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The Kent News:

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

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

PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:

Two DOLLARS per annum, 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.

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.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE subscriber most respectfully informs the public that he has made arrangements with Dr. Thos H. Whaland to carry on his

MILL

near Chestertown, for the present year.

His long experience in the business and his reputation as a Miller warrants him in the belief that he can give universal satisfaction.—As soon as practicable he intends to keep on hand a good supply of

CORN MEAL,
WHEAT FLOUR of all Grades,
HORSE FEED, &c., &c.,

which he is determined to sell at reduced prices.

He only wants to make the regular toll, and will be compelled to sell for Cash only as his capital is small and he does not intend to keep books.

He will use all means to make the Mill a public convenience as well as a source of profit. A trial is all he asks.

Most respectfully,
SAMUEL A. ANTHONY.
Jan. 6, 1872—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.

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 DEBILITATED.
VICHY, KISSENGEN, CONGRESS
and other Waters, for sale at
WICKES' DRUG STORE

FOOD FOR THE SICK!

CORN STARCH, FARRINO, RICE FLOUR, TAPIOCA, SAGO, SEA MOSS FAINE, for sale at
WICKES' DRUG STORE.

Kent News.

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

Vol. 32. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1872. No. 47.

NEW GOODS!

Purchasers Look to Your Interest!

MRS. H. A. FOWLER

WILL continue business at the store room recently occupied by L. S. Fowler, and having made her purchases this week in the city, and added a variety of useful and necessary articles not heretofore kept in stock, would respectfully request ALL CASH BUYERS to examine her stock, as she intends to sell

Exclusively for Cash or Produce,

she hopes to be able to suit all who may favor her with a call, at prices entirely satisfactory. Her stock will embrace

Ladies', Misses and Children's
(City made and Eastern) GAITERS,
BALMORALS

And HEAVY GOODS of the varied styles in demand.

A NICE ASSORTMENT OF
Notions, Hosiery, Gloves, Handk'fs, &c.

☞ Also, a good stock of GROCERIES, Glassware and Varieties generally.

H. A. FOWLER
Chestertown, March 2, 1872—tf.

N. B.—All persons having due bills or claims against L. S. Fowler, are notified that they will be paid when presented at the counter, and all persons owing him are earnestly requested to make immediate payment, as his business must be closed here or pass into other hands for settlement. mh2-tf

AMUEL MERRITT. WM. J. MCFEELY

S. Merritt & Co.,

HAVE JUST OPENED A NEW
Clothing and Furnishing Goods Store
IN CHESTERTOWN,
at the Old Stand on BORDLEY'S CORNER, where
Gents' and Boys' Clothing
can be had in every style and quality, from the lowest to the finest grades.

Our stock of
FURNISHING GOODS
is very full, embracing every article worn by gentlemen, except Shoes and Boots. Our line of HATS and CAPS cannot be surpassed in the town for variety and styles.

Having purchased our stock of the best houses in Philadelphia and Baltimore for the cash, we are confident we can make it to the advantage of our friends and the community generally to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere, our motto being "Whatever is to the advantage of our customers, is also our interest." Oct. 14.

THE BICKFORD
IMPROVED
Family Knitting Machines.

PERFECTION in work and simplicity of construction has been attained in this Machine. It knits both circular and flat web with perfect selvage edge, making a perfect hand stitch. It narrows and widens, knitting heels and toes of stockings to perfection, with ribbed or plain stitch, and is a Crocheting as well as Knitting Machine.

It makes all the intricate fancy stitches of the Crocheting needle better than hand work. It is so simple that a child can operate it, and the rapidity of its work is truly wonderful—20,000 stitches per minute.

This Machine has carried the First Prize at the Maryland State Fair, Maryland Institute and Virginia State Fair, this Fall, and was the principal Machine at all of them. They are more valuable in the family than the Sewing Machine. Price $25 and $35. Send for circulars. Agents wanted in every part of Maryland. Liberal terms.

Address J. A. HAMILTON.
General Agent for Maryland,
d16- 47 N. Charles Street, Baltimore.

R. B. RUSSELL,
High Street, near the Voshell House,
Has now in store a full supply of very superior
Cigars, Confectionery, and Tobacco
for the season, which can be bought as cheap as any where in the Town

Chewing Tobacco,
of all grades, both Sweet and Natural; also, Fine Cut

Smoking Tobacco,
SNUFF and PIPES, a good assortment.

