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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:
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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, DECEMBER 7, 1872. No. 30.

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.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

BY virtue of a Decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, sitting in Equity, the undersigned, as Trustee, will offer at PUBLIC SALE, on

Wednesday, December 11th, 1872,

At the "Voshell House," in Chestertown,
At Eleven o'clock, A. M.,

The LOT with Improvements thereon,

designated on the plot of said town as Water Lot Number Four (No. 4.)

This lot is most eligibly located on Water street, in Chestertown, adjoining the property of Geo. W. T. Perkins, Esq., and others. It has a front of about 50 feet, and runs back to Chester river about the same distance.

The Improvements
ARE A
FRAME DWELLING,

Two stories and a basement, and a small outbuilding in fair order. It being the same property in which the late Harriett R. Tomlinson had a life estate.

TERMS OF SALE:

The following are the terms of sale prescribed by the Decree: One-fourth of the purchase money to paid cash on the day of sale, or on the final ratification thereof at the option of the Trustee; the residue or balance in three equal instalments of six, twelve and eighteen months from the day of sale, with interest from that day. The purchaser to secure the payment of the instalments by bond with security approved by the Trustee.

RICHARD HYNSON.

Nov. 16, 1872—ts.

AN IMPORTANT SALE!

ON ACCOUNT of the condition of my health and the advice of my physician, I have concluded to DISCONTINUE THE MERCANTILE BUSINESS for a more active life.

My many warm friends in Kent county will accept my hearty thanks for their many kind acts, and the patronage and confidence so liberally manifested toward me for the last fourteen years.

We will Commence To-day

TO SELL OFF THE ENTIRE STOCK

AT COST.

We have some very desirable goods in every line of our business, and persons in want should not fail to call immediately and procure

BARGAINS IN REALITY.

To any person who would like to engage in the trade, we offer him the best Store Room and Fixtures in Chestertown. Our stock of goods will speak for itself—a well selected, clean and nice stock—will be sold on easy terms. Respectfully,

WM. A. VICKERS.

Chestertown, Nov. 9, 1872.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

JOHN W. CARROLL,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public that he has taken the Store Room formerly occupied by Mr. A. M. Russell, and intends to keep a

First Class Grocery
AND
PROVISION STORE.

Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Flour, Bacon, Lard, Butter, Salt Fish, Molasses, Vinegar, Soaps, Buckets, Brooms, Coal Oil,

TOBACCO, SEGARS and SNUFF,

VEGETABLES of all kinds.

Also, NOTIONS of various kinds. Candies, Nuts, and other articles too numerous to mention, all of which will be sold low for cash.

All kinds of country produce taken in exchange for goods, or at cash prices.

Store opposite M. E. Church, Chestertown.

nov16-y J. W. CARROLL.

MALLALIEU'S GOODS.

WE have just received a large Stock of these well known GOODS.

3-4 and 6-4 Kerseys, Flannels and CASSIMERES,

some of them unusually heavy, and are offering them at prices far less than were foreshadowed by the ruling rates of Wool during the early Summer. They are by far the most desirable Goods to be found in this market when their durability is taken into account.

T. S. WICKES.

Chestertown, Nov. 2, 1872—tf.

BURNS & SLOAN

132 Light St. Wharf,

BALTIMORE,

BUILDING
AND HARDWOOD
LUMBER,

SHINGLES,
FENCING,
PALES,
DOORS, SASH, BRICKS, &c.

PETER WEIKEL,
Merchant Tailor,
UNDER CARROLTON HOTEL,
Light Street, *BALTIMORE.*

It will afford us pleasure to have the public call and examine our goods.

Our Staple CLOTHS, DOESKINS and SUITINGS are superior, and our FANCY CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c., are of the latest novelties in design and style.

OUR SYSTEM OF CUTTING is by actual measurement, and the fit of all Garments is guaranteed. Prices moderate. Terms cash.

oc26. P. WEIKEL.

VENDUE.

THE undersigned, as administrator, will offer at public sale in front of the Market House, in Chestertown, on

Saturday, Dec. 7th, 1872

At 2½ o'clock, P. M.,

the following property of the late Sol. Sparks, left over from the sale at his late residence in Queen Anne's:

6 GOOD HORSES,
some of them fast on the road;

One large Black Stallion, "Frank,"
of superior qualities;

1 FARM WAGON, 1 GRAIN FAN,
1 CORN SHELLER,

and some articles of Household Furniture, including one FEATHER BED.

TERMS:—All sums of and under $10 cash, over that amount a credit of six months, on note with security approved by adm'r.

n23-ts. C. H. BAKER, Adm'r.

