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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.

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Kent News.

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

Vol. 33. CHESTERTOWN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1872. No. 21.

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.

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

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.

GROVER & BAKER'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
SEWING MACHINES,
For sale on reasonable terms, by
N. G. WESTCOTT,
mh16-tf. Chestertown.

THE 'WEED'
"F. F."---Family Favorite,
Sewing Machine!
LOCK STITCH! STRAIGHT NEEDLE
The Most Simple, Elegant, Economical and Desirable of any in use.
"THE WEED" was awarded the HIGHEST PREMIUM for family purposes, in an exciting contest with EIGHTY-TWO others, and is the Best Finished Instrument of the kind in the whole Exhibition.—[Report Paris Exposition, Gallignani's Messenger, (French) June, 1867.]
ALSO, THE
"M. F."---Manufacturer's Favorite,
Having a space of nearly twenty inches under the arm—a positive feed on three sides of the needle. Without Cam, Cog Wheels, Compound Cranks, Wire Springs or Revolving Shafts.
SILENT! RAPID! POWERFUL
These Machines are in use by many families in Chestertown and Kent county, and are universally preferred over all others by Ladies who have used different kinds. Every family should have one.
Send for Circulars and Samples.
HINES & BURCHINAL,
AGENTS.
d3-tf. Adjoining the Bank, Chestertown

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

Lumber! Lumber!

NEW STOCK.
JOHN T. DODD & SON,
Have removed their LUMBER YARD from the old stand of Wm. Vannort to the Yard in the rear of their Carpenter Shop, up town, and have just received a full supply of
Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shutters, &c.
OF ALL KINDS.
No. 1 HEART CYPRESS SHINGLES
No. 1 SAP do. do.
No. 1 WHITE PINE PALES,
No. 1 HEMLOCK PALES,
WHITE PINE FENCING,
HEMLOCK FENCING,
PLASTERING LATHS,
White Pine CULLINGS and SELECTS,
SCANTLING, JOIST & BILL STUFF.
Thanking our customers for their past patronage, we respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. UNDERTAKING will receive our special attention as heretofore.
apr20. JOHN T. DODD & SON.

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.*

MILL NOTICE.
PARSONS' MILL,
At the HEAD OF CHURN CREEK,
having recently been put in complete order, is now prepared to grind all kinds of grain in the best manner. By giving my personal attention to the business, farmers may rely upon having full justice done them in every particular. Grain chopped for one-tenth.
ap27-6m. N. K. MURREN.

LEWIS' WHITE LEAD,
And COLORS,
Turpentine, Varnishes and Paint Brushes,
For sale by C. F. STAM & BRO.

COLIN F. STAM. LOUIS K. STAM
C. F. STAM & BRO.,
CHESTERTOWN, MD.,
DEALERS IN
DRUGS, CHEMICALS
PERFUMERY,
AND FANCY TOILET ARTICLES.
Surgical Instruments
TRUSSES, ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, And SHOULDER BRACES.
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs,
School Books, Stationery, &c.
Physicians Prescriptions carefully prepared at all hours.

TRUSSES A SPECIALTY.
A FIT GUARANTEED IN ALL CASES!
Trusses furnished at city prices, for cash.
C. F. STAM & BRO.

STATIONERY.
French and American Tinted Note Paper; Billet, Packet, Fools-Cap, Legal-Cap, Record-Cap and Bill-Cap Paper,
For sale by C. F. STAM & BRO.

C. F. STAM & BRO.,
Have just received a large and well selected
Stock of BOOKS,
Embracing treatises on "The Trotting Horse of America," by Hiram Woodruff; "The Horse in the Field and Stable," by McClure and Harvey; 'Farm Draining,' 'Gardening for Profit,' 'Grapes and Wine,' 'Pear Culture,' by Quinn; "WHAT I KNOW OF FARMING," BY HORACE GREELEY,
'The Practical Poultry Keeper,' 'Beecher's Receipt Book,' Books of Song and Poetry, Romances and Novels by popular authors.
Do not fail to call and examine our stock. Remember, we take pleasure in displaying our Goods. C. F. STAM & BRO.
Aug. 24, 1872.

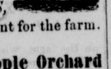
NEW FIRM IN MILLINGTON!
WEST & JOHNSON
HAVE just returned from the City and opened an assortment of
FALL & WINTER GOODS,
Consisting of a general assortment of
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, &c.
Persons wishing to buy Goods at a Fair Price will do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Our motto is "QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS."
WEST & JOHNSON.
Sept. 7, 1872—4m.