☞ Lovers of the weed are invited to call.

Also, in store an assortment of
CANDIES, FRUITS,
AND
GENERAL PRODUCE.

FRESH BREAD every afternoon.

Everybody is invited to call and buy something. Dec 16.

Carpets, Floor Oil Cloths, &c

INGRAIN, LIST, COTTAGE, AND HEMP CARPETS.
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, NEW STYLES.
BEST AND INFERIOR GRADES.
MAHOGONY & ROSEWOOD TABLE OIL CLOTHS, BEST GOODS.
CARRIAGE CANVASS, PLAIN, TWILLED & DUCK.

For Sale by
T. W. ELIASON, JR.
Chestertown, Jan. 17, 1872.

Hardware! Hardware! Hardware!

CALL AND EXAMINE MY LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
FARMERS' and BUILDERS'
HARDWARE.
TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY, SCISSORS, RAZORS, &c., &c.,
For sale at very small advance on first cost, at the TIN, STOVE AND HARDWARE STORE of J. K. ALDRIDGE.
March 9, 1872.

GAMBRILL'S
PATAPSCO EXTRA FLOUR,
Now on hand and for sale at Baltimore Prices by T. W. ELIASON, JR.
January 17, 1872.

GROCERIES.—A fine assortment of Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Spices, Buckwheat Meal, Flour of different grades, &c
JOS. S. WEER,
Feb. 24, 1872. Kennedyville, Md.

"MOTHER'S FOOL."

"'Tis plain to me," said a farmer's wife,
"Those boys will make their marks in life;
They never were made to handle a hoe,
And at once to College ought to go.
There's Fred, he's little better'n a fool,
But John and Henry *must* go to school."

"Well, really, wife," quoth Farmer Brown,
As he set his mug of cider down,
"Fred does more work in a day for me
Than both his brothers do in three.

Book larnin will never plant one's corn,
Nor hoe potatoes, sure's you're born,
Nor mend a rod of broken fence;
For my part give me *common sense*."

But his wife was bound the roost to rule,
And John and Henry were sent to school,
While Fred, of course, was left behind,
For his mother said he had no mind.

Five years at school the students spent:
Then into business each one went.
John learned to play the flute and fiddle,
And parted his hair, of course, in the middle;
While his brother looked rather higher than he
And hung out a sign, "H. Brown, M. D."

Meanwhile at home their brother Fred
Had taken a notion into his head;
But he quietly trimmed his apple-trees,
And weeded onions and planted peas;
While somehow, either by hook or crook,
He managed to read full many a book,
Until at last his father said:
"He is getting 'book larnin' into his head;
But for all that," added farmer Brown,
"He's the smartest boy there is in town."

The war broke out, and Captain Fred
A hundred men to the battle led,
And when the enemy's flag came down,
Went marching home as *General* Brown.
But when he went to work on the farm again,
And planted corn and sowed his grain,
Re-shingled the barn and mended the fence,
The people declared "he had common sense."

Now common sense was very rare,
And the State House needed a portion there;
So the "family dunce" moved into town,
And people called him Governor Brown,
And his brothers who went to the city school
Came home to live with "mother's fool."

The Art of Not Hearing.

The art of not hearing is fully as impartant to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much time and money is expended. There are so many things which is painful to hear, many of which, if heard, will disturb the temper and detract from contentment and happiness, that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds at will. If a man falls into a violent passion and calls me all manner of names, the first word shuts my ears, and I hear no more. If in my quiet voyage of life I am caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, I shut my ears, as a sailor would furl his sail, and, making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame my feelings, I consider what mischief these sparks might do in the magazine below, where my temper is kept, and instantly close the door. Does a gadding, mischief-making fellow begin to inform me what people are saying about me, down drops the portcullis of my ear, and he cannot get in any farther. Some people feel very anxious to hear everything that will vex or annoy them, they set about searching and finding it out. If all the petty things said of one by the heedless or illnatured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pincushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. I should as soon thank a man for emptying on my head a bushel of nettles, or setting loose a swarm of mosquitoes in my chamber, or raising a pungent dust in my house generally, as to bring upon me all the tattle of spiteful people. If you would be happy when among good men open your ears; when among bad, shut them. It is not worth while to hear what your servants say when they have slammed the door; what a beggar says whose petition you have rejected; what your neighbors say about your children; what your rivals say about your business or dress. I have noticed that a well-bred woman never hears an impertinent remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves me from many insults, from much blame, from not a little apparent connivance in dishonorable conversation.