PUBLIC SALE

THE undersigned, intending to discontinue farming, will offer at public sale at his residence in Piney Neck, near Forktown, on

Monday, December 9th,

HIS ENTIRE STOCK OF

HORSES,

CATTLE, SHEEP,
And HOGS.

Also, FARMING IMPLEMENTS,

Embracing a general variety of articles usually found in this line.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

TERMS:—All sums of $10 and under cash; over that amount a credit of six months will be given on note with approved security.

JOHN P. EDES.

S. S. USILTON, Auct'r. n16-ts.

VENDUE.

THE undersigned, as administrator of James W. Skirven, late of Kent county, deceased, will, by direction of the Orphans' Court, sell at public sale, on

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 11th, 1872,

At "Green Point," the late residence of said deceased, the following property:

7 Head of HORSES,
TWO OF THEM GOOD ROAD HORSES,

4 GOOD MILCH COWS,
And FOUR YOUNG CATTLE,

ONE LARGE YOKE OF OXEN,

15 HEAD OF GOOD SHEEP,

12 Fattening Hogs,
EIGHT LARGE SHOATS,

1 GOOD WAGON & HARNESS, 1 DEARBORN AND HARNESS, 1 OX-CART, PLOWS, HARROWS, &c.,

1 FAN, nearly new; 1 CUTTING BOX, A LOT OF CORN BLADES,

Household & Kitchen Furniture.

72½ Bushels of Wheat seeded, with two tons of Fertilizer on the same.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

TERMS:—All sums of and under $10 cash, over that amount a credit of nine months, on note with approved security. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.

JOHN T. SKIRVEN, Adm'r.

Nov. 30—ts.

VENDUE.

THE undersigned, intending to discontinue farming, will offer at PUBLIC SALE, at his residence, near Flatland, on

Thursday, December 12, 1872,

THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY:

7 Head of HORSES,

One of them a fine Patchen STALLION, five years old, and a superior animal;

Also, 1 COLT, three years old, and one rising three years old, of good stock and promise.

ONE PAIR OF EXCELLENT OXEN,
Six Milch Cows,

TWO YOUNG CATTLE, 21 SHEEP,
A FEW SHOATS and PIGS,

Farm Wagon and Harness, Ambulance, 1 Ox-Cart, Dearborn & Harness, Carriage & Harness, Corn Dray, Wheat Rake, Wheat Fan, Plows, Cultivators and Harrows.

Household & Kitchen Furniture,

Including a good Cook Stove, 1 Sitting Room Coal Stove, and a small Wood Stove.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M.

TERMS:—On all sums of Ten Dollars and over a credit of nine months will be given, on note with approved security; sums under that amount cash. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with

JAMES WOOD.

JOHN W. CARROLL, Auct'r. nov30-ts.

PUBLIC SALE.

THE undersigned, intending to discontinue the Wheelwright business, will offer at public sale, at Kennedyville, on

THURSDAY, 19th December, 1872,

My Entire Stock, consisting of

HICKORY, OAK and POPLAR,

And a lot of SPRUNG STUFF;

THREE SLEIGHS,

One Pair of new heavy Cart Wheels, and a lot of good Wheelwright Tools;

ONE GOOD BUGGY, nearly new,

1 NEW FARM WAGON, &c.

Sale positive, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

TERMS:—On all sums of Ten Dollars and over a credit of nine months will be given, on note with approved security; sums under that amount cash. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.

TILGHMAN SHAFER.

Nov. 30, 1872—ts.

FOR RENT,
For the year 1873,
TWO DWELLING HOUSES in Chestertown—one situated on High street and one on Queen street. For terms, &c., apply to

n23-tf. WM. VANNORT.

MALLALIEU KERSEYS AND CASSIMERES for sale by

Nov. 2. T. W. ELIASON, Jr.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

We have always been more than half inclined to what is called "Woman's Rights," but since the following case has been submitted we are non-committal. We feel sorry for poor Josiah Wilson, but as "misery loves company," he may console himself with the fact that there are other men in the same situation. Hear him just after marriage:

Let whistling winds in fury blow,
Of coming clouds and storms foretelling;
Let falling leaves and falling snow
Be capering round my little dwelling:
It matters not a whit to me,
My heart is light as any feather;
I'll content and happy be
While I and Betsy dwell together.
I find her such a loving wife,
With cheeks as red as roses blooming;
She is so good—so kind to me—
She speaks so pleasant and so clever,
I'm sure we ne'er would disagree
If she and I should live forever.

A WEEK LATER.

One week elapsed—and what a change
Comes o'er the spirit of my dreams,
My Betsy's actions are so strange,
No one can tell how odd it seems.
She says she's "born for higher spheres
Than patching duds and washing dishes."
She claims "her rights," and I have fears
I'll have to gratify her wishes.
She writes and reads the whole day through
And worse than all she's getting jealous;
Now, what on earth el's best to do—
What course to take will some one tell us?