NEW MERCHANT TAILOR SHOP
IN CHESTERTOWN.
ABE SCHWARTZ,
FROM PHILADELPHIA,
RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity that he has opened in the store room up town, opposite Capt. Thompson's, a
First Class Tailor Shop
where he keeps on hand an assortment of Piece Goods and Samples of Piece Goods, almost to suit the taste of every man and youth, and is ready to receive orders for CUTTING and MAKING UP SUITS to fit, under guarantee, even at low prices. Gentlemen in want of a suit of good clothes have no need of going to the cities therefor, as all will be convinced by an examination of his goods and prices.
SCOURING, CLEANING and REPAIRING done promptly and in the best manner—almost like new. ABE SCHWARTZ.
Chestertown, Aug. 24—3m.

DAVY & HUNT,
GREAT WESTERN
Carriage and Harness BAZAAR,
1311, 1313, 1315 and 1317 MARKET Street, PHILADELPHIA.
Falling and Shifting-top Buggies, $80 to $200.
Germantown (Shifting Seats) from $70 to $150.
Rockaways (Leather trimmed) $80 to $135.
Dearborns, No Top Buggies, Jagger and Business Wagons from 50 to $125
Single Harness from 15 to $75 per set.
Double Harness from 25 to $95 per set.
Blankets, Whips, Halters, Sheets, Afghans and everything appertaining to the business at equally low prices.
Our motto is "Cheaper than the Cheapest." Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.
Aug. 10, 1872—6m.

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.

FAMILY GROCERIES!
MRS. A. M. SMITH
HAS now in store and keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of
Groceries, Confectionery
NOTIONS, &c.,
Consisting in part of Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Flour Bacon, Lard, Butter, Salt Fish, Vinegar, Molasses, Soaps, Buckets, Brooms, Tobacco and Segars, Snuff, Pipes, Oil, Lamps and Lamp Chimneys, Notions, Nuts and Candies of various kinds, and other articles too numerous to mention, all of which will be sold at the very lowest cash prices.
ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange for Goods.
Thankful for the patronage heretofore extended to her, she asks a continuance of the same.
Store opposite the Voshell House.
jan28y. MRS. A. M. SMITH.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.
BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court of Kent county, as a court of Equity, the undersigned will expose to Public Sale to the highest bidder,
ON WEDNESDAY,
The NINTH day of OCTOBER, 1872,
AT 11½ O'CLOCK, A. M.,
In front of the Court House door, in Chestertown, all that
Farm, or Tract of Land,
in Morgan's Creek Neck, owned by Isaac Reynolds and occupied by Mr. Rash, containing
87 ACRES, 2 Roods and 5 Perches,
MORE OR LESS.
This property adjoins the lands of Mr Bosee and others; lies immediately on the new main road leading through Morgan's Creek Neck from Chester River to near Urieville.
THE DWELLING
AND

OTHER BUILDINGS,
are convenient and sufficient for the farm.
THERE IS A
Small Peach and Apple Orchard
on the farm, of good fruit and in bearing. A number of young Peach Trees have also been set out.
The land has been somewhat improved.—The neighborhood is a good one, and it is only two miles from a landing on Chester river.
THE TERMS are cash, but the Trustee has power to modify them to suit a purchaser.
H. W. VICKERS, Trustee.
Chestertown, Sept. 14, 1872—ts.

DRILLS AND HOES.
CHAPMAN & LAMBERT,
At their Old Stand in Chestertown,
Are prepared to do all kind of repairs on
The Bickford & Hoffman Drill,
and can furnish all EXTRA PARTS for the same. Other Drills repaired.
HOES.
The attention of Farmers is invited to our improved Hoe for cutting off Corn, which is made of the best cast-steel, and very light.—This hoe cuts a very low stubble, making it easy to drill over.
All work on Drills cash. ag31-2m.

A GREAT BARGAIN
THE UNDERSIGNED WISHING TO DISCONTINUE MERCHANDISING,
OFFER A RARE BARGAIN
IN A FINE LOCALITY FOR BUSINESS, CONSISTING OF
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES
HATS, CAPS, &c.
Call and examine our Stock.
COMEGYS & BRO.,
Kennedyville, Kent County, Md.
Aug. 3, 1872—tf.