"WHEN THE DARK COMES."—A little girl sat, at twilight, in her sick mother's room, busily thinking. All day she had been full of fun and noise, and had many times worried her poor, tired mother.

"Ma," said the little girl, "what do you suppose makes me get over my mischief and begin to act good just about this time every night?"

"I do not know, dear. Can you tell?"

"Well, I guess it's because this is when the dark comes. You know, I am a little afraid of that. And then, ma, I begin to think of the naughty things I've done to grieve you, and that perhaps you might die before morning, and so I begin to act good."

"Oh!" thought I, "how many of us wait 'till the dark comes in the form of sickness, or sorrow, or trouble of some kind, before we begin to act good! How much better to be good while we are enjoying life's bright sunshine! and then 'when the dark comes'—as it will, in a measure, to all—we shall be ready to meet it without fear."

AN old bachelor, picking up a book, exclaimed, upon seeing a wood-cut, representing a man kneeling at the feet of a woman: "Before I would kneel to a woman, I would encircle my neck with a rope and stretch it." And then, turning to a young woman, he inquired: "Do you not think it would be the best I could do?" "It would, undoubtedly, be the best for the woman," was the sarcastic reply.

AT the very time we help others, we find by that act our own moral power strengthened, and the time may come when in a more direct way the help we have extended may be returned.

EDUCATION is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.

NONE are so seldom found alone, and are so soon tired of their own company, as those coxcombs who are on the best terms with themselves.

GOLD is an idol, worshipped in all climates without a single temple, and by all classes, without a single hypocrite.

A SMART young lady, in reply to why she did not get married, said she was unable to support a husband.

MOST of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light.

So slowly does laziness travel that poverty soon overtakes it.

WORDS cannot heal the wounds that words can make.

A FORTUNATE BLUNDER.

"What's that you say Hayden? The Bolton Bank broke? It can't be possible!"

And Frederick Wells, who had been reclining in one chair, with his feet resting on the back of another, the very picture of indolent enjoyment, sprang to his feet, tipping over his chair, and sending the cigar he was smoking to the further end of the room.

"Yes it is; it is here in the paper, as you can see for yourself. But what is it to you? Did you have anything invested there?"

"No; but Miss Neal had—which amounts to about the same thing."

An air of intense chagrin overspread his handsome, though rather effeminate features as he read the paragraph to which his companion pointed.

"Confound it," he muttered, "'tis always my luck to have my dish tipped just when it's full! Though I must say, if it's got to come that I'm glad it happened the month before our marriage."

Charles Hayden, a young man whose features told of far more manliness and goodness of heart, gazed at the speaker with an air of undisguised astonishment.

"Why so, Wells? you surely did not seek the hand of Miss Neal simply for her money?"

"Well, no; I can't say that. She is a most lovely and charming woman; and it really cuts me to the heart to give her up. But then I am too poor to afford such a luxury. And Miss Neal can no more afford to marry a poor man than I a poor girl. So we're about even."

"And have you no thought for the pain that your desertion will inflict upon the heart you have won?" said Hayden in a tone of suppressed indignation.

"Softly, my dear fellow," said Wells, who had resumed his former comfortable position, and was solacing himself with a fresh cigar, "I hardly think that it will be any such desperate affair to Miss Neal as you suppose. Indeed, I've thought several times of late, that had it not been for her foolishly high idea of the binding nature of such a promise, she would have broken the engagement herself."

"And knowing this, you would have held her to its fulfillment?"

"Not being sufficiently disinterested to refuse the gift of fifty thousand dollars, I rather think I should."

"You are not worthy of a true-hearted woman, like Ellen Neal," was the indignant response.

"Then so much the better for her, that I should leave her to be appropriated by some one that is—you, for instance. It strikes me that you used to be somewhat interested in that quarter; now is the time, old fellow, for you to go in and win."

Charles Hayden scarcely felt or heard the covert sneer in these words, so much was he engrossed by the new-born hope that had sprung up in his heart, and which made its pulses beat so quickly and strongly.

"So you are to be married next month, my dear?" said Mr. Thornly to his ward, Ellen Neal.