ANOTHER WEEK LATER.

O for a lodge in some thick wood!
Some lonely spot I'll seek for quiet;
I'll write my life, (if understood)
Some moral man may profit by it.
I've been abused and knocked about—
Been blowed up—jawed without discretion
And from my house she's turned me out,
That I might know she claimed possession.

THE LATEST.

Whereas, my husband, Josiah Wilson, has left my bed and board without any just cause or provocation(!) I hereby forbid all persons harboring or trusting him on my account, as I will pay no debts of his contracting.

BETSY MARIA WILSON.

FARMER BROWN'S THEORY.

As we turned the corner we came upon farmer Brown with a load of produce for market. His horses had come to an obstinate halt. The way was too narrow for us to pass, and George, handing me the reins, jumped out to see what was the matter.

"Good morning, sir," said he, walking up to the farmer, "What's the trouble? Is your load too heavy?"

"Oh, la, no!" answered the farmer, pushing his hat to one side of his head and striking an attitude. "The matter is, the critters don't pull together."

"Ah!" said George, with an interested look at the sleek horses, and the load of corn which really did not look very large. "If that's the trouble why don't you make them pull together?"

"A body would think they might," said the man, "when they've been worked together this five years," and picking up the reins he called out, "Gee up, Jonnie, go 'long, Kate."

Jonnie "geed up" with a clatter, but by the time Kate was ready to "go 'long" he had ceased his efforts, and all that was accomplished was some cracking about the wagon and considerable dust about the horses.

"Ye see," said the man, standing back again, "that wheel sticks a bit in the rut, and if they were a mind to pull together they'd have it out in a minute."

"I see," said George, contemplatively, "foolish fellows, aren't they?"

"Well, I dunno about that," answered the farmer, who evidently had a good deal of respect for his horses. "I've seen a good many husbands and wives pull apart worse than they do."

"Indeed!" said George with some surprise, but at the same time stealing a glance back at the carriage—which, of course, I did not see.

"Yes, yes," said the man, "see Jonnie wants to pull to one side of the road, and Kate wants to pull straight ahead, so they don't agree about it. Men and women are always doing the same thing. I don't mind so much about the old folks, but it spiles the children."

"Spoils the children! What do you mean?" said George, opening his eyes.

"Humph! a man can see that with half an eye," was the answer. "If a man and his wife pull together, if they do have a hard scramble of it, children turn out well enough, but if they are everlastingly pulling apart and scolding at one another the children are sure to go to destruction sooner or later."

George examined Kate's harness and brushed a fly from her back. "You talk as if you had experience," he said, "you have a wife, I suppose?"

"Bless you, yes," was the answer, "and six boys. We never had any trouble in bringing up our children, fine young men they are now, every one of them. When I told one of them to do something my wife didn't take him behind the door and tell him his father was hard on him, and give him a sugar-plum. No, sir-ee; but she'd tell him to mind his father if he wanted any help from her; and when she told 'em to do anything she know'd I'd back her up, and them boys soon found which way the wind blew. Children ain't no fools. My advice to young folks is," he added, nodding sidewise towards the carriage where I was sitting, though I can't think he intended anything personal in his remarks, "to pull together. If one does happen to make a mistake once in a while it's better to hang together; and the children will soon know what to expect; hie, Sonnie, git up, Kate."

"Thank you, sir," said George, lifting his hat and walking back to the carriage, "I'll think on your advice."

As we rode on I fell to musing. Was that the reason why so many children "went to destruction," as he termed it, because their parents would not agree in their training? Perhaps among my acquaintances for examples. There was Bert Sawyer. What a wreck he was, to be sure, and had every advantage, too.—An only son, and idolized by both father and mother, but they were never known to agree in what they wished him to do. His mother told him that his father was severe, and his father told him that his mother was silly. I well remember how shocked I was, though but a child, on seeing his mother one day, when at their house, give him some whisky, because he said he knew he needed it, only his father was never willing he should have anything he wanted; and on the father coming unexpectedly into the room, she hurriedly slipped the bottle into the closet. "What's that?" asked Mr. Sawyer, who seemed to suspect constantly that something was wrong. "Oh, nothing but camphor," said his wife; "Bert's got a headache." How could she expect her son not to deceive her.