TAX NOTICE.
THE TAXES for the year 1872 for the Fifth 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. For the convenience of tax-payers I will be at Grey's Inn Wharf every Monday morning; at Edesville every Monday afternoon; in Chestertown on Tuesdays, at Rees' Corner on Wednesdays.
MORGAN BROWN, Collector.
N. B.—All persons indebted to me for taxes for 1871, are hereby notified that unless the same are paid by the first day of September, 1872, I shall be compelled to collect them by the shortest legal process.
MORGAN BROWN, Coll'r.
jy27-tf.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS
OF THE SECOND DISTRICT.
TAX-PAYERS of the Second District are notified that their taxes for the present year (1872) are now due, and I am prepared to receive them. I shall in a few days begin to send accounts to parties, with the legal notice to pay within thirty days, and in all cases, at the expiration of that time, will proceed to collect the same. The stringent enactment of the last General Assembly renders this course necessary. G. W. WARREN,
Aug. 3—tf. Coll. 2nd Dist.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.
TAX-PAYERS of the Third Election District are notified that their taxes for 1872 are due, and demanded. The collector will shortly begin to serve parties with their accounts and the legal notice to pay. In all cases where the legal notice is given, he will proceed, at the expiration thereof, to collect by law. The last Act of Assembly renders this course necessary. The collector will be found every SATURDAY AFTERNOON at Wm. V. Lucas' store, Smithville, from 2 to 6 o'clock, P. M.
WILLIAM HEPBRON,
Collector of Taxes for Third District.
July 27, 1872—tf.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.
THE subscriber gives notice to the Tax-payers of the Fourth Election District, that their taxes are now due, and their accounts made out. He will at once commence to deliver them, in all cases bearing the legal notice. After thirty days he will proceed to collect the same, so that he may be prepared to comply with the stringent enactment of the last General Assembly.
CHAS. H. DAVIS,
Collector of Taxes for 4th Dist.
July 20, 1872—tf.

New Store at Buck Neck.
THE undersigned would announce to their friends and the public generally, that they have opened a NEW STORE at
BUCK NECK WHARF,
Under the firm name of
MOORE & BEACHAM,
and will keep on hand a general assortment of
GROCERIES,
Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes
HATS AND CAPS,
and such other goods as are usually kept in a country store. Also,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
OF ALL KINDS,
to which the attention of Farmers is particularly invited, and which we guarantee to sell as low as they can be bought in the city.
Plow Castings also kept on hand.
COUNTRY PRODUCE of all kinds taken in exchange for goods, or at a fair cash price.
GEO. T. MOORE,
my4-y* WM. H. BEACHAM.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

A FARM BALLAD.

Well! Farmer Smith has lost his wheat, his sheds and mammoth barn;
His little boy, with one small match, burnt up the whole concern;
I tell you, wife, he'll feel it sore; a man on money bent
Can't stand up under such a load, when not insured a cent.

I don't know as I pity him; I call it a great sin
To hoard the harvest of three years in spacious barn and bin;
I can't feel pity for a man who double locks his door,
And stops his ears to all the cries that come up from the poor.

I like to see economy, I like to see men save,
And lay up something for their kin when they are in the grave;
But you and I know very well, from what we both have seen,
There is a line which, when 'tis crossed, a man gets to be mean.

When wheat was sixteen shillings—a price that paid us well—
Smith said, "I'll wait for twenty, I vow, before I'll sell,"
Then when it reached that figure, he said to me one noon,
"I guess I'll hold it longer; 'twill be three dollars soon."

He held it, and he ran in debt for things to wear and eat;
When merchants dunned him, he would say—"wait till I sell my wheat;"
Soon that old tune got fiddled out, and men began to sue,
And he began to borrow to pay accounts long due.

When Smith goes off to buy a thing, he spins around the town,
And tries with all his might and main the price to banter down;
When he has anything to sell 'tis priceless in his eyes,
And he must have the highest mark—the lowest when he buys.

"Live and let live," are golden words; this other motto too—
"Do unto others as you'd wish that they would do to you;"
If Smith had done as they command, he would not have, to-day,
The ashes of three harvests to load and cart away.

Wife! if you take a berry and dry it in the sun,
'Twill shrivel up till it takes two to make the size of one;
So may a man, in grasping gain, so shrivel up his soul,
That it will ne'er expand again, while life's years o'er him roll.