"Yes, I believe so," was the rather indifferent reply.

Mr. Thornly studied his ward's face for a moment with his keen eyes.

"I don't believe you care two straws for Frederick Wells."

"Oh! not so bad as that, guardie," said Ellen, with a faint smile; "though I have sometimes feared that I don't give him the affection he deserves. He seems to be very strongly attached to me."

"Humph! my opinion of Frederick Wells is, that he is too much in love with his own handsome face to be very much attached to any woman."

"You are too severe. Any way, I have promised, and cannot break my word."

"Oh, no, certainly not; far better break your heart."

"I don't believe I've got any," was the laughing rejoinder. "If I have I've never been able to discover it. Never fear for me, guardie; I dare say I shall be as happy with Fred as with any other."

Yet in spite of these lightly spoken words, there rose up before her mental vision one with whom she knew she could be far happier. But even if she had been free to choose, how did she know that he would choose her? True, she had sometimes fancied—but what right had she to indulge in such fancies?

When Mr. Thornly reached his office he found Frederick Wells waiting to see him; who said with an air of constraint, not to say embarrassment, not at all remarkable, when we consider the awkward errand on which he came:

"I heard of Miss Neal's misfortune last evening, sir, and I assure you with deep regret—"

"Miss Neal's misfortune? What the deuce d'ye mean?" said the old gentleman, gruffly, with whom the young man was by no means a favorite.

"Why, the failure of Bolton Bank, to be sure," Mr. Wells responded quickly, the suspicion entering his mind that the shrewd old lawyer was trying to dodge the question.

"Oh, ah, yes, I think I understand you. Well, what of it?"

"Only this, sir, that deeply as I regret the necessity, the high regard I cherish for your ward, and the knowledge that I shall be unable, at least for some years, to offer her such a home as she is accustomed to and merits, demand the sunder of our engagement."

"That is to say, in plain English, my ward, having lost her fortune, Mr. Wells no longer desires to marry her."

In spite of all his efforts, Mr. Wells felt his cheeks tingle beneath the quiet scorn in the eyes that rested upon his countenance.

"You put it rather harshly," he said, forcing a smile; "but we won't quarrel about terms."

"Very good. All I have to say is, that what you are pleased to term Miss Neal's misfortune, promises to be the best thing that could happen her. Good morning."

When Mr. Thornly saw his ward again, in the evening, his countenance wore a curious expression.

"I have important news for you Ellen; one portion of it, rather bad, but the other so good as to more than make up for it. Indeed, as I told a certain young man this morning, I consider it too the best thing that could possibly happen to you. First, for the bad; the bank, in which your money was invested, has gone up, and won't probably pay two cents on a dollar. Now for the good; in consequence of this, Mr. Frederick Wells called to express his regrets, that he must relinquish the honor and happiness of making you his wife."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Ellen.—"How I have been deceived in him. I thought he loved me for myself alone.—O, Mr. Thornly, how thankful I ought to be that I have discovered how false his heart is, before it is too late."

"Mr. Hayden is in the parlor and wants to see Miss Ellen," said a servant—opening the door.

Ellen entered the parlor in a rather perturbed state of mind; much as she rejoiced at her escape, she could not but feel deeply grieved at this discovery of the unworthiness of him whom she had hitherto esteemed so highly as to often reproach herself that she could not love him as he deserved.

Mr. Hayden's mind was, also, much disturbed, though from a very different cause.

It was in vain that young gentleman tried to recall the neat little speech, that he had conned over on his way to the house. As is usual in such cases, it completely vanished from his mind as soon as he found himself in the presence of the lady, for whose benefit it was intended.

At last, making a desperate effort he broke the rather embarrassing silence by saying:

"My dear Miss Neal, I have heard of your loss of fortune, and cannot express what a great burden it lifted from my heart. I was so truly rejoiced, as to quite forget——"

Here startled by the indignant astonishment depicted upon Ellen's countenence, the poor fellow stammered, and then stopped.

"Sir—Mr. Hayden," faltered Ellen, deeply wounded at language so different from what she had anticipated! "I am at a loss to understand why you should rejoice over my misfortune."

"Dear one, I know it is very selfish in me, and yet I was never half so happy in my life as when I learned that I might, without being accused of unworthy motives, tell you what a privilege I should deem it to cherish and care for you, as man cherishes and cares for the dearest object of his love."