Then there were dear Mr. and Mrs. Calkins, the nicest people in the world, but somehow they never could exactly agree. If Mr. Calkins expressed himself with a degree of warmth upon any subject, Mrs. Calkins was sure to say: "Oh I do not think that would be right. I want to do what is right, and my conscience would not allow me to do that." Then Mr. Calkins would retort by saying: "My wife thinks so and so," which would be exactly what she did not think; and then would follow remarks upon each other's general dispositions, and their ideas upon various subjects, especially those upon training up children for playfulness, it was not at all pleasant for visitors to hear; and their children—how they did act! On the other hand, there was Deacon Thorn's family. It was always so pleasant to go there. Seven children, to be sure, but everything was harmonious. You never heard little bickerings between that father and mother. "We'll see what mamma thinks about it," was the father's answer to childish importunities, and the mother "We would not do it unless papa was willing," convinced the children very soon that there was co-operation and sympathy between the father and mother.

A MECHANICAL EYE.

No mechanic can ever attain distinction unless he is able to detect ordinary imperfections at sight, so that he can see if things are out of plumb, out of level, out of square, and out of proper shape; and unless he can also detect disproportioned or ill shaped patterns. This is a great mechanical attainment. We say attainment, because it can be attained by any ordinary person. Of course there are defective eyes as there are other defective organs; the speech, for instance, is sometimes defective, but the eye is susceptible of the same training as any other organ. The muscles, the voice, the sense of hearing, all require training. Consider how the artist must train the organ of sight in order to detect the slightest imperfection in shade, color, proportion, shape, expression, etc. Not one blacksmith in five ever attains the art of hammering square; yet it is very essential in his occupation. It is simply because he allows himself to get into a careless habit; a little training and care is all that is necessary for success.

The fact is that the eye is not half so much at fault as the heedless mind. Some carpenters acquire the careless habit of using a try square every time they plane off a shaving, in place of giving their minds right to their business and properly training their eyes; and unless they cultivete this power of the eye, they will always be at journey work. Look at the well trained blacksmith; he goes across the shop, picks up the horse's foot, takes a squint, returns to his anvil, forges the shoe, and it exactly fits the foot. Contrast him with the bungler who looks at the foot, then ferges a shoe, then fits the foot to it, often to the ruin of a fine horse.—Now the fault lies in ever allowing himself to put a shoe on that is not in proper shape for the foot; he should determine to make the shoe fit the foot in place of the foot fitting the shoe, and he should follow it up until the object is accomplished.

A very good way to discipline the mechanical eye is to first measure an inch with the eye, then prove it with the rule, then measure a half inch, then an eighth, and so on, and you will soon be able to discover at a glance the difference between a twelfth and a sixteenth of an inch; then go to 3 inches, 6, 12, and so on. Some call this guessing; there is no guess work about it; it is measuring with the eye and mind. Acquire the habit of criticising for imperfections every piece of work that you see, do everything as nearly as you can without measuring (or spoiling it), or as nearly as you can trust the eye with its present training. If you cannot see things mechanically, do not blame the eye for it; it is no more to blame than the mouth is because we cannot read, or the fingers because we cannot write. A person may write a very good hand with the eyes closed, the mind of course directing the fingers. The eye is necessary, however, to detect imperfections.

Every occupation in life requires a mechanically trained eye, and we should realize, more than we do, the great importance of properly training that organ.—*Scientific American.*

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—During the past week a bit of romance has occurred in the Children's Aid Society, of New York, which hardly seems to belong to this matter-of-fact age. The New York *Times* tells the touching story as follows:

A number of years since, the reports of the society gave an account of a sad event in Brooklyn. A woman had been murdered by her drunken husband, and a kind lady of that city discovered three wretched little children weeping over the corpse, two boys and a girl. They were utterly friendless, after the arrest and imprisonment of the father. The two boys were brought to the newsboys' lodging house, in New York, and the girl temporarily sheltered. At length the society sent the two lads to homes in the West, and the girl was adopted by a gentleman of property, near the city. The latter never knew that her adopted father was not her own. The boys have now grown up and acquired property—one being a druggist and the other a farmer. They have been extremely anxious to communicate with their sister, and have been in correspondence with her guardian for some time. During the past week they revisited the city for the first time, very well-educated young men, in good circumstances. They visited the Girls' Lodging-house, the news boys', and other institutions of the society. The adopted father of their sister consented that they should see her in his office, provided that they did not disclose their relationship, as she was only fifteen, and he wished her to suppose herself his daughter, so that her affection might not be weakened for a few years longer. She is to inherit his property. They felt the propriety of this, and had their interview with her last week, without discovering their relationship, and then returned, well satisfied, to the West."

TRIEING to define love is like trieing tew kno how you cum tew brake thru the ice; all you kno about it iz you fell in and got ducked.

OUR HONEYMOON.

BY FANNY FAIRIE.