God bless the farmers of our land! They are not all like him,
Who walks around that smouldering pile now in the twilight dim;
Living on God's broad acres, their souls expand and grow,
Their ears are ever open to tales of want and woe.

God bless the men, where'er they be, in country or in town,
Who do not think it life's great work to crowd their neighbor's down;
This world would be the better, this life would pleasure give,
If every man who toils to live would let his brother live.

IS HE RICH?—Many a sigh is heaved, many a heart is broken, many a life is rendered miserable by the terrible infatuation which persons often manifest in choosing a life companion for their daughters. How is it possible for happiness to result from the union of two principles as diametrically opposed to each other in every point, as virtue to vice? And yet, how often is wealth considered a better recommendation for young men than virtue? How often is the first question which is asked respecting the suitor of a daughter this: "Is he rich?" But does that afford any evidence that he will make a kind and affectionate husband? "Is he rich?" Yes, his clothing is purple and fine linen, and he fares sumptuously every day; but can you tell me from this that he is virtuous? "Is he rich?" Yes, he has thousands floating on every ocean; but do not riches sometimes take to themselves wings and fly away? And will you consent that your daughter shall marry a man who has nothing to recommend him but his wealth? Ah, beware! The gilded bait sometimes covers a bearded hook.—Ask not, then, "Is he rich," but, "is he virtuous?" Ask not, then, if he has wealth, but has he honor? and do not sacrifice your daughter's peace for money.

PUT IT DOWN.—Young man, why will you do it? You cannot afford to drink That single glass of whisky that you take costs you only fifteen cents, does it?—Let us see. It cost your father a shudder. It cost your mother a heart-ache. It cost you, the loss of your purity. It digs deep into your manliness. It cost your young friend, perhaps, his soul, for he followed your example. It countenanced a traffic in human lives and souls. It dishonored God. It helped on the flood-tide of drunkenness in which our land is drowning. It "put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your brain."—It unfitted you for steady thoughtful work. It paved the way for another drink, and that for another, and that for another still, and these for numberless others, and all together will make you a sot, and pave your way to a drunkard's grave, and a drunkard's Hell.

Young man, for God's sake, for the sake of everything true and good, put down that glass.

DO NOT LOOK BACK.—Ten minutes of weak repining will plunge a brave heart into the depths of unhappiness, as suddenly as a thunder-storm will overcast a clear blue sky. The only way to live is to cast away troubles and contentions, which cannot be cured by fretting. A thing that is done belongs to the past.—In justice to the requirements of the present, and possibilities of the future; you cannot look back and make yourself wretched over things which cannot be undone.

THE "Personal Column" of the Baltimore *Sun* sometimes contains queer advertisements The following odd one appeared on Thursday:

"Persons are warned not to credit the undersigned when intoxicated, as no bills contracted, or orders or checks signed by me will be paid. I adopt this as a means of self-protection."

To which is signed the name of one of Baltimore's wealthiest citizens. And the advertisement is a most powerful argument against King Alcohol.

SELFISHNESS is poverty—it is the utter destitution of a human being. It can bring nothing to relief; adds soreness to sorrow; sharpens his pains; aggravates all the losses he is liable to endure; and when goaded to extremes, often turns destroyer, and strikes its last blows on himself.

A MIRROR.

ONE IN WHICH MANY PERSONS SEE THEMSELVES REFLECTED.

"Albert I wish you would let me have seventy-five cents."

Kate Landman spoke very carefully, for she knew that her husband had not much money to spare; yet she spoke earnestly, and there was a world of entreaty in her look.

"What do you want seventy-five cents for?" asked Albert.

"I want to get some braid for my new dress."

"I thought you had all the material on hand for that."

"So I thought I had; but Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Thompson both have a trimming of braid upon theirs, and it looks very pretty. It is very fashionable, and it certainly adds much to the beauty of a dress."

"Plague take those women's fashions! Your endless trimmings and thing-a-ma jigs cost more than the dress is worth. It is nothing but shell out money, when once a woman thinks of a new dress."

"I dont have many new dresses. I do certainly try to be as economical as I can."

"It is funny kind of ecenomy, at all events. But if you must have it I suppose you must."

And Albert Landman took out his wallet and counted out the seventy-five cents; but he gave it grudgingly; and when he put the wallet back into his pocket he did it with an emphasis which seemed to say that he would not take it out again for a week.