The sudden revolution of warm feeling, caused by these words, sent warm, happy tears to Ellen's eyes.

"I thank heaven for the reverse of fortune that has given me the rich treasure of your love," she murmured, as she laid her hand softly in his.

Half an hour later, the lovers were receiving the congratulation, and the warm approval of Ellen's guardian.

The old gentleman listened silently, and with evident enjoyment to the plans they laid for the future.

"I am sorry to spoil your pretty romance of "Love in a Cottage," and all that sort of thing," he said at last, "but the fact is, Ellen—though, as I told you, your fortune was invested in the Bolton Bank—I happened to withdraw the money the week before it failed. But don't be downhearted about it, my young friends, you'll find plenty of people who will gladly relieve you of its burden. If you can't dispose of it in any other way, you might donate it to found a "mission school" for the "Feejee mermaids," or some other equally as practicable missionary enterprise."

We can't say as to whether our young couple followed this suggestion, but this we know that throughout her long and happy married life, Ellen often had occasion to bless the fortunate blunder.

MAKING EIGHTY THOUSAND DOLLARS WITHOUT ONE CENT OF CAPITAL.—The following is from a New York letter to the New Bedford Mercury: I heard the other day of a profitable transaction made by two young Jews, who came here penniless and almost in rags, which for shrewdness and success has seldom been equalled. They were walking about the town looking for employment, when they noticed in the Custom House a quantity of slightly damaged coffee advertised to be sold at auction in a few days. At once forming their plan of operations, they immediately visited various wholesale dealers, and offered to secure them coffee at five per cent. discount.

This was accepted and orders received from reliable firms enough to cover the whole cargo in the Custom Honse. On the day of the sale these two poverty stricken Jews were among the crowd of dealers assembled to inspect the various sacks of coffee. When the bidding commenced these two adventurous ones bid very low. The crowd looked at the poor devils once, and thinking they wanted a sack or two, let their bid remain good, and it was knocked down to them at an extremely low figure.

"How much do you want, more than one sack?" inquired the auctioneer.

"The whole cargo, sir," they quickly replied.

There was a general laugh at their audacity, which increased when the auctioneer mocking asked for their security.—But the tables turned when the poor Jews very quietly drew out orders from leading merchants, whose genuineness could not be denied, and these an hour before paupers found themselves possessed of eighty thousand dollars without expending one cent to obtain it, or seeing the coffee at all.

A NEW METHOD OF SETTLING DIFFICULTIES.—Two politicians of Suffolk county recently got into a controversy, and as no amount of persuasion seemed to cool the ire of one of the parties, he challenged his opponent to fight a duel. The latter having a right to choice of weapons, insisted on rotten eggs. It was useless for the challenger to plead the ridiculous position in which they would be placed. His antagonist insisted. They met, a limited number of eggs were used on both sides, and they separated, neither being dangerously wounded.

"I WISH I had your head," said a lady one day to a gentleman who had solved for her a knotty point.

"And I wish I had your heart," was his reply.

"Well," said she, "since your head and my heart can agree, I don't see why they should not go into partnership."

THE press, pulpit and petticoat—the three ruling powers of the world. The first spreads knowledge, the second morals, and the last spreads—considerably.

A SAD STORY.

Many years ago a picturesque spot, on the Ridge road, about six miles northwest of Lockport, New York, was the location of a handsome and comfortable homestead. The farm in rich acres sloped away to the northward, and the buildings were shaded by stately trees of oak and maple. The family which resided there was respected alike for its wealth and worth, and from that parental roof went forth to homes of their own a goodly number of lovely daughters and noble sons. One of these, more ambitious than the rest, thought to better his already prosperous fortune by accepting the golden promises of California, at that time so temptingly held forth. While there he met and loved a young girl who was filling the honorable position of nurse maid, in a rich man's family. She was uneducated and of humble birth, but amiable and remarkably beautiful. He placed her in a boarding school, where she remained for several years, until her education was completed, when he married her.