"My dearest," said Fred, as we neared a little wayside station, "what do you say to some lunch? I can stay out here and get you anything you fancy. It may seem a dreadful thing for a bridegroom to confess, but I begin to feel quite sharp after our early dinner. If you don't mind my leaving you for five minutes—"

I signified that an absence of that duration might be supported, and Fred started for the refreshment room.

We had been married just three days, and the *glamour* of the honeymoon was upon everything—the atmosphere was rarified beyond that breathed by everyday mortals—the earth glorified with a new beauty—the heavens with new light. We ate not bread and beefsteak, but some ambrosial dish untasted before, and drank golden nectar, etherialized from hotel coffee post.

I watched Fred from the car window until he disappeared in the refreshment room. What a splendid fellow he was? Such eyes—such a mind—such teeth—such a heart—such a general combination of perfections! How charming—how delightful—how altogether inexpressible it was to belong to him forever, never to be separated more! when whiz! clang! horrors! The train was off again—off, with Fred still discussing boned turkey in the eating-saloon, and his faithful wife hopelessly quiescent in the ladies' car—off, sundering at the rate of thirty miles an hour those whom law and Gospel both declared only death should part.

"What's the matter, mum?" asked the conductor, noticing my excitement.

"There—there's a gentleman left behind!" I gasped.

"Is there, mum?" was the stoical reply. "Bless your soul, that ain't nothing new!"

"But—but—he's my husband!" I faltered, blushing to my finger tips, as I felt that fact *was* something new.

Three ladies turned around to stare at me, and there was an unmistakable titter beneath the heavy moustache of a gentleman opposite.

"Sorry, mum, but it can't be helped. If gents will stop at bar-rooms to wet their whistles, we can't wait for 'em."

A bar room! Fred in a bar-room wetting his whistle! What did the odious man mean! I tried to crush him with a look, but I wasn't equal to it! Fred—my Fred—in a bar-room!

"You needn't be alarmed," said an old gentleman, kindly; "there will be another accommodation at eight."

"At eight!" and it was now just half past four. I sank back upon the cushion in quiet desperation. What was to become of me?

With the entire abnegation peculiar to the early phases of the honeymoon, I had put my little velvet portamonie, handkerchief and vinaigrette in Fred's breast pocket—not that I hadn't a pocket of my own, but there was such a delightful novelty in feeling that I had a right to his.

Was there ever a confiding bride left in such a plight? Without a husband and without a cent, and—not the least misfortune to one inclined to the feminine weakness of tears—without even a pocket handkerchief.

"Tickets, mum."

The conductor was again making his rounds.

"I—I haven't any ticket," I stammered in bewilderment.

"Two-thirty, then, if you please mum, as far as Philadelphia."

"Ticket sir—"

"Two-thirty, as quick as you can, mum—time's short."

"But my husband has my ticket," I faltered. "He was left at B—— station, you know?"

"Beg pardon, mum, but our orders are strict. That sort of dodge has played out on this line entirely! Two-thirty, mum, if you please. Will refund at the office, when your ticket is presented."

The man suspected me, actually suspected *me*—Fred's wife! Oh, dear, dear! How utterly lonely and unprotected I felt, after the strong trust and sweet reliance that had been mine!

"I—I haven't any money," I said in a faint voice. You'll have to put me out somewhere, I suppose," I added, with despairing resignation.

"Allow me, madam"—the moustache gentleman was up, pocket-book in hand, "let me arrange this matter for you until we reach Philadelphia. Your husband can settle it with me afterwards," he said, giving me his card with a smile.

If I hadn't been married I should have fallen in love with that delightful man on the spot. As it was, I only murmured some unintelligible thanks, and slipped his card into my pocket as a memento of a modern knight.

We were to have stopped all night in Philadelphia. As the train neared the city a new perplexity seized upon me.—Where could I go? If it were daylight, I might remain in the ladies' waiting-room, but Fred would not arrive until nearly ten at night. I had no money to pay a hackman, go to a hotel, or even get my supper.

A sudden thought flashed into my mind. Aunt Tabby lived in Philadelphia! I had directed a letter to her only a few weeks before announcing my approaching marriage. True, the reply was rather discouraging—being dismally prophetic of all sorts of evils that awaited me, and darkly suggestive of the snares and pitfalls in that broad road that leads to matrimony and destruction.

But Aunt Tabby took a vinegary view of everything. She never had felt the mellowing of a honeymoon.

We arrived at the depot; my moustached friend had left the car some time, so I was unprotected again. An army of hackmen besieged the door of the depot, and I immediately became the subject of a struggle. Oaths and whips resounded about my ears, until I was finally seized upon and carried off by the most energetic of the party, a red-headed Irishman, whose success arose, no doubt, from his national proclivity for anything resembling a fight.

Having secured me in a very dirty vehicle, he regarded me with a triumphant grin.

"If you will get my trunk now please," I suggested.