When Albert reached the outer door, on his way to his work, he found the weather so threatening that he concluded to go back and get his umbrella; and upon re-entering the sitting room he found his wife in tears. She tried to hide the fact she had been weeping, but he had caught her in the act, and asked what it meant.

"Good gracious!" cried the husband, "I should like to know if you are crying at what I said about the dress?"

"I was not crying at what you said, Albert," replied Kate tremulously; "but you were so reluctant to grant me the favor. I was thinking how hard I had to work; I am tied to the house; how many little things I have to perplex me—then to think—"

"Pshaw!—what do you want to be foolish for?"

And away started Albert Landman a second time, but he was not to escape so easily. In the hall he was met by his daughter Lizzie, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl of ten years.

"Oh, papa, give me fifteen cents?"

"What?"

"Oh, I want fifteen cents. Do please give it to me."

"What in the world do you want with it? Are they changing school books again?"

"No, I want to buy a hoop. Ellen Smith has got one, and so has Mary Ruck and Sarah Ellen. Mr. Grant has got some real pretty ones to sell. Can't I have one?"

"Nonsense! If you want a hoop go and get one off some old barrel. I can't afford to be buying hoops for you to trundle about the streets."

"Please, papa."

"No, I told you."

This was in the morning. At noon when he came home to his dinner, there was a cloud over the household. His wife was sober, and even little Lizzie, usually gay and blithsome, was sad and silent.

But these things could not last long in that household, for the husband and wife really loved each other devotedly, and were at heart kind and forbearing. When Albert came to his supper, Kate greeted him with a kiss, and in a moment sunshine came back; and had the lesson ended there, the husband might have fancied that he had done nothing wrong, and that the cloud had been nothing but the exhalation of a domestic ferment, for which no one was particularly responsible, and might have banished the convictions that women's fashions were a nuisance and a humbug, as well as a frightful draft upon a husband's pockets.

After tea Albert did a few chores round the house and then lit a cigar and walked out. He had gone but a short distance when he had met Lizzie. In her right hand she dragged an old hoop, which she had taken from a dilapidated flour barrel, while with her left she was rubbing her red, swollen eyes. She was in deep grief, and was sobbing painfully. He stopped his child and asked what was the matter.

She answered as well as her sobs would let her that the other girls had laughed at her, and made fun of her old hoop. They had nice pretty hoops, while her's was ugly and homely.

"Never mind," said Albert, patting the little one upon the head, (for the child's grief touched him,) perhaps we'll have a new hoop sometime."

"Mayn't I have one now? Mr. Grant's got one left—oh, such a pretty one!"

The sobbing had ceased, as the child caught her father's hand eagerly.

"Not now, Lizzie—not now, I'll think of it."

Sobbing again, the child moved on towards home, dragging the old hoop after her.

At one of the stores, Albert Landman met some of his friends.

"Hello, Albert! What's up?"

"Nothing in particular."

"What do you say to a game of billiards, Albert?"

"Good, I'm in for that."

And away went Albert to the billiard hall, where he had a glorious time with his friends. He liked billiards, it was a healthy, pretty game, and the keeper of the hall allowed no rough scuffs on his premises.

They had played four games. Albert had won two, and his opponent had won two.

"That's two and two," cried Tom Piper. What do you say to playing them off, Albert?"

"All right, go in," said Albert, full of animation.

So they played the fifth game, and he who lost was to pay for the five games.—It was an exciting contest. Both made capital runs, but in the end Albert was beaten by three points; and with a little laugh went up to pay the bill. Five games at twenty cents a game—just one dollar. Not much for such sport; and he paid out the money with a grace, and never once seemed to feel that he could not afford it.

"Have a cigar?" said Tom.

"Yes."

They lighted their cigars and then sauntered down the hall to watch others play.

Albert soon found himself seated over against a table on which some of his friends were playing, and close by stood two gentleman, strangers to him, one of whom was explaining to the other the mysteries of the game.

"It is a healthy pastime," said he who had been making the explanation; "and certainly it is one which has no evil tendency."

Albert heard the remarks very plainly, and he had a curiosity to hear what the other, who seemed to be unacquainted with billiards, would say.

"I cannot, of course, assert that any game which calls for skill and judgment, and which is free from the attendant of gaming, is of itself an evil," remarks the second gentleman. "Such things are only evil so far as they stimulate men beyond the bounds of health and recreation."