He was then a very wealthy man, and had decided to return with his young wife to his native State. At San Francisco they took passage in a sailing vessel for New York, which when within two hundred miles of the latter port, sprung a leak and rapidly filled with water. When the captain saw that his vessel was sinking, he let down the boats and into them lowered the female passengers. When this poor young wife learned that her husband was not going, she implored them to allow her to stay and die with him. But the captain was inexorable, and she was torn from his arms and lowered into the boat, which hurriedly made for the land. What an agonized farewell! The wife looked back and saw that loved husband for the last time, clinging to the mast of the vessel as it sunk into the pitiless sea. The poor girl reached the home of her husband's parents in safety, and a few months after her arrival became the mother of a bright little boy. A few years later she visited a Southern State, taking her child with her. From that fatal tour she returned childless, and the remains of her darling boy lay in a Southern grave. By her child's death the last tie which bound her to her husband's kindred was broken, and she came back to Lockport, grieving over the manifold sorrows which had befallen her in a stranger State.

Weary of her lonely life, she at last listened to the protestations of an ardent suitor and married him; and entrusted her property, which was considerable, although $80,000 in gold went down with that ill-fated vessel.

This second husband proved to be a gambler and worse; and after squandering the larger portion of her wealth, he fled with the remainder, leaving her with two children, penniless and homeless.—And now, in an obscure dwelling a few miles outside of the city, this sad wreck of a once lovely and beloved woman subsists by the charity of a single friend.

Woman Worship and Man's Duty.

Woman worship is not a mere poetical fancy, but has its seat deep down in the heart of nature. When the youth asserts his beloved to be his queen, swears eternal vigilance, and vows forever to be worthy of, and to serve her, he is really but following the dictates of his nature, who worships the female as ardently as he does. She is undoubtedly the most favored, and in elementary constitution at least, if not in actual form, must claim a place in nature long anterior to the origin of man, in the sexual sense of this term. For theological purposes she may have been formed of the rib of Adam; for Mahommedan or Morman uses she may be but the mere slave and creature of man, without even a soul to be saved except through his sovereign will and pleasure; but the religion of nature demands rather the sacrifice of the other sex to her eternal law.

It will not be difficult to apply these principles to the great woman question of the day. Man is the great acting, working force; all that appertains to providing or protecting is his place in nature. The gun, the plough, the ship, the sword—the elements of force, whatever they be, and the ballot, which is to direct and control that force—all these are the essential prerogative of man. At the same time these laws and forces should be used for the interests of woman; and where they are not, man is not fulfilling the purposes for which he was created.—*Old and New.*

A KENTUCKIAN and a Yankee were once riding through the woods, the former on a fine black horse, and the Yankee on an inferior animal. The latter wanted to make a "swap," but he did not see how he was to do it. At last he thought of a plan. His horse had been taught to sit down like a dog whenever he was touched by the spurs. Seeing a wild turkey, the Yankee made his horse perform his trick, and asserted that he was pointing game, as was his custom. The Kentuckian rode in the direction indicated by the horse's nose, and up rose a turkey. That settled the matter; the trade was made, and saddles and horses were changed. After a time they came to a deep and rapid stream, over which the black horse carried his rider with ease. But the Kentuckian, on the Yankee's old beast, found great difficulty in getting over, and when he had reached the middle of the stream he was afraid the horse would allow himself to be carried away, and so endeavored to spur him up to more vigorous action. Down sat the old horse on his haunches. "Look a here!" shouted the enraged and partially submerged Kentuckian to the Yankee on the other side of the stream, "What does all this mean?" "I want you to know, stranger," cried the Yankee, preparing to ride away, *that there hoss will pint fish jist as well as he will food.*"

CHARLES SUMNER took his seat in the United States Senate, as successor to Daniel Webster, December 1, 1851, the same day on which Henry Clay appeared in the National Senate for the last time.

A WISE Frenchman says: "If a lady says, I can never love you," wait a little longer; all hope is not lost. But if she says, "No one has more sincere wishes for your happiness that I, take your hat."

IT is said that the application of a good coating of gum arabic every night on going to bed, will cure the worst corns in a few weeks.

COUNTING TWENTY-FIVE.

How the Wife of a Utica Editor Curbed His Ungovernable Temper.

I found the cherished face of Maria Ann wreathed in smiles the other evening when I returned from my arduous daily toil.—I am engaged as standing man at a saloon. So many candidates are treating that the saloon keeper hires six of us to be treated. We all drink with every candidate who comes in, and it makes business pretty brisk.

Said my chosen one: "Joshua, I am afraid you do not always find me an angel in disposition."

Said I: "That's so—hic—my dear. I don't seldom find you 'nangel in—in anything."

"And," she added, "you are not always the most pleasant man in the world."