"Your trunk is it? Where's the bit of tin?"

"The—what?" I asked, in perplexity.

"The tin—the bit of tin, to be sure.—How am I to get it without the tin?"

My check! I had forgotten that. Fred had the check also. Alas! for the powerlessness of woman! I saw my new Saratoga, filled with the daintiest of trosseaus, bundled up with a load of hotel baggage, and couldn't raise a finger to claim it. It was the last straw on the camel's back, and I drove in tears to Aunt Tabby's, using my tissue veil as a pocket-handkerchief, and thereby unconsciously tattooing my face with streaks of blue.

Even Aunt Tabby's monumental rigidity was overcome by my appearance, when she met me at her immaculate doorstep.

"Left you! and only married three days! Fay that hackman, Mary Jane, and send him off before he sees any more of this family disgrace! Only three days! The Lord have mercy on us! That I should have lived to see brother Henry's child brought to this. Taken all your money and clothes too! Well! well! its nothing more or less than I expected.—Only an accident! Don't talk to me of accidents! If you ever lay your eyes on that man again, my name is not Tabitha Tiutstitch! The mean-spirited scoundrel! to leave you without a rag on your back! You poor deluded innocent! Put on the kettle, Mary Jane, and hurry up the tea; this poor child is trembling like a leaf, and well she may!

I was too dispirited and miserable to attempt to stem the torrent of Aunt Tabby's indignation. I let her talk on.

"Oh! and ain't it dreadful, mum?" I heard the sympathetic Mary Jane murmur, aside to her mistress; "such a sweet young creeter as she be! And only look at her face! I expect he has been banging of her."

Aunt Tabby pursed up her mouth, and shook her head expressively.

"Let this be a warning to you, Mary Jane."

"Oh, I'm sure it will, mum," was the feeling reply.

"She'll never lay eyes on him again," replied Aunt Tabby, solemnly, "*never!*" Lord bless my soul! Who's that?

There was a knock at the door that fairly shook the prim little house.

"Is my wife here?" asked a quick, anxious voice, and the next moment Fred's wife was there, clasped in the strong, brave arms—crying and laughing together on the broad, loving breast.

"How did you get here so soon? How did you find me? Oh, Fred! Fred! I have been so frightened and miserable!"

Fred's answer was a shower of kisses.

"How did I come? In a coal car.—There was a train of them just behind. It wasn't the pleasantest ride in the world, but it brought me quicker to you, poor little frightened bride!"

And as I met the glance of those loving eyes, I nestled closer to his heart, and felt, in spite of Aunt Tabby's expectations, I was home again

Curious Inventions.

Among the inventions for which patents have recently been obtained in the United States are the following: A device for attaching buttons to clothing with a screw-driver; an attachment to pianos, so that the string may be touched mid-length by a pedal movement, and sounds similar to a violin or guitar obtained; a child's carriage, so arranged when the handles are dropped a pawl stops the wheels and arrests motion at once, and when grasped the pawl is released; a pencil-sharpener that also operates as a handle for stumps of lead pencils; breastpins and earrings, with tubes to hold artificial flowers; an apparatus for drawing on boots, consisting of a strap passing round the body below the waist, having at each end a hook to engage the boot-tugs; a medical compound for the small-pox, composed of saltpetre, gum camphor, and charcoal; a bouquet-holder of soft metal, that after filling with flowers and water, may be closed at the top; a lady's comb, passed into the back hair in the usual manner, and the leaves allowed to overlap and press upon the chignon, a spring serving not only to retain the ornament in place but the chignon also; a head-light for locomotives, with an adjustable number placed in front of the light, and also with a movable colored screen to be operated by the engineer; a toy bank, in which an automaton banker stands to receive money, and, when a spring is disengaged, he turns round, the door is shut, and the money is deposited in the back part of the bank.

FASTIDIOUS NEATNESS.—A traveler who has not seen much of the world, and has been thrown among all classes of people, is apt to take things easy, and grow careless in dress and habits. But George Whitfield, the famous field preacher, who was in his glory when addressing thousands of coal miners, covered with soot, was fastidious in the minutest details of dress and furniture. Anything out of order in his clothing, or out of place in his room, gave intense annoyance. He could not eat in comfort if the table cloth was spread unevenly, nor sleep in quiet if an article of furniture was out of place. His writing shared in the extreme neatness, and blots and erasures made him nervous. It seems very curious that a man knocked about in the world so roughly as he, and without a settled home, should have retained this fastidious neatness until death.

HORACE GREELEY.