"That result can scarcely follow such a game," said the first speaker.

But the other shook his head.

"You are wrong here. The result can follow in two ways: First, it can lead men away from their business; it can lead men to spend money, who have not money to spend. You will understand me. I would not cry down the game of billiards, for if I understood it I should certainly try you a game now; but whenever I visit a place of this kind I am lead to reflect upon a most strange and prominent weakness of humanity as developed in our sex. For instance observe that young man who is just settling his bill at the desk. He looks like a mechanic, and I should say from his manner and from the fact that he felt it his duty to go home at this hour, that he has a wife and children. I see by his face that he is kind hearted and generous, and I should judge that he means to do as near right as he can. He has been beaten, and he pays one dollar and forty cents for the recreation. If you observe you will see that he pays it freely, and pockets the loss with a smile. Happy faculty! But how do you suppose it is in the young man's home? Suppose his wife had come to him this morning and asked him for a dollar to spend for some trifling thing, some household ornament, or some bit of jewelry to adorn her person—and suppose his little child had put in a plea for forty cents to buy a paper and picture book with, what do you think he would have answered? Of five men just like him, would not forty and fifty have declared that they had not money to spare for any such purpose? And, moreover, they would have said so, feeling that they were telling the truth. Am I not right?"

"Upon my soul," responded the man who understood billiards, "you speak to the point. I know that young man who has just paid his bill, and you have not misjudged him in a single particular.—And what is more I happen to have a fact at hand to illustrate your charge. We have a club for an excellent literary paper in our village, and last year that man was one of our subscribers. This year he felt obliged to discontinue it. His wife was very anxious to take it, for it became a genial companion in leisure moments, but he could not afford it. The club rate was one dollar and fifty cents a year."

"Aye, and so it goes," said the other gentleman. "Well, that man's wife may be wishing at this very moment that she had her paper to read, while he is paying almost its full price for a year—for what? And how smilingly he does it. Ah! those poor sympathizing wives! How many clouds often darken upon them from the brows of their husbands when they ask for trifling sums of money, and how grudgingly the mite is handed over when it is given! What perfect floods of joy that dollar and forty cents might have poured upon the children of that unsuccessful billiard player. Ah! it is well for such wives and children that they do not know where all the money goes."

They had finished at the nearest table. The two gentlemen moved on, and Albert Landman arose from his seat and left the house. Never before had he such thoughts as now possessed him; he had never dwelt upon the same grouping ideas. That very morning his own true, faithful, loving wife had been sad and heart-sick because he had harshly and unkindly met her request for a small sum of money. And his sweet Lizzie had crept away to her home almost broken-hearted for the want of a simple toy, such as her mates possessed. And yet the sum of both their wants amounted to not as much as he had paid away that evening for billiard playing.

Albert Landman wanted to be an honest husband and father, and the lesson was not lost upon him. On his way home he stopped at Mr. Grant's and purchased the best and prettiest hoop to be found, with driving stick painted red, white and blue, and in the morning when he beheld his child's delight, and had received her grateful, happy kiss, the question came to his mind: Which was the best and happiest result, this or the five games of billiards? The hoop had cost thirty cents. He could play two games of billiards less, and be the absolute gainer of ten cents by the pleasant operation.

A few mornings after this, as Albert rose from the breakfast table he detected an uneasy, wistful look upon his wife's face.

"Kate, what is it?"

"Albert, could you spare me a half-dollar this morning?"

And out came the wallet, and the money was handed over with a warm, genial smile.

What! Tears at that? Was it possible she had been so little used to such scenes on his part that so simple an act of loving kindness thus affected her.

How many games of billiards would be required to secure such satisfaction as Albert Landman carried with him that morning to his shop.

A very simple lesson, is it not? But how many may gain lasting profit by giving heed to the lesson.

LADIES and gentlemen promending together of afternoons this fall are commanded by fashion to walk arm in arm.

THE married ladies of Hannibal have organized a "Come Home Husband Club." Broomsticks figure among the inducements to come.

CHILO being asked what was the hardest thing to do, answered, "To use and employ time well."

Romance at a Watering Place.