I did not feel called on to reply.

"Now," said she, "read that."

She had cut an item from the columns of some paper wherein a demented writer told about some impossible woman who, being troubled with a bad temper, counted twenty-five every time she got provoked, and thus became a sweet, amiable, and dearly loved ornament of the house of her delighted husband. I read the article as well as the condition of my head would allow and remarked, "Bosh."

Maria Ann paid no attention to me, but unfolded her plan. She said that every time I got mad I should count twenty-five, and every time she got mad she would count twenty-five. I asked her who she thought would pay our rent while we sat and counted twenty-five over and over all day long. Then she said I was always raising objections to her plans for our mutual improvement, and I said I was not, and she said I was enough to try the patience of a saint, and I said she was too, and she came for me, and I told her to count twenty-five; but she forgot all about that, and just tallied one in my left eye.

Then I was going to remonstrate with the poker, and she told me to count twenty-five, and I said I would not; but I did before she had pulled more than half my hair out. Then she made me count twenty-five over and over until I was out of breath and felt real pleasant and good natured. So we went to supper. Now, the cat was curled up in my chair, but I did not see it until I sat down; and I did not see it then, but I was pretty sure it was there, in fact I knew it was there as well as I wanted to, and more too.

I felt inclined to rise up suddenly, but as I gathered to spring she brandished the tea-pot, and murmured: "Joshua, your temper is rising; count twenty-five or I'll break your head;" and that cat was drawing a map of the Tenth Ward with her claws around behind me, with the streets and boundaries marked in my blood. I rose to explain, and said—"My dear, I—" but she caromed on my head with a well shot tea-cup, and sprinkled my face with a quart of hot tea, and I sat down and counted twenty-five; but it killed the cat. The old fellow died hard, though—I could feel him settle as his nine lives went out one by one.

A few day's practice of this rule, under the loving instruction of Maria Ann, has enabled me to conquer my temper completely. Nobody can get me mad now, I am in a state of perpetual calm, and I want to see the man that wrote that story. I want to fit him for the hands of an undertaker, and make a demand for mourning goods among his friends. Then I can die happy—counting twenty-five.

Confuted by Scripture.

The late Elder John Smith, of Kentucky, who died recently at an advanced age, was one of the most eccentric wits south of the Ohio river, and a true gentleman. He was familiarly known all through Kentucky and the West by the *sobriquet* of "Raccoon Smith." While still in the Baptist ministry, and attending one of the annual meetings of the body, a tall, lank, green specimen of humanity presented himself before the Association as a candidate for the ministry. He was not regarded as being of entirely sound mind, and labored under the hallucination that he was especially "called to preach," and kept constantly importuning the Association to grant him the necessary license. In addition to his partially unbalanced mind, young Weeks was the possessor of as huge and ungainly a pair of feet as ever trod shoe leather.—Tired of his importunities, and not being disposed to grant the license, the Association handed him over to Smith, with instructions to make an end of the case, and between them took place the following conversation:

Smith—"So, Brother Weeks, you think you have a special call to preach?"

Weeks—"Yes, the Lord has called me to the work, but the Association refuses the license."

Smith—"How do you know that you are called?"

Weeks—"Know it? I feel it in my heart of hearts. I want my license."

Smith—"Do you believe the Bible, Brother Weeks?"

Weeks—"Certainly I do, every word of it."

Smith—"Well, if I can prove by the Bible that you are not called to preach, will you be satisfied to drop the matter and not further importune the Association for a license?"

Brother Weeks assented to this, and "Raccoon Smith" deliberately opened the New Testament at Romans x, 15, and in grave tone read:

"How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace," etc; then glancing at Week's large feet, said:

"You see, Brother Weeks, that the *feet* of the preacher are beautiful; you, sir, have the most monstrous ugly feet of any man in the State of Kentucky; therefore, by this Bible, it is clear that you have not been especially called."

As Smith finished his remarks, the entire Association went off in a paroxysm of laughter, and Weeks, really concluding that he had not been "called," bolted from the meeting house, and never afterward annoyed the Association for a license.

A SOLDIER who was an inveterate joker and punster, having had his nose, left cheek, and a portion of his chin carried away by a shot, was asked by some of his comrades if they could do anything for him. "Boys," said he, speaking as well as he could in his mangled condition, "I should like a drink of water mighty well, if I only had the face to ask for it."