The celebrated book "WHAT I KNOW ABOUT FARMING," would alone be enough to render famous the name of Horace Greeley. From the virtues of deep plowing and draining, to the scientific propagation of beets, berries and beans, he has given us of his wide experience, but he ought to have written one chapter more on the farmer's necessity of economy in family expenses, and urged them to add to the health and happiness of their wives by procuring a Howe Sewing Machine.—Ten dollars and easy monthly payments will purchase one of Mr. A. M. GUDGEN, Chestertown

HERE we have a fine example of French wit: A doctor, like everybody else at this season, went out for a day's sport, and complained of having killed nothing. 'That's the consequence of having neglected your business,' observed his wife.

A YOUNG lady was looking at a picture representing a pair of lovers in a boat, with the lover gently clasping the waist of his dulcina, when she innocently remarked, "How natural!"

"SUNSHINE."

There is a shady side of life,
And a sunny side as well,
And 'tis for every one to say
On which he'd choose to dwell,
For every one unto himself
Commits a grievous sin,
Who bars the blessed sunshine out,
And shuts the shadows in.

The clouds may wear their saddest robes,
The sun refuse to smile,
And sorrow with her troop of ills,
May threaten us the while;
But still the cheerful heart has power
A sunbeam to provide;
And only those whose souls are dark,
Dwell on life's shady side.

A LIVE DEAD MAN.

About thirty-three and a third years ago there dwelt in one of the rural districts of Georgia, an old codger by the name of Butt-Cutt Taylor, who had formerly enjoyed the honors and emoluments pertaining to the office of Justice of the Peace, the duties of which he discharged with acknowledged "ability" and dignity; and so far as his neighbors were capable of judging, appeared to be a very honest man. He had, however, acquired the habit of "trumping up" accounts against the estates of those who were so fortunate as to "shuffle off their mortal coils" within the bounds of his bailiwick. He had carried this practice on to such an extent as to arouse a suspicion in the minds of some of his meddlesome neighbors that there might be "something dead" somewhere in the "seat of his"—financial operations. Bob Crogan, who lived in the neighborhood, and "run" the postoffice at the cross-roads, being something of a wag, and having an idea that the Squire's honesty should be quoted below par, concluded, with the connivance and assistance of a few comrades, to "unearth the sly old fox," and expose his rascalities. Accordingly, Bob pretended to die, was regularly shrouded and laid on the cooling board in the most approved fashion, and sorrowing friends proceeded to spread the news of his demise, which soon reached the ears of old Butt-Cut. He lost no time in repairing to the house of mourning, carrying with him a "full and complete assortment" of first class condolence and sympathy, for gratuitous distribution among the members of the bereaved family, and many sorrowing friends of the supposed deceased who were present when he arrived. After he had relieved his heart of its burden of healing words, and had succeeded in a tolerable effort at crying, and was about to leave the scene, he tenderly spoke as follows:

"Ah, poor Bob; I'm sorry he died; he was a good feller, and I allus liked him. When him and me went to the races at Augusta—now nigh onto two years ago, I loaned him a hundred dollars to bet onto a bay mare, and he lost and has never paid me a cent of that money from that day to this. Poor fellow, he forgot it I reckon, but it's an honest debt; of course, I can get it out of his estate and——"

But Cutt didn't finish the sentence, for just at this point Bob, the corpse, slowly raised up in his shroud, and, stretching out his arms toward the rogue, as if to clutch him, yelled:

"You are an infernal liar, and if——"

The din and roar drowned the rest. Old Butt-Cutt didn't wait to see or hear anything more, but with the hurried exclamation "Goddlemighty!" he shot through the door, hurried to his home, "packed his traps," and not only left the neighborhood, but the State of Georgia, forever.

LOOK AT YOUR CARDS.—A Des Moines druggist sent his clerk out to drum for sales of oil. He carried the card of the proprietor and the picture of his girl in his side-pocket. He called upon a tradesman at Newton, and tossed a card upon the counter, saying that he represented that establishment. The tradesman picked it up, gave it a steady look, and said it was a fine establishment, and was informed by the clerk that he had represented it about three years, whereupon he remarked to the youth that he supposed he would soon be a partner. The youth said he would be pleased to sell him some coal oil, and, that his establishment handled more oil than any other in Des Moines. The tradesman took another look at the card, and asked the boy if he wasn't mistaken. He blushingly guessed he was, as he returned his girl's picture to his pocket.

A CURE FOR THE CHILLS.—A new cure for ague is given in a Terre Haute (Ind.) paper. The writer says to those afflicted with ague, crawl down stairs headforemost. Laugh at the idea if you please, but do your crawling first; you can then afford to laugh. Just as the chill is coming on, start at the top of a long flight of stairs, and crawl down on your hands and feet head-foremost. You never did harder work in your life, and when you arrive at the bottom, instead of shaking, you will find yourself puffing, red in the face, and perspiring freely, from the strong exertions made in the effort to support yourself. Try it. It won't cost you near as much as quinine or patent medicines, and if it fails it will only do what they do every day.