A correspondent of the Boston *Traveler* at Newport, one of the fashionable watering places "down east," overheard the following conversation:

"No, Harry, dear, we must part. I think it is awful cruel of pa, but you know he never encouraged you. He says you are nice enought, but that a young man now-a-days must be able to support a wife in the style to which she has been accustomed, and that you know you could not do, dear. So I must give you up. That Gus Evans I fairly hate, with his little snapping eyes, and his bristly, ugly looking moustache—ugh! but he has a lovely pony phæton, which is all at service, and a diamond big as a walnut on his shirt bosom, and pa says he has lots of money and owns real estate and railroad stocks, and I don't know what else, and he says I must be civil to him and marry him if he asks me; and I know he will, for the other night he got right to the point and was just ready to ask the all important question, when pa dropped in to look for his paper, and that ended it for the time."

"But don't you love me," the young manly fellow at her side asked with a twinge and a tremor in his voice; "you know you have given me cause for thinking so, and hoping."

"Why, yes, of course I do. How silly! Love you; you know I love you, and it is really too bad that I can't have my way, and marry you instead of Gus. Pa might support you as well as not, but he won't, and you know I never can exist without the comforts I have always had. I must have my dresses and my diamonds, my horses and my parties, and move in the same circle of society as I do now, and these things you know you could never give me. No, Harry, dear. I shall always love you, and you won't be vexed, will you? but it is better that we should part, and you won't try to see me much, will you, till after I'm married?"

"Vexed, oh, no! not at you. But let us go in, and then I'll say good-bye to you and my hopes together."

His voice was hard, and strove to be cool and unconcerned, but it trembled a little, and his face was very white as they passed me. But her smile was as sweet and self-satisfied, and her eye as clear as though she had not wrecked a young man's happiness, and thrown him aside for a brainless jumping-jack with money, and as though her life was not to be a vapid, tiresome round of fashionable emptiness, with none of love or usefulness to sweeten it.

Thomas Jefferson on Old Age.

In his letter to John Adams, Jefferson said: Our next meeting must be in the country to which they have flown—a country for us not now very distant. For this journey we shall need neither gold nor silver in our purse, nor scrip, nor coats, nor Staves. Nor is the provision for it more easy than the preparation has been kind. Nothing proves, more than this, that the Being who presides over the world is essentially benevolent—stealing from us one by one the faculties, leading us like the horse in his mill round, and round the same beaten circle,

To see what we have seen,
To taste the tasted, and at each return
Less tasteful; o'er our palates to descant
Another vintage—

until, satiated and fatigued with this leaden iteration, we ask our *conge*.

I heard once a very old friend, who had troubled himself with neither poets or philosophers, say the same thing in prose, that he was tired of pulling off his shoes and stockings at night and putting them on again in the morning. The wish to stay here is gradually extinguished; but not so easy is that of returning once in a while to see how things have gone on.—Perhaps, however, one of the elements of future felicity is to be a constant and unimpassioned viewer of what is the wish of occasional visits. Mercier has given us a vision of the year 2440; but prophecy is one thing and history another. On the whole, however, perhaps it is wise and well to be contented with the good things which the Master of the feast places before us, and be thankful for what we have rather than thoughtful about what we have not.

THE Paris *Figaro* gives the following method of obtaining light instantaneously, without the use of matches and without danger of setting things on fire:—Take an oblong vial of the whitest and clearest glass; put in it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea, upon which pour some olive oil heated to the boiling point, filling the vial about one third full, and then seal the vial hermetically. To use it remove the cork and allow the air to enter the vial, and then recork it. The whole empty space in the bottle will then become luminous, and the light obtained will be equal to that of a lamp. As soon as the light grows weak its power can be increased by opening the vial and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter. In winter it is sometimes necessary to heat the vial between the hands to increase the fluidity of the oil. Thus prepared, the vial may be used for six months. This contrivance is now used by the watchmen of Paris in all magazines where explosive or inflammable meterials are stored.

CRAZED BY FRIGHT.—Several children were recently playing in the yard of the Seventh Street Congregational Church, in Cincinnati, and one of them, a little five or six year old son of the sexton, was induced to descend to the bottom of a dry cistern. After he got to the bottom his little playfellows called to him that "now he was shut down forever," and closed the cap over him for two or three minutes. When he was taken out, it was discovered that he had lost his reason from fright. The distressed mother, it is said, is crazed in consequence.

USEFUL INFORMATION.—To lay a square acre of ground: Measure 209 feet on each side, and you have a square acre to an inch.

An acre contains 4,840 square rods.

