in from the dusty streets, chooses, instead of going around to the kitchen door, to walk straight through the sitting room, something like half a dozen grayish spots will mark his footsteps across the carpet. Up jumps the wife, spelling the broom, and vigorously "persuades" the dust clear out through the kitchen, perhaps the passage also, finally ejecting it at the side door.—Returning she sits down at her sewing, and soon detects herself scattering a few shreds and small cuttings on the carpet. These are too insignificant for the rag-bag, so the broom is again called into requisition, this time to do the duty of fingers. Next come in the little ones with their after school lunch of crackers and gingerbread. Of course, crumbs are dropped upon the carpet, and forth again comes the omnipotent broom. So it goes. I have known a woman to "brush out" a room five times in an afternoon. A great improvement on this old fashion is to have a light carpet brush and small japanned dust pan, hung away in some convenient corner; then when dust or litter calls for removal, it can be taken up on the spot with almost no offence to the carpet, and without the trouble of dragging it through one or two rooms. The brush should have a long handle for those to whom it is a fatigue to stoop. Threads and bits of cloth and paper should be picked up by the hand, if the carpet is considered worth preserving as long as possible.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

Young Men Read This.

What the Drunkard Says: Mr. McLeod, an English writer, puts the following language in the mouths of those who visit the rumseller's den.

"There's my money—give me drink! There's my clothing, and food and fire of my wife and children—give me drink!—There's the education of the family and the peace of the house—give me drink! There is the rent I have robbed from my landlord, fees I have robbed from my schoolmaster, and innumerable articles I have robbed from the shopkeeper—give me drink! Poor me out drink for yet more; I will pay for it! There's my health of body and peace of mind; there's my character as a man and my profession as a Christian; I give up all—give me drink! More yet I have to give! There's my heavenly inheritance and the eternal friendship of the redeemed; there, there is all hope of salvation! I give up my Saviour! I give up my God! I give up all that is great and good and glorious in the universe; I resign forever that I may be drunk!"

SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE.—A young man asked his sweetheart if he might be permitted to kiss her, and give her an affectionate hug. "No," said she, "I can't allow that; but I'll tell you what I will do; I'll split the difference with you—you may kiss me, and I'll hug you."

One Sermon on Sunday Better than Two.

Dr. Holland writes in *Scribner's Monthly* for March:

The world has been preached to pretty thoroughly for the last hundred years.—The advocates of many sermons have had it all their own way, and we should like to ask them whether the results of preaching—pure and simple—satisfy them?—What preacher is there who has not been a thousand times discouraged by the result of his labors in the pulpit? How small are the encroachments made upon the world by it! With all our preaching in America—and we have had more of it, and better, than has been enjoyed in any other country—we should, but for the prevalence and power of Sunday Schools, have drifted half-way back to barbarism by this time. Preaching to a great population of lazy adults, who do nothing for themselves or the children, and nothing for the church but grumblingly to pay their pew-rent, and nothing for the world around them, is about as thriftless a business as any man can engage in. Let us saw wood and eat pork and beans, for to-morrow we die.

And now let us state our conclusions:

First—There is no way to improve the character and quality of our preaching except by reducing the quantity. The advancing intellectual activity and capacity of the people demand a better sermon than the fathers were in the habit of preaching—such a sermon as our preachers cannot possibly produce with the present demand for two sermons on a Sunday.

Second—For all practical purposes and results, one sermon on a Sunday is better than two. It is all that the average preacher can produce, doing his best, and all that the average hearer can receive and "inwardly digest."

Third—One sermon each Sunday gives the whole church half a day in which to engage in Sunday School and missionary work, and a Sunday evening at home—an evening of rest and family communion.

Of course we shall be met by the stereotyped questions: "Will not our people go somewhere else to hear preaching if they cannot get the two sermons at our church?" "Will not young people go to worse places on Sunday night if the churches should be shut?" The answer to the first question is, that no one will leave "our church" who is worth anything in and to it; and to the second, that whether the young will go to worse places will depend something upon the attractiveness of Christian homes, which are now rather lonely and cheerless places on a Sunday, we confess. Still, if places of worship must be open for them, it is easy to have union services, dividing the work among the pastors. There are a thousand ways to meet special exigencies like this, for which we shall find our means amply sufficient when the broad reform moves through the land, for the reform must come, and the sooner the better.

PEACH BUDS.—Mr. Samuel Townsend, in a letter to the Middletown *Transcript*, says: Now with regard to buds; every bud that has a black speck in the centre of it now will never swell or blossom, and let persons who wish to satisfy themselves tie a string around a twig and count the buds; if they are now frozen they will drop off before or by the time sap starts. Should there be some living buds on said twig they will swell. Where good buds pass through the winter and swell in March (and I have known them in the last of March to get near the size of a honey bee,) and the peak of the bud begins to show the red blossom leaves, then a sudden freeze comes on and freezes the little germ in the center of the blossom, then a warm spell comes the outside leaves of these swelled blossoms will open; and that is what has given rise, in the minds of less observant peach growers, to believe dead buds blossom. All peach buds that are frozen to death before they swell, that is, those that have black speck in them, never blossom.

Important.

We were sitting with Horace one afternoon in that little disreputable sanctum of his adjoining the counting-room of the Tribune. The old gentleman was in one of his chronic conditions of grumble and discontent. He had that mealy appearance so common to him, that made him resemble a blonde miller, fresh from the dust of his flour mill, and was expressing his private opinion in a public and somewhat profane way, when a colored gentleman was announced.

"Let him come in," roared the philosopher, and an aged darkey, clad in broadcloth, gold-rimmed spectacles, and a cane headed with the same precious metal, stalked in.

"Mr. Greeley, I believe?" he inquired.

"Yes. I'm Mr. Greeley; what do you want?" was the gruff response.

"Well, sah," said old Ebony Specs, seating himself as he deposited his hat and cane on the floor—"Well, sah, I've been thinkin' our race don't pay enough attention to scientific pursuits, sah."

We saw the cloud gather on the intellectual countenance of the great journalistic Bohemian. It broke in thunder. In a voice wherein was blended the shrill tones of a hysterical woman and the growl of a tiger, he exclaimed:

"Scientific pursuits! you damned old fool; you want a hoe-handle and a patch of land—that's the scientific pursuits you want. Get out."

NOVEL BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.—The Pittsburg M