MUDDLED.—They tell a story about a man who put the saddle hind-part foremost upon his horse while in a condition of dizziness superinduced by fire-water. Just as he was about to mount, a German friend came up and told him to hold on a minute, that his saddle was on wrong and wanted refixing. The horseman gazed for a moment at the intruder, as if in deep thought, and then said: "You let that saddle alone! How in the thunder do you know which way I am going?" And the gentleman from Germany passed on.

A TRAVELLING Yankee lately put up at a country inn, where a number of loungers were assembled telling stories. After sitting some time and attentively listening to their folly, he suddenly turned and asked them how much they supposed he had been offered for his dog, which he had with him. They all started and curiosity was on tip-toe to know. One said five dollars, another ten, another fifteen, until they all exhausted their patience, when one seriously asked how much he had been offered.

"Not a darned cent!" he replied.

A California man tied one end of a lariat around his waist and lassoed a cow with the other. He thought he had the cow, but at the end of the first half mile he began to suspect that the cow had him.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Gambling in Washington Thirty Years Ago—The Weakness and Foibles of Great Men.

The "Old Stager" gives us, in *Harper's* for December, some very agreeable gossip about the great men who figured in Washington when he was a boy:

"Washington for many years had been a hot-bed for gamblers of high and low degree. There were a dozen faro-banks on the avenue, within a stone's throw of Gadsby's, on the corner of Sixth street. Many of these establishments had club-rooms attached, where members of Congress and others amused themselves with brag, vingt-et-un and whist. Draw-poker came into vogue at a later day. Gambling, and for large sums, was common, particularly among Southern and Western members. Scores of them from Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee and the Gulf States squandered their modest per diem—then eight dollars only—at the gaming table, and some impaired their private fortunes by the same indulgence. S. S. Prentiss was reported to have lost thirty thousand dollars the first winter he was in Congress.

"The most notorious and dashing gambler of the day was Edward Pendleton. He came from Virginia, where he was well connected, his family being of the best blood of the State, and he married a most respectable and accomplished lady, whose father held a responsible office under the Government. Pendleton gave sumptuous entertainments at his club-house, which were well attended by some of the most eminent public men in the District. Mr. Mangum, then President of the Senate, John J. Crittenden, John M. Botts, John B. Thomson, of Kentucky, and Linn Boyd, afterward Speaker of the House, and others of lesser note, were frequently his guests. Congress had enacted stringent penal laws to prevent gambling, but they were a dead letter, unless some poor devil made a complaint of foul play, or some fleeced blackleg sought vengeance through the aid of the Grand Jury, and then the matter was usually compounded by the payment of the money.

"Whist was a favorite game with the foreign ministers and elder statesmen.—Mr. Clay, General Scott, Mr. Bodisco and Mr. Fox—nephew of Chas. James Fox—who represented William the Fourth and Queen Victoria, often played together, a hundred dollars being the usual stake. They generally played well, as Hoyle taught the game; but many of the members of the fashionable clubs of New York play with more skill than was dreamed of forty years ago. Governor Marcy was a great lover of whist, but he never would bet money on the game. There were always inveterate whisters in the Senate. A story was current at one time of a protracted sitting at the card-table, at which Governor Stokes, of North Carolina, and Mountjoy Bailey, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, were two of the players. It ran in this wise: The Senate adjourned from Thursday over to Monday. The party sat down to cards after dinner Thursday evening. They played all night and all the next day, only stopping occasionally for refreshments. The game was continued Friday night and Saturday, through Saturday night and all day Sunday and Sunday night, the players resting for a snatch of sleep as nature became exhausted. Monday morning the game was in full blast, but at 10 o'clock Bailey moved an adjournment, alleging that his official duties required his presence in the Senate chamber. Stokes remonstrated, but the Sergeant-at-Arms persisted, and rose from the table. The Governor grumbled and scolded, but finally gave it up, swearing that if he had suspected Bailey would break up the game thus prematurely he would have seen him—anywhere before he would have invited him to join the party.

"Mr. Webster played whist, but indifferently only. The Virginians were addicted to that stupid game known as shoemaker loo. President Tyler was fond of loo, and on a rainy day, when there was no great pressure of public business, he has been known to make up a game at the White House, and play all day, having dinner in his chamber. His companions usually were Wm. Selden, Treasurer of the United States, Carey Selden, his brother, storekeeper at the Navy Yard, and sometimes Governor Gilmor, of Virginia, with now and then another favorite. The amount played for was always small, but Mr. Tyler was as much delighted at taking a pool as if he had won hundre