A square mile contains 640 acres. In length a mile is 5,280 feet, or 1,760 yds.

A fathom is six feet.

A league is three miles.

AN Indiana town has the following dog ordinance: "Dogs that are not collared and labelled, no matter how respectably connected, will have their narretives amputated one inch south of their ears."

Reason Against Prejudice.

Nearly unanimously in Maryland the Democrats will vote for Greeley, but there are a few old Democrats who will reluctantly do so, possibly a few will resist to the last. But nothing could induce them to vote for Grant. They are influenced partly by a certain pique or dissatisfaction with the past management of the Democratic party, and partly by an old grudge against Greeley. Perhaps they also feel themselves neglected when they see new-comers in the party given the places and the positions they think they ought to have. These are honest men and true Democrats who feel so. On public occasions they see new men in the party more pushing than they, and they are mortified at having to take a back seat on the coach, or else to have no seat at all. In addition to this, they have been offended by the ring management, the party has sometimes been under. Nobody can say that the feelings of these men are not honest and sincere, or that there have not been sometimes occasions to justify them.

But we think they make a mistake, not to take up Greeley cordially. Regarding the negro question as settled, and the tariff left to Congress and the people, there is really no difference between Greeley and the strictest Democrat. To establish honesty, uprightness, capacity and patriotism in the administration of the Government is now the first and most important thing to be done—to have it understood that personal integrity and public usefulness are essential qualifications of every office-holder, and that he is the servant of the people and not his own servant. When this is done all will come right. Until it is done, all will be vicious and corrupt. If Greeley is honest and patriotic—as the advocates of Grant and everybody else admit him to be—his election would do more than anything else to overcome the unprincipled trading in offices, and the selfish use of them in all parties, and would have at least a healthy tendency to bring back the old and pure days of the Republic.

Regarding honesty and uprightness as the first female elements of faithful democracy, we think that all Democrats who have any hesitation about voting for Greeley make a mistake. Pledged, as he is, to Civil Service Reform, his election would do much towards breaking up existing political rings, and the example set by a conscientious Federal Executive would exert a salutary influence on the States. He would have only one term, and therefore no motive to prevert his office in order to continue his own power, as Grant has done. Good and upright men would be put in office; and it would give occasion for a reorganization of all parties—the Democratic party may be purified and strengthened; the country (South and North) made virtuous, genial, prosperous and happy, and men of virtue and capacity would have a chance.

The great and good men of the past are mostly gone, but others may come up to take their places. If there is a hope of this, it surely ought to animate the heart of every patriot.—*Balt. Gazette.*

CANAL NAVIGATION BY STEAM.—The steam canal boat William Baxter, with two hundred tons of freight, arrived in New York from Buffalo in five days.—The best canal boats usually require ten days. The machinery of the boat comprises two small English compound engines and two three-bladed screws, the whole apparatus being put in a space seven by five feet. The peculiarity of the boat is its sharpness, both at the bow and the stern. The cost of engineer, fireman, coal oil, &c., is said to average only 12½ cents per mile. It is considered a success, and will be patented, and the $100,000 prize offered for an invention by which canals may be navigated claimed.

ANOTHER EXPERIMENT.—The New York *Tribune* announces an impending exposure of the way immigrants are treated on shipboard, at Castle Garden and en-route to the far West. To make the thing as realistic as possible, a reporter of that paper has taken steerage passage from an English port, and, if he survives the entire trip, will relate his experience. The Tribune, it will be recollected, recently stirred up the insane asylums by a similar process.

A COUNTRY girl rode into New Albany, Ind., to do some shopping. When the clerk asked if there was anything else he could do for her, he was amazed by the reply, "Oh, no, sir; unless you will be kind enough to go out and milk the old mare, for I rode her from home without the colt."

THERE is a perpendicular ledge, one hundred and fifty feet high, on the shore of a pond in Maine, from the brink of which it is difficult to throw stones into the pond on account of a powerful attraction drawing the stones to the base of the ledge.

"WIFE," said a man, looking for his boot-jack 'I have places where I keep my things and you ought to know it.' 'Yes, I ought to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't.'

A FOUR-YEAR old girl went into a drug store the other day, and said to the proprietor in a half whisper: "If a little girl hain't got any money, how much chewing-gum do you give her for nothin?"

FEW people follow any definite plan in life. That is why so many come out almost anywhere and about as often next to nowhere at all